## ELLEN AHERN;

THE POOR COUSIN. CHAPTER IV. - Continued.

'An' it's a purty way truly,' said an old man whose arm had been broken in the melee, ' for a Maguire to come into his barony, ridin' over the necks of his people rough shod. He's no better than a Pagan to my thinkin'!'

'An' there's Jim Ryan kilt intirely, and hardly able to spake by rayson of the ceach wheel going over his breast; the wonder of it is, he's not

dead out and out,' said another.
'It was all Tim Fahey's cometner that done it : and it's a good turn the pistol ball did, when it grazed his ugly face. It's a sore pity the hoofs of the horses didn't pound the hardness out of his hard neart when he was sprawlin' under 'em.' But no one was dangerously burt, and to each and all of the exasperated men, Ellen Abern endeavored to explain how Lord Hugh Maguire, being new to the country, had thought that so far from a welcome and ovation being intended, they had come out to attack and murder him ;believing they were one of those lawless agrarian bands, about which he had so often read graphic and terrible accounts of in the English papers, but which, from his ignorance of the character of the people of his native land, he was unable to discover as exaggerated slanders and malicious fabrications. At last she succeeded in convincing many of them that their broken bones and bruises were the results of misapprehensions on the part of their landlord, and not a deliberate outrage on their loyalty; and they, full of generous impulse—as ready to laugh as to cry, to forgive as to revenge—and only too willing to think well of this, the last of the old Baronial Maguires, declared themselves satisfied; and hoped his lordship would find out for himself, that there were no outlaws or 'neen o' day boys' on the estate to give him trouble .-Any way, it was a consolation to think that Fahey, who considered himself the greatest man

'And now all that I have to say to you, Patrick M.Ginness, and you can repeat it to the rest, is this: Do not, for the life of you, remain sulking and idle in your houses. Rouse yourselves, for none of you are much hurt, and come up in a body to Fermanagh, before Fahey leaves his bed and gets the ear of his lordship, and welcome him to the estate, and plead your own cause. Remember that Lord Hugh is a stranger-he does not understand our rough Northern ways, and we must be patient until he does, said Ellen Ahern in her cheery, decided way, as she stood with her hand resting on the back of a chair in Patrick M'Ginness' cabin. Her dark curls were pushed back, and her large hazel eyes flashed like stars from under the thick fringes of black that shaded them. Her thin, delicate nostrils dilated with every breath; and her cheeks were flushed with the excitement she had undergone that morning, in her mission of charity ;while a hopeful smile irradiated her countenance, and inspired those with whom she conversed with some of her own courage.

in the country, had got the lion's share of what

had been dealt out to them.'

But they say be's after settin' up a factory of Scotch spinners over the very graves of our children and kindred!' said the man.

'No one has heard him say so yet; nor do I believe one word of such an idle report. You seem to forget that his own kindred repose there, and that the resting places of one cannot be disturbed for such a purpose without involving the safety of all, she replied.

'And surely, Miss Aileen, asthure, you come like the sunshine itsel' into our poor dwellings !' said the wife of Patrick M'Ginness, coming forward from behind a rough partition which served as a sort of pantry for their meal chest, potatoes and cooking utensils; 'an' its a wise word ye are spakin' to Patrick, I don't believe there's any body bad enough to disturb the quiet dead-Christ grant them eternal rest-laste of all a Maguire. Did your honor make it out?' she said, turning towards the partition just alluded to,

attention. Etlen Ahern looked round, and to her astonishment she saw Don Enrique Giron, understanding between him and his tenants,' rewho stood irresolute whether to advance or go back, with a proken slab of gray stone in his bands. .

Good morning, Miss Ahern ! he said, bowing his head with a grace which diverted attention from the awkwardness of his person. 'I had no idea when I took possession of Mrs. M. Ginness' potato closet, that I should have the pleasure of finding you here when I left it.

'I am sure it is the last place in the world where I should expect to find a Spanish Don, she replied, smiling pleasantly; and if I was not analysis between the qualities of 'Cork reds' and vellow legs, (potatoes) and bear the result.'

the creatures you mention belong to the animal, mineral or vegetable kingdom?" he said, looking quite mystified.

'Excuse me,' she said, more gravely; 'I thought from the fact of your having been in such close quarters with the potato sacks of Mrs. M'Ginness, that you must know at least the names of the different varieties of our national regetable.

'My business has been quite of another kind, Miss Ahern,' said Don Enrique, advancing with the broken tablet. 'Father M'Mahon informed me that here I should find a piece of antiquity, inscribed with old and rare characters, which had served the ignoble purpose of a bread board or dough trough, or something of that kind, for Mrs. M'Ginness, and her mother before her, ever since he could remember; and here it is-filled partly with Etruscan and partly with Egyptian letters, which will cost me no little pains and. study to decipher.'

'I never heard of this antique before. Where did it come from?' said Ellen, turning to Mrs.

'I used to hear my mother say that it was got out of some old Danish mound in the south, and it's been mighty convenient to us as long as can remember. It made a part flure for the pig -the craythure-one while; then we put it down under the grate; and afterwards it was a door sill-but a year or so ago I took it up and scrubbed it, and works out my dough, and cuts up the pig mate on it betimes. Somehow wo got to think it was lucky to have it; but his honor here, is afther buyin'it; which I am ag'in, and will be glad entirely if be'll take the loan of it for nothing,' said Mrs. M'Ginness

'Thank you, good woman, for even the loan of this precious relic,' replied Don Enrique.-Miss Ahern, may I have the pleasure of accompanying you, it our road lies the same way. If I stay a moment longer, my indignation at the sacrilege this mestimable memorial of an antique age has suffered, will get the better of my charity,' he said in a low voice to Ellen.

'I am on my way to St. Finbar's, and from thence home, she answered quietly, without inviting or repelling his attendance. 'Remember, now, all that I have told you this morning,' she said to M'Ginness and his wife, 'and if there's persuasion or power in this tengue of mine, I shall use it for the benefit of you all, and hope that your landlord will be ready when you come

to grant a redress of the general grievances.'
'An' if ye can't do it, Miss Ellen, a suilrsh, there's nobody that cap. Never fear for us, now that you have incensed (made us sensible) us concernin' the cause of the nonplush wo got last night-that now I come to think of it, was quite natural,' said M'Ginness.'

'The blessin' of the poor go afther you, an' the Angels wait on your futsteps!' said his wife. following Ellen Ahern to the door. And your honor, too, that's the raal gintleman-you can keep the ould stone 'till you're done with it !'-He thanked Mrs. M'Gincess, and bidding herself and husband a good day, with the genuine courtesy of true breeding, which shows itself alike to all, he joined Ellen, who was walking slowly up to St. Finbar's.

'The excellent Padre has not yet returned, I believe, Miss Ahern?' he observed.

'I suppose not. I wish he had not been un der the necessity of going away to day?

'It was unfortunate, under existing circumstances. But I should suppose, from what I heard and observed in the place we have just left, that he has been well represented to-day.?

'I have been doing what I could,' she replied, without affectation, 'and have succeeded, in a measure, in soothing the minds of some of the people, but I am afraid-'

'That Lord Hugh Maguire will not endorse

your promises?' asked Don Enrique. 'I promised them nothing. 1 only hoped, and endeavored to inspire them also with hope and courage. I do not know Lord Hugh Maguire. where something falling, and a footstep on the but founding my supposition on the fact that he loose poarding of the floor had attracted her is English-bred and a Protestant, I fear that it will be extremely difficult to establish a proper

plied Ellen. 'He has a great and noble work at hand. if he choses to accomplish it—an unfinite wealth of merit within his reach, if he will take pains to win it-but I'm afraid the spinning jennys will be in the ascendant,' said Don Enrique, with slight sarcasm in his tone.

Well I shall hope, and continue to hope on, she said; 'nor shall all the predictions, and all the signs that I have yet heard and seen, induce me to do otherwise. Should the evil day come. and all human succor fail, there is still a rein something of a hurry, I should like to know fuge \_\_\_\_\_, And Ellen Ahern paused, not whether you have not been making a scientific through human respect, or being ashamed to speak of the consolation offered by Religion to Life to come. There was something of peculiar like that which sprang up from the dragon's teeth few kind acts - a tew encouraging words - a few her sorrow-stricken children-but because she devotion amongst them that morning. They that Cadmus buried!' said the fierce old man. cared not to expose the holiness of such thoughts knew that times were at band which would try 'Cousin Eadhua!'

he was neither. Faith had consecrated all the rare gifts of his noble nature, and endowed him with the courage to practice those exalted virtues, without which the Christian character is a mere mockery.

'You are right, Miss Ahern. Hope on; for the hope that is guided by charity is precious in the sight of God, and always bears an abundant fruition. It is not lost even when it to usher it into the fulness of all that in this dis- places. tant world it hoped, toiled and suffered for.'-This was sad in a voice gentle and earnest, and his countenance was full of an expression at once reverent and trusting, which added to, rather than diminished its noble character.

By this time they had reached the door of St. Finbar's; where Ellen Abern bade him a kindly farewell, and went into the Church, to pray for assistance, grace and support in the trials which she felt were gathering around her.

CHAPTER V .- ST: FINBAR'S DAY.

The red beams of the newly-risen sun were flooding the sky, and tinging the wild and picturesque objects of the landscape with crimson and gold, when Ellen Ahern reached the Chapel of St. Finbar's, having hastened thither to assist at the early Mass. Mr. Abern, or Sir Eadhna, as he was commonly called, and a number of the people were already there, and as Ellen glanced around her, she thought that she observed a more than usual appearance of anxiety depicted on their countenances; but hoping that it was merely the effect of her imagination, she called in her thoughts, and, as she bowed her head, endeavored to fix them without distraction on her devotions. But thoughts of the patient sufferers around her, and those of other generations, who had borne the same heavy crosses, and were only liberated by death, would obtrude themselves. filling her mind with images of sorrow and woe, for which, humanly speaking, there seemed no redress. She forgot her own lonely and dependent position, and the inevitable trials that must, in some form or other, attend it—the uncertainty, the sorrows that awaited her, passed from her mind in the contemplation of the woes of the poor and oppressed people of Fermanagh; and, from the depths of her soul, a prayer went to the Throne of an Almighty Judge for up to the Throne of on Almighty Judge for that ensues, if I hold back. their deliverance. 'They have placed their trust in Thee, suffer them not to be confounded, she plead. 'Through untiring persecution, and all the ills of a wearisome bondage; through famine, bloodshed, peril and suffering unto death, they have glorified Thee by their Faith, and confounded Thy enemies by their constancy; come then to their deliverance, oh mighty and strong God, protect them from the ills that threaten them, and reward their fidelity for Thy dear Son's sake.'

Father McMahon's voice at the Altar now warned her that the divine mysteries had commenced, and she lifted her head to assist and accompany him through the celebration, and observe all those mystical gestures and attitudes. which are so significant and full of meaning to the Catholic heart. She noticed that he was attended by the stranger, Don Enrique, whose demeanor was recoilected, humble and devout, and whose fine countenance were an expression of blended dignity and sweetness, as he moveda noble Levite-about the Sanctuary, attentive to the wants of the celebrant at the Altar .-Ellen Abern thought that Father McMahon's manner were something more tender and sorrowful than usual, whenever he turned towards his little flock, which struck her as foreboding some new calamity. But the moment was approaching when the consummation of the wondrous miracle in which all the best gilts of God to man are accumulated, was at hand-that moment for which the faithful soul longs as did the prophets for the Messiah - that moment in which, as in an abyss of love, all of present time and its pangs are swallowed up-that solemn and sublime moment when JESUS Himself, perfect, and more wonderfully transfigured than when on Thabor He appeared, a vission of melfable glory, conversing with Moses and Elias; descends on our Altars, not only to bless His creatures, but to become their food and guest. Not a sound was heard except the low whisperings of prayer, and their fast falling tears towards the spot where they might be in all that concerned their temporal affairs, here they were fixed and steadfast : knowing no other joy on earth than what they found here, and having no better hope in the

'May I beg to be informed, Miss Ahern, if to profane speculations or contemptuous wonder; them to the utmost, and strain their good resolves for she did not know but that the stranger at to the very verge of desperation, and they throw her side might be both infidel and scoffer. But themselves on the strong arm of Almighty Justice, for strength and succor. Many of the women, and some of the older men approached the Holy Table to receive the Life giving Bread, which imparts health to the soul, and to the body power to do right; but there were others, who wore a lowering and look, as if they were haunted, and tempted by a dark desire to compromise their duty to God, by carrying out some design of evil-some deed of vengeance; who seems to wither on this earthly soil, but awaits held back, scarcely lifting their eyes towards the soul with patient love, beside Heaven's gate, the mercy-seat, and sitting uneasity in their

> As Eilen Ahern was leaving the porch of the Chanel, she felt some one pulling her sleeve, and as she turned to ascertain who it was, she saw Alice Riordan standing beside her, who whisp-

'It's done acushla. Our dead's to be turned out of their graves-

'What is it you are saying? Who is going to do such a thing?

'The spinnin' jennies, sure. The factor-bad luck to him-come last night, and nowhere 'll do for 'em but the holy ground at Catha guira. And I thought, Miss Aileen, a suilish, it would be a bright thought to ask to speak to his Lordship about his honor, the Don-

The Don! What has he to do with it? He is a stranger,' replied Ellen Ahern.

'Musha, then, that's true; but there's a re port going round that he's after buying the oid Abbey, if his Lordship will sell it. Aything, asthore, but disturbing the dust of the dead.—
And, then, honey, on the top o' that, here comes a message from Tim Faucy last night, warning all that's behindhand with their rints, to lave or he canted, to make room for the Scotchmen that's expected to set the spinnin' jennies

'I am extremely sorry to hear all this, Alice, and will do what I can to avert it-but alas! what can I do?' exclaimed Ellen Ahero, suddenly feeling how powerless she was.

'Sure, then, a suilish, you're one of the ould breed as well as his lordsrip, and has the right to spake your mind anyways, and lift up your voice ag'in their ill doin's, the pagans,' said the

'That's a real Maguire that spoke up then,' said Alice. 'It was what they always did in hand, which barely escaped the imprint of the times past, to uphold the weak ag'in the creatures fangs, then ran to his mistress, and strong. But I must be hurrying home, to let rubbed his head against her knees and feet with the girls come to the next Mass,' she continued, every mark of canine affection. as she wrapped her shawl around her and hasttened away. We should have mentioned that this was the festival of the patron saint of their | thou's shaggy coat. parish, St. Finbar; hence the strict attendance of so many of the people, some of whom were day laborers, some fishermen, and others kelp gatherers, who, on ordinary occasions, were compelled to leave home at the break of day to pur-

sue their avocations. 'I wish,' thought Ellen Ahern, as she walked homewards, 'that I could see Father McMahon for an instant, but that will be impossible now. It would be a comfort to talk to cousin Eadhna, who is, I suppose, still in Church. I think I shall go back and wait to hear the particulars of the affair.' She turned to go back to St. Finbar's, when she saw Sir Eadhna Ahern, advancing with slow footsteps and bowed head to meet her. She ran to him, and having offered him her arm, they walked together up the rugged and narrow street. He confirmed all that Alice Riordan had told her; and dashed her hopes completely about the purchase of Catha-guira by Don Enrique, by saying in his peculiar and caustic

The plan is, to root out the Irish and plant a Scotch colony here, which would doubtless pay well in the end. And as gain is the object, neither the living nor the dead will stop it. I factory in connection with the other.'

'A what?'

' A Bone Factory!'

'For what, under the sun?' asked Ellen Ahern, in undisguised amazement.

'A man, alanna voght (my poor child) who is so dead to all the best feelings of humanity, as a few sighs from the aching hearts present, who to disturb the graves of his own kindred, and were waiting, overburdened and wearied, under desecrate holy ground from purely sordid metives | are very respectable people, but I confess that I the weight of their sorrows, and looked through ought to consummate the work, and grand the bones of his ancestors to enrich his lands. No their friend and consoler would presently ap- doubt the barvests would be considerably augpear. Wavering, reckless or improvident though mented if the soil were quickened with the dust of the old princes of Uister!

'Cousin Eadhna!' 'I would suggest the idea to his lordship, if I thought the planting would bring forth a harvest

'Don't be shocked, Alicen a suilish. I speak in bitterness, but in truth. From my past experience, I could utter predictions which would fall little short of prophecy. But we can do nothing, you and I. Take a straw and attempt to stay the torrent below us with it, and in an instant the straw will be broken and engulphed and the torrent gone - shouting defiantly on its course. So with us. We are poor, dependant and powerless. There is no help in us.' Ellen Ahern was silent, and walked thought-

fully along, timing her steps to his, which were slow and feeble. Breakfast was on the table when they got home, and Lord Hugh, after bidding them a not uncourteous good morning, drank his coffee and sulked over his beefsteak. which was too much cooked, it silence. But at length, feeling the awkwardness and ill grace of his position, he looked up and observed :-You are an early riser, Miss Ahern. Do you walk every morning?'

'Generally, I do.'

'May I askhow far your walks extend?' 'Certainly. I go down to St. Finbar's to Mass.'

'Humph! Are you a priest, sir?' he asked, suddenly turning to Sir Eadhna Ahern, who dropped his fork and fixed his piercing eyes on

'A priest! No, I have not that bonor. The priest who officiates at St. Finbar's is an old friend of your deceased father's. His name is McMahon,' said the old man, reining in the torrent of bitter words that had on the instant risen to his hps.

'Ab-McMahon! Is he an old man?' 'Too old to have the weight of a grass-

hopper added to his burden!' was the curt reply. 'Humph! I shall endeavor to relieve him somewhat, depend on't. I don't approve of monopolies, either sacred or profane. Therefore I intend ere long, to build up a regular conventicle, observed Lord Hugb, with a mali-

cious smile. 'You forget, my lord, that you are on Irish and Catholic soil. There will be no use for a conventicle here,' observed the old man, with the wrathy white fire of his race kindling in his

Oh, I shall import a congregation; then Kirk and Church can fight it out. Here, sirhere! Eged, that is a splendid dog,' said Lord Hugh, stretching out his hand, and endeavoring to lure Thela, who now came into the room, to him. But the dog uttered a deep-mouthe vicious growl, and made a fierce snap at his

'Excuse Thela's rudeness, my Lord; he is not used to strangers,' said Ellen, smoothing the

· He must make friends with me, or fare worse. I never saw so splended an animal. By the way, Miss Ahern, how did you get on with my mo-

ther ? 'I think we understand each other,' said Ellen evasively.

'Miracles bave not ceased, then, as I supposed, But be careful; my mother is full of strange, high ways, which her doctors call nervousness. he said, shrugging his shoulders and rising from the table. 'You will excuse me, I have business

I should like to speak to you for a moment, my Lord,' said Ellen Alern, lifting her bright face, and fixing her clear eyes on his.

to attend to.

'I have just five minutes, Miss Ahern,' he said looking at his watch; 'l am at your service for that length of time.'

· I am prompted, my. Lord not less by my own desire, than the wish of some of your tenants in the hamlet below, to say a few words in their behalf, and explain to you in brief terms. the grievances under which they labor. They are very poor, and have been overworked to satisfy the demands of the agent, Fahey, who threatens them with eviction from their miseram only surprised not to have heard of a bone able dwellings, unless they can by some miracle make up the deficiency in their rents, which his extortions have been the cause of. They are sorely troubled, and hope much from your generosity and clemency, said Ellen Ahern, while every feature of her radiant face expressed the earnestness of her emotions.

> . My dear Miss Ahern, I don't intend to hang or quarter any of them. I have no doubt they do not think they contribute either to my honor or prosperity, he replied with a derisive smile.

You do not know them, my Lord, nor by what extraordinary and indefatigable toils they have augmented your annual income; and though they are reduced to the most pinching need by their efforts to enrich you, so far from repining, or uttering a reproachful word, they only need a just decisions, to make them willing to die for

you. I pray you, dear cousin Hugh, before you