

and honorable art as himself. His daughter Alice, on the contrary, was of a different disposition. She was a sweet and lovely creature, as lovely and amiable in mind and manner as she was winsome and agreeable in face. None more regretted than she the persecutions enacted on the people and the dreadful sufferings which they were forced to endure. Her heart was "open as day to melting charity," free from any taint of malice or bigotry, and she never heard her father or brother discuss a priestthunt on the morrow but the unhidden tears would well from her heart and dim her beautiful eyes. She was beloved and respected by the Catholic people for her goodness as much as her father and brother were feared and hated for their crimes. It was even hinted that on more than one occasion she was instrumental in procuring the means of escape for some poor prisoner in her father's custody. About the same age as Mabel Mullen, whom she closely resembled, not only in form and features, but also in intellectual capacity, beauty and tenderness, she often, in happier days, visited her humble cabin and associated with her and Brian and Father Dominick, and, unknown to her family, passed many a pleasant hour with the friends whom she prized and loved, notwithstanding the difference in their creeds and social position. But since the night of the massacre in Glenmonan Valley her sense of delicacy forbade her visiting her friends. Her father, since his duel with Mr. Ogelby, was not permitted by his physician to leave the house, and being debarred the out-door exercises which he had been accustomed to from his youth, was as cross and contrary as a man of violent and unrestrained passions could be. His wife being dead some years, his whole devotion and love, at least as much as a man like him possessed, was wholly given to and concentrated on his daughter and son. The former, since her mother's demise, was his sole nurse and attendant, as his bigotry and hatred of the Irish would not allow him to be waited upon by any of his Catholic domestics, and the latter occupied his position as magistrate and dispenser of justice, according to act of Parliament until such time as his wound

would be healed and he could resume his proper functions and position in the county.

The night on which Brian Mullen went forth to seek the services of the priest for his dying mother, Crosby Hall witnessed a scene of uproarious mirth and conviviality. Around the table some twenty neighboring gentlemen and landlords were assembled, and conspicuous at their head sat their host, the old Major. The gentlemen (?) had been out since early dawn engaged in the laudable pursuit of hunting Father John, whose whereabouts some informer had communicated to the young Major. On an occasion like this it was customary to provide a feast for the huntsmen on their return from the chase, whose appetites would be sharpened by the rough exercise and fatigue which they had borne. It was also customary when a stranger guest was in the house to get up a priest or Rapparee hunt for the pleasure and edification of the stranger, but if possible a priestthunt, for the Rapparees generally went armed and had a very unpleasant and vulgar way of sending a Papist slug or bullet through a huntsman's heart, which was not relished by these refined and intelligent foreigners. The priests carried no arms, and generally submitted to their fate without a murmur. Besides the price upon their heads, five pounds in current coin, there was more sport and less danger in killing a priest than a Rapparee. Upon the present occasion, however, young Crosby and his troopers were unsuccessful. He felt dissatisfied with the day's sport, as did also all the gentlemen whom he had invited to partake of it; but, being hungry and wearied, it being sun-down when they returned, they stifled their disappointment until after dinner, when, the cloth being removed and Alice having retired, the wine and whiskey began to circulate. Then they gave vent to their feelings in a manner and language so barbarous and unchristian, so destitute of charity, feeling and morality, that one is shocked at the deep depravity and savage hatred engendered in those penal days.

"Come! fill up, gentlemen, and don't look so glum over your cups," said the old Major, filling his own glass to the brim; "one would think from looking