

towards its eastern slope, a crag of great boldness of outline, at the foot of which, and along its line for two or three miles, ran "the Glen." "The Glen" was deep and gloomy, and the low hum of a narrow stream flowing on through its centre made the solemnity of the place more solemn. No more fitting place could be imagined for the location of witches and fairy caves; and, indeed, we remember, some sixty years ago, to have stood, not over courageously, at the "Pookah's Hole," where everyone knew that lively quadruped buried himself in the intervals of his night rambles around Europe in the special service of people who belong to the school of occult science.

On the top of the crag before mentioned there stood a mansion of some pretensions. It consisted of three large stories, and was crowned by a massive battlement of stone pillars that made the mansion look somewhat regal. The dwelling was perfectly white; and by some singularity of taste the proprietor had planted, not only the declivity, but also every foot of space up to the hall-door. This made the mansion look like something in a cage, and may be, taking all things into account, the word would be no great misnomer.

Yet the position was very beautiful. Behind, stretching out its widening arms in blue background, was Slieve-na-Mon. Before it the hills of Waterford, and, nearly at its feet, the beautiful town of Carrick, while the Suir, as it flowed on to the sea, almost mirrored the house in passing.

This dwelling place is the property of Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and to honor the respectable proprietor of the place it is christened "D'Alton's of Crag."

Well, in the Summer of 1848, and, sooth to say, at midnight, three men were making their way, from the flat country, up through the Glen, and conversing with great earnestness. They were followed by two others, who were sufficiently near to hear their conversation; and, when they thought fit, to advance and take a part in it. Three of the men were very stalwart, and the two others, though not of the dimensions of their companions, were evidently men able to "account for" any two others at all events—out of Tipperary.

They arrived under D'Alton's of Crag, and there was a pause.

"There, above," said one of the tall men, "is sleepin' now the worst man that ever owned the Crag."

"Faith," answered one of the small men—or rather medium men, "they say he don't sleep a wink at all; an, that he goes through his locks an' kays every hour of the twenty-four."

"He has the widows' means an' the orphans' meals; an' he has the curse of the country-side," replied the first speaker."

"What of Figaralt?" asked one of the medium men. "Is id rale throe that he staged?"

"*Gan dhouth air dheen—gan dhouth*," emphatically answered the man interrogated. We presume the learned reader will find out that "*gan dhouth*" means, "We are no longer to question the fact."

"And thin?" demanded the first speaker of all.

"An' thin he broke his oath, an seven good men are in his power. The likes of Figaralt lost the country—so they did."

"We must get shut of him, somehow," sententially declared the smaller man of the company.

"How?"

"Oh, be quiet, Sheamus," answered the sententious man. "Nine of us ought to be able to manage Figaralt an' ould D'Alton, after—an' whin we all meet at the 'long dance' you'll get the why an' the wherefore. *Succuir! succuir! a bouchil!*" Which as the reader knows is scond philosophy, for it counsels quietness and patience.

"I don't like that Meldon at Kilsheelan," remarked some one.

"Figaralt is always with him, they say," added another.

"He's awful about law an' order," sneered a third. "An' as regular at everything as a clock."

"Who is he?"

"Who knows?" some one answers, and he continued, "Only he's so friendly wud Father Ned Power I'd think he was a spy."

"At any rate he has plenty of money," one of the five said, one who had not yet spoken—"he has plenty of money—an, I tell you what—the poor of Kilsheelan loves the ground he walks