

"Ay, Heaven bless her!" echoed Ryan. "It is the first blessing that crossed my lips for many a day. Pray to God again, wife—I can't pray—to save the last of the O'Dwyer Garvs from these hell-hounds!"

After taking counsel, as in duty bound, with that other notable supporter of law and order, Mr. Sackwell of Monard, who smilingly agreed that something should be done, and that as Mrs. Sackwell and the girls engrossed the best part of his time, Sir Albin Artslade was the man on whom the empire called to do that something: and after dropping in *en route*, and having a quiet chat with the officer of dragoons, Sir Albin Artslade was riding back to Ashenfield in the happiest humor his crabbed organization could produce, when he was intercepted by Mr. Jer. Murphy.

"Plaze yer honor," quoth that respectable person, having made due salaam, "I have a thremengis saycret intirely to tell yer honor—wan that, I make bowld to say, will make yer honor's heart jump for divarshion."

"You needn't trouble yourself, my man: I know it already," said the baronet, curtly. He despised his fetish-worshippers even more than he hated the unworshipping.

"Know it already?" repeated the bailiff, in almost speechless astonishment and disgust. "Perhaps yer honor don't know that young Gerald O'Dwyer is in Kilsheelan?"

"I know it."

"An' that he's the head ladher av all the rebels in Tipperary?"

"I know that, too."

"But may be yer honor hasn't heard where he's to be found?" the bailiff persisted, as a last desperate-venture.

"I know it all, fellow; stand out of the way," caied the baronet, setting spurs to his horse.

The bailiff eyed him for a moment with a look of disappointment and evil rage which, in a fetish-worshipper, seemed not quite dutiful: and muttered a fearful curse between his teeth.

"Sold, by G—!" he exclaimed, in a savage passion. "Could that whey-faced hypocrite, Langton, have played this thrick on me? By the 'tarnal! if I thought so!"—His words went no farther, but his looks spoke murder.

For it seemed, after all, in the roguish profit-and-loss account of this worthy partnership, where two played at roguery, all the profits came out on the side of the whey-faced Englishman, and all the loss on the side of the talented Irishman. A fact for ethnology.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNA NOCHE TRISTE.

It was late that night when Rose Marlon retired to her own little chamber, but not to rest. Old Richard had been worse than usual during the day. His feet and hands would not warm though they were thrust almost into the fire's blaze; and there was a strange dizziness in his head. His daughter had been nursing and cheering him the livelong day, and he insisted she should have rest. For himself, no persuasion could induce him to go to bed; he would stay up awhile in his great arm chair, until he warmed himself; and he sat over the fire which burned low and lonely in the lonely place, bending down over the warmth with his long bony hands supporting his heavy swimming head—thinking confusedly.

He was worse than usual. So Rose Marlon thought, and, though she seemed to gratify his whim by retiring, she could not think of sleep. Poor prison-slower, without repining! There was a little silver crucifix close to her bed, before which she threw herself on her knees, and prayed. She rose more tranquilly, and, having extinguished the light, still feeling no inclination for rest, she betook herself to the window, through which a soft stream of moonlight found its way, setting off the sweet transparent face against the careless masses of ebony hair which framed it, and wrought against the time-worm panellings and mouldings of the chamber a ghostly grammaree? For the veriest outcast, for the worst offering of ignominy or crime, what an intolerable prison-life had been her's—with the companionship of the midnight ghosts in an erie ruin, and a sick old man for all her living world! What a prison life above all for one who wanted but the world's sunlight to flourish among its fairest flowers, and taste its most enchanting pleasures!

It was not in human nature—now that nobody was there to see or hear—nobody to see a soul unrobed of its duteous cheerfulness, taking its own inmost essence—to avoid a sigh and a shudder, looking out over the ghostly midnight panorama of tree and lawn and ruin, in their pale lunar winding sheets, looking up at the starry sky and its mystic hope world, looking back into a home of sickness, and deathliness and omnipresent chills, feeling like a child with longings and loves in a sepulchre of night-thoughts, where the sphere music of the throbbing golden world above comes faintly. For timidly the thought whispered itself—Does the moon shine down everywhere only on haunted