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JUBILEE BOOK,
CONTAINING
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AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE
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To which is prefixed the Encyclical of
His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.,

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PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP
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For the DIOCESE OF LONDON, containing the
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MURTHAS MISCHIEF'S:
OR,
THE MATCH-MAKER'S BARGAIN.
BY THOMAS SHERLOCK.

(From the Nation.)

CHAPTER I.
About forty years ago, in a district among the
western Kerry hills, which we shall call Ballycorra,
there lived and flourished a rather notable person-
age, by name Mary Murtha. She was a woman of
great penetration and shrewdness; had a wonderful
flow of high animal spirits; and liberal powers of
graphic narration; was always brimful of news, had
the art of dressing up like a born American reporter;
and was mistress of an unctuous compound of flate-
ry, with which, whenever she chose, she could
smooth down the roughness of the most sturdy and
angular natures—or, to put it in the strong fashion
of the place, "wheddle the birds off the bushes."
Obviously Mrs. Murtha had no special occupation,
though she frequently bore a little flat basket on her
arm, in which eggs and poultry were supposed to be
for sale, but much more often was seen nimbly work-
ing a pair of knitting needles through the loops of
her worsted thread, which grew into socks and stock-
ings under her hands with a speed that was almost
a challenge to the loom. However, Moll Murtha,
as she was invariably called, had an occupation
which was the real business of her life, and to which
her huxtering and knitting were merely masks. In
the present day, and in higher grades than that of
the peasant, she would be called a matrimonial
agent; in her own time and sphere, she was some-
times, though rarely, spoken of as a "matchmaker."
On account of one or other of her many engaging
qualities she was a welcome guest to both males and
females by every farmer's hearth within three or
four adjacent baronies. There would have been
nothing surprising to a spectator, therefore, in the
fact that one Summer's evening, as she approached
the lone cabin of Dinny Horan, even that well-
known miser—of whom it need be said that "he
would skin a flea for the sake of the hide and fat"—
came running down the breen in haste to meet her.
"What news have you for me, Moll?" was his first
salute, squeaked out in a shrill, rasping tone.
Dinny Horan was a small meagre, wiry-looking,
saffron-faced man of about forty years of age. His
appearance seemed to proclaim that he fed on nothing
but three potatoes a day, and that even those
three did not agree with him.
Mrs. Murtha drew up her well-padded, ample form
stately, as she heard his question, and flung a glance
of scorn at the little farmer as with a toss of her
head she returned:
"Musha, better manners to you, Dinny Horan!
That's all I'll say, since I know you're a decent
father an' mother's son. Couldn't you bid me the
time o' day itself?"
"Arrah, what's the use o' tormentin' me?" he
whined back. "Don't you know I'm dyin' be inches
about the girl; an' she won't even look at the side
o' the road I'm on."
The mobile features of Moll Murtha's big, soft
face expressed a sovereign contempt for the miser-
able specimen of the lords of creation who stood be-
fore her. She regarded him in silence for a while,
and at last said slowly:
"I've a great mind to leave you to yourself."
"Whisht, Moll! whisht! don't say that," he re-
plied, with a trembling earnestness which was great-
ly pitiful to behold. "If you lave me, I dunno
what'll do at all."
"Why can't you have a little sperrit?" she ques-
tioned back, scornfully. "You're more like a mouse
than a man."
"Moll, Moll!" he piped out testily, "isn't it enough
to have her breakin' me heart, without you helpin'
her? Sure you see yourself the way I am, an' you
see sperrit, I ax, again."
"What do you want me to do? Didn't I promise

you ten yellow guineas if you'd get her to have me,
and do you think I won't be as good as my word?
I'll give you wan now as earnest," he said, fumbling
in one of his breeches pockets, from which he dug
up a chamois leather purse, confined at the neck by
numerous coils of whip-cord, which fastening he
undid as slowly as if he were turning a winch having
twenty tons weight depending from the chain, and
with as much cheerfulness as Jemmy O'Brien dis-
played on the day the populace of Dublin had the
pleasure of seeing him "brought to his own funeral."
"There!" exclaimed Dinny Horan, as he laid a
guinea in her palm, "that's showin' sperrit, I believe,
an' you doin' so little for me to boot."
Moll Murtha threw up her eyes and shook her
head complainingly, as if inviting some spirit whom
she saw floating in the air far above her to take no-
tice of the ill treatment she was receiving. Then
suddenly reverting to the being before her, she
began with indignation:
"To think of you sayin' that, Dinny Horan! You
above all men! On'y I wouldn't insult you, I'd
throw your dirty guinea back at you. Me doin' so
little inagh! Do yez hear that?" she exclaimed,
looking all around, as if the whole hillside swarmed
with witnesses of the interview, and she was appeal-
ing to them for judgment.
"Musha, Moll," whined Dinny Horan in great dis-
tress, "what ails you at all, this evenin'? Can't you
be easy? You know yourself I don't know what I
do be sayin' when I'm thinkin' of her. You're doin'
your best for me I'm sure."
"Best," she exclaimed; "best is no name for it.
I never done as much for any livin' mortal before—
man, woman, or child."
"I know, I know," he replied, gloomily. "But
it's all no use as long as your own son Dan Murtha,
is to the fo'e. It's him she's sett on. That's why
she thrates me like a dog."
The brow of Mrs. Murtha clouded.
"Lave him to me, Dinny Horan," she said; "he'll
not stand in your way for long. A lone widow
woman, like me isn't goin' to let her only son pick
up with a girl that hasn't a shillin' that'd jingle on
a tombstone."
"That's right, Moll," Dinny Horan squeaked in
ecstasy; "stick to that; tell her that. An' tell her,
too, that I have thirty acres that's now as good as
any hand round for as many miles, though it was
fifteen more than bare mountain when I got it over
fifteen years ago. An' tell her that I have it at a
fair rent under a good landlord, who doesn't ask to
rise too often. An' tell her I have cows an' sheep
an' pigs, an' a horse an' a couple o' poules, an' maybe
I'd get a jaundin' car, an' improve the cabin, if she'll
only say she'll have me. You'll tell her that, Moll,
won't you?"
"An' more," she replied with emphasis. "Tell
her! ow-ow! Lave the tellin' part to Moll Murtha."
"An' see here, Moll," the little man went on, while
his voice sank to an ecstatic whisper; "if you get
her to have me, I'll give you fifteen-ay, twenty
guineas! Twenty yellow guineas—do you hear that,
Moll Murtha?"
"It's a bargain, Dinny Horan," she answered, spit-
ting slightly into her palm, and offering it to his
grasp. "It's a bargain," she repeated; "take me
hand on it."
Dinny Horan spat solemnly into his open hand,
and with equal solemnity grasped hers.
"The bargain's closed," he piped out. "Do you
keep your part; I'll keep mine. I haven't one in the
world belongin' to me," he went on—"not wan; not
a stiner that cures whether I'll be dead or alive to-
morrow. The boys all about jeer at me, an' call
me a naygur to my face, because I'm not big enough
to bate them for d'nt it; and the girls jeer me worse,
and laugh at me to boot! The on'y wan that ever
said a kind word to me was Kitty Donohoe; an'
though she won't look at me now, I never saw a
girl I could care for but herself. If Dan Murtha
wouldn't go statherin' her with his soft talk she'd be
civil to me agen, I think."
"Lave Dan Murtha to me I tell you. I'll see him
in half an hour," Moll replied, "an' you'll either see
or hear from me to-night if I have good news. It
won't be my fault," she added grimly. "If I haven't."
In justice to Mrs. Murtha it must be said that the
promised bribe had but little to do with her desire
to put an end to the courtship between her son and
Kitty Donohoe. The former was but a "laborin'
boy," the latter a servant in the "big house" of the
district; and Moll's experience as a "matchmaker"
had made her as firm an opponent as Malibus him-
self of marriage under circumstances which did not
reveal, at least in prospect, sufficient means of sup-
port for a possible family. It cannot be wondered
at, then, if she strove to prevent her only child from
"leppin' into misery for life." But while her desire
in this matter was one that would meet with ap-
proval from many, the same cannot be said of the
means she employed to give effect to it.
When she entered her little home, and found lusty
young Dan at his frugal supper, cheerful in spite of
hard work and meagre fare, she began a series of
strange manoeuvres. She moved about the room as
if intent on domestic concerns, but pausing often to
give a mournful look at the young man, and heaving
sighs of pathetic sound at each such glance. At
length Dan stopped a piece of potato in its passage
to his mouth, to ask with a look of real concern:
"What ails you, mother? Is there anything the
matter?"
Moll Murtha flung down her duster, ran over beside
him, caught his head between her hands, kissed him
again and again on the forehead, then throwing her
arms about his neck, rocked him a little to and fro,
murmuring in her most soothing tones:
"My poor boy! my poor boy! my brave Dan!
Then, a little louder: "Ochone! Kitty Donoho,
you'll have a great dale to answer for."
"Mother, mother, what do you mane?" the
startled young man exclaimed, endeavoring to free
himself. Rising to his feet, in spite of her efforts to
keep him seated, he held her at arm's length while
with pale face he asked: "In the name of goodness,
mother, what's this all about?"
"O avic machree, it's bad news I have for you,
an' a sorry day it is for you to have to hear it. Oh
vo! vo! I a cushla machree! But sure you have your
poor old mother left."
"I can't make out what you mane, mother," he
said; and in spite of a brave effort to be firm his
voice trembled. "What's wrong with Kitty Dono-
hoe?"

"O my poor boy! my brave Dan! Hould up your
heart! There's as good in the country as ever she
was—an' better."
"Do you want to thrive me mad?" he asked
with some impatience. "You've tow'd me nothing."
"Thrus for you, my son, I was afraid to tell you
all at first. How will you be able to bear it at all,
my poor fellow!"
The agitation of the young man overmastered
him in spite of his efforts to command self control.
He sank into his seat, asking humbly:
"What's wrong with Kitty Donohoe? Tell me
that."
The appearance of Moll Murtha was that of a wo-
man wholly distracted. Without giving a direct re-
turn to her son's question she yet contrived to an-
swer it with effect by pouring out rhapsodically:
"Ochone! ochone! to think that the girl my
brave Dan thought so much about!"
She broke off artfully.
"Spake! spake!" he said hoarsely.
She leant over until her mouth touched his ear,
and whispered a few words rapidly.
"What!" he thundered, leaping to his feet once
more.
"My poor Dan!" she said mournfully.
The blood flamed up to his temples.
"I'll go over this mornin' to the big house, an'
ask herself!" he said.
"What!" she shrieked. "Is it a Murtha demane
himself that way? Go, then, Dan Murtha, ax it's
plasin' to you; but you're the first of your name
that ever done like that."
The young man sat down once more, and rested
his head between his hands on the deal table.
"Mother," he said, in choking tones, "if it was
anyone but yourself that could me that I wouldn't
believe it—no, not if they took an oath on the vest-
ments."
"Avic machree," she said, while her voice seem-
ed melting in sympathy, "my only child! my brave
Dan? good reason I had to tell you to hould up
your heart. Go to your bed, ovic, an' rest. You
want it."
The young man remained motionless, and said
never a word.
"I can't stay in the house an' see you that way,"
she whimpered snatching up bonnet and shawl, and
rushing through the door.
Though satisfied with her success so far, a linger-
ing fear that her son might yet take it into his
head to go straight to Kitty Donohoe—a movement
on which she had never calculated until the mo-
ment when she heard him propose it—kept her
from going to announce to Dinny Horan the good
news she had instructed him to expect. She therefore
stayed in the near neighborhood of her home—keep-
ing strict watch the while on her own door—in the
hope that some chance passer by would offer to con-
vey the intelligence she wished to send.
Not long was her eye scanning the road when a
lad riding one of the famous Kerry mountain ponies
came into view. His spirited little steed was bear-
ing not only its rider but a couple of wicker baskets
stuffed with hay, as it ambled easily up the ascent
of the road.
CHAPTER II.
No sooner had Moll Murtha caught sight of the
pony than she strained her eyes in the hope of dis-
covering in the rider some one who might be trust-
ed with the message to Dinny Horan.
"It's Lanty Quinn, I declare," she thought; "an'
he's the very gorsoun that'll do. Hi, Lanty! Lanty
Quinn, I say! Make haste!" she cried, when the lad
had come within hailing distance.
"Do you want me, Moll?" he shouted back.
"Yes."
Half a minute brought Lanty Quinn to her side.
"Lanty," Moll Murtha began, "would you like to
get a shillin' for as good as nothin'?"
"Av course," he answered with an incredulous
grin.
"Well, ride hot-fut up to Dinny Horan's, an' tell
him I sent you with good news."
"Who's to give me the shillin'?" Lanty asked.
"Dinny will."
"Is it Dinny the naygur? You're jokin'" the lad
returned with a stare of incredulity.
"I'm not," she replied seriously. "Say I sent you,
an' you'll get it—two if you ask for it."
"Well, begorra, a shillin' from Dinny will be worth
a guinea from any one else, so here goes to thry for
the fun of the thing," said Lanty, with a face brim-
ming over with amusement. "Hoo-up, Pauden,"
he exclaimed, giving the sturdy little animal a smart
thwack; "stir your heels, you divil, till we see the
color of the naygur's money."
As pony and rider went clattering up the road,
Moll Murtha, relieved in mind, returned to her cabin.
She found her son still with his face lying on the
table.
"Poor Dan," she exclaimed. "I couldn't stay out
with thinkin' of the sorrow you were in. Come,
ovic, show the brave heart of the Murthas—don't
give in that way. Come, mo cushla," she contin-
ued, putting her brawny arms around him, and half
lifting him up from his stooping posture, "come to
your bed; you'll be better afther you get a sleep."
Thus adjured, the young man roused silently, and
allowed himself to be led to the door of his bed-
room. At the threshold the mother once more flung
her arms around his neck and kissed him, murmur-
ing: "Never forget, avic, that you have your poor
old mother left yet that loves you."
"There's no love like the mother's, ather all, I
b'lieve," he returned in a despairing tone, as he
passed into his little chamber.
While he lay groaning on his pallet, the mother
sat on the edge of her bed, pondering and planning.
The task to which she had set herself was a hard
one, she thought, but not impossible. The first step
had been taken, at all events, and she felt a pecu-
liar pleasure as she dwelt on that. True, it had
crushed her son more heavily than she had foreseen,
and her heart yearned strangely to lighten his sor-
row, even by retracting the calumny which had
caused it. But no. Dan Murtha and Kitty Dono-
hoe must be parted: it was the best thing
that could happen to themselves, poor creatures;
and they ought to bless her for their dying day for
saving them both from the life-long misery that
must follow an imprudent marriage. Truth to tell,
her conscience was not wholly easy in regard to the
course she had taken to reach her object; but Moll

Murtha was not the woman to falter in a crooked
way if it promised to disclose a pleasing prospect at
the end. The thing was hard on poor Dan, no doubt
—much harder than she had before supposed; but
he was young and soft, poor boy; he would get over
it in a few days; and then may be he wouldn't be
thankful to his old mother for saving him from
folly! Ow-ow! Besides, the twenty guineas she was
to get from Dinny Horan! Why, it was a fortune!
It was impossible just then to calculate all that
could be done with so much money; but at any rate
Dan could buy a couple of Kerry cows to begin
with, and they could sell milk and butter; they
would have manure for their little patch of land;
they could lay by something every week, and who
could tell but that in a few years Dan might be able
to take and stock a small farm, and hold up his
head among the "sang" men of the parish, and
marry at last into comfort? As for Kitty Donohoe
she had no ill-will to the girl as long as she kept
her place; but she was no fit match for Dan Mur-
tha; and, besides, what better could she do for her-
self than marry Dinny Horan, who was clean gone
out of his seven senses about her, had "lashins an'
Javins" of money and was ready and willing to do
anything in the world if only she would become Lis
wife?
In this manner Moll Murtha lulled her conscience
to sleep as she sat on the edge of her bed that night;
with such success that not the faintest fukking came
to her of the explosion which were to be caused by
the evil train she was laying in darkness with so
much care. But one thing distressed her, and that
was a fear lest Dan and Kitty Donohoe should meet
before the next step in the plan of operations had
been taken. Moll Murtha felt confident enough
that her son would never dream of seeking the girl's
presence so long as he believed his mother's word;
the high-toned pride of the Irish peasant in all that
concerns female virtue was sufficient guard in that
direction; but if by chance a meeting took place,
explanation might possibly ensue, and then not
only would the whole scheme be at an end, but
Dan Murtha's respect for the mother who bore him
would be gone for ever. Her heart beat wildly at
the thought of such an issue; like many another,
she was more anxious to appear worthy than to be
so; but in a little while she regained composure,
and smiled in derision of her fear as she murmured:
"Hut! I'd on'y have to tell him I was misled.
What a fool I was to be so frightened!"
Nevertheless, she deemed it essential to set Kitty
Donohoe against Dan at the earliest moment—first-
ly, to part them effectually; and secondly, to pave
the way for Dinny Horan; and she sought her
conch fall of the resolve that the next day should
not pass away until the blow had been struck which
should turn Kitty's love for Dan Murtha into hate.
The astute old woman knew well every mood of the
Irish heart; and felt as certain that the means she
was about to employ would have the desired effect
on Kitty Donohoe as if the girl had just repudiated
her lover at the foot of the altar.
Although it was long beyond her usual hour for
retiring to rest when Moll Murtha laid her head on
her pillow, sleep was tardy in visiting her that night.
The schemes which she had been weaving would
not be laid aside at her wish; and in spite of repeat-
ed efforts to compose herself to slumber, her brain
still kept on plotting and planning in a wild, pur-
posely way, just as an excited steed plunges and
curvets when the rider has lost control. Now and
again, too, she caught a sigh or a groan from Dan's
chamber, and the knowledge thus conveyed of his
continued unhappiness by no means helped to put
her under the influence of the drowsy god. Dawn
was striving to peer through the little window op-
posite Moll Murtha's bed before tired nature gave
way.
Noon was nigh ere she woke. Before she was full
dressed she pushed open the door of Dan's little bed-
room and glanced into it, as if half-expecting to see
him there, although it was hours past his time for
going to his labors. Dan was away.
"Gone to his work, av course, poor boy," she
thought. "He'll get over his trouble in a day or
two—God bless him and mark him with grace!"
She set about preparing her frugal breakfast; and
when it had been leisurely despatched she turned
her attention to what she called "tydyin' up the
place." To say the truth, her ideas on this subject
were of the crudest kind; a push here, a shove
there, a puff of her lips to blow away dust where
it had settled very thickly, or a rough scrape of a dust-
ing cloth on something whose purity had been
scandalously outraged—when these operations had
been lastly gone through "the place was tidied up,"
and she could throw a glance of satisfaction
around her apartment. Nevertheless, when we
think of the tovels so many poor Irish women are
compelled to regard as their homes—when we think
of their essential squalor, their total lack of con-
veniences, their absolute unfitness for human habi-
tation—and when we think, besides, of the abject,
grinding poverty which weighs on those poor peo-
ple from cradle to grave, we should be wanting in
even the rudest notions of justice if we allowed
words of blame to be called to our lips by the care-
less and uncleanly habits which are developed as
naturally from such surroundings as the oak is from
the acorn.
Her domestic duties being done, Moll Murtha tied
her handkerchief upon her head, put a shawl around
her shoulder, took up her knitting-needles and
worsted, and sallied forth from her home. Her
design was to descend to the adjacent village of
Kilbrandon, quarter herself there for some hours on
a "neighbor," and thence proceed to the "big
house" at a convenient time for securing an inter-
view with Kitty Donohoe. However, she had barely
arrived within view of the scattered cabins which
made up Kilbrandon, when she heard a clatter be-
hind her, from the midst of which her own name
was lustily shouted out. Turning, she beheld
Lanty Quinn riding furiously towards her, the little
pony covered with foam, the rider in a state of great
excitement. She waited his approach, and, as he
came nigh, she began:
"Musha Lanty avic, what on earth ails you?
You're killin' the poor beast—that's what you're
doin', you hard-hearted creature!"
"As she spoke she forced the points of her needles
through the worsted ball, and, thus protected, put
her work away in her pocket.

Lanty pulled up suddenly, and sprang down be-
side her.
"It's you I want, Moll," he said abruptly; "Dan
Murtha tow'd me to tell you."
Then he paused for breath.
"The cross o' Christ about us!" she exclaimed,
turning pale, the while she signed herself piously,
with an instinctive fear of dead intelligence.—
"What is it, Lanty?" she gasped. "I can hardly
spake."
"Dan said I was to tell you he was goin' away
from here for a while."
"Where to?" she asked sharply.
"The sovrain wan o' me knows," Lanty answered,
scratching the side of his head feebly. "He woke
me up early this mornin', an' his bundle on his back,
an' tow'd me to call on you in the course o' the day,
an' to tell you he was goin' away for a while."
She sat down on the roadside. Her limbs refused
to support her; her head grew dizzy; her eyes
swam. Mastering her weakness with a great effort,
she fixed her gaze beseechingly on the lad.
"Lanty," she gasped, "did you never ax him what
he was going to do wud himself?"
"I did, but he said he didn't know yit. Maybe
he'd list, he said, and maybe he wouldn't."
"An' you dunno which road he took?"
"No. Didn't I tell you I was in bed when he
woke me?"
She began rocking herself to and fro as she sat on
the roadside; but not a tear came from her eyes,
and not a word from her lips. Unskilled as Lanty
Quinn was in the signs of female woe, he began to
think it would have been more natural if she had
wept and howled aloud. Sympathetic moisture
gathered in his eyes as he gazed.
"Don't, Moll," he snivelled, passing the cuff of his
coat across his face, "don't take on that way. He'll
come back. He said it was on'y for a while."
"Help me up, Lanty," she said. "Me heart's
broke."
Lanty assisted her to rise.
"Where are you goin'?" he asked.
"I dunno, Lanty, I dunno." Then pressing her
temples with both hands, she went on, after a short
pause, "I'll go to Kilbrandon. I couldn't face home
now."
"Are you able to walk?"
"Ayeh, why wouldn't I?" she replied drearily, as
she turned towards the village. "God be wud you,
Lanty."
Lanty, taking this as a hint that his compani-
onship was no longer required, remounted his pony,
and moving slowly up the hill, sang out: "God be
wud you, Moll. Keep up your heart. He'll come
back soon. He said it was on'y for a while."
Moll Murtha wended her way into Kilbrandon.—
In spite of her wrapt preoccupation of mind, an un-
usual commotion about one of the cabins caught
her glance, and she gladly welcomed the passing
distraction.
"The widow Driscoll must be dead," she thought.
"Poor woman! she lasted a long time with the de-
cline on her."
Pushing up to the house, she was at once sur-
rounded by a group of women, who confirmed her
surmise, and tried altogether to narrate every detail
in connection with the widow's decease. But Moll's
eyes fixed on a boy, not two years old, who was held
in the arms of a strong and good-natured looking
young woman, and who kept turning a pair of big
brown eyes about, as he lipped in half-wailing
tones: "Where's mammy? where's mammy?"
"G'f me the child, Biddy Heerlahy," Moll said
abruptly. "You have enough o' your own." And
she stretched out her arms.
"If I have I've enough to feed them, too, thank
God," Biddy Heerlahy returned somewhat tartly, re-
tiring a pace.
"Give him to me, Biddy a cushla," Moll Murtha
entreated. "I'll take him an' do for him the same
as his mother. Dan Murtha is gone away from me,
an' I'm lonesome now," she explained, still with out-
stretched arms.
"What med Dan leave you, Moll?" came in a
chorus from the women.
"Ayeh, how would I know?" she returned hot
without bitterness. "To seek his fortune, I b'lieve."
Exclamations that meant either commiseration
with her or indignation against Dan poured on Moll
from all sides; but her eyes still remained fixed
hungrily on the orphan child.
"Here, then, Moll, take him an' welcome," Biddy
Heerlahy said; "I meant to do for him myself, but
you have a better right to him than I have."
Moll Murtha clasped the youngster to her breast,
wrapped him in a corner of her shawl, and with an
inclusive salute of "God be wud yez all," left the
cabin. She turned towards her mountain home,
talking tenderly to the child until he fell asleep in
her arms; and then mechanically, and from sheer
habit, she resumed her knitting, while her mind
listlessly wandered to and fro between the child of
her own flesh and the child of her adoption, drifting,
drifting helplessly before the first fury of the storm
she had herself invoked.
It was thus that Dinny Horan beheld her, when,
after waiting in the neighborhood of her cabin for
half an hour, he moved down the road towards the
village in the hope of meeting with his able ally.
CHAPTER III.
From the moment that Lanty Quinn had borne
him the promised message of "good news," the lit-
tle miser was in a fever of anxiety to learn the ex-
tent and nature of Moll Murtha's success. When,
therefore, he beheld her advancing slowly up the
mountain road, he ran forward to hasten the mo-
ment of meeting. But the matchmaker was not
just then in the mood to receive him amiably.—
Above all other men's presence was unwelcome.—
The very sight of him was irritating. As he came
near, panting and well-nigh breathless with exer-
tion, insignificant than ever; and a rush of scornful
feeling surged over her at the thought that this
poorly-favored, middle-aged creature dared to dream
of wedding a girl who had won the regard of her
young, lusty, and handsome son. So, when Dinny
Horan, having come up with her, gasped out in a
voice more thin and harsh than ever, "What's the
good news, Moll? Tell me all about it; I'm dyin'
to hear;" her reply was of a nature to exhaust the
little breath left in his lungs.
"Whether misfortunes for ever attend the day I