

like '88 with them this time, I'm thinking; Shure the ould prophecy is nearly out; shure the hills are levelled and the hollows are filled up, and cars are walking on the roads without horses, and the people are dyin' of hunger in the midst of plenty."

"Begor, that's all thrue enuff," said one.

"It is," said the Rover; "and shure it is said that it is an O'Brien that's to hunt the Saxons, as well as it was one that routed the Danes at Clontarf."

"Who knows but it's Smith O'Brien? The Lord be praised!" said another, rubbing his hands with glee.

"I hope so, I hope so; but, Mr. Frank, sure you ought to be one of us," said the Rover; "it's not for an O'Donnell to remain idle when there is work to be done for his country."

"That's true," said Burkem, who was of the party. "It's not in their blood, Shure they were always foremost."

"Ay, and will be now, please God," said the Rover. "We are going to get up a club, and we'll make a president of you, Mr. Frank. Will you join us?"

"Not now; I've too much to attend to, though my heart is with you, and, if need be, my arm too; but, then, no matter—we'll speak over it another time. Haven't you any story to tell us?" said he to the rover, to change the conversation; for, from what he heard about Burkem, he had no confidence in him.

"Sorra! a one," Mr. Frank, only the country is in a blaze."

"Do tell us how you tricked the gauger," said another.

"Well, I will," said the Rover; "and after a few preparatory 'thems' and 'haws,' he commenced—

"I was, one evening, taking a small dhrop here with Mrs. Butler, when a strange man came in. 'God save all here!' says he; 'God save you kindly!' says I. 'It's a cold evenin',' says he. 'Begor it is,' says I; 'would you have a dhrop?' 'Wid pleasure,' says he. After drinkin' he went off; and faith he was no other than the rogue of a gauger in disguise. Myself was summoned. 'Och, mairtine,' says Mrs. Butler, 'you'll ruin me; Shaun, if you swear upon me! What can I do, ma'am?' says I. 'Oh, I don't know; but you'll bugar me from house and home.' 'Well, I won't swear on you.' 'Won't you,' Shaun, 'alanna?' 'No, ma'am.' 'Thinks be to God! I'm safe, if you don't, Shaun.' 'Is it my oath you want? Show me the prayer-book!' and I took and kissed the book. 'Now, Mrs. Butler, I take my oath upon this, that I won't swear upon you.' 'Thanks be to God!' said Mrs. Butler. 'So, when I was called up, the fellow swore that I'd threatened him! 'Well, what have you to say?' says the magistrate to me, when I was sworn. I looked at the fellow as if I'd never seen

him, and then says, 'Upon my solemn oath, if I swore that I drank with this fellow at Mrs. Butler's I'd perjure myself.' 'You must have mistaken your man,' said the magistrate to him; 'dismiss the case.' 'So, you see, I kept my oath, and saved her.'"

"Begad you did; but won't you come up, Shaun?" said Frank rising to leave.

"Begor, I believe I might as well, sir." As they went along, the Rover gave Frank a full account of the organization through the country.

"I did not think it was so extensive," said Frank; "but you ought to be more cautious before that Burkem; I have reason to know that he's nothing good."

"I always thought so much about him myself; but then, as it is all a public business, we needn't fear him," said the Rover.

"We do not mean to take up our reader's time with that ebullition that ended in the partial outbreak of '48. It was an unexpected result to the great thing promised by that national party that had with it the feelings of the majority of the people. We do not mean to analyze the past; but this we say, that never was a country riper for revolution, and never were the feelings of an aggrieved people more warm in its behalf, and yet it failed miserably."

The two great parties, that gave unanimous expression to a nation's will differed among themselves; they quarreled as to the means of liberating a willing people. Division, that ban of Ireland, entered their ranks; they quarreled and fell, and lost their strength in their own disunion. The people lost hope and confidence; and many who might be useful fell listlessly back into retirement.

While the peasant sees the laws protect the landlord as he despoils him of the fruits of his industry, of his once happy homestead, as he drives him to peniless pauper upon the world, he cannot reverence or respect the laws; nor can he look upon the nation that affords such protection to his oppressors but with abhorrence.

A nation's esteem and love are to be gained by equitable and just laws, and not by oppressive ones, that protect the rich and despoil the poor. A rich man's wealth gives him power, so the laws should protect the poor man from every abuse of that power. Ireland is not the case in Ireland; and, therefore, while the laws afford protection to the oppressive landlord, disaffection will exist, and plots and secret societies and revolutions will be the result.

Frank was young, generous, and enthusiastic; he possessed a good deal of family pride, and loved to dwell upon the days when the O'Donnells were princes in the land. It is no wonder therefore that the warmly entered into the Rover's views.

"What's Shemus doin'?" said the Rover, pointing over the ditch.