

"I cannot imagine how a fellow with tin in his pocket, can mope his life away without seeing the world. 'Twould bore me to death, I know."

"Very Irish and absurd of us, I suppose," said O'Dwyer Garv, with a smile. "But just reverse the case, and see how you'd feel. What would you say if we proposed to take over your aristocracy and their revenues and transfer them to Dublin?—what if we were kind enough to extinguish your manufactures, appropriate your industry, and pay our debts with your money? if we debauched your public men with the revenues of the State—if we organized rebellion of class against class—and then swept all semblance of nationhood to our own side of the Channel? I'm afraid, Colonel, the fine dream of a United Kingdom would hardly reconcile you to our benevolence."

"I suppose you understand your own affairs better than I do," rejoined the Colonel, good humouredly; "but you don't seem to be a bit too prosperous, now that you are left to yourselves."

"Left to ourselves," cried Squire Thornton. "If you call a fellow left to himself that's throttled by highwaymen, then we're mighty independent, for we are only knocked on the head whenever we try to get up. We were left to ourselves for a while—when we had to be—and, upon my soul, prosperity nearly grew on the hedges."

"They were good old times!" observed Mr. Sackwell, with a profound sigh.

"So they were, old fellow," cried one of the juniors. "No mistake about our patriotism then. We didn't don the uniform of the "Monard Fencibles" for nothing. We had the very fiercest motto in the service. What's this it was, Seckwell?"

"'Pon my word, I don't remember," said Mr. Sackwell, with a feeble smile. The subject was a sore one.

"Oh! 'Death or Glory,' to be sure. By the bye, Mrs. Sackwell never loved that "Death or Glory" in the Volunteer line. Eh, Sackwell?"

A roar of laughter greeted this allusion to an ugly episode of Mr. Sackwell's campaigning as Colonel of the Monard Fencibles. His corps commanded one of the avenues to the Rotunda, on the opening day of the celebrated Convention, and, mounted on a white horse, the Colonel was awaiting grimly the signal of revolution, then momentarily expected, when his amiable lady arrived on the scene, after driving pell-mell in the post-chaise from Tipperary. In the course of a minute, the gallant Colonel

was dislodged from his horse, and his wife was haranguing the regiment on the iniquity of "a father of six children" hunting after "Death or Glory." He resisted with desperate valor—so said the general officer's despatch, communicating the disaster—but at last, after some dangerous demonstrations in word or deed, he was bundled into the post-chaise and the horses' heads turned for Tipperary, leaving the Monard Fencibles to find Death or Glory without their commander.

"Come, now, that isn't fair to Sackwell," said the host. "He was one of the first to take the Dungannon oath, and I'm sure he'll be the last to break it."

"Indeed, I hope so," said Mr. Sackwell, wearily.

"Hurrah for it—the Dungannon oath!" cried Squire Bingham. "Here's to the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, and the d——'s choicest blessings to the man that says 'boo!' to 'm.'"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" Mr. Sackwell thought 'twould choke him, but it didn't.

CHAPTER V.

A REVELATION.

It was midnight before Gerald O'Dwyer escaped from the revelry of the banquet-hall to the grateful quiet of his own apartment. He heard the guests depart one by one, heard their boisterous farewell, the shouts of drunken coachmen, and the clatter of horse's hoofs; and then silence fell on the old place, and the servants' footsteps died away through the sounding corridors.

Gerald was about to undress himself when a tap came to the door, succeeded by the entrance of his father, who looked graver and more sad than Gerald ever recollected to have seen him since his mother's death.

The unusual hour of visit, and his father's haggard looks alarmed the youth, who cried anxiously:

"You don't look well father: I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Nothing, my boy, nothing. I'm a little weary after our night's merriment, that's all. I am glad I have found you up: I want to have a quiet chat with you."

Gerald placed a chair for his father, wondering much what was to come.

"You are going to leave home to-morrow for Trinity College. I am not going to read you a lecture about what your conduct there should be—no son of mine, I know, will discredit the