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# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

### WEDNESDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1879.

## REDMOND O'HANLON

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

## CHAPTER VIII .- CONTINUED.

"And that is an improvement," added the old man, smacking his lips, as he tasted the " But what of this strange story you claret. were telling last night?"

"Between ourselves," said John Elliott, winking his eyes, and speaking in a lower tone of voice than usual, "my own opinion is it is a very foolish story; for, in my soul, I do not believe there is one word of truth in the whole Pepish plot, ethics English or Irish whole Popish plot, ethier English or Irish, from the beginning to the end."

"Nor I either," observed the old man. "This is not the first Popish plot spoken of in my time. I have been now living in Irc- Smith." land for more than thirty years, and have ac-quired some knowledge of its people, and sure I am, poor fellows! that what has been the cause of most anxiety to them has been, not to destroy their neighbors, but to make out bread for themselves and their children. Thus, from my own experience, I would say there is nothing to be found in the Irish plot, but as many lies as there are false men to now. I bet you a pint of usouebaugh that I swear them: and as to the English plot, I judge it from the character of one of the with nesses-Bedloe-and of him it can be truly said, that he is 'a fellow known for a blasphemous, atheistical wretch; a thief, a cheat, and, in tine, a scandal to the very alms-basket.' But, bless you, sir," added Elliott, still speaking in a low tone of voice, "that which I say to you, under the rose, I dare not for my life speak aloud. Knaves, who know 1 said nothing but the truth, would aid fools and fanatics in tearing my house down about my ears, because I had spoken that truth that before I touch a drop that is in that aloud."

"I know, as well as you," said the old man, the danger of the times; and, therefore, whilst I admire your sentiments I respect your prudence. But tell me, I prav, the strange story in which the Welsh captain was a hero."

"The person you ask about," observed Elliott, "is a young captain in Jones' dragoons. He is like most Welshmen I have ever met with, as remarkable for the dulness of his wit, as the liveliness of his fanaticism; and, therefore, is prepared to believe as a truth, whatever can be said to the dishonor of have worse liquor in your house than this; his neighbor-provided that neighbor be an and may you always be as sure that others Irishman or a Papist. Ever since the Popish will pay for their drink, as that you will have, plot was first spoken of in England, he has in this instauce, to pay for nine. And here, been maintaining there must be, at the least, two Popish plots in Ireland; and for this you for your impartiality, secause you decided reason, that there are twice as many Papists in Ireland as in England. This firm persua- and although you are an old man, the worst sion of his has, it seems, by his own account, been fully corroborated by an incident which cocurred whilst he was patrolling at night "Let the fellow drink as much as he around Dublin. He asserts that, whilst so engaged, he met a large armed party; and their leader a warrant from the Privy Coun- sooner get rid of him." cil in England, fo arrest persons in Ireland accused of being parties to a Popish plot in the vessel containing the beloved usque-this country. He says that the party he bargh, "I think I ought to be able to take stopped had a woman in custody-an emissary from France, who wes arrested in the very offers. I drank your health, Mr. Elliott, in acteristic of his countrymen, he can neither get at the aqua vita, that I stumbled over my remember the name of the person set forth in politeness. Well, here's to mend my hand, the warrant of the English Privy Council, as he describe the person of the prisoner, for he fore nor after Christmas. declares he never saw her. At the Castle, nothing is known of any such circumstance. "Well, now that I have a word to say to It is cortain no such prisoner has been my enemies, and I ought to have something to

each other. This, sir, is Mr. -I forget your name sir," said Elliott to the new-comer. "I wonder at that," said the new-comer. "Why so ?" said Elliott.

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"Because you never knew it; and how you

could forget what you never knew, passes my knowledge in logic and moral theology," answered the stranger, whom John Elliotts glasss of usquebaugh, with the prospect of drinking more of it, put into excellent spirits. "But not to keep you longer in doubt about it, my name is Murfey-Edmund Murfey, at your service. An honest man's son's name, at all events."

"Smith," said Murfey, observing that John

Elliott stopped at the name. "Smith!" said the old man, smiling ; " you

are quite right Mr. Murfey-I am called Mr.

"See that now," said Murfey, "see that now -see how I could tell the gentleman's name, though I never saw him before. I have travelled a deal, Mr. Elliott, and have seen a great deal of the world, but I never yet met an Erglishman, and was at loss for his name, and called him 'Smith,' that I did not find I now, I bet you a pint of usquebaugh that I guess his Christian name."

" Done !" said John Elliott.

"Done!" said Murfey, "and done again, and done over again; for it's you that was done this time, mine host. The gentleman's Christian name is 'John'-'John Smith' is his name, in full-that is the name he is called by. Ain't I right, sir ?"

"Quite right; I am, as you, say Mr. Murfey, called John Smith."

"Hand me in my pint of spirits," cried Murfey, jubilant with exultation ; "I'll take quart bottle. I like to begin with my own honest earnings, before I quarter myself on the contributions of strangers. That has been my way through life. I first spent my own fortune; and never until I had gone right through it, did I think of helping my friends to get through theirs; and the Lord be praised! I have got on wonderfully in life, by succeeding in both ways. But here comes the usquebaugh. My heart's weak this morning, after last night's booze; but I have the courage to face a pint, at all events. Here, mine host, is your health, and may you never in my favor. Your health, Mr. John Smith; wish I have for you is, may you live until

ploases, and as quickly as he likes," whispered John Elliott to the old man; "we shall upon challenging them, he was shown by the sooner learn all he has to tell, and the

"I think, "said Murfey, as he laid down the conceit out of that pint in five more act of conspiring with the Catholic Arch-bishop of Armagh as to poisoning the King; Mr. John Smith along with you. Forgive but with that stupidity and dulness so char- me, gentlemen ; but I was in such a hurry to and here's to your health alone, Mr. John being authorized to make arrests in Ireland, Smith, and may you never die until I wish to nor can he tell to what jail it was stated the be at your wake! and that, I can tell you, will prisoner was about to be removed; nor can be some day that will never comencither be-

brought there to be lodged in the Birming-ham Gate-house, or any other tower; nor is than the other on my hands at this present there any such prisoner in Newgate. What writing. Faith, as to my friends, you could is supposed to be the fact is, either that Cap-fit them into a sentry sox, and there would be "And birth," added Elliott, slily. whilst as to my enemies, they are like buttercups on a May morning, past counting. So here goes-' Confusion to all my enemies in general, rich and poor, great or small, alive "There's my third offer at the point, and a

wine; but they reserved for their heathen something better than wine, and they gods something better than wine, and called it 'nectar' and 'nectar' is Greek for usquebaugh." "Neclar Greek for usquebaugh," said the old

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man, "I never knew that before.", "Did you ever drink usquebaugh before sir?" asked Murtey.

"No, never."

"Then go on drinking usquebaugh, and you will be astonished to find how much it will improve you. When you have drunk half as much as me, it will be well for you if when you go to kingdom come, Luther will you know half or quarter as much as I could teach you."

"I have not the slightest doubt, sir, of the profundity of your knowledge, or the extent of your acquirements," remarked the old man, bowing to Murfey, who received the compliment with drunken gravity and solemnity but what surprises me is, that you should be 50 reluctant to impart the information you possess to others. A good scholar should be like a large cask of generous wine, always on draught, never bunged up."

"Sir, I honor you for the metaphor," stammered Murfey. "Ask what question you please, and I will answer you."

" You stopped a minute ago," observed the old man, "as you were on the point of telling us the name of the young woman who gave you dire offence on a recent occasion. I own to a strong curiosity to learn the name of that particular individual of the weaker sex who was able to excite such angry commotion in the geneorus heart of a great scholar and an illustrious divine like Mr.

Edmund Murfey." "Cease firing, John Smith! No flattery, Mr. Smith ! I confess to being a scholar, I deny being a divine. What I might have been, I will not say; but cruel Oliver Plunkett could tell; for it was jealousy on his part of my superior talents that made him put me under him. And now you want to know, Mr. John Smith, the name of the young lady who on last Monday night, of all days in the year, put me in a passion. Ah! then, if you wait there, Mr. John Smith, until I tell you the name of that fiery young vixen, you will be found sitting on the same spot where you are until the day after the day of judgment. But to tell the truth, now, John Elliott, did I do what this old chap says I did? did J directly or indirectly say one blessed word about a young woman having

put me in a horrid rage last Monday?" "You did, indeed, Mr. Murfey, distinctly allude to some such person," replied John Elliott.

"Why, then, more shame for me, and as a punishment, I fine myself to drink off another glass of usquebaugh. There it is-gone! paid the fine the very minute it was inflicted. Is not that honest, Mr. Smith? Is not that astonishingly honest, Mr. Smith? Isn't that superlatively honest, Mr. John Elliott?" Honest! you are the perfection of honesty,

Mr. Murfey," said Elliott.

" Not a bit of it," answered Murfey.

"You are too honest," said the old man. "Cease firing, John Smith! Ain't it the hardest thing in the world for a man to be honest? then such being the case, how on earth could a man double the quantity of an impossibility? Answer me that logically, and metaphysically, and theolegically," said Murfey, hiccupping in a drunken triumph.

"You are too learned for me to enter into a conversation with you," said the old man. the man from Oxford or Cambridge who could hold a candle to me when I'd try to trip him

"I think you are quite right," said John Elliott, " not to tell the girl's name, or perhaps I orght to say the name of the young

"True for you, John Elliott; and a real

a witness ; so let me alone, I tell you. I fine "It is nectar, sir, answered Murfey, as he a witness, so let me alone, I tell you. I fine quaffed off another glass, "The ancient myself another glass of usquebaugh for stop-pagans described their herces as drinking ping, so long with you. And so good-bye, ping, so long with you. And so good-bye, who call myserranother grass or, usquoratgar for sopp ping, so long with you. And so good-bye, landlord, and good-bye, you, sir, who call yourself, or are called John Smith." "Come I come I not so fast. Mr. Murfey," said John Elliott, catching hold of the toper by the skirts of his shabby black coat, and so

dragging him back into his seat again. "Mind you, Mr. Murfey, I am an Englishman, and, what is more, as good a Protestant as yourself."

"Faith," replied Murfey, " if that's all you have to say for yourself, that you are as good a Protestant as I am, then I can tell you that disown you, and Calvin turn the back of his hand and the sole of his foot against you." "But, Mr. Murfey," said John Elliott, "I

want to show my respect for you."

"Do you really now, Mr. Elliott ?"

"I do, Indeed, Mr. Murfey."

"Very well, then, give us another glass of your usquebaugh." "Another glass of my usquebaugh!" exclaimed Elliott, as in a rapture of enthusiasm. "Another glass of my usquebaugh ! ay, Mr. Murfey, and another quart of my usquebaugh, and a dozen quarts of usquebaugh to the back of that again. Call for what you like, regard this house as your own, its larder and its cellars are alike open to you. All I regret is, that the house is so full I cannot offer you a bed. What, Mr. Murfey, is it that I possess,

and that you may not command? Are you not one of the King's evidence to the horrid hellish, Popish plot, and is it not the duty of every Englishman to sustain, support, and cherish you ?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Elliott ?" said Murfey, "or are you only making game of me? Because, if you are in earnest, it is the best joke I ever heard ; and if you are joking, depend upon it I will make you sup sorrow

for your fun." "Am I in earnest?" cried Elliott, as if astonished at the question. "Just listen to me. Here, Thomas—you know, Mr. Murfey, Thomas is the head drawer at my inn-here, Thomas, this is Mr. Murfey, and whatever Mr. Murfey olders in this house, you are to bring him, and never send him in a bill." " Yes, sir," replied Thomas.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating,"

said Murfey. "How much is a magnum, Mr. Elliott?" "Two quarts, Mr. Murfey," answered Elliott.

"Very well! you, Thomas, follow, bring mea magnum of usquebaugh," said Murfey. "Yes, sir," said Thomas, hurrying off, and no less, to cut the throat of John Elliott and

bottle. " Uncork that, my man," said Murfey.

"Yes, sir "

Murfey filled, with a steady hand, a glass from the huge bottle; then smelled, with a knowing look, the liquid; then tasted it; then smacked his lips, and exclaimed with repture-"Better liquor I never tasted, as this horrid, hellish, Popish plot." fragrant as a rose, as strong as steel, and as "Ah! I see what you are driv." pellucid as the honey of Hybla. And now, Murfey; "you want me to tell the name of Thomas, my tight fellow-

Whenever I say I won't pay, you may depend

"And mind you, Thomas, you are not to ask

nectar, the real nectar, ambrosial dew, com-

meto settle my bill for this nectar."

"Yes, sir." "Mind, whenever I order it, you are never

to stop bringing me one of the same sort." "Yes, sir."

upon it, I'll keep my word.'

"And take particular notice, my red-nosed

"Yes."

".Never, sir."

Ganymede, that you are not to charge me anything. "Yes, sir." "Eccause, if you do I will never ray you.

"I should think so. I should like to see

up with Aristotle in Greek, or Thomas Aquinasin Latin."

lady.'

swill ?- Ewill rhymes to fill, Pon my ver- I have to choose between his death and my acity, it is a very nice word indeed !"... " But you were, Mr. Murfey, about to say

something of the horrid, hellish Popish plot," observed Elliott impatiently. "Ah I then, John Elliot, it is trying to inveigle me you are, with your kimmeen' salvation? How shall I, covered with my tricks ?" said\_Murfey, his suspicious temper excited for the moment, despite the enormous quantity of raw spirits he had been swallow-

ing. "You want me to tell you, what I have made up my mind to tell the King and the Parliament ; but I won't, not a blessed word that you can make any meaning out of, will tives before me; and I can only avoid the 1 say to you. But at the same time your usquebaugh is too good for a man to be cross with you, and therefore I will say this to you, and just too in the way I was going to say it to you, when old John Smith, who never

stops talking, interrupted me. Now what do you say, John Elliott, or what do you say, John Smith, to this? shut your eyes and

open your ears, while I put these few interrogatory questions to you. What do you say of a man who intends to swear that a certain great man in the north-I name no names, mind you-but a mighty great man in the north entirely; a bad-hearted man, too, he is, and has been my persecutor, and took the bit out of my mouth, when I was going on for Holy Orders; what do you think, or what do secrets, and telling me of a plan by which the King of France was to land seventy thousand soldiers, horse, foot, and dragoons, bag, baggage, and artillery, in Carlingford infamous, but in my infamy would be in-

Bav "Carlingford Bay !" exclaimed Elliott, unable to suppress his surprise. How were they to get there? or how could a fleet sufficient to convey such an army enter Carlingford Bay ?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the old man, " let him go on without interruption, or we shall never be able to fathom this villainy."

"I said Carlingford Bay; I said that, and will stick to it, and what's more, 1'll swear it," said Murfey; " that was the very place the great man in the north-I name no names mind you-proposed to me to have sixty thousand men landed. Don't you see, John Elliott, that the cunningness of the plot consists in determining to do what is impossible, and proposing to land at a place that is inaccessible. And what is more, this great man in the north-I have not, and I will not mention his name-until he is safe in Newgate; but what he told me was this, that the neither avoid it nor prevent it. It is to be Duke of York was bringing all those Irish done. But there is no use in considering the and Spanish soldiers, fifty thousand of them, in an instant returning with a gigantic all like him in Ireland, as if they were so many pigs, instead of being, as they are, church-going Protestants; and didn't this great man in the north also say to me-

" But,' said John Elliott, tiring of what he regarded as the drunken fancies of Murfey, "I do not see what the French lady who was arrested on Monday last has to do with all

"Ah! I see what you are driving at," said the Colleen Dhu-but I won't. All I will say to either of you is this, that I am prepared to swear I was in France, and that I was talking with the French King and his Majesty's father confessor about this same plot; and that it was as much as I could do to prevent the two of them from making me a Duke or a Cardinal, whichever I liked best, to promote this plot; but instead of doing any such thing, I said to the French King in French: ' What a gallows bosthoon you must take me to be, to suppose I would give up my chance of being an English bishop in Ireland, to become a dirty, trapseeing, beggarly bishop in France, or an old battered, red-stockinged Cardinal in Italy. Mon-a-mon-dhoul,' says I to the King's confessor in French, but I taking to brand him, whenever you met him, would sooner be a cow-boy in the Bog of kissed it fervently with his lips. "This is Allen in Ireland, than a captain of dragoons my Lord, and could not but lead to a cala-

"Yes!" exclaimed Mnrfey, as he clasped the monstrous bottle in both hands, and

own infamy. "And then, if I fall in this encounter, as it is probable I may, for I have not a particle of justice on my side, how shall I appear before that just Judge who laid down His life for my own blood, self-sacrificed, ask for mercy from Him, whose great law, 'thou shalt not kill,' I have died in the attempt to violate in the person of my neighbor?

and degraded coward. Such are the alternaone, or become the other, by voluntarily choosing the last.

"Can' I do so? Am I in a position to do so? Am I in any respect a free agent in this matter?

"If I were a free agent; if I had any free will at this moment, I would give all I am worth, all my dearest, long cherished hopes of worldly honors, ay, twenty years of my life, to have unsaid, or unrecorded, or unheard, the few giddy words to which I gave utter-ance yesterday, and so not have brought this train of calamities upon myself.

"To recall the past is impossible. The words have been spoken ; the blow has been received ; the challenge has been sent, and\_ the duel is to be fought. Yes, it must-jt you say to such a man letting me into his must be gone through, be the consequence to myself what they may; for if I should not fight, if now at the last hour, I were to shrink from the combat, not only should I become volved the innocent. I would bring the grey hairs of my father to the grave with shame, sorrow, and infamy. In that infamy of mine would be involved the name I bear a name that as yet has never known disgrace. Nay, more, unborn members of my family would inherit with their rank the disgrace 1 had, by my own act of craven cowardice, attached to them.

"What, then, is to be said ?- that in this case I am not a free agent ; that in these sad circumstances I have no free will of my own. I am as a man who has incautiously put to sea in a fragile bark, and when the storm is bursting over his head, and the waves are yawning around his sinking ship, sees death to be inevitable but cannot fly from his fate, though he may lament the ignorance, the indiscretion, and the folly which induced him to place himself in such a position. The duel is to be fought-it is inevitable. I can matter further. Here comes my friend Harvey, and with him my adversary and his second. The time for reflection has gone by ; the time for action has arrived. It is a foul and a bad deed. Heaven have mercy on me, as I enter upon this conflict with grief, with pain, and with unwillingness."

"Gentlemen, with your leave," said Major Harvey, the second of Lord Arran, "I will speak a few more words in private with my Lord, before the preliminaries of the combat are arranged."

Vincent Fitzpatrick and his companion stopped on their way towards the spot in which Lord Arran was standing, when these few words were addressed to them.

"Well, Harvey, you are a true Englishman, punctual to an appointment to the moment, whether it be to a feast or a fight," said Lord Arran, assuming an air of gaiety, although his heart was heavy with grief.

"I have come, my Lord," said Harvey, gravely, "to apprise you of facts which it is necessary should be known to you, before you risk your own life or put in peril that of another. This unfortunate quarrel between you and the gentleman yonder has arisen out of one unhappy circumstance-your underas an impostor. It was a rash undertaking. in the Louvre in France'-and so I would too. mitous result ; for the gentleman has proved pounded by those tight-waisted wenches, the May this blessed liquor be poison to me, if I to me that he is undoubtedly Vincent Fitz-Hoses, at a favorite unlicensed still of their den't speak the truth" added Mr. Murfey, his patrick, the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick, who own on the banks of the l'actelus. Mr. El- tengue stammering, and his utterance won high honor for himself, and I may add for his country, in battling for years against the armies of the Usurper, Oliver Cromwell, and other king-murderers and republicans." "And who has vouched for these facts, Major Harvey ?" asked Lord Arran. "Is it that tall, fine, manly-looking gentleman yonder, in the brown suit? If it be, who is to youch for the youcher, and who to prove the truth and worth of the dashing compurgator, who frowns at me, this moment, with a most cut-throat countenance?" "As the second of Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick," replied Major Harvey, "his name, his real name is known to me, although it is not his convenience it should be publicly disclosed. Sufficient is it for me to say, that I pledge you my honor, as a gentleman, he is a man of good birth, and ennobled by a foreign sovereign." "Very well, Harvey," replied Lord Arran. "If you, the grandson of an English peer, are satisfied with the rank and respectability of the gentleman with whom you have treated as a second, it is your affair and not mine. All I have to do is with the principal, and the sooner my business with him is disposed of the better. Give us our swords." "Nay, my lord, before I do so," added Major Harvey, "I think it an imperative duty upon me as a man, a soldier and a Christian gentleman, to say that in this quarrel you are altogether wrong, that the gentleman whose reputation is assailed is not what you called him. I have seen the documents which fully establish his right to what he claims; and amongst those documents is one from his Highness the Duke of York, showing that there exists between your opponent and that illustrious personage terms of cordial and intimate friendship." "And, good heavens! Harvey," said Lora Arran, impatiently, "what would you have me to do? Is it because the Papist Duke of York addresses the gentleman yonder as 'my dear Tom, Dick, or Harry, or Vincent,' or whatever else his name may be, that I am to allow the gentleman, another Papist, too, most probably, to fling his glove in my face with impunity? Do you, in whose hands I have placed my honor, take upon yourself the responsibility of advising me to withdraw my challenge, and apologize to the gentleman, because he proves to be the son of not the time nor the place to descant about Christianity; but do you, I repeat, as an officer and as a gentleman, advise, and will ou take upon yourself the consequences of any such proceeding ?" "No, my Lord," replied Harvey, shaking his head, "I grieve to say I can do no such thing."

tain Jones, the person who has sent such a roem for more, and plenty of space to spare; story affeat, was drunk the night this circumstance is said to have occurred, and dreamt it. or that some of his companions, knowing his madness about a Popish plot, have played a practications upon him. That Captain Jones and kicking, or dead and rotten. Confusion believes it to be true is certain; for he has to them one and all! Amen. A yiernah! been for the last two or three days besieging the authorities at the Castle, and it is said, has written to Lord Shaftesbury, and other patriots in London, to send him a warrant, in order that he may go down to the country, of all persecutors, the bad man who took the and arrest the Fopish Archbishop, on the charge of being a prime mover in the Popish plot. Ah !" exclaimed John Elliott, looking up as he spoke, " there is a person just come in, who may give you, if you will condescend to sit and speak with him, some substantial and real information as to this matter; for he, whilst drinking at a late hour last night, was bragging and boasting, and contradicting persons about it, when repeating the rumor, as if he knew more of the subject than anybody else : shall I invite him to join us?"

"Do you mean," said the old man, "that drunken red-faced fellow in shabby, threadbare black clothes, who does not seem to have yet got rid of last night's debcuch ? He looks to me as if he were nothing better than a castoff and degraded parson."

"More probably," added Elliott, "a degraded and renegade priest."

"You jump at the conclusion," said the old man, laughing, "that a fellow so base and so you are a Protestant ; and I, on the contrary. because I am a Roman Catbolic, set him strappers. down as a bad person. Thus, our prejudices influence our opizions, and make us jump to (what further inquiry may prove, in both instances) wrong conclusions."

"No," replied John Elliott. "it is not so in this instance at least ; for my main reason for concluding that drunken fellow to be a degraded, renegade priest is founded upon the fact, that he never stops abusing Catholic bishops, and never ceases complaining of the powers vested in them, and of the cruel enone a Protestant parson would think of discussing."

"And the topics are such as a bad priest would be sure to dilate upon," added the old man. "Ask the fellow hither; we may as well, in seeking for information, look for the pearl of truth under the slimy oyster-shell which encloses it, if that fellow's heart can enclose the jewel, and there be any means of reaching it."

"Then you must order in a quart of usquebaugh. Nothing less potent can reach his heart through his stomach. Claret would chill him into silence," said John Elliott."

"Let us have the usquebaugh, and the man to swallow it," said the old gentleman.

Elliott rose from his seat, invited the newcomer to accompany him to the bar, then gave him a glass of usquebaugh, which was readily accepted, and then taking a full quart' and three glasses, he asked the new-comer to aid him and another gentleman in drinking 'it."

"The usquebaugh is matchless; I would pe a brute to refuse you," replied the new-COmer.

"Allow me, gentlemen, to introduce you to do you think of it?" Hammed and All and the block of the program

brave, strong pull I made of it.

"Mnd now, gentlemen, for the worst, greatest, cruelest, unkindect, vilest, and wickedest bit out of my mouth. when 1 was a Divinity student; the cruel bishop who wond let one of his priests as much as say boo to a goose ; the antiquated, mitred, bad politician, who is always throwing cold water on the fires of patriotism; the proud prelate who ic for impediag, and thwarting, and annoying in every way, every fine-hearted, free-and-easy young levited hat is speechifying to the people upon Sundays, bolidays, and week-days, about battling for nationality, pure republicanism, and boval raptations. Here is, I say, this horrid instigator and proud enforcer of ecclesiastical discipline; and from all my heart, and with all my heart, and with ell the cockles of my heart, I wish death and destruction to you, Oliver Blunkett, Archbishop of Armagic, and once, to my great grief and sorrow, my own bishop. It's you have been the ruin of me. and the least I can say is ruination, high

hanging, and a windy dey to you, and the likes of you; for Ireland never will be peacecontemptible must be a bad priest, because able untilat is well rid of you, and of all your sort, and all your backers, and all your under-

"There's the fourth of my pint gone," and by dad it's I that quaffed it fairly, for I keve hardly left a drain for my last tonst.

all proud men and women, and of the women particularly; because one woman is worse than ten men, and one woman's tongue can do more mischief than an army : and so it was from the beginning, from the unlucky hour that Eve wheedled the old omedhawn, Adam, into eating an apple, down to Monday forcement by them of ecclesiastical discipline night last, when of all the sassaseras that ever over the inferior clergy. The subject is not a poor man got, I got from a shrew of a girl, and all merely for asking her to-But, hush! hold your prate, Ned Murfey; for

you're letting the cat out of the bag. Stop your mouth with a drop of drink, and drink confiscation and extermination to the colleen dhu in solemn silence,

"There, gentlemen, is the fifth and last offer, and you see I have finished the pint. Its contents have disappeared like last year's snow. And now, Mr. Elliott,, wherever it is the time." convenient for you to hand me over that

quart bottle, I will be after filling myself out | son ?" Elliott. glass." Elliott and his companion watched with

curiosity, if not with interest, the proceedings of this desperate toper. They observed the sudden change which this hurried swalface, appearance, and even language, and how quickly the geniality and fun which pervaded the man's conversation, and gave his tongue volubility, was changing into vapidity, and sinking down into dogged and sullen obstinacy.

"I am glad to see, Mr. Murfey," said El-

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" Little said is soon mended, said Murfey, with a drunkard's cunning wink.

"Very , proper, and very, prudent, and very discreet, indeed !" added John Elliott. "Ah! Mr. Murfor, 1 wish all men were, where the names of ledies are concerned, as prudent as von are. It is not so; for here has been a young officer-these military men are always boasting they are great favorites with the ladies.'

"Not so-great as the parsons," said Murfey ; for the parsons gets as wives, all the women with fortunes they choose to ask for; whilst, as to the officers, they are treated as dolls. sure to amuse the young ledies for an evening, and then are thrown acide, or forgetten, in a corner. If I cared for women-and I don't, no more than for the dirt of my shoethen I would sooner be a poor Protestaat curste, with my little white band and my shabby black gown, and my-skimping Geneva cap, than an officer with all his gold-lace, feathers, boots, and spurs. As for me, one woman's tongue (it is still ringing in my ears) is, I think, enough to disgust a whole barrack-full of men against the sex for ever and a day."

"And yet, though so provoked against that one woman with a wicked tongue, you will not mention her name," saidiElliott.

"Never," said Murfey. "Uf I do, may I never Crink anything stronger than table-beer for the remainder of my life."

"See here now, Mr. Smith," said Elliott, see the honor and bravery of an Irishman, where the fair set is concerned."

"The less we say about fair ' the better." said Murfey. "Anything more unfair than her remarks upon me, I never heard. Some of her words are sticking in medike so many "Here it is :-- it is the speedy downfall of pins; and when I am fast asleep, give me a prod in the conscience that starts me up, and keeps me awake for hours afterwards. But still, you see, the more I am vexed with her. the more I won't mention her name, and that, too, for a reason I have."

"Ah! I wish all men were like you," said John Elliott. "Not so, however, with that officer I was telling you about, who has been talking of a young ludy he met lact Monday night, and who was teken prisoner at Archhishop Plunkett's, and that they were carry-Stop | ing her off to prison."

"Whew! this is more and more of it. I fine myself another glass of usquebough for listening to you-for it is you, you cunning thief of the world, that's trying to get round me, and to tell you that this is the same girl as that girl that we have been speaking of all

"And is it possible it is the self-same per-

"To be sure it is; and now, Mr. Elliott, and you, too, Mr. Smith, do not be bothering yourselves, nor losing your time any longer, trying to make me drunk, and so getting the Colleen Dhu's name out of me. First of all, I lowing of strong liquors produced upon his would drink ten men like the two of you blind, and stand up myself from the table afterwards as sober as a judge; and next, I dare not tell the name-and I'll whisper you the reason why, it is a hanging matter to mention. It has to do with the Popish plot, and I am a King's evidence to the plot, and so you had better let me alone the two of you,

t or maybe the devil would put it into my head Smith; I never would have thought of pro-to swear you had been tampering with me as posing it, but that you suggested the word I think I am right in thus acting, but because The combatants stood face to face, and liott, " that you relish my usquebsugh. What or maybe the devil would put it into my head Smith ; I never would have thought of pro-

lictt, I had little notion that an old Crom-

wellian true-blue, and blue-monthed trooper like you, could have half the goodness in you man ; " but as you have seen Louis XIV. and that I see you have. May I never sin, John Elliott, but I honor you, and I reverence you, and if I outlive you, and have the money to had conversed with them. spare, I will erect a monument to your memory, as a pattern to all tevern-keepers." "I am a true-born Englishman, that is all,

Mr. Murfey," said Elliott ; "ard, as such, it is my duty to show my esteens for a gentleman who is so good as to become alling's evidence te the horrid hellish Popish plot." "Oh! then, it's I am the real King's evidence," said Elurfey: "it's I that have the on his head, and is never to be seen without stery to tell. You would hardly believe ail

I know about the same Popish plot; and it carries about for the purpose of would make the hair stand as stiff as so many cutting off the heads of the Protestants. pokers on your head, if you were to hear all I have to say of and concerning that same identical plot."

" Dear me !" said Elliott, " I almost tremble tothink of it: but I fear, Mr. Hurfey, you de not like the kiquor in your mcgnum. Why, you are five whole minutes without tasting a drop of it "

"Then more shame for me to be losing my time," said Marfey, as he quarted off another "Not relish this liquor, did you say? glass. And ! if I were as fond of virtue as I am of it, I would live a recluse, and dievin the odor of sanctity."

""And so you can tell great things about the worrid, hellish, Popish plot," said Elliott, fearful that the man who sat beside him would become stupidly intoxicated before any matcriakizet would be elicited from him.

"Great things indeed !" said Murley. "Nay, they are marvellous things. Now, what think you, John Elliott, and what think you, Mr. John Smith, who, I moust say, are as bad a fellow as I ever sat in company with, for you never open your month, either to utter a word or swallow a drop. "I beg your pardon. sir," said the old man,

but I drink as much as you do."

"Drink as much as I do; the Lord pardon you for so belying your neighbors ! you to much as a hogshead. Why, sir, you haven't provoked. the capacity to drink as much as I do. And

then what a vulgar word you use: ' drink' I don't 'drink,' sir-I 'imbibe;' beasts 'drink.' The flowers imbibe the dews, and are redolent of odors; rivers imbibe the streams, and enrich the land; the ocean, the greatest toper of all, imbiber streams, rivers, and the rains from heaven; and then it tumbles about always, always and for ever, just as a man

who has got his skinful of usquebaugh. Never say drink, John Smith, always use the word imbibe; it is a delicate scholarly phrase. "Or what think you of the word swill, Mr.

Muriey?" asked the old man. "Swill; very good, indeed; I approve of it highly; and I honor you for the phrase, Mr. Smith. Here's your hea th, wishing you

had kept such good company as myself at an earlier period of your life ; because it is plain if you had, your society might have been made pretty tolerable to Divinity students, who

love capital liquor. Here's your health John

becoming nearly unintelligible.

" Very interesting, indeed," said the old the Pere La Chaise, perhaps you would let us know the appearance of both. I have often wished to ask the question of some one who

"With all the pleasure in life," added Murfey, as he half-spilled a glass of usquebaugh in the attempt to convey the contents to his lips : " Louis XIV. is a great tall man, six feet six inches in height-I measured him and I can swear to the fact; he always wears a crown of gold

a long sharp knife in his hand, which he As to Father La Chaise, he is-and few but myself know the fact - an Irishman; he was a school-fellow of my father's, and his real name is Father Ignatius O'Callaghan; and the reason he is called Father La. Chaise is, that he is so enormously fat he is not able fo walk, and has to ride about every place he wants to go in a chaise. The great fault I had to find with

him was that he never stops drinking-morning, noon, and night, he is at it; he was the greatest drunkard I ever met : and of all the disgusting, odious, intolerant things in this world is-at least I think so-a drunkard"

And so speaking, or rather mumbling, Mr. Murfey's head fell upon the table, his hand still grasping a glass, and in an instant afterwards he snored loudly and heavily.

#### CHAPTER IX.

PACING up and down the green sward of a retired rock, in the park attached to the mansion of Lady Diana Massey, was a young gentleman, clothed from head to foot in a sombre suit of black. Far different in mood and attire from the gay fop of the preceding day was Lord Arran; for then he desired to make himself attractive in the eyes of a youthful

beauty, whereas now he was about to en-counter in mertal, and it might be to him, drink as much as me! why yor might as fatal combat a person of whose existence he well say that a pinkeen drank as much as a had previously been ignorant, but whose onwhale; or that a pist bottle could hold as mity his own indiscretion of language had

" In a few moments," so mused Lord Acran. "my friend with my adversaries will be here. his father. Come Harvey, speak out, as an In a few moments this sword will, for the officer and a gentleman. You know this is first time, be uzsheathed to defend my own life, and to assail the life of another. Fatal -fatel necessity; but it is unavoidable. My nerson has been Lishonored by a blow, and I must avenge that blow, or-be scouted out of society.

"And why is this? What right had I, upon no better foundation than the vague assertions of a weak woman, to denounce as an impostor a person I had never seen, and of whose pretensions I was wholly ignorant? Had he, without any provocation upon my part, so spoken of me as I presumed to speak of him, I would have done as he did-punished the gratuitous aggressor.

"And for his doing that which I forced him to do, I am now bound to do my utmost to slav him !

"It is an unjust quarrel, and I have aggravated the injustice by challenging him to round to the place in which Vincent Fitz-

"Very well, then, Harvey, be assured I will not do anything which you as my second in an affair of honor will not advise me to do. Let us then lose no more time.... Give us our swords."

"I grieve that it must be so." added Harvey, "but still I thought it right that you should not enter upon this unhappy combat without being fully cognizant of the fact, that you were the first aggressor .: Advance, gentlemen, if you please," he added, as he turned