

closed door yet shuts the sun beam from the sanded floor—the thrush's cage is not hanging in its usual position—nor is the cat seen basking on its grassy seat under the window. Undefined fears flushed the cheek of Hartrey, but he calmed his mind by remarking, “Kitty wishes to show her temper by neglecting to get her old Uncle's breakfast ready this morning.” Another moment and the truth was known—the solitude which appeared in the cottage when he quit it, still continued; a rap at the door of Kitty's room was unanswered, he pushed it open—she was not there—her clothes lay scattered about, and it was soon evident her gayest and best were missing—the truth was told, Kitty had fled with Cavanagh during the night—the insulter of his gray hairs, the rival of his boy—had carried off in triumph his pretty, and misguided, but still beloved niece, Cathleen O'Brien!—A few enquiries made assurance doubly sure, Cavanagh was seen at the Cove two hours after the row—and one of Cavanagh's confidants in the neighbourhood, moved by the old man's distress, told him, “’twas of no use to be frettin now, Cavanagh and Kitty O'Brien had gone off, and before now they were man and wife.”—This was indeed rendering intelligence; without any remark, the old man returned to his desolate cottage, and with a calmness which seemed to say, the worst was known, sat down in its cheerless little room. The bitter recollections, and the heart sickening anticipations which pressed on his bursting soul, need not be told—but at length his bewildered mind recollected, that he should learn where the fugitives had gone, and as a duty that he owed Bill, and his own honour, should follow them, still to protect his wife's niece from evil, and if no better appeared possible, to see her married to the insidious Cavanagh.—After many enquiries, Robin received the desired information respecting the route of the fugitives, and taking some slight refreshment, and an oaken stick in his hand, he set off on his journey, followed closely by his trusty Carlo. Robin's cottage was about fourteen miles from his place of destination; the declining Sun gave elongated shadows of trees and cottages as he quit home, and plainly indicated, that it should be some time after night fall before he could reach Carrick.

As our traveller quitted the pleasant village of Pilltown, where he took a slight refreshment, and the life of whose evening streets, made him recollect his own deserted home—it was long after sunset. He hurried on, it was but two miles more to the end of his journey, and occupied by his own melancholy concerns, he forgot the legal difficulties which there were to his travelling another rood at that hour. These difficulties may be briefly explained, by stating, that they were occasioned by the insurrection act. An act introduced to counteract the turbulence of the peasantry, and which laid the penalty of transportation on being found out of doors without a good excuse, after sunset. Robin might be well supposed to forget this dreadful difficulty in his way, on account of his fevered state of mind; and also, the act being limited to disturbed