

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

A NIGHT OF PERIL!

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CONCLUSION.

As the giant figure of Tony *dhu* appeared in the doorway Aileen, in order to hide the trepidation his unexpected arrival caused, busied herself with some oatmeal cakes that were baking on the hearth for their evening meal.

"God save all here!" was Tony's salutation as he strode into the cabin.

There was no response of "God save you kindly," for both women were annoyed at his intrusion. He noticed the coolness of his reception, but no ways abashed he advanced towards the fire, and squatting down beside Aileen's kneeling figure, stretched out his large ill-shaped hands before the blaze, while he abruptly asked:

"Where's Brian?"

"Keep yer distance!" exclaimed Aileen fiercely, as she sprang indignantly to her feet and shrank with aversion from the vagrant.

"Won't ye let a body have an air of that fire?" he asked sullenly.

"Shure it isn't cowl'd ye are this fine evening," she retorted angrily, "and what brings ye here at all when ye aren't wanted."

"I'm not going to inconvenience ye long, and ye might keep a civil tongue in yer head, Aileen Hanlon, and not thrash a poor omadhawn in that way. Is them the manners ye hant her, granny?" he added, turning indignantly to the old woman.

"Never heed her, Tony," she answered soothingly. "She is not in the best of tempers to-night, but what are ye wanting, avick?"

"Where's Brian? he is wanted out," was Tony's answer.

"Who wants him?" asked the widow sharply.

"The boys," was the curt reply.

"Well, Brian isn't to the fore, as ye can see. He's not back yet from T——," broke in Aileen, her eyes still flashing anger as she turned them on Tony. "So be off wid ye at once and leave Brian alone."

"Is there any work on hand, Tony?" asked Mrs. Hanlon, anxious to find out the boys' intention with regard to Dalton.

"Myself doesn't know, granny. It isn't to the likes of me 'the boys' would tell their sayrets."

"Now, Tony, ye needn't pretend that to me," remarked the old woman in a wheedling voice. "Ye know what's going on as well as any one."

A pleased grin broke over the vagrant's hideous face, but at this moment his attention was diverted by the entrance of a good-looking young man.

"Here is Brian himself!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Ye're just in time, man alive! I'm waiting for you."

"What's up now?" asked Brian half sullenly.

"They're wanting ye, avick! but may be ye haven't heard the news."

"I heard nothing strange; what have ye to tell?"

"He's come, begorra!"

"Who is come?"

"The counsellor from Dublin! who else?" Brian started.

"He was not expected till to-morrow," he remarked moodily.

"True for ye, but he's come any how."

There was a gloomy silence for a few moments. It was broken by Brian's inquiring in a husky voice what was wanted with him.

"Myself doesn't know," was the evasive answer.

"I must break me long fast first," said Brian, with an angry scowl at the omadhawn, who was grinning provokingly, enjoying the pain his unwelcome summons gave him.

Aileen now placed the evening meal on a small deal table covered with a coarse white cloth. Black Anthony was not invited to sit down at the humble board, but was handed some food which he eat ravenously. While the widow and her grand-children were silently and sadly eating their simple supper of oat cakes and milk, the little party was increased by the entrance of a tall muscular peasant, in whose dark eyes gleamed the savage light of fiendish passion. Through a chink in the boarded partition, which separated Aileen's little room from the kitchen—as the larger apartment was called—Dalton could see and hear all that was passing, and a shudder passed through his frame as his eye fell on the fierce countenance of the new comer. With a muttered imprecation he demanded what was keeping Brian.

"Isn't there enough widout me for this business?" asked Brian sullenly.

"But ye're wanted to sind up to the Lodge to see if the counsellor is there," retorted the man sharply.

"There's Tony! send him instead of me," pleaded Brian.

"I darn't go, Brian!" broke in Tony hastily. "Misther Meredith forbid me the house, and threatened to set the dogs on me."

"Why do ye think he has got to the house," inquired Brian.

"Bekase we can't find him no where, and

we have been pathrolling the road to Mr. Meredith's ever since nightfall."

"And if he has got safe there, shurely ye don't mane to attack the house, Dan Connor?" demanded Aileen, indignantly.

"Of coorse not! We have nothing agin Misther Meredith. A good landlord he is, no doubt; but if we come across Counsellor Dalton this blessed night we'll batter the life out of him, anyhow."

"It's a cruel business, and I don't like it at all," said Brian, moodily.

"Then have nothing to do wid it, Brian, asthore," observed his sister, boldly. "I tell you, Dan Connor," she continued, vehemently, as she looked defiantly at the man, "it is a base act ye intend to do. To think of so many seeking the life of one. It is a cowardly deed, and no good will come of it."

"It is very well for a pretty colleen like yerself to talk so bowldly, Aileen," said Dan, looking admiringly at the girl's handsome face flushed with indignant excitement, "but such bitter words from yer brother or any other mortal man, would soon lay him stretched on the flure. But I'm losing time here. Brian Hanlon," he added, menacingly, "will ye come or will ye not?"

With a deprecating look at his sister, Brian rose without another word and followed Dan Connor. I Tony out of the cabin.

"It's a pity I didn't offer to go myself to the Lodge," remarked Aileen as she was left alone with her grandmother.

"Arrah, what for, avourneen?"

"To tell Misther Meredith that he is here. Shure he would send the peeters to convey him to the Lodge. Faix," added the girl with sudden decision, "I'll run up to the House, anyhow, and let them know."

The old woman looked up startled.

"Have ye lost yer seven senses, girl, to think of turning informer. Shure if they even knew we harboured him they would burn the roof over our heads!"

The bed-room door now gently opened, and Dalton advanced a few steps into the kitchen.

"Do not, I beg of you, run any risk on my account," he said, with a grateful look at Aileen.

"It's bekase I'm afraid black Anthony suspects that ye are here," she said thoughtfully. "I saw him more nor once watching that chink in the partition betune us and the room ye were in."

"If ye think so, I will go away out into the darkness—any where—trusting in Providence, rather than ye should incur the ill-will of those malignant men."

"Don't think of it, sir. It would be just going to certain death to leave this house where your enemies is prowling about."

A faint cry from Mrs. Hanlon now startled Dalton and her grand-daughter.

"Blessed Mary! if there isn't that vagabones ugly face close up agin the windy looking in at us," exclaimed the old woman in accents of consternation. "Ye were right enough, Aileen, he suspects something, and is come back for no good!"

Dalton hastily retreated, taking the precaution to bolt the bed-room door against sudden intrusion. With an anxious eye he watched through the chink in the partition for the entrance of Tony. He did not wait long.

"Hooroo! I've found him out!" the vagrant exclaimed, flourishing his shalalah and dashing wildly into the kitchen.

"Be off wid ye, ye omadhawn! what foolery are ye at now?" exclaimed Aileen boldly confronting him.

"It's cute Tony they ought to call me, for I'm the wisest man of them all," he said exultingly, making a rush towards the bed-room door.

Aileen placed herself before it. "Lave the house this minute!" she exclaimed with passionate indignation. "What did ye come back for, frightening lone women at this hour of the night?"

"Shure he's in there! didn't I see him wid me own eyes. Clear the road and let me at him!" and he pushed the girl savagely aside.

Dalton drew a revolver, determined to defend his life, yet fearful that the report of fire-arms would be heard without and attract more of his enemies to the cabin. In this moment of peril woman's wit interfered in his behalf and saved him from the threatened danger.

"Whisper, Tony, avick," said Mrs. Hanlon in a wheedling voice, laying her hand on the savage creature's arm and pulling him gently back.

He turned on her an angry look, yet stopped to hear what she had to say.

"Are ye mad to go in there alone?" the widow continued, speaking low and confidentially. "Shure he is armed and will shoot ye down like a dog. Wait till Brian comes back."

The mention of fire-arms startled Tony, and he retreated in alarm.

"Thure for ye, Granny! but I'll go for the boys. They have guns and can shoot too. Hooroo for the fun! I've found him! I've thracked him out! Bedad the great counsellor is caught like a fox in a trap!" and with an exultant laugh he was about to rush from the cabin when the old woman arrested him.

"Ye needn't be in sich a hurry, man alive! Stop and take a glass afore ye go. The air is sharp out in the mountains, and a dhrop of poteen will keep the cowl'd out."

The widow Hanlon knew Tony's weak point. The offer of a glass of whiskey was an irresistible temptation.

"Is it the rare stuff," he asked, smacking his lips, his eyes gleaming with brutal satisfaction.

"Faix, it's nothing else. Stop and rest yerself till Brian comes back and smoke a pipe wid me, and tell us all the news that's going."

"Maybe Tony would like the punch better," said Aileen, in conciliating tones. She understood her grandmother's motive in offering him intoxicating drink. It was their only hope of preventing his disclosing Dalton's place of concealment.

"If ye have the hot wather and the shugar convanient I'd like it well, colleen," he answered, the savage expression of his face somewhat softened by the unexpected kindness.

The ingredients for making punch were quickly produced by Aileen, and black Anthony was seated in the chimney corner smoking a duden—a short pipe—with a noggin of strong punch before him, for the moment forgetting the presence of Dalton in the adjoining room, oblivious of every thing but his own gratification.

An hour passed away in extreme enjoyment such as seldom fell to the lot of Tony *dhu*. Gradually the intoxicating beverage took effect, the heat of the fire and the soothing influence of the weed he was inhaling contributing their aid to steep his senses in forgetfulness. Before another half hour had elapsed he lay stretched upon the floor in the heavy sleep of intoxication.

"He'll trouble us no more to-night!" exclaimed the widow Hanlon, with a feeling of relief, as she gazed upon the prostrate beggar; "but, marry on us, what a power of poteen it took to lay him stretched! Shure it would be more than enough to kill any decent man."

"Isn't it well ye thought of offering him the glass, granny? Shure only for it he'd have the boys here in no time, and then nothing could save the counsellor."

Then, opening the bed-room door, Aileen spoke encouragingly to Dalton, telling him with the help of God she hoped he would still escape his cruel enemies.

"If I do I shall owe my life to your kindness," was his grateful answer, "and believe me I shall never forget the obligation."

It was now about ten o'clock. Brian had not yet returned. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour none of the anxious inmates of the cabin felt inclined to sleep. Dalton alone in the darkness of his hiding place sat nervously listening to every sound without, occasionally conversing with his friends who whiled away the time knitting. Never did the wheels of time seem to drag so heavily, never was the welcome dawn more eagerly longed for than on this eventful night.

It was half an hour after midnight when the stillness of that mountain glen was broken by the measured tramp of many feet. Dalton started from his seat in sudden alarm. Was there a large body of Fenians approaching the cabin, or could it be a military force sent to apprehend them. What a sudden joy thrilled his heart as this thought flashed through his mind. Stealthily he approached the little window of the bed-room and looked out. By the faint star-light a dark mass was seen moving towards the dwelling, but seen so indistinctly that Dalton could not discern whether they were friends or foes. Before long, however, his trembling hopes of a rescue were confirmed as the fire-light from the kitchen streaming into the darkness without flashed upon the uniform of the men, revealing an armed body of police.

"Holy Biddy be praised! your honour is saved! now her's the ganger and his men!" exclaimed Aileen, joyfully flinging open the bed-room door.

It was even so. A party of revenue police were still hunting in the mountains, and, attracted by the light in the lonely cabin, had approached to reconnoitre, thus arriving opportunely to take Dalton under their protection.

With many expressions of gratitude he bade adieu to his humble friends, placing in the hands of the widow a roll of bank notes as a marriage portion for the pretty Aileen. Instead of proceeding to Mr. Meredith's he returned to the railway station, arriving just in time for the early train, and when the morning dawned he was several miles from the scene of his night's adventure. At the request of Dalton the police were ordered by their officer not to reveal the secret of his hiding-place, lest the Hanlon family might suffer for their kindness to him by incurring the ill-will of his enemies.

The next morning Tony *dhu* awoke with a very confused recollection of what had occurred the preceding night, so that Aileen and her grandmother had no difficulty in persuading him it was all "a dhrame." But what became of "the counsellor" was a matter of surprise to more than Tony *dhu*. Where had he spent the night and how had he escaped "the boys" in their search for him through the mountains? The omadhawn stoutly affirmed that Ould Nick,

who takes care of his own, had flown away with him. But the obnoxious lawyer was safe in his chambers in Dublin, thankful for his providential escape, and determined never again to endanger his life by a lonely walk through the Kerry mountains.

THE END.

ART AND LITERATURE.

Mlle. Albani, it is said, intends taking a country house at Passy.

Auguste Maquet, (McKeat) the Franco-Irish novelist, invented the word "Bohemian" for "journalist."

According to the *Indian Mirror*, the Maharajah of Cashmere is coming out as an author to refute "Brahminism."

A work on "The Political Institutions of America and England," by Mr. Edwin James, is published by Mr. Bentley.

M. Renard, thirty years ago the greatest tenor in France, is reported to have died recently in Paris in abject poverty.

The Duc d'Aumale is transporting his picture-gallery, valued at nearly \$1,000,000, from Twickenham, England, to his estate at Chantilly.

Miss Strickland has had a serious fall, and it is feared she will not recover from the injuries she has received for a considerable time.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Richard Baxter, the eminent preacher of the Commonwealth, at Kidderminster, where, for many years, he lived and wrote.

George McDonald will sail for Boston on September 17th. He has already the largest list of engagements ever made for any foreign lecturer before his first appearance.

It is reported that Mme. Nilsson-Rouzaud has just effected an engagement to sing at the Imperial Opera, Berlin, in September next, it being her first appearance in that city.

According to *El Gazeib*, a paper published in Constantinople, an Arabic "Conversation Lexicon" is to be brought out at Beyrout, in Arabic, and in one hundred and fifteen parts.

Paris opens a college for journalists next September. A. Neffizer, the eminent editor of *Le Temps*, will be president of the college, and A. Gueroult, Emile de Girardin and Alphonse Karr, will be the trustees.

The King of Bavaria has decorated Dr. Dolinger with the Order of Merit of the Bavarian Crown. The University of Edinburgh has also conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon the distinguished professor.

A window in memory of Sir John Herschel is to be placed in the parish church of Hawks-hurst, in Kent. The subject represented will be the Wise Men of the East following the guiding star to the place of the Nativity.

Professor Palmieri has published, in Berlin, an account of the late eruption of Vesuvius, under the title of "Incendio Vesuviano del 26 Aprile, 1872." A German translation of this monograph has also been brought out by the publisher Denicke, of Berlin.

Mr. Stanley reports that Dr. Livingstone had consented to act as special correspondent of the paper which he has so ably and bravely represented; so that the accounts of the future discoveries of the enthusiastic Scotchman in question will first appear on this side of the Atlantic.

Nathaniel Rothschild, the eldest son of Baron James de Rothschild, is at work upon a history of his family from its rise in 1808 to the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon III. It will contain a number of unpublished letters from Napoleon I., and other eminent men during the last sixty years.

The *Athenaeum* states that a lady, the last representative of the oldest established book-selling firm in Paris, Mme. Marie-Nyon, has just died at the advanced age of eighty-five years. She was a descendant of Guillaume Nyon, who set up business as a bookseller as far back as the year 1580, i. e. in the reign of Henry III.

It was very handsome in Gounod to compose and sing in London on the 15th ult., his new arrangement of the "Maid of Athens" for the benefit of Mrs. Black, for whom Lord Byron wrote the original verses in the year 1810. Sixty-two years ago Mrs. Black was in the flush of health and on the topmost wave of society. Now she is poor, and looks toward the sale of the new melody as a source of support in her declining years.

A question of International Copyright is likely to come before the German law courts, in which English authors have some interest. A lady known in literature as "Ouida" has authorized editions of all her writings in the Tauchnitz collection. Her last volume of tales which is shortly to appear in England, was, it appears, first published in America and has been reprinted without her leave, indeed against her protest—by Messrs. Ascher & Co., of Berlin. Two editions, therefore, are in the German market; and a law court will have to decide whether, from their point of view, an English author forfeits his copyright in England by first publishing in America.