

And in that sepulchral light, there arises, as if by magic, wasted and spectre-like as the hour, he who 'watched by the cradle of Irish Independence and now comes to follow it to its grave!' Henry Grattan is once more in the House his genius first illustrated! The Genius of the Place comes to wake its last glory,

Victory shines again on the falling cause. The battle flows back: enthusiasm from a flicker bursts into a blaze; lightens along the hostile line; dazzles and consumes!

Ten hours, and the issue still in the scales! Ministers fear to face the simple issue: their dross-ful minions dread the ordeal of fire. They will vote for an adjournment who hesitate to vote for a Union.

The adjournment is moved, and opposed. The issue comes at last!

To one lobby Gold and Interest beckon; to the other, only faded Principle, melancholy consistency, staring Ruin.

"I am glad to see you here, sir," said Mr Albin Artslade, as in the Ministerial lobby he encountered the honourable member for Tipperary, who had by this time arrayed himself in new hat, smiles, and coat-tails. "I am proud to see you here."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Sackwell, with a pious wink, "I hope I shall always be found at the right side."

In broad day light they pour out again into the Commons' chamber. Squire Bingham is the first to seize O'Dwyer Garv as he re-enters the House, looking calm and proud as ever.

"Beaten!" He starts back from the deep sorrow in those clear eyes, in which a tear stands like a jewel.

"Beaten!" The eloquent silence thrills through every bosom, floats out like a low dirge, and moans through the anxious thousands like a distant ocean.

"Beaten!" That day the Parliament of Ireland was doomed to death; O'Dwyer Garv was doomed to ruin; Sir Albin Artslade was a Pariah no more!

CHAPTER IX.

MR. ARTSLADE'S TRIUMPH.

"Gerald, I am sick," said O'Dwyer Garv.

Father and son sat gloomily together in Gerald's modest Chambers in the College, after escaping from the scene of the Parliament's dying throes.

"I feel very sick."

His face was white as death. A film overspread his eyes, and his head sank wearily back on the cushions.

Gerald thought he was dying, so woful a change had come over the strong, proud man. In alarm, he hastened to pour brandy down his throat.

"Father speak to me!" he cried earnestly, clasping a cold clammy hand, "O Heaven! he is dying!"

He was rushing from the room to seek medical aid, when he noticed a slight tremor run through his father's frame. Another draught of brandy forced the slow life again into its channels.

"Eh, Gerald, how is this?" he asked confusedly, as he opened his eyes and stared around. "Why, I have been sick!"

"Only a short attack, father—thank God!" "Oh! this is unworthy of me!" he exclaimed, springing resolutely to his feet. But the weakness had not left him yet, and he almost fell back into the chair.

"Taste this brandy again, father, and do keep quiet while I run for a doctor"

"Nonsense, boy, there is no need," said the old man, resuming his old calm manner. "It is only the reaction after this excitement: it will be nothing. Last night's scenes were a little too much for me; but I'll practise resignation better in future."

He smiled sadly as he spoke. An image of the lost cause—proud in the midst of ruins!

Nevertheless, Gerald saw in his father's face a conflict between mind and body that frightened him. He insisted on having a doctor's opinion, and a doctor he brought, who, after due inquiry and mystery, could find nothing the matter with O'Dwyer Garv.

Nothing! the oak torn from its roots in the mountain—nothing! though the glory of foliage is fading, and the life withering away in its pores. The crumbling of ruins—nothing! for nobody sees, where Deeny sets his viewless machinery. Nothing, till the world can recall them no more.

He recommended quiet and rest, however.

"Quiet and rest! Yes, I'll have plenty of both at Kilsheelan now," said O'Dwyer Garv.

The tone and look of the speaker made Gerald think of the old churchyard of Killeary and shudder.

"Father," he asked anxiously, "would you wish me to go home with you?"

"I couldn't hear of it, Gerald," was the reply, cheerfully spoken. "Your tutor tells me you're doing wonders, and wonders we'll want, you know, one of these days, if Kilsheelan is to remain in the family."