

ther demur the police did as they had been desired. The children were a little alarmed at first; but soon rather enjoyed the investigation and the failure of the visitors. Every place in the house and in the yard, and the stables and the granary, was examined; but all were found equally innocent of harboring the redoubtable hero of many a 'well fought field' (at hurling however) and who was now feared for his designs when his ability and strength would have taken another and more dangerous direction.

"We are very sorry, sir, to have worried you and your family."

"Worried us! Not in the least. I could not think of allowing you to depart without an examination; because a man does not always know everyone or everything, in his house; and because I confess, though devoted to 'law and order,' I was not displeased to give the fine fellow the chance of a run during your delay."

Mr. Meldon gave the men some refreshment for which they were extremely thankful, and they bade him a farewell and a happy tour.

For some time James the Pilgrim and a man in the garb of a blind piper had been waiting at the right hand side of the entrance—very modestly, as became them. Mr. Meldon, as soon as the police had gone, advanced towards James and gave him his hand. He then beckoned both the new comers into the hall, and drew James into the parlor.

"Well, James, my friend, have you seen Mr. Seymour lately?"

"I have heard from him, Mr. Meldon. He is in London?"

"London!"

"Yes, sir; and making use of Father Hayes's letters of introduction. I think you will find Mr. Leyton Seymour more agreeable than ever."

"What do you mean James?"

"I will not say just now," answered James; "but Mr. Seymour's father was worthy of a good son."

"Let us order the poor piper his dinner and bed."

"Like you, sir," answered the Pilgrim—"like you, sir. He wants both;—and he wants ten sovereigns."

"Ten sovereigns!"

"Yes, sir. The 'blind piper' is Mr. M——, for whom the police have just been searching. He is on his way to America."

"Chrichawn" entered.

"Sieh a man! sieh a man!" cried "Chrichawn." "That owld aunt will hang 'im. Was there ever——!"

Just then Mr. Meldon beckoned to the piper, who joined the party.

"Sieh a man!" again cried "Chrichawn."

"All true, "Chrichawn," said Mr. M—— in a fine clear voice; "and I am sure, if you wanted to see your brother's wife, or Mr. Meldon, or even an old neighbor, once more before you left old Ireland, you would venture more than I have; indeed, you would."

Mr. Meldon presented his hand to the outlaw.

"I do not share your views—I will not say anything of your feelings; but I cannot help honoring your sentiments."

"Thank you, Mr. Meldon. I am grateful."

"But, sir," Mr. Meldon continued, "what on earth *could* you have done? You have had great proofs that democratic power was not with you. What *could* you have meant?"

"Well, sir, the time will come. We have made a mistake. Ireland's clergy must always be the real power and——"

"Ah, well, do not mind that! You must have suffered awfully on this run?"

"I have not, sir. I have enjoyed much, if I have suffered some. I saw men and women, and even girls, peril everything to protect me—ay, even when they told me plainly they were far from giving up 'Ould Ireland.' It is worth a life of work to prove a people so genuine and loving."

"I quite agree with you; and as I heard a neighbor say—you know Father Ned—the principle of national being is indestructible. Its development is only a question of time and circumstances. Your hazard this time was to see your aunt?"

"Yes; I would rather have gone to prison than left Ireland without seeing her. She has given much of her life, indeed all of it, to me, in rare devotion. I have seen her; that is enough now."