

Anticipating Future Sadness.

The day will dawn when one of us shall be broken...

JIM DALY'S REPENTANCE.

When the story was told to me, I thought it extremely sad and pathetic.

CHAPTER I.

"Whist, achora! whist! Sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child!"

CHAPTER II.

It was February, and outside the little golden thatched farm house the birds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe—because spring was riotous in their blood—that each was not quiet visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, pretending it was June, and that the close leafy bowers lay through out a peep of the blue sky, and a breath of happy wind, and a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perform signal to each other their whereabouts.

Three years had gone by since the wedding day, that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young creatures, who had met in a little child and almost since that day Jim Daly had been going steadily downhill.

They have lain quietly for a long time, with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once, when the mother's hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the cold feet of her dying child.

dreasing Winnie's wan face said that the blow on the forehead, by just missing the temple, had escaped being a death blow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son knew no bounds.

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother is unable to speak.

CHAPTER III.

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, grim Jim Daly—coming home, now comradely with a wealthy man, with the money earned by his industry in the gold fields.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the water, and the wind blew fresh from the west, and the air was cool and pleasant.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

he shouted so merrily that Cushie, the gentle white cow, turned about and ceased for a moment her placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in alarm at the approaching depredators of her milk.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRATTAN AND THE UNION.

Heroic Struggle Against a Fatal Bond.

GRATTAN'S WORDS OF FIRE.

The 15th day of January, 1800, was one of the most anxious days Dublin ever saw.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

range of the mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm, and the power of genius nerving a feeble and enervated frame.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

profound policy; but connection with an Irish Parliament in connection with a principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honor that should attend it; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.