

chuckles regarding the manifestation of the Pookah's wrath, and the unceremonious dispersion of the midnight council. He kept a sharp look-out all around him; however, as he thought it probable some few of the conspirators might follow in his track, if not already ahead of him; but as he pressed steadily forward with the confident air of one who knew every step and turn of the pathless "Glin," he gradually lost any little anxiety he might have had respecting their appearance, and having gained comparatively clear and level ground, his thoughts took a more serious and collected form. From time to time, as the waning moonlight played upon his dark, rugged features, the poor fellow seemed to follow a weary line of sad and bitter memories.

"Traitors all!" he murmured between his set teeth. "Traitors, black traitors, everyone! Oh, 'Mavournen!'" he continued, "how is it that the few who are true to *you*,"—emphasising the pronoun by an angry stamp of his foot on the green sod,—"*have* been always sould to shame, and sorrow, and death, and the black villains who betray you get full and plinty! How is it too that those who ought to know them best, fall the easiest into their snares! There's Baring," he continued, "that devil's breed! och," and he looked like ejecting a nauseous object from his mouth—and signed himself with the sign of the Cross, as if to ward off the evil spirit conjured by the very name,—"*that* mean coward gets honest boys to follow his lead—and brave hearts to fall into his murderous net! Ah! Master Charles, Master Charles," went on "Crichawn," "'twas a lucky day I met you in Great Patrick street, so it was. With the help of God and Holy Mary," he added,—"*dear* Mother Mary, who always watches over her own—many a one will be saved by it."

By this time "Crichawn" had reached a long level plateau, just at the first bend of the great mountain's base, where it declines in a series of gradual and graceful curves till it seems, in a loving clasp, to meet the surface of the verdant valley, nestling in cosy contentment at its feet. Above him towered the mighty crest of Slieve-na-Mon, wreathed in fantastic drapery of silvery mist—now lifting fold after fold, until the snowy veil wore golden fringe and crimson lining

in the roseate rays of the rising sun. Before him, at his very feet—far and far away, on left and right, stretched out the fair valley of the Suir, sleeping quietly in the great silence of the Summer dawn. Only the birds were astir and the little silvery streams, that threaded a glistening gleam of light along the hoary mountain's side; and both bird and stream made sweet concert in the morning hymn of nature unto God—for ever and for ever unending and unexchanging—from the first dawn even to the last twilight of gloom. "All ye works of the Lord, praise the Lord!" is the command of inspiration;—and all His works obey and fulfil, save one, and that alone the one of all most perfect.

With the growing light came a greater stir, and the low of cattle, and the curls of blue smoke from many a white chimney, proclaimed that the work of life had begun, and another day had come to bear its message of fate, and leave its mark of weal or woe upon the lives and hearts of men.

Something of the subtle and always mysterious charm of the dawn seemed to attract and subdue the rough, wild, untutored, and yet highly sensitive and poetic sympathies of the poor cripple whom we know as "Crichawn." To all his neighbors far and wide he was known as a great athlete. With a hand as ready to strike as to give, a little queer they say—just "coric like"—as all malformed creatures are—'twas'n't safe "to cross him, you know; and sure every wan knows that whin the 'good people' (God save us), took wan stringth from a man they always gev'im another." 'Twas so they explained the otherwise extraordinary contrast between "Crichawn's" stunted, mis-shapen figure and his well known gigantic powers. Few ventured to provoke him; and none cared to dispute with one to whose natural agility tradition had added the unconquerable arm of a fairy spell. "He came of a good ould stock—none better in all the country-side—and he was always good to the poor, so he was—but ——" Why is there a *but* to most people's commendations of their neighbors' perfections?"

"Biddy Martin," the old crones said, "was in a trimble the night 'Crichawn' was born—his mother, God rest her