

A ring at the door. A cap, and a breast bag, and a blue coat, and a brown letter.

"Telegram for Mr. Meldon."

Mr. Meldon read it aloud.

"*Rev. Edward Power, to C. Meldon, Esq., Grosvenor Hotel, London.*

"Thomas Hayes has been arrested for murder. Mr. Giffard D'Alton is extremely uneasy and anxious for his daughter's return!"

Such confusion as this missive produced among the little party has hardly been known unless in the Brussels ball-room, on the eve of the great battle of Waterloo. Father Hayes, although he knew the state of affairs, was afflicted by the imprisonment of his uncle—and dear Ally Hayes! well, her confidence in God was simply unbounded, and she could see nothing in a harm, or an evil which was not a sin! "God knows best!" was all her philosophy.

Mr. Meldon was quick in his decision—they should proceed to Ireland at once. They could not be ready for the evening train; but by the earliest train from Euston station they would proceed in the morning to Holyhead. This determination had not long been arrived at before a card was handed to Mr. Meldon, and evidently gave him pleasure; for he at once rose up and went to meet the new arrival and to bid him welcome.

"St. Laurence! a thousand welcomes!" he said. "But you are days after your time."

"A young lawyer, Mr. Meldon, must be eminently industrious, these times of competition. I took my holidays as soon as I was free."

"And just the evening before we leave for Tipperary. Old D'Alton of Crag is ill, and,——"

"Oh, I am quite up in that case. I have had ever so much information from old James Feehan and Thomas Hayes."

Who on yesterday was committed for the murder of Quirk."

"The rascals!" shouted Mr. St. Laurence. "The rascals! Mr. Meldon, I go over with you. I am Hayes's counsel—retained on the part of Mr. Giffard D'Alton of Crag."

"God's Providence is working!" remarked Mr. Meldon.

The two gentlemen soon joined the members of the company; and the joy

of all seemed full notwithstanding the sinister rumors from beyond the sea. Mr. Meldon and his party had called on the St. Laurences, passing through Dublin, so that old Sunday morning's acquaintances had not been allowed to die. From the first, Mr. St. Laurence, had no great inclination to leave any place where Clara Meldon was; and Clara was not more indifferent, though only now some fidgettings and blushes gave handles to Amy D'Alton, which, in fact, the poor child wanted much to resist the raillery of Clara Meldon.

Nearly all that night Mr. St. Laurence remained up with Mr. Meldon in the bed-room of the latter; and hundreds of papers were examined and interesting discussions raised which may engage the readers attention in the next chapter. The first train carried the whole party from London, on their way to Ireland, Count D'Alton and his grandchild accompanying them, as the old man had expressed his desire to visit the Crag and exchange condolences with one whose sad story so nearly resembled his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Spring Assizes of 1849 brought busy scenes and busy-bodies to Clonmel. Clonmel at any time is an active, crowded, bustling thoroughfare; so that even on an ordinary market-day the streams of people that flow in through the great archway to the Main street in the morning and out again in the afternoon appear large enough to fill twice as many streets as Clonmel can boast. Yet that great concourse is only half the multitude, because from the Slieve-na-mon side just as many come to gain money or to spend it or enjoy the recreations, which to the honest farmer or farm laborer are such a boon.

We mean to say from all this what we have indicated above, that Clonmel at an assize time looks as nothing we have ever seen looks but Clonmel, a town packed to repletion, with all kinds of stands and merchandize—and all kinds of people and all kinds of merriment and frolic begotten of the excitement of numbers and the happiest dispositions and temperaments in the world. But at assize times we need not say