

know as Amy D'Alton; and with his mother's death the son's last light may be said to have gone out.

To be sure, there was Nelly, his nurse, who had come into the Crag when D'Alton Barron came into the world, and the old butler, John, and all the servants—devoted, obedient, and loving—ready to die for him. But the attraction homeward when he went abroad, and the warmth and light of the love of a mother which gave the Crag an enchantment, had all vanished.

Yet, were they times to stir blood more cold than D'Alton Barron's—the times of growing national dignity, increasing, national strength, and united national movement. They were the times of O'Connell and Sheil, and all the galaxy that shone around the "Liberator," and raised the humblest in the land to the platform of their own large souls. Not a man seemed exempt from their enthusiasm,—or even a little boy; and the "Juvenile Liberal Club" was a school for the patriot, demagogue, or statesman of twelve to sixteen years old, whose intelligence brightened in the double pride of emulation and love of country. What days they were, only the sharers of the glorious epoch can feel; and what a transition from prostration to erect manhood, no one can understand who has not lived during the nation's lethargy, and after the awakening.

"'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
on life's dull stream."

O'Connell was going, one day, from Waterford to Clonmel, some time before the Clare election; and, of course, the whole route was an ovation. The great leader was then fifty-four years old, and you would pick him from a million, for the task assigned to him by Providence. A good deal over six feet high; regal in his movements and address; with an eye of light and humor that nothing escaped, and which looked into you while hardly appearing to look at you; with a mouth which was eloquent even when silent, and a voice so sweet, full, and powerful, that one felt it, as one feels language,—and it came a language to the Irish heart—no wonder we worshipped him! We have encountered gloomy days enough, and known how to restrain hope and confer confidence spar-

ingly—in fact, we had a share in the experience that "all is vanity;" but it is something to have known O'Connell, and to have lived much of the life which he imparted to Ireland.

A few men and boys—just what a great crowd breathes out before them; a little gathering, looking back anxiously for some approaching thing of interest; a distant cheer—another—the crowd thickening; the cheer growing from one of magnitude to one of thunder; the tens of thousands stretching on and on, apparently for miles, and so massed together that the men's heads would make a causeway; banners, and wands, and green ribbons, and boughs of trees, and bands of music, and in the midst of that endless throng a carriage, driven by postillions, while a single gentleman occupies the driver's seat—a man "every inch a king!" that is O'Connell! And the multitude, like a mass, slowly approach, the thunders of an enthusiasm never seen in the world before swell up the sides of Slieve-na-Mon, and are echoed by the hills on the other side of the "sweet banks of the Suir."

O'Connell and Father Aylmer were old friends, and, therefore, everyone was prepared for a standstill at Father Aylmer's door. And, thereupon, the old patriarch came forth, with his loving looks, and flowing hair, and open arms, to welcome "the man of the people." Such excitement, such hurrahs, such pride and exultation, could hardly take place in a century, because such men as O'Connell and Father Aylmer, in like circumstances, do not meet twice in a hundred years.

About this same hour of the day, Henry D'Alton Barron was on his way to meet O'Connell at Father Aylmer's. He rode a noble animal, and well became his place.

A large man, carrying a long stick, and his hair flowing over his shoulders, stood in the middle of the way and signalled for a moment's delay. D'Alton Barron stopped.

"You are going to the meeting at Clonmel?" the old man said.

"I am, James; where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm as ever, you know. There's no home or rest for a sinner but the tomb."