



"Boys," said Father Fogarty, "I must ride on, but mind"—winking with one eye and drawing his mouth towards the opposite side, forming a most grotesque grimace, he said laconically "Be sure you don't lay a finger on the Rev. Mr. Tracy." This caution was taken as Father Fogarty intended it should be—as a signal for a general onslaught on poor Mick. They snatched his hat off—forced his Testament out of his hand—tore it in pieces, and scattered the fragments to the winds;—they rolled him in the mud—tore his clothes—pelted him with stones—and shouted, "Kill the turncoat!"—"God an' the blessed Mother, an' the thrue church for iver!"—page 109.