

and he had seen with his own eyes (he swore a hundred oaths),—he had seen a beggar leaving the courtyard with a well-filled bag. Of course, that was the plunder of Mr. Giffard's "honest means," by the robbers around him, who would "send him to the workhouse at last," and then Mr. Giffard raised his eyes and hands to the sky, and invoked all the maledictions that injured justice without a conscience could invoke upon his foes "unto the thirtieth generation."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion, however, had not reached its climax until he discovered that the hunter was not in the stable. Where was the hunter? Mr. Charles had "taken the animal with him one morning." The man who gave the information was to go and be—. The same man was in league with the "scapegrace nephew." The horse had "been by this time sold," and James the groom had a large share of the booty. "By—the whole—set should be sent to Botany Bay." Thus the courtyard was ringing when, bright as a mirror, in came the animal regarding which he had made so many announcements; and peace was shortly proclaimed, to the consolation of the servants. Thus Mr. Charles Baring did great good without intending it.

Nelly Nurse, on being summoned by Mr. Baring, gave him all the knowledge she thought right to be communicated, and told him how Miss Amy had gone in Mr. Meldon's carriage on a visit to Mr. Meldon and his daughter. Now, this being so, we will follow our friend Amy, and leave Mr. Charles to the enjoyment of his uncle and the Crag.

Mr. Meldon's house, though not new to Amy, is new to our readers. Let us sketch it. Lying against Slieve-na-mon, but not upon it, the shadow of the great mountain seems to rest patronisingly upon the dwelling. It is two stories high, and has verandahs and Venetian blinds, and from the outside you can behold the rich hangings. The drawing-room curtains are of rich purple damask, and the parlor ones are the richest of rich merino. The furniture comports with the hangings, and the whole house glows with the rich tastes of a man of culture who wishes to surround his beautiful child with images of her own beautiful soul.

In the carriage which brought away Amy are Mr. Leyton Seymour and Clara Meldon; the box-seat is occupied by Mr. Meldon, and his devoted servant, "Crichawn."

Three gentlemen pass by, and "Crichawn" raises his whip to the leaf of his *sombrero* in salute.

"Who are those gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"One is Mr. M——" answered "Crichawn"; "the other is Mr. O'G——, and the third gentleman is wan I never saw before."

"He looks a man of courage and daring. His head is raised as if to defy a storm."

At this moment Father Ned Power came along.

"Just the man I wanted. Who is that noble-looking gentleman in the middle? Look yonder."

"Alas!" answered Father Ned, "that is O'B——the bravest, truest soul in the world, but the most deceived by his followers."

"Why by his followers?"

"Well by the enthusiasm which exaggerates everything in a moment of excitement, and moves souls like his to action that must be ruinous."

"I hardly understand."

"Well, you are well acquainted with some movements and hopes openly advised and inspired by our press. These arise very much from local reports which spring from meetings and conjectures; and when the time of action comes, such noble fellows as he will pay the forfeit, and accomplish nothing."

"Which side are you on, Father Ned asked Mr. Meldon, laughing.

"I belong to the great 'waiting' party," answered Father Ned. "I will not irritate where I cannot give a blow; and I will not give a blow which may be returned by a thousand, and give my enemy a thousand times more power than he ever had before."

"Come, Father Ned, we will finish this discussion, or your volume of information, after dinner. I have kept you too long from Miss D'Alton. You knew Mr. Seymour before."

Father Ned stepped into the carriage like a man who was at home and who knew he was.

The time until dinner was spent in