

Ireland a *gradh's* *mavournen*!" added the young man hoarsely, "shall we ever baptize your cause in the holy wells?"

"Give up your wells an' rivers, now!" shouted "Crichawn"; "an' put on your coat, an' get off to the fair. Don't dhrive the baste too fast," though said the rogue. "And now let me see how the blue *ratteen* becomes you."

"Crichawn soon had enveloped the wanderer in a long, *ratteen* coat, on the back of which hung a cape down as low as the quondam "hurler's" hips. He then handed him a fine pair of whiskers not large but "bushy," as "Crichawn" called them.

"There now," said "Crichawn," a little proudly, "there's an *ould* *Irelander* for you! Isn't he as good as—"

The young man seized "Crichawn's" hand and gave it a hearty wring.

"You are a kingly man!" he cried. "Oh, for a hundred thousand like you!"

"Now, you know,——"

"Yes, I know; you never came our road, and that makes me admire your friendship and your courage more."

Mr. Meldon was silent; but he was surprised.

"Crichawn" crowned his exploit by driving a cow to the door.

"Now *Paudheen* *Murphy*," said "Crichawn" with a droll glance, "dhrive that baste ever so aisy to the fair o' Clonmel, an' at the corner of the main street, just at six in the morning, a farmer will give you fifteen gold guineas for her; an' the train leaves the station for Watherford about nine. There's warnin' that Mr. M—— is to be at the Thurles station to-day, and others with him."

As "Crichawn" mentioned Mr. M——'s own name that gentleman at once saw his danger.

"Bless you, "Crichawn," he cried. Then turning to Mr. Meldon, whose kindness had shaped the whole situation, he expressed his obligations as a gentleman should, and bade him farewell.

This chapter was intended for Mr. Meldon's journey but the young enthusiast has borne us away as he many a time has borne away thousands.

We will compensate the reader by saying as little of the road as we can; and hardly anything of the partings.

Indeed, the partings were very few; and old Mr. Giffard D'Alton's was the saddest. He knew that ethereal love which Amy bore her father and believed that she held her life in her hands for him, at any hour or minute of her life. She was not at all insensible to his faults and follies. On the contrary, both had caused her many tears. But a child's love—particularly a well-reared daughter's affection—defies all resistance, and rises above all depressing influences. Its eyes, and ears, and senses, and everything, are in the heart!

The three ladies—Amy, Clara, and Alice—had a pleasant time of it, and had a companion in Mr. Meldon whose conversation was rich in knowledge, and indeed inexhaustible. Occasionally he mentioned Mr. Leyton Seymour's name, his fine property, and his family; and he saw plainly enough that such observations were not unacceptable to Amy D'Alton. He was glad of this for many reasons then working in his mind, and for many more which he hoped to see added to them.

Let us suppose the trains, all, to have been regular and the boats to have been faithful to "sailing time." and good fortune, good spirits, and high hopes to have accompanied the friends all the way, and they succeeded finally in joining Mr. Leyton Seymour at the "Grosvenor" and filled that gentleman with joy! Well, thus we find altogether in London.

The meeting was extremely agreeable to all parties, and the number just sufficient for the enjoyment of sight-seeing when business in the Metropolis, though the Metropolis made more for them. However, the particular calls and occupations of the gentlemen have so much to do with our mysteries that we must decline to name them at present.

It was easy to see from Mr. Leyton Seymour's line of thinking that his mind was very hard at work in a new sphere. He had been a great deal about the institutions which illustrated the science, art and charity of London; but what seemed to strike him most were the convents, particularly those that cared for poor orphans, and protected young women. Somehow, the devotion of the ladies to a work so great and so difficult, constantly forced itself before