

Mr. Edroos,—I had nothing to give that poor woman for her generous hospitality, nor do I believe she would accept anything. She was about as far removed from funkiness as any creature I've ever seen, and was more fitted by nature to be a lady than was the Viscountess of Smallbrains to be a lord. I left the old cabin, after a raking of a breakfast of potatoes and milk, with the intention of going straight to Killmallock and making another attempt at settlement, for I was not at all inclined to be a martyr to principle, and I was uneasy about my Christmas dinner. I got a lift on a farmer's dragoon as far as the town, having first informed him that I was the boycotted Sir Myles O'Regan, but that I would accept ten per cent. even under Griffith's valuation from my tenants, and be hanged to them. He told me my best line of action would be to go to the local branch of the Land League and throw myself in their mercy, and I promised to do so. *My companion de voyage* was a member of this branch, and when we arrived at Killmallock it happened to be in session and he introduced me. I made a few remarks acknowledging the justice of their cause, and consenting to take ten per cent. under Griffith's valuation. This announcement was enthusiastically received, and Mike Connolly, the President, drew out his old pocket-book on the spot and paid me over £156 10s 6d, the amount of his indebtedness, less the reduction, for which I gave him a receipt. All my tenants who were present followed this example, and I went to rest in the Killmallock Arms that night with a easy conscience.

It must not be supposed from this, Mr. Editor, that I had forgiven my persecutors; for from it, not I believed as if I had. I asked my landlord how it was that the abolition item about my death had got in the papers, and he told me that an effigy of mine was riddled with bullets and then burned, and he also insinuated that Mr. Peter Hackrent had something to do with this other harsh proceeding adopted against me, the object of frightening me and forcing me to sell the estate to him at a nominal price. My mind was soon made up as to what should do, and next morning I took the train for Dublin *en route* for England. After arriving at the Shelbourne hotel I proceeded to the Castle and sent in my card, with a request to see the Lord Lieutenant. When I had waited two or three hours in an ante-chamber the Secretary of State, a bold captain of dragons entered and requested if I was Sir Myles O'Regan to follow him, as His Excellency was willing to receive me. His Excellency was dressed in a plain tweed suit and wore no insignia of his rank about him that I could discover, except a carbuncle on the right eye of his nose, from high living I suppose. "Sir Myles O'Regan, your excellency," said he, aside-de-camp.

"Pray, be seated, Sir Myles; I have read of your treatment in Limerick and have been anxious to see you. I congratulate you at the same time upon your miraculous escape from death. You have been wounded?"

"Oh, a mere scratch—or, I should say, a bullet hole, but your excellency, received the execution of my duty as a loyal subject of the Queen."

"Ha, well said, by Jove; well said, Sir Myles. You hold a position in the army, I believe, eh?"

"Not precisely at present, my lord, though have served in the Montreal Black Horse." "Yes, yes, I see. You have been some years in Canada, I am told. Well, if you have any part to make here comes Mr. Forster, who has heard you. I have important business at present this evening and must go and dress. I do not say to rule the Irish."

The Right Honorable Mr. Forster did not look a bit like a Quaker as he swaggered in and stepped down on the chair just vacated by the Lieutenant of the Arsenal. He is a big, goodly fellow, with a warlike cast of countenance; just such a fine, whole-souled Englishman as would delight in the judicious distribution of buckshot.

"I understand, Sir Myles, that the state of the County of Limerick is something awful, that your life is in danger."

"That is frightful, sir, and my life is in imminent danger."

"A great many loyal men and cattle are ordered every day I believe—at least so I understand from the report I hold in my hand."

"Hundreds, Mr. Forster, thousands; the yeards are too small to contain them."

"As a loyal man, what would you advise, Sir Myles, as a cure for the evils that afflict unhappy land?"

"Buckshot, sir, buckshot, and whips of it!"

"Give me your hand, Sir Myles O'Regan; I