A. M. Loutha

Louth Hall

July 1824

# THE MANOR OF GLENMORE.

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

THE

# MANOR OF GLENMORE:

OR,

## THE IRISH PEASANT.

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BY

A MEMBER OF THE IRISH BAR.

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" 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.*

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, 19, HOLLES STREET.

1839.

87/1501
Inv. 3849

# THE MANOR OF GLENMORE:

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

"They who instruct many to justice, shall shine as stars for all eternity."—*Dan.* ch. xii. v. 3.

"In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,—
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand."—*Cowper.*

THE Bishop's flock of the Manor of Glenmore were surmising his denunciation of their own local outrages, as well as of the general system; and were now awaiting, with far greater anxiety, as he turned round to them from the altar, his address in reference to such matters, than they were his sermon regarding confirmation, the more regular subject of the day.

Advancing a few paces forward, he for some time stood silently scanning the dense multitude before him. From his attitude, though unconstrained and unpremeditated,—as, in truth, it was,—every the least ensign of authority, from the mitre on his brow down to the latchet of his shoe, was visible upon him. A small golden cross, in token of his Divine Master, was pendant from his neck, and reposing on his bosom; and, as with his raised left hand he leaned (the spiritual shepherd of the flock committed to his care) on the silver crook of his pastoral staff, the large diamond episcopal ring, that, as it were, wedded him to Christ's ministry on earth, was lustrously revealed on his unfleshly, wan, white finger.

"Dearly beloved brethren," he said, and then momentarily stopped.

There was a mingled air of meekness and of greatness in his countenance; and as he intently looked again on his poor, humble flock, a benignant considerateness of soul towards their manifold sufferings and weaknesses,—with, at the same time, a lofty conviction of that perfec-

tion which, as Christians, they should attain, and of that grave responsibility that he himself, as their preceptor under Jesus, bore to the judgment-seat of heaven, seemed shadowed forth in his features.

He recommenced. A faint scream, like, in its tone, to the long-suppressed cry of struggling fear or agony, broke from some one, amid the crowd of women. There was some temporary confusion in the group around her, and he ceased. The poor creature had fainted from the crush, as it was said; and now that she had come somewhat to herself, could not be prevailed on to quit the chapel, until she would hear the Bishop. He continued. "Before, dearly beloved brethren, I administer to those dear, innocent, little children, that sacrament which, I trust in God, will confirm them in the graces that, under Divine favour, they received at baptism from our Lord and Saviour, Jesus; I will first make some remarks, in reference to those crimes which I heard from public report, and learned with deep grief from your most estimable pastors, have, in this heretofore peaceable parish, disgraced the cha-

racter of your country and religion; and which, if not atoned for with fear and trembling, and in the bitterest tears of repentance, must, as you well know, inevitably set the seal of eternal damnation on some wretched souls."

With a most austere solemnity, he delivered the last portion of this sentence; and a similarly serious awe seemed reflected on the whole multitude.

"But, first, dearly beloved, I take you to witness this day, that I am free from the blood of you all; whereas, for nine years, I have not ceased, night and day, with tears, admonishing every one of you to desist from these illegal associations, of which, I am confident, the late crimes in your parish are some of the baneful fruit. Whilst with you, on my different visitations, I did not cease to forewarn you of these things in my pastoral instructions, printed and published amongst you. I explained at length the nature and tendency of these associations; their folly, their injustice, their opposition to all laws, human and divine, which you were bound to obey. I explained for you the impiety of the

oath which connected them together; and the clergy, in their respective parishes, have not ceased to labour with me in this sacred duty:—yet we will not address you in the language of reproach; we will not, above all, rebuke you, dearly beloved, for the obstinacy and perverseness of a few amongst you; but, as the object of our ministry is not to destroy, but to save,—not to call the just, but sinners, to repentance,—we will once again admonish even those few, however perverse; hoping, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, that they will attend, even now, to our instructions, and be at length converted from their evil ways."

The Bishop's impressiveness had imparted to the congregation a yet more absorbed and silent gravity than existed before. He advanced a few paces, and continued:—

"Dearly beloved,—*I* know,—no one knows better,—the temptations to crime against which you have to contend, the sufferings which you daily endure. I do not allude to any local cruelties; for, though apparently the most severe in your eyes, they are not more so than those

suffered by your class of countrymen in general. The pressure which weighs down all the energies of this country, and produces that disorder which defames and degrades throughout the universe the character of Ireland, originates, I know, in the oppression of the poor and the weak by the powerful and the strong. This oppression shows itself in all the states and combinations of society, and in all the relationships of social life. *I* am not surprised at the spectres who haunt our dwellings, whose tales of distress rend our hearts; —at the distracted air, and incoherent language, of the wretched father, who starts from the presence of his famished wife and children, and gives vent abroad, in disjointed sounds, to the agony of his soul. How often have I met, and laboured to console, such a father; how often have I endeavoured to justify to him the ways of Providence, and check the blasphemy against Heaven which was already seated on his tongue! How often have I seen the visage of the youth, which should be red with vigour, pale and emaciated; and the man who had scarcely seen his fortieth year, withered like the autumn leaf, and

his face furrowed with the wrinkles of old age! How often has the virgin, pure and spotless as the snow of heaven, detailed to me the miseries of her family,—her own destitution; and sought, through the ministry of Christ, for some supernatural support, whereby to resist the allurements of her seducer, and to preserve untainted the dearest virtue of her soul! But, above all, how often have I viewed with my eyes, in the person of the wife and of the widow, of the aged and the orphan, the aggregate of all the misery which it was possible for human nature to sustain! And how often have these persons disappeared from my eyes, returned to their wretched abode, and closed, in the cold embrace of death, their lives and their misfortunes!"

He paused a minute. That growing paleness and subdued expression, which in audiences may be justly read as the signs of some sorrowfully deep and just-stirred emotion, were visible in every face. The truth of his simple, vigorous picture, had come home to the hearts of all. He continued:—

"Yes, I know the miseries of the poor; and

accordingly, often deterred by the anticipation of some such objections as the following, *even I* have sometimes forborne to remonstrate with you, as I might justly have done. Show to us, it might be said, by, and among, some of you, 'that if we be patient and submissive, we will not be banished from our homes; that we will not be reduced till even roots and water fail our children; that in disease and hunger we will not be left, as heretofore, to perish; in fine, show to us that all our sufferings will not be aggravated—show to us that all those things will not happen, and we will freely and cheerfully acquiesce in your advice. You speak to us of the punishment which awaits us; what punishment can be greater than to die of hunger? You remind us of the afflictions we bring upon our families; what affliction can surpass that of the mother and children, driven, in a state of utter destitution, from the fireside and threshold of their homes, to wander, friendless and hopeless, through a world that rejects them, till hunger and disease strike them to the earth, and death comes to absolve them from their sufferings?"

The audience now variously expressed their commoved sympathies: some of the old men and women gave vent to their feelings in deep-drawn sighs and groans, many of the multitude ejaculated prayers, and turned their devotional looks to the altar, or towards heaven. He resumed—

"But, first of all, dearly beloved, let me ask of you, who generally are they who are illegally combined? Are they the persons who have been inhumanly and cruelly expelled from their homes? Are they those sons of fathers whose parents or children are perishing of want? Are they those men who can find no employment, or whose wages do not suffice to provide for their families the necessaries of life? No, they are not: a few, and only a few, of the classes above-mentioned are united with them. Who, then, are they who are illegally combined? The most active and prominent among them are old offenders,—thieves, liars, drunkards, fornicators, quarrellers, blasphemers;—men who have abandoned all the duties of religion, and whom God, I fear, has given over to a reprobate

sense, and to the passions of shame. There also belong to their combinations a crowd of giddy, thoughtless, dissolute young men, the sons and servants of honest, industrious, struggling parents. These classes and descriptions of persons compose their combinations. And this being the case, what right have such among you to avail yourselves of the grievances and sufferings of other men, and employ them as a cloak to cover your own impiety and crimes? The widow and the orphan may have perished; and the honest cottier, torn from the land to which nature attached him, may have withered and died; but you, reprobates, are seldom the children of that widow, or the sons of that peasant. But, even if you be, let me at once remind any such among you that revenge is forbidden. The Lord saith, 'Revenge is mine, and I will repay.' God alone, or those who hold power from him, can ever execute justice. Revenge is totally forbidden to man, it is reserved exclusively to God. Let this truth sink deep, then, into your souls; let it never depart from you; tell it, morn and night, to your

children in your poor huts and cabins, and if turned forth upon the world to starve and die, repeat it, amid the darkness of the night, and when the storm and rain pelt you and your little ones, as you shiver in your hunger and your raggedness, still, ever, ever, repeat it—'Revenge is God's alone.'"

He advanced, and leaned upon his crosier. There was a deep and multitudinous murmur, from the groans of many heavily-laden hearts, as he concluded the sentence. The awe-impressive orator had, with his master hand, swept the chords of their most deep emotions, and awoke the thrilling fear of futurity within. A more shrill and hysteric scream than the former issued, also, from the same place, among the crowd of women, whence came the cry before.

"Yes," he continued, "let no man impiously dare the province of the Lord. What wretch, however persecuted, could raise his heart towards heaven, while conscious of the present wish, and privy to the plot of murder in his abandoned soul? Is not his conscience a sufficient condemnation of himself to himself? Does not such

a wretch ever instinctively quit the abodes of men, and, for sympathy with his own savage gloom, seek refuge in the byeways and the haunts of darkness? He does; for he feels, and truly feels, that he is unfit for light, and that he bears about the horrid mark of Cain upon him."

The female who had shrieked, now raising herself, by a violent exertion, above the figures of those around her, and fixing penetratingly, on the bishop, her eyes, wildly starting from their sockets, seemed as though she wished to speak, but could not,—then uttered a piercingly doleful cry, and writhing for some moments, like one convulsed in pangs of epilepsy, fell sobbingly senseless back.

"Remove that poor creature into the air," said the bishop; "she is affected with the falling sickness, or, mayhap, is some pitiable half-maniac, that knows not what she does."

The sufferer was raised erect by those about her; she was a young woman, but her face was now emaciate and pale, and, apparently, care and sickness had traced, with delicately deep lines, but far too prematurely for her years, her

wasting and nicely chiselled features. None among the congregation claimed her as acquaintance or as relative. The curate, who, at first, imagined it might be one of Dunne's sisters, whom the bishop's denunciations had terrified on account of their brother, looked solicitously forward, but recognized not, in the object that met his view, either of those he conjectured, or any other person whom he recollected as a parishioner.

He saw, indeed, the two sisters, whom his knowledge of their griefs led him to believe might have become so seriously affected from the bishop's discourse. They stood not very far distant from her who was, at that moment, raised up insensible; and, though tearless, and not in anywise similarly distract as the now collapsed sufferer, when in her agony had seemed, they yet looked, if such were possible, even paler than the insensate, and stricken to their souls with most depressing fears.

There was one, however, in the chapel, who imagined that he was acquainted with the features of her, now borne out insensible. Im-

pelled by his feelings to hasten to her relief, he was yet prevented by the consideration, that he could not, without causing still more confusion in the chapel, then get out through the crowd. But, generally, the unknown was surmised to be a stranger; some poor, witless wanderer, that had shrieked and wailed unknowingly of a cause; and, carried out by some of her own sex into the air, was, in the absence of the circumstances that had attracted towards her the marked attention, forgotten by all during the remainder of the bishop's discourse. He had thus resumed :—

"If those then among you, who are burdened and oppressed, cannot plead their wrongs in justification of themselves, what excuse have they, who, without provocation, brutally assault and murder their fellow-man; who, like Lucifer, are the leaders of revolt, and who are anxious, if it were possible, to involve all mankind in their misery and guilt? All the arguments which other men might employ, are totally inapplicable to them. But then some, I have learned, plead 'there was no one to relieve the oppressed, no one

to avenge the blood of the poor.' But to such I say, and with tenfold more force of truth too, than when I applied it to the persecuted, 'revenge is God's alone.' Where is their authority for avenging? by what rules is the punishment to be proportioned to the offence? Is it lawful, or is it reasonable, that a banditti should sit in judgment, and execute their decrees against any person, whether that person be innocent or guilty? Who will try the merits of the case, in the absence of the accused, and how, or by whom, is the sentence to be carried into effect? Such proceedings as you adopt, are an outrage upon common-sense, and a manifest violation of the laws of God and of society. There may be, and there always will be, oppression and injustice in the world; but of all the oppression and injustice, which ever afflicted mankind, there are none so flagrant as the oppression and injustice committed by bodies of men illegally combined. Look to their deeds! What have they always done? They have commenced by an unlawful and impious oath, in which they called the God of holiness to witness their crimes; they enlarged

their combination by force and violence, they confirmed it by drunkenness and violations of the Lord's day. As they advanced, they made war, like the savage of the desert, upon their next neighbour, if not of their own tribe. They polluted the fair and market-place by savage warfare, or like Cain they went into the field, to spill the blood of their defenceless and unsuspecting brother. They plundered the house where they could meet with no resistance. They fled from him, whom they most feared and hated. They wreaked their vengeance on the industrious man, who supplied them with bread, and fed the poor out of his substance ; and if they found a man straying in the fields, or travelling on the highway, unarmed and defenceless, him did they murder and assassinate. These have been their deeds, these the crimes, which will one day be tried by the Judge of earth and heaven. And what can such among you then say in your defence? You will say, forsooth! you were employed in redressing wrongs, in affording protection to the oppressed. But, you will be taught such did not belong to you, that evil

could not be done, though good should come from it,—that your whole combination was a tissue of iniquity, and that all your deeds were crimes.

"But independent of the general distress, and your pretext of avenging the blood of the persecuted poor, whereby you have insinuated yourselves into the confidence of many misled wretches, you put forward, also, other public pretences: 'Your hatred of orangemen,' 'your love of religion,' 'your faith in prophecies,' 'your hope of seeing your country free and happy.' Oh! I much fear me, that, the depravity giving first birth to crime and outrage, is not confined to the vicious among yourselves, but that the hirelings, the spies of the common enemy, wearing, like the emissaries of hell, the disguise of your own passions and prejudices, are unceasingly at work, among you. By their wily professions, they instil poison into the ignorant, and the once innocent of your youth; and overreach and make ready tools, for their own base purposes, of the most crafty, and depraved, and vile among yourselves.

"But, dearest brethren, what justification of you is your hatred of orangemen? The orangemen may be foolish, may be wicked, may be your enemies,—but, if they be fools, they deserve your compassion; if they be wicked, you are obliged to seek their conversion by prayer and forbearance; if they be your enemies, your Redeemer teaches you how to treat them, saying, 'Love your enemies, do good to those that hate you, pray for those who persecute and calumniate you.' And his apostle, who desires 'not to return evil for evil, but to overcome evil by good.' 'If your enemy,' he says, 'be hungry, give him food; if he be thirsty, give him to drink; and thus you will heap burning coals (that is, according to St. Augustine, the fire of charity) upon his head, which will consume their enmity.' But these men, who are so very hateful in your eyes, are our brethren in Christ; they are each of them as dear to Him as the apple of His eye; they have been all baptized in His blood. If, then, they be your enemies, by a misfortune common to you and them, they are still of your 'Father who is in heaven;' Christ died for them,

and you should not only forgive them, but love them for His sake. But your associations are, however, the best means you could devise, to increase their number, and extend their influence. Until the licentiousness of ribbonism in 1822, their association had lost all respectability; the king smote it, like as the angel did the host of Senacherib, and it became lifeless. Those who formerly belonged to it, were ashamed of it; public opinion condemned it; it was writhing in agony, and could not exist another year: but the spirit of your then conspiracy had blown upon the lifeless bones of it; the nerves and flesh have reunited to them,—it is restored to life, and again become formidable. Then, if your feelings be again insulted, if your wives be abused, and your daughters violated, blame not orangemen; blame your own absurd and mischievous proceedings. But, your love of religion is an excuse,—your love of religion! Ah! my dear brethren, how frequently is the sacred name of religion abused; and how many crimes and profanations are committed in her name! Could religion be weighed in a scale, there could not

be found one ounce of pure religion among all those, who have freely entered into your associations. For, how can iniquity abide with justice, light with darkness, or Christ with Belial? It was by meekness, humility, patience, suffering, and unbounded charity, that Christ, 'the author and finisher of our faith,' founded his religion; by these and such-like virtues, it was propagated by his followers to the end of the earth. By these, that holy apostle, St. Patrick, whose name you profane, and whose religion you cause to be blasphemed, planted the faith in this island, which was once an island of saints, but which, some among us would convert into a den of thieves. By these, in every nation over which the four winds of heaven are wafted, from the Indus to the Pole, from Peru to Japan, the church has diffused through her missionaries, the doctrines of Christ crucified. Can religion, I ask of you, be served by conspiracies? can it be propagated, like the superstition of Mahomet, by fire and sword? Does she require for her support the aid of those who neglect all her duties, disobey and despise her pastors;

who violate all her commands, and indulge, in her name, in all the vices which she condemns? Does not your catechism teach you, that the most essential part of your religion consists of the two great precepts of charity:—To 'love God above all things, and your neighbour as yourself, for the love of God?' and again, 'that by the word 'neighbour,' is signified all mankind, of every description, even those who differ from you in religion? It is clear then, that on the score of religion, your conspiracies are without an object, and it is the angel of darkness who transforms himself into an angel of light, that he may seduce you to violate all the charities of the gospel, under the appearance of zeal for the faith. You are not then the friends of your country, or of its religion. You are their enemies. Neither are you the true and efficient opponents of the orangemen, but rather, leagued in the same vices with them, are their most effectual assistants. Will the nightwalker, the thief, the plunderer of other men's goods, the robber, the murderer, the assassin,—will he become the moral, the upright, the sober, the in-

dustrious, the bold, the free, the independent man, whom even the unfeeling bigot, the exterminating agent, or the petty but ferocious village tyrant, is compelled to fear and respect. So long, therefore, as your combinations prolong and strengthen your vices, so long will your thraldom and miseries continue. Your situation never will or can improve, until sobriety takes the place of drunkenness; until unceasing industry succeed to idleness; until good morals, regular conduct, obedience to the laws, and self-respect, become the character of the Irish people. Till then, you may complain of oppression, but it will not cease; you may rail against the law, but it will always persecute you; you may hate the magistrate, but he will always have his foot as it were upon your necks; so that your combinations, in place of relieving your distress, will confirm and prolong every sort of abuse and oppression. Cork, Tipperary, Limerick, Clare, have each in their turn been the scenes of combinations and crime. You have heard how these combinations ended; and what, let me ask, was the end which became of them?

Houses were burned, arms plundered, robberies committed, cattle houghed, and some obnoxious characters assassinated. The law seemed to slumber, but it did not sleep,—it was, to use an expression of a prophet, like a 'rod watching.' It walked forth in the proper time, and it scourged the innocent and the guilty,—it almost laid the country waste, it filled the valleys with lamentations, and the sound of its stripes responded from hill to hill; till it was lost in the wailings of the widows and orphans of those who were hanged upon the scaffold, or banished to some distant land. If the White-boys, and Hearts of Steel, and Shanavests, and Ribbonmen, fared thus, what think you will be the fate of such unfortunately misled wretches among you? You may not know, but I will tell you. They will be ground to the earth, and scattered like dust before the wind. But the evil produced will be entailed, not only on themselves; they will have disgusted the leaders of the people, alienated the sympathies of our friends in the legislature, strengthened the hands of the oppressors of the poor, degraded their country in the esteem of

foreign nations, and forced the public to employ, in the payment of an armed police, that money, which were they peaceable, would be paid among you as the price of your labour. You complain of rack-rent and tithes, and want of employment, and of the ejectment of poor tenants from their holdings—you complain of all these, and you complain of them most justly. The country labours,—you labour, no doubt, under a multitudinous oppression. It has been produced however, by causes which are remote, and by a system of legislation and government, which is now waxing old, and going to decay. The sway of oppression is every day growing less, and the reign of justice is not only commenced, but has advanced so far that it cannot recede. Our cause is just; those great principles which have informed Europe, are operating in our favour; we are supported by the voice of wisdom herself, and the sympathies of the entire world: we are not doubtful of the issue of the contest in which we are engaged. For if young, we are vigorous; if poor, we are frugal; though dispersed, we are united; there is no luxury, nor

corruption, nor wasting principles within us; and such is the country's devotion to the cause in which we are engaged, that let it require a sacrifice of ten per cent. or twenty, upon our time, our labour, or our income, we are prepared, from the peer to the peasant, to offer it upon the altar of our common wrongs;—we must be emancipated!"

The lofty energy, the unbending moral purpose, that gradually increasing as he proceeded, fully lit up into radiancy the Prelate's countenance, while expressing the last sentence, seemed to operate like a spell upon the entire multitude. But the few instants before, and what, between the religious stillness of the place, and the intensely absorbed attention of a holy fear, with which all regarded him, while dealing forth prophetic woe unto the wicked,—and the imagination might (not extravagantly) have pictured to itself, the congregation's appearance to the senses, as though, through a shadowy veil, slightly dimming the realities of things, there was to be beholden some deeply penitential people,

self-accusingly brought up for judgment. But now, and it was wholly otherwise. Athwart every countenance where awed gravity had sat, shot gleams of joy. The rich rush of vivid hopes had come agitatingly on all. In the eyes of the oldest peasants glistened tears of gladness; and from their brows, the young and bold brushed away, as it were, the strange commovedness they felt.

"This emancipation," he continued, "will have broken the frame-work of the old despotism. The present system of tyranny will have undergone its irrecoverable shock;—we have loosened the root of the tree of oppression, and it falls, to rise no more. And now, let me appeal to your good-sense. If you have effected what was difficult, and almost impossible, and which nothing can now retard, but your own vice and imprudence, like the late misdeeds in your parish, may you not effect, what is not difficult, but easy to be done? When you have torn up the tree by the roots, are you not able to cut off the branches? When you have taken

and laid waste the fortress, and strongholds of corruption, are you not able to subdue all her weaker stations and detached outposts? You are."

The bishop again impressed upon his audience the duties of religion, and moreover, the continuous inculcations and abhorrence of the Church against all revolutions effected by violence, or the effusion of blood;—and impressively praying God, to send down his light and truth to inform the vicious of the error of their ways, and to turn their hearts to the fulfilment of His will, he solemnly commended them to His holy care.

He had now concluded, and the gaze of admiration and of reverence was fixed upon him. From many had broken forth ejaculations, in the spirit of his concluding prayer. Turning to the altar, ke knelt down to entreat again from God, the grace of amendment to the wicked. In an instant, and the dense multitude had similarly done. In supplications they implored the goodness of heaven,—in laments they deplored the vices of themselves. Over some, were to be

seen the shades of self-abasement, in others, the brightness of raptured zeal,—but, simultaneously, there arose the whispered hum of pious earnestness, and in all, bishop, priests, and flock, as they then reverently knelt, the eye hath rarely seen a house of prayer more devotionally intent.

Confirmation was subsequently administered to the children, and its divine efficacy impressed, by an admirable discourse, upon their minds.

The congregation dispersed,—John Glennon and party, to the Manor of Glenmore; the patriarch musing with himself, and debating with his neighbours, as he moved along, whether in strict propriety, he should consider "his great bishop" as more like to Moses under the "old law," or St. Paul, under "the new."

When also, the religious observances had fully terminated,—very numerous were they, (and among them, the bishop, the curate, Francis French, and the young Sec.) who then enquired after the poor stranger that had been affected by the fit. None of those then present, however, could any farther tell, than that she had re-

covered her strength pretty much. They who bore out, and for awhile attended her, "had gone back to the chapel," as they said; "but, when the preaching was over, and they returned to seek her, discovered she was gone, and they knew not whither."

## CHAPTER XXX.

" A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn."—*Pope.*

" Frail man, how various is thy lot below?
To-day, though gales propitious blow,
And peace, soft gliding down the sky,
Leads love along, and harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms."—*Beattie.*

JOHNNY ROURKE, impressed with the belief, that the person affected by the fit in the chapel was the same mysterious creature that called herself " Poor Mary," and who had also been the faithful guide to Kitty, hastily quitted the chapel the instant the bishop ceased to preach, in the hope of not only making some discovery as to who she could be, but also to give her any protection or relief it was in his power to afford. He had been to the spot where those women, who carried her out, had placed her, before they re-

turned after the preaching, in similar enquiry after their charge, but, even then, she was gone.

Looking in every direction from the eminence on which the chapel-yard was situate, he, for a moment, caught the glimpse of a figure which he believed to be her's. Hastily running along the hill's side, in the direction of the "Dun," or isolated rock, whereupon "Poor Mary" herself had led Kitty on the morning of her return, and, using similar wild gestures as on the night of Rourke's meeting with her, this female figure then agilely bounded on. Under the hope of overtaking her, Johnny Rourke impetuously ran, in almost equally wild pursuit. For awhile she was lost in the copsewood, when for another moment and he again perceived her. He had now reached to near the "Dun," or isolated rock, without attaining another view; and, under the imagination that she could not have gone straight towards it, without being seen on the unsheltered ground that there lay immediately under it, but must have turned by a winding ascent that led through some tall brushwood out

on the hill's summit, he followed by the same irregular and difficult path.

She, however, whether wittingly or otherwise, for the present time at least, eluded his pursuit. Almost breathless from exertion, he violently panted on the hill's top, while he looked in every direction, and down every slope, with inquisitive anxiety. Crossing over to the "Dun," and then descending to its cavern's mouth, under the idea that she might have concealed herself within its entrance, he peeped through the gloom that almost ever filled the low-arched and dripping vault, which lay before the narrow entry to the first cave. His search there, as elsewhere, was, however, ineffectual; and, after much vain conjecture and unprofitable musing, he betook himself to the home of Kitty Kelly, to communicate to her his surmises respecting "the stranger" of the chapel, her strange disappearance, and escape of his pursuit.

Kitty, who had no grounds for remembrance of "Poor Mary," save what similarity she might perceive in tones of voice, (having caught but the one parting and imperfect glance of her

figure,) thought that Johnny must have been mistaken in his conjectures; as, to her ear, at least, no two sounds could be more different, than the shrill, piercing, painful screams of that day, and the wild, melodious notes of her past, but not forgotten, singing. There was, for the present, no farther trace of "Poor Mary;" and Johnny Rourke's and Kitty Kelly's curiosity about her became daily less and less.

The bishop's visitation, and appeal to his flock, had very efficiently prevented the increase of ribbonism, in that, and the neighbouring parishes. The patriarch preached paraphrases of his discourse, every Sunday and holyday night at the least, to his numerous listeners, at the sign of "the Sheaf of Wheat;" the farmers, too, and the well-disposed of the labouring class, kept themselves on the watch, against all secret scheming; and after some little time, the tailor and his coadjutors, Fireball, Homethrust, and some others, withdrew from the neighbourhood of the Manor of Glenmore, to a social atmosphere, more congenial to their vicious views. The desperado Dunne, moreover, had yet eluded

all search. A second reward was offered, but, like the former, brought no discovery.

Just at this period also, Willy Moore, who from the time we parted from him, still employed himself in courting the pretty pullet of the black hens; and who at length, seriously bethought n himself of matrimony, took it into his head, before the consummation of such his intent, to return for awhile to the Manor of Glenmore. He had gained the consent of "the fair one, herself," and neither had the old couple any objection to him, provided, Willy's own picture of his place, and his property, was found to be in anywise substantially correct. "The head of the house himself," had even shewn him a leathern bag full of guineas, as the daughter's portion; and his "mother-in law, that was to be," gave him more than one pleasant hint "of the fine store of house linen, and beds and bedding, and some silver spoons into the bargain, that her little girl could bring home to any place she was to make her own of."

All was going on fair and square" as a well-thrown cast of the dice, when, to make matters

run on better still, and that there might be no complainings on either side, when the likes would be all too late,—the pullet's father and mother proposed to Willy, "that their eldest boy would go down with him to his country, and bring them home a full and true account of his place, and his visible means of support."

Willy, though somewhat nonplussed at the first break of this matter, still couldn't well do otherwise than appear pleased with the plan. He agreed with the old couple, that "nobody ought to buy a pig in a bag;" and he didn't see why parents should give their daughter to any boy, until it was first made plain to them what the young man possessed, in the nature of land and effects, for to keep a wife decent, and rear up a family with.

In truth, to hear Willy Moore talk on the subject, any, much less the present old father (who was naturally prejudiced in favourable esteem of his intended son-in-law), would have praised him as a perfect pattern of prudence; and the very pink of good principle, too, that had no "take in" in him, at all at all, or no

nonsense either, but was a fair guinea for guinea young man,—and that down on the nail too, just before the knot was tied, on the very wedding-day. That preliminary being mutually arranged, Willy Moore and the pullet's brother agreed to set off on the very next day, after what wheat in the barn was threshed out and winnowed, so as to be sent to the market, to meet the call for the last May's rent.

About the same time, Miss Pigott's relatives in Dublin were most urgent with her, that she should remain with them during the winter season. A letter had been written, to solicit the old Squire's permission; who hesitated long, but was finally influenced to consent, by the persuasion and good conjugal tact of his spouse.

Francis French, too, on his return from the village to Dublin, had met a quondam Cambridge chum, and accompanied him on a tour to Belfast and the Giant's Causeway; but was to come back quickly as possible to town, and join his cousin and her party's domestic circle.

The curate having some leisure after the confirmation, and being but little annoyed with the

dread of (as he believed then suppressed) ribbonism, had made repeated trials,—though, as yet, to no purpose,—on the miserly old Rourke, in favour of the nephew Johnny's prospects; and having so frequently failed himself, then judged it the best plan to engage the services of the old priest in his young friend's behalf. The curate, indeed, knew that the old clergyman had, from peculiar circumstances, the power to severely punish the usurer, provided he should ultimately break faith with his young relative.

The Sec., moreover, who had already successfully established the county Liberal club, and its several parochial subordinates, had also gone to the city to keep his law-terms, by eating but very indifferent dinners (considering the damage) at the king's inns; and to daily move, like many other charmed spirits, amid the scenes where the nation's wrongs were debated; and whence the national passions, being evoked by their great master-magician and the lesser Prosperos, were sent forth, like a tempest and whirlwind issuing from the caves of Eolus, to politi-

cally agitate each and all, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

After a few days, the wheat in the barn was threshed, winnowed, sent to the market, and sold; and "the eldest boy" of the old couple was in readiness to accompany Willy Moore "to his place down the country." The two best horses of the old man being saddled and bridled, were brought to the door early on a Monday morning; and Willy having received a blessing, as well as the son, from the aged people of the house, and having taken a more tender parting from the pretty pullet herself, promising all the while a speedy return, and sighing out that he'd never sleep an easy night, till he'd be back with his darling again,—off set they both, fine, likely, well-mounted boys as they were, on their critically interesting mission. They wisely allotted to themselves two full days for the journey,—anticipating, we presume, the frequent stops they made, wherever there was the sign of the liquor; and so, in agreement with their calculation, it was just about the hour of eight, on the night of

the second day, when, though just near Willy's own home, they tied their horses outside Pady Casey's door, to take a finishing drop, in honour of their safe arrival; and that the ex-church-warden might hear any news that was going, since he left the place, from his ould friends at the "sign of the Sheaf of Wheat."

Slashing Pady, and some other of the convivial souls of the Manor, were enjoying themselves, round a jug of punch, at the fire, talking, among other things, about Willy Moore himself, and wondering "what the dickens could keep him out so long," when Mrs. Casey, unlatching the door, to see who the new company was, gave a big screech of welcome, as saluting poor Willy with a warm shake of the hands, and the friendly saying "talk of the devil, and he'll appear sure enough," she ushered, or rather pushed him and his comrade in on the floor. The reception within was equally warm; Casey himself, Slashing Pady, and all the company about the fire, rising, and heartily greeting, like true Irish boys, their returned friend.

If Willy had come from America, they couldn't have made "more of him," than they did on that night; and his companion being equally well treated—as he afterwards said himself, "just like a prince,"—his first impressions of the neighbourhood, and of the neighbours of Willy Moore's place, were just every whit as favourable, as if they were bespoke. Jug followed jug, and each and all were emptied in good humour and cheer. General and local politics were discussed, and every incident that occurred in the neighbourhood, since Willy's departure, and every adventure that befel Willy himself, (always skipping over, at first, however, his love affair,) were by the long-parted boon companions respectively related. But reserve soon relaxed its hold upon Moore, in regard of the tender matter, too; and under the mollifying influence of the liquor, out popped the closely kept secret, (that, until all was clean finished, he often vowed to himself he'd never disclose,) "of how he spent his time ever since, in courting, and was now on the point of marrying one of the prettiest, plumpest,

pullets of a girl, that was to be found in any flock of young women, from that townland, to her dainty self."

This new feature in the life and character of Willy, namely, a serious intention of matrimony, was received with additional glee. Slashing Pady vowed "they'd have a tearing hauling home;" others swore, "there should be a long dance for ten miles of the country;" and all agreed, "it wouldn't be either decent, or proper, if Willy Moore's partner should be bedded, without a throwing of the stocking." The ex-churchwarden looked as well pleased, as though he anticipated the joy of the wedding; admission followed admission; his eyes danced in his head, from the force of love and whiskey; and at length flinging all secrecy aside, he introduced to his comrades, the Tipperary boy, as the brother of his intended; and as he said, "comely though *he* was to look at, still, and all, an indifferent and ugly likeness of his beautiful sister."

Successive shakes of the hands now passed between the company all round and the Tip-

perary lad. The acquaintance became not merely a friend, but a brother; and each and all declared, "that they'd make his sister as happy as the day was long, when she came down to their country."

Willy's loving fancy was tickled by the expression of such warm interest in his choice; and, as if anxious to afford solid grounds for their intended goodwill, and hospitality towards her, he began to compare his betrothed, "to the beautiful Venus, and Diana," and to whomsoever else he recollected was noted for neat perfections, among the heathen gods and goddesses.

> "Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
> Her every charm revolved within his mind:
> Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
> Her easy motion, her attractive air;
> Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
> Her moving softness, and majestic grace."

On ran the night in jollity, song, and discourse, and Willy acknowledged, (fond though he was, beyond telling, of being up close by the hip of his darling,) that he didn't enjoy so pleasant a piece of an evening, from the day he left them, up to the present time, as that very identical one, they were spending."

Among the other good stories, though not brought out till towards the heel of the night, Willy Moore's own "take in," upon ould Neddy Rourke, wasn't forgotten by the fun-loving boys. They one and all severally described over and over,—so well, as what between, laughing and drinking, they were able,—the poor figure, the "miserly nagur" cut, before the whole face of the court, when looking for an abatement of the bail money, from his worship on the bench. Some of them slapped Willy on the shoulder in applause, as they concluded; and others of them took a fresh shake of the hands out of him, as if in gratitude, for having given "the ould, griping curmudgeon, such a beautiful *stick*."

Willy himself couldn't but laugh, and enjoy the joke along with his comrades, though, he felt, all the while, that it wasn't the pleasantest matter, gay as it looked, that they could be after telling him.

The broad laughter about the occurrence had barely subsided to a giggle, and Willy Moore, who, from allusion to the matter, had been awakened into some glimmering of the real state

of his case, was whispering—loud enough to be heard, however—sage remarks into Pady Glennon's ear, about the Tipperary boy's business down to that country,—" being to inspect his farm, on the head of the marriage;" and about his own fears of " being arrested, on account of the ould score against him, before he could get back again to his darling, and have the matter concluded:" and hoping that " Pady would stand to him, in either difficulty, so far, as giving a good word to his means and his property, for one point of the business; and working for his full liberation, or his bail at any rate, if he should chance to be nabbed, in regard to another."

Thus worked on poor Willy, when, as the powers of ill-luck would have it, who should step in upon the floor, but a patrolling party of police. They came but to light their pipes, as they said on their entry, and didn't want to disturb the company; whereupon, Mrs. Casey, walking before them, and bidding the boys " sit round, and make way for the Serjeant and men," with becoming presence of mind,

slipped her apron over Willy Moore's face, and whispered to him, "to lie quiet and easy where he was, (as if fast asleep), on Pady Glennon's shoulders."

Willy was by no means a dull pupil at pretending a nap; and so there he lay as still as a grassmouse,—while every now and then he gave an odd snore, as if to make the feint come off all the better still. The police lit their pipes, and were (Serjeant and all) so far condescending, as to take good deep sups from the proffered tumblers of the ever-generous Padys. They did not fail, however, to enquire "who the snorer was?" and received in answer, "that he was a boy from the collieries, that was tired, and took a sup too much, but was just sleeping it off."

After sufficient whiffs to light the tobacco well, they were passing out from the fire-place, one by one, when the Serjeant, whose natural and professional love for prying, had become an established itch, lifted the apron to take a peep at the face beneath, little imagining at the mo-

ment, that it was Willy Moore's physiognomy he was to discover.

The whole fat was now in the fire, with the poor ex-churchwarden.

"I have my man, by Jabers!" were the first words that broke from the Serjeant's lips.

The police thronged around and arrested Willy. Mrs. Casey, who from the bitter experience of her broken delf, sensitively feared another row, pledged herself that Willy Moore would resign himself in peace to the law:—Pady Casey interposed between Pady Glennon, and some others that were preparing for fight.

He begged of them, in the name of the Curate, and the Bishop, that preached peace to them from off the altar, no matter what they suffered; and, if they had any regard for himself, and didn't wish his house to get a bad name, and the license to be taken from him, to be quiet, and let the law take its course, like good honest boys."

Willy Moore supported his request, and entreated of them to recollect O'Connell's own

words, "He is the greatest enemy to Ireland, who violates the law."

He only wanted to see the police's authority, and he'd willingly go with them.

The warrant was produced, and a crowd of confounding thoughts overwhelmed poor Willy. He stood dumfoundered and abashed. He saw his match broken up, like a disappearing dream. Instead of a quick-coming honeymoon, and a merry Christmas, he had the sad prospect of but gaol liberty and allowance, until January sessions at any rate. And, then! that the brother should return without him! and bring back such an errand too! It was too bad,—but there was no use in fretting or pining,—and so, shaking hands with the boys, and the pretty pullet's brother, and whispering into Pady Glennon's ear, how "he rested all his hopes upon him, both as regarded putting a good face on his property, and, if possible, getting him bailed;" the poor ex-churchwarden departed in the custody of the police, leaving his friends equally subdued in spirits with himself.

Pady Glennon, indeed, almost regretted that

he hadn't made fight for Willy; and would not, we are confident, be at all contented with himself, or his behaviour, were it not for the continual asseverations of Mrs. Casey, that "matters stood far better as they were."

The Tipperary boy was taken home, and hospitably treated, by Pady Glennon. Attempts to have Moore bailed were made on the next morning, and some following days; but to no avail. One committing Justice shifted it off, until he would consult his brother magistrate: both, however, could at no one time be seen together; and neither would assent, without the formal concurrence of the other.

Willy remained in gaol; and his Tipperary friend, having been pointed out some snug fields that were the lands of others, as though they belonged to Moore equally with his own, went home with a flattering tale of the ex-churchwarden's property; and, considering he had to tell the truth to Tipperary ears, "about his being arrested in the wrong, and so forth," with no discreditable story either, as to the boy himself. The old father heard of it as a thing of

course; the mother pitied the innocent young man; and the tender betrothed herself looked upon "her Willy as a martyr to his country and her love."

While in prison, Moore learned of the Curate's late dread respecting Ribbonism lurking in the parish; and having sent for him, communicated the grounds of his suspicion concerning the little tailor. As the suspected, however, had not appeared in the neighbourhood for some time, the Curate was in hope that their parish, at least, had got full riddance of him.

We must now leave Willy to make the best of his bad lot "in durance vile," and his drinking comrades also, to pursue their usual avocations; while we push on our narrative in a line that regards the interests of some others.

With the winter of this year the crisis of the fevered political state of the country had fully arrived. It was evident, that either Orangeism should become a reinvigored power, which could break up the national framework of constitutional revolt, hold its scattered elements spell-bound by fear, and, like an omnipotent despotism

of more than human might, retain, in quiet abjectness, Ireland's millions,—or the emancipation of these very millions must at once take place. Between the one consummation or the other, the general and burning excitement produced by the contending parties had left no tenable ground for the existence of social order. The most passive became alarmed:—the liberal Protestants, who, as a body, had never theretofore been sufficiently vigorous in exertion for the liberties of their fellow-countrymen, were suddenly electrified into action.

The justice and political expediency of Emancipation had been long, indeed, an established opinion,—a maxim of party,—with this class; but, yet, their energies had never been, at any prior period, very forcibly stimulated by the law's continuance of insult towards the degraded caste. At least, fears for the security of social peace, and of their properties, had never so urgently as now pressed upon their senses, and, by generating alarm in their hearts, imparted so salutary a quickness of apprehension to their intellects. In fact, the fulness of time was emphatically at hand.

The battle of hopes, of fears, of passions, involving their own highest interests, was raging around them. Between the speedy triumph of brutal force or of sacred right,—the latter (that cause to which, at least in sentiment, they were pledged), they saw no course was left but the nation's plunge to revolution. Hopelessness of peace, ruin to the constitution, danger to life, unsettlement of property, was the foreshadowed gloom of the impending storm. The well-known "Protestant Declaration," a practical exposition of the opinions of the Liberal rank and wealth of the country in favour of emancipation, and a most opportune and crowning aid to the Catholics, was chiefly the result of the very critical and dangerous position of public affairs. Until that juncture, during the entire and very varied vicissitudes of the struggle, the Liberal Protestants had scarcely ever properly asserted even their public respectability. The Orangemen had been looked on as the only supporters of imperial power in Ireland—the very bond of connexion between the two countries; but their influence, as a political party, began thenceforward to wane

before the appearance of a greater light. There were no longer any neutrals in the State; and the sense attached to the term Protestant being separated from that of Orangeman, the public intelligence of the empire learned to distinctly scan the contemptible pretensions, in reality, of the once only loyal, all-potent faction, that had so long vaunted themselves into reputed body-guards of the State, and demigods of the Church.

Francis French saw, with exceeding pleasure, the spirited and wise advance into the social strife, which the Liberal Protestants had now, consistently with their opinions, boldly taken. In this, their active interference, he foresaw a quick decision to the nicely-balanced fortune of the conflict. He was accordingly gratified from his love to the cause itself, but he was additionally proud, that the body of which he himself was a zealous member, had at length flung off their past discreditable apathy, and impressively asserted, through their varied, eminent stations, to the public mind, the justice and soundness of Liberal opinions. The rank and wealth which, from insensitiveness to the popular cause, had

theretofore naturally lost influence, and esteem, he perceived, would soon regain their highest title to respect,—their best and most enduring brillancies,—by their timely, and felicitous reflection of the public wishes. The prepossessions of the Irish nation had been ever yet favorable to honorary distinctions; and though temporarily estranged by the cold demeanour of a nominally friendly, as well as the sullen and repulsive aspect of a bigotedly hostile nobility, he rightly surmised that the coronet would reassume its ornamental and attractive complexion, when its wearers, in respectable numbers, had become practical advocates of the people's rights. Devonshire and Ireland's only Duke, Leinster (as on a late similar occasion, they with equal honour to themselves did), had taken their premier position, in this important declaration of opinion; and after them came in due order, seven marquesses, twenty-seven earls, eleven viscounts, twenty-two baronets, fifty-two members of the House of Commons, and upwards of two thousand gentlemen of other ranks, all of whom were deeply and personally interested in the peace and welfare of Ireland.

But, not alone such as Francis French were gratified with this expression of political sentiment. The great body of the people gratefully appreciated the full force of its utility; and felt exactly as John Glennon said to the old priest, when he concluded reading the published list of attached names, "that if not an irrecoverable knock down to the Orange Brunswicks, it was certainly a hard well-put-in hit upon them; and the sorer, because it came from some that they thought was of their own kidney."

The Duke of Leinster was not passed over, either, without particular notice; at least, he was not left uneulogized by John Glennon; whether the patriarch discoursed on the matter with the old priest, or among his own numerous conversational followers at the "sign of the Sheaf of Wheat."

"It was kind for his Grace, to have a good drop in him," he said; "for the fine, ould rebellious blood (when it ought to be rebellious) of the Fitzgeralds, a race that grew more Irish, than the Irish themselves, was always true to the country in every commotion, from the

days of the dashing Lord Thomas himself—the bold Tomas-an-teeda, to the untimely death of his own dear compatriot, the poor Lord Edward."

During this period, Francis French had returned from the North, joined his cousin and party in Dublin, and accompanied the former to many scriptural meetings of "the Elect," in which, "darkness and idolatry," "Babylon," "the Scarlet Lady," "Antichrist," and "the Pope," were continuously the themes that were sagaciously chosen, as sermonizing subjects of acrimonious regret and charitable reviling, by the saintly and vaunted regenerators of Ireland's benighted seven millions. Miss Pigott's biblical enthusiasm, had, indeed, been never yet so abated, from any cause, as by her frequent attendance during the winter, at the discussions of these pseudo-religious assemblies. They gradually became, in her mind, sufficient of themselves, to produce their own defeat. The malevolent spirit, in which the sincere piety (erroneous in its forms, though she deemed it,) of their Roman-Catholic fellow-beings, was misrepresented and maligned,—the demure world-

liness, which, under the veil of sanctity, sat nearest to the hearts of many of her new, Godly-looking acquaintances,—the designed introduction of political asperities, under the guise of religious zeal,—all tended to awaken her intelligence to the true objects of her Scriptural fellow-labourers; and while they shocked the sincere spirituality of her feelings, also improved and sharpened her naturally strong powers of understanding.

It was just at this period, too, that the liberal Protestants of the Declaration, and the Catholic body, were brought into still closer political intimacy, by the accidental arrival in Dublin of a nobleman, then very young in public life, but already a distinguished advocate of the Catholic claims. This nobleman was Lord Morpeth, who had seconded Sir Francis Burdett's motion, when, in the year 1827, that then veteran Reformer, but now still more antique changeling, brought the Catholic question before the House of Commons. Our readers may also remember, that it was *then* strongly opposed by the then Sir John Copley, who played the ambidexter of

both sides, and is the now notorious Lord Lyndhurst; and by the afterwards pliant Sir Robert Peel,—who, with little of the foresight of a seer, then most statelily said, "*He* would not shrink from his former opinion; and the reasons which had been urged for concession only increased his dislike to it."

The aid, at that juncture, of the young Lord Morpeth, was gratefully remembered by the Irish Catholics. He had visited Ireland, for the purpose of more accurately knowing the state of our country, than is usual with other English noblemen and commoners who assume the responsibilities of legislation. He was returning to England, when it was most pertinently suggested by the leaders of the Irish Catholics, that their political friends should manifest their sense of his services, by the usual and very admirable mode of entertainment at a public dinner; and thereby afford him and other Protestant advocates, a fitting opportunity to express their opinions on the present political state of the country.

The Liberal Protestants most warmly sup-

ported the proposition. The dinner was very numerously attended. The Duke of Leinster presided over the political festivity; and a warm and sincere junction of the too long estranged Liberal Protestants and Roman Catholics was most efficiently formed. Francis French had brought his fair cousin, to be, as is our masculinely dominant custom, an undebating, undining spectator of the scene, while he himself became an active participator in both the viands and the discourse. Much sectarian distrust was, indeed, removed by that day. Our young Liberal felt completely happy, and even his fair cousin's enthusiasm for the peasantry's conversion from Popery, was more than equalled by her ardent wish, that her Catholic fellow-countrymen should be at once made politically free.

Before the festivities terminated, a Requisition, which bore the impress of no sectarian distinction,—which was neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant in character, and the object of which was, to convene a meeting of the advocates of Emancipation, under the common title of "The Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty," was also unanimously signed.

It is a pleasing reflection to those Irishmen, who, through good and ill report, have ever adhered to their unfortunate country, and who, therefore, naturally delight in the successful career of the virtuous, who sympathized with them, that it is the same Lord Morpeth,—under whose auspices this coalition of political copartnership between Irish Protestant and Catholic was commenced, and, in great degree, consummated,—that has been assistant and sharer in the labours and the fame of Lord Mulgrave's peaceful rule; and who has, unspottedly, attained official power, by continuous and talented devotion to the same cause of "civil and religious equality." Fervently do we trust, that our country may long possess in him, a statesman that will not disappoint its just expectations; and firmly do we confide, that he will experience in its people, a nation never yet ungrateful.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"None are all evil,—quickening round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Yes—it was love—
—all other virtues gone
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one."—*Byron.*

"But mercy gave to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow,
Warm on her heart, the joys of fancy beam,
And aimless hope delights her darkest dream."—*Campbell.*

WHILE such, during this winter, was Ireland's public progression to liberty, lamentable instances were also,—everywhere through the country,—afforded, of the unrelenting cruelty, with which Tory landlords expelled from their holdings, the wretched peasantry. Each November and May, of the later years, have indeed, been dreaded months to multitudes of poor, who, noticed to quit the only spots they possess in the world, know not where to seek out, in their distress, even a temporary resting place.

Mr. Cash, in consistency with himself, had

not allowed the present time to pass over, without contributing, so far as in him lay, to swell the amount of human misery. Of the outcasts of his last cruel expulsion, few now remained in the neighbourhood. The family of the deceased Carty, the cripple, had wandered away; as had also, the widow-woman and her children, of our first acquaintanceship,—as the readers may remember, on the night when Pady Glennon was arrested, at the sign of the "Sheaf of Wheat." In truth, but very few remained in their native place,—and, exactly similar, was now tobe the general lot, of some, more lately expelled.

The sobriety and industry, however, which more than ordinarily distinguished the brother and sisters of the desperate outlaw, Dunne, had fortunately procured for them a more meet reward. From their own good conduct, and the interest which the Curate felt and exerted for their welfare, a snug tenant, outside the Manor, was induced to take the former for his ploughman; and by allowing him an acre of ground and a cabin, put it in his power, with the additional assistance of his sister's earnings, to com-

fortably sustain himself and them. No humble persons could then deem themselves happier than they did; so far at least, as regarded their good fortune in the world; and, were it not, for the sorrow which they felt on account of their brother's bad course of life, and the discredit to themselves, of his being, as they thought, "obliged to fly the country," no family we believe could have lived much more happy and content.

To the Desperado himself, however, there came yet but little quiet. Continuously baffled in his pursuit of revenge, he had daily grown still more careworn and harassed. Distrustful, also, of the tailor and associates, he could depend but on himself for the attainment of his ends. He indeed, dreaded, that there was treachery in the little tailor, and his Rockites; and from the night of the attack on the Scullogue, and the dispute in the poteen still, began to more than suspect they were involving numbers in crime, that they might sell their lives in perfidy. The circumstance of his and their liberation by the magistrate, and the sudden and strange change which came over "his honor," when the fashioner

produced that folded and worn paper, which he called "a character," increased his suspicions. The old practice of spies and informers, in the pay of justice, came vividly to his mind; and in his ignorance, Dunne more than once imagined, that the little tailor's "character," might be neither more nor less, after all, than his government credentials, as spy and informer. The refusal also, of the little tailor, as after their discharge, they journeyed on together, to show him the paper which procured their liberation, still more and more, upon each reflection, confirmed Dunne's opinion.

Very fortunately for him, as the Desperado then, and subsequently, reasoned to himself, he had at no time however (notwithstanding frequent and urgent enquiries), disclosed to the tailor, or his associates, the secret of his chief retreat. Nor was his refuge, in truth, yet known to any person, but that one, to whom he felt his safety was far dearer, even than her own.

His frequent failures of revenge, however, and the other circumstances of difficulty, in

which, from compelled privacy and distrust of the tailor and party, he daily became more and more involved, were sufficient of themselves to damp his spirit of sworn resolve against the life of Cash. But, in safety of that persecutor, and for prevention of irreparable ill, there was yet exerted over Dunne one agent of good, more influential against his commission of the crime, than could be any obstacle or difficulty beside. Such, indeed, was "Poor Mary," the only spell that had long stood between him and his spiritual ruin.

"None are all evil," as has been truly said; and so this daringly reprobate man, who scorned the commandments of religion, and, from the force of one intense passion, overlaid and stilled the shudderings of natural conscience, who, renouncing God, said prepensely in his heart, "I will murder," was not yet dead to the influences acquired by affection. Outraged by persecution as his feelings had been, the intense and unbridled passions of his nature had wholly confounded, if not shaken from its seat, his consciousness of right. A fierce savageness assumed

its place: In this state of moral abeyance, he regarded his wrongs, the world, and its laws, as foes alike: Revenge was the only retribution he conceived, and, that mystery under heaven, of allowing vice and tyranny to triumph upon earth, and innocence and virtue to be depressed, was, to his graceless reason, a light not understood. He had accordingly become, whether as regarded God or society, religion or reason, reprobate, abandoned, all but lost. In such waste and wilderness of moral being, there was still one, however, to whom a singular attachment, providentially as it were, bound his scathed and torn affections. Attached to this person before his misfortunes began, in her alone had the desperado afterwards sought any solace for his gloom. "Poor Mary," too, for she it was, was one who ever tried to soothe, and had never once angered him. During her saneness, as also after the lamentable wreck of her senses, she had been all unto him. In her soundest sanity indeed, this poor maniac had been ever a wildly imaginative creature, and always of that mystical and strange temperament which is

deeply tinctured, as it were, with a spiritual excess. From the first, her love had assumed the complexion of her mind. Devotional, ethereal and pure, it was also fanciful and wild. Tender, plaintive, and confiding, as the softness of the dove, she was yet also, betimes, aerial in her aspirings as the soaring rapture of the lark. Loving him with a most spiritual passion, while he was innocent and cheerful, she felt composed and blessed. Injury, however, had brought him sullenness, and her bliss became turned to sadness. She grew, then, more and more melancholy and musing; yet was to him, still, as of wont, ever kind and sympathizing. But, when it was fully manifest unto her, that guilt had laid its darkest hold upon his soul, then, death-stricken in her hopes, she daily receded from her reason. Yet, often and often, before such positive privation, had she in vain struggled to recover him to innocence;—kneeling, entreated it of himself, or withdrawing, prayed to Heaven for his sake. Generally too, his turbulent soul would grow becalmed under her influence. In momentary joy, like sunbeams on the waters,

would then sparkle up her eyes. But, soon, and gloom fell upon him, and agony penetrated her. She could not tear his image from her bosom;—it was entwined there, as with the thread of her own existence, and "poor Mary," attached with a desperate fidelity, yet continuously recoiled in horror from some ever-recurring dread of her beloved one's perdition.

A sufferer, thus, from his inordinate rage for prepense revenge, the ruined fervour of her love grew frenzy. The whole spirit of her existence became imbued with the cause and current of her madness. Ideally, she had shaped herself into his guardian angel; and like, in truth, to some sacredly obscure spirit, intent on the prevention of his guilt, she followed him with an untiring and self-sacrificing devotedness. A stranger, too, she was now unknown to almost any other—whether sane or maniac;—but, a poor girl without kin, and of a birth and early friendlessness which prejudice insults,—cut off from the world, she was yet the dearer to him, from her having no connexion with it. Abandoning all other gentle attachments, every feeling of his

ruined nature had centered in her. She was his sole social tie, the only minister of solace he could bear; and desperately reprobate though he generally was, yet, like some delicately sweet flower, blooming in the desert, the one virtuous consciousness that she deserved every gratitude from him, lived even in the gloom and wreck of his fierce spirit.

Vengeance, indeed,—the desire of revenge,—was his mastering dominion; yet, when escaped "poor Mary's" presence, and most absorbedly intent on guilt, her image, as a spell, still hung upon him; and he had even faltered in crime, in considerateness of her. Often, hunting him through the storm and gloom of night, "Poor Mary" did wildly prophesy, that God's wrath would be unto him as the dark anger of the heavens; and, often imploring him to watch the moon, when just obscured with heavy cloud, she would remain rapt in her imagining, until, in enthusiasm, pointing to its orb arisen above the darkness, she would fervently exclaim,—"Did he but repent, his soul, too, would triumph over its sullenness, and shine as beauteous." Often,

in entreaty, and in pathos, she had charmed his fury, as might a vision from above; and often, imaging drops of blood, she shrieked, and shuddered in horror, at its shedding; till she startled him into thought and fear, as though she were his troubled conscience. And so, abandoned and morally remorseless as he was, it was, in truth, she, and only she, who was his one mysterious ray of grace;—or, as in the ancient and poetic imagining of man's two co-existent spirits, she was his "better soul," and controlled the triumphs of his "evil genius."

Mitigated by "poor Mary's" continuous appeals, and checked in its savage fury by distrust, difficulty, toil, and misadventure, Dunne's insatiate revenge had gradually become of a somewhat subdued, though yet morose and unrepentant character. But, however little though it were, that its all-engrossing appetite declined, yet, with its first assuagement on his temper, came also the return of natural dislike to concealment and restraint, which for it, and it alone, he in unspeakable misery had continuously endured.

If it were possible to attain a sufficiency of

means, he daily felt more and more inclined, though even unsatisfied of vengeance, to attempt to quit the country. That brooding on revenge, which had long wholly occupied his mind, often, now and then, gave place to his imagining of other scenes. Sometimes he dimly hoped that even yet he might be happy, could "poor Mary" and himself but reach another land.

This train of musing, which brought some solace of hope to him, was as thrilling fear and rapture to the devoted maniac. Restless in her dread, and anxious from her ecstacy, she longed that the wide waters should at once roll between him and his soul's danger. Foreimaging his happy escape from man, his restored peace of mind, and purity from blood, she was in thought, —as others similarly circumstanced might be in dreams—now, with him on the ocean, and now, in the new world beyond the waves.

In this state of mind, they now lived on for some short time;—Dunne resolving, and then again hesitating, to seek from the Rockites, or from even his brother and sisters, what money would pay "poor Mary's and his own passage

to any part of America." But, fearful of treachery from the tailor and his immediate comrades, he, for some while back had no recourse to that country, in which the poteen still was situate, and where he suspected, (erroneously, however,) that those whom he dreaded, then were. He conjectured that he would easily succeed in procuring from some of the young, misled recruits of the pensioner, whom he had met in that locality, so much subscription at the least, as would answer his own individual purpose, or very likely more;—and he was also, indeed, anxious to put them on their guard, by communicating his suspicions of the tailor. Going thither would be, moreover, so much of their direct way towards some southern port, from which he expected the chance of an outgoing vessel.

On better reflection, however, he concluded that the fact of his seeking money in that quarter, would probably transpire among the Rockites, and thereby coming to the tailor's ears, make him aware of his intention, and the more watchful to prevent his escape. He ac-

cordingly deemed it the better course, at least for the present, to apply to his own relatives.

But then, they, much less than the Rockites, had never known anything of "poor Mary," or of his strange connexion with such a mysterious being; and so, he could not expect from them, poor and struggling as they were, such sum as might possibly answer the passage-price for both.

As he reasoned the more and more with himself, he concluded, however, that "his own" were the safest and the best resource. Though he had renounced them, and, absorbed in his vicious passion, become as one who knew them not, he yet felt that in their hearts virtue resided,—the natural tie would confess itself; and that the relational sympathy being not dead, his escape and safety, notwithstanding his many misdoings, would yet prove, upon trial, as the very "part and parcel" of their own being. He resolved to go to them.

Dunne came forth from his refuge; and twice in the gloom of the same night, stealthily moved on towards their cabin. Yet wavering and irresolute, again and again he partly returned. The

third time, and he bound himself up to the task; but still timidly and falteringly approached the cabin's little window. He saw his sisters, and his two brothers (the absent one had returned but a week, or so), sitting round the fire. A slight chill and shudder ran creepingly over his frame. The features of his kindred appeared as in a dream to him; and for the first moment since the period of his desperation, came there fully back upon his heart the emotions of family remembrances. But they then poignantly came, and he felt he was an outcast.

There were all the appearances of humble happiness around those within: the employments of industry occupied them, and the signs of thrifty care and honesty of life, were evident in each. One sister carded flax, and the other sat spinning at the wheel: the lately-returned brother attached, with a dried eelskin, a staff-handle to his flail, and the owner of the cabin was just fitting on a ploughshare to its wooden sock.

Drawing back from the window, the now thought-stricken desperado wiped a damp sweat

from off his brow, and struggled to overcome his repugnance to the interview. A feeling of unfamiliarity with his kind, and a strong sense of shame, more than a match against his pride of resolution, possessed him.

He endeavoured to repress it, and indeed much did; but, yet scarcely voluntarily, and, as though driven by a blind fate, he raised the latch of the door, and passed inwards from the threshold.

At the first glimpse of his figure, the sisters screamed aloud:—confounded by his own emotions and their shrieks, he stood still and staringly on the centre of the floor. The amazed brothers had arisen, and were silent, and astounded also. The desperado essayed to speak, but could not; there was a choking sensation in his throat; and his tongue clove to the palate of his mouth, suspended of its powers of articulation. A painful expression of suffering, too,—ever the more severe and excessive, in such marked and impassioned features as his,—filled Dunne's face.

Totteringly, his sisters ran in alarm and fear-

ful affection, to his support. The brothers, too, partially recovered from surprise, had at the same time grasped him by the hands. Silently, but, in yet most expressive wretchedness, they now looked on him, and he on them. It was a poignantly embarrassing and most miserable moment to them all,—a trial, Dunne would have given worlds he had forborne to undergo; but, soon, and the sisters again screamed in agony, and sunk down helpless on his breast.

They had imagined until now, that this unfortunate man, publicly regarded as a murderer, and on whom, if discovered, the law would necessarily avenge itself, had escaped safely to America. But now, even now,—and *he*, outlawed by society, there stood before them, on their cabin floor! The fearful truth overwhelmed them with an oppressive shock; and the most painfully combined emotions, rising terrific on the instant, harrowed up their souls.

But, as gradually, some presence of mind became restored to each, the yet agitated and disconcerted outlaw brokenly told the object of his coming. The supposition that he had

daringly returned in defiance of the law, and which was the first startling conception of them all, was, when removed by his explanation, succeeded by something of relief. That he should now at once quit the country, however, was the joint advice and entreaty of his solicitous family. Any means in their power, which could secure him beyond reach, they would, so soon as possible, provide. The brother, who lately returned, had some little savings; and these were at once his. The sisters and other brothers could then contribute nothing, but promised to procure what he required on the morrow, and having appointed a time and place of meeting too for the next night;—that one of themselves should then and there punctually bring it to him. After many entreaties from his wretched kindred, that, if he now luckily escaped, he would change his course of life, and turn to quiet and honesty in America, this unfortunate man now parted from them.

A miserable and sleepless night was then spent by his troubled relatives, and when the morning arose, equal gloom of spirits yet oppressed them.

The horror of his past course, and an awful terror for the safety of his life, preyed upon them. Their promise, however, was redeemed, and much more than Dunne needed for himself was procured him by his family. Under cover of darkness, the lately-returned brother gave it him. In the gloom of the same night, "Poor Mary" and himself turned their backs upon the Manor;—they were gone from his native place, and their refuge of concealment, as both hoped for ever; and obscurity was the chosen director of their path, and secresy from all, the chief safety of their way. For some while, and the worst fears of incertitude respecting his escape, agitated the relatives of Dunne. An ever-fearful suspense is a dread punishment surely, but yet there is many a certainty which distances it in horror.

But, to now return awhile to public matters.

The Christmas time was nigh at hand, and the New Year, in the early period of whose cycle, the Parliamentary intentions respecting Irish liberty were anxiously expected, rapidly approached.

On the 16th of December, 1828, the day subsequent to the outlaw's departure from the Manor, the last aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was held. It took place in the Catholic church of St. Teresa, Clarendon Street.

The arrangements made in the interior of the sacred edifice, for the accommodation of so large an assemblage as was there met, were very judicious. A spacious and well-constructed platform, raised about five feet from the floor, and well supplied with seats and tables, occupied the eastern end. A space below the platform was railed in, exclusively for the ladies; the attendance of whom was, as the papers reported, "both numerous and fashionable." The remaining parts of the body of the church, and its extensive galleries, were densely thronged. The altars were covered in by well-adjusted boards, and every precaution taken to prevent inconvenience or injury.

As Francis French had been his cousin's attendant at many conventicles of "the Saints," Miss Pigott now, in turn, in fulfilment of promise, favoured him with her presence, to this

truly Irish and popular assembly. At first, indeed, and the fair novice felt some delicate thrills, on entering at all a Popish house of worship; and as there chanced, too, to be a holy-water fount in the very passage to the chapel-door, into which she saw some passers-on dip their fingers, and then sign themselves, the lovely Puritan, for a moment, somewhat like a beautiful startled palfrey, was shying off from the vain superstition, when an old hanger-on of the friary, who stood counting her beads by the fount, blessed "her ladyship's sweet angel face," and, suiting the action to the word, said, "it wouldn't be a taste the worse, for a sprinkle of the blessed water."

The agitated Biblical, however, had in this incident passed her most trying ordeal, and experienced, after her first startle, just as the old officious devotee had said, not one whit the worse of the water.

She now succeeded in procuring a good seat; and, like most other persons, when in novel circumstances of the kind, began at once to look about her.

The appearance of the assembly was in each particular quite contradistinct from those of her usual resort. There were immediately around her, no downcast-looking, formally attired, female lispers of "the Word;"—before her, on the platform, no eye-upturned, horror-assumed, preachers against popery; nor anywhere else, throughout the edifice, countenances expressing that dull, spurious fanaticism (to be at all seen, indeed, but at the saintly meetings of "the modern elect"), which is too unfrenzied to have originated in madly religious zeal, too plodding and worldly looking but to smack of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and sufficiently lowering and repulsive, to intimate the owners' repugnance to concede a share of any tit-bits that may be going. She, in fact, saw not even one of those sleek-looking, Mammon-loving, half-saints, half-corporators,—a class begotten, in late times, of the Bible and the flesh; and who most nicely compound between the spiritual maxim, "*Believe, and live,*" and its material inversion, "*Live, and believe.*" On the contrary, a cheerful enthusiasm was evident in every portion of the assembly.

At one o'clock, the patriotic Lord Killeen, the present Earl of Fingal, was called to the chair. The speakers of the day were the usual prominent orators of the Association; besprinkled, however, with some Protestant and Roman Catholic country gentlemen.

A new scene had now, indeed, fully opened on Miss Pigott's view. The far-famed demagogues of her country were there, boldly enacting their sentiments before her;—the excited sympathies of the multitude were responding to their views;—the temple of God was thronged with indignant men, and woman's beauty was lit up from thrill of soul. Freedom for their country and for their creed was, indeed, legibly writ on every face; and when, on one occasion, the fervour of repressed zeal had burst forth into long, loud, and rapturous applause and affection, and the gestures of joy had quickened into strangely commoved life the dense multitude around,—when, in short, amid their ardent and overpowering welcome, the champion of his country, and of Clare's victory, stood expressively before the people, so vividly did it seem as

though it were his natural throne to be above them, and to lead them;—and such was the exciting influence of the public spirit, that even our fair dissentient herself hailed him, before he spoke, with all the warmth of escaped delight.

O'Connell had thus come forward in turn, to excite and govern the popular impulses; now appealing, in advocacy of his country, to the laws of eternal justice, the precepts of Christianity, and the immortal passion for liberty; and, as if grown fearlessly great, from the majesty of these principles, and the revolt stirred within his auditors, then daringly bearding government authority, and in the loud tones of bold defiance, and with his country's millions at his back, demanding justice;—now swaying the nation's wrought-up zeal, and attempering the intense indignation of the people, when within apparent grasp of their long-desired object, into restraint and order. The void, which the fair enthusiast's soul had so often felt, when listening to the prosing preachers among the saints, was at once satisfied with the fire, vigour, and fulness of the great natural orator. The chords of her nobly

sensitive heart, swept by so powerful a master, congenially responded in the full strong vibrations of liberty; and though, now and again, the demagogue's ambitious attempts to prove his own Church, historically pre-eminent to all others, in attachment to constitutional freedom, and his glowing eulogies on the learning, the morality, the enterprising devotedness, and the social order of the Jesuits, decidedly clashed with her educational impressions, yet his more general sentiments of policy, that with equal warmth flowed forth, like unlaboured, instinctive convictions, from his soul, and in which, she gladly recognized her own dearly cherished aspirations, made more than amends in Miss Pigott's estimation, for any partial errors arising from his prepossessions. Thus, the Biblical Puritan kindredly felt, with the Roman Catholic Demagogue, that there is no fitter region, for diffusing the spirit of the gospel, than the land of civil and religious equality,—that man was formed by Heaven to fulfil upon earth brotherhood, not tyranny,—that the foundations of Christian truth, are charity and mercy, as well

as faith,—that Churches should not be upheld, save by the influences of the understanding, and the spiritual graces—that however sects may differ in particular tenets, liberty was the natural inheritance of each, and charity towards one another, and repugnance to selfish ascendancy in any, and justice to all, was the doctrine and practice of their common Redeemer. In her instance at least, (let what will be said of the dissevering power of party spirit in Ireland,) a sincere votary of modern biblicism, became an ardent disciple of freedom and democracy,—and what was still more strange, regarded, despite all conventional prejudice to the contrary, as the chief herald, and chosen apostle of each, no other than the then horror of her school, the reputedly Papistical O'Connell. We think our readers will in no wise consider, the progressive course of this lady's opinions, as inconsistent with the original tendencies of her character; though no doubt, if they chanced to have been acquainted with the Biblicals of that period, they would naturally deem any one like her, who was at once a Puritan in religion, a Liberal in politics, and

O'Connellite in admiration, as a most *rara avis* indeed; a kind of white blackbird, or black swan, among her fellows.

What between the unabated demands of the Roman Catholic leaders, and the now zealous exertions of their sincere allies, the Liberal Protestants, on the one side,—with the fierce conduct, and gross intemperance of sentiment, that distinguished their furious opponents, the Orangemen or Brunswickers, on the other,—they, who know not from experience, can indeed form, from our poor narrative, but weak conceptions of the almost frenzy of these happily past times. This feverish anxiety was rendered still more perturbed, by the rapid succession of some very curious circumstances, that then quite unexpectedly broke upon the public mind. In a few days after the aggregate meeting, there appeared in the public papers, a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the Catholic Primate, Dr. Curtis, on the very same all engrossing subject of Emancipation. A correspondence between the supposed unbending, anti-emancipation Duke, and a Bishop of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was

in itself matter for popular surprise. The vain endeavour to interpret with any certainty the writer's probable conduct, from his letter's very dubious import, but increased the general wonder as to what could be the Minister's intention and object. A moment of suspense is ever rife with conjectures; and so that intensely was to Irishmen of all parties. However matter of fact and clear, may have been the character of the Duke's military despatches, no one can deny, that as a statesman, (one of few words though he generally is,) he had the versatility on that occasion, to favour the Empire with about as pretty and obscure a riddle—how to unravel Ireland's Gordian knot, as was ever the perplexing puzzle of that celebrated enigma itself.

"He is and he is'nt for us, and the country, your Reverence, and that's all I can make out of it," said John Glennon, after having read over the Duke's letter three or four times attentively, for the old Priest; until, growing each turn the more embarrassed by his own criticisms thereon, he at length flung the paper impatiently from his hand, and striking his blackthorn stick

forcibly upon the floor, angrily exclaimed,—"He often found a way to spake plainer, your Reverence, when he wanted the poor Irish to charge, and make a path, of their mixed blood and bones, for his own march, and rise to glory."

While the nation at large were thus exercising their various surmises on the Duke's production, and among the many, Willy Moore, (he having, in the goal, got a "Weekly Register," from a friendly turnkey,) was, as he said himself, "endeavouring to translate the contents of the letter, into plainer sense," and cursing the bad Irishman that wrote the likes, for the only part he could well understand of the same, viz. the ill-conditioned proposal, to "bury the great Catholic question in oblivion, for a short time,"—as if it was to be slipped body and bones like himself into goal, and left there on low diet, and but poor allowance of the same, until it lost all its spirit, and got the *could* smell of the dungeon upon it;—while various indeed, of both a serious and ludicrous, a friendly and hostile kind, were the nation's surmises, another letter on the same subject, and addressed from the Marquess of Anglesey to the same Dr Curtis, still farther

excited the general wonder. This circumstance has been thus described by a contemporary.*

"The Marquess of Anglesey addressed the same dignitary, but in a style very characteristically distinguished from that of the Duke of Wellington. There was nothing dubious, nothing concealed, nothing contradictory. It expressed, in temperate language, manly feelings, just opinions, ardent wishes for the happiness and safety of the country. No document had lately appeared in Ireland, so completely in accord with the character of the people. It was the open appeal of a high-spirited and anxious friend. The people accepted it, in the same spirit in which it was given. Acclamations of affectionate gratitude arose from all sides."

Scarcely, however, had any time for public gratulation elapsed, from the publication of this letter, which imparted such just confidence to the people; when, by another circumstance, and the national hopes were as quickly depressed, as they had become but awhile ago suddenly elated. "*The Marquess of Anglesey was formally and peremptorily recalled.*"

* Mr. Wyse.

No event could possibly produce more astonishment, more consternation to the oppressed, than did this. As though slavery to their country were a preordained fate,—the cup of hope had been now, as ever, dashed from the people's lips. The estimated calamity moreover, was almost strictly similar in its incidents, to that of the darkest era in Ireland's later history. It seemed indeed, a bodingly ominous recall, and too likely to prove far more inciting to the passions of the contending parties, and far more perilous to the State, than any occurrence which had taken place, since the unfortunate departure of the amiable Earl Fitzwilliam, immediately prior to the stimulated rebellion of the year 1798.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

" Religious spite and pious spleen bred first
This quarrel, which so long the bigots nurst."—*Tate.*

Francis French and his fair cousin, Miss Pigott, participated acutely in the mortification felt among all classes of the Liberals by the Marquis of Anglesey's recall. They did not the less sensitively regard the circumstance, because that in the society in which they chiefly moved, his departure was conversationally bandied from one to another of Tory ladies and gentlemen, as matter for gratulation and triumph. Go where they might, his Excellency's abrupt dismissal from office was the subject of the day. The young, unthinking fashionables of their acquaintance giggled with pleasure at the thought; the old knowing ones stood in groups, and chuckled at his going, as a brain-blow to Emancipation, O'Connell, and the Papists; some country

Squirearchy, they met in town, swelled, and drew themselves up, under the prospective vision of their magisterial power unchecked at the Castle once more; and each and every Corporator hobnobbed the event, as giving a perpetuity anew to their cherished guzzling and corruption.

Even the good old Squire himself wrote a letter to his daughter on the subject, in which he candidly admitted, "he was damned glad Anglesey was dismissed, for that though, by all accounts, a right, dashing kind of fellow, both as a brave soldier in the field, and a gay companion at the table, still it wasn't becoming in *him*, the representative of a Protestant king, to make so free, as he heard he did, with some of the very worst of the Papists." In a postscript to the same letter, he expressed a hope that "Francis French would give over his Tom-foolery about Emancipation and such things now, when this very move of Wellington's and Peel's made plain to any man of understanding, that it was a thing which, 'as long as England was England, would never take place.'" He did not, however, omit putting a *nota bene* to the same

over my effects—over everything I had; she might have easily done it, sir."

"Done what?" says the Priest.

"Robbed me, sir."

"Well, and if she did itself, what then, Neddy?"

"Why, sir, if she did, ain't I to get back my own?"

"Oh, yes, your own; but how is this your own?" says the Priest.

"How is it, your Reverence?" isn't the money you hold in your hands for me, my own?"

"I hold no money in my hands for you, man."

"You do, sir; well you know you do, sir; restitution money, sir."

"Restitution money!" says the Priest.

"Yes, sir, money that Judy Doran and many others robbed me of, and that you now have of mine, your Reverence."

A new view of the miser's imaginings arose to the mind of the old Priest; he fixed his most searching gaze on him, and, after some time, said,—

"Are you a consummate rogue? or are you mad? which, Rourke? What put such a notion as restitution money into your head? or did you

imagine, that, by pretending such a belief, and very probably intending to diffuse it into report, too, you could deter me from giving to your nephew, that property which, under conditions, I hold in trust for him?"

The miser looked astonished at the Priest, and, somewhat daunted too, by signs of rising indignation on the countenance of his Reverence; then sorrily said,

"But sure, sir, you have some restitution money of mine, at any rate; and right glad I was to hear that my property was so safe, as to be in your Reverence's pure hands, for me at any time I'd call for it, sir."

"And what put that notion into your head, Neddy?"

"Your own man, Billy, told me of it, sir."

The old Priest, half vexed by the annoyance to which he had been subjected, yet could not repress his smile, as the imagination tickled his naturally humorous fancy, that his truant omadhaun, Billy, had played off some well conceived trick on the miser. He asked Neddy to ring the bell, and, quickly on its call, the odd compound of roguery and folly, who had been listening outside the door to the Priest's and Neddy's conversation, all the while, pantingly

Mr. Cash had in a great degree recovered, and if any public occurrence could afford a salutary impulse to his convalescence, the incident, then just happening, came fully to his heart's content. He, and the Parson, the co-inspector of Police, and some few others of the "real right sort," talked the matter over and over again, and rubbed their hands in glee.

The Parson knew very well, he said; "Aye, just as well as though he had been in the Cabinet himself, that the Duke of Wellington and Peel, (statesmen, who they present might rely on him, were unswerving champions of their principles), were determined not to allow matters to go on with the Roman-Catholics and their priests, as had for some time past been the fashion."

The co-inspector of Police believed the same; —"The Marquis of Anglesey, however, had turned out a damned deception on them, and he, for one, didn't wonder at Wellington being led a little astray at first; but, the instant he found the fellow out, as they themselves now saw, he soon sent him to the right-about, on his wooden stump, and the devil's cure to him."— But he trusted, too, "he'd be impeached, as well as recalled, for writing that monstrous letter of

encouragement to the Catholics. Surely, the only one, simple, true plan to govern Ireland, was, they all knew, the plain one, of keeping down the Papists, with their noses to the grinding-stone, and taking right good care of the Protestants, the only real guardians of the land, and true legitimate children of the Constitution :"—he really wondered at such men as Lord Anglesey, a man of property too. Surely, if there was to be such a thing as Emancipation at all, what could prevent some Roman-Catholic Members of Parliament getting into favour with Government, and who could tell, then, but that the very situation he himself now holds over a large body of police, might not one day or other, be occupied by some blackguard, rebelly Papist? —" and then, only just see in what a nice state would be the Constitution."

" A bad state for you, at any rate," said Mr. Cash, " and if such doings went on, a bad state before long for us all, too, sure enough."

" Just so," said the Parson, " and if the Papists get a little stronger than they are, in the country, Emancipation, or no Emancipation, what will hinder them from keeping the tithes in their own pockets, and letting me, and such as me, that were educated and brought up to

receive them, go to our own sort for support? I tell you, Mr. Cash, and I'm often turning it over in my mind, too, that if Government mean to keep up the Church in Ireland, in a nice respectable manner, with good livings and glebes, as a suitable attraction to the younger sons of gentlemen,—it is not, that they won't emancipate the Papists, but, they must either keep them down for good and all, or make Protestants of them,—for otherwise, the Papists will put down the Clergy and tithes at any rate, and that's the short and the long of it."

"I don't doubt that either," said Cash; "but the government have done their part for us now, and so, let us then not be behindhand, in whatever we can do for ourselves too; the Marquis of Anglesey's recall, has made more than amends to the Protestants generally, for their defeat at Clare, and the other Popish victories. It shows that Wellington is ready to buckle on his armour again,—and so, the apostates from our side, with their hawked about 'Declaration,' both Leinster, Devonshire, Cloncurry, and all of them that signed it; and Lord Morpeth, and every other friend to the Papists; and O'Connell himself, and his Association, will all soon be put to the rout."

"Waterloo was nothing to it," said the co-inspector of Police.

"Oh! never mind yet awhile," said Cash; "if we were somewhat worsted a short time ago, we have our enemies on the broad of their backs now."

"While we have them down, then, let us keep them down," said the Parson.

"That's the very thing I'm for," continued the Inspector.

"Right again," said Cash; "let every man, in his place, teach the fellows under him, or that he can get a hold of at all, a proper lesson."

"Your place is the pulpit, sir," said the Inspector of Police.

"Aye, but his lesson is the tithes," said Mr. Cash; "let him make every fellow under him, pay up to the day."

"Oh! that to be sure; but in the pulpit, too, he can harangue against the Pope," answered the Inspector.

"Let him leave that for the Curate, as he's no great hand at a sermon, or a speech," said Cash; "but I know his Reverence isn't backward at a cant, and therefore, while the journeyman soul-saver's talking, the master can be better employed acting. I'll make every one in my power

pay up the rent to the day, or I'll drive them, or latitat them, or eject them,—at any rate, break them; let him do his duty in regard to the tithes similarly. And you know, Mr. Inspector, you have the police at your beck, and as they're generally all of the 'real, right sort,' you at least, needn't be afraid in your line, while squeezing a Papist, of being made much the worse for the act; a bench of magistrates can save you any day,—and let me see, then, who dare impute corrupt motives to the holders of His Majesty's commission? The King's Bench, is just the fit spot, to get a Popish agitator into; and send him from that to Kilmainham, or trotting off with his finger in his mouth, to beg the amount of his damages, and costs, out of their Catholic rent."

"Right, right, that's just the proper cut of business," said the Inspector.

"It isn't alone that any man can stop a ball, gentlemen; but I say, that every man can give a wound to his enemy, too, if he only keeps his wits about him," continued the elated Mr. Cash.

"But we know, to our cost, that the Papists can play at that work also, Mr. Cash," said the more fear-stricken Parson.

"Oh! never mind it,—if the Protestant landlords, agents, and clergymen, and every other

true man in his place, stand together, and watch their proper time for hitting, never fear, but we'll soon bring back the craw-thumping *padreens* to their old submissions."

"I won't flinch then, from *my duty*, never fear," said the Christian-minded Parson.

Very inopportunely for the inhabitants of the Manor of Glenmore, and the other tenants under his lash, Mr. Cash's political doctrine did not expend itself merely in words. The patriarch, Johnny Rourke, Kitty Kelly's father, and some few others of the tenants, had fortunately been able to discharge the November rent, the day he had demanded it; others of a poorer class, however, who now tendered some arrears, and had means, if they got but a few days for threshing out their corn, to meet his call for the November gale also, were told to "be off, and bring in the entire, or"——

If Ned, the driver, paid not each and all of these an official visit, of seizure, the next possible day, it was, because his master deemed it more destructively desirable, to lull them to security, while he proceeded against some by latitat, and against others by ejectment.

Parson Cantall paid his Christian visitation also, and like a true disciple of the Irish Tory

mode of converting, did not allow the example of exaction, Mr. Cash afforded, to pass away unimitated. The legal inflictions, with which both these warranted authorities, then, as at all other times, when in their power, harassed,—the one, his employer's tenantry, the other, his fellow-christian flock,—were a true type, and every-day sample, of that Church and State social inversion, which has been, unfortunately, the only law-established system, well known to the poor of Ireland. The agent tyrannized under the sanction of a cruel, absentee landlord's rights,—a state protected profligate, who was allowed to disregard, without check, all the moral obligations of property. The Parson exacted from penury, in the name of a Church, that ministered no religious service to the people, and whose hierarchy was chiefly notorious, as the inveterate foe of the country's liberties, and the perpetual reviler of its creed.

Generous sympathy for each other, and mutual help (without the continuous aid of which, to an extent unknown in any other country, the Irish people could never have withstood their savage and artful taskmasters), presented, however, at present, a sufficient shield, in the majority of instances, for the persecuted. If many

of them couldn't procure "a bit of meat" for even their Christmas dinner, still they had a light heart, that they had escaped for this year, at least, from their relentless pursuers.

But, yet, neither was Mr. Cash to be now wholly disappointed of a savage pouncing on some wretched creatures, as victims to his rage. A sorry and despicable opportunity was presented, and he availed himself of it.

As our readers may have conjectured, the Scullogue, since the attack of the Rockites upon him, had been deterred from becoming tenant to the hill's side. A shopkeeper, however, in a neighbouring town, and a Protestant moreover, had become the tenant. This favoured chosen one, paid to Mr. Cash, himself, a considerable douceur, in consideration of the preference he got, but then, in turn, was (by verbal promise from him) to obtain an improving lease, and also, not to come under payment of rent for the winter half year.

The mud walls of some of the former cabins were still standing, when possession was given to the shopkeeper, and, in a short time after that occurrence, a poor family belonging to "the old stock," having returned in great want to the Manor, intercession was made by some persons

with the new tenant, to allow them to shed in a spot within some of the old walls, wherein as a shelter, the poor creatures might put over them the harshness of the winter. The shopkeeper, who was a kind-hearted man,—one, at least, that would like "to live well with his neighbours" if he were allowed, and who knew also that he would require on the ground whatever labour of hands this family had,—consented to the request. A narrow space, within one of the cabins, was accordingly shedded in by some slanting poles, and underneath this poor cover from rain and cold, an old man, and his wife, their daughter, and a yet growing son, had gratefully taken up a temporary abode.

But this protection, even such as it was, they were not long allowed to enjoy. Mr. Cash, in one of his malicious prying rides through the Manor, had espied smoke ascending from the hut, and discovered, to the inmates' melancholy cost, what was the cause. He thereupon raged, and "swore like a trooper" on the road. On his return home, Ned, the driver, was forthwith dispatched for the shopkeeper, who was told, when he arrived, "that he didn't get the ground to let every ruffian in the country burrow in it;" and then threatened with expulsion himself,

"if he didn't at once throw down the shed, and turn all under it to the road." They who are unacquainted with Irish life, in such relations as we now represent, can possibly know nothing of the servile fear with which many tenants, of even comfortable circumstances, and respectable station, regard a tyrant agent or landlord. They cannot, indeed, but be aware, from experience, that if they once disoblige the despot, he will yet surely meet them, with crushing vindictiveness, in some of the numerous transactions between them. This state of servility, too, is becoming of late years the more and more marked in the lower and middle classes of Protestants, who, in general, not sympathising with the popular feelings, and in turn not being supported by the social countenance of "the numbers" around them, resign themselves, as it were, "body and soul," for the expectancy of favouritism and promotion, to the daily doing the dirty will of every "little, great man" around them.

The new tenant, accordingly, though, in general intention and act, a well-disposed man, had thus submissively promised to perform Mr. Cash's bidding. He had, however, proved bold enough to ask a week's time, or so, before he'd resort to the harshness of expelling them; that

in that interval, the poor family might seek out some other shelter; but Mr. Cash wouldn't allow a minute beyond New Year's day, now just at hand; and told him, moreover, that, "he would be on the land himself, to see *that he should do it.*"

New Year's Day had now arrived, and the malignant tyrant was faithful to his promise. The poor family knew that it wasn't the tenant's fault, that they should go to the road; and so, at his desire, were prepared by the appointed day to abandon their home. When, however, Mr. Cash reached the hut, he considered them not at all quick enough in their movements of departure. "He had something else to do," as he said, "besides looking at them, and their lazy scheming;" and before the poor people had their wretched effects outside, he ordered Ned, the driver, to commence pulling down the shed, and level the mud-wall supporting it. The ever-officious underling obeyed on the instant. The feelings of the family, irritated by a strong sense of insult and of injury, broke forth into angry complaint, and crimination. They felt they were oppressed with misery enough, without the additional wrong of the tyrant's contumely. A few sods of turf, and about a stone

of potatoes, were still remaining in the shed, when the underlings of Cash commenced their rude demolition. The old man stood, holding a sack with its mouth open, ready to receive these, their only means of support; and the old woman and her daughter (the son had gone away to avoid looking on at the hardship of the sight), were collecting, with all the haste they could, the few potatoes and turf. The fretful impatience of Cash, however, admitted not of the least consideration for them; and again he, more boisterously, ordered his underlings to complete the rude work of demolition. It was done in an instant. The exterior wall of the hut gave way before their repeated and united assaults, and the roof of the shed suddenly fell in upon its floor. It was by a mere chance, that the mother and her daughter were not inside at the moment; but a portion of their potatoes were at once covered by the fallen rubbish; and the old woman, dropping what few she was carrying to the sack in the skirt of her petticoat, fell down in inflamed anger, upon her knees, and, with her sallow fleshless hands clasped, and elevated to heaven, prayed to God, that "the tyrant might hunger before he'd die, for a supper of potatoes." The irritated daughter

burst into bitter tears; and the old man, with a stolid, but bereaved expression, now looked at his wife upon her knees—now at the wreck of the poor shed—and then, with a wondering, yet stupid stare, as if a dull apathy possessed him, fixed his intent gaze upon the cruel agent.

"What do you stand there, wondering and gaping at me, for, you old ruffian?" said Cash; "*if* you want these scattered potatoes pick them up."

"I was only just thinking in my mind, your honour," absently answered the old man, "where you, and the likes of you, will be in the next world."

"Begone off the land this minute, you saucy blackguard," vehemently vociferated Cash.

"And that I will, you kind gentleman," now pointedly, and somewhat sarcastically, answered the aged and ragged peasant, as he stooped to gather up the few potatoes. "Moreover, much of the Bible as you read, your honour," continued he, erecting himself, "I can tell you, for your comfort, what's in it,—and what I often heard read out at chapel,—and what you'll know the real differ about yet, you mild good man in the country:—'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the land.'"

The cold and cutting severity with which this latter remark was applied by the peasant, excited a still more rancorous rage in the breast of Cash. He fiercely called out to Ned to "drive the villain from the field," and, violently advancing, himself, forcibly pushed the old man, as he was just in the act of swinging to his shoulder, the tattered sack containing the few potatoes and turf. The burthen and its bearer fell to the ground; and the enraged wife, tottering forward, from her knees, with her hands clenched, and extended to the petty tyrant's face, imprecated, like a mad beldam, all kinds of ill-fortune upon his head, and that "from this to the next New Year's Day, Heaven might rain down curses on him."

Ned and his assistants seized her by the neck, and forcibly dragged her some paces away. The old man, resuming his burthen, followed; but the angered poor woman, strong from her rage, escaping from her detainers' gripe, returned to her husband, and again vituperating Cash, uttered, as her parting leave, that "he would be yet with the Devil and his flames for his doings of that day."

"Hold your tongue, woman," said the husband, "and don't be sinning your soul by him!"

and thereupon turning round to Cash, who, in the mean malignity of his disposition, still followed their steps, till he'd see them off the ground, the old man, now standing on the passage to the road, thus emphatically delivered himself:—

"Heaven change you for the better, Mr. Cash, is my prayer; for if you remain as you are, God Almighty himself couldn't make a worse hell for you, than to put you for eternity among the poor. You always hated the poor, and even the sight of the poor man's child;—you were a tyrant, sir, and so surely as our kind has a God at all, so surely that God hates you."

As he concluded, the old man visibly betrayed the depth of his emotion; but, checking himself, and motioning on before him his daughter and wife, he turned from Cash, who, yet, standing inside the ditch, scoffingly chuckled at their misery, in all the triumph of mean spite and rage.

In a few days after this paltry exhibition of hate, the January quarter sessions arrived, and Willy Moore was put upon his trial. Mr. Cash and Parson Cantall took their seats, by his Worship, on the bench; with what intentions towards Willy, he himself pretty correctly sur-

mised. The ex-churchwarden, however, had but little fears of the result, as Pady Glennon having been acquitted on the same charge and evidence, he, by a justifiable analogy, concluded, that such would be his case too. But the chance of justice has been long a mere toss up in Ireland, and Willy Moore, having got an Orange jury, lost the luck of the day, and was found guilty of an assault on the police *in the execution of their duty;* and sentenced, by the barrister, with a most laboured charge on the heinousness of his offence, to a month's additional imprisonment, and a fine of £5.

Much, however, as Willy Moore, the Patriarch—John Glennon, and his political followers, were annoyed at the local tyrannies of Cash, the confederate Parson, and the other "True blue" local authorities; their anger with all petty despots was absorbed and swallowed up in the greater enmity they bore to those "head-tyrants of their country," as they called Wellington and Peel, who had taken from them, in their moment of hope, their *then* beloved Anglesey.

"It is just of a-piece with the conduct of England, ever and always," said the Patriarch, in one of his sittings at "the Sheaf of Wheat," "and I tell you, Pady Casey, that if we were

emancipated to-morrow, I'm beginning to think, we'd be humbugged out of it again, and that Ireland will never be Ireland right, until she has a Parliament of her own."

"Faith, and 'tis you I believe, Mr. Glennon," said Pady Casey.

"Arrah, sure, sir, 'tis plain, that they don't mean to treat us with any more respect, if they can help it, than Billy Pitt himself did, when he took away Lord Fitzwilliam, that had the Emancipation Bill ready drawn up in his pocket, and that was heart and sowl for the country, just like the present man, God bless him!—and sent us, in his stead, a set of fellows like Lord a rhampton, and be hanged to him, that never stopped till they blew the country into rebellion,—quartering soldiers on the poor people, east, west and south, and transporting thousands on thousands, without either judge or jury."

"Och! in troth, I remember enough of their doings, Mr. Glennon."

"You can't remember it as well as I do, though, Pady Casey;—a man's life wasn't worth a traneen in them times, Mrs. ——. There was martial law in the very spot we're sitting; and for long and long before the country broke out, if a man looked so much as crooked, he was

whipped, and picketted, and hung up, and pitch-capped, to find out if there was any rebellion in him;—sure there was even, a tall murdering fellow kept then, for no other purpose, than hanging poor Catholics down his long back; and many a time I heard fellows singing the verse about him;

'Success to long Jack Hempenstall,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope, and all.'

"Many a poor man's house I saw in flames, in Kildare, Carlow, Wexford, and other places too; and the young men would be stabbed by the soldiers and yeomen, just as if they were brute-beasts, and many a nice young woman was worse treated by them. Sure, Abercrombie himself, who was their General, flung up his command over them, they were such barbarians; and Lake, who succeeded him, wasn't one taste more humane than the ruffians themselves, Mrs. Casey."

"Oh! so I often heard, indeed, Mr. Glennon, not but that I was more than old enough to remember it of myself, too," said Mrs. Casey.

"Why, then, no more nor that Mrs. Casey;—but God grant that the same isn't coming again, for I can hardly see any better before us;—though any one that once saw a rebellion, and

that was a Christian at all, Pady Casey, could never like to live one half year, and have to see another."

"Indeed, indeed, and that's true," said Pady Casey.

"Sure, before *we* struck a blow at all, wasn't poor Lord Edward, that was as gentle as a dove, and as brave as an eagle,—(but the curse of God will come yet on the informer Reynolds," said the agitated patriarch),—"wasn't the poor fellow murdered like a common dog?—wasn't every man, whose blood couldn't bear his country's oppression, trampled to the earth?—wasn't Beresford's riding-house a real hell, where there was the yell, and the scream, and the cruelty, and the misery of one?—and what signified it to a man to be innocent, when Sir Edward Crosbie was sworn against, and hanged, who was only merely humane, and for the people; but was as pure of any blemish, as regards joining in the plot, as was ever a sucking child upon your breast, Mrs. Casey."

"Och! Lord! Lord!—Mr. Glennon!" murmured many voices around.

"Och! true enough, boys,—and you needn't wonder at it; for there was many a worse,—or as bad a thing, at any rate,—done the same

times, though, because may be, the men were poor and humble, there wasn't so much about them," said Pady Casey.

"I only say, and I have some right to know the differ," continued the patriarch; "God grant we may never see—(and yet, God knows, I can't judge how we'll get over it)—the likes again. But I have great dependence, still and all, on O'Connell, that he won't let our side stir, no matter what the blood-thirsty Orange Brunswicks may do, to drive us into convulsion."

"And if it goes to that, oughn't O'Connell *to call us out*, Mr. Glennon; and though we haven't cannon and arms like them, still where would their handful be, against the millions of us?" said a fine, handsome young peasant, arising erect from his seat.

"True for you; and we won't lie down to be walked on again, never fear," said the majority around.

"Hush, hush, boys, about the likes," said the Patriarch. "We won't want force, I hope;—but why, if we're put to it,—though I'm now an ould, ailing creature myself,—I wouldn't say but I'd shoulder a pike yet, in the cause of poor Ireland."

In a few days after this converse with his

neighbours, the Patriarch, who, from the commencement of the present winter, had been even more than usually troubled with rheumatism,—set off to Dublin, under the plea of consulting a great doctor on his complaint, and was accompanied thither by his young friend, Johnny Rourke.

The latter, indeed, made very many excuses, before he could be prevailed upon to quit his home, or rather his Kitty; but, overborne at length by the continuous solicitations of his old friend, reluctantly consented. He was also, in truth, the more easily induced, because that, having waited on the Curate, to consult him respecting the promised arrangement for his long-deferred wedding, his reverence had communicated to him, that "the old priest was to settle the matter with Neddy at once; and besides, that, whether he succeeded with the miser or not, good news, with the blessing of God,—and that in the money way, too,—would meet him by the time he returned from Dublin."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A little, crafty, crannied, griping, hard, old man,
Whose every act, and thought, and dream, was to trepan,
And money make, and keep, by each low wretched plan;
'Twas said he had no heart, as who that's like him can?"

*Parish Papers.*

It was on the evening of the day, John Glennon and Johnny Rourke had set off for Dublin, that the old Priest sent for the uncle of the latter. Neddy,—for such was the vernacular corruption of his Christian name, by which acquaintances knew and denominated Mr. Rourke,—a crabbed, thriving old residenter as he was, of the huckstering and money-lending business, in the village adjacent to the Manor; after locking his desk, casting a wistful glance over his loose effects, and bidding his maiden niece, for so he always described an orphan daughter of his late wife's sister, whom he kept under the roof with him; because (as he said), a thrifty housekeeper, and steady girl, of years enough to be past indiscretion,—Neddy, bidding her to have a close eye

to the house, then put himself in readiness to obey the priest's summons.

Mr. Rourke was indeed, whatever may have been his other defects, at least a neatly made little man, and very circumspect about his dress. He wore a small bay-coloured wig, drab breeches, and leggons; and always managed to have his coat and hat, though the former was thread-bare, and the latter, a beaver without fur, longer than most of the villagers could well recollect; as well brushed, and free from stain or speck, as though he only took them out of the press that very minute. The lineaments of Mr. Rourke's face, too, were in perfect accord with those of his person. As the latter were on a tight, rather than on anything of a grand scale, so to an excess, indeed, were the former. There had been a formality and tenseness throughout them, in even the best days of his youth, which, though making him sometimes look pretty, never let him look well, as, from the old people, we have often heard; and which, the lines of age having long since pinched into still more penury, now left the aforesaid Mr. Neddy with scarcely more countenance than the poor expression of hard, wrinkled, unpromising littleness. Still and all, despite the insignificant

pitifulness of his face, there was in the carriage of Mr. Rourke's well-poised little body, a certain air of conscious importance; and, as he walked along, with his right hand on his cane, aud the left in his breeches pocket, taking care of the loose small change, and keys of his larger treasures, which household guardian gods he ever carried about with him, his whole deportment expressed that he was, in his own opinion, whatever the world might think to the contrary, a man of no small consideration. His true character, however, was emphatically that of an indefatigable pincher and squeezer; and so clever was he esteemed in such, his peculiar calling, that everyone knowing him, more than half believed, he must have been bespoke for the very vocation. The whole principle, too, of Mr. Neddy's unappeasable love for the mean labours of peddling, was the desire of accumulation. He did not earn that he might rationally use, much less spend. He had much more than a snfficiency for himself and his relatives, already acquired. Notwithstanding, he denied, not alone to those dependent on him, but even to himself, most of the rational comforts of life. He gave no more subscription for public objects of politics, or charity, than he was with diffi-

culty shamed out of. He did not even ever endeavour to make amends for his meanness on earth, by any little pious bribes to Heaven, in the nature of a gift to the priest, or donation for the use of the chapel. Completely divested of all impulses that might possibly cost him anything, he was solely and wholly eaten up by that moral itch, which is indeed the most scurvy of all the itches,—the love of money, for money itself. The old established village beggars never troubled him for a *halfpenny*, either at his door, or when out for his walk; and no one of his acquaintances ever got more for their banter, in asking him at fair, or market, for a treat, than some such dry undrinking aphorism, as that, "a penny's the seed of a pound;" or similarly prudent and shy evasion. A character like Mr. Neddy Rourke's, is of such rare occurrence in the exuberant moral soil of Ireland, that he was accordingly popularly looked on as quite an unnatural. If anything near-hearted or miserly took place in the neighbourhood, "that's a Neddy Rourke," was the immediate and general remark. Neddy would consequently have passed through life,—nay, descended to his grave,—without the least show of respect from contemporaries, were it not that those of his own

class, by generally living too fast, or, at least, in no similarity with *his* beggarly ways,—it so happened, that they and he, like many other extremes, were induced, in a most flattering, and apparently cordial, manner, to too often meet. To hear some ultra-Radical politically bepraising some equally extreme Tory, and the latter doing the amiable in turn,—a farcical reciprocity of esteem, often in fashion, when some practical patriot has attained a public pre-eminence and utility envied by both,—isn't all out so ludicrous, though very near it, indeed, as to behold (as we have often done) some harum-scarum farmer, whose whole thoughts are a hack race, a coursing-match, or a game-cock, making court to "ould Mr. Rourke;" pressing on him a glass of negus, or whatever else he'd be pleased to take; praising his property and respectability in the country,—when all the time wanting to have "a bit of a bill done;" and the latter, all friendship and smiles, and "ever ready to serve him on a pinch," while pocketing a discount at the good-hearted tender rate of 30 or 40 per cent. Neddy Rourke was astute enough, however, to be cognizant of the real feelings entertained towards him by his neighbourhood, on other than those ticklish discounting occasions;

but, borne up against public opinion by the intensity of his money love, he illustrated to a nicety, the perfect truth of Horace's pithy and terse description of a miser:—

> "Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
> Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

Had, indeed, our village usurer lived to the present times, we know of no worldly event which would have given to him such a shock, as the opening of the National and Agricultural Branch Banks; and nothing certainly so likely to restore him to himself, as the late temporary stoppage of the latter. We also even strongly suspect, that Neddy,—though an O'Connellite, so far as lip-service, all his life,—would have become so chagrined with the continued success of Dan's banking scheme, that stung (like many others, whose various monopolies were unspared by that Reformer) with the sad fact, that his own occupation was irretrievably damaged, if not gone,—*he* would have turned Tory through very spite, and proclaimed, according to the usual slang, the Liberator of past eulogy, as now tyrant and dictator.

Neddy Rourke was now, however, musing, as he went to the old Priest's, what could be his Reverence's business with him. Sometimes he

feared it might be to lecture him on the non-payment of his Easter dues, that were certainly to be paid still, although the Christmas that brought others had not alone come, but was gone by too. While this thought remained uppermost, he was practising with himself, what grounds he'd put his backwardness on, as he had no valid excuse; and decided with himself to say, though such he by no means meant to practise, "that he had some very fine oats, two years old, and was only waiting until the season would become scarce in the article, before he'd send a fair quantity to him;—that thereby his Reverence might have the advantage, when it would be most wanted; for that a sack even now, was worth three sacks early in the year;—but what matter for that; for surely, between themselves and their respected clergy, a sack should be the same all the year round,—aye, or even in different years, when five stone at one time, may be, would bring the value of a barrel at another; still, notwithstanding all that, in his opinion, between a parishioner and the clergy, a sack should be a sack at all times."

At other moments, the hopes came over his mind; and he rubbed his little hard hands in glee, as he walked along, that some of the old

Priest's acquaintances, who were a little *shook* in the world, but still didn't, by coming to his house, like to let it appear they were in the bill way,—to meet their engagements, had sent, in the Priest's name, for him, that he might oblige them in his line of business. Neddy was then calculating with himself what he'd say to raise the value of money, and stop even his Reverence's own mouth, if he began to speak against his usury; and arranged with himself, that his only plan was to deny he had a penny to lend out at any interest at all at all; and be as sorry-looking as any penitent sinner, that he couldn't possibly accommodate the gentlemen;—the more so, as they were friends of his parish Priest's,—and all that kind of thing; and when they would press him the harder, and throw themselves, neck or nothing, on his extricating them from their difficulties, then he might hesitatingly propose to borrow on his own bill, from a friend (who lent out at a very high rate, though, by the bye), the sum they'd want,—that is, provided he got some little remuneration for his own trouble and loss,—for that to meet any engagement in his present circumstances, he'd have to sell out the few debentures he had, and that would be a terrible risk,—and so on.

Thus mentally manœuvring, Neddy Rourke arrived at the old Priest's cottage, and was at once shown into his Reverence's bed-room. The priest was in bed, when Neddy entered; there was no other company than they two; and our usurer, being deceived in his bill surmises, felt not only a little down in the mouth, but also awkward, lest the priest would at once open upon him, in regard of his unpaid dues. Neddy, however, by the way of retrieving himself, and in the hope of diverting from the money subject the Priest's attention, began, as quickly as pattering hail on a slated roof, to shower forth hopes and compliments on his Reverence.

"He was all uneasiness about his Reverence's health, and would have been far worse in his fears, but for a very happy dream he had, no later than last night, in which he saw, through his own little window, his parish Priest, looking as blooming as ever, and riding a beautiful black horse; and the Curate, and five other gentlemen, were along with him; and shortly after that, he thought he saw his Reverence celebrating high mass on a Christmas-day, and chaunting the Latin, as elegant as ever; and he was so delighted, he awoke both times from his sleep, calling

his maiden niece to come listen to his Reverence, and look on at the beautiful sight."

"And did you dream at all, Neddy, that your heart opened anything, that you took out your purse in your delight, and laid any offerings on the altar?"

"Not that night, indeed, sir; but I dreamt a few nights before, I saw myself doing, what, with the blessing of God, I'll do early next week, and it is neither more nor less, than making your Reverence a present of some as fine oats for your horse, a sa beast ever got, sir."

"Well, if you dreamt that, 'tis true for the old saying, that 'Drames always go by contraries,' Neddy, for I never expect your oats, no more than I do to be riding on a beautiful black horse; but 'tis no matter now, for it's little of oats or anything else will do for me for the rest of my life," said the old Priest.

"Oh! God forbid you were prophesying the truth now, sir! but indeed, and 'pon my honour and word, I'll engage, I'll surprise your Reverence."

"Is it by doing something decent, Neddy? for if it be, you will surprise me, indeed. But come now, let me see,—be you only honest to

your nephew; do for him what you promised, and never fear, I'll forgive you my dues:—draw your chair near to the bedside, here, and listen to me, while I speak to you on this matter, Neddy."

Mr. Rourke was somewhat dumfoundered by the sudden disclosure of such a subject, never once conceived by him, as the cause of the old Priest's message. He, almost unconsciously, obeyed.

"What do you mean to give your nephew, Johnny,—your only blood relation living, I believe,—on his marriage?" said the old Priest.

"On his marriage! your Reverence!"

"Just so, don't you understand me, Neddy? what trifle will you give that decent young man, that's a credit to you, out of your heaps of money?"

"What trifle, your Reverence?—'tis little I have to give any one now,—I had some very heavy losses in bills of late; but is he going to get married, your Reverence?" cunningly questioned Neddy, as, recovering himself, he raised his head, and peered with his little eyes into the Priest's face.

"Now don't you well know he is, Neddy?"

"Oh! indeed I don't, sir; but I think your

Reverence will agree with me, that he ought to come and consult his uncle first, on the business: matrimony is a serious concern, sir, and has a great train of events, at the very best, after it. There is a big differ, your Reverence, between what it costs a man single, and what it will cost him, when doubled by a wife, the first year; trebled by a child the second, at any rate; and so on, in regular increase, less than every two years after, your Reverence; until before long, a man finds himself no more nor the tithe of what he has to keep up in his own house, your Reverence."

"Well, what of that, Neddy? Surely, only such was the course, since the days of Adam, down to the present age and minute, you wouldn't be here to-day," said the old Priest.

"Why, your Reverence, it just comes to this, that if a man had the wealth of Crœsus, he could hardly get on, and have the drag of a breeding woman after him;—for consider the matter, your Reverence; independent of the cost of diet, washing and clothing, for himself and herself, isn't there the same again for every young squaller, sir? with payments moreover of nurse-tenders, doctors, and the like, for actually bringing expense into the world; and therefore, sir,

any young boy should see beforehand, has the girl, he's looking for, the means to keep up the fruit of her own doings; and accordingly, your Reverence, before I'd name a sum, I'd like to know what substance Johnny Rourke expects, by whomsoever he's after."

"Didn't the Curate ever speak to you about Kitty Kelly, John Glennon's niece, as a fit and proper match for Johnny Rourke, Neddy?"

"Och! indeed, he did; but then, your Reverence, he must have been joking;—his young Reverence,—in troth, all the young clergy, you know, sir, are very pleasant in themselves, betimes at a poor body's expense. Sure Kitty Kelly has no means, your Reverence; and if the case, in the way of expenses, stands, as I say it does, with a man, after being united to a girl of substance, what must be the consequence when the pauper jade he marries, breeds; and that one of them, that's as poor in pocket as a Connemara Rary is on the rib, will do worse than even a young woman that brought a heavy portion; just as if she was fruitful for no other purpose than to spite her unfortunate husband, and bring him down to a level with her own former poverty, your Reverence."

"Well, what then, Neddy?"

"Why, sir, there's, in short, neither diet, washing, nor lodging to be had, nor as much as a bit of linen to cover the children, or any thing in the nature of effects for the house; and so they're a disgrace, on the high road, or in the streets; and an annoyance in the house, and a pest every where, your Reverence."

"Well, go on, Neddy."

"I said my say, your Reverence; but let Johnny Rourke make plain to me the dowry of any young woman, and I'll then see what I'll do for him; but I had far other intentions, indeed, for Johnny Rourke, sir, than letting him marry in poverty: I intended, if he pleased me by his prudence, and keen, close behaviour, to have given him in wedlock a woman that would be goold to any man. I mean my own thrifty housekeeper, and steady maiden niece, Judy Doran, sir."

"Oh! indeed, I know her, Neddy, and so does the parish too," said the old Priest.

"Yes, sir, I reared her in great part myself; at least I broke her into my own ways, and I defy any cat that ever ran on four legs yet, to so much as steal the value of a haporth of cargrease from her, your Reverence. In the harvest season, moreover, sir, she'd make the same quan-

tity of *kitchen*, that in another house—one of your slattering establishments—your Reverence, wouldn't do four men, she'd make that same do for well nigh a dozen, sir; there would be a blessing to the floor, and an angel to the arms of Johnny Rourke, in the nature of his farming occupations, your Reverence. Besides, and in addition, sir, she's come to a good number of years; and being, as I may so express myself, a stale woman in comparison to Kitty Kelly, she wouldn't be burthening him, year after year, with young minxes, or brats, your Reverence. And to make the story short, sir, if Johnny Rourke marries my maiden niece, Judy Doran,—a woman, that I'll be sure, wont let my gatherings go to waste, either through his free ways with John Glennon, Willy Moore, or any other Willy, or helping, as I'm told he more than once did, Kitty Kelly's father to pay the rent,—yes, my maiden niece, Judy, sir, who I also know will not breed any more than a bare sufficiency for a parent,—say one, or, with a great deal to do, two, your Reverence,—then I will give him a good round sum to stock his farm, and, if he behaves with economy, so as to induce me to think, your Reverence, that he will rather add to, than scatter my puttings together, he

may be sure, sir, that I will rather leave to him, on my death-bed, than to one who heretofore in want, wouldn't know the value of money, and so would only mismanage my bequest; or one who had loose ways, or many children, and so would scatter or divide into small parcels the same."

"Neddy," said the old Priest, who to the present moment had listened without betraying any disgust to Rourke's sentiments, "Neddy, you're what I always thought you,—a sorry and pitiful fellow."

"How so, your Reverence? I'm a long time your parishioner, sir, and don't, at this time of my life, deserve such remark from your lips," somewhat complainingly answered Neddy.

"You do, and worse, if I'd use such. Surely, even as regards myself, you never fulfilled your duty; you had money, but you never had a heart, Neddy, and so never performed a promise you made to me, any more than you now intend to fulfil that you once made to your nephew. You talked of what you would do on your death-bed; where do you expect to go after that death-bed, Rourke? I believe you think not of that future, as regards your eternity, though you have fears your money may go to waste, or not increase in amount, when your poor body

will be in rottenness, and your poorer soul in danger."

"I'll make my peace with Heaven before I die, I trust, your Reverence," calmly answered Neddy, assuming a sanctimonious expression of face, as well as tone of voice.

"Never! until money ceases to be your god, and you can learn to value its worth as but an instrument for good, and not good itself," emphatically answered the old Priest.

"I'll be waked in the chapel when I die, your Reverence; I'll have priests beyond counting, at the high mass for my soul, and the same at my month's mind, and my anniversary, sir; and I'll make a good present to the chapel, and leave alms for the poor, too, before I depart this life, I expect, your Reverence."

"If you gave your body to be burned, 'twould be of no avail with Heaven, until you first change the disposition of your mind, Rourke," answered the old Priest. "Our religion, indeed, teaches, that there is efficacy towards forgiveness from God, in the offering up the holy sacrifice of the mass, on behalf of a departed soul. That such is acceptable to the throne of the Most High, and a help to sinners, we doubt not. Accordingly, as ministers of such belief, and as beings

conscious of the Divine mercy, as well as of the just wrath of the Supreme,—as also necessarily ignorant of the exact particular state in which each person dies, we would not, notwithstanding your hardness of heart, and apparent final impenitence, as known to us, be justified in the refusal of our ministry at the altar, in the endeavour for your salvation. You will therefore have, if you will, the services of the Church; it, however, requires but slight reflection on your own part, to convince you, that, when man's life on earth has continued in opposition to the precepts of the Gospel,—when his every sense of duty has been absorbed and swallowed up in sordid love for money, and his contemplated death-bed, but the scene of calculations for its increase, no propitiation from the altar, though acceptable to God in relation to the pious intentions of his ministry, is likely to be effective for the forgiveness of such a grossly sunken and unregenerate soul. If, therefore, you be erroneously sincere in your belief of the efficacy of masses and of alms, in such an unatoned-for state, the imagination but proves more strongly, that the Godhead of your thoughts still is money, as if even heaven, in your mind, was susceptible of the influence of a bribe, and

scarcely less free from sordidness than your own discounting shop. If you be not sincere, but from your mixture of ignorance and craft, judged that allusion to the customary masses of our Church, would find you favour in my eyes, you have but added the vices of hypocrisy and intended deceit, to your other qualifications for condemnation in the next world."

"You are very severe on me, and for nothing, too, that I know of, your Reverence," said Neddy Rourke, evidently wincing under the reproofs of the Priest.

"I am severe, certainly; an unusual circumstance in regard to any one from me," said the old Priest; "but I have often determined in my mind thus to speak to you, and yet have ever forborne, as, perchance, from my disinclination to the least harshness, I would still have done, were it not, that the occasion has now naturally drawn forth the sentiments of us both."

The old Priest with difficulty raised himself in the bed, and looking stedfastly on the parish usurer, thus continued:—"Yes, I have long known, Neddy Rourke, that your soul is, as it were, absolutely corroding under the malady of one insatiate vice. I have seen its manifestations in every transaction of your life. The

irrational love, the idolatry, in fact, of money, is the cancer of your spiritual being. You have more than sufficient wealth for the comforts of life, and yet you live penuriously wretched. In what, then, as regards this world, are you better off than the very children of the pauper jade, that you ridiculed as a disgrace and pest, because, perhaps, (under Heaven's will), destitute of lodging, or sufficiency of diet, or clothing? Is it not a well-known fact, that you stint in food, and every other necessary that costs anything, not alone yourself, but even your prized housekeeper, and every other assistant you at times may have? But, do you act thus—do you abstain from the use of earthly comforts, for the sake of others? Do you feed the hungry; do you clothe the naked; do you employ the idle and indigent; do you contribute to the spread of religion, or subscribe generously for the service of your country?—no such thing. Then, for what do you mortify yourself? The God which others adore, seems to be not your God; the country, which others love, seems to be not your country; the charities, which others admire, seem to be not your charities; the family affections, which are interwoven with the being of others, seem to be not your feelings. You

have sacrificed all these higher attributes of our nature, in the blind service and prostitution of your faculties, to the idolatrous worship of money. For this, you have lain awake, and planned schemes all night; for this, you have lied throughout the day; for this, you have rejoiced in the negligence and misfortunes of your fellow-men, and lain in ambuscade, to make your beloved pelf out of their bitter misery; for this, you decry every social virtue, and malign your nephew, for serving a friend;—by this, your notions of moral beauty are corrupted to depravity, and your image of worth and excellence;—your eulogized choice of wife for your only relative, is the wretch who could manage to starve well nigh twelve men, on the proper sustenance for four."

"Oh! but—but, your Reverence—"

"Nay, hear me: for this you would degrade even marriage, a sacrament of heaven, to a vile level with the barter of a fair; and esteem a wife, the being whom others love and cherish for a kind and virtuous soul, but for the lucre of the gain she brings."

"I didn't come here to be abused, sir," said Neddy Rourke, rising, his little hard visage at once manifesting bitter anger, but still more the

anxious desire, to then escape from the old priest at any rate, even though he reached not to his prized money bags, and steady maiden niece.

"You will experience yet the truth of my censure, if you continue to live, as I fear you will, a wretched miser, and an unjust man," answered the old priest; "but, before you go, tell me, and tell it fully and at once, Rourke, what assistance will you give your nephew, Johnny, on his marriage with Kitty Kelly?"

"They're not a fit match, your Reverence," calmly answered Neddy, as, taking his hat in his hand, and swaying his vexation by his cunning, he essayed to get out of the room, as softly as he could.

"Come back here, you parish fox," said the Priest; "helpless as I appear now, you were never more in my power than at this very minute; for I have you caught in the net-work of your own system, Neddy; I can bribe you to be the instrument of good, and punish you, in your tenderest point, if you dare to be otherwise," he impressively remarked.

Rourke, tarrying a little at the door, and somewhat moved, as we believe, to recommunicate, by the influence of the last sentence, returned, as though for the purpose of snuffing

the overgrown wick from the candle, and while thus officiating, signified "The happiness he'd feel in doing anything, in any wise reasonable, if only in regard to, and respect for, his esteemed Reverence."

"I want you to do nothing but what is just, Rourke; and if the young people were not a fit match for each other, you would be perfectly right in refusing me."

"Well, they're not a fit match, I think, your Reverence," somewhat softly, and soothingly as his nature enabled him, now answered the hard and knotty Neddy; encouraged, to the reassumption of the fair and easy ways of slippery slyness, by the last remark of the old Priest.

"They are a fit match, indeed, Neddy; and let me just calmly reason a moment with you. I am now near the grave, as you know; and my responsibility to Heaven for my thoughts, words, and actions, upon earth, will soon occur. You may, accordingly, with reason conceive, that, independently of my past character, and of my holy ministry, I have additionally quickening motives, to endeavour after rectitude while I yet live: I would not, therefore, for the worth of this world, valueless to me, compared with fear and trembling for the salvation of my immortal

soul, knowingly advise to evil, or to any course likely to result in evil."

"Oh! and to be sure, no; and why would you, your Reverence?"

"Well, then, hear me, Neddy: I believe you will not deny (however erroneous may be your opinions in regard to particular cases connected with this subject of matrimony), that, as a general principle with mankind, marriage is a state, not alone dictated by the impulses of our nature, but also recommended by our reasonings and morality, and confirmed and sanctioned by religion. It was instituted by Almighty God himself, between our first parents, in the earthly Eden. It was confirmed by Jesus Christ, when in St. Matthew, he says, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and it has been even honoured with his first miracle, wrought at the marriage of Cana, in Galilee. Every Christian sect considers it a most binding contract; and our own Church contemplates in its bonds, an union sanctified by God himself, and not to be dissolved by the power of man; or, as St. Paul, to the Ephesians, expressly calls it, "a great sacrament, or mystery, with regard to Christ and his Church." Its obligations, according to the sacred Scriptures, and

which impressive obligations are to be seen in every, the simplest book of our doctrines,—are to be united, and live together during life; to be faithful to one another, as the parties have promised in marriage; to assist one another in distress; to bear patiently, the indiscretion, weakness, and burthens, of each other; to ever mutually exalt and strengthen their principles of religion and virtue; to educate their children, not in vice, or vanity, or indifference, but in reality as Christians; having them baptized as soon as possible; inducing them, while innocent and young, to reverence God, and pray to him; and, by their own good example, teaching them, and their whole family, ever after, throughout life, to imitate, in at least, some distant wise, the precepts and the practice of their common Redeemer. These are the duties of that condition, which you sinfully esteem as but a means of profit. The first natural and moral quality of fitness for such a state, then, and also the best human help to religion's precepts respecting it, is, manifestly and simply, mutual affection; for they who are so intimately to spend their lives together, as the married, should, in all reason, be those who so sincerely love, as to ever continuously prove a natural attraction to each other, and so far, at least, a

happiness to themselves. Otherwise the temptations, against which marriage was in great part instituted as a remedy, are too likely to prevail, and the ordinance of heaven to become abused, as but a mere cloak to a gross and soul-killing sin. It is so also in regard to our other frailties. If affection exists not, there remains at best but careless indifference; soon, and it begets disregard, in turn producing reproaches and contentions; and the natural proneness to ill-temper, being thus unallayed by any affectionate considerateness, social bitternesses increase, until the true home of the domestic virtues too often becomes their very grave. In this state of inharmonious jar, what natural or moral enjoyment can there, then, possibly be?—or rather, what ill example upon earth, and what continuous sinning against heaven, must not necessarily occur? I say, then, Neddy Rourke, that mutual affection is at once the charm, and most essential attribute, whether morally or religiously considered, of the true end and object of the married state. It is, as it were, the first principle of vitality to its sacred being. By mutual affection, I do not, however, mean a merely glowing admiration, or far-transporting passion, the first of which has its ready rise in an over-

heated and dazzled fancy, and the latter of which is too often fed by only the selfishness of desire; —but rather do I intend, that happily attempered love, which we all so easily understand,— the fervour of which is never the less ardent and permanent, because assuaged and purified into a sincere, serene, and virtuous esteem. And as this state of feeling is daily productive of most happiness, so also is it the most incorruptible essence of social life. No other condition of the soul more naturally unites its spirituality with the all-supporting power of religion. A devoted fidelity, it thus daily withstands the seductiveness of splendour and of gold, and the desolateness of poverty. Vice stoops in shame before its grace and beauty. It has had its origin and nurture in nature and in virtue; and so can hold itself erect, despite the prevalence of wrong or false opinion. Connecting itself with goodness, and with heaven, it rejoices in its partner's virtuous prosperity, and solaces, with as sweet friendship as ever, under every drear shade and form of this world's repulsive adversity. When such mutuality exists, then, between your nephew and his choice, why should you endeavour to dissever it? You say she has no means; even suppose such to be the case, she possesses all the

other qualities to make a virtuous partner and a good housewife. She is diligent in her employments,—frugal in her habits,—persevering in her undertakings,—kind and gentle in her ways. These dispositions are a fortune every day she rises; at once the preservers, and increasers by a cheerful husbandry, of what little store it is her lot to manage. Yes! Neddy, industry and virtue are in reality the husband's best dowry; for it is by the detail of life, by every appropriate outlay, and by every prudent saving, that property is most surely made, and most happily enjoyed. All the money you possess, given as a portion, could not bestow peace of mind, unless there was with it the kindness and the smile of sweet affection. The same heap of treasure which you scraped together as a niggard, and which (pardon me, Neddy) you have guarded, as the jealous dog does his hidden meat, and which money with you now lies useless, or abused by sordid practices, would quickly disappear, like melted snow from off the hills, if there came over it the laxity of vice, the drain of extravagance, or the consuming gangrene of indolence."

"Oh! then, true for you, sir, it would," said Neddy.

"And surely it might as well, for what utility

it is, to you, Rourke," answered the old Priest; "I know many a couple in my parish, that on their wedding day, hadn't actually so much as the marriage money, that now live, both more happy and comfortable, a credit to themselves and their children, than your rich self. When, then, I impliedly censure the wasteful, I do not therefore praise the wretchedly stingy. But, moderation, which is equally adverse to the penury of the miser, and the prodigality of the spendthrift, is indeed a jewel beyond price, in any disposition. The appropriate sister virtue, of active industry, it ever evidences, by its pure and rational spirit of enjoyment, a true understanding of the value of its more laborious friend and companion. I repeat it, then, Neddy Rourke, that even looked upon in a temporal light only, industrious habits, generally speaking, and especially in that truly useful class, to which the humble persons we discourse of, belong, are far better with a wife than any ready money fortune."

"There's a good deal in what you say, sure enough, your Reverence," remarked Neddy.

"When therefore, in the union of your nephew and Kitty Kelly, there would exist the true causes of happiness,—sincere affection, religious

principles, sound morals, these being high qualities, likely to withstand the varied trials of this world,—and when there also exist those prudent habits, which, from the beginning of time, have ever proved the surest foundations of temporal prosperity, would it not be virtuous,—would it not be wise in you,—to give a helping hand to their industry, by the fulfilment of your promise to Johnny, and make yourself an instrument of good, by placing a virtuous couple beyond the probable vicissitudes of life?"

The Priest paused for a remark from Neddy, but he was silent, and somewhat disconcerted.

"I now then ask of you again, Neddy Rourke, what assistance will you give your nephew, Johnny, on his marriage with Kitty Kelly?"

"Och! then I don't know, your Reverence," was Neddy's reply.

"Very well, Rourke: I think it right, however, to inform you, that if you be not faithful to your promise in this respect, it so chances to be in my power, to severely punish you for your injustice."

"If I never had to dread an enemy, but your Reverence, 'tis but little cause for uneasiness my mind would have," flatteringly replied Neddy.

"I will do nothing that is unjust, Rourke; fear not that from me,—but I sincerely trust, that your generous conduct towards your nephew, will not alone allow me to perform an act of service, which I would wish towards you, but also to die with some share of good opinion of you."

"I'll turn it in my mind, sir," said Neddy, rising.

"And come to a conclusion, before long," said the old Priest, "or you'll rue your own miserliness; and so, since you have not the heart to decide the matter at once, like a man, Rourke, go ponder over it, like a calculating usurer as you are, and perhaps before long you will discover, that 'Honesty is the best policy,' or that, at least, 'it is a long lane that has no turn,' in this life of ins and outs, Mr. Neddy."

Rourke was now delighted at an opportunity of withdrawing, and the old Priest was equally well pleased with the absence of his company.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

" Has hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory,—
Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?" *Moore.*

THOUGH the patriarch, John Glennon, didn't altogether acknowledge the patriotic fancy laid to his charge by the old Priest, the Curate, and some others, still, it was currently believed by their Reverences and his friends, that his chief impulse in going to town, wasn't so much the desire of seeking relief for his rheumatic body, as a melancholy anxiety, springing from public grounds, " to take a long, last, affectionate look (as he himself had once or twice expressed it), at the fine, good Lord Lieutenant, that loved the people, before his *real noble* Excellency cast his last sorrowful glance,—may be for ever!—on the shores of poor, beautiful Ireland."

Whatever may have been the inclination of John Glennon,—whether the more personal, or the more public one, or whether his motives, as is very often the case in human actions, may not have been of the mixed kind; we know at least, (and not merely from this circumstance alone), that his feelings had ever much influence over his disease; and so, considering his rheumatism, he, on the day after his arrival, made wonderful foot when hobbling on to the Castle-yard, in the hope of getting a sight of his Excellency, but when returning, disappointed, looked just as foundered and bent, as though his malady were worse, than before that, it ever was.

As the Marquess, however, was to depart on the next day, the eighteenth of January, for England, the patriarch determined, at all risks of crowd and crush, to see him before he went. Johnny Rourke, indeed, dissuaded him from his first intent of hiring a car, and following in the procession, as being both more dangerous, and affording less chance of a good view, than if they should anticipate the general movement, and early in the day secure a position somewhere above Kingstown Beach. The suggestion was assented to; and leaving the city, the patriarch and his friend drove out on a Rockroad jaunt-

ing car, (a most unfit machine for a person of rheumatic pains, indeed), to the place of embarkation. They soon perceived, that very many had, like themselves, adopted the same course. Their line of road was dotted with numerous groups, and the houses along Merrion, Booterstown, Williamstown, and Montpelier Parade, seemed to contain far more than their average inmates. There were throngs in abundance, but there was no joy. The presence of an event that weighed heavily on the public mind, was everywhere evident, as they passed along. The gayest dressed females, whether citizen or rustic, wore a dispirited air; the Dublin and Wicklow peasantry were descending from their hills in crowds; execrations on their enemies escaped from some, but a grave sorrow was the strongly-marked characteristic of the more numerous.

The patriarch and his companion reached Kingstown Pier; groups of figures were to be seen already clambering up each ascent. The cliffs of Seapoint,—the craggy uneven ground of Kingstown,—the bold rock of Dalkey,—and the pointed hills of Killiney,—had, each, their several anxious crowds. The patriarch, assisted by his young friend, effectually toiled up the natural terrace, that, receding and ascending

from the pier, then commanded an accurate view of the works of the harbour, and of the wide-extended expanse of our beautiful bay. Seating themselves on large blocks of granite, they severally indulged in various meditations,—while awaiting the arrival of him, who was to impart a sorrowful interest to the already too shadowed character of the scene before them.

It was a still day, and the ships' flags in the harbour scarcely moved in the breeze. There was no motion on the face of the waters, other than the weakest wave of the ever undulating sea. Numerous boats lay unrocking on its surface; volumes of smoke, ascending from some steam-vessels, cutting their liquid way, expanded in sluggish wreaths on the atmosphere; and flocks of gulls, flapping with a heavy wing, flew low in the air. It was a still, dim day; and every object appeared to the eye as though veiled. The batteries, beacons, and Martello towers, of the rocky coasts, robed in mist, wore not their fronts of war;—the marine villas and decorated pleasure-grounds seemed drear too;—from the piers and docks there arose not the cheery harmony of the honest tars' joint pull, or the busy hum of trade;—a dark canopy overhung the city, reflecting its sombreness afar.

The waters, like unto a dreary waste, were rayless; and the lofty lighthouse, which terminates the sea-mole, built to secure the harbour basin, and which, then obscured in the grey mist of heaven, seemed to stand as though arising in the centre of the dark, unrippled bay, might not inaptly have struck the imagination, as resembling, in its solitariness, some one of those lofty pillars, discovered in the secluded deserts of the East; or such of the round towers of our own country, as that which rears its mystical head amid the desolateness of Glendalough's gloomy vale,—and, lone and isolate, seems as though a statue, erected in the spirit of severe antiquity, to the Genius of austere solitude.

Whether on sea, or land, indeed, there was none of that quickening stir of nature's life, which relieves the heavy heart of gloom. Each, and every thing, seemed arrayed in misty mourning. As the mien of humanity, when the mind is deeply laden with grief, but the tongue of the overburthened sufferer tells it not, seemed the face of inanimate nature. There was a sullen repose, a cheerless quiet, an expression of unhappy heaviness, but no signs of a wholesome placidity, or a troublous passion of the elements. In its natural features, a most lovely,—but as

though imaging the fortunes of that country, of whose shores and waters it formed a part,—it was also, then, a most sadly clouded scene. The magnificent bay, that, stretching afar to meet its parent ocean, is so often lit into gorgeous radiancy, looking like a sea of light, was almost sunless then. As though it never knew the strife of wind and wave, the meridian splendour of Heaven's luminary,—the full, golden flood of its setting light, or the merry dance of its stray beams,—looking insensate and impassive,—it lay vast, lake-like, and unmoved, within its protecting outlines. The varied scenery around seemed impressed with the same characters,—all calm, indeed, but more than half shorn of their several beauties. To the northward, and very dimly perceptible in the horizon, was, shadowed forth in gloom, the bay's rocky promontory, Howth. Its sterile repulsiveness shrouded in dense fog, it did not then seem to arise from amid the waters, as, when beheld in its naked ruggedness, it appears like some huge leviathan at rest upon the waves,—or yet more resembling, perhaps, in its flat and uncouth massiveness, that "*Dorsum immane mari summo*," against which, as Virgil teaches our pitying boyhood, the cruel god of storms dashed "Ilium's

fleet." The low tract of the northern shore was also lost in descending cloud; and the neat, whitewashed houses, and the diversified and wooded country, gently rising from its beach,—the gay sheen, and cultivated beauty of both which, afford, on a clear day, a happy contrast to the drear barrenness of Howth,—were now enveloped in impenetrable shade. Opposite, and directly south, in a mild light, faintly relieving the general gloom, arose the rock of Dalkey,—its summit crowned with a Martello tower, but almost veiled too; and not far remote from it, ascended the Killiney hills, ornamented with mansions, and distinguished by their obelisk; but refracting not then, as in a bright hour they beauteously do, the sunlight of the heavens, or lustrously sparkling, as we have often seen them, above the gleaming mirror of their surrounding waters.

The universal pensiveness of the scene still more disposed to melancholy the grieved patriarch. His young friend also, felt the dejecting influence. The pang of past evils, the dread of warm hopes to be destroyed, became realities to each. The old man despondently feared, 'twould ever be with his poor country as it had been; the young heart grew cowed to think upon the

future; and the images of peace, of love, and happiness, he had oft pictured to his fancy, became awhile sunken in cloudy gloom.

While our humble friends thus mournfully meditated with themselves, the immense procession, accompanying the Marquess, had issued forth from the city. The lately thronged streets now wore the dismal air of a deserted capitol; and the few individuals to be seen about the shops, and in the public places, contrasted with the general inspiriting populousness and stir of our handsome and lively metropolis, imparted throughout a far more pitiful expression than would its perfect solitude. The windows and balconies, whence female beauty, but the hour before had dejectedly looked down, sympathising with the public grief, were now unoccupied. The strong men had gone forth, in the fulness of their hearts; and the "native sinew and muscle," that could have won liberty, in arms, moved on, a vast mourning crowd, in sorrow and affectionate gratitude to him they deemed their country's friend. Never, with honour to himself, should the procession, which accompanied Anglesey on that day to the point of his departure, and which, with a filial solicitude, followed him, in their gaze, until his vessel

ceased to appear even a speck upon the ocean,—and then turning to their country and their homes, still associated with their fondness for both, the love of him;—never should a dear remembrance of the land producing such an assemblage, and such a scene, have faded away (we trust it never has) from his ardent and generous soul. For not in the proudest moments of his chivalry in fight,—when heroic valour won for him warriors' applause, and the trumpet's clang was drowned in the cannon's roar, and soldiers followed him as their battle-god;—or when, exhausted on the gory field, his devoted band bore him to his tent, covered with glory, and bleeding from his wounds,—could he have been regarded by any with an intenser zeal, or more pure sympathy, than when, on that day, parting from a nation, he heard the people's blessings from their native shores. No! while life beats in the pulses of his heart, he cannot but vividly recollect the instant. The signal guns had fired for his departure,—their sounds had died across the waters of the bay, and their echoes were sinking amid the hills and glens;—it was a moment big with the conceptions of the deeply-affected spectators; involved in it were their country's destinies. He who, in a

most critical hour, had been its friend, was parting from them; with him went down the sunshine of their hopes; and, in his stead, anticipation brought before their view, the old savage tyranny. Gloom weighed down all. It was an event similar to one, too, shadowed with their darkest associations. The promise of liberty,—the mild beneficent sway under Fitzwilliam, and the horrors consequent on his recall,—arose from out the past, and, darkening the then present, flung a melancholy presage across the name, and ominous departure of Anglesey.

It was a scene, in truth, trying to the quick Irish heart: every rock and cliff was crowded: The compressed multitudes were thronged upon the beach,—and dense, and extended in every direction, from their anxiety to behold, moved to and fro, like an undulating sea. The dead calm continued, and the twelve-oared barge, which bore him to his vessel, moved as though reluctantly away; and many a prayer ascended from the humble; and many a silent look told the deep, deep farewell; and hands were clasped, and stretched out from the shore, and tears wetted many a furrowed cheek; and multitudes of honest men cried out "God bless him!" and rugged hearts, that knew not how to weep, were

stirred, confessing love. He stood, uncovered to the people,—and as the boat receded from the shore, and the simple blessings of the multitude were borne upon the air, his agitated sympathies found expression. Heroism is never but akin to sensibility; and the generous emotions which impelled to chivalry in war, were not dead with the veteran, in peace. Kindly, he bowed unto them all, and often pressing his hands upon his heart, looked a devotional gratitude. That varying paleness, most indicative of the subtlest workings of feeling, continuously passed across his brow;—his compressed lips involuntarily twitched,—and ever, and anon, he turned from the shores, as though to conceal, or to repress, his weakness.

The boat now reached its destination. The propelling steam ascended. The stately vessel, which bore him, moved upon the waters; and still, the distant greeting, growing more faint and faint, continued. The volumes of smoke grew indistinct, in the dense atmosphere; the highest mast and sail had sunken from the view, and the gaze of the crowds yet strained after the vessel, when long disappeared from the horizon.

He reached his home. His character was then pure, disinterested, and lustrous, in our national

esteem; and were it not, that unfortunately, those impressions have been weakened by his government of later years, not while the seas rolled in the British channel he then crossed, would the affectionate remembrance of his connexion with Ireland, have perished from the hearts of her grateful people. And surely, it was a pity in regard to himself, that the generous chivalry *of his* nature should have ever become associated with any processes of despotism. The foundations of his civil glory had been deeply laid in the hearts of the people. He had attained to be, in peace, not less a statesman, ruling through the affections, than in war a hero, dazzling through the gallantry of his actions. *He* should never have sullied his fair fame, by contact with tyranny;—and much less tyranny to Irishmen.

As regards our own estimate, however, we are indeed, still inclined to think—and circumstances, which, since his last departure from our country, have come to light, confirm us in the opinion,—that during the period of his second Lieutenancy of Ireland, its deeds of good were his own, while those of evil effect or tendency, were the result, not of malevolence in him—much estranged though he had become from the

public love,—but mainly, of his facility of disposition; a quality never more unmeet in a Governor, than during the public vice and intrigue of that very time;—and which unfortunate easiness was continuously misled, and stimulated into wrong, by the poisonous insidiousness of some who then surrounded him:—men, whom we believe, he now knows, cared nothing for the country,—as little for himself,—and were, at the expense of both, ever mainly intent on their own selfish ends. But to return.

Among the deeply-affected multitude which had witnessed the Marquess's departure from Kingstown, and which now returned homeward, with a boding heaviness of heart, there was not any one of the entire, whether of the young or of the old, more grieved by the event itself, or more fearfully solicitous of its result, than was our own poor humble friend the Patriarch. Even Johnny Rourke, although more likely, from his youth, and naturally disposed in temper of mind to feel, with troubled sensitiveness, any outrage to his country, did not, in this instance, suffer with similar depth of emotion, as did his more aged friend. A far longer, and more bitter, experience of the national wrongs, equally

with a more passionate enthusiasm of character, —though necessarily much subdued, and sobered down by age,—ministered to his more serious and moody sorrow.

Ineffectually (as they returned) the young churchwarden endeavoured to rally him into some approach towards his usual spirits. He sat depressed and listless. Numerous carriages, both closed and open, unnoticed by him, rapidly whirled past them; in one of the latter of which, Johnny Rourke recognized, and impatiently pointed out to the Patriarch, his friends, Francis French, the young Sec., and some other gentlemen. They also, however, sat in silence, and grave thought, as the carriage was rapidly borne by, and did not perceive the neighbouring presence of their humble friends of the Manor.

The rustic politicians now reached Dublin in safety, and put up, in sufficient bodily comfort, for the night, with the host of Wormwood Gate tavern, popularly known by his frequenters as "honest bandy Jack." After some cogitations over a tumbler, and when the mists of moody sorrow had somewhat dispersed from the Patriarch, the friends decided on waiting in town for the "meeting of the friends of civil and religious

liberty," to be held in the Rotunda, in favour of Emancipation, and which was to take place on the very next day but one.

They determined to seek out on the morrow their friend the young Sec.; and by his interference, if possible, procure tickets of admission. They were successful in their object; and the tone of the Patriarch's spirit being in great measure restored, by the bold energy, and calm, resolute, wisdom of that meeting, accompanied by his young friend, he set out for his home in the Manor, much gayer, indeed, than he himself had expected.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fixed in all the death of woe."
*Thomson.*

WHILE the rural co-officials were on their journey homewards, and the Patriarch remained deeply absorbed in continuous musing, on his country and its hopes;—the dear image of Kitty, and their approaching union, were the predominant imaginings which, beyond politics or aught else, more than fervently occupied the breast of Johnny Rourke. What now, however, proved, on the instant of his arrival, the immediate result to his too ardent hopes, was a circumstance of shock, never once anticipated by the fond and bliss-expecting lover.

It is an old saying, indeed, that "one sorrow seldom comes alone;" but, whether it so be, that such proverbial allotments of suffering, within prescribed periods of time, are of the direct dis-

pensation of Providence, or depend for their probable increase or decrease on causes of a secondary agency, and from the operation of whose ill, many may escape, by merely the exercise of a human discretion, we, in our weak fallibility, pretend not to divine. Being, however, most firm believers in the main, any inscrutability on such matters weakens not our faith-arisen conviction, that each and every visitation of unsinful joy and suffering to man, are, consistently with Heaven's justice, also of Heaven's will.

But quitting now general ruminations, and coming back to the old simple adage,—the shock which Dunne the outlaw's family had received from his unexpected and wretched appearance, proved, indeed, a pain and grief, that, as though in illustration of the melancholy proverb, did not long remain unattended by other woe.

The sisters had taken the matter very deeply to heart; and religious though they were, and of natural good-sense too, yet could not, by any exertion of mind, at all alleviate the oppressive weight of sorrow by which they felt their spirits were depressed. From the night of his visit to them, listlessly, nay, even despondingly, they went through their daily avocations. A wearing, wretched anxiety of grief, respecting his past

mysterious, sinful course of life, and an incertitude of his fate, in which their worst fears grew daily more and more predominate, caused to them a miserable, moody, and never-ceasing disquiet. The spring and summer seasons of their lives were, in truth, evidently gone; and if any moments of content were still theirs, they were those only of resignation to the hopelessness of happiness on earth.

While in this state of depressing trouble, and before the period of the Patriarch's and Johnny Rourke's political trip to town, one of them,—she who had attended her father's deathbed in the hut,—caught fever. For some time, her sickness was considered but a heavy cold, and she weakly struggled on against it; but yet, from the first, the poor girl herself had a strong presentiment of death; and was not long ill, until she manifested very great anxiety for the attendance of the Priest. He at once recognized in her illness a bad fever; and brought to her a physician. The brother who lately returned, had caught the infection from her; and Kitty Kelly too, who, up to the period of the Priest's attendance, was in the habit of bringing to her bedside, some whey, and such light nutriment, became violently attacked.

The raving, accompanied by marked prostration of strength, had come decidedly on Dunne's sister, before the physician's aid had been called in; but his skilful intercession might have been yet timely enough, in cure of the disease, had the poor patient sufficient vigour of constitution to rally against it. The Doctor, indeed, as his profession generally are, was not only a skilful leech, but also, a humane and kind man. Whatever knowledge, however, the Curate may have had, of the predispositions which ministered to this poor girl's rapid decline, they remained wholly dark and unknown to the physician of the body,—farther, than an unwont degree of physical depression, and some incoherent raving on her part, could disclose to him.

She soon died,—notwithstanding his most attentive care,—a victim to her brother's darkly sinful course of life: and Kitty Kelly too, who, mysteriously to herself, had been restored to home and happiness, by the intervention of the same desperate man, was, by an agency more remote indeed, but which also had its first origin in the same cause, now lying in the rage of fever, and the danger of death.

When Johnny Rourke returned to the Manor, from Dublin, the first announcement which met

his ears, was this sad and startling truth. Under its unexpected severity of shock, his blissfully glowing hopes were all dashed down on the instant; and the ardent joyousness, and impatient fervour of his heart, recoiled benumbingly through his very blood. Overcoming, however, the first rude force of the calamity, he yet bitterly repented him, in his self-accusing anguish, that he had been at all dissuaded from his resolve to remain at home, by the entreating persuasiveness of even the Patriarch.

In shrinking dread, and yet anxious haste, he now reached his beloved one's cottage. The delirium of the fever was at the moment very violent with Kitty;—she raved most incoherently;—the fearful incidents of the period of abduction were the terrors, which, as though present, affrighted with horror her disordered imagination;—she ever and anon called on Johnny Rourke, "to come and save her from her ruin, before she was lost to him for ever:" now, she endeavoured to escape from out the bed, and now again, fell powerless and sobbingly back upon the pillow. The tremblingly solicitous lover stood by her bedside; he held her burning hands in his; and fearless of the infectious disease, stooped down over her face, and

endeavoured, by his solacings, to restore some calmness, or reawaken some intelligence, within her. For an instant, and she became, as though knowingly perceptive of him;—a weak, shrill cry, as if of gladness, escaped her;—she raised herself, and, with a fixed look, gazed upon his features;—but, as suddenly, and her stare grew stolidly unintelligent;—her eyes were wild, strained with tension, and glaringly glassy;—there stood out a burning patch of red upon her forehead, and another upon one cheek;—her skin was arid, with the fever's glowing, unperspiring heat; and her parted lips, which, when he saw her last, looked like the red coral,—then purplish, parched, and chapped, disclosed her once ivory-white, but now defiled, discoloured, and clenched teeth. An utter despair of his poor, dear Kitty, rushed upon Rourke's mind; he drew back from the bedside, and stared upon her changed face and form;—he was woe-stricken, and like one bewildered. Not a tear, still, did he shed,—but, as he stood there, a picture of the mind's worst-tortured anguish, his hands were now compressively knit into each other, and now violently pressed upon his pained head and temples. The fevered and fatigued patient had sunk back, listlessly upon her pillow,

the agony he had endured during his former incertitude of her fate, was of a worse character of suffering than that utter torpor of the spirits with which, when oft worn out by anxious anguish, the gloomy despair of her recovery oppressively weighed him down. "She would die, and he be left alone in the world after all," was the constantly recurring hopelessness of his sadly-brooding thoughts. Unconsciously, the big tears would every instant fill up in his eyes, and a low and dismal melancholy possessed his being.

Her danger increased: the good Doctor, indeed, still held out hopes; while he, at the same time, warned, that any,—the least disobedience to his orders,—would be surely fatal to her.

Gloom prevailed throughout the house. Poor Johnny's heart had wholly sunk in him; he sobbed, and wept, as might a weak child, but in far more misery of suffering, and of thought. Overwhelming fear and grief feel always a calamitous prescience, and already life had become a desert to his dark imagining. Kitty's mother, too, who, from the first, had sleeplessly attended by the sick bed of her daughter, was now growing inconsolable; but yet, with a mother's never-dying love, and a mother's all-enduring hope,

she still struggled on, in fulfilment of her duties. The old man, and her brother Pady, drooped away in sorrow; and the children of the latter, as here and there, they sat around the kitchen, wept, and cried for "poor good aunt Kitty." The Patriarch, and slashing Pady too, couldn't fret half so much for any other; and, indeed, there was no neighbour's house that didn't feel saddened, more or less, on her account.

The Curate had now anointed Kitty, and was hopeless of her: another doctor had been sent for, at the request of the attendant physician. Report soon spread throughout the neighbourhood, that "all hope was over for Kitty Kelly." Many a poor body, then, as they heard the news, wiped away their tears, and prayed to God for her.

"She was their friend," they said, "that never refused the poor desolate anything she could give; and if there was an odd time she hadn't it for them, yet always turned her kind look on their poverty, at any rate."

It is in moments of trouble, that the good heart most truly manifests itself; and few, very few, —none indeed,—of Kitty's humble neighbours, now, were there, who did not acutely feel, in the anticipation of her death, what a melancholy

void, what a loss, which no other could replace, would be suffered by her family, her friends, and her acquaintances, if she were once unfortunately gone.

Yet, some still there were with whom it should be far otherwise; who, if even they chanced to hear of her danger at all, were, at the best, but indifferent about her. In most of the other olden, or once feudal countries, the proprietors of the soil,—"the great ones" of the land,—they who enjoy the wealth, and the pomp, and the pleasures derived from the labours of the poorer sort, sympathise in some degree with such humble classes in their various sorrows. By habit, and by feeling, as well as through a principle of duty, they prove kindly and considerate. Many are the English landlords, for instance, who feel a kind of family interest in their tenants' welfare. They like to see, not only the farm trim, and the cottage neat, but the couple prosperous, and the children happy. When calamity comes upon them, they feel for them. They allow not deputed power to disrespect their grief; nor do they come, with unseasonable authority, and in the insolence of every petty legal right, to insult distress. Their visit, or their message, is not of persecution; it is the call, or the inquiry

of a friend, of a landlord, of a neighbour. The stations of rank are different to be sure, opposite as high and low; but yet the former feel with the latter, as of the one race, of the one country. Thus the natural sympathies flourish as they ought, and the true relations of sound society act in all the appositeness of well-regulated harmony. But, how thoroughly dissimilar in these regards, is Ireland. There, political and sectarian hate have poisoned, in their every source, the springs of social peace. There, and generally the wealthy, or the great, care not at all for the sufferings of the humble. The rent and tithes, indeed, have, with a proverbial greediness, been invariably gathered in; but there is given back no reciprocity of friendship in any way. With the collection of the first, there is no kindliness; with that of the latter, but bitterness, curses, and the diffusion of ill will. And so, unfortunately, in the private, as in the public walks of life, the leprous disease of political sectarianism has most malignantly spread. The good among the humble, who, in far more than an equitable degree, for their scanty means, fulfil the charitable duties of their station, and for whom the destitute are accordingly most solicitous, seldom experience even kindness of

manner, much less friendship, from either the absentee aristocracy, or the resident squirearchy, of their lands. The moral fibres of society, which should link the lowly with the high, are, in truth, insensate, if not dead, in the latter classes. There belongeth not, as it were, to them, any chord for sympathy; or if such did exist, it is now unsusceptible of thrill. If, for instance, at the present period of our story, Mr. Cash and Mr. Cantall were to be seen riding up the Manor's hill, who of Kitty Kelly's friends would once think their object was of charity? No; in neither would be recognized the social friend, or natural protector; but in the one, an avaricious and tyrant agent, in the other, an officious and malignant zealot. The ladies of their families, for one season, indeed, looked kind; but, even with them, good-nature was but assumed, and their smiles were morbid and hollow smiles. Biblical, or rather political, proselytism raged, and converts were, at any rate, and by any means, for an occasion, to be allured. Many were, accordingly, the ingenious devices of pious fraud, and seeming love; but when Popery was found to be an inveterate disease, all the sweet amiability and winning ways of Mrs. Cash, Mrs. Cantall, and their meek daughters,

vanished like the mere smoke into the thin air. Their philanthropy was proved to be a false philanthropy; and, under the deceptive veil of benevolence, their fair exterior of virtue was, like a whited sepulchre, discovered to be nothing but a glossed-up lie. Oh! when will sincerely religious charity prevail, sectarianism vanish, social kindliness return, and the charm of common country unite all ranks? Then, and not till then, will oppression hide its Gorgon front, and the peasant's rights, the peasant's feelings, and the peasant's woes, be at all respected. Then, and not till then, will happiness adorn the land, will mild opinions prevail, will injurious prejudices perish, and the various classes become as of the one family of man. But then, indeed, the moral atmosphere, wherein all move, and breathe, and spiritually live, will be changed throughout. The cottage, its owners, and their little comforts, will look pleasing to the rich;—the stately mansions of the land, their proprietors, and fair possessions, appear gracious to the poor;—distempering ill-will shall cease, and the numberless, and nameless, graces of social harmony arise. Then, too, may some poet of our country sing, in the bliss and rapture of his soul, of the beauteous happiness of his native

land;—ally, with its scenes of grandeur, the glorious greatness of liberty, or with its scenes of loveliness, the peace of virtue;—either awaken the slumbering ardour of men's souls, by the bold and the heroic thrill,—or, like the pure, religious spirit of Mrs. Hemans' song, invest with poetic beauty the things of earth,—or thus endear, by mildly moral associations, to honest native sons, their country's harmony, and its varied, happy homes:—

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them, with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

"The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

"The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They're smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet fanes:
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

" The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall:
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves,
Its country and its God."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Steal! a likely thing indeed, to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night."

"Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim; the miser endeavours to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse."

*Fielding's* MISER.

THAT political and sectarian animosities exert not only a public banefulness on any society wherein they may exist, but are also, as we have intimated, such acrid and subtle poisons, as to destroy those more private charities of thought and act, which constitute a happy neighbourship among the various classes of fellowmen,—any, who at all accurately know Ireland, can too truly testify.

Yet, surely, without any such general aggravation, earthly life contains, at the best, in the frequent instances to be everywhere found of the

depravity and littleness of man, more than sufficient causes for social and moral ill. And so, without any malevolence derived from party or from creed, there was now one wretched individual of our story, who proved not merely indifferent, as (to mildly remark) the class of Mr. Cash and Mr. Cantall might be, concerning Kitty Kelly's recovery, but even an exception, in the worst form, to the general good feeling cherished towards her.

Miserliness, in truth, eats up every other quality, and is the actual dry-rot of the human heart; and, accordingly, Neddy Rourke now entertained hopes, that if he didn't make, he might, at least, save, something by the anticipated calamity. If she were dead, he calculated with himself, that the Priest's interest in Johnny Rourke's marriage would terminate with her; and so, without farther trouble, he could slip out of the promise made to his nephew.

From the period, too, of his interview with the good old Clergyman, the usurer had been hourly turning in his mind, what might be the mode, by which the Priest "could," as he threatened, "severely punish him, unless he performed the engagement he had made, to Johnny Rourke." After much self-communing, Neddy almost

leant to the opinion, that "the old Priest must certainly have in his hands, some restitution money, which belonged to him; and, that if compliance with the demands for Johnny Rourke, didn't take place on his part, the Priest would then hand over the amount to the young rascal of a favourite; and say in his defence, that it was given in consideration of the sum, Mr. Rourke's ownself, had promised to his nephew."

Tortured by this conviction, Neddy's reflections were "gall and wormwood" to him. He every minute bit his nails, walked about his little shop, looked to his locks and keys, and even began to engender some suspicions, on the head of it, against his steady maiden niece.

"There was no trusting any one," he said, "and it was a good ten to one, if the jade wasn't robbing him after all, though he didn't indeed discover, yet, how she possibly could."

Every night he dreamt about the matter, talked pitiful poor-mouthed complaints in his sleep, vowed he'd have law on them for the wrong done him, and more than once awoke in a fright, when he thought he saw the old Priest handing out the very money; and the Curate, Johnny Rourke, and Kitty Kelly's people, all standing round the table, and grinning, to his cost, as they counted over the notes.

Still, some shades of doubt, that this was the exact way the Priest had him caught, now and again crossed his mind. Distracted by conjecture, and long musing, how he could find out the reality, Neddy at last hit, in his own mind, on a most notable expedient of discovery.

The old Priest had for a long time in his service, an ugly, odd-witted wight of a fellow, of that not unusual human kind, "more rogue than fool," and whom, to save as his Reverence said, from hanging or transportation, he charitably kept as his own right-hand man. Many, indeed, are the parish anecdotes, which will long exist among chatting gossips, of the well-contrived doings of this ingenious looby. He not only often completely puzzled, by the intricate maze of his manœuvres, the poor old Priest himself, but also outwitted the most knowing, to be had in all the locality around; and ever so deported himself when even discovered in his tricking, with such an air of simplicity, or rather of stupidity, as to make it difficult to credit, he had acted from design. Through this character's agency, however, Neddy now hoped unto himself, that he could discover, had the Priest his restitution money, or not.

So determined was the miser on his scheme

that after some difficulty with himself, he even resolved on the expense (if no other management could do) of stimulating his hopeful dependence, by the provocative of a bribe. Going to his desk, he took one of the pound cartridges of silver, he had ready made up, and giving a deep-drawn groan, while he counted it through, took a five-penny bit, such was the smallest silver coin of the time, and putting it in paper, deposited it in the corner of his waistcoat pocket. Then taking his hat and cane, Mr. Rourke walked out, for an interview with the Priest's servant man.

His Reverence had some fields near the village, where Billy, for such was his man's name, used to be jobbing about,—or rather stealing whatever he could, from his unsuspicious master,—and there, Neddy rightly surmised, he'd now meet with his instrument.

After a few words on the weather, the crops, and the like, and a little advance from Neddy in sounding his way, Billy somewhat raising himself, and opening his large white eyes, gave a kind of gaping, *omadhaun* look at Mr. Rourke, —then turning to his occupation again, and dropping some loose, but bordering remarks on the matter, the stupid-looking rogue began to

weave in his own mind, the network of a self-serving plan.

"He was all in all with Mr. Rourke, in any way he could serve him; and in regard to the thing in question, only he was bound up by a promise, 'tis he that could let him know every bar of the business, from beginning to end."

Neddy kindled in hope, and strove to grow somewhat persuasive.

"If it were only in consideration of long acquaintanceship for the past, or the chance of his serving him on a pinch yet, for the future, he thought that Billy might just give him whatever little information he had."

There wasn't pathos, however, much less substance enough, in that appeal, for Billy. The fivepenny bit was then gradually brought out, and like most small wonders of the kind, made a big mystery about. Still and all, "it wasn't a coin," in Billy's opinion, yet equal in value to the breaking of a vow.' "Mr. Rourke would have to put it out to interest," he said, "for many and many a year to come; for what knowledge he could give, was well worth a big crown."

The miser, though bright in hope but the moment before, grew now, at the prospect of such a heavy stop in his way, almost black in the

face;—just like, in his anxiety, to a little crabbed hound on the slip, that, despite his most greedy eagerness, is whipped back on the haunch.

At length, however, a compromise was struck between them; and the knowledge of good or evil to Neddy was bargained, for the cost of a lily-white half-crown. There ensued then half an hour's dispute, whether the payment or the value should be meted out first: Billy held fast his knowledge, and Neddy his money. They parted for that time; but, after three or four meetings, as it were, Billy at last got the terms in the hollow of his hand,—and, shutting the palm and five fingers thereon, began at once, like the spout of a well-belaboured water-pump, to make an immense flow of speech.

Neddy listened, and listened; but, after all, Billy concluded with his strong belief, amounting almost to certainty, that his Reverence, the master, no doubt of it, had heaps of restitution money; and that Mr. Rourke would get his share, never fear, when the proper time came. Neddy began to get angry, and demand something like accuracy; "that kind of slurring over the matter, wasn't the bargain between them," he said. Billy, however, vowed and swore he couldn't tell him any more about it then; but if he'd call in,

on such an evening, to the old Priest, he'd lay the train for a conversation, that, sure as a gun, would ge thim his due to his heart's content.

It was on the day of Kitty's greatest danger that this arrangement took place; and Neddy, cognizant of the current report, thought that he couldn't possibly select a better time for the recovery of his imagined money, than that whereon the main object for which it was to be given away from him,—to wit, the contemplated marriage,—was, by the death of one of the parties, about to terminate. And so he thereupon communicated to Billy, that he would call in at the Priest's, coming evening-time.

We may, during this interval of the narrative, inform our readers, however, that restitution money, in the Priest's hands, was all an imagination of the miser's,—the creation of his avarice-disordered brain. Had the Clergyman received, through the confessional, as frequently so happens with Roman Catholic priests, any property stolen from its owner, he could not, notwithstanding any breach of engagement on the part of the robbed, apply any portion of it, as the suspectful and vitiated morality of Neddy led him to fear, to other than the immediate and just proprietor. But nevertheless it was also true,

that the old Priest could, in a money point, severely punish old Rourke;—and that, too, in a manner, against the propriety of which no valid objections could be urged.

The circumstances which imparted to him this power,—very many incidents similar to which, have in past olden times occurred in Ireland,—were simply these. The father of Johnny Rourke had, privily to any, amassed a good sum in gold, considering his humble means; and secretly kept it, during life, in a safe hiding-hole, as a resource for himself, in case of need. There was, indeed, no bank so safe then, in a farmer's estimation, as a small crock for the guineas, well secured in the thatch, or, maybe, under ground. Johnny's father, however, died suddenly, and without making any will; but yet had sufficient time to confide to the old Priest, who attended him on his death-bed, the secret of the gold, and its hiding-place, with also the execution of a moral trust, regarding this portion of his property.

Besides the farm, which the old man had in the Manor,—and which, in the war times, when corn bore a high price, was wealth for his one son,—he had also in the concealed money alluded to, a hundred guineas. His brother, the miser,

having no family,—and Johnny's father, supposing that the former would adopt the nephew as his son and heir, but yet fearing to repose with full confidence on such surmise,—entrusted to the Priest the gold, with the condition, that if the uncle treated the nephew, by the time he came of age and sense, as one whom he meant to adopt, then, in such case, he was to give to him, the uncle, the money; but otherwise that he should keep it in gold, as it was, for the use of the boy himself, until of the years of twenty-five; or, in the event of a marriage on his part, with the Priest's consent. The old Priest, on frequent consideration of the subject, with himself and the Curate, and both well knowing and fearing the character of the miser, deemed it the wisest and most conscientious course for him to take, to hold the money for the son; but was still, at the same time, determined, if the uncle agreeably disappointed him, by proving at all generous to the nephew, to give it to him. Neddy had, too, as our readers know, made at one time the promise of a good sum to Johnny Rourke; but, either from real or affected displeasure at his attachment to Kitty Kelly, always managed to evade, and in no degree fulfil it. These were exactly the circumstances of the

ease, which enabled the old Priest to threaten punishment, in his sorest point, on Neddy; and by which mysterious menaces, the latter was so miserably haunted, as to see,—not, indeed, air-drawn daggers, like Macbeth,—but robbery, picked locks, false keys, and heaps of restitution money, in the very act of being most cruelly given away from him for ever.

Evening came; Neddy, accordingly, got himself ready; and laying down plans for his conduct as he went along, was in his own opinion as clever, and made up for diplomacy, as any small Talleyrand could be, in his way. He knocked at the Priest's; Billy opened the door, gave him some deep mysterious winks, and the like, and while putting out his tongue behind Mr. Rourke's back, ushered him, with all due form, into the chamber of his Reverence. The old Clergyman at once saluted the miser with expression of his hope, that he was coming, like an honest man, at last, to do what was just. Neddy hemmed, and all that;—hoped he'd always do what was just; but yet, on the close of his discourse, threw out a few remarks, that Johnny Rourke couldn't surely want any money now, when he was likely, by all accounts, to live on for the rest of his life, like himself, a staid

single man. The Priest, silent, unanswering, and fixing his most searching looks on Neddy, didn't indeed catch the usurer's last remarks, but was reflecting, while he viewed him, what business could have now brought the miser, unsent-for, as he was,—unless that, even at the eleventh hour, struck with compunction, he meant to honestly fulfil the promise he had made to his nephew. Knowing or suspecting no other motive for his visit, the old Priest continued to applaud the conduct he supposed him to intend, while Neddy, embarrassed by such a notion entertained on the part of his Reverence, was every minute looking towards the door, in the hope, that Billy would, in fulfilment of their agreement, come give to the conversation, the promised proper turn. There came in no Billy, however, and Neddy began to apprehend that he was wronged out of his halfcrown, as he feared he irremediably was, out of the restitution money.

"'Twas nothing more or less," he groaned to himself, "than flinging good money after bad, to have given a penny at all to that deceiving villain."

After some grave discourse on the part of the Priest, in reference to the justice and good

sense of Mr. Rourke, in giving,—as the Priest was now rejoiced to find, he intended,—a respectable sum to his nephew; and no remark, pertinent to the matter in hand, having, during this time, at all come from Neddy, the old Clergyman began to suspect, that perchance, it would turn out, that he was mistaken in the object of the miser's visit. Pausing for awhile, he then emphatically, and somewhat harshly, asked of Rourke, had he determined on the amount which he would give his nephew?

The usurer shot his little ferretty eyes into the Priest, and putting out a feeler, as he thought, for his restitution money, said, if he gave the boy one-fourth of what property had been stolen from him, it would be a big fortune, sure enough, to any young man.

Though at first serious, respecting the subject matter in hand, the Priest could not possibly repress his laughter; and while enjoying the fancy, that anything could, by the remotest possibility, be filched from Neddy, remarked, that he "thought his steady maiden niece, Judy Doran, wouldn't let so much as a ha'porth of cargrease go astray in the course of a year."

Again the miser fixed an intent and reading gaze on the old Priest's countenance; and, as

the latter still continued to smile, Neddy was still the more absorbed in the conviction, that the restitution money was in his hands, sure enough; and that, no other than Judy Doran, moreover, was the horrid rogue that robbed him. The unconscious clergyman construed Rourke's study of thought, and pain of visage, into a hard struggle within himself, as to what would be the amount decided on; and, suddenly breaking the silence and abstraction of the miser, said, "Come, Neddy; be a man for once in your life; and let it be a good round sum that you'll give to your nephew."

The features of the miser were still on the same stretch of anxiety; and, after looking two or three times to the door, in the hope of Billy's arrival, he at length, turning to the Priest, whisperingly, and most knowingly, said, "Well, your Reverence, let the gift be just one-fifth of the amount you have in your hands of mine, and I'm content."

The surprised Priest, imagining the usurer had become, somehow or other, aware of the property he held in trust, stared intently at him for awhile; and Neddy, fully convinced that he had made a hit, and stirred the secret of the restitution money, looked as fixedly on the

Priest. For a few minutes, there was nothing but silence, and deep-reading looks, between them.

"Well, but Neddy," says the old Priest, recovering his self-possession, "surely, I have no money of your's; though I have some, it is true, of your nephew Johnny's."

"But it isn't my nephew's; 'tis mine, and mine only, your Reverence," eagerly answered the miser.

"Your's! Mr. Rourke."

"Yes, mine; no one's else, your Reverence."

"Oh! but easy now, Neddy, till I explain matters to you."

"Och, sir, there's no explanation for it; nothing can get over my right to my money, sir."

"Nobody says there can, Neddy."

"My own hard earnings, sir."

"Your own hard earnings!" says the Priest.

"Every shilling of it, sir; all robbed from me, Sir."

"All robbed from you, is it?" says the Priest.

"Yes, sir; 'tis hard for a man to get on, sir: God only knows how long that work is going on, sir. There's some of that money lying idle from me, without being turned in profit, may, be these ten years."

"Aye, indeed, these fifteen years, Neddy," says the Priest.

"I can't allow Johnny Rourke a penny of it, sir; and besides, you know, your Reverence, it's all over with himself and Kitty Kelly, now. Oh, I declare, sir, I'd have got by that money,—turning it as it ought to be turned, sir,—at the rate of forty per cent. by the year, at any rate. And see what a sum that would have made for me ever since, your Reverence!"

"But what claim, of right, had you, to the turning of it?" says the Priest.

"What claim of right, your Reverence!"

"Yes, Neddy."

"Oh! I wonder at your Reverence, sir; all money robbed from me, sir."

"How robbed from you?"

"Why, stolen out of my desk, sir; filched out of my pocket, sir; taken from my substance, sold, and turned into money, sir."

"Oh, hush now, hush now, at any rate, Neddy."

"Aye, and I suspect Judy Doran, sir; there's no trusting any one, sir."

"What are you talking about, man? What had Judy Doran to do in this matter?"

"She had the run of my house, sir; she was

over my effects—over everything I had; she might have easily done it, sir."

"Done what?" says the Priest.

"Robbed me, sir."

"Well, and if she did itself, what then, Neddy?"

"Why, sir, if she did, ain't I to get back my own?"

"Oh, yes, your own; but how is this your own?" says the Priest.

"How is it, your Reverence?" isn't the money you hold in your hands for me, my own?"

"I hold no money in my hands for you, man."

"You do, sir; well you know you do, sir; restitution money, sir."

"Restitution money!" says the Priest.

"Yes, sir, money that Judy Doran and many others robbed me of, and that you now have of mine, your Reverence."

A new view of the miser's imaginings arose to the mind of the old Priest; he fixed his most searching gaze on him, and, after some time, said,—

"Are you a consummate rogue? or are you mad? which, Rourke? What put such a notion as restitution money into your head? or did you

imagine, that, by pretending such a belief, and very probably intending to diffuse it into report, too, you could deter me from giving to your nephew, that property which, under conditions, I hold in trust for him?"

The miser looked astonished at the Priest, and, somewhat daunted too, by signs of rising indignation on the countenance of his Reverence; then sorrily said,

"But sure, sir, you have some restitution money of mine, at any rate; and right glad I was to hear that my property was so safe, as to be in your Reverence's pure hands, for me at any time I'd call for it, sir."

"And what put that notion into your head, Neddy?"

"Your own man, Billy, told me of it, sir."

The old Priest, half vexed by the annoyance to which he had been subjected, yet could not repress his smile, as the imagination tickled his naturally humorous fancy, that his truant omadhaun, Billy, had played off some well conceived trick on the miser. He asked Neddy to ring the bell, and, quickly on its call, the odd compound of roguery and folly, who had been listening outside the door to the Priest's and Neddy's conversation, all the while, pantingly

entered, as though coming, in all possible haste, from the farthest part of the house.

"Billy," said the Priest, "did you tell Mr. Rourke that I had restitution money of his?"

"I! your Reverence? oh! musha, then, is it I?" said Billy.

"Yes, you did, you deceiving villain," said Neddy, perceiving, from Billy's affectation of surprise, that he was about to leave him in the lurch.

"Oh! all a mistake, Mr. Rourke: I only told him, when he came pumping me, your Reverence, that you often got loads of restitution money, and that he'd get his, never fear, when the proper time would come."

"And when do you call the proper time, you swindling robber?" said Neddy.

"Och, then in troth, I think about Tib's Eve, and that's neither before nor after Christmas, Mr. Rourke," said the open-mouthed, stupid-looking Billy.

"Give me back my half-crown, you thief," says the miser.

"I couldn't, Mr. Rourke; I changed it for little necessaries," answered the staring and inapprehensive-seeming Billy.

"Give him back his money, Billy," said the Priest.

"I couldn't your Reverence; I laid it out your Reverence;—but won't it do for him, sir, when it comes back, in the nature of restitution money?" most innocently enquired the simulated simpleton.

"Give me back what's left of my money, then, or I'll bring you before the Magistrate's court next day, you villain," now violently exclaimed the tantalized Neddy.

"I took the very last of it, myself and a couple more, Mr. Rourke, in a half pint of spirits, to your health, sir; and by the same token we were remarking, your Reverence, that it was the first drop we ever heard of a Christian taking at his expense, before that blessed minute," composedly remarked the outwitting Billy.

Neddy trembled, and in the bitterness of vexation, shook his cane at the defrauder; the old Priest could scarcely repress laughter, but restraining his risibility, thus seriously addressed the miser.

"Didn't I tell you before this, Neddy, that avarice was the devouring cancer of your moral nature?—that, for it, you risked, not only your immortal welfare, but sacrificed also, your temporal happiness."

"Didn't I tell him too, sir," interposed Billy,

"that if he called in this evening, your Reverence would give him his due, to his heart's content;—and may be you're not getting what's long owing to you, now, Mr. Rourke," continued the servant.

"Hold your impudent tongue, Billy," said the Priest.

"I'll do your bidding, never fear, your Reverence," said the man.

"Do you not, now, still more forcibly perceive, Rourke," continued the Priest, "what a fool, what a laughing-stock, you have been made, through the ridiculous suggestions of the same passion?"

This part struck Neddy, and looking spitefully at Billy, he bethought of his money.

"Avarice has become in fact, such a spread disease, that it has eaten away your very understanding."

"Oh! the unfortunate man!" muttered Billy to himself.

"Otherwise, might you not have well known, that it were a perfect impossibility, *you* could have been unknowingly robbed of anything?"—

"And that he might!" ejaculated Billy.

"Had you been forcibly deprived of property, I surmise, you would not have concealed it."—

"You'd hear his cries, all round the country," just articulated, above his breath, the commenting Billy.

"And might you not also, Neddy Rourke," continued the Clergyman, "have trusted in me? have believed that your parish Priest, fifty-three years known to his flock, possessed not a depraved morality?"

"Oh! not he, the suspicious vagabond," murmured Billy.

As the old Priest uttered this last sentence, a slight flush of indignation mantled his fine and benign countenance;—the miser stood confounded, and stammering out an excuse, said—that, "he never thought anything, but only just, that his Reverence might give whatever little of his he had, over to Johnny Rourke, in place of what it was reported, he himself had promised him."

"No more excuses, Neddy," said the Priest, "I don't wonder at you, but I pity you;—what a fine notion of a trust, you entertain, to wit,"—

"Aye, what a lad he is!" says Billy.

"The present is of a piece with your life's whole conduct; a hungry, and ever prying suspicion, the sister vice of every poor, bad quality; the bastard wisdom of a narrow, little-hearted

man, is never more at home, than in a miser's breast."

"Fakes, he is getting it now," says Billy.

"Where it is, there can be no trust, no confidence, no justice; do you not see, Rourke, how you have even suspected your prized housekeeper?"—

"Oh! is it Mrs. Muzzle-the-cat?" says Billy.

"Your steady maiden niece,"—

"Aye, Mrs. Skinflint, herself," says Billy.

"She that was to be a suitable wife for your nephew,"—

"One, that would skin a flea, for the hide and fat," says Billy.

"Surely, if it be equitable to reward in all instances," continued the Priest, "commanded services,—your empty, unfounded suspicions against her, who has dedicated, like a willing slave, the labour of her life to you, are the reverse return of what they should be."

"Good enough for her, anyday,—a high trotting horse, and a pair of cobweb breeches to them both, every day they get up, say I," soliloquized to himself, Mister Billy.

"But, as I have told you often, Rourke, there can be neither religion, justice, kindly feeling, nor the grace of any virtue in a soul, while clutched, as your's, in the mean gripe of avarice."

Neddy bit his lips in anger, and was silently withdrawing; Billy, most obsequiously, ran to open the door for him.

"I have, it is true," continued the Priest, "some money in my hands, which belonged to your late brother."

The miser stopped, and turned round.

"I never told you of it, Neddy, for the simple reason, that, knowing your disposition, I feared you might feign intentions you meant not to fulfil; but, however, had you been commonly just to your nephew, it was your's long since."

The miser approached the Priest, and eyed him with an expression of pain;—while a knocking at the outer door, called for the attendance of Billy.

"When, indeed, you promised him a sum, wherewith to stock his new farm, I had some hopes of you."

"And, what is the amount you hold, your Reverence?" asked, with an attempt at assumed carelessness, the little money-grasping Neddy.

"Communicating such information to you, is no portion of my trust, Rourke," coldly answered the Priest.

"And won't you tell me the amount, then, your Reverence?" pitifully enquired the miser.

"You know all, now, you will know from me, concerning the matter, Neddy; and so, you had better honestly fulfil your promise to your nephew, as I would yet suggest, or"—

The latter part of his sentence was prevented, as Billy entering with good news, intended for the Priest, ran undesignedly, as it were, up to the miser, and said,—

"You'll be glad to hear, Mr. Rourke, that Kitty Kelly, Mrs. Johnny Rourke that is to be, has got a fine change for the better."

The irritated Neddy, in a petulant rage for his half-crown's actual loss,—stripped too, of all his restitution hopes, and attributing all his present misfortunes to his nephew and herself—was in no mood for such intelligence; and so, stamping his foot in anger against the floor, and raising his cane, he bitterly struck his outwitter, the Priest's servant-man, a severe blow across the back, while at the same moment, muttering spite, he most unceremoniously hastened out of his Reverence's chamber.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

" Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on—for I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."
*Byron.*

The good news about Kitty Kelly, which, instead of directly telling the Priest, Billy, in purposed annoyance, communicated to Neddy Rourke, was happily true. Every day imparted, still more and more, the fair prospect of her recovery.

After some little time, indeed, and hope had altogether surmounted the melancholy gloom of her lover and family. A delicious calm, and the sweet sense of reassured happiness, succeeded to their woe. Fervently they poured forth their thankfulness to God, for the unhoped renewal of her health; and those were pure and blissful moments, in truth, to Johnny Rourke, when again he sate by his beloved Kitty,—looked into

her mild blue eyes, so lately wild and glassy,—read returning colour on her fair white cheeks,—or gently supported her yet weak and tottering steps, to catch some little sunshine in the garden walks.

The neighbours were all glad too; "she was the kind friend of many, and of none the enemy." Numbers, in sincere good nature, daily came to see and congratulate her; and on the first Sunday that she went to mass, there was many a bright eye and gladdened face welcomed her forth again.

It was otherwise in fortune, however, with the family of the outlaw, Dunne. The lately returned brother had partially recovered; but, subsequently suffering relapse, rapidly sunk, and died. The surviving sister, overborne by continuous calamity and disquietude, wasted away into a but breathing skeleton; and that brother, who, from the first, had sheltered them all in his cabin, and strove, by industry and kindness, to retrieve his family's forlorn condition, now, dejected and depressed, struggled despondingly on.

While such were the vicissitudes that befel some of the inhabitants of the Manor, public incidents, in the high places of the state, had been also occurring; which, not only imparted dismay

to the country's oppressors generally, and not in its gentlest degree, to our local scourges;—but, moreover, shed a salutary and enlivening influence, through not merely the cottages of the valley, but even the poorest huts of its neighbourhood.

O'Connell, accompanied by many public friends, had gone to London, to plead before the Imperial Commons, his own and countrymen's right to the privileges of English constitutional liberty. Ireland's sympathy and expectation were intense. The occasion, too, for the popular champion's presenting himself to take his seat, had arrived; and, having refused to swear the proffered oaths, he, on the motion of "the great Harry Brougham," was heard below the bar of the House, in sustainment of his right. But the 6th of February had now brought other, and still more crowning, assurance of victory. The King's speech from the throne, on that signal day, announced the decision of his Majesty's ministers, to at once bring before Parliament the Catholic Question, with a view to its equitable and satisfactory adjustment. The national joy was general and sincere; and albeit the existence of much natural distrust, on the part of the Irish, to a Tory government,—and notwithstanding

that, concurrently with the promise of justice, ministers had also notified their intention, to first suppress the atchieving force of victory, the Catholic Association,—still, the elated and strength-conscious people, one and all, felt assured, that in the struggle between their country and its faction of ascendancy, liberty had already virtually triumphed.

There was no one throughout the land, at any rate, more gratified than the poor Patriarch; and few, if any, in equal extasies with Johnny Moore. The old Priest, too, heard the news with delight, and thanked God he had lived to see the day when he could reasonably entertain, at last, some solid and assured hope for his country.

No other impediment now existed to the marriage of Johnny Rourke and Kitty Kelly, than the yet imperfect recovery of the latter. The old Priest had sent for the uncle Neddy; and having again lectured him, to no avail, on the insatiate nature of his avarice, paid down, in his presence, to Johnny Rourke, the very same hundred guineas the deceased father had left; and which the Priest had kept, faithfully locked up, ever since the first hour of his trust. It would be impossible to adequately express the mortification and bitterness of the village miser. The

reality of the payment, at least, proved far more afflicting than even his dreams. No advance on his nephew's part, or no advice from the Priest, could at all soothe his wretched malignity. He went home, and, having no other relief, expended most part of his spleen on his "steady maiden niece." The unexpected acquisition, however, was of great utility to Johnny Rourke; and prosperous in fortune, and happy in his affection, he not only made many profitable outlays for the new farm, but also laboured, in putting his cottage into trim order, for the approaching nuptials.

The period, too, of Willy Moore's confinement had expired; and ardent as impeded love set free, he instantly repaired to his dear fair one among the Tipperary Black-hens. But to return now, awhile, to the changes and chances of some others.

During the occurrence of the past-mentioned personal events, among our acquaintances of the Manor, "Poor Mary" and the desperado, Dunne, had long struggled to accomplish their anxious hope. Though dark and frowning was the night on which they quitted the Manor, it was yet one of blissful rapture to the poor maniac. Zealously they made their way onwards; and even the

desperado himself throbbed with the desire, of being for ever an exile from his native home. As such anxiety increased, the passion for revenge on Cash the more sensibly declined. He, at times, even shuddered at his past self; and as the parting entreaties of his sisters came over his mind, he even vowed some undefined return to the peace of innocence.

"Oh! could he, with 'Poor Mary,' but reach America, and then"—

There was, however, not only a wide distance, but many, very many, difficulties between them and that New World. The desire to warn some of the unreflecting and entrapped Rockites against the suspected machinations of the little tailor, impelled Dunne, notwithstanding "Poor Mary's" manifested dislike, to go, in the first instance, to the rath, and there seek them, in their nightly haunt, the poteen-still.

They reached it. While his companion stood apart, Dunne noiselessly approached the former scene of revel; again and again he listened, but there was no sound, no stir. The night was at the time almost pitchy dark, and in the increased gloom from the deep foss, and as, he then imagined, from the much entangled underwood also, he could descry no exterior shape, or form, distinctive of the remembered refuge. He put for-

ward his hands, and knowing that he must be near to the large, knotted blackthorn, which formed the chief natural outwork to the concealment, warily he groped along. But nothing, save the trench's sides, or airy space, met the dark inquiry of his search. He felt, however, that he walked upon a yielding substance, and stooping down, he took up in his hands some soft and charcoal ashes. The perception, that the Rockites' haunt had been burned, came immediately to his mind;—but he stood for a few minutes, absorbed in musing, whether it might not have been accidental, in their drunken jollities, and not the result of a police or excise discovery. It was Poor Mary's solicitous whispers, —"Where are you?" and "There's some one coming!" which first aroused him from his ill-timed meditations. Silently he approached with her to the centre of the rath, and they listened. All was still. But again she repeated her conviction, that she had heard some voices; they were in the direction, too, she said, they themselves had come. Dunne lay down on the earth, and, placing his ear to the ground, acutely listened. He distinguished the tread of footsteps, or rather, as he whispered to Poor Mary, "such a noise, as if men, jumping over a drain, had

just alighted with a slight tramp upon the other side."

Raising himself to his knees, he drew her down by the hand; and, in the same posture with him, they both crept on all fours, into the foss. Hurrying on, for some paces, within its circuit, they then softly clambered up its side, with the intention to get out on the plain, in the direction most distant and different from that, whence the sounds had come. But no sooner had Dunne raised his head, than he distinguished audibly the whispers of another party, immediately near him.

"We won't go round to the entrance, as the Chief desired, but we'll climb quietly up here, forenent us; and the serjeant thinks it the best spot too," said one of the men; whom Dunne, to his alarm, now rightly judged were the Police.

He attempted to profit, however, by their intention; and again, "Poor Mary" and himself, turning into the trench, crept on towards that open, which by all the Peelers, as they hoped, was left unguarded. So far, fortunately for them, the conflagration of the brushwood had been general all round the dyke. Unobstructed, they got noiselessly on; but as they stopt to listen, they not only heard the party clambering

up the foss, but the almost soundless tread of those first dreaded, was just by them. These latter stood in the entry, and debated in whispers on their progress. Half of them went into the centre of the rath, and the remainder, considering, that the other party of police would search their allotted side of the foss, again fortunately for "Poor Mary" and Dunne, turned their steps from them, and proceeded down the trench, towards the site of the former poteen-still. It was the moment of ruin, or of some weak chance for the concealed. Shrinkingly, they bestirred themselves, but the police drew the shades from their dark lanterns, and pried, with the revealing light, around them, and down upon the ground.

"Poor Mary" and Dunne, however, had now just attained the outside of the rath, and their hearts,—each for the other, more than for themselves,—fluttered with palpitating terror. Turned the police but around, and the gleams of light might have reached their forms. Against so many, Dunne's strength could prove of no avail, if even he possessed his hope-sustaining blunderbuss. But escape, not contest, now that "Poor Mary's" safety was at risk, was his only thought. For the purpose of wholly intercepting the po-

licemen's view, he would have stolen round, underneath the cover of the surrounding ditch, but, fearful a watch might be placed on either or both sides, they then creepingly hurried in a transverse direction,—keeping the obstruction of the raised fence, intervening, so long as possible, while making, at the same time, some progress away. Dunne's conjecture, that a guard occupied that side, he was at first about to go by, was correct. The ray of a lantern's light, there fell on the brass clasp of the belt around some policeman's waist, and glimmered on his shadowy form.

The search had been completed within, however, and the two parties of police joined outside the rath's entrance. Improvidently in them, their lanterns remained unshaded, and the outlaw could perceive the whole group. This was, indeed, the critical moment to the yet unseen fugitives. A glimpse, the slightest noise, and if death came not to them in the discharge of muskets, discovery and arrest, even more to be dreaded, were wholly unavoidable. There lay some furze bushes in the direction "Poor Mary" and Dunne went; and to which, for the purpose of temporary shelter from the lanterns' gleams, provided the police came in that way, they were

then repairing. But, on to the same point, and in a quick, nay, rapid pace, also followed the Peelers. Had Dunne persevered in his intended course, he and "Poor Mary" could not but be discovered;—stopping for a moment, he wheeled with her, upwards, towards the mountain. Their distance from the police, however, was still decreasing. Suddenly, and Dunne heard them stop. The imagination, that they but halted to fire, sent a thrill through his heart. He drew "Poor Mary" to him; and writhing, rather than turning round on his back, looked, with a cowering glance, towards the party. They yet stood, sometimes looking in their direction, sometimes towards the furze. Softly he repressed the throbbing fears of "Poor Mary." It was evident to him, they had heard some noise, and were in doubt whence. For a minute, and he had no hope;—but the police, as though in sudden change of mind, hastening to the furze, seemed conscious of some one lurking there. It was the fugitive's instant;—the outlaw seized its fortune. Taking off his shoes, holding them in one hand, and grasping "Poor Mary" by the other, they both arose, and ran in all the speed of flight for the mountain. . . . They had not gained its base, when the report of discharged

arms re-echoed around. The poor maniac screamed;—Dunne seized her in his embrace, and whispering, "the fire was not at them," bore her slight form up the mountain, with an energy of speed, and strength, like unto a giant's. For a minute, he stopped on the acclivity. The conviction, that some of the Rockites had been there discovered, and more than probably had been betrayed by the little tailor, entered his mind. He remembered, with re-awakened force, the change produced on the Magistrate, by the little tailor's mysterious paper. There was, however, a stronger influence than any other could possibly be,—the safety of "Poor Mary" and himself,—exerting its sway upon his feelings, nay, his understanding; and so, he loitered not long in vain conjecturings. They had, for the present, escaped all danger; neither trace nor suspicion attached to them then.

The day arose, and from the night's heavy damp, their toil and agitation but brought to them the fulness of fatigue, and great share too of dejectedness. They, however, rested for some time within the dense shade of a planted fox-cover, and having awaked, travelled on for awhile together. But, after their journey of the second night, Dunne prudentially arranged, that

henceforth they should separate during each day, and meet at evening. This object, too, he succeeded in making quite distinctive to the perception of the maniac.

The most recluse ways were accordingly selected by the outlaw; and "Poor Mary," on whom no distress was travail, now that she entertained the hope, of weaning from the dreadful horror of blood, and preserving for another land, him, for whom she would devotionally sacrifice every thing, cheerfully followed the high roads, and entered the villages. Wildly she sung; and, while daily carolling her untutored airs to villagers and rustics, preserved for the outlaw, almost each and every sustenance, which the pity of the many charitably-interested, bestowed upon her. The only difficulty she at all encountered, was the encreasing pursuit of little boys and girls. But, yet, there was in "Poor Mary's" tones, expressive features and animated gesture, such a pathetic and touching eloquence, that, if the urchins ceased not of themselves, some kindly persons among the adult, affected with compassion, ever dispersed the young tormenting troops, that in persecuting curiosity or interest, followed her steps. Often, too, and the young female villagers, or the

daughters of farmers, struck with the appearance of the poor maniac, decked out her brows with some flowery chaplets, and listened with delight to her enthusiast warblings. But, never did any of them allude, however remotely, to the cause of her wanderings, and, in the inquisitive sympathy of "the soft sex," enquire, was not love the origin? but immediately, and she became wrapt in herself, melancholy and silent. Thus, wandered they on,—she, in her strange adventurings for him,—and he, in watchful fear and secresy, shrinking from the public view.

At length, they reached the suburbs of Waterford; and when darkness drew its concealing veil over the earth, the outlaw resorted to some of the sailors' haunts, and mingling in their company, sounded the chance of a vessel for America. There existed, however, no hope for him, at such a season of the year, from that port. Encreased depression weighed down his soul, and he began superstitiously to dread there was a fate against him.

In a few days, however, as he learned, a vessel would sail for Bristol, and he determined to risk the venture of his escape from Ireland at any rate.

Poor Mary also, implored him onwards. His

safety, and their flight from human reach, were the enthusiast and only consoling visions of her soul. Anywhere, on the waters, and her ardent fancy pictured herself blessed. She sung of the wild waves, as if they were her friends; and would rather trust to the ocean, though mountain high in storm, than ever turn once more, to the interior they had traversed.

The outlaw, covertly as possible, prepared for the departure. He had watched with all the anxiety of a man, whose life, and more, depended on the die,—the probable chances of escape. Nothing remained, but only, that their passage be secured, and he proceeded to accomplish this. "Poor Mary" followed him, as Dunne intended that they should get on board the vessel at once. It was a dusky evening, that he ventured down the Quay; and, notwithstanding his best assumed air of boldness, it might be evident to any observant eye, that he dreaded, from almost each individual whom he met, the probability of arrest. His fears, indeed, or rather his anxieties about "Poor Mary," had he obeyed them, would be much more preventive of his purpose, than any impediments, yet apparent, were likely to prove.

He had reached within view of the ve ssel.

The throng and bustle of preparation for the voyage, were evident; and "Poor Mary," yet following at a distance, kept her gaze fixed on the advancing figure of the outlaw.

He came alongside the ship; his foot had touched the plank communicating with it, from the beach. He turned round to see, was his devoted follower in view. As his eye ran along the crowded quay, he saw her not; but to his startling surprise, and at the first glance, he descryed among the throng he passed, the little tailor, espying, with an acute and prying gaze those passengers already on board the vessel. He at once conjectured his object, to be that of spy. Dunne shrunk back, and passing behind the figures of the crowd, hurried rapidly in search of "Poor Mary."

She, having for a minute lost sight of him, was now, distract with trouble, standing in the centre of a group. A crowd of idlers, who, attracted by every gapeseed, and struck with her appearance, had hemmed her in; and thus, were inopportunely and annoyingly detaining, while they questioned the poor maniac. As Dunne approached the circle too, just outside its very limits, and where there was no throng,—again embarrassed by unpleasant surprise, he

met, almost breast to breast, another former comrade. They would both, however, have willingly passed each other, but that each, embarrassed by their common presence,—and, after the first distrustful glance, conscious of being seen, mutually stopped. Dunne, however, well disguising his appearance of perplexity, shook the old acquaintance warmly by the hand. It was Homethrust, whom he met. A poor woman too, carrying a little bundle, and holding some children by the hand, accompanied him. Their interview was short. The same person whose presence agitated Dunne for his own safety, was now also recognized at some distance from them, by Homethrust. The little tailor, though as yet unperceiving them, was approaching in their direction; and the Rockite, from some cause or other, fear-stricken of his quondam leader, suddenly pressed the outlaw's hand, and, in a hurried, embarrassed manner, advising him to follow, rapidly ran along the quay, towards the interior of the city.

Dunne kept not his figure in sight; nor did the notion, at the moment, strike him, that Homethrust, like himself, might be attempting escape from the country, and had been, like him too, deterred at that instant, by catching a

glimpse of the tailor. He now, however, discovered "Poor Mary," and quickly giving her a significant beck, he then hastened away also.

Ever and anon, he turned, and as often recognized the poor maniac, beseeching him, in gestures of entreaty, as she followed,—now pointing towards the vessel, then to the heavens, —now with her hands imploringly placed upon her heart, and now clasped in wild frenzy around her temples. He hurrying continuously onwards, however, she pursued; until, after some time, he thus safely led her into the more unfrequented and obscure ways. Then, having communicated his motives for retreat to hre, she became conscious and composed. They withdrew for awhile into a place of privacy. A new plan of flight was now pondered, and quickly determined on by Dunne. On that night, "Poor Mary" and he journeyed on together along the banks of the Barrow, for the port of Ross; they arrived there on the next day, and having now escaped discovery from the little tailor, and fortunately hit on a vessel going out, they set sail down the river, and, to the great delight of "Poor Mary," entered the Atlantic ocean on their course for Liverpool.

They reached that city. There was but little

trouble in procuring thence apassage for the New World; and keeping close to their berths within the hold, they soon cleared from out the Mersey; and having gained the sea, fleetly and smoothly the vessel was borne for the offing, until the land sunk wholly from view; while the poor maniac eyed with increasing rapture, now the buoyant ship,—and now the vigorous waves, as swiftly they were redeeming her, each instant, from her troublous fears.

"And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!
With thee, upon the sunbright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep."

For well-nigh thirty days, and with favouring gales, they were propitiously impelled to their destination. With the sense of security, "Poor Mary's" spirits ran the more and more into wild ecstasy. Her bright eyes, opening full, ever gleamed with bliss upon the outlaw; and gratefully blessing, as it were, the sails, the sailors, and the ship, she, night, noon, and morn, sung the music of her fanciful rhymes in praise of all. The vessel became as a dearest home to her, and the sea-terms grew, like household words, to her familiar ear. She loved the dashing of the waves, the seabird's flight, the wide limitless expanse of view, the voices of the winds

amid the masts and shrouds, the starry dome of Heaven, and its effulgent moon. She was delighted, too, to watch the guiding of the ship, to hear the orders to him at the helm, to see the clambering up the ropes, the busy bustle, the change of sails and tackle. Thus, she grew the mariners' favourite,—from the captain, to the boatswain, and from the master's mate, to the cabin-boy; and often, the bold sons of the deep heard her with pure pleasure, as at night she melodiously warbled forth some such enthusiast strain, as, perhaps, the following:

"'How cheer you, fore and aft' we'll sing,
How cheer you, gallant crew?
The ship, like seabird's touching wing,
Glides o'er the waters too.

"The skies above are starry bright,
The winds are fresh and fair,
And praised be Heaven for such a night,
Let's kneel us down in prayer.

"We see God's goodness all around,
In ocean, heaven, and air;
No wrathful sight, nor fearful sound,
But mercy everywhere."

And so it was. Fortune continued prosperous to each and all;—and, according to the reckoning, the vessel had now neared to within but a few days' sail of America's continent. The Captain was sanguine of a good land-fall, and

the content, or rather the anticipation of completing a fortunate voyage, filled every breast.

> "The merry seamen laughed to see
> Their gallant ship so lustily
> Furrow the green sea foam."

The former sullenness of Dunne, too, had, from the commencement of the voyage, almost wholly disappeared. He pulled the ropes, and gave what other help he could, to the blunt, honest tars. They had, indeed, to an extent they knew not, ingratiated themselves with him, by their kindness to "Poor Mary;" and the idea on their part, that he was a fond, protecting brother (for such, he represented himself to be), to her, a sense-deprived creature, created a more than ordinary interest in their minds towards him. There was no other, in truth, among the male emigrants on board, by any comparison, so popular with each and all of the ship's hands, as was the once fierce, nay, savage desperado of his native Manor. Thus, had benevolence not only appeased his ireful gloom, cured the rankling distemper of revenge, but even assuaged to softness the disposition of his temper. And similarly, and so easily, can generally be subdued unto the milder moods, the most fierce and wrathful among men. We do not, however, aver,

but that the increasing prospect of his escape and safety, did not also in great measure administer to his moral and social improvement. We believe, indeed, that there arise, every day, very many exceptions to the generally true maxim—

"Non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

His raised hopes, hour after hour, still the more brightened. The land had been descried, and their approach thereto was rapid. He had long wistfully looked out for the great Continent,—but satisfied, he now withdrew from the deck at eve, after gazing, till wearied in eye, on its distant and shadowy shores.

"Poor Mary" remained as usual. Her spirit had grown akin with the night scenes of sea; and whatever sleep she might snatch throughout the day, she bore not, in consideration of any rest, to part after twilight, from her fancy's ideal society with the heavens and the waves. To-morrow's setting sun, and, most probably, their voyage would be at an end. Such would have brought full relief, almost positive happiness, to the outlaw; but, "Poor Mary" would have parted from the sea (even though with him) in some regret. The land had been never such a congenial home to her. There was a converse in

the ocean's very solitude, that spoke, fraught with eloquence, to her mystic spirit. It was a majestic world, as in her reveries she imagined it, beyond human reach;—a sublime retirement, as her imagination pictured, for souls that loved not the gross ways of earth. Formed, in her wild conceptions, to be the universe of liberty,—the winds breathed, as its becoming accents; and the waves moved, as in the generous freedom of its glorious graces. Its each and every appearance, too, had ministered to her imaginings. It was not only the illimitable view, and the heavens, and the waters, and the winds,—but, the flying vessel, and the swelling sails, and the floating seafowl, and the stormy petrels, circling in the air,—all, all, spoke of liberty. As yet, however, and she had experienced it but in its temperance;—soon, and she was to suffer from the licentious fury of its sway.

It was not midnight, when, from the land, arose the murmurings of storm. The captain's, shipmaster s, and boatswain's voices were soon to be heard, in earnest orders to the crew. Then came the hurrying upon deck, the quick change, or lowering of masts and rigging; and, amid all the apparent confusion of bustle, and the angry turbulence of the wind-lashed waves,

the regular and expert obedience of the gallant tars.

Every moment, the storm increased in rage, and the ship laboured, but could make no way. "Poor Mary" yet bore up with undaunted heart, while many others, possessing unhurt reason, were stricken down with fear. Indeed, the greater part among all, whether mariners, or mere men of the land, felt, at the best, somewhat similar to Shakspeare's honest and candid old counsellor, Gonzalo, when he soliloquized in *The Tempest:* "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea, for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!" The morning came, but yet, with it, no appearance of any probable composure of the elements.

What nautical skill, and stout hearts, could effect, had been tried. All exertions to near the desired land, proved ineffectual. The boatswain gravely averred "there must be some Jonas in the ship, fleeing in vain from the will of the Lord." The master's mate mentioned a similar event, which occurred but two years before; and that the vessel having been driven home again, it was afterwards discovered, there were some Irishmen—murderers—on board. A thrilling

horror agitated Dunne, and the elated spirits of "Poor Mary" fled her soul. Each, and every instant too, the overwhelming power of the storm grew into greater fury.

'Twere a bootless attempt, in a mere landsman, to essay, at all, the description of such a scene. Sublimely adapted, it in truth would be, to the genius of Cooper, or of Marryat,—minds who have made the ocean, their elemental home, and who, once the children of the ship themselves, revive their past associations, and in their page of fiction, live again, in spirit, amid the swell and roar of mighty waters. They only, or such as they, who have thus become the modern Prosperos of the tempests and the seas,—intellectual spirits, that, as it were, have long dwelt and studied in the chambers of the vasty deep itself, —who can evoke its existences at will, and reveal the poetry of its grandeur, its beauties, its terrors, and its mysteries, to unknowing human apprehensions;—they only, or such as they, could at all faithfully depict, the then horrific energy of the convulsed waters, the startling peril of the poor, pelted vessel, the despairing madness of some on board, the wretched cowardice of others, and the all-daring valour and collectedness of many of the crew. We accord-

ingly attempt not, to ignorantly intrude on the province of their sway. They have created unto themselves, a distinct celebrity of fame,—built up a temple to the wrath and majesty of the waves, in which they are, of right, the Priests, and hold dominion o'er the seas. We can, then, but merely communicate to the reader, in simple phrase, the result of their peril.

The conflict of the warring winds had at length ceased; but, the storm from the shore raged unopposed, and the unresisting vessel was precipitately borne back, on the same course it came.

Wild, as the winds across the howling waste, it was impetuously hurried, now lifted on the huge swollen surges, and now, sunken into the gaping cavities of the swallowing deep. Dread agitated even the poor maniac;—she saw the beloved ship, which, but the day before, sailing placidly along, seemed as much at home, as safe upon the waters, as the seafowl sleeping on the wave, now, sailless and dismasted, a mere hull.

Bewildered, too, in the thronging dangers, she incoherently prayed to heaven, or entreated mercy of the waves, or confidingly clung to some object, as though it were the dear form of the outlaw. In him, indeed, her imagination,

even yet, placed hope. With him to perish, had become as much the instinct of her soul, as it was of wont, with him to live.

For the present, however, they escaped. The storm abated, and the sailors again assumed their cheerfulness. But the wind still blew unfavourably for their destination, and there was no possibility, in the then state of the vessel, to make America.

Homeward bound, they were now drifted along. But fearfully horrific as had been the tempest, still, far more ominous with dread to the outlaw and "Poor Mary," was their present course. The remarks, too, which during the storm, the boatswain, and master's mate, had made, impressively entered Dunne's soul. The presentiment, that he was a doomed man, fixed itself upon him. The poor maniac, also, continued utterly hopeless and bereft. Dunne, indeed, struggled to conceal his depression, but the high spirits, and fanciful imaginings, which had characterized "Poor Mary," now wholly deserted her. She sat disconsolately sorrowful, at the best, but stupidly listless throughout each day. The sailors noticed the marked change which had come over their favourite, and Dunne, the reputed brother, represented her bereaved

state to them, as arising from the overwhelming grief of disappointment, in not reaching a beloved sister in America.

What masts, sails, and rigging remained yet available, after the storm, were so soon as possible, now put in requisition, and in less than a fortnight, the vessel, to the anguish of "Poor Mary," and the boding hopelessness of Dunne, safely entered for refitting into Cork harbour.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er looked so lovely on her Persian king.
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May,
The joyful knight surveyed her by his side,
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride;
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round."

*Pope.*

By this period in the fortunes of Dunne and "Poor Mary," the exciting political demand of the times had well-nigh assumed the form of law. The chief political powers of the state regarded the passing of the Catholic Question as no longer doubtful. Some credulous bigots, indeed, yet rested on the hopes that the Lords would spurn the Commons' decision, and royalty break its plighted faith to the public. So accustomed, too, to perfidy were the Irish people, that many, very many, among them, still entertained fears for the result.

The respective fortunes of our story's other characters, were also rapidly approaching each to its consummation. Kitty Kelly's recovery, indeed, had been far slower than her lover's hopes induced him to expect. Lent was trailing its slow six weeks along, and Rourke was still a bachelor. Willy Moore, however, had not allowed Shrove Tuesday to give him the "go by;" but, for better for worse, had been united, on that very same connubial day, to his fair Tipperary Black-hen. He had also intimated the exact period of his intended return to the Manor; and Slashing Pady and other friends were now duly prepared to give himself and bride a proper reception

"Though it was Lent, there was no fast on the liquor," said Pady; "and so, signs by it, the boys and girls that join in the long dance for Willy Moore, shan't want a drop of the crather, to kill the ill effects of the perspirations."

Neither, indeed, did they; for Slashing Pady, in whatever of such matters he engaged, always liked to see not only "mere decency," as he said, "but real lashings,—proper, full, and plenty."

There was no disappointment, moreover; for Willy Moore, for this once in his life, proved

wondrously punctual to his precise engagement. Mounted on a good stout steed, he approached the gay and welcoming procession. Behind her loving husband, sat the bride upon a pillion, embracing him, every jog, with a most conjugal clasp; while by the youthful couple, and dressed out in his best, rode on the Tipperary boy of our former acquaintance, and who now accompanied his sister to her new home.

Slashing Pady, as a matter of course, led the day's diversions, and cheers rent the air at the first view of Willy. The ex-churchwarden, too, wasn't without some rations of "the native" already; and, what between the excitement of applause, the force of whiskey, and his own natural pride, about the matter of his union, few conquerors, after immediate victory, could, so far as appearances went, at least, look more glorified than he did. Neither was there any doubt, but that he bore home a more substantial prize, than do the generality of mere glory-captivated warriors. We even venture to aver, that the fair Briseis, of Achilles' tent, herself,—though bitterly the hero complained of her sad loss, and too sulkily retired from the war, on her account,—wasn't half so warm, comely, or comfortable, for the marriage state, as was Willy Moore's

admired pullet of the Tipperary Black-hens. We must confess, it is true, that, in the opinion of all those who admire the nicer chisellings of nature, Mrs. Moore would necessarily appear more than moderately provided with the plump perfections, and was, in fact, just what we call in Ireland "a sonsy young woman;" yet, as Willy Moore himself said, "all her beauties were harmonious, one with the other:—if she was fat, she was fair; had her colour shot in, like the blush rose, too; and, moreover, if it was a fault to be a little too fleshy, it was a fault on the right side, and which he'd prefer, any day of his life, in a girl or a wife, to her having a thin cutting face, or a sharp breast-bone."

But it wasn't in Mrs. Moore herself only, that all the good wedding substantiality pertinently lay. As bride and bridegroom moved along in front, a low-backed car, top-heavy with all house essentials,—chairs, tables, a fine big dresser, and the like, and not omitting beds and bedding either,—reputably brought up the rear. The parties met. 'Twere impossible to paint their hilarity and joy, or, indeed, to at all describe in what swell of heart the elated Willy received his old friends. We could not particularize, even in a whole chapter, his numerous introductions of

various acquaintances to the overwhelmed Mrs. Moore. Omitting, however, such important matters, we will endeavour to proceed.

The day was fine and dry, though a cold one; just, indeed, fit for a long dance; and so, after all manner of merriment, and honours done on the way to Willy Moore and his bride, Slashing Pady halted the company at the "sign of the Sheaf of Wheat," "in respect," as he said, "of the ould established house, and that they might give the couple, and themselves, a little passing regalement."

Some barrels of beer, and a large bonfire, shed their genial influence around. The spaces at the gable-end, and in the front, of Pady Casey's house, had been nicely swept, and cleared of every obstruction, for the movements of the dance. Mrs. Moore was then lifted, with all manner of politeness, from her pillion, by Slashing Pady;—Mr. and Mrs. Casey were at hand to receive her;—and no sooner had her toe first touched the ground, than cheers of welcome to Willy and his bride, rung afresh through the Manor's valley. The ex-church-warden, still on horseback, bowed in all the graces that he could; and Mrs. Moore, herself, in grateful condescension, would have curtsied

to the earth, but that she wasn't so supple as of wont, through her stiffness from the ride. The young men, and girls, too, made their various comments on the style of her beauty, as she withdrew from the crowd for awhile, under the escort of Mrs. Casey.

One said, "she was fair;" another, "she was rosy;" some thought "her features over large, and her figure somewhat coarse;" while others, again, avowed, "that take her for all in all, she was a fine, strong, clever girl; and moreover, mighty comely." Very many of the critics, indeed, dissented from each other, still much more and more. Some young men, that were over-eulogistic, averred, "there was no girl could come near her in their country;" others thought, "Willy Moore could just get as good, every taste, nearer home;" while more again swore, "that for face, or for gentility, she couldn't hould a candle to their own Kitty Kelly."

Mrs. Moore, however, and all other matters, were soon rectified for the dance. Mrs. Casey had mixed for her a small dandy of negus, while she was stretching her limbs, arranging her hair and ribbon bows, putting on her pumps, and altogether preparing herself for a quick re-

appearance. The blind piper, also,—who, as our readers may remember, on a former night, "at the sign of the Sheaf of Wheat," was much afraid of injury to his all-supporting pipes,—now seated on an elevated three-legged stool, was bringing into good tune both himself and his instrument. Flanking him, and on the opposite side of the fire, presided, with much dignity, too, a fine, respectable, old, blind fiddler.

"Fire and fortune, why don't you look to the musicians, some of ye, boys! draw them a swig of beer a-piece, to put them in blood for the evening, and not leave them there dry and broiling before the fire, like unbasted meat;" said Pady Glennon, now hurrying to and fro, to prepare for the dance.

"I wouldn't fear you, but you'd have a thought for the profession,—for you were always fond of a good tune yourself, Mr. Glennon; and well you know, that the music 'll grow husky in the pipes, if the breath and the lips aren't moistened now and again with good liquor," said the blind piper.

"Mrs. Moore's coming out, boys!—stand back, good company, a little taste farther, and leave full room for the dance," says Pady Casey, as he now heralded along the bride's approach.

"Make way, there! make way, there!" reiterated Mrs. Casey, and several other voices.

"She's going to show off in a reel of three, with Willy Moore himself, and Pady Glennon; and nately, I'm sure, she'll do it,—for she's a fine, likely, light-limbed woman," said some other informant, loud enough, however, to be heard by the eulogized lady.

"Murther then, boys and girls! can't you keep the ring, and not pinch them in room?" exclaimed, in continuation, another self-elected master of the ceremonies, a smart spalpeen, with a wattle in his fist, trying to preserve order.

After some little press and crush, however, the bride, bridegroom, and Pady Glennon, entered the circle. The musicians were well plied with drink,—and it was then, indeed, that in right-down earnest commenced the fun and dancing. The Patriarch himself, who, though, from the first, it being the holy time of Lent,—was against the profane amusement, yet could not now any longer withstand the exhilirating attractions. Besides, as he reasoned with himself, his presence would, no doubt, operate as a check on excess, if it might so chance that any would foolishly arise. He accordingly hobbled down,—was introduced, in all due form, by his friend

Willy, to the "observed of all observers," Mrs. Moore,—and placed, by common consent, in the most comfortable and respected position of the company at large. Kitty Kelly and Johnny Rourke, too, were enjoying the scene, from the elevated position of her cottage-garden; and more than once arose, in both, the desire to form a portion in the group of the very lively dancers on the interesting occasion.

Willy Moore's warmest dreams of a public welcome home, were not, indeed, one whit more enthusiastic than from the first he experienced it to be. Night coming on, they withdrew to the shelter of the roof, and it was then, that, around Pady Casey's hearth, as he found, the fire of good-nature took right flame in earnest. Cheers, and the like, die easily on the idle air; but, shaking hands, drinking healths, and all manner of asseverations, even to kissing the bride, were kept up continuously by the soft, good-hearted neighbours. O'Connell himself never made more speeches on any given day and night, than did Willy Moore on this important occasion. His own, and his lady's health, demanded an oration apiece. A more regular discourse on the beauties of matrimony followed: in politeness, he had, moreover, to propose a

similarity of good luck to his various friends; and so, what between friendly toasts and sentiments, some allowance, too, for the diffuseness of his speech, and a long discourse wherewith he closed, on the then flattering prospect of public affairs, darkness prevailed before Willy, or the company, at all thought of such a thing as repairing to home. Mrs. Moore herself, indeed, began to show some little signs of uneasiness,—"she was very tired," and all that kind of thing, and anxious for Willy to go home; but her new acquaintances cheered her up again; and a fresh round of tumblers, with a little strong negus for the females, followed her complainings as a matter of course. Some whispered conversation, too, was heard now to arise, between Slashing Pady and others of the company, as to the propriety, at the bedding, of the throwing of the stocking; but the Patriarch frowned at the idea, as highly indelicate and profane, considering the holy time that was in it; and so, fortunately for the bridegroom and the bride, they escaped that practice of fun, which many a blushing couple felt an ordeal of dread.

At last, however, the ex-churchwarden grew choakful of drink, of flattery, and of happiness. The bride herself, too, (poor thing, how could

she help it, from the dint of pressing?) was just sufficiently moistened, as it was proper she should, to be a wee taste more soft and affectionate than ever; and a more loving couple wasn't to be found in any town's-land, than our very tender pair, by the time they reached the new Kilkennys,* which, in decency, Willy had procured for the occasion, before he went to Tipperary to bring home his bride. Sincerely wishing them now, and henceforward, every bliss in each other, we leave them enwrapped, for the present, in connubial comfort.

It was, in a few nights subsequent to the enjoyment of this rural gala, that the little tailor was recognized by some person, in the neighbourhood of the Manor. The Curate heard of the circumstance; and, as he entertained no doubts, since the time he had learned from Willy Moore, when in prison, of the little tailor's conduct in the public-house, near Clogheen, but that he was in truth, what he had always suspected him to be,—an emissary of the Rockites, and also, most probably, an informer, he now endeavoured, by all secret means in his power, to trace out his haunts. The ex-churchwarden himself, too, when he learned of his presence in the neighbourhood, grew somewhat fearfully

* Blankets.

nervous about him. From matters that had reached his ears in Tipperary, as well as from his own suspicions, the conviction, that the little tailor would swear away his, or any other person's life, who would not comply with his schemes, or, by whose ruin he could effect any gain, became hourly more strong. He knew too, that an unscrupulous villain like him, might easily, from their past intimacies, weave up a sufficiently probable plot to procure his destruction. But, the little tailor was now intent on a more general scheme, and, for that reason, had no disposition at all, to come in contact with Willy Moore, or any individual of his class. He had found, indeed, by experience, that notwithstanding the liability to be entrapped, of which the ex-churchwarden's indulgence in liquor once gave him hopes, that still, O'Connell's reiterated public advice against secret societies, ever and always hung, like a charm, around Moore, equally preventive of his committing himself, with the strongest influences of duty, reason, or fear, acting on others. The mysterious disappearance of Dunne too, who, as he feared, had escaped from his toils, and through whom, he had long hoped to fully introduce the Rockite system into the neighbourhood of the Manor, until in due

time, he himself should reap, as informer, the profitable harvest of discovering crime, bitterly vexed and annoyed him. He suspected, indeed, that the desperado must have quitted the country, or he could have, in some locality or other, found a trace of him. The discovery, too, of Homethrust's intention to have done the same; and which attempt, unfortunately for that wretch, he had already baffled, confirmed this suspicion the more.

Our readers remember the unexpected meeting with Dunne, and equally sudden disappearance from him, of that Rockite comrade, on the quay of Waterford. His object then, as Dunne's, was flight from the country; but too late was the attempt of the miserable man, to escape from the toils of his ensnarer. The person called, in the Rockite vocabulary, Homethrust, had been once a laborious and thriving peasant. In an evil hour, local oppression, however, drove him, as many others, into the hands of the little tailor. Once implicated in crime, and exposed to the danger of arrest, he had been compelled to abandon wife and children, and quit his native neighbourhood. But in a short period afterwards, and about the time of the commencement of our story, the desire to desert the

Rockite system, into which he had fallen, and to return to an accustomed, honest course of life, influenced him. He did so,—and for the purpose of safety, repaired to a strange place; but, the resorts of the little tailor, were more numerous and wide spread than he had imagined. After the lapse of about seven months, he was discovered by the little tailor, and again compelled, under the dread of information against him, to re-embark in the infernal service of his corrupter. He became, then, as our tale has represented him, involved in all the crimes of secret societies, and a chief assistant in the fulfilment of the many schemes, the little tailor, fertile in evil, was ever planning. But of late, a still stronger suspicion, than at all possessed him before, that he was entrapped by the tailor, for the ultimate object of his blood money, continually haunted him. Under this imagination, he had made that effort for escape, to which we have alluded. Bringing his wretched wife and children, who, through his vices, and from a petty tyrant's cruelties, had been necessitated to become wandering beggars on the country, along with him to Waterford, he, at the period of his meeting with Dunne, intended to have embarked with them, on board the steamer,

about to depart for the port of Bristol. After his hasty flight, however, down the quay, and which the discovered presence of the tailor then occasioned, he again, for the same purpose of departure, had returned. But escape was not his destiny. There was no such opportunity allowed him. He was a third time caught in the toils of his first insidious ensnarer. The little tailor, and Fireball too, whom he had not seen the time before, were in vigilant watch for him. He was perceived by them; and well knowing, did he dare to go on board, they would instantly prefer, and substantiate, some charge against him, he having no other hope of escape, again surrendered himself to their vicious guidance.

This wretched man was now, too, in the neighbourhood of the Manor, in an unwilling furtherance of the plots of the little tailor. Frequently, indeed, he had pondered with himself, whether he should not anticipate the imagined informer, in his own trade of blood-selling. But, fearful from many strong grounds of suspicion, that the little tailor might be an accredited corrupter and spy, with some of the magistracy of that, as of other neighbourhoods, he shrunk from any such discovery of himself,

and profitable treachery, to make his harvest of the spring-crop of crime, convict a gang at once, and pocket with a certainty his rates of blood-money. But what, strange though it may appear, was the most impelling consideration with him, to put forth all his evil powers, by the coming assizes, and attain whatever profit, he, by any nefarious possibility, could, was the now certain passing of the Emancipation Act; and the wretch's anticipatory dread of the social peace it was likely to produce. What created a rational expectation of their country's happiness in many, might, indeed, be naturally considered as the ruin of his trade by him. The popular hopes of the immediate good results of that measure, were, as is generally the case with any people placed in circumstances similar to the Irish, far more ardent and exaggerated, than an accurate view of the subject, could at all, in cold reason, warrant. The error, however, was a very natural one. The legislative concession of that national demand, which the Orange faction of Ireland, and the British Tories, had so continuously and insultingly spurned, seemed reasonably to involve in itself an entire change of the old system of Government. It was not merely the admission of some few Roman-Catholic gen-

tlemen into Parliament, or even the eligibility of all, to the numerous offices of the State, that was by the country contemplated in it. These were considered great desiderata, no doubt,—and the humblest peasant in the land, would not only have been gratified, that professors of his long-despised creed might become, equally with others, Members of the Parliament, and preside on the bench of justice, but would also have deemed the interests of his own class as intimately connected with the realization of such expectations. The anticipated effects of the measure, however, which were most appreciated by the peasantry, the substantial farmers, and other country folk, were those, which, in the daily transactions of life, came home to themselves. Theretofore, they had never known the general government of the country, to have been essentially separated, in sentiment, or act, from the detested Orange domination, under which they all had been long compelled to succumb. But, impressed now with the belief, that they, the people, were to be henceforward governed, as friends,—as loyal subjects,—in their own country, should they at once, and (as subsequent events proved), far too vividly supposed, that the multitudinous despotism of the Execu-

tive, which rankly flourished under the old regime, would be at the least abated, when its charter of misrule was erased from the Statute-book. They, one and all imagined, that the Government would discountenance local persecutors; that the poor, in their respective neighbourhoods, would be saved from the tender mercies of such dispensers of justice as Messrs. Cash and Cantall; or that, at least, these, and such gentlemen, would not dare to disregard the wishes of a high rebuking authority. That, moreover, with the sanction of the legislature, the population would be no longer harassed by the fanaticism and sectarian malignity of proselytizing Biblicals; that the Law Church would be, in some degree, rendered harmonious with the wants of its flock, and the peace and interests of the people; that jobbing grand jurors, and packed Orange petit ones, with both whom justice was a scorn, should no longer wield unchecked control over the people's property and lives; that the licence of the Squireen and the Parson, and of every little authority under government, to wrong and insult, with impunity, the peasant class, should terminate at once; that, in a word, Orange ascendancy, not only in the letter but in the spirit, would cease, and with it

would expire its rank brood of legal and illegal persecutions, and their consequences — social disorder and midnight murders. Thus ardently imagining, that the administration of the State would become the reverse of what it had been; that its various institutions would be put in order, and each used for its truly civil and moral purpose; anticipatory pictures of social peace and happiness, as the fruits of such political change, naturally crowded the conceptions of the Irish people. But what visions of the future, hope awoke within their minds, the same, though oppositely appreciated, an ever-haunting fear conjured up to the distempered imagination of the politically vicious. Those, interested in the sway of faction, regard nothing with more dread than a country's peace. In any rank of life, indeed, they who drive a profitable traffic in the public misery, generally look with a jealous eye on the least prospect of justice. Wise in the policy of misrule, they well know, that justice possesses, for almost all men, a charm to the paths of submission and of order. The little tailor, then, who, as our readers must have long since surmised, had been pursuing, with more gain than any other mode of life a low wretch of his kind could have chosen, a course of cor-

ruption and betrayal, not at all rare in unfortunate Ireland, had of late hourly become very apprehensive that his opportunities for mischief were wholly on the wane. Notwithstanding the persecutions which the peasantry generally suffered, he had experienced, in all his places of resort, increasing difficulty to entrap them into crime and ruin. This state of things he properly attributed to the influential advice and continual warnings of O'Connell, the Association, and the Priests. But if, in addition, the Emancipation Bill passed, and a corresponding practice of rule was introduced by government, he dreaded, that, with the distribution of justice, the peasantry's predisposition to his schemes would lessen still the more, and the occupation of corrupter and betrayer be irretrievably gone. Actuated by these considerations, he determined to secure, while he still could, the wages of his iniquity. In former years, and other localities, the little tailor had never publicly appeared as a witness in court, for such exposure would have rendered him thenceforward a known traitor among the misled peasantry. But by privily giving information, and procuring some accomplice to afford the requisite testimony, he carried on, without the suspicion of his deluded

fellow-ribbonmen, a more covert and insidious treachery. He was now, however, about to throw the mask aside. At the coming assizes, and in relation to a plot which he was endeavouring to consummate in the neighbourhood of the Manor, he intended to openly appear; and if swearing, whether true or false, could at all procure large reward, to ruin so many as it would be possible for his malignant ingenuity to circumvent. He well knew, too, that some outrage, which could be made appear striking evidence of a disordered state of country, would be esteemed by the local Orange authorities, the Brunswick press, and representatives in Parliament, as a most apposite God-send whereon to ring the changes. Then would Toryism, through all its intellectual phases, show forth, in such instance, the horrors of Popery,—the barbarism of the Irish people,—and appeal, in most lugubrious whines, to the British public, against conceding any political liberty to such a savage race. "*Ex uno, disce omnes,*" would some eloquent legislator most sapiently exclaim. Every Tory, official and subordinate, would be provided with the last horrid news from Ireland, and the concerted key-note, of each and all, should be the expressive lament of the folly,

nay, the madness, of at all attempting to assimilate the privileges of Irishmen with those of other British subjects. The former were, in fact, as a most consummate authority in the unblushing faculty averred, and yet more lately, in downfacing hardihood, denied, he had so asserted—All "aliens in language, in blood, and in religion."

After repeated failures, however, on the part of the little tailor, to make Ribbonism take any deep root in the neighbourhood of the Manor, a circumstance, trivial in itself, had lately presented advantages, of which he was not remiss in availing himself. That unpopular scullogue, the murder of whom, as our readers remember, would have been perpetrated by Fireball, were it not for the sudden intervention of Dunne, was now about to possess a few acres, which a poor widow, neighbouring him, long held, and had, as was generally believed, given somewhile back, a bribe to the agent, to dispossess her, and admit him. This grasping at the widow's little share, by the scullogue, was attended with many aggravating circumstances. The poor woman, it was true, had no lease, and had been duly noticed to quit; but, resting on the hope, that the circumstances of her claim to be con-

tinued as a tenant, would yet operate favourably on the agent's mind, she had not taken any defence, so as to procure for herself time to look out for a cabin. During her late husband's life, he had improved the few acres very much, and she was now supporting thereon a large and almost helpless family. She was very industrious, also, and so far fortunate, that, though she paid the full value for the land, she yet owed no arrears of rent. Moreover, she was exceedingly well liked in her neighbourhood; so much so, that it was the custom with the labouring young men near her, ever since her husband died, to dig out her potatoes, cut, and stack her "handful of corn," and finish off whatever other husbandry was necessary for each year. The first of March approached; and as the poor widow's tenure was of September, the period of her fate was just at hand. The current report, that the scullogue was to get the ground, was placed beyond doubt, by his own admission, his boasts to that effect, and angry retorts on the Curate and some others, who had expostulated with him on the unkindness of his act. The neighbours,—those young men especially, who were in the habit of cultivating the few acres for the widow,—were all indignant with

the scullogue;—and some, no doubt of it, were even heard to say, "that, if Captain Rock did no worse than stop such grasping doings as that, in the country, he'd be no great mischief after all, to the poor, at any rate."

In this state of things, the little tailor, who was conscious, that, if he then advised recourse to any outrage, prepensely involving bloodshed, he would have but a poor chance of succeeding in his scheme,—thought it better, to insinuate, through Fireball and Homethrust, the plan of going in a body by night, and without arms, but disguised, to the scullogue's,—surrounding the house, tapping at the windows, and asking him peaceably, "not to disturb the poor widow-woman."

The device wore a fair face, and many unsuspecting young men fell into the stratagem. "They knew," as they said, "that the scullogue was easily cowed, and they might run that risk at any rate, for their poor neighbour, the widow."

The night for such visit was appointed, and all preliminaries definitely arranged: but the little tailor, having disposed, with the unwary peasants, each matter as he most craftily could, for the success of his own vicious purposes,

repaired to Mr. Cash; by whom he was sent and followed to the co-inspector of Police, also a magistrate. He confided to them his devised scheme;—you, who would support Orange magistrates and officials, read it, and ponder on it, for it is no fiction, but fact. It was speedily arranged, that these humane authorities, with their police, should station themselves behind a large rick of hay, and await there the arrival of the betrayer himself, and the unarmed and entrapped peasants. At a concerted signal from the informer, the police, in a body, were to fire, and if any of the betrayed remained unkilled, and became captured, a prosecution to conviction at the next assizes, was compounded for, by these authorities, with the little tailor.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perished too;
My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there." *Moore.*

"The surest way to make a dupe is to let your victim suppose you are his."—*Pelham.*

On the night, immediately preceding that, whereon the little tailor hoped to effectually compass the ruin of those peasants, whom he had entrapped into the resolve of a rash and illegal visit to the scullogue's house, it so happened, that Dunne and "Poor Mary" arrived in the vicinity of the Manor. Both of them, after, still more than before, the period they had disembarked from the disabled vessel, continued dispirited and downcast. A sullen gloom, alleviated but by a hopeless apathy, respecting himself, preyed on his wretched mind. "Poor Mary" too, had even wholly lost those fanciful imaginings of a yet to be attained happiness, which,

wild and baseless though they were, still, as though in some substitution of the advantages of reason, had theretofore been to her the solace, as well as offspring, of a maniac spirit. Once, that they had again touched the land it had been her bliss to leave, and the last ray of long pictured visions, faded from her view. But, yet, as though patiently resigned to the saddest fate, she passively complied with Dunne's wish to return to his old refuge, near the Manor, and uncomplainingly followed on. Daily, however, and he the more and more perceived, that it was not "Poor Mary" as of wont, who at all seemed to be with him. Not, when in her past and most aerial flightiness, could she have been more different from any of the coldest reason, than now had she become from her former self. Her sportive playfulness was gone;—the wild fictions of her once busy brain, which like spells on spells, had often beguiled him of his darkest moods, were fled. No longer did she chaunt to the night winds her broken songs,—reverently hail her pictured heaven in the skies,—devotionally gaze upon the moon,—or look up to the stars,—and people their fairy-seeming worlds, with her own pure fancies.

"Poor Mary" was no longer as she had been.

All creation had become, mentally, as darkness to her,—and no starry dreams could ever more arise, gleamingly to lighten the night-gloom of her soul. Drear, desolate, reft of the sweet charms of her erring genius,—almost, in every wise, intellectually dead, she but survivingly lived on. Like the voicelessness in ruin, of a broken lute, which once discoursed sweet music, or of a toneless harp, to which the breezes had been creative poetry, was the wreck of her existence. It was the desert loneliness of departed melody. Hope had long been its sole vibrating influence,—hope in her beloved one's safety,—his mortal and immortal safety;—but it had fled, and with it, every thrill of spirit, every extasy. Often, the now utterly wretched outlaw, had stopped his steps upon the way, and intently looked on her. Often he tried to cheer, to beguile, to reawaken. But, it was all vain. She had ever been a solace to him, and now, as he miserably felt, he could not once prove of the least avail to her. The hot tears of anguish gushed from the fountains of his seared sorrows, and distress unutterable possessed him. Could he but restore to her past animated insanity,—to any revival, however little, of intelligence,—that beloved being, of now scarcely more than living clay, and he were once more happy. Wildly, wretch-

edly, he called her by her name, but, "Poor Mary" comprehended not his meaning, or his woe. By every mode possible to him, he endeavoured to reawake her to perception;—affectionately, he clasped her form;—soothingly spoke to her, and oft, in the despairing madness of his heart, strainingly pressed her lips to his, while his hot tears fell fast upon her pallid cheeks. But there was little or no response, of look or voice from her. The returns of her gaze, were, in no wise as they used to be. Some weak evidences of affection yet survived indeed, as though it, and it only, were the attribute of soul, which, whatever other bereavement befel her, could not wholly disappear, till all existence ceased. Silent, raylessly, almost mentally unconscious, she'd stare upon him,—her once brilliant eyes' lack-lustre, and her once eloquent features fixed in vacancy. It was too true;—the calamity was privation to her,—it was positive ineffable wretchedness to him. "Poor Mary" was wholly idiot.

In this condition of forlornness, she, scathed of her senses, and he, of all society, had they journeyed on. In every possible mode, wherewith affection could display itself, the outlaw carefully attended her. But his kindest assiduities brought back to him but hopelessness.

No picture could portray the utter desolateness of his lot. It was not mere pain, or bitterest anguish, or despair the most oppressive, or remorse for his past life, or distractedness for her calamities,—isolately, it was not any single ill, —but, the aggregate, the assemblage of all the miseries; and if any solace he ever felt, it was the relief only of a sluggish torpor,—of that brute apathy, still worse than the worst wretchedness of suffering, which inhumanizes man, debases the quality of hope, and leaves but in its stead, that downward and animal expectancy, which covets in death, the last lot of beast, to escape a present, or a future. Hunger, cold, thirst, too,—the physical cravings, as well as moral plagues, afflicted him. "Poor Mary," indeed, had grown listless of what she ate, or, yet more often, undistinguishedly ravenous. Even animally, she had fallen in creation's scale. Tufts of any herbage,—the berries of the haw, or even the rank dock, were a feast to her; and often, while the wretched outlaw gazed upon her vacancy, the green juices of unwholesome weeds would ooze from out her once beauteous lips, and trickle down her chin.

The only good fortune, indeed, yet continuously allotted them, was the absence of all dis-

covery. Perhaps, it were even better, that such had occurred, before any of their latter vicissitudes had arisen. He, at least, would have been spared the misery of witnessing, in her he loved, that worst and uttermost of all human wrecks, that fatality, which, even under Heaven's mysterious wisdom, oft seems to erring man, as though it were the visitation of some malignant God;—an evil judgment, as it were, to aggravate the lot, and baffle the relief of death, and which, surpassing the lightning's desolating blast, when withering of its vigour and its beauty, some form of inanimate creation, smites even in the soul's temple, the highest gifts of the Creator,—bringing a dissolution which yet lives, a mortality which does not kill, but is of mental ruin.

After the perils, however, of attempted escape, they had now, and in the condition we have described, returned with far worse fortune, than mere unsuccess, to the vicinage of the Manor.

It was in the caves of that sequestered rock, called in Irish, the "Dun," and the position and the proximity of which, to the valley of the Manor, our readers recollect, that the once fanciful maniac, and the revenge-desiring Dunne, had unsuspectedly found a refuge. Thither, conducting in the gloom his now wholly listless companion, the outlaw again repaired.

It was midnight, when they reached the cave's mouth. A few beams of weak moonlight fell on the isolated rock, and with soft shadow, as though in gentle sleep, rested on the large fragments of stone lying at the base of the Dun, and over which, the outlaw carrying "Poor Mary," had just warily stepped. He stooped to enter, and expressing his purpose to her, bent down, by his hands, her figure with him. She, however, seemed now wholly unconscious of the once familiar place. New difficulties arose to the outlaw,—he painfully pondered with himself, on what he had better do,—but he at once rejected the suggestion, which first occurred to his mind, of seeking shelter in his brother's house. The dread that he would bring ruin on him also, as he had on his poor devoted Mary, was sufficient of itself to now prevent him. He acutely felt at the moment,—even though unconscious of the late calamities of his family,—that, he had already brought disgrace and desolation, far, far beyond his power to retrieve, on all connected with him. An insuperable disinclination, too, of revealing his strange and mysterious intimacy, with the ruined and long devoted creature of his love, even still possessed him. He would rather that they perished together,—their

names forgotten, and the tie of their affections for ever unknown, than once expose to passing censure, or idle inconsiderate remark, the character or memory of her, who was ever the only charm of his wild, savage existence,—and with whom was interwoven the affections of his nature, and his every sentiment of unearthly purity.

Again, and again, however, he pondered with himself, to what resort for safety to her, he could have recourse. But his musings were all useless, they had now, no other retreat,—no refuge, at least, that he would seek,—but again, as before, the solitudes of the caves. He then debated with himself, by what possible mode, he could induce her to enter.

Placing her person in a kneeling posture, near the cave's mouth, and frequently pointing to it, he laid himself flatly on his breast and limbs, and entered the cavern's first approach. It was a descending entrance, for about twenty feet; and formed by a narrow cleft, shaped out in the solid rock. A roomy vaulted chamber terminated this declivitous passage. With much difficulty, owing to the winter's fallen leaves having been blown in large quantity into the passage, he attained this space,—the first among

the Dun's numerous caves. Turning round, however, and looking up the descended way, he espied the faint moonlight, and therefrom concluded, that "Poor Mary" had not, as yet, at all followed him. Assuming again, a serpent-like posture and movement, he, as one long accustomed, wound up the ascent, clearing it of its obstructing leaves as he advanced, until he reached its open above. Then stretching forth his arms, while his limbs and the lower portion of his body were in the cleft, he placed in a recumbent position the form of the poor idiot; and satisfying himself that her arms lay alongside her person, he, with his own directly above his head, drew her gently downwards to him. She uttered a few weak and piteous cries, like one oppressed in a heavy dream, or vaguely conscious of some dim, but fearful horrors; and at first, somewhat weakly resisted, as she felt that she descended. But he still quietly slided retrogressively downwards; and so, she was in safety borne to the level of the first cave.

Erecting her figure, and yet leading her; he advanced by a winding passage on the left, and passing through a variety of chasms,—some confined, some extensive, but all then devoid of light, as was the clay tenement of "Poor Mary's"

being bereft of intelligence, he arrived in that cave, the most commodious and remote of them all, and which had long supplied him with the shelter of a home. Betaking himself, thereupon, to its most distant corner, wherein, when departing with the hope of escape, he had placed his blunderbuss, he took from its lock the flint, and striking forth some sparks, lit up with them a yet remaining heap of brambles and leaves, once gathered by the then solicitous "Poor Mary;" and similar to which, had often before warmed them of a dreary night, in that refuge from men. The well-dried and light substances blazed up like tinder, and shed a wildly lurid light around their figures in the cave. The place appeared to Dunne, just as on the night he last had left it. There was no unusual presence there, save that, as the blaze sprung up, a slinking fox glided past them, which, as the outlaw justly surmised, had, like himself, taken refuge in the cave from the licensed dogs of life's pursuit.

"Poor Mary," with a somewhat animal instinct, lay down by the fire, and coiled her form around it. Were it not, indeed, for the watchfulness of Dunne, she would have gathered herself into the blaze, and been burned there. But,

he sate him down upon the ground, held her reclining figure to the safe influence of the fire; and, as the heat diffused itself through her wasted frame, Dunne remarked that, once or twice, the poor idiot moved about the muscles of her wretched form, as though, in the sensation of some just felt, but yet, insufficient comfort. He heaped more of the light fuel upon the blaze; and, as her wearied nature experienced the genial influence of the increased heat, she even looked up, and, for a moment, as the outlaw thought, "Poor Mary" again smiled upon him. He bent him down, and kissed her lips with a devotedness of love fervent as ever; and ardently pressing her form to his breast, felt the stirrings of reawakened hope arise within him. Perceiving in her imagined smile, the first encouraging evidences of some return to her former self, the outlaw lit all which yet remained of the dry leaves and brambles; and holding his "Poor Mary" close to the warmth, he again and again gently chafed her cold hands and temples. Soon, and a broad and general light illumined the cave. From its oblong space, and the severe solemnity of its natural character, it seemed, for the time, like the grave and austere aisle of an ancient and low-vaulted chapel, when gorgeously

lit up. Were there but the rude altar, or the cross, the devoted priest, and some few faithful kneeling round, it were a scene to paint from, for the delineation of "Irish penal times." The walls, and some massive and irregular columns, which supported here and there the cavern, and were encrusted with a luxuriant spar, shone in a brilliant, yet a sacredly religious lustre. The roof too, presented from the bright blaze, many of the most beauteous figures of the drooping stalactite. Some were pendant in the forms of a graceful drapery; and some, more frequently in the angles, hung like a rich fringe of frost-work, which, when in snowy winter congealed on the leafless trees, sunshine often lights up into an exquisite delicacy. In past time, and the once fanciful poor maniac, who was now wholly listless of the scene, might have appositely imagined her subterranean dwelling to be the bright and diamond temple of some unearthly region.

The fire's heat, however, had already diffused a sensible glow through the person of "Poor Mary." There lay some tincture, at the least, of a faint bloom upon her cheeks;—she stretched forth her weak limbs, as though in the enjoyment of rest;—her head lay upon Dunne's breast; and

the tranquil stillness of her face, her closed eyes, and her slightly parted lips, evidenced the presence and composure of genial sleep. Even in her vacancy, the lineaments of beauty still remained to "Poor Mary." The outlaw, with a solicitude fond as that of the tenderest mother, when watching over the desired slumbers of her feared-for and delicate babe,—intently regarded the still delicate features of the reposing idiot. The hope of some improvement in her, had more than arisen within him;—and in great degree, indeed, assured of her restoration, he marked, with momentarily increasing solace, her gentle breathing and undisturbed repose.

Long time, however, did not elapse, until the fire gradually sunk into its dying embers; and Dunne, anxious to continue what, apparently to him, had produced improvement in "Poor Mary," placed her form, yet locked in sleep, close by the heat; and then going to the outer cave, brought in some few brambles, and a large supply of those dry, withered leaves, which had obstructed his late entry. On his return, "Poor Mary" remained still in an unbroken rest; and he then determined to venture forth into the night, to gather up some more brambles,—and, if he saw it were at all secure, to also seek again

the cottage of his brother, in quest of some sustenance, the better portion of which he could reserve from his own craving, to give "Poor Mary."

Intently he listened at the cave's mouth, before he again, even in the dim light, committed himself abroad. The hopes he entertained, that "Poor Mary" might yet become restored, made him more guarded than he otherwise would be of his security. Became she again herself, as of the past time,—and even that ruined man would have still some attachment to life. Intently, he listened; but the night's silence was unbroken.

Stealthily he then moved across the stones by the Dun's base; and continuing, so long as possible, under the cover of the hill's brushwood, bent his steps in the direction of the old churchyard;—a path through which, was the shortest way to his brother's cabin.

As he approached the burial-ground, the soft, feathery, swoop through the air of an owl, descending in prey on some vermin of the field, startled him. The habitually bold—nay, desperate—man, turned round in the fear of some one advancing on him;—when, on the instant, the bird wheeling again,—with its whitish plumage, and extended form,—glided past his vision

in the twilight, like to some embodied spirit from the graveyard. Dunne trembled: any human dread he entertained, quitted him; but the imagined ghostly presence of his dead father, came at once upon his mind;—his knees shook, and a cold sweat stood out upon his body, limbs, and face. His affected imagination pictured the mousing bird of night to be the unquiet shade of his poor parent, who, in sorrowful anger, would not communicate with him,—yet, as he thought, had still fondly and lingeringly hovered, while it passed by him. Preternaturally awed, the now remorseful son,—partly in affection, but yet more subdued by a holy fear,—fell down upon his knees, and twice weakly cried out, "Father! father!" The circling bird again returned in approach towards him; and a second time Dunne essayed to speak, but tremblingly faltered, and was dumb. It was not until the owl's mournful cry, three times repeated, became familiar to his ear, that the illusive awe quitted his apprehension; and arising with a still beating heart, he somewhat recovered himself, and wiped away the damp sweat which streamed down his haggard visage.

Walking on, he entered the church-yard. Allayed in his mysterious dread of the imagined

phantom, and ashamed of himself, by the discovery of such an insufficient cause for suggesting fear, he advanced to the grave of his father, and stood above it. Dunne knew not at the time, that by the same raised mound of death, which marked the presence of his parent's crumbled bones and ashes, also lay those which covered the mortal remains of his brother and sister. But the remembrances of past times awoke within him;—the images of his kindred, both they who lived, and they who, unknowingly to him, were dead,—his poor quiet father, his brothers, and his sisters,—the native cabin of them all, too;—and, for a moment, the affections of his youth came back on him in tears. It was but a soft, dreamy minute, though. The sense of his own desolateness soon arose, and swept athwart his soul. Like that chilling wofulness, which we oft hear despairingly breathe through the voices of the night winds, as though it were the melancholy wailing of some ruined spirit, fated, for atonement, to an eternity of dreariness, —even so, did the memory of all his past recur to him, and with its presence, bring his misery. He felt oppressed throughout his nature, as with the hell of an irremediable destiny. It was a pangful visitation, surpassing all our ordinary

conceptions of suffering, and came upon him in truth, as might awakened consciousness rush back upon the Evil One. He soon sunk, however, into an absorbed, yet vague meditativeness, until he momentarily became, yet more and more oblivious of his present self. It was the deep groan of his depressed, yet struggling being, which first startled and recalled him from his forgetfulness. The purpose of the visit to his brother's cabin returned to him, and the consciousness, that he had, for an instant, forgotten his "Poor Mary," smote him with pain.

Abruptly, he started onwards; but scarcely had he moved a pace, when some figure in the darksome twilight, and at no far distance before him, became dimly perceptible. He checked his steps,—and stared on it. It stood motionless, and was so foldingly veiled, too, in the sombre drapery around, that any might conclude it was some gloomily shrouded, and lifeless form, arisen from the grave;—or perchance but the shadowy and impalpable creation of the night itself. The outlaw, indeed, deeming it to be some inanimate thing, or such illusion, on his senses, as before, and labouring to fully undeceive himself, of any lingering fears of apparition, yet the more intently gazed. But the outlines

of the object now struck him, more markedly, as of the human figure. He even thought he could descry its lightsome eyes, peering with a straining acuteness on him. He hesitated, whether to proceed, or to retire. Softly the shadowed figure glided from his direct path. He followed it with his gaze. It again stood, by the tall headstone, above some grave, and, from its position was almost totally concealed. Straight, in the direction towards it, the outlaw summoning up the natural boldness of his character, resolutely advanced. He had proceeded but few paces, however, when the doubted existence hurriedly ran forwards to meet him, and in accents, as of pleased surprise, familiarly accosted him by name. Dunne, thrown off his guard, shrunk back in strong aversion,—but, the little tailor, (for it was he) apparently heeded not his manner,—heartily shook him by the hands, and congratulated himself in discovering a friend, where he had dreaded a foe.

"There's a price upon my life, Dunne," he whisperingly said, "and, at first, I mistook you for some spying plotter, anxious for the bloody earning."

The outlaw merely answered in some indifferent remark, and stood a moment, regarding in

amaze the adroit cunning of the wily little villain. The conception, to gripe him by the neck, and there strangle him on the instant, rose strong in his breast. He turned round, with the object of examining, might any of the tailor's accomplices in mischief be at hand. He espied and listened, but no such sight or sound met his eye or ear.

"You need not fear, Dunne, we're safe here, I think," remarked, in an almost engaging confidence of tone, the designing traitor.

Upon these words the outlaw wheeled about again, and, as though still in some doubt of the little tailor's character, darted through the shady darkness an inquisitive and deep-reading glance into his countenance. It looked sincere, nay, even faithful!—no eye could catch the faintest trace of deceit upon it. Dunne had never before seen his eager and crabbed features so open, so honest in expression. Conviction of treachery even momentarily unloosed its hold upon the outlaw's mind. He doubted. The little tailor, as if conscious of the relaxing change working within, and anxious to improve his position, placed his hand upon Dunne's arm, and, looking more kindly than ever in his face, inquired—"And where do you resort now, or where were you this long time back, my friend?"

Notwithstanding the speaker's wiliness, and the well-feigned regard, too, which his countenance and manner of expression conveyed, it was yet an ill-chosen and ill-timed question. The remembrance of the tailor's continuous anxiety, during their former connexion, to discover Dunne's haunt, recurred, with renewed force, to the mind of the latter, and his sinking suspicions were reawakened on the instant.

"If I could have found you out of late, we might often and often have despatched Cash for you, and, if you liked it, Cantall too," continued the tailor.

"Could you?" enquired, with the show of eager vehemence, the outlaw,—while, at the same minute, a scheme, to test the suspected traitor's guilt or innocence, and, without fear of discovery, to destroy him, if false, ran rapidly through his mind; "could you—can you, now, if I trust my hiding place to you," he continued, earnestly grasping him by the hand.

"I can, and will, or perish in the attempt, Dunne," replied, with the perfection of simulated energy, the prepense, and now hope-excited, traitor.

They still strainingly held one another by the hand, and intently looked, each upon each,

in mutually deceitful lie, of what shook with perturbation the plotting souls of both.

"I'll bring him to the gallows from the lowest den of earth, and pocket his blood-money too," was the imagination which, with a swiftly coursing joy, swept the impish cunning, and intently fiendish desires, of the little tailor.

"Come on, and follow me, then," said the outlaw, as they severally quitted their respectively deceptious grasp.

"The spy thinks he has me caught at last," he silently meditated with himself; "but I'll spatter his brains out on the cave's walls, and leave his carcase for the foxes and the rats to live on, if he be the villain I suspect."

"They proceeded straight in the direction of the Dun, and, for awhile, both sunk absorbed in the schemes which, like mouldering fires, preyed on the brain and breast of each.

"Where's Fireball now?" were the words with which Dunne broke their rapt silence.

"You'll see him on to-morrow night," replied the tailor.

"And Homethrust, where is he?"

The masked traitor shot a furtive and suspicious glance towards the outlaw.

"You'll see *him*, then, also," he answered;

"but it's more than probable you saw Homethrust lately,—did you, Dunne?" continued the tailor.

"No," was the short emphatic reply of the outlaw.

"I'm glad of it, then, because I always suspected Homethrust might turn out informer on us,—and, between ourselves, I'd feel safer, if he could tell no tales," remarked the tailor, as he stopped Dunne's progress, and looked up at him in reading of his thoughts.

"I often feared the same, myself," carelessly observed the outlaw; "and only, that he were a comrade of your's, I may tell you now, I'd have confided the secret of my hiding-place to you long ago."

"It is not too late, yet, Dunne, for we never wanted a refuge more, than we may on to-morrow night; and if we succeed in killing Cash, you know, we must lie by a good while after that," said the tailor.

The conversation dropped, and silently they proceeded on,—the tailor intent on his scheme of betrayal, while Dunne was now surmising with himself, that Homethrust had failed in his attempt at escape, but yet, had not revealed to the little tailor the fact of his having seen him.

More than once, indeed, before the present period, Dunne had truly conjectured, that that Rockite had been at first impelled into crime, by some circumstance of wrong, of which the wily corrupter, as in his case, had availed himself;—and he resolved within his own mind, to make henceforward, *if* at all possible, common cause with him.

They reached the cave's mouth, and Dunne, pausing awhile, listened. "Surely, it isn't in the caves, that are said to be under here, you lived, Dunne," remarked the little tailor.

"That is the chief door of my dwelling," answered the outlaw, as he pointed downwards to the entrance.

"And is there much room below? or, could not any who might see you going in, follow, discover, and seize on you?" inquired the anxiously inquisitive traitor.

"Not all the Peelers in Ireland," heedlessly returned Dunne; who now, indeed, began to dread, that the little tailor would not commit himself to the solitude of the cave, or that at least, no other possible inducement, but the fear of still wanting the power to betray with a certainty, could at all prevail on him to enter. "I never gave grounds for suspicion, sure enough,"

he continued, "by coming out, or going in, oftener than necessary; but, as regards discovery,—once I get beyond the first cave, I didn't care if a hundred stood sentries outside, and a hundred more came in, for, I could either remain safe, or escape unknown to any of them, —unless, indeed, they found out one, little, secret winding on me."

"This is the very kind of a hiding-place we want now then," remarked the little tailor.

Dunne remained silent; as judging, that did he manifest any more anxiety on the matter, he would be but affording cause for suspicion of his own motives. The little tailor, in truth, entertained much dread, and were it not, that the interests of well-paid treachery counterbalanced in him the natural fears, he would not have committed himself, even as he had already done, to one he so much distrusted. He now knew Dunne's haunt, it was true, and so might discover so far of him; but, then, unless he could secure him for the vengeance of the law, his reward, he reasoned, would be but very little. Reliance, moreover, on his own powers of deception, had induced him to presume, that, in the present instance, as generally, he had overreached the outlaw. He miscalculated, however,

for this once in his life, at least. Dunne had already concluded with himself, that his own only hope of safety depended on the tailor's ruin. Whether he again attempted to fly the Manor, or lived on in his cave with "Poor Mary," as of wont, of whose recovery, too, he now had some hopes, it was equally necessary to him to destroy the other. A strong hate of the wretch's practices of treachery, and a fierce vindictiveness in regard of the prepense villainy with which he had entrapped him into the Rockite system, additionally strengthened his resolve. He saw, that the oft-promised vengeance on Cash had been used, but as a lure to lead him into ruin. During his silence accordingly, he was pondering in his mind whether he should murder him on the spot, or make farther efforts to induce him to enter the cave. Did he attempt violence there, some prevention from others might possibly, though not probably, arise. But, independently of such consideration, he was also anxious to discover that worn bit of paper, which the little tailor had formerly produced before the magistrate, as if a testimony of character; but which, Dunne suspected was some authority, as spy and informer: could he then but seduce him down into the cave, very

likely he would find it concealed about his person. He chose another trial at any rate of the latter course, and under the belief that, by not betraying desire, on the subject of the tailor's entering the cave, he would be the more likely to succeed, the outlaw took him by the hand, and assuming in tone of voice and manner, all the careless frankness which he could, said, "Well, farewell then, my comrade, I must go in, now; but, if you ever want a refuge, where none but myself could discover you, you have only to come down here to me, and I'll warrant you, the Peelers, nor your bitterest foes above, won't find you out."

The tailor hesitated awhile, and the outlaw, in supposition that his own craft had failed, was well-nigh in the act of casting aside his feigned friendship, and clutching him by the throat. The wily traitor, however, like most cunning imps, was too self-sufficient of his own ability; and while meditating schemes, for surely overreaching Dunne, conceived not at all adequately the designs of the other. After some musing, he resolved to dare all, and expressed his wish of descending with the outlaw then, and seeing his hiding retreat.

On the instant, Dunne lying flat, prepared to

enter the passage to the caves. The moment afforded a tempting opportunity to the little tailor. He had a pistol by his breast, and the thought of shooting Dunne through the back, in his present defenceless posture, seized him. He laid his hold upon the pistol's stock, and drew it somewhat forth, but the trunk of the outlaw's person, had already escaped his view, there was much risk of failure in the attempt, and besides, the strong craving hope, that he would secure much more reward, if he brought his victim to the gallows, awoke afresh within him. The instant of fortune had passed him by. Agitated by fear, but yet impelled by the love of treachery and gain, he commenced to follow Dunne. The latter reached the first roomy vault below, and listening, his heart throbbed with triumph, as he heard the movement of the little tailor, gliding down after him.

"I have the villain caught in his own schemes at last," he muttered to himself.

Dunne led him through the various windings, until they reached the cave, in which he had left "Poor Mary." Of some yet remaining twigs, the outlaw lit up a fresh fire, but, first groping about in the darkness, for the idiot, discovered that she had withdrawn herself, from the extinct

embers, and was sitting, as though in stupor, in the nearest corner of the cave. He then placed himself between her figure and the little tailor, —and both stood on opposite sides of the brambles, apparently in deep thought, but the rather, in truth, awaiting with anxiety the rising of the blaze. It now partially burned into encreasing light, and the cunning spy peered in every direction around the cave.

"But, I see no passage out of this, through which we could escape, Dunne," he said.

The outlaw was silent, but, raising his eyes, and fixing them steadily upon the suspected traitor, advanced towards him. The little tailor cowered beneath his fierce, penetrating gaze, and, as though in anticipation of some instant and horrid fate, receding totteringly, he sent forth a tremulous, but piercing shriek. Dunne, however, on the minute, had seized him by the throat, and bore him in a relentless grasp, back towards the fire.

"There's no passage out of this yet, for you, sure enough," said Dunne. "But, if you show me that paper, which you once produced before the magistrate,—and *if* it proves you not a spy and a traitor,—I'll let you go."

He drew him down upon his knees, as he took

the same posture himself, and still held him by the throat. The well-nigh strangled wretch in vain endeavoured to articulate mercy.

"I'll give you life; but on the terms I mentioned," said Dunne.

As he thus spoke, he relaxed the tight pressure on the little tailor's neck; and the partially relieved sufferer caught his breathing convulsively, but as yet could not speak. Dunne still retained his slackened hold, and again repeated the condition on which he would grant mercy. The little tailor seemed, by his signs, to assent; and putting his hand into his breast-clothes, quickly drew it forth again. Scarcely less rapid was the perception of Dunne, than was the action of the little tailor. He tightened, with desperation, the gripe of his victim's neck, and writhed back his own body, in avoidance;—but, as he did so, the bullet from the discharged pistol of the tailor slightly tore across his side-breast,—and, with the loud report, came forth, too, one sudden, shrill, and piercing cry from the poor idiot. It was an intensely horrid moment: the pistol ball had passed through "Poor Mary's" heart; and in the last fearful energies of abruptly severed life, she came, with the death-scream on her voice,—involuntarily thrown forth, as in a

bound,—to the outlaw's side. Intelligence quitted him for an instant; but on its yet more dreadful return, he flung, with a demon's force, the traitor from his convulsed gripe; and while he laughed with a wild, hellish laugh, he saw his clashed skull shatter against the cave's wall. He was a fiend,—the picture of a very devil, in his rage; but, as he turned,—even with infernal malice yet writ upon his face,—and in the fire-gleam saw the lifeless features of "Poor Mary," he was smitten of his furious passion, as is the witheringly blasted grass, of pride and life, and sunk down groaning by her form.

## CHAPTER XL.

"An hour ago methought
My state beyond despair; and now, 'tis such
The past seems paradise."—*Byron.*

"For all was lost,—all, save the power to die
The wild indignant death of savage liberty."

THE remainder of that night, and the succeeding day, were passed by the wretched outlaw, in intervals of the most acute misery, or of utter torpor. He was now bereft of every sustaining solace; sunken beyond all wish, almost all power, to retrieve himself. His lot, in truth, partook of the very worst misfortunes of our mortal or immortal nature. Without any stay to life, or any hope in death, his earthly existence was a curse to him, and its change to another state anticipated, but as a more dreaded and violent damnation. If he was not the incarnation of absolute desolateness, its embodiment has borne not the shape of living man. Agonized by the worst mental pains of the

present and the past, or fatigued by the oppressive and overwhelming weight of woe, now, he incoherently raved, and rolled his form about the cave,—now, tremblingly felt, as though the strings of his heart would break, and existence cease,—or, now lay stupified, and senseless as a log.

Dunne at length arose, and lighting up some few leaves and brambles, long gazed on the features of "poor Mary." In death, they bore the impress of her former and beloved spirit, —far more, than at any time, she had ever seemed, since becoming idiot. As though it were, that in the sudden violence of her fate, the shock had momentarily reawaked her to her former self, and she had so died, with the genius of her soul writ upon her face, the spiritual devotedness of the enthusiast poor maniac, was shadowed forth, like the eloquent stillness of a picture's beauty, in the sweet tender expression of her then lifeless countenance. Again, and again, the outlaw kissed her clay-cold lips, and cheeks, and forehead; and withdrawing from their damp dead touch, intently gazed on her. Again, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and fell on her insensate features.

But, on the return of his tender grief, soon also came the sullen savageness of his dark revenge. His own intended betrayer, and her destroyer lay lifeless before him. The ruined outlaw did not feel with Zanga,—

"And art thou dead? So is my enmity."

Rudely he turned with his foot, from where it lay stiffened in its blood, the corpse of the little tailor. In its dead grasp, it still tightly held the discharged pistol. Unmoved, Dunne looked on its mutilated features, and shattered skull. The brains of the once plotting wretch, bespattered the cavern's wall. There was horrid evidence of deeply suffered pain in every undestroyed lineament of his face. The eye-balls protruded from their sockets, the teeth were violently clenched, the lips, dragged wide asunder, shewed the bared gums, and the muscles about the mouth, and up the cheeks, were strainingly torn and distorted. He had perished in agony; and for a minute, the thought agitated, with malignant pleasure, the vengeful savageness of Dunne.

Soon, however, and he began to search his person, for the before demanded paper. He examined the pockets of his clothes, but could not find any "worn bit" of writing at all similar

to that he remembered to have seen before. He discovered some money, indeed, and paper scraps of written character, but they were impatiently thrown aside, while he continued in anxious quest of what he now most desired. He then pressed between his hands, every part of his waistcoat, in the expectation that he might feel what he sought, concealed in its back, or between its fronts and lining. He did the same with the coat, and at length met, in the left side, something sensible to the touch, like strong paper. He discovered a small pocket hole, and at once drew forth through it the contents of the inside. It was a folded paper; and opening it, he recognized a similarity to that he sought. It was the same, indeed. The written original, as it appeared, had been much worn, and in order to at all preserve it, had been pasted on some coarse and strong paper. Some of the written characters were wholly defaced, the remainder worn and faded, and, with much difficulty, Dunne at length read, or rather spelled, the following:

"Sirs, and Brothers,

"I certify that Brother Samuel Clarke is a regular Orangeman, and has conducted himself regularly and well amongst us; and he being

attacked, when in procession on the 12th of July, by a rebel's party, got both his legs broke. We hope that you will consider him a brother in need.

Given under our hand, John G Dep. Master.
Richard J Sec.

I certify the above
Henry G. J. G Sec.
Co. Monaghan."

Here followed a number of names and subscriptions, but they were all well-nigh effaced; and Dunne, who now expected to find among them the names of Messrs. Cash and Cantall, long acutely searched, but in vain, for such proof of their connexion with the traitor. At length, he threw down the paper, and, confounded with surprise, stared on the disfigured countenance of the little tailor. The suspicion that he had been an Orangeman, never before even crossed his mind. He had conjectured him to be a spy, an informer—it was true,—but then he had also judged, that he was a betrayer purposely selected from the peasants' own caste, and creed. Even yet he was unconvinced; and the idea that the wretch would not have dared to commit himself into the company of the Rockites, with such testimony of his detested brotherhood, on

his person, strongly possessed him. He supposed, in fine, that he had but, somehow or other, procured the Orange certificate, as a passport to the favour of the Magistracy, when brought before them, or a release from the Peelers, when arrested by them.

In such surmise, however, Dunne was very much mistaken. The victim to his own treachery, that now lay dead before him, had been, indeed, as was vouched by his trusty brothers of the order, "a regular Orangeman." He had been also, in earlier life, as was conveyed in the same document, one of those ruffian loyalists, who, side by side with brothers of rank and station, violated, in due form, all the principles of order; and dignified their licentious orgies of riot, insult, and blood, under the assumption of celebrating zeal for the Throne and Constitution. That Constitution was, indeed, their glory, and that throne and altar, the objects of their devotion; under the perverted administration of which, they could tread down their fellowmen as slaves, and spill their blood with impunity. But so soon as the benign light of justice at all hallowed the authority of the Crown, and British liberty even partially manifested the true spirit of its genius, on that instant they feared

that the sun of their foul dominion would be wholly quenched of its murky light, and like the malignant spirits of evil, howling through the land, they went, stigmatizing just change as revolution, and proclaiming, with the endeavour to regain their sway, by public alarm, that the fall of their vile vicious rule was fraught with England's ruin. The little tailor, however, far from being a scion unworthy of the order, had but pursued its general objects, in his own peculiar vocation. He had laboured in a different sphere, indeed, and by modes of action, not the same, 'twas true, as those employed by the higher grades; but then, he was separated from his loving brothers, the grands and deputy grands, as regarded the morality of their common course, rather in degree than principle. From the magnate of the brotherhood, to the lowest wrecker of chapels, and assailant of poor Papists, in "the black North," the common object of all was to keep up the ascendancy of their faction, by craft, and violence, and blood. Some performed their duty behind the throne, and were long greater than the throne itself; others did it at their prayers, and in their surpliced vests; and the little tailor but ran his professional course through the ways of predial strife and blood.

After some while, Dunne next examined, one by one, the other scraps of writing he had found in the traitor's pocket. He discovered a list of the persons likely to visit the Scullogue's house, on that night, and recognized among them the name of his own brother. The hour mentioned was twelve at night, and the outlaw, in the hope of being enabled to, at least, prevent his brother's ruin, sprung from his stooped posture with the intent of at once hurrying away, and putting him upon his guard. Again he had recourse to his long-abandoned blunderbuss, and having rapidly charged its barrel, he left the cave.

With an impetuosity ill adapted to his present state of strength, he agitatedly strode his way. He arrived at his brother's cabin. It was desolate: its door lay wide open, its floor was bare of furniture, there was no fire upon the hearth, and no human presence visible. Dunne knew not of his brother's or sister's decease. He wondered at the cabin's solitude, and its utter contrast from what he before had witnessed. On the occasion of his late visit, and as he furtively peeped through the little window, its comfort, and the calm-looking content and industry of its inmates, jarred painfully

with his wretched state; but now, and it was a reality of desolateness, as drear as his own ruined self. The perception, too, that this unhappy change had come of fresh persecution was instant to his mind. That unspeakable bitterness of heart, which afflicts the oppressed, recurred with fresh force to him, and despite his struggle to suppress emotion, he grew strong in the energy of his rage, and the fiery and vindictive hate of the persecutor of his race, agitated his nature, as vigorously as ever. He left the threshold, with the intention of hastening to the Scullogue's house, and, if he could not forewarn his brother, of then instantly seeking out Cash for vengeance on him. Scarcely had he moved, when some deeply heaved sobs caught his ear. He turned in the direction whence they came, and perceived his sister at some distance, seated on the earth, lamenting aloud. He approached her; and recognizing him, she screamed. It was a miserable meeting, and with much difficulty could he collect from her incoherent speech, anything relating to his brother, or their common misfortunes. He comprehended enough, however, to inform him how matters stood. It was the customary evil, —persecution, oppression,—the landlord's or

agent's oppression. Mr. Cash had demanded possession of their cabin and its garden, and because they would not instantly yield him up their only spot on earth, he had twice distrained their little effects for rent, due by the immediate tenant. The pig, and their other substantial means, were taken the first day,—from that time she had not seen her brother, and the remainder had been canted in the village on that very afternoon. This disclosure was sufficient for the outlaw. He was mindful how oppression had first driven himself to crime; and he could not wonder, if from the greater wrong committed on his long-struggling and industrious brother, the despair of justice, and the desire of revenge, had at length arisen within him also. Intimating to his disconsolate sister, that he went in search of their brother, he rapidly fled, like a vision, from her sight.

He had not reached, however, more than half way to the Scullogue's house, when the continued report of discharged fire-arms resounded on the night. A maniac desperateness seized the outlaw. Grasping his blunderbuss, with a more resolved fury and force, he rushed on to mingle in the strife, and part with his existence as dearly as could be. The volley of

discharged arms had, in the meantime, abated to some intermitting shots, and the outlaw, listening, heard the quick tramp of horses approaching on the road. The moon was up, and he stood, undisguised to the horsemen's view,—for a fearless, a reckless desperation possessed his soul. He perceived, that they, who now advanced, were, Cash, the co-inspector of Police, and some attendant horse-constabulary. Instantaneously, and in the madness of his rage, he ran to prevent their passing. Quickly, and he reached a convenient position. Placing his blunderbuss to his shoulder, he covered Cash: —but the police, with a more collected presence of mind, first fired, and one shot from their carbines, slightly wounded him. Twice the outlaw pulled his trigger, the powder and the pan of his blunderbuss were damp,—and twice, in the very crisis of his danger, and of his vengeance, he missed fire. Again he tried, and again was unsuccessful. He was trivially wounded a second time. His enemies closed on him. Like a tiger, rendered furious in his savageness from disappointment and despair, he plunged into the midst of them. The horse-police now hewed at him with their swords, but heedless of their gashes, he held the barrel of his blunder-

buss, and dealt with its stock desperate blows around. Cash, and the Inspector too, had already discharged their pistols, but to no effect. Dunne was momentarily gaining the advantage. One peasant, comparatively weaponless, was well nigh beating seven disciplined and armed men. The blood streamed from his wounds, but intense rage supplied him with vigour, and he would spill his heart's last drop to make a victim of Cash. He rushed on him. The raised blow was descending in death upon the tyrant;—but Cash's horse opportunely plunged aside, and the fury of the assailant spent itself on the air. Dunne fell to the earth from the impulse of his own force. As he rose again, he was borne down, and trampled on by the cavalry horses; and then, seized by three policemen, who dismounted, he was bound in handcuffs, and dragged on a prisoner.

The career of this desperate and wretched man had now well-nigh closed. He had run a course of crime, of woe, and misery, and had ever failed, even in the vengeance, to which he had devoted his life. Heaven seemed to favour not his instrumentality in good, any more than evil. The attempt to save his brother from ruin, was attended with no better success, than

his own attempt to escape with "Poor Mary," from his merited fate. She, too, as every other connexion of his life, had been the victim of his guilt.

But though, in revenge, the desperado had been unsuccessful, the little tailor's plot of iniquity had survived himself. Many, very many beguiled peasants had attended at the Scullogue's on the appointed hour. It was well known they were unarmed, but yet they were murderously fired on by the police, and among the first who fell in the brutal slaughter, was Dunne's misled brother. Fireball, Homethrust, and some others, were taken prisoners; Dunne was soon added to their group, and on the next morning all were conducted by a strong police force to the County Gaol.

* * * * *

The magisterial, and other local authorities, were all highly gratified with the result of the humane enterprise at the Scullogue's house. The report of many "Padreens" being killed, and wounded, and the certainty of half-a-dozen being arrested, were too rich a treat, not to be smirkingly discoursed of by all such loyal and philanthropic men. Each and every brotherchip, zealously shook hands with Cash, and the

Inspector of Police;—praised them for the prompt, and effective manner, in which they had discharged their duty, and so, preserved the peace of the country. It was true that but the magisterial executioners themselves, and a few trusty tools of their's among the police, were acquainted with the fact, of the Rockite peasants being unarmed;—old pistols, however, and a rusty musquet, or so, which had been opportunely thrown upon the battle ground, and as opportunely found again by some recollective officers of the law, helped to make the official rumour, of an immense armed body, very generally believed. But, whether armed, or not, "there was nothing" in the estimation of very numerous loyalists in the Commission of the Peace, "like making an example" of such ruffians. "Without doubt moreover," as they all earnestly averred, "the Inspector ought to be rewarded by Government, for his services, and made a stipendiary magistrate at least, if 'twere only for this one act."

The non-appearance of the little tailor, however, very much annoyed and disappointed this latter gentleman, Mr. Cash, and some other confidants. In his professional procedures of corrupting and betraying, our trader, in the ruin

of others, had never, on any occasion, let it appear to the authorities, that he had any associate, or co-equal with himself, in the knowledge to convict. When the proper moment arrived, indeed, he had always some ready genius in prevarication and perjury for the witness table, or other scene of action. He had thus everywhere kept the game all in his own hands, and while first fiddle with the Rockites, and at the same time, considered by the authorities, as all essential for the procuring of a good prosecution, the entire hopes of attaining justice, or rather, of the making out of "a case," depended on him. It was so now with respect to the present occurrence. Very many had escaped from the butchery at the Scullogue's, and it was necessary, for the magisterial contrivers, to procure some one, who could not only inform respecting those whom they had not secured, but who could also unfold for judge and jury, a well contrived tale about the whole transaction. Day after day, they anxiously awaited the little tailor; but, on his not appearing, they essayed to discover, among those imprisoned, some accomplice that would answer their turn, as a *fit* King's evidence. After the little tailor, and for this especial urgency, they could not pos-

sibly discover a more suitable instrument, for treachery and fraud, than Fireball. For pardon and reward, he was villain sufficient to swear away, even innocence and life, to any desired extent.

The Assizes arrived, and he, accordingly, was prepared to figure in his new vocation. Homethrust, and the others arrested at the Scullogue's, were the first placed at the bar. They were indicted under the Whiteboy act.

Fireball shewed himself cross-examination proof;—a few imperfect alibis were attempted for the defence, and, being ill sustained, but helped out a conviction. They were sentenced to transportation for life, and few were there in the court, that attended to the trial, who did not aver they richly deserved the punishment awarded. Thus, were these wretched men, from being seduced by a hireling betrayer, into one false step, banished from their homes and their families for ever! Homethrust, in truth, was the only individual among them, who, from the criminality of his career, merited his fate. No doubt, the judge, who presided, dilated at length, in his charge to the jury, on what little degree of credit, was to be placed in the testimony of an accomplice such as Fireball; but whether

it was that the latter, who were of "the real right sort," surmised that his Lordship was only spinning a judicial yarn,—balancing awhile, and putting a shew of impartiality on the sentence; or whether, they had made up their minds for fully proved guilt at any rate, their verdict,—and that given so quickly, that they left not the box,—proved they had minded but very little his distinctions respecting the quality and degrees of evidence. There was, in truth, many a bad and erroneous principle working in the jury's mind, against acquittal. Some of the most scrupulous of that tribunal, which is Englishmen's honest pride, got over any qualms of conscience, which might trouble them on the matter, by again and again asserting that, "if the blackguards didn't commit what was then laid to their charge, they at least deserved hanging, or worse, for something else of the kind."

The arraigned were accordingly found guilty, and the judge then gravely averred, that "from the character of the calendar, and the reports he had received from his brother Magistrates in the Commission of the Peace, of the distracted state of the country, he could not, in duty, give them the slightest hopes of mercy."

The news of their conviction reached the

crowd outside, and the wailings of relatives and friends now filled the street. Then, too, rushed back upon the imaginations of the multitude, the oft-repeated, the painful and vivid warnings of their great Bishop.

The old women crossed themselves, many an old man muttered forth his prayers, and there were vigorous young fellows in plenty, whose hearts shuddered within them.

It was while his Lordship was concluding sentence, and the silence and attention of the court hung upon his last words, that the grave order of the scene was suddenly broken, by the wild and heart-rending shrieks of one poor woman. She had,—during a moment of inattention on the part of the policeman stationed in the passage to the witness-table,—silently passed on to the dock, and seemed as though not yet fully aware that she would behold her husband at its bar. But when the features of Homethrust met her eye, she sent forth one acute scream, and, seizing his hand, madly clung to it. The police hastened to sever her hold from him; and the poor woman, in an insane paroxysm of grief, rebuked, implored, and shrieked, by turns. That self-possession,—which the ordeal of his trial, or his sentence, did not sensibly disturb in

the prisoner,—was now wholly gone; and the wretched man, pale, and weak, and struggling with emotion,—sank down, overpowered, with his head upon his wife's arm.

An immense crowd filled the court:—among those lately come in, was Willy Moore; and as the police bore away the miserable wife,—and the prisoner, raising for a moment his features, followed her with a wretched gaze,—the ex-churchwarden at once recognized in his person the peasant of the Clogheen public-house, named Mahony. The little tailor's villainy recurred afresh to his mind; and, as in some trepidation for himself, he now quitted the court, Willy justly surmised, that the present prisoner was but an ordinary instance, among the many, whom the little tailor had first corrupted and implicated in crime,—next used as an auxiliary and tool in the spread of wickedness,—and then finally betrayed to ruin.

## CHAPTER XLI.

"How complicate, how wonderful is man!
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!———" *Young.*

On the subsequent day, Dunne was arraigned for trial, and the Court-house was thronged to excess by anxious crowds. The Police, not carrying small painted batons, as, when engaged on such occasions, they, under the present more mild system, do; but, armed with drawn bayonets, and looking as fierce and savage as though they were the Turk's Janissaries, violently pressed back the people, with every contumely possible. Did any stranger to our country then gaze upon the scene, and speculate with himself what cause could possibly warrant such violence to the public, in a vaunted British

court of justice, and his first impressions, however the reverse of truth, would naturally be, that some transpired resolve to liberate the felon from the dock, was on the point of being attempted by the assembled crowd. We conjecture, moreover, that if in inquiry for information, he should happen to ask some one who prided himself as being of the ascendancy party, was such really the peasantry's intention, there can be little doubt but the answer would convey all which could be virulently uttered, that was detrimental to the character of the poor people. So true is it that the jealous and vicious feeling, fostered by bad government in its supporters, hesitates at no malignity,—that it is not merely cruel, imperious, and rapacious, in all relations of authority,—but also vigilant of every, even the meanest, opportunity, to slander and debase those whom it oppresses.

Instead, however, of the Police allaying that slight tumult, which was solely occasioned by a natural desire, on the part of the multitude, to see and listen, and which, after a little time, would have settled into an attentive stillness; the very noise and disorder, produced by the officiousness of their "little brief authority," became highly indecorous. The oft-called

"silence," from the Sheriff, was lost in a continuous din. No sound was distinct, save the repeated clash of some musquet-stocks against the pavement of the Court; and the constitutionality of even an Irish Tory judge upon the bench, offended with such coarse barrack behahaviour in Court, was evidently depicted, in the mantling anger of his flushed features. After some additional confusion in quelling the officially created disorder, a condition somewhat approaching to the silence and gravity proper to a Court of Justice, was at last attained.

During this period, Dunne stood at the bar, apparently regardless of the confused scene about him. The Grand Jurors, Magistrates, and others of that class, seated in the galleries, were criticising, too,—in no charitable or considerate spirit, but with far too much appearance of insult and sneer, to characterize gentlemen,—the deportment and sufferings of the wretched man. For once he raised his eyes in their direction: his naturally fine and boldly-shaped features were pale and wasted. The deeply sunk traces of mental suffering were impressed upon them; but his countenance was now wholly divested of its former fierce and haggard savageness; and they who looked on him with an

self-possession to reply; and the officer of the Court, in his rather official haste, remarked to the bench, that the prisoner did not answer. The Judge leaned forward; and having learned that the accused possessed not the benefit of counsel, then distinctly explained to him the position in which, as regarded the nature of his answer to the query "Guilty, or Not Guilty," he would accordingly stand before the Court. A third time the question was repeated; and Dunne, having recovered his collectedness of mind, fixed on the Bench an uncowering but yet sadly expressive gaze, as he replied in a solemnly emphatic tone:—"I am guilty, my Lord; and may God forgive me."

The enmity with which theretofore many had regarded him, they were disarmed of on the instant; and the expression of his manner and the spirit of his prayer, seemed communicated to the great majority around. Pity for the doomed man arose within the multitude; and some compassion stole, as though with a soft infectiousness, even over numbers of those thronging the galleries, and whose mildest looks had the moment before expressed disfavour, at the least. No similar change, however, could be observed in Cash, or his imme-

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diate *confrères;* but rather reversely moved by perceiving the sympathy the Prisoner had excited, they still more glaringly revealed, through the pained jealousy of their stirred natures, the unmitigated malignity which rankled in their hearts.

The Court then warned the Prisoner against the admission he had made; but again he repeated his former declaration. By direction of the Judge, however, the plea of "Not Guilty" was, notwithstanding his confession, recorded for the Prisoner; and the Jury, empanelled on the preceding trial, was sworn to try the issue. Though intended in a constitutional and good spirit by the Court, the trial was, in truth, but decorous formality, as far as justice was concerned; while it proved a more embarrassing ordeal than immediate sentence to the Prisoner. The witnesses to identity were called; and the first upon the table, and the only one who, before even questioned by the Crown Counsel, with an indecent haste, placed the rod on the devoted Prisoner's head, was that ruthless and emotionless tyrant whose persecuting cruelty first impelled his now ruined victim to crime. The Inspector of Police next followed with his testimony; then came another

and another witness. A verdict of Guilty was returned by the Jury; and, after a long charge from the Judge,—in which the enormity of the crimes of the Peasantry was set forth with an elaborate and circumstantial precision, but in which there was not one word respecting the conduct of some Gentry, save what was complimentary to them;—sentence of death was at length recorded, and Dunne remanded to his cell for execution.

The Assizes had terminated, and the last day of the condemned now approached. All earthly escape had for ever closed on him. During the interval, however, between his civil and mortal death, he perseveringly continued, as for some short period before the former event, to implore the forgiveness of Heaven. The Priest, who, as Chaplain to the gaol, attended him,—and had been the first to remedially awaken his soul from the misery of its guilt, or rather from his stupefaction, respecting its present state and its future eternity of weal or woe,—was incessant in the pious discharge of the duties of his ministry. That Clergyman was, in truth, one of those self-sacrificing men, who, purely Christian-like in spirit, imitate the devotedness of our Saviour,

for the spiritual redemption of their kind. He spared no pains, no labour, in the service of his Master;—divested of solicitude for temporal life, he laboured on for the salvation of sinners, and saw in the prospective vision of a regenerate spirit, the foreshadowing of the soul's bright glories in the "heaven of heavens."

Fortunately—ineffably fortunate for Dunne—the zealous piety of this humble Priest had now fully succeeded. The grace of dependence on the mercy of God, and the fear and trembling which, in the spirit of atonement, agitated his penitential heart, was now bliss to him. That fervent hope of future happiness, which is the trust and lighting star of frail humanity through this world of darkness, he had never felt before; but now, and like a golden flood of light, it illumined his visions of immortality, and shed a radiancy even on the then remaining wreck of his doomed existence. In the damp darkness of the dungeon, —fettered with the felon's chains upon his limbs, without one gleam of temporal relief, and degraded to the lowest depths of ignominy in the repute of his fellow-men,—he first learned to despair not. There, upon the eve of death and of execution, he was borne up above his desolateness by that myste-

rious gift,—which, coming of divine mercy, is greater than all the attributes of earthly power, more solacing than all the sympathies below,—and which, when attained by the lowest and most vile in human estimation, connects its possessor, as it did the thief on the cross, despite all dominions, and all tyrannies, with that Divinity, and that throne, which is above all thrones.

There was yet, however, one anxiety which linked the thoughts of Dunne with the living and the past. Of family relationship he stood well-nigh divested. His ties to parentage, to kindred, and to that being — more dear to him than all beside—and whose devotedness and purity of soul, when she implored his change from crime, and kneeling, pleadingly entreated in the sweet accents of "Poor Mary,"—now oft imaged in her shade, recurred to him in his religious mood of mind, more affectingly beautiful than ever: these ties were all severed. There was for him no parent, no brother, no sister, no solicitous relationship of blood,—no alliance of spirit, or devotion, like the soul-entwining love between himself and Mary. His associations on earth with the intimate beings of his affections had ceased. But there was yet one with

whom, before he quit life, he desired to hold some converse,—one whose advice he had often disregarded, but whom he now respected and revered,—in whose good repute he wished to die; and to whose ministry, in connexion with that of the religious attendant of his cell, he longed to commit his last request. This person was the Curate of his native parish. The entreaty of the prisoner for an interview, reached him by a message from the clergyman of the gaol; and, on the morning of execution, the solicited priest reached the dungeon of the devoted criminal. Deeply affecting to the latter,—indeed, to both,—was the incident of their communing. We are silent of very many things revealed which much surprised the Curate.

It was respecting "Poor Mary," however—some brief history of whom Dunne also then disclosed—that he had most anxiously desired the ministry of the Priest.

By Dunne's explanations, and his account of her, the Curate at length discovered full trace of that pretty and youthful girl, through whose visit and information to him, on the night Dunne lay in wait for Cash, the murder of the latter had been happily averted. The tremblingly anxious creature of that night, and the devoted

"Poor Mary" of our after scenes, were indeed the same. Her early life, as it appeared, was almost as singular as its unhappy close. In infancy, a poor foundling child, she had been sent out for nursing from the Hospital in Dublin. As it occurred, the locality chosen for her was within a parish not very distant from the Manor. She was reared there by an humble peasant woman, until she reached well nigh her fifteenth year. From her earliest childhood she betrayed symptoms of a romantic temperament. She was ever of a sweetly mild and engaging but strikingly fanciful nature. Scarcely did she more than indistinctly prattle, when she loved to deck her hair with the wild flowers of the fields, and listen to the melodious voices of the singing-birds. The poor nurse soon loved her as of her own veins; or, at least, her sportive innocence, amiability, and prettiness, had so engaged her affections, that she could never think without much pain of at all parting with her. "Poor Mary" grew daily into more beauteous promise: she seemed not, indeed, as of the peasant race; and, from the mystery of her birth, and from the marked delicacy of her form and features, the fondly speculating nurse, while she pitied her as a poor child of sin, yet

indulged in the belief that she was the secret offspring of some erring mother, who feared to sacrifice rank and the world's esteem, in acknowledging a child of shame. The imagination, too, that her adopted child would yet,—in some moment of natural remorse on the frail mother's part, or religious superiority to human esteem,—be sought out by her, and raised up from its lowly lot, oft filled the affectionate poor woman with a pleasing hope. "Poor Mary" had thus lived with her peasant mother, unclaimed by any one, until her fifteenth year. She had been brought up a Roman Catholic. The class, too, in which she learned her catechism at chapel, was taught by a talented and somewhat romantic young lady, who, struck with the appearance and disposition of the poor foundling, paid her from the first more than ordinary attention; and, at last, made her in a great measure her own attendant and companion. From this lady, she derived, not only the knowledge of her catechism and other religious instruction, but also whatever immethodical and fanciful acquaintance she possessed, with songs and poetry. "Poor Mary" was then happy as the day was long; and, like a pure spirit, lived in the little world of her own bright

fancies. But when the mania of bigotry and biblicism had fully arrived, and every effort to proselytize or Protestantize the populace was put in requisition, in order to swell the amount of the newly converted, the many poor, and theretofore neglected foundlings, scattered through the country, were called in by the institution, and generally taken by force from the homes they loved as native, and from their maternally beloved nurses, by the crusading parish Parsons.

"Poor Mary" shared the common fate. Grief, confinement, and the pain of persecution, first unsettled her frail and unenduring reason. After two years' misery, and by a desperately perilous attempt, she escaped her house of bondage; but returning, found her nurse was dead, and her young lady patroness married, and living far distant. On discovery of her escape, she was traced in her flight, and very narrowly eluded the search of her pursuers. She then fled into the hills and desert places, but was still hunted by many parochial underlings of the proselyte-forcing minister. It was when thus oppressed with toil, fatigue, and wretchedness, that chance threw her into the way of Dunne, then yet a novicia te in crime,

in daring, and in desperateness. He saved her from the discovery and grasp of her abhorred enemies; and what kind offices he could render in distress, were offered with his prompt and resolute ability. Thence first sprung the devotedness "Poor Mary" ever afterwards cherished to Dunne. She was, indeed, well nigh confounded in her reason at the time; but yet from that moment she loved him with all the rapture and gratitude of a fervent heart;—and when she discovered the insatiate passion of his sinful revenge, she fled him not, as though he were an unworthy monster, but in the self-sacrificing spirit of her nature, she laboured on for his regeneracy, until she utterly lost her senses, in the vain endeavour to retrieve him unto peace or good. It was when influenced by desperate circumstances, to adopt any means sooner than that he should commit murder, that in prevention of his designs on Cash, she had sought out the Curate. Having then endeavoured, by the exertion of greater speed, as she hoped, than the Priest's, to apprise Dunne of his Reverence's coming, which she hoped would induce him to forego his bad resolve; she was disappointed, by the other's more rapid movements, of the opportunity of forewarning him. Providence allowed

not, however, as our readers are aware, any success to the criminal schemes of Dunne. "Poor Mary" was at once his guilt-preventing and his sympathizing spirit. In the dark fury of his passions, in the morbid gloom of his melancholy, she was the angel of good to him. It was the consciousness of this, now made her memory as dear to him as is the hallowed shrine of the saint, to the zealous votary's thought.

About to enter his own mysterious destiny, the purest tribute, as he thought, he could pay her spirit, was to commit it with his own penitent one to the Church's prayers.

"He could not die in peace," as he said, "without ensuring the sacrifice of the Mass for the departed soul of his "Poor Mary."

The tender piety and chastened purity of his sorrow, struck the Priest; and, as our readers may presume, his request was fulfilled with religious fidelity. He had now no other weight upon his mind. Accompanied by the Curate, and the Chaplain of the gaol, he ascended the scaffold, with a firm step and a composed mind. His words to the multitude were few. He confessed his guilt,—warned them, by his example, from indulging in the evil spirit of revenge,—implored them to attend to their religion, and

be patient under misery; and then embracing the Priests, stood meekly prepared for the office of the Executioner.

The noose was fitted to his neck, he was led forward on the scaffold's projecting board,—it was the only bar between him and eternity,—he looked his last upon the world, and his gaze was turned, for that minute, towards his native home. The wild hills he trod an outlaw, and whereon, in twilight and in gloom, "Poor Mary," like an angel spirit, had followed his guilty steps, were seen by him. A chill, a mental weakness, as of the memory of times gone by, recurring like a swimming dream, came over him; but the cap was now drawn down on his eyes:—the hangman was expert; and while Dunne's lips moved in prayer, and the Priests, retiring, implored mercy for his soul, and the multitude gazed in painful awe upon him,—on that instant the drop fell, and precipitated downwards, his frame, upon the rope's fearful check, heaved out in one convulsive throe,—the agony of his nature ceased, and he swung before the populace a lifeless corpse.

## CHAPTER XLII.

"Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."
*De Arte Poetica.*

"But if you venture on an untry'd theme,
And produce *Personæ* yet ill-known to fame,
From their first entrance to the closing scene
Let them one equal character maintain."
*Free Translation.*

THE fate of Dunne made a deep and melancholy impression, for some short time, on the peasantry of the Manor. Their recollections of his poor patient father,—Cash's tyranny to him in his destitute old age,—and the calamities of every member of his family,—all derived from the same source of persecution, palliated very much, in their minds, the outlaw's inordinate perseverance in the pursuit of revenge. From the day he flung the avenging stone, to his last attempt upon the tyrant's life, the strong hate of the populace now sympathized with

him. The race of the grey-headed peasant of the hill, equally with himself, were wholly extinct. Father and children, they had all wretchedly perished; and, in popular esteem, the misfortunes and death of each and every one of them, were attributable to that malignant tyrant, who, like most others of his caste and party in Ireland, made bigotry to the People's Creed his chief rule of faith, and extermination of the poor, his social line of conduct. He, in fact, was never to be purchased by the oppressed from pursuit of the vices of his despotism, but only at the rate of allowing full scope to his lust for extortion. Many ignorant and inflamed peasants, accordingly, confounded in their hatred of this tyrant, that which was the criminality of Dunne's career with the attempted vengeance, which, if attained, they would have sworn was most richly merited. In their opinion, Cash would have deserved death at any period of his cruel or proselytizing procedures, from him whom he had rendered the victim of treachery and ruin.

But, unfortunately, their odium was not merely confined to the local persecutor of their class; with the law, too, which condemned the criminal, they had at least no sympathy,—for,

in truth, they had neither then nor at any other period, recognized in them who administered it, the poor man's friends. The charges of the Judge on the enormity of predial crimes, and the total absence from them of comment on any cruelties of the Proprietors, were heard by them as lectures of one-sided justice; and the verdict of the Jury was ever merely regarded as either the echo of the Bench, or as the extension of legal though unjust countenance to the enemies of the poor. The marked penitence, moreover, which from before his trial to the hour of his death, both by well grounded repute and the testimony of their own senses, had characterized the conduct of the condemned, excited within them a more than tender interest towards the memory of the unfortunate but much sinned against transgressor. Its contrast, too, with the callousness of Cash when upon the witness table; and the air of triumph, which upon and after the Judge's recording of sentence of death on Dunne, marked not alone the persecutor himself, but many others of his abetting friends, stirred still more their sympathies for the sufferer, and aroused their detestation of all such scourges to the poor. The circumstance, too, that none were armed at

the Scullogue's house,—a fact which had transpired through some of the escaped, and which, though talked of with fearful and mysterious secresy among the Peasantry, yet soon spread into popular belief,—added fresh motive to the disgust and abhorrence which filled their minds, at the blood-thirstiness and treachery with which, not only in their homes, but in the Courts of Justice, they felt themselves surrounded. In their imaginations, moreover, the nefarious schemes of the little tailor, whom many, from his sudden disappearance, conjectured had but removed for the execution of new perfidies to some other scene; as also the perjury of Fireball on the trial, originated not solely with themselves, but were even connected, beyond Cash and others, with the higher sources of the Executive,—which ever lose their most salutary efficiency, when, with any show of reason, supposed by the public to exist in such a state, as that from them justice is not likely to flow in purity. Iniquitously administered as have been the laws of Ireland, popular suspicion has, in truth, frequently exaggerated such vice, even more than the reality-warranted: and nothing will our misgoverned country require more continuously, for its

political and social peace, than the existence of a just and popular Executive,—before that dread and distrust of authority, which is the parent of disturbance, but which naturally arose under the despotism of an immoral and detested faction, is wholly obliterated from the people's minds. In the present case, as in many such, an estimate more unfavourable than deserved of Bench, Crown-Counsel, and others implicated, prevailed with the peasantry; and very much of his morality and reasoning, had our parish Patriarch, John Glennon, to expend, before he could at all convince even a few, that conceding a full meed of detestation for the cruelties of Cash, yet Dunne had but deservedly met the punishment he received.

The public incidents of the time, however, more than any sermonizing of the Patriarch, or other cause, tended to lighten if not remove the gloomy influences which, in the locality of the Manor, depressed many. Emancipation was at hand; and the news of each succeeding day was sought after with that avidity, which is natural to the mind, only when in its most anxious state of hope and fear. It is now indeed impossible, to adequately appreciate the expectancy and solicitude of the humblest, with

respect to the passing of this great question. With it, however, be it ever remembered, were associated their love of liberty, their religious prepossessions, the downfall of the Orange faction, and the hopes of quietness, comfort, and happiness, in the land of their fathers. Up to the latest moment, too, the Brunswickers relied on the defeat of the people's hopes; in jeer and scoff they vaunted, now of a change in the King's mind, now of the intended rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords: and so it was not, or is not, to be wondered, that pride and exultation should agitate with pride and joy every national spirit, at the successive miscalculations of the inveterate faction. But the fulness of popular joy and victory was now at hand. The Lent was hastening to its close, and Easter promised to be a festival not of the Church only, but of the nation's liberty. In this stirring state of circumstance, the effect of local events was soon absorbed in the general excitation. On the second reading of the Bill, the majority of one hundred and five in the Lords virtually won the battle. It then passed through Committee without an amendment, and on the 13th of April received the royal assent.

Rapidly, as by telegraph, post-haste, and steam, the intelligence could be conveyed to Ireland, so was it borne. Acclamations of national gratitude and joy arose on all sides. "We are free!" was the first burst of the long enslaved people's ardent enthusiasm. From man to man, and place to place, the excitation spread like electricity, agitating with ennobling sentiments the liberated millions. In the nation's glowing imagination, the tyranny of ages had for ever sunk down before empowered human right; and religious freedom, as a revealed sun, lighting up radiantly, and at once, their long darkened isle, shone fully forth.

"We are free!"—it was an inspiriting and ennobling thrill in every breast. Well do we remember how, at the exciting truth, our young heart bounded, and the face of nature and of home wore new beauty to our eye, and imparted new pleasures to our soul. So felt *each Irishman:* emotions not confined to rank, or wealth, or education, but springing forth spontaneously, as the rapid instincts of humanity. Not a peasant climbed the mountain's side, strode the loved fields of his humble hut, or even over a stinted meal met the glad looks of sympathising kindred, that did not inly joy and glow with pride

to be a Catholic and free. The discredited, reviled creed of his fathers and himself,—that which, while the world frowned, alone consoled; and to which, though hopelessness and misery increased, persecuted and forlorn, he the more affectionately clung, — that creed was *now* no longer blackened by the law, for the finger of vicious scorn to point out; but, pure and unsullied, rose in human estimation, the brightest ally of popular freedom for many a prior age.

The tidings, which diffused such rapture through the land, were, in no other locality, welcomed with more delight, than in the Manor and its neighbourhood. Willy Moore was literally in extasies, and the poor old Patriarch himself wept tears of joy. Never, either, looked Kitty Kelly more beautiful, than when, hurrying forwards on the news, she for a minute outstripped her lover, Johnny Rourke, and leaped into the arms of her glad old uncle. The Patriarch pressed her to his bosom, kissed her smiling through her tears, and saw his own joy mirrored in her sparkling eyes. Young Rourke shook his old friend heartily by the hand,—their hearts understood each other,—the neighbours all clustered round their oracle of the Manor, and Pady Casey and his wife were not

the last among the group, to congratulate with pleasure the ever tip-top politician, of the numerous debates, at the sign of "the Sheaf of Wheat."

Bonfires were suddenly lit up on the hills, and in the valley,—blaze rivalled blaze, and old and young enthusiastically hailed each other, on the auspiciously bright occasion. It was Holy Thursday evening, and, all penitential though the period were, Slashing Pady, and Willy Moore drank numerous toasts in honor of Emancipation, and concluded with a bumper of strong punch, in glorification of O'Connell, for the first grand performance of his promise to make old Ireland as she ought to be,

> ———"Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

The Evening Post brought next morning additional particulars, and the parish Patriarch having read every word thereof, for the old Priest, and having heard Mass, moreover, then remained in the chapel, until he went through the fourteen stations of the Cross, not once merely, as was his wont, on every day in Lent, but twice on the present occasion, the latter turn being, as he meditated with himself, by the way of a small additional thanksgiving to

Heaven, on his unworthy part, for the peaceable attainment, at last, of his poor country's freedom.

On Easter Sunday, however, which, of that year, fell on the 19th of April, John Glennon entertained, to a homely and substantial dinner of boiled and roast, his numerous friends of the Manor. The Patriarch himself presided at the head, and his friend, the Curate, did the honors at the foot of the table. Gaiety and happiness were the spirits of the evening. Toasts went round: O'Connell, the Association, Dr. Doyle, Sheil, Wyse, the Simultaneous meetings, the Clare Election, and every person and event lustrously national, were awarded the first testimonies of affection. Then came, in warm and honest applause, their old Whig friends in England:—and "the Duke of Wellington himself," though the Patriarch said "he had still some misgivings about him," next followed, in a glorious bumper. The ex-churchwarden, indeed, was for the present, in a far more soft and grateful mood, regarding the Duke, than his senior host, and politician; or than his own past self had been either, when, confined in gaol, he read with patriotic indignation, the Premier's recommendation "of burying the Catholic question in oblivion."

The Duke's recent conduct, however, and above all, his taking a shot at Winchelsea, proved to Willy, as he often said, that "Wellington, when brought to the scratch, had the blood of an Irishman in him still, and his heart in the right place, for the honor of his country,"—or, as on the present evening, he the more pacifically and classically expressed himself, that, "though it might be, the foregone glasses of punch had been to his memory, as the waters of Lethe, respecting Wellington's former political life, yet even, should it happen that he drank till morning, he could, in serious sobriety, still assure the company, that he would never forget the one great, grand act to his country of the Duke's peaceful glory."

A proper time to break up the hilarity had arrived. The Curate arose for that purpose, but Willy Moore was again upon his legs, claiming the last toast. The company, in politeness, resumed their seats, and refilled their glasses;—and the ex-churchwarden, himself a married authority, after a flourishing discourse on the beauties of wedlock, now concluded with the wish, that "Johnny Rourke and Kitty Kelly might be as happy when bound, as the country was now, when emancipated."

In voice, and spirit, the sentiment was bravely acclaimed all round. A general call for the bridegroom elect came from every side, and the half-blushing young man returned thanks.

On the following Sunday, he was married to Kitty, and there were none acquainted with either,—excepting, indeed, the spiteful Neddy Rourke,—that did not learn with pleasure of the happy couple's union

Our history of the Manor, and the public and private vicissitudes of its page, would, for the present, find a termination here, but, that the incidents related, were hastily followed by a Parochial event, the object of which has been too intimately associated with the circumstances, we narrated, to allow of its omission.

In a few days after Rourke's marriage, the old Priest died, deeply regretted, and bewailed by all, who knowing, loved him. An humble follower of Christ, he had lived, during his ministry, in peace with all men. He was meek and spotless in the estimation of his flock. To the service of the altar, he had dedicated the best gifts of heaven,—a pious, disinterested, fervent soul, a clear and sagacious intellect,—a mildly sweet, and equable temper, and the highest con-

templations of religion's unearthly beauty, with the kindest charities in thought, in act, and in discourse, towards all. No wonder, that his day of death was a day of tears, and his funeral hour, the hour of groans, and lamentations, to the poor and the afflicted.

A public procession accompanied his mortal remains through the village. Every shop was closed, and the humble place seemed oppressed with mourning. In scarf, and hat band, Protestant and Catholic mingled in sad array, and with deep sympathy of grief followed him to the grave. Old Squire Pigott long supported, with others, his departed friend's bier. The young Sec. and Francis French walked together; and none, indeed, resident in the neighbourhood, were missed from the funeral, but Cash and Cantall.

The procession entered the chapel, and the coffined corpse was placed, for the church's last religious service to the dead, in the centre of the nave. It was then, that each and all most acutely felt their real loss. He, whom they all loved, was no more now, and soon to be hidden from their view, in the dark, cold grave. No wonder, that while the heart swelled, and the

tongue prayed, the big tears fell,—that, when the hymn had ceased, and the office for the dead was over, the voice of wailing filled the house of prayer, and the devoted flock bemoaningly clung to the shroud of their best, their kindest benefactor. And so it was. The beloved clergyman was lowered into his grave, amid the prayers of his flock and the cries of their anguish. The poor old Squire wept like a child. The scene had overpowered him. The nephew, from whom he was long alienated, stood nigh;—and the full-hearted old man silently grasped his hand, and sobbed his grief upon his shoulder. From that day forth, they were reconciled; and Francis and Miss Pigott were again happy.

The funeral crowd dispersed, but the Patriarch himself, Johnny Rourke, and Kitty Kelly, still remained in prayer; and above the fresh earth of the Priest's sepulture, long knelt there, repeating the "De profundis," the same old devotee, whose piety first attracted the attention of Francis French, on the day of the Simultaneous Meetings.

He was a pilgrim beggar then, a pious (if our readers will), a superstitious votary; and so had he lived on still.

* * * * *

A monument above the Priest's burial place, erected by his loving parishioners, of all religious persuasions, now commemorates the virtues of the departed pastor,—and none are there, who look upon that marble, but sympathise in fervency, with the spirit of its concluding prayer—

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Louth Hall
1 Nov: 1885
EB

FINIS.

LONDON:
C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.