

"Let him come with us, then," said the sergeant.

"Divil a step, unless we like it ourselves; we have the upper hand now, and will keep it; hurrah, hurrah! down with the bloody police!"

"Halloo, gog, don't leave me here, the bloody papists. Oh, they will burn me,—I mean, if ye leave me here; I am burning, as it is," shouted Mr. Baker, with all his might.

"Do ye hear what he calls us? d—d papists," said an old woman with a goggle eye, and a few teeth in the front of her mouth.

"Arrah, honey, as you're burning, I'll cool you," said another, dashing the contents of a chamber vessel in his face.

"Och, murder, murder; I am smothered;" and Mr. Baker began to cough and curse, alternately. "Ugh, ugh, ugh; oh, I'm smothered. Gog, but they'll burn me, the savages. Oh, the damned papists—ugh, ugh; for the love of God, will ye let me out of this, ye raps?"

"Oh, holy Mother! do ye hear what he calls us? 'raps,' enagh; I want to know who was the rap, but his own thief of a mother? Oh, but burnin' is too good for him."

"Oh, no, I didn't mean it; ye are the daunt women, every mother's soul of ye; let me out and I'll give ye all I have."

While Mr. Baker was keeping up this parley with the women, a regular fight was going on between the police and the men. The mob rushed on them with stones, shafts of cars, burning brands, and the like; and before they had time to fire a shot, the guns were dashed out of their hands, and themselves hunted into the barrack, which was soon demolished about their ears.

During the conflict, Mr. Baker was in a terrible suspense. If he encouraged the police, and if that they were beaten, he feared the people would revenge it upon him; again, if he encouraged the people, it would look like treason, so he compromised the matter, by calling out—

"Och, murder, do you hear that rapping? oh, these women will burn me. Gog, they will kill one another. That's it, stick the bloody papists—ahem. Oh, boys, honey, don't ye kill one another. Shure, they will let me 'out of this. Why don't ye fire, ye cowards—that's, I mean—don't, don't kill the bloody papists—ahem—that's, gog, what on earth am I saying?"

Now, a bright thought struck him, so he appealed to the women.

"Och, honeys, darling! will ye let me out; all this fighting is on my account; shure, I'll make peace."

Some of the women, whose friends were engaged, tore open the well, and dragged him, half dead, from it.

"Run, now, Mr. Baker, for the love of God, and make peace."

Mr. Baker did run, as well as he was able, but it was into a house, where he ensconced himself under a bed, from which he did not stir until the appearance of a troop of dragoons in the village. This fight was a great epoch in Mr. Baker's life, and often did he relate the marvellous feats he performed.

With wild cheers and yells the mob returned to the burning carriages. The dragoons even had to return without the voters; they only succeeded in rescuing the police and Mr. Baker.

The people gained a great victory: some were killed, no doubt, but what of that, more were killed of the other party; and Sir William Placeman was returned victoriously.—Sir William—the advocate of free trade, reform, repeal of the Union, and I don't know what not, Sir William praised the people, their devotion to the sacred cause of nationality; what a sacrifice they made in returning him, the humble advocate of a holy cause, a cause dearer to him than life.

Sir William shortly sold them, himself, and the cause for a snug berth; who could blame him, shouldn't he turn his useful talents to account? besides, he was a peniless barrister.

There were some of his clamorous supporters ridiculous enough to grumble at Sir William's change; but then, he silenced their absurd objections, by getting places for themselves or their friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW LESSON ON THE TREATMENT OF FAMINE.

We must now draw the curtain over two years. It is not that these two years were barren in stirring or exciting events. Never were two years laden with more misery to an unhappy people. The partial failure of the potato crop, which threatened the peasantry in the early stages of our tale, had now become general and fatal. The potato was the staple food of the peasant; it fed his pig to meet the landlord's claims; it supported himself and family in health and robustness; it left him his little garden of oats or wheat, to supply himself with clothes, and other little luxuries. So, in these days the Irish peasant had no fear of hunger or want; for the potato seemed to spring up abundantly every place. The peasant had enough, and some to spare with a cead mille failte for the wandering boecagh and the houseless poor. These times had passed, and misery and starvation, such as never afflicted a wretched people before, now reigned in the country.

We have passed over two years, two years of starvation; but we come to the time when the country was lying prostrate with fever and famine, and when the energies of good men were aroused to stay