ODE TO IRISHEEN SNOBEENS! Hail! nature's poor abortions! spaniel souls! Born in the mire to creep and crawl and fawn And lick the Saxon's hand that whipped you slayes!

For Truth and manhood, and dear ireland's Stand up before a world of prejudice,
And hurl defiance at the sngering mob;
See how the Snobeen, whom some accident—
A rich man's smile, or thriving through a writ—
Trembles and whines:—"O please sir, don't—O

don't!"

How can you speak the truth and so disturb Our back door entrance to the Saxon's hall!

Why can't you lick the hand that scourges you, And humbly cringe, as we do, when they strike!"

Ah! can we marvel if our country's cause, Finds traitors to the honor that should crown, The glorious dawning of a better day!—

Ete—ual shame be their's and freemen's scorn l'ursue "hem to their base dishonored graves!

FR. GRAHAM. FR. GRAHAM.

LLOYD PENNANT.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

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CHAPTER III .- CONTINUED.

Colonel Blake passed a sleepless night after his distressing interview with Pennant. The varied events of his life crowded upon his recollection—his early glory, his first love, his bereavement, his wanderings, his ultimate desire to dwell in peace under the old roof, his comparative happiness in his new society and affections-and then his heart sank within him, and he groaned aloud as he reflected that the sad event which had already caused him such bitter sufferings was likely to be once again brought before the world, coupled with, perhaps, the alienation, if not the dis-grace, of the dear girl who was now his chief consolation. He arose undecided how to act. One thing only he had determined upon, namely: to send at once for the sailor and learn from him all the particulars of his story and the proofs which he could adduce in its support. Daylight had scarcely dawned when | he despatched a note to Captain Beaumont, requesting permission for Pennant's servant to come to Dunseverick. In due time his messenger came back; the ship had sailed. The note was again forwarded towards evening; the frigate had not as yet returned. A second night of misery had quite prostrated the Colonel's strength of mind and body; and when, after sending a third time, he received no tidings of the Rucer, he determined to tell all that had occurred to Mike, and seek com- of his pantaloon, and a knife tell from his King's army than any other man in Ireland, fort in his consolation and advice. When the latter entered the library, the altered appearance of his relative shocked and alarmed him.

"Maurice, what has happened? You are 311."

"Ill in mind, and sorely in want of counsel and support," said the Colonel, extending his hand.

"Maurice," interrupted Mike, "I am sorry to see you so depressed; but it's your habit to magnify matters! to an unquiet mind trifles night, and it was evident that the subject of appear as insupportable burdens."

"Mike," resumed the Colonel, "I have heard appalling news. Lieutenant Pennant is Ulick Martin's son." "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mike, "can

hony remarked the likeness!"

sertion?" demanded Mike.

bey, and after telling how the ship had sailed hefore he could obtain another interview with the sailor, asked advice as to how he should of an impartial magistrate; that I allowed my proceed. was finally arranged that, should the sailor's story be supported by any feasible proofs of discharge of my official duties. The indulits truth, Kate must be kept in ignorance of gence of such feelings is sure to entail its own the real facts, while Pennant should be forbidden the house, and all communication be- though the cause in which we were engaged tween them cease.

taint by a connection with us, I'll make an example of him."

At this moment a midshipman on horsea note from Captain Beaumont. After cast- fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the heart and ing his eyes over its contents, the Colonel handed the letter to Mike, saying, as he left the room:

"I shall start with you immediately, sir and, Mike, you, too, will be required." In the Colonel's absence, the youngster briefly related the particulars of their recent success: and, in reply to Mike,s inquiry if

vessel, informed him "that the First Lieutenant and proceeded to Dublin with despatches, and would no doubt be in a few days made Commander."

" Is he alive?"

"Aye, that he is, although how he is so is with bullets, and his hat and epaulette sliced by cutlasses; he was the first man to board, and you should have seen him on the enemy's quarter-deck; didn't he play 'hell and tommy' with the mounseers; he killed the captain and at least half a dozen other fellows with his own hand. Here's success and long life to Lloyd Pennant" (as he tossed off a bumper of fore him); "he's an honor to our profession."

The preparations were hastily made, and the wife of Captain Jack. the party rode as quickly as their horses could carry them towards Deerhaven Bay, Captain Beaumont received them at the gangway.

"A shocking event has occured here Colonel Riake; one of my crew was last night | ing on clandestine correspondence, or enablstabbed and thrown overboard by another; the poor fellow was fortunately picked up, and is still living; the surgeon says he cannot rurvive much longer, but he refuses to make any disclosure until he sees you. This way-this way-there's not a moment to be lost; he's just been carried on deck, as he

could no longer endure the heat below." On a cot spread upon the quarter-deck lay Lloyd Pennant's servant, his head supported on bolsters, piled so as to keep him in a reclining position, while the surgeon knelt by his side and continually applied his fingers to ascertain the fluctuations of the dying man's his pursuers. No boat was allowed to remain pulse. Poor Jim's eyes were closed, his breast heaved convulsively, his breathing was difficult and spasmodic, while the pallor of death overspread his countenance and its clammy dew stood in beads around his colorless lips. The approach of the strangers aroused him.

"Is he come?" he muttered, and then his languid eyes rested on Colonel Blake. "Thank God," he said, faintly, "thank God, I lived to see you! Ah, Colonel, you remind me of old times when I was young and innocent, when you and Squire Ulick used to hunt together. Ah, them were happy days. But I'm scarcely able to talk." He closed his eyes, pronounced some incoherent words, and was silent.

The surgeon administered some brandy. "He has but a short time left," he observed. "to tell anything; still, itis best to let him

rest." Again the filmy eyes were opened; the sufferer's strength seemed partially renewed: he made an effort and sat almost upright. "Leave us alone."

The surgeon and those about retired a few

"Stoop down and put your car close to me, for I can't speak loud; you remember what I told you the other night, Colonel; the Luftenant is Squire Ulick's son; it's all written in a paper that you'll find in the pocket of my coat below, directed to himself and witnessed by the surgeon. I told him 'twas my will, brought it with me to Punseverick, intending to give it. Get him his own," he cried, after a few moments' pause, while convulsively grasping the Colonel's hand; "promise me that before I die, and I'll bless you. His father suffered-" The last word of the senother fit of insensibility supervened: the surgeon poured more braudy down his throat. "This," he said, " will most probably be the

last agony." After a short interval, the stimulant pro-

duced its effect. Jim again revived. Bring Dick, my chummy, here." Dick, who was close at hand, was immediately confronted with his dying messmate, who gazed on him for a moment in silence, and then, as if having roused all his remaining

becoming as he proceeded more faint and broken by increasing weakness:

"Dick, I am now going to die—acknowledge all to the colonel—and—and help to and neither the Pope himself, or all the devils save me from damnation. If you do-I'll

never-I'll forgive-" "Clap irons on the villain," shouted Captain Beaumont; he's the murderer."

"Why should I be accused so?" retorted Dick, while being handcutted; "he hasn't said I did it, and if he had, 'twould'nt avail; he's raving."

"No," resumed Jim; "I have my senses, and if you tell that only to the Colonel. Oh, do-do," he said, suddenly raising himself, and attempting to throw his arms round Dick's

"Damn you for a fool," roared the latter, as he fetched him a kick upon the chest with all his force.

The dying man sprang to his feet, and shricked out, as he pointed toward his assailant, ""Twas he who"-he gasped for breath, there was a gurgle in his throat, his mouth twitched, his eyes closed, he fell heavily forward and was dead.

Dick was with difficulty restrained from jumping on his victim. In the scuffle which ensued as they dragged him away, his jacket was pulled over his head, a slight stain of blood was clearly visible on the back pocket.

"Secure and examine that knife," cried Captain Beaumont. At the hilt was a clotted mark, and a small triangular piece had been newly broken from the blade.

An immediate search was made amongst the dead sailor's clothes for the document which he mentioned, but nothing of the sort could be discovered.

Colonel Blake and Master Mike were scated, in the library when the clock struck midtheir conversation had been a painful one. "At all events," concluded the former, "it is my duty to communicate the information I have received; it will be for him to see if anything can be made of such a vague declaration, this be true? How strange that Mrs. O'Ma- unsupported by any proof. Who this man was, or how he became acquainted with such "It struck me, too,' said the Colonel; "so secrets, it is now impossible to know, as the much so, indeed, that at first his presence sailor committed for his murder denies all knowledge of his history or country, and pro-"But what authority is there for such an as- fesses himself ignorant of everything connected with Lieutenant Pennant or his affairs. The Colonel recounted the scene at the Ab- Could it be, my conscience often whispers me, After considerable discussion, it passion to control my actions, and that my personal hatred urged me into a too rigorous punishment, when time brings reflection, even may have been a just one, and the end at-"If," added Mike, "I find that he is aware tained legitimate; but other matters are to of his birth, and sought to wipe out his family be thought of now. Harry must follow the young man, wherever he may have gone, and

deliver this letter." The United Irishmen, now fully organized back passed the windows at full gallop, and only awaited the arrival of their French allies, was almost immediately shown in, to deliver to break out into open rebellion, and the illsoul of the conspiracy, for whose apprehension a large reward was offered, lay concealed in the neighborhood : although for two years past it was a matter of public notoriety that an armed political association, founded for the purpose of overthrowing the British Government, was in existence, although its members were drilled and practised to military man-Pennant survived and was still abourd the cuvres, almost openly, and their leaders were perfectly well-known, still the executive were unable to obtain proots of their guilt sufficient to justify their arrest, and bring them to trial with any hope of obtaining a conviction. At length one man, of the hundreds of thousands entrusted with the secret, was found base almest a miracle; his clothes were riddled enough to betray his associates. The information given by Reynolds led to the attempted arrest of Lord Edward, at Oliver Bond's, who having escaped the trap laid for him, sought refuge in the west until the time had arrived for raising the standard of revolt. All the Catholies, and many of the Protestants of that part of the country, were either implicated in the plot, or aware of its existence, and anxious sherry from the refreshment tray placed be- for its success, and amongst the most active and useful of its agents was Mrs. O'Mahony,

Castle Shane, an irregularly built cottage, attached to the massive square tower of the ancient stronghold of the family, was peculiarly well placed for the purpose of carrying those under the ban of the law to escape its vengeance. It stood close upon the shore of a lake of considerable length, interspersed with well wooded islands, and bounded on the opposite side by an extensive range of wild, and nearly uninhabited mountains. "The mistress," being sole proprietor of all the surrounding land, allowed no boats but her own, or her trustworthy dependants, to ply upon its waters, and Captain Jack often owed his safety to the skill which the peasantry dis-played in taking advantage of the shelter of its islands, to baffle or retard the advance of within the precincts of the demesne but their own, and it was always moored close by the back-door, while two "gossoons," retained for that special purpose, and always in attendance, were ready at a moments notice to receive their passengers, and pull to a place of safety. When the police or military made a foray at either end of the lake, they were obliged to carry their own boats with them, and their approach was always discovered long before they could reach their distination—an attack from the opposite side was impossible, the inhabitants lived by illicit distillation, and had their "curraghs" always effectually con-

cealed, and scouts on the hills to warn them of the approach of strangers.

just sent the gentleman in to order dinner, those flattering epithets were applied.
when her attention was attracted by a noise The yeoman chief was not accustomed to and before she had time to raise an alarm, girl from the boat approached, carrying a bas- objected at the very oufset. ket of fowl upon her arm. At first view of the soldiers she seemed abashed, but quickly re- the color; I'm sure, me'am" (to the mistress), covering from her surprise, she walked boldly up, and "dropping a curtesy," asked if her ladysbip wanted any chickens.

"What would I want with chickens," extence was only heard by the Colonel. An- claimed Mrs. O'Mahony, "and the yeomen I'd remain dry, 'till I got the murrain, afore I'd come maybe to burn my house, as if I was a drink a drop of liquor out of anything green; rebel? I want no chickens, be off," but after upon my conscience, since the Papishes are making some remark to Lammy, to engage his attention, she added, "my girl I may want to look at a grass field, and my lawn is them, and if you'll just sit down there on the | ploughed up for oats, that I may have somegrass, and wait till I'm done with these gentle-men, if they don't bring me to jail, I'll buy before me." them.

"Now, sirs," to the yeomen, "come in, no apologies, Captain, do your duty; I wish the search to be as strict as possible. I hope you energy for the exertion, he spoke, his speech | have the back door guarded, and the boat secured, so that no one can get away."

"You needn't be uneasy about that, ma'am," said Captain Lammy, "the house is surrounded in hell can escape me, if they be within. It the rebelly rascal, Lord Edward, be here, I'll have him as sure as you're standing there, and | can't help giving the Health of the King, every man-Jack of you'll eat your supper in the jail. Sergeant Woods, you go to that wicket-gate, keep a sharp look-out, and let no one pass."

The sergeant went to his post, and as the rest of the party entered the house, the country girl seated herself upon the grass some paces off, and having modestly adjusted her petticoats, so as to cover her feet, occupied herself | bumper for the 'constitution'-our glorious in arranging her chickens, which seemed riotand discontented with their confinement.

Arrived in the hall, Mrs. O'Mahony shut the door after her. "Now, sir, place a sentry there, who can watch the stairs. There are two gentlemen

in the parlor, you know them both, Master

Mike Blake and my husband." "Exactly the party" (whispered one of the men to the Captain), "we have him at last." "Here, Jack, my dear" (cried his better half, flinging the parlor-door open)," here's Captain Lammy come to search the house, and arrest us all as rebels—a pretty pass things are come to when you, that send more soldiers into the are suspected of trying to overturn the Govern-

ter." Both gentlemen received the unnouncement with a loud laugh. While Lammy was explaining the object of his visit, and the men who accompanied him were searching a closet, into which he at once rushed, Mrs. O'Mahony whipped a knife and fork from the table, and concealed them in her pocket. When the yeoman returned to the room, he looked attentively at the preparations made for dinner,

ment and destroying your own bread and but-

and seemed disappointed. "Now, gentlemen," said "the mistress, pray continue your search without delay, Lord Edward may escape while you're talking; besides it is just our dinner hour, and if we're to dine at home, I don't wish to have the dinner snoilt."

The search continued. Every room was entered, and every bed and possible place of concealment ransacked, without discovering the traitor; Mrs. O'Mahony all the while keeping the Captain, and the man who accompanied him, continually occupied by her caustic remarks upon their proceedings. When they arrived in the kitchen, she said, " Now, Capt. ammy. I suppose you are satisfied

ma'am, I'm divilish glad I didn't find him here, on your account."

"Well, now, my good fellows," to the yeomen, "you'll be good enough to walk out of the back-door, and, Captain, we shall be happy if you remain for dinner."

"Go, my boys, go," said Lammy. "Hawkins, you'll have a report drawn up." " And," interrupted the mistress, " you'll remain." "Well, thank you, ma'am, you see I would

willingly, but if I dined in Papish society, one doesn't know what they might say-damn it, and Mr. Blake, too-you see-you know." "Nonsense, nonsense, I'll take no excuse: besides, its your duty to stay and watch, Lord

Edward might come yet. There now, off with your swords and belts, and come along. Send up dinner, cook : really I'm half fam-"Well, if I must, I must," said Lammy.

"Hawkins, you'll return for me at ten, and bring the troop with you; one can't be too cautious in these times, ma'am."

The gentlemen who remained in the parlor seemed somewhat astonished at the addition to their party, but supposing that Lammy had forced his company upon them, or that he was invited for some good purpose. they quietly submitted to the arrangement. As they were sitting to table, Mrs. O'Mahony exclaimed: "Well, that is a persevering girl, to remain all this time, and such a disturbance going on," then raising the window, she cried out: round to the kitchen with your fowl, and the cook will buy them."

Captain Lammy was a good specimen of the uneducated and coarse-mannered "Squireens," to whom the Government then were obliged to entrust the command of that most useless. but yet mischievous force, the Irish Yeomanry-exclusively composed of the descendants of Cromwell's Puritans and William's Dutch mercenaries, forming a sort of garrison amongst a hostile population. The possession of the confiscated property which they enjoyed depending wholly on the stability of British rule, these men were loyal from necessity, but the barbarities which they practised on an unarmed population aggravated the carpet, and was immediately covered by the general discontent, while their wellknown cowardice, in every military affair in which they were engaged, clearly demonstrated their utter worthlessness as soldiers. The lower class of Irish Protestants were then insolent and lazy. The "Debentures" enabled them to live in idleness, and their lovalty conferred the privilege of insulting and maltreating the Catholic population with impunity. Some, more industrious than the rest, amassed wealth, and bought the properties of their less provident co-religionists. The accumulation of those petty debentures conferred increased influence, and their possessors soon attained the objects of their ambition-the Commission of the Peace-and the command of the Yeomanry corps-they became esquires in right of the one, and dignified by the military rank appertaining to the other.

Captain Lammy was at bottom a humane man, but his prejudices were, naturally enough, strong against those who sought to overthrow the system under which he, and those similarly circumstanced, lived and prosrealed, and scouts on the hills to warn them of pered. In deciding on affairs of property, as prepared to depart, "it's hard work this, to the very last drop. Fresh supplies of punch slinging pace by Darcy, who preceded them. It was about five o'clock in the evening, political was in question, his partiality be- hours, night and day, and it's harder, ma'am, a state of drunkenness, when he insisted on the guide turned into a narrow lane, and

and Mrs. O'Mshoney, Captain Jack and Mike came undisguised; he hated the Pope, without on the men than on me; such of them, you were on the lawn, attentively watching a out well knowing who or what the Pope really see, as is mounted on mares is obliged to bring "curragh" or "canoe," which having crossed was, and toasted "the glorious, pious, and imthe foals that's too young to be weaned about
the lake, was now nearing the shore; a youth mortal memory of the great and good hing with them, which you see is very troublesome the lake, was now nearing the shore; a youth pulled both paddles, and a country girl sat in the stern. The "mistress," on receiving the idea as to which of the three sovereigns of the stern. The "mistress," on receiving the idea as to which of the three sovereigns of the stern. The "mistress," on receiving the idea as to which of the British throne, know Tommy, ma'am a true blue to the back-

and confusion on the other side of the house, the elegancies of the table; and for the express purpose of enjoying his awkwardness, Captain Lammy, of the Tubbercurry Yeo old Moore, the butter, encumbered him with manry, followed by four dismounted troopers, every article that could possibly be required. was beside her; at the same moment, the To a green wine glass he most emphatically "Take that away, my good man, I don't like

> "you didu't mean to insult me by putting a rebelly glass before me, but common fellows, such as servants, are always disloyal. I'll never deny my colors, true blue, ma'am, and beginning to hould up their heads, I can't bear

As dinner proceeded, and the wine circulated, Captain Lammy lost a good deal of the awe with which the well-known station and character of Mrs. O'Mahony had inspired him; he even felt inwardly comforted at havbeen a guest at her house. By the time the | Hawkins was obliged to assist him, he hiccloth was removed he became as free and easy as if he were at home.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, but being a loyal man and placed in important posts, I God bless him.' Fill your glass, and don't shirk it, Mr. Blake; it's dangerous in these times, sir, to be considered doubtful, and I'd like to protect you, and make a good report of you if I could—upon my soul, I would-on Mrs. O'Mahony's account-there, now, all's right-hurrah-hurrah-hurrahand now, ladies and gentlemen, another constitution that descended to us from our Dutch ancestors, and was brought over from Holland by William the Conqueror. Hurrah, hurrah, hnrrah; you did that right, Mr. Blake, I think I'll be able to make something iv ye yet; I'm not afeerd of Captain Jack ma'am, it's his duty to be loval, for he lives by the King. And, now, Mrs. O'Mahony, honey" (putting his hand upon her shoulder), "I know you'll let me give just one little toast more, and no offence; upon my conscience, ma'am, it's a pity ye're a Papist, for so hospitable a woman ought to be a Protestant; it's more genteel and more fitting for a person having such a stake in the country as you tell you the truth, I was often ashamed to see your carriage drawn up at the door of a common Mass-house; and, believe me, the times is coming when it 'ill be hard for the likes of you, if you continue in idolatry, to keep yer Now, Captain Jack, set a good example, and Mr. Blake, now don't you be get-ting rumbunctious; fill yer glass, higher if you great and good King William, that saved us from brass money and wooden shoes, hurrah,

If the Papishes stir, sirs, we'll give them the rope;
So up with the grange, and to bell with the Pope.

" When I dined with the General the other day, he added a great deal more to the toast that I forget. He's a queer fellow that, an' I'm sure he'd fight well if he was thirty years younger, and wasn't so troubled with the gout. He gave us a great description of the French that they're threatening us with; why, ma'am, they're no bigger nor 'leprechauns,' and they're fed upon frogs,' if all he says be true: wanted to persuade me that the world was "Perfectly, ma'am, perfectly, and on my soul, round, and wheeled upside down every fourand-twenty hours: sure every one knows that if that was the case, when it came to our turn to be undermost, we'd all drop off; and he spoke of the stars being fixed, when I could take the Bible myself that I've seen them falling in kreelfuls.'

Being called for his toast, Captain Jack gave "The Prince of Wales!" and when Mike's came, he proposed "Edmund Burke." "Hum-hum," said Lammy, sagaciously shaking his head, "that's saspicious; before I drink to him, tell me honestly, Mr. Blake, is he a Papist, for I never had the pleasure of hearing of him afore." On being assured to

the contrary-" Well, then, here's to him, al-

though," he added, "all I cau say is, that's a

queer name to open a church pew with." It may easily be supposed that the yeomanry officer's conduct and conversation were not agreeable to his society, but he was too far beneath Mike's notice to excite his anger, and there was much to be gained by allowing him to take his own way. As he became drunk he became communicative, and Mrs. O'Mahony managed to extract from him all the information she required relative to the stations and intended movements of the yeomanry corps, then the only military force in that part of the country. At ten o'clock, by which time Captain Lammy was as far gone as it was prudent to make him, the tramp of horses announced the arrival of his escort, and "the mistress" took the opportunity of making a last re-

quest: "Ah, then, Captain dear, I nearly forgot; I intended sending to town to-morrow for a pass for our herdsman, Barney Cullen, and his boy, who'll be going in a few days to Dublin with some sheep, and sure you ought to be able to give one as well as the best of them."

"And so I am, ma'am-and so I will; I'm a ustice of quorum for three counties, and I'd ike to see the man, from here to Dublin, that 'id dare to refuse my pass; I give scores of them. Get me the pen and ink; you needn't mind paper, ma'am, I always carry the printed hills bounding the off-side of this desolate forms in my pocket, ready for business, ma'am." waste. Arrived there, Darcy turned into an As he drew the papers out, one dropped upon attention continually engaged while he was filling up the official document.

"Aye, aye, ma'am, I know Barney ('Long Barney, they call him), well, and a decent man he is, and come of decent people; and a right good hand at the stick-the Cullens was always a fighting faction. Who's the entered the stream, and wading through, pro-other?—his boy—aye, Shemeen Rielly—a ceeded straightway towards a light which was devil that same Shemeen is. Well, you see, burning in the back window of the publicma'am, I know everything about everybody. Willy Hawkins, my sergeant-major, is wide awake—he'd be a knowing bird 'id escape him. When he comes, ma'am, I'd he obliged, you see, if ye'd bring him up to get a glass of punch in the parlor, and, you see it 'id be just as well that he saw there was no one here but ourselves."

When "the mistress" had possession of the pass, and pushed the fallen form under the table, where it could not be seen, with her foot, she willingly assented to Lammy's proposition, and ordered the servant to open

the foals that's too young to be weaned about bone—a fellow that 'id burn a chapel or shoot a priest, if I bid him, ma'am-he lost a fine horse foal, that died from over-work the other day, and when I claimed compensation from the General, the answer I got was, that he wished every other foal in the corps was dead, too; that's not right—that's not the way to treat loyal men that's sacrificing themselves to support Protestant succession in Church and State."

By this time the sergeant had entered, and as he stood quaffing the tumbler of punch, which Moore had prepared for him, the gentlemen were horrified to see the chicken-girl at

" Place yer honor, ma'am," she simpered out "the butler sent me up to know if ye wanted any more hot water?

"You and the butler," quickly replied "the mistress," "may go to bed (aside), or to the devil, if you like-we have a jug-full, and tell him so.

When Captain Lammy got into the open air, the effects of the wine and punch became more manifest, and he was obliged to take the sergeant's arm, as he proceeded towards where the troop had drawn up, and his horse awaited ing it in his power hereafter to say that he had him. When mounted, an operation in which cupped out:

"Are ye all there, my honies?"

"All, yer honor-every man-Jack, Captain," was responded from the ranks.

"Then, boys, dears, let us do unto others as we would be done unto; animals must be nourished as well as men, and it 'id be a hard case, if after enjoying myself, I didn't remember the innocent creatures that's dependent upon me-so here goes-attention, honies; rear rank, take open order, rein back three paces, and give the foals suck,"

"Plase, yer honor, Captain" (interrupted the sergeant), "the foals is all at home, and comfortable; we never bring them out on night

"So much the better, sergeant-so much the better—then march, my boys, and go wherever Willy Hawkins tells ye.' "We have but a few houses that's not far off to burn the night," said Hawkins, who was now supporting his chief on horseback.

Willy, for I'm very, very sleepy." The yeomanry troop had scarcely left the yard, when the chicken-girl burst into the

"I'm glad-very glad-to hear that same,

room, laughing immoderately. "There was fun-what capital sport-to humbug the stupid fools-to thrust myself have; now that I'm intimate with you, to under their very eyes, whilst they were seek-

ing me." "Pardon me, my lord," said Mike with a severe air; "such jokes are not seasonable. I know you set but little value on your own safety, but, in your present position, such levity might have ruined a great cause, and

compromised confiding friends."

"True, Mike, true; you justly blame me, please, sir-to the very brim. Here's to the but it may be, perhaps, the last time I shall glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the ever have an opportunity of playing a similar trick, and I could not resist the temptation, and yet the risk of discovery was not wilfully run, either. I could not remain in the kitchen when one of those cursed yoemen came in to light his pipe, and Moore, with much presence of mind, sent me on the errand which so much displeased you, so that, in fact, my unwelcome appearance was almost a matter of safety; but concealment is now unnecessary; the hour for action is arrived, when every true-hearted Irishman must avow his sentiments, and prepare to defend them. Hoche is off the coast, and, by God's blessing, to-morrow's sun shall see the Green Flag of Erin floating on her heather-clad mountains. My days of thoughtlessness are passed; my but, upon my conscience, I doubt that, for he life, until the one great object of my ambition be achieved, is wholly devoted to my country. Now, dear Mrs. O'Mahony, something to eat, tioned off and fitted up as a sleeping-room for with a bottle of mulled port, to drink success to the good cause, and then I bid you farewell for the road; our guide and our horses await us on the opposite side of the lake; before room being close by, a sentinel was condaylight we must reach the French fleet, which by that time, I hope to find safely anchored in Bantry Bay." As they discussed their hasty supper, Lord Edward suddenly

exclaimed: "By the way, Mike, I have a letter directed for your friend, Lieutenant Pennant, which came into my possession accidentally. It fell from his sailor servant's packet, as he crossed the foot-bridge at the Abbey, the other night, while I was concealed under one of the old yew trees. I picked it up, and seeing the stable, just as he perceived by the light from direction, was glad to secure it for one who had. although unintentionally, rendered me so great and recent a service. It may be from some rustic beauty; you had better have it sent to

Mrs. O'Mahony proposed taking charge of pockets, declared that he must either have

lost or left it behind him in his portmanteau.

'The night was dark; the wind had risen to a gale; and the boat was often obliged to seek shelter in the lee of an island until the squall descending from the mountains had passed away. At length they caught sight of a dim light, for which they steered, and on reaching the shore found Darcy already mounted, with two other horses saddled, and ready for the road. "Quick, quick, my lord, you have stayed too long; we have far to go, and unless we pass the ferd and village of Kilcooley, where the yeomen keep guard, before midnight, we cannot reach the bay by daybreak, and the French are in, for I saw the signal-fires myself."

Striking off as he spoke, he led his followers by a sort of sheep track round the mountain's base, until they reached an open moor, over which they sped rapidly towards a range of old gravel pit which afforded shelter and concealment, and calling on the gentlemen to dismount, divided a small bag of oats, which he carried before him, amongst the horses. Let them eat," he said, "while I am away: it will be the only bit they can take before our iournev's end: "then proceeding cautiously towards the river, on the opposite side of which stood the straggling village of Kilcooley, he house. Peeping under the corner of a dingy curtain, purposely tucked up on the inside, he had a full view of the occapants of the apartment. It was the guard-room of the yeomanry picket, who had evidently not been long returned from their rounds. Some men were lying on the table; others were asleep in chairs, while the sergeant and landlord of the house were comfortably enjoying themselves over a steaming jug of punch. The latter, whose attention seemed riveted on the window, soon discovered Darcy's face on the outside, and quickly called upon his companion to join him the hall-door and call in Sergeant Hawkins, in a toast, a request which the latter acceded "It's hard work this," said her guest, as he to with a hearty good will, draining his tumbler prepared to depart, "it's hard work this, to the very last drop. Fresh supplies of punch

going to see how the horses were made up. "I'm an ould sodger, Mr. Connor, and I wouldn't sleep the night if I wasn't certain that the men did their duty by the beasts that carried them."

"Lor' love ye, sergeant dear, while you were out looking after the sentries in the town, the yeomen that returned with you from patroulling cleaned their horses, until they were as sleek; as rats, and it id be cruel to wake them and the poor animals now."

The sergeant, however, persisted, in his intention, when the landlord, having made a signal to Darcy, said he'd take a look at the night before they went out. While fumbling with the lock of the back door, he held an underbreath conversation with the guide. " Pass as quickly as you can; I'll keep him engaged until I think you're safe: but mind. there is a sentinel at the end of the town, and you must manage him the best way you can; it doesn't matter much what you do with him now, as it's certain the French are at Bantry ; they'll rid us of these villains to-morrow, and it will be ours to hang and burn them."

"It's could and windy, sergeant" (as he returned), "and in troth it id be better not to disturb the creatures that's snug and comfortable."

The sergeant declared that nothing would prevent his discharging his duty.

"Well, then, at least, we'll have another glass to warm us," and while mixing the punch, Connor commenced humming one of the loyal songs of the day, in which, as he anticipated, his companion lustily joined-The noise awoke the trumpeter, whose first impulse was to sound an alarm, but the landlord quickly seized his arm.

"Why, then, what on earth would you be about, Mr. Morrow, to blow a blast that id waken the town and bring the captain down on top iv ye?'

"Trumpeter - trumpeter - why, sir," exclaimed the sergeant, "why, sir, would ye dare to sound without orders from your superior officer? Ye don't know yer duty, sir; how could ye, that niver saw a riglar rigiment in yer life. Put up yer trumpet, sir, and wait for

commands." Meantime, Darcy returned to the gravel pit, where he found neither men nor horses; having thoughtlessly left the entrance. Lord Edward and Mike only became sensible of their incaution when they saw their steeds gallop rapidly past them.

"What's to be done now?" demanded Lord Edward, hastily, as he related the flight of the horses. "Nothing that I know of," replied Darcy,

but to go back." "Proceed I will," said Lord Edward, " even if forced to walk."

"Then," rejoined Darcy, "if not taken, we are sure to die of hunger in the mountains." "The risk must be run; indeed I ought to be ashamed of my stupidity; it was all my fault; don't blame me, but, like a stouthearted fellow, lead us on, happen what may."

Darcy remained silent until they had waded the river, then, telling his companions to keep close to him, he added, "there's but one thing to be done, and we must risk it."

Advancing quickly to the public-house window, he arrived just as the trumpeter had again settled to sleep, and the landlord and sergeant prepared to quit the room. The latter issued forth, holding a lantern in his hand, and kept rolling from side to side all the time, expatiating "on the necessity of doing one's duty,"

As Connor, who followed in the wake of the drunken sergeant, passed where Darcy stood concealed, the latter stepped behind him and whispered:

"We must have three of those horses shade me from the light in the stables, and when you return to the house keep him drinking and singing until we get off. I'll stand at the window when going.

CHAPTER IV-

The temporary barrack consisted of a long line of stabling, a part of which was part the men, the only access to it being by a door leading from that portion of the building -perhaps for ever. Meantime, Mike, prepare which was occupied by the horses. The men for the road; our guide and our horses await sleeping under the same roof, and the guardsidered unnecessary, the more particularly as one was placed at either end of the straight street, through which alone an enemy could advance.

After he had communicated with Connor.

Darcy quickly returned, cut his great coat into twelve pieces, and gave four, with as many bits of twine, to each of his companions, reserving a similar number for himself. Then, cautioning them to remain quiet until be made a signal to them, he boldly entered the the windows that the sergeant and Connor were proceeding to the other apartment. While the latter was stumbling from bed to bed as he made his rounds, the landlord acted as a screen for Darcy, who actively detached two cloaks and as many helmets from where it, when Lord Edward, after searching his they hung close by the entrance, and regained the yard in safety. After having finished his inspection, the sergeant left his follower to lock the door, while he staggered towards the house. Darcy was immediately beside Connor, and seizing the latch, held the door, while the landlord turned the key and shot the lock to make believe that he had secured it. Before the host and sergeant had well entered the house, Darcy commenced talking aloud in the stable, so completely imitating the voice of Sergeant Woods, that one of the ycomanry, who had been roused from his sleep by the noise, requested his superior to with-draw and allow them to take their rest undisturbed. With the aid of the two gentlemen, three of the troopers were soon saddled, their feet meantime being covered with pieces of Darcy's coat tied round the fetlock, and hay strewn on the ground to prevent all noise While they were being led out the pretended sergeant continued talking and moving the other horses about. Then shutting the door with much more force than was necessary, he unbarred the yardgate and allowed Lord Edward and Mike to pass out, the latter leading the spare horse, and both enveloped in the yeomanry cloaks and helmets. Turning to the left, as they moved slowly along, Darcy arranged how they should act on approaching the outpost; then descending into a ditch which ran along the roadside, he moved stealthily forward, keeping the horsemen a few paces in advance. The wind, which had risen, blew towards the sentinel, who, notwithstanding the muffled feet, soon noticed the approach of the party, and immediately challenged.

"Hush," cried Mike, in a whisper, as he rode close up to him, "the rebels are at hand; we are going as an advanced guard; mount and come along; give me your carabine until

you get into the saddle." The cloaks and helmets completely de-

ceived the man, who mechanically followed the commands given him. As he put his foot into the stirrup, he was seized from behind by Darcy, who, assisted by Lord Edward, quickly disarmed, gagged, and bound him; then placing him on horseback between the two gentlemen, they continued their route, led at a