

SHEMUS DHU,

THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED)

"To tell you my mind freely," said O'Reilly, "I wish it. Show me how I can regain his favor, and I am ready to do any service that will lead to it." "Listen then, you need not fear the presence of this stranger. He is as deeply interested in you as I am. You have spoken of Shemus Dhu as a friend; has he let you into the secrets of the service which you performed for him?" "You speak fairly," answered O'Reilly; "I will speak as openly, for I think you intend me no evil. Shemus has spoken to me as you do. He has advised me to give up my evil ways. He spoke of some honorable service, which I little regarded at the time, as there was more prospect of danger and of labor than of gain or honor. Seeing me unwilling, he proposed to me to put D'Arcy and his fellows on a wrong scent for some days, with a promise of advantage to me. I thought it no dishonor to do this, though I knew not the object of it. This is all I know of Shemus' latter movements, save that he lies now in some dark cell in the Quay goal."

night. Those come to whom it would not be fitting to disclose our plans." Connel passed hurriedly through the door, as some of the villagers entered. CHAPTER XII. Evelcen, after fergus' departure, gave herself up to the fears which his words had excited. From infancy they had been constant, and it might be said, sole companions. In her labours and in her recreations, mental as well as physical, and playmate. When her young fancy dwelt on the anticipated amusements of Moycullean or Drimcong, she thought that her brother would not be partaker of them with her, blighted the pleasure, and made her often refuse the invitations. "It will not be her often refuse the invitations." "Oh! if my father thought of all this—but he must think of it. Has he not himself told us of the dangers of the town? It must be for some great good, else he would not endanger his child. Why should I oppose it, then? I will strive to be reconciled. May heaven protect my brother."

Whilst O'Halloran was engaged in those thoughts O'Reilly had urged the boat gently towards the larger rushes which fringed the island. He had perceived a rustle among them, and suspecting some bird to be concealed, he had taken precautions against its escape. He had scarcely touched the rushes with the bow of the boat when there was a motion in the water—the duck had dived. O'Reilly was prepared; he watched its rise, and as it flapped its wings in its flight along the water, he fired. The bird fell quickly and heavily upon the surface. Neither of the young men made a remark upon the shot. Frank was unwilling to boast of so trifling an exploit, yet he wished that O'Halloran would make some remark. O'Halloran spoke first: "We have no more chance of sport here; let's row to the land."

note of woe upon the word "ceadhe," or "where are ye?" with which most of the stanzas commenced. The effect was visible in the tears of some of his hearers. The old man took the harp from Evelcen. He touched first the notes of patriotism and vengeance, and then of love and of peace. O'Halloran was in a reverie whilst the harper's music continued. He had read and heard the praises bestowed upon his country's poets; he had heard the power of the ancient Irish musicians over the passions extolled, and he felt that it was not exaggerated. He had listened with a rapture to the music of France and of Italy; but he found that its language could not speak to the various passions with the soothing strain, with the bold and fiery note, or with the tone of tragic grief—gloomy yet melodious—with which Ireland's music spoke. "By Jove," burst out O'Reilly, after the old man had returned the harp, "you must teach me to play and sing. It will be worth while, even if I only learn some good resolutions from the exercise. I feel myself more an Irishman now than I was an hour ago."

spirits, that we dare not say what is the limit of their agency. The bravest and the most learned, at some time, have felt the solemn awe which attends darkness. And even the incredulous on matters of higher import; at dead of night, have had the fearful thought that there was some power unseen at the moment about them, which was superior to them. Whether the feelings which seized the younger traveller arose from nature or from education, or from both, it is certain that he stopped often on his path, and fancied that he heard some sounds of mockery about him, as the quick and low voices of his companions came up to him. He was left occasionally in darkness, by the light passing behind a rock or clump of trees, and this, with the obstacles in his way, kept him a considerable distance behind them. He was sure he heard a voice after him. First, it was at some distance—low, but to him distinct—then nearer—it was now at his side. He stopped again; he heard a rustle among the trees; his dog was before him. (TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

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