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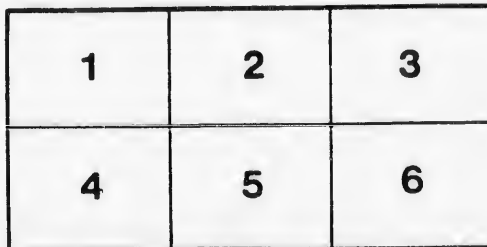
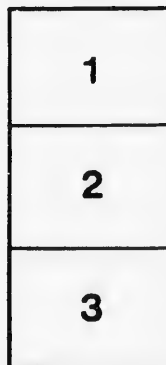
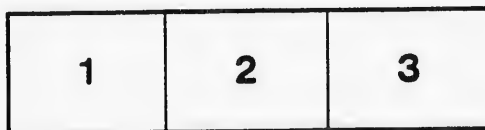
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MICK TRACY,
THE IRISH SCRIPTURE READER.







"Boys," said Father Fogarty, "I must ride on, but mind"—(winking with one eye and drawing his mouth towards the opposite side, forming a most grotesque grimace, he said laconically) "*Be sure you don't lay a finger on the Rev. Mr. Tracy.*" This caution was taken as Father Fogarty intended it should be—as a signal for a general onslaught on poor Mick. They snatched his hat off—forced his Testament out of his hand—tore it in pieces, and scattered the fragments to the winds;—they rolled him in the mud—tore his clothes—pelted him with stones—and shouted, "Kill the turncoat!"—"God an' the blessed Mother, an' the thrue church for iver!"—page 109.

Anne Helen E. Hamilton

103-

MICK TRACY,

THE IRISH SCRIPTURE READER;

OR,

The Martyred Convent & the Priest.

A TALE OF FACTS.

BY W. A. C., OF CANADA WEST.

"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies,—
He that hates TRUTH, must be the dupe of lies:
And he that will be CHEATED to the last,
DELUSIONS strong as hell, shall BIND him fast."
COWPER.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

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"Boys," said Father Fogarty, "I must ride on, but mind"—(winking with one eye and drawing his mouth towards the opposite side, forming a most grotesque grimace, he said ironically)—"Be sure you don't lay a finger on the Rev. Mr. Tracy." This caution was taken as Father Fogarty intended it should be—as a signal for a general onslaught on poor Mick. They snatched his hat off—forced his Testament out of his hand—tore it in pieces, and scattered the fragments to the winds;—they rolled him in the mud—tore his clothes—melted him with stones—and shouted, "Kill the turncoat!"—"God an' the blessed Mother, an' the thrue church for iver!"—page 109.

FROM :
W. T. BUTLER, STEAM PRINTING WORKS.

INTRODUCTION.

The unadorned tale here presented to the reader is not one of mere *fiction*, but of *fact*. Of this he may rest assured. For prudential reasons, however, it has been deemed wise to withhold names of persons and places; nevertheless, the Author feels persuaded there are many living who will be able to penetrate the thin disguise, and recognise not only persons and places, but actual incidents.

The writer's object, when he entered upon the work at first, was to narrate, in something like consecutive order, what seemed on the one hand to savour more of *romance* than *reality*, but which was, nevertheless, *real*:—and on the other, to illustrate two things: the first, by exhibiting POPERY as "*The Mystery of Iniquity*;" and secondly, calling especial attention to a class of persons, who, more than any other in their day, are serving to undermine and overthrow that anomalous *mystery*,—namely, "*The Irish Scripture Readers*." These bodies of faithful labourers,—of whom too much cannot be said, seeing their duties constantly expose them to the greatest dangers, from which they never shrink, and which constitute their enterprise as little less than self-immolation—seem to him to demand more encouragement than they usually receive. They are a devoted, indefatigable class of men, and few can compete with them in the depth of their piety, the fervour of their charity, or a knowledge of the great Chart that marks the ocean of life, as well as the haven above.

When the Author dwelt in Ireland, these unobtrusive labourers were not always encouraged with that measure of Christian sympathy to which such an enterprise seemed entitled, but he trusts from the popularity of *lay* agency in the present day, matters of this kind are widely different from the past. Many of these good men were among his personal acquaintance, and their arduous labours are illustrated in the following pages.

The Author's endeavour has been to describe as truthfully as possible the intercourse subsisting between the Priest, the Peasantry, and the Scripture, *alias* "Bible Reader," in as life-like a manner as considerable experience enabled him to do. The melancholy tragedy, its antecedents, and accompaniments, together with the actors in it, are all given, as nearly as possible, in the language of the time and place.

Finally—the whole aim of the book is to honour God in his humble servants, and to expose a system which tends to do him dishonour; and furthermore, seeing that the BIBLE is sought in it to be raised to its high pre-eminence, should it be instrumental in attaining any one of those ends, no one will rejoice more therein, than

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAP. I.—Tells how Father Fogarty quoted Scripture without minding his stops	13
CHAP. II.—Shows how the "Bible Reader" spoiled a prospective priest	24
CHAP. III.—Tells how the leaven of truth penetrated the hearts of the would-be priest and his two sisters	32
CHAP. IV.—Makes the reader acquainted with a strange character, of whom he reads elsewhere	40
CHAP. V.—Illustrates the adage—"No Penny, no Paternoster."...	51
CHAP. VI.—Shows how Mr. Brown defended himself after a storm respecting the fee for the anointing	62
CHAP. VII.—Tells about an Irish "Wake," and the way a widow's heart was lightened	71
CHAP. VIII.—Acquaints the reader with a formal Excommunication, and its effects on the Brown family... ..	82
CHAP. IX.—Shows how Excommunication affected the poor Bible Reader	93
CHAP. X.—Tells how Father Fogarty fared, and how he, with others, got into "Durance Vile"... ..	105
CHAP. XI.—Shows how the Bible Reader figured in "Uncouth Rhymes,"—and before the Magistrates	119
CHAP. XII.—Fire!—Fire! Where?—At Stanley Hall. Attempted assassination, and how it ended	131

	PAGE.
CHAP. XIII.—“ Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.” Prov. xi. 21.	143
CHAP. XIV.—Tells about believing in Jesus to the saving of the soul	160
CHAP. XV.—Shows how to cheat the priest to oblige a neighbour, though an Excommunicated heretic	171
CHAP. XVI.—Tells how John Brown, senior, was mortally wounded at a Bible Reading... ..	182
CHAP. XVII.—Details the death scene of the victim, who leaves a holy fragrance behind him... ..	194
CHAP. XVIII.—Unfolds the first-fruits of the Martyred Convert,—Stanley, of Stanley Hall, takes hold of Christ	206
CHAP. XIX.—Finds an owner for a lost finger, but the owner becomes lost again	215
CHAP. XX.—Relates Mrs. Brown's last hours. She refuses every Priest but Jesus	227
CHAP. XXI.—Tells how persecution raged. The Misses Brown abducted! Stanley pursues!	237
CHAP. XXII.—Relates a midnight adventure of the pursuers at the Bee-Hive Tavern	247
CHAP. XXIII.—Bravo, Stanley! Bravo! The Game is Scented! Onward! Onward!	259
CHAP. XXIV.—Tells how, and by whom, a Convent may be successfully entered	270
CHAP. XXV.—Stanley's Coachman details to his friends certain “misonderstandin's” he had with his “master”	279
CHAP. XXVI.—Unfolds the murderer's remorse! and a confession to the ownership of the lost finger	295
CHAP. XXVII.—The Murderer dies! Persecutions continue,—converts multiply	310
CHAP. XXVIII.—Shows that God “fulfils the desire of them that fear Him.” John Brown, jun., sleeps in Jesus!	322

PAGE.
 not ... 143
 the ... 160
 our, ... 171
 ded ... 182
 es a ... 194
 t,— ... 206
 be- ... 215
 ery ... 227
 wn ... 237
 the ... 247
 ed! ... 259
 be ... 270
 ain ... 279
 on ... 295
 ... 310
 at ... 322

CHAPTER I.

Tells how Father Fogarty quoted Scripture without
 minding his Stops.

“SATAN assailed our Lord with tempting wiles,
 In blandest sophistries, and fawning smiles.
 Exerting ev’ry pow’r of fraud and wit,—
 And even quoting words of Holy Writ.
 To serve his purpose and to gain his end,
 He will to any stratagem descend :
 Pander to vice or virtue, good or ill,
 Keep conscience quiet, or with pleasure fill.
 With him, the means to ends, and ends to means,
 Alike subservient are, to suit his aims.
 Just so the PRIEST of Rome, whose end to gain,
 Will shape his means, that he those ends attain.”
 E. RIGLEY.



NOW, do you mean to tell me that the Church has always been in error? that the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Priests have for so many successive ages all believed and taught damnable lies?—that the whole Christian world had been going down to hell from the time Christianity first arose till Luther and Calvin, who only sprung up of yesterday, set them right?—that our own lovely Ireland, as well as England, never knew the Gospel of the Saviour until Harry the Eighth set up his religion to oppose the Vicar of God, because he would not divorce him from his lawful wife? Do you——? Oh, heresy! heresy! bad scran to all heresy!”

The above warm interrogatories and fiery exclamations were uttered by a young lad, who became so excited during the delivery of them as to fling from his hand into the blazing peat fire a copy of the New Testament with which, a few minutes previously,

he had been gratuitously supplied by the very person to whom the language just read was addressed.

The latter sat unmoved during the delivery of the rhapsody, until the act with which it was wound up took place, when, rising calmly from his seat, he lifted the book out of its perilous situation, very little the worse for the rash treatment to which it had been subjected; coolly remarking as he did so, "The blessid Schriphthurs of the Lord have stood scorchin' fires an' flames afore now, an' enabled their readers to do the same; an' what they did once they can, an' I hope will do agin."

It is very probable that the young lad did not hear all these observations. He was one of those sincere and earnest persons who, while strongly and conscientiously attached to an erroneous creed, and not believing it to be so, imagine that when pushed for an argument, they can best serve their cause by manifesting their sincerity in the exhibition of warm temper.

When he who had saved the precious book from the flames, had blown the light turf-ashes from amongst its leaves, he turned to his companion with a good-natured smile, which changed into a fixed look of affectionate regard; but neither of them spoke again, until the younger was fairly overcome by the patient meekness, and good temper manifested on the part of his opponent. His knitted brows relaxed, the corners of his mouth began to give way a little, and a smile beamed upon his fine bland face. He made a great effort, notwithstanding, to appear as angry as possible; but the attempt was a failure, and he forthwith burst into a loud, hearty laugh.

This unnecessary display of temper, this want of self-command, had lowered him in his own estimation, and he feared a like result in that of his companion, to

whom, extending both his hands, and with eyes in which bright tears were glistening, he said,—“Mick Tracy! there is no man who comes inside these doors more welcome than yourself. I don't feel right on the days when you don't call in to see us, but I don't like or love your religion. What you say to me makes me mad; it troubles me on my bed, and obtrudes itself on my devotions. No longer ago than last night, when addressing the Holy Virgin and her blessed Son, in my prayers, that tract you gave me last week about '*Idolatry*' came into my head and so distracted my thoughts, that I was obliged to leave my devotions. May God help me, and forgive me and you! Holy Mary! ever Virgin, pray for me a sinner, now, and at the hour of my death. Amen! Amen! Amen! I know it is sinful to doubt of my religion, but how can I help doubting? Father Fogarty says the Scriptures declare, 'He who doubts is damned.' I wish I had never been born. God help me.”

John spoke these words, with all the distressing earnestness of a man who felt that the ground of the faith in which his family for generations had been brought up, and to which he had all his life blindly trusted for happiness, here and hereafter, was rapidly giving way beneath his feet, and revealing a fearful abyss, into which he might at any moment be plunged. Mick Tracy listened with the deepest interest, and breathed a silent prayer that the work of conviction which was so evidently begun in his heart, might, at no distant time, result in his complete enlightenment, and full reception of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Mediator between God and man.

Mick still gazed intently at him; a smile of gratitude to God playing on his broad Hibernian countenance, for he was a man who, though uneducated,

understood something of the operation of spiritual truth upon the mind, and doubted not but that God the Spirit was about to liberate his young friend from the thralldom of Popery, and creature worship.

"Master John," said Mick, laying hold of one of his hands, "Will you let me tell you a story?"

"Oh yes," answered the youth; "you are full of your funny stories, Mick, and of course you have a moral in this one as usual. Out with it, Mick, for I cannot be more unhappy than I am, though I wish now, when too late, that I had never heard one of your stories, or read one of your books."

"May the gracious Saviour give you throe happiness through His atonin' blood, I pray this day," was Mick's reply, standing up from his chair during the utterance of the petition, and lifting his hat, such as it was, from his head in token of reverence for the Deity. "But Master John, you remind me of a story that one of our Hibernian School Inspecthors used to tell of a Priest that lived away down in the county Sligo. I forgit the Priest's name, but it is no matther now for that. A little imparfection in a body's mimory oughtn't to spile the parts that are remimbered. But it was said av him that he was very hospitable intirely,—as many of the parish Priests are ye know—an' he was very fond of the Inspecthor, so much so, indeed, that he often took him home to spind a night at his house, whin travellin' on his inspectin' business.

"One mornin' afther breakfast they had some agra'ble conversation, whin the Inspecthor's heart condemn'd him for havin' so often partaken of the Priest's hospitality, an' niver havin' spoken to him about his sowl.

"At lingham he said,—'Father James,' says he, 'I would like that you and I should converse a little on the

subject of religion. We are both growin' owd,' says he, 'an' must shortly lave this mortal scene. If we are wrong as to eternal things, it is better for us to know that fact now, thin whin it may be too late for us to larn, or obtain any correct information that would avail us.'

"As he said those words, he observed the dear owd riverend gentleman unbuttonin' the knees of his small clothes, which he deliberately turned up over his knees; and thin unfastenin' the garters of his stockin's, he turned them down, so as to make bare his knees. He thin knelt down, fixin' his eyes on the Inspecthor, and drawin' the Mass Book from his pocket, he said, 'Do you see this book?' 'I do,' said the Inspecthor. 'Then, by this book,' said the Priest, kissing it, and pressing it to his heart, 'By this book,' says he, 'I am right at any rate, whatever *you* may be.' 'That he was perfectly sinsare in all this there can be no doubt, an' he thought, perhaps, as you did awhile ago, that his sinsarity must convince, in the absence of any other argument. Sinsarity in belief will not make that thruth which is not thruth; it is therefore inconclusive."

Our young friend felt the full force of Mick's logic and moral; and, as his temper was somewhat calmed, and as he knew enough to convince him that the polemic who loses his temper lays himself open to the suspicion of having a bad cause to support, he resolved to be more guarded in future.

He was evidently ill at ease the while, looked into the fire for a few seconds, then tried to whistle a tune, but, finding that a failure too, he turned and said, "Well! Mick Tracy, I don't know which way to get over you, and that is the truth of the matter. I think you would puzzle Counsellor O'Connell himself in argument; and he says that he defies the English

government to frame any law that he couldn't drive a coach and six through."

"Well now, Masther John, don't ye know that whin a man is in a row there is nothin' so good as havin' the stick by the right ind? What *you* attribute to my power of argumint, *I* attribute to God's help alone. He alone blesses His own thruth an' makes the wrath o' man to praise Him. I'm but a wake mortal, mighty wake intirely, but when I dale with His promise, He always makes it good. I'm sure, Masther John, God has some good in store for ye. There is a power always accompanyin' God's thruth which compared with man's word is great indade. Ye won't deny that, Masther John."

"There we are agreed," said John; "that can't be beaten, I own."

"Will ye now listen to me calmly?" asked Mick.

"I think I will," responded the other. "I'll be as cool as a cueumber."

"Half that same coolness 'll do for me," added the good-natured interrogator. "Tell me now what makes the Priests so much afear'd o' the Bible?"

"I insist upon it they are *not* afraid of the Bible, Mick; their religion is from the Bible, they preach from the Bible, and they quote from it. No, but the reason they don't allow the indiscriminate use of it to their hearers is, for fear of such fellows as Luther, Calvin, and Knox, who, when they want to set up a new religion will put their own meaning upon it, and thus multiply sects like the Methodists, Quakers, Shakers, Jumpers, New-lights, and all the rest of them. Can all these be right?"

"I'm afear'd the coweummer will be red-hot in another minnit or two," said Mick.

"I believe I was getting a little warm again," said

John. "Well, I hope it is no sin to defend one's Religion," the young man added.

"You ask me," Mick said, "can all those religious bodies you mentioned be right? I answer, they can; and they *are* right, as far as the essential point of savin' thruth is concerned, namely, that of trustin' in the atonin' work of the blessid Saviour for remission of sins. It is thru they differ in church governmint an' in forms of worship; but, with all their differences, there is more *essential* unity among 'em thin there is to be found in your church, with all its boasted unity; an' you mistake intirely, so you do, if you think that the appearance o' uniformity in extarnal things is 'the unity of the spirit in the bond o' peace.' You said that the Priests o' the Roman Catholic church (as it is called) are not hostile to the Scripthures, thin why so much Bible-burnin' as we have hear'd of lately?" Here Mick looked at the young man inquiringly, and found that his face was crimsoned over with the blush of shame. He continued: "As to every one puttin' his own manin' on the Scripthure, I would say a word or two. If your Father (may God presarve and prolong his valuable life) were to die to-day or to-morrow, an' to lave his will, bequeathin' his property to my custhody, as his executhor, whom do you think he would make his heirs?"

"Myself and sisters, to be sure."

"I'll ingage he would. Well thin, if I was to say whin you wanted to see the will, 'Oh, you childhren are too ignorant to understand it; you would be puttin' your own manin' on it. You would be for radin' it all. No, it is far betther you should never see it. Trust to *me* as yer guardian, an' I'll fulfill yer father's intintions.' Now, what would ye think o' my conduct? Would you not say it was, to say the least, very suspicious?"

"Now, did I not tell you before, Mick, you would puzzle O'Connell with your parables."

"Ah! Masther John, let me alone about O'Connell now. How could I puzzle a man of his larnin', or even of yours, though so young? You have bin to college; I can just read, write, and cipher a little; 'tis the *thruth*, sir, that is powerful intirely. Now, how ought the will to be interpreted?"

"Oh, indeed! I believe all our judges agree, that it should be subject to the plain meaning of the words," said John.

"And," added Mick, "that, in radin' it, a man should mind his stops, and not make a full stop where there is no stop at all at all. I'm surprised at both ye and Father Fogarty—college-rear'd men—not to mind your stops betther. Now, to go no farther than a passage partly quoted by yerself a while ago, as you say Father Fogarty quoted it to you. I will convince you, that neither of ye give the words of the 'will' their fair manin', bekase ye lave off in the wrong place."

"What are the words?" John asked eagerly, and with some degree of petulance at the idea of Father Fogarty's fairness as a quoter and interpreter of Scripture, being called in question.

"He that doubteth is damned," added Mick.

"Nothing could be plainer," said John, sighing, "Whoever doubts the Catholic religion is lost—lost for ever! O holy Virgin! Queen of Heaven, command thy blessed Son on my behalf. Amen!—Amen!" and he burst into a flood of tears.

"Aisy now, *machree aisthig*,"* said Mick soothingly. "Aisy now," his own eyes suffused with tears at seeing the distress of his young friend,—“suppose, Masther John, *Avourneen*, that we turn to the *will* of our own

* My heart within, an Irish term of endearment.

dear Frind that's gone to heaven to prepare mansions above for you an' me."

"Oh! read anything you like, I'm lost, lost."

"No, my dear youth, you're not lost. No one can be lost who seeks, as I hope you're doin', to know and do the will o' God. I'm sartin God's Spirit will guide all sich into the way of salvation. But there is the passage, Romans xiv. 23,—' He that doubteth is damned if he ate, because he ateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of *faith* is *sin*.' Does that say anything about doubtin' the Catholic religion? You see that Father Fogarty only quoted to sarve his own purpose, like somebody when he tempted our blessed Redeemer in the wilderness. If you have no objection, I'll read the whole chapter."

Taking John's silence for consent, Mick began and read the chapter from beginning to end, John remaining all the time rapt in the most profound attention. "New," said Mick, when he had done reading, "if any man can show me from the plain manin' o' those words that a man must be lost for admittin' a doubt about the Catholic religion, I'll find a *four-laved sham-rogue* for him, and that's enough to say about it. No, but there were thin, jist as there are now, mighty wake people intirely who made a distinction betune different kinds o' food, considerin' some clane, an' some onclane, but the Apostle tells thim in the fourteenth verse, 'I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jasus, that there's nothin' onclane of itself; but to *him* that esteemeth anything to be onclane, to him it is onclane.' But if a man has any doubts about it, it is better for him not to ate, than to feel his poor wake conscience damned, or condimned, which is the manin' there. He would feel his mind loaded with guilt for atin' that which he thought was wrong for him to ate."

"I declare," said John, "I feel as if a load was lifted off my heart. What you have urged, Mick, certainly sounds like the truth; and I would say, if we may interpret Scripture for ourselves, yours may be—*it is* in fact, the true meaning of the passage."

At this stage of the conversation, Mick looked out on the Avenue approaching the house, and perceiving indications that further conference was likely to be interrupted, for the present, he restored his "specks" as he called his spectacles, to their former place, his Bible to its accustomed pocket, and with the adieu peculiar to his country, "God bless ye all," shook John by the hand, and departed for that time. Mick's mind, while on the road, instinctively recurred to all that passed during the interview, and his meditations taking the pious and devout strain of prayer, he earnestly besought the Lord to water the divine seed he had been sowing, that in due season the fruit might be seen and gathered.

CHAPTER II.

Shows how the "Bible Reader" spoiled a prospective Priest.

"IN early days the conscience has in most
A quickness which, in later life, is lost !
Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,
Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
Present the prayer the Saviour deign'd to teach,
Which children use, and parsons, when they preach.
Lisping our syllables, we scramble next
Through moral, narrative, or sacred text,
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marred, and who has ransom'd man :
Points which, unless the Scriptures made them plain,
The wisest head would speculate in vain."

COWPER.

"Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand
his own way?"—Prov. xx. 24.

"But I would that ye should understand, brethren, that the things
which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance
of the Gospel."—Phil. i. 12.



JOHN BROWN was the only son of a respectable, but not very wealthy farmer of the same name, residing near a small village which we will call Middleville, in a southern county of Ireland. His parents being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, he and his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, were brought up according to the most rigid rules of that communion. It is usual with Roman Catholics of that rank in Ireland, to bring up or educate one son at least of the family for the priesthood of their church. They look upon this not merely as an honour to the family, but as giving them a peculiar interest in the prayers and other official acts of one whom they believe to be consecrated and invested with the power of forgiving sins on earth, and whose intercessions can lighten and shorten the

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pains of Purgatory, when they themselves shall have become inhabitants of that abode.

At the time when my story commences, John was about seventeen years of age. He had gone through a preparatory course of classical study at a school within a few miles of his native place, and had made such proficiency as is usual in youths of his age, and with the advantages offered. He had just completed two years' study in Maynooth College, where he imbibed considerable accessions of literary knowledge, as well as those acquirements necessary for the vocation for which he was set apart, and was the idol of the family. In person, he was a tall, handsome, prepossessing lad. He possessed a fine genius and understanding, and was devotedly attached to his parents and sisters, all of whom, as just remarked, nearly adored him as the *Prospective Priest* of the family. At the time to which we refer, he had been a few weeks at home for the benefit of his health, which had become delicate, partly from a constitution of a consumptive tendency, and partly from hard study.

Michael Tracy, or, as he was commonly called, "Mick," was a native of the same "green Isle," and of the same locality. He was about forty years of age; of a stout, muscular, square-built frame; had an honest open countenance, an abundant supply of good common sense, and a great vein of drollery, for the most part innocent, but tremendously satirical and caustic when his indignation was excited, as was sometimes the case. He had been a day labourer, and was also reared in the Roman Catholic communion; but through mercy was enabled to see its delusions, and to escape from them.

He had learned to read and write a little when a boy—an acquisition which he found of incalculable use to him

after his conversion from Popery, and which he afterwards improved. He became a diligent student, and mighty in his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

A strenuous effort was made by his former associates to drive him from his country by persecution. Having however always maintained an excellent character for honesty and industry, the Protestant gentry of the neighbourhood protected him until the storm blew over; after which, a society in England employed him to travel among his fellow-countrymen as a "Scripture Reader." His duty was to seek admission into the cabins of the poor, or the better dwellings of the middle class, as the case might be, and simply to read from the Holy Scriptures to those who were willing to hear him. Various was the success with which his labours were attended. Some of the peasantry would admit him and listen with streaming eyes to the melting story of the Cross, while others would watch his approach until they saw him within a few feet of their threshold, and then rudely shut the door in his face. Others there were who, not so rude would admit him and suffer him to read, but would stop their ears on seeing the "heretic book," and never speak to him while he remained in the house. Some called him "A bloody turncoat;" some, "Judas;" and others would ask him, "How much money he got for sellin' his God?" But he still held on his way, and "turned not to the right hand nor to the left."

When asked how he could bear so much abuse, he would say, "I sometimes feel it very hard indade; but I look to God for stringth, an', thin I remimber that I, too, was as blind as any av those poor crathurs; till the Lord opened my eyes to ondherstand the Scrip-thures, thin anger turns to pity, an' I pray as Jasus did, "Father forgive 'em, they know not what they do."

Mick and Mr. Brown, senior, had been known to each other for several years, the former having often worked on the farm of the latter previous to his abandonment of Popery; and although the family of the "Slate House," (as the respectable domicile of the Browns was called,) were always kind to Mick, and never joined in the persecution raised against him, yet there was a coolness and reserve on the part of the old people towards him, arising from a determination resolutely to avoid hearing anything which, in the language of the zealous Father Fogarty, might induce them to "sell their souls to the devil for filthy lucre,"—it being the invariable belief of Irish Romanists, that every one of their creed who renounces his former religious views does so under the influence of weighty bribes from some of the Protestant sects, or from collusion with the Prince of darkness.

Their son John was not influenced by any such fears. Coming as he did, fresh from Maynooth college, he felt himself more than a match for any heretic or turn-coat controversialist in the nation. He knew Mick, and respected his honest, manly character, but longed to exhibit his polemic skill before his father's labourers by putting, as he fondly hoped, an extinguisher on the "Bible reader." An opportunity for this soon occurred. Mick, seeing a number of these men at work in Mr. Brown's fields, with young John acting as their overseer, took a pathway which brought him into their midst in a few minutes.

"God bless yer work, boys!" said Mick, as he approached them,—this being a usual form of salutation amongst the labouring population of the South of Ireland.—"And God save you kindly, *Misther* Thracy," they all responded, winking at one another, and laying peculiar emphasis on the word "*MISTHER*," as much as

to say, "ye have become a fine gintleman, since ye dropped the spade and turned 'Bible readher.'"

"*Mick* Tracy is my name," he quietly observed; and, turning to young Brown, said respectfully, "Masther John, I am happy to see you home once more, sir, although I understand your health is not very good. How are all at the 'Slate House' this mornin'?"

"The family are all well, Mick, I thank you. As for my own health, I hope a little nursing from my mother and the girls, will soon put me all right again."

"Indade, Sir! If nursin' could make ye 'all right,' you are in the right place for that same. Many a poor desolate wandherer, worn out with hardship and sickness, the same Mrs. Brown has taken and nurs'd; an' I'm sure, she, who is so good to strangers an' even the beggars, won't be wantin' in attintion to her own, only soul."

This encomium on his mother's proverbial hospitality and kindness took John quite aback. He had been preparing something 'vey smart and spicy' for an attack on Mick and the turncoats, but he loved his mother, and could not "find it in his heart" (as he afterwards said) "to say a sharp word to him, who had spoken so respectfully of one so near and dear to him."

The two entered into a serious conversation on the subject of religion, which resulted in Michael requesting permission to read a chapter in the Bible, to which all assented. When he had finished reading, and before proceeding farther on his morning's excursion, he presented each with a religious tract, and, with a heart lifted up to Him who "giveth the increase," went on his way for that time.

He had frequent interviews with John, previous to that detailed in our first chapter, and found him at first

rather inclined to treat the matter of religion jocosely. He would say "that, for his part, he was satisfied with the 'old religion.' New ones, he confessed, were a good deal more fashionable and patronised by the great and wealthy; but, as he was not very ambitious, he would risk being found among those who were so vulgar as to deny their appetites, by abstaining from meat and substituting fish on Fridays.

Mick found it no difficult matter to prove that Protestantism was the "old religion;" and Popery a series of successive innovations. He frequently called at the "Slate House," and found John after a little while departing from his jocosely and witty manner, and inclining towards the wrathful mood; as was the case on the morning when we first introduced them to our readers. Early on that day, Mr. and Mrs. Brown took a drive of a few miles to visit a sick neighbour. Mick became aware of this, and seized the opportunity in their absence of calmly and quietly completing an argument, in which John and himself had been engaged a few evenings before,—the subject being that of Transubstantiation. Then it was, at his departure, that he gave John the tract on Idolatry to which allusion has been made. In that little treatise it was proved to John's utter discomfiture, that in worshipping the eucharist or *host* he was verily guilty of "damnable idolatry," if that eucharist or *host* were *not* transubstantiated into the "body, blood, soul," and "Divinity" or *Godhead* of Jesus Christ. Now, no worshipper is sure and certain that the wafer, or "elements," is *so* transubstantiated; for should the officiating Priest be in a state of mind such as would hinder him in "intending" such a transubstantiation, the council of Trent has decreed that no change has taken, or can take place!

In great perplexity and distress of mind John appealed

to Father Fogarty for relief, who strove, as already noticed, to stop his enquiries by mis-quoting a text, namely, "he that doubteth is damned."

The interview was brought to a summary conclusion, for Mick, observing the return of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and apprehending a more abrupt termination, took his departure, somewhat after the fashion described in the close of the first chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Tells how the leaven of truth penetrated the hearts of the would-be Priest and his two Sisters.

"The entrance of Thy *Words* giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." "Thy *Word* is a lamp."—119th Psalm.

"'Twas the day of the Spirit's most solemn decision,
The choice whom to serve,—whether Satan or God;
Wild—wild was the war I saw waged in my vision,
And fierce the contending 'tween evil and good.

"Then I saw from the left hand a priest come to teach him,
Who told him to look at the *Church* and the gate;
'For if once he but enter'd, no danger could reach him,
And this way being easy—the other is strait.'

"And then witchingly, soothingly, *music* came sighing,
Like echocs of Eden-song saved from the Fall;
There was *mass for the dead*, and *shrif*t for the dying,
And *merit enough* in the *CHURCH* for them all.

"But before the temptation could fully enslave him,
I saw an *Evangelist* come from the Right,
And he gave him a *Book* about *HIM* that could save him,
And bade him read that and *come* to the light.

"Earnest pray'r and strong crying were sent up to heav'n,
Whence answers come ever when faithful ones pray;
And the light came down pure from the Centre-light giv'n,
And clear as the sun on the good *Book* it lay.

"When the glorious gospel was taught by the Spirit,
He found that the *GOD-MAN* was Saviour alone;
And, while resting secure in his infinite merit,
He girded himself for the work to be done."

FROM THE "BULWARK."

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MY readers must not imagine that, during the conversation detailed in the first Chapter, our two friends were the only persons cognizant of it or the subjects embraced in it.

The zealous Father Fogarty, knowing how contagious heresy was, had repeatedly warned his various parishioners against all "Bible Readers," "Tract Droppers," "Soupers," and others, whose object (he said) was "to ruin people's souls by perverting them from the religion of their fathers." He had told Mary and Elizabeth (the sisters of John) not to stay in the room whenever "that disciple of the devil, Mick Tracy, or any of that swarm of locusts from the bottomless pit, entered their house." This injunction they most righteously observed; so that Mick, whenever he paid a visit to the Slate House, could barely see their figures retreating to the parlour as he entered the kitchen, or main room of the lower story.

It is said that "walls have ears;" but while I never knew an instance of its truth, it is very certain, nevertheless, that young ladies have them. Walls and partitions, however, have chinks and holes in them sometimes, which Mick Tracy may have perceived

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to be the case at the Slate House; and not being certain that he was over-anxious to restrain his voice lest any of its bearings might escape through those chinks or holes, I shall say but little on that matter. The young girls heard sufficient at times, at all events, to arouse their curiosity and ultimately to engage their deep attention.

After Mick's departure on the day above-mentioned, John retired to his own room. Mr. Brown went to see how some of his labourers had prosecuted their work, and his wife was busily engaged in some other way; so that the girls, while employed at sewing and knitting, entered into a deep conversation. Amongst their own family and equals in society, they were known as Betsy and Polly, under which names we shall introduce them to our readers in the following dialogue.

Polly, the younger daughter, opened the conversation after a very long silence.

"Why, Betsy, I declare I never knew you so silent as you are of late; this evening particularly.

Betsy.—"Indeed, Polly! there are two of us in that case. A penny for your last thoughts."

Polly.—"I have been thinking that there is something very serious on John's mind; he appears very thoughtful at times, and sighs as if he were unhappy. Do you know of anything in particular to give him uneasiness?"

B.—(Pausing) "Why, I can scarcely say; you know Polly, he has been devoted to the Church ever since he was born. I wonder whether he ever regrets his vocation, or whether he would like to choose some other way of life. I have heard, and so have you, of young men altering their course, very much against the wishes of their parents and friends."

P.—"Do you think that what Mick says to him has

any influence in unsettling his mind? Father Fogarty says, that there is no person safe who tampers with heresy in any form, and that any person who dies an apostate from the one holy Catholic and apostolic church need never hope for forgiveness *here, or hereafter.*"

B.—"Well then, Polly, as you have asked the question, I will answer it as well as I can. I do think it takes great effect on him. My father and mother know that it does; and I heard them telling Father Fogarty so, a few nights since. My mother told him she almost feared John would become a Protestant altogether."

P.—"She did?"

B.—"She did, indeed!"

P.—"And tell me, Betsy, what did the Priest say?"

B.—"Say? Why he said, 'Mrs. Brown, while your boy is your own, go down on your two knees to him, and beg of him,' says he, 'by all the souls of the faithful departed never to think of the like. For if once he took that step,' says he, 'he would be no more related to you than the naygurs in the West Ingies; and it would be your duty to turn him out of doors, and let him die in a ditch, rather than to own him as your son. This may seem hard to you, but the church in her wisdom has decreed it, and all the world knows,' says he, 'that the church is *INFALLIBLE.*'"

P.—"And what did my mother say?"

B.—"Wisha,* she said nothing, only cried as if her heart would break."

P.—"What did my father say to that?"

B.—"He was out seeing after Curly, who was foddering the horses at the time."

P.—"And tell me again, Betsy (drawing her chair nearer), how did Father Fogarty seem affected?"

B.—"You know very well that no one can make observations on the clergy; they are obliged to smother

* My dear.

their feelings from childhood. It *must* be right of course, or the Church wouldn't have decreed it."

P.—"But Betsy, is not that very odd?"

B.—"What odd?"

P.—"The idaya of a mother casting off *her own* child. Our dear brother is as pure-minded a lad as ever breathed the breath o' life; but if he were a murderer, and about to die on the gallows for his crimes, (which he never will with the help of Almighty God)"

B.—(Making the sign of the cross) "May the Blessed Virgin and all the saints intercede for him and guard him from heresy I pray."

P.—(Who had paused till her sister's prayer was ended) "If my brother were a criminal and dying on the gallows, I would not disown him."

B.—"But you know, Polly, there is no crime so great as forsaking and denying the Church; for we cut ourselves off from all her privileges, and perhaps, destroy others along with ourselves."

P.—"Now, Betsy, tell me this. If you were to alter your religion by becoming a Protestant, and be turned out of doors, do you think I would be doing my duty to God, setting my own feelings out of the question, if I were to suffer my own, only sister, to die for want of any assistance I may have it in my power to render her?"

The girls looked at each other and wept; they had never been separated for a week from each other's society; had always lived on the most affectionate terms; and never till then, perhaps, had anything arisen to put their feelings to such a test. When they had been silent for some minutes, Polly opened the appeal again by saying,—"Well, Betsy, you have not answered my question."

B.—(Apparently very much piqued) "I must say,

Polly, that you pay me no great compliment by supposing that *I* could change my religion. But my answer is, that the Church knows best what is right and what is wrong; an' I hope I shall never have the presumption to dictate to my spiritual superiors."

P.—"I really had no intention of hurting your feelings, Betsy, by what I said; but if you like it better let us reverse the case, and put me in place of yourself."

B.—"We can converse very well without any unpleasant suppositions, my sister."

Thus far the sisters had proceeded, each trying to sound the other's views; but now both hesitated for a moment to go on. Popery has so managed to delude the consciences of its votaries as to make it "a duty to hate, where Nature commands us to love," and causing the nearest and dearest relatives to act as spies over the words, actions, and even the thoughts of each other. "After all," said Polly, again commencing the discourse, "I don't believe that God requires me to violate the closest of ties, because those I love best may have fallen into error; and (looking steadfastly at her sister, as if to ascertain whether she might fully confide in her) you could not do it, say what you will, Betsy."

B.—"Indeed," replied Betsy; "there is no use in making any pretences about it. I am sure neither of us could; but—God and the Blessed Virgin protect us! —I feel my own mind at times very much disturbed."

P.—"What disturbs it, my dear sister? You may safely tell me; we have never had any secrets from each other, and let us not commence now."

B.—"To tell you the whole truth, Polly, I cannot help thinking of what I have heard Mick say to John at times. I strive to banish it from my mind by saying a double portion of prayers, but it is of no use. Asleep and awake, the thing troubles me. And what made me

feel worse than anything, was a circumstance that took place last week. I got up before any one else in the house, and found, thrust under the kitchen door, a small tract called "The Converted Soldier." I was foolish enough to disobey my Priest by reading it through from beginning to end; and then, to be revenged upon it for tempting me, I put it into the fire."

P.—"And can you remember anything of it, Betsy?"

B.—"Yes, I do. Whenever I heard people talking about conversions, I thought it must mean a Protestant turning Catholic, or a Catholic becoming a Protestant; but this soldier was always a Protestant. He was a very wicked man at first and always in trouble; but he altered his course by means of a Protestant clergyman who used to visit him, and then he spent his time in reading and praying, and warning his comrades to repent and give up sin, and was always as happy as the day was long, yet he never altered his religion outwardly."

P.—"And why did that make you unhappy, Betsy?"

her sister inquired anxiously.

B.—"I don't know," said Betsy, "unless it be this—that true religion appears to be something different from a mere outward profession, whether Protestant or Catholic; and yet what can I do? I have said more prayers since that time than I used to do before; but the more I say prayers the worse I feel; for no change takes place in me."

P.—"Well now," said Polly, "just listen a moment,—here is a little tract I found a few days ago lying on the road with a stone resting on it, the first leaves are gone, but it says,—

"The Romanist says prayers as a punishment for his sins; the believer prays from his heart, because he feels pleasure in approaching his Heavenly Father: the Romanist repeats the same words over and over again

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by number ; the Christian asks of God whatever he feels he is most in need of, without reference to the number or length of his petitions. The Romanist addresses prayers to beings who may not be in heaven, and may never hear a word he utters ; the Christian prays directly to God through Jesus Christ alone, who ' ever liveth to make intercession for him.' "

When she had done reading this extract, her sister ejaculated, " May the Blessed Virgin be our shield ! Amen ! "

Polly devoutly prayed, " May the Lord Jesus save us by His precious blood ? "

While this conversation was going on between the girls, one equally serious was being held in another part of the Slate House, for which we must make room in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Makes us acquainted with a strange character, of
whom we shall hear again.

Quoth Ralph,—Not far from hence doth dwell
A *cunning* man—bright SIDROPHIEL,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need the skill of a physician;
When murrain reigns in cows and sheep,
And chickens languish with the pip:
When post-boy does refuse to come,
And love proves cross, and humoursome.
From these by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise;
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer:
To fetch and carry intelligence,
Of *whom*—and *what*—and *where*—and *whence*."

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WHEN the return of his father and mother from their visit, John retired to his own room, which he paced up and down, now with hurried step, again with deliberate tread. The Romish mass book was lying on a small table open at the "Litany of our blessed Lady." The New Testament so lately saved from the flames, lay open beside it, with a corner of one of its leaves turned down on that particular text which says, "There is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) John was so absorbed in thought that he did not take notice of his mother, who had softly entered the room, and running her shrewd eye over the two books, had immediately perceived the direct antagonism of the sentiments. Bursting into the most passionate exclamations, she thus broke silence:—"I say its a lie, an infarnal lie. Holy Vargin! did I think it would ever come to this? that a child o' mine would be guilty of dishonourin' the Mother o' God by puttin' a heretic Testamint beside the blessed 'Litany!' O John Brown! John Brown!"—falling on her knees and clasping both his hands, which she kissed passionately,—"John Brown me darlint, are ye goin' to brake all

the ties betune yerself an' yer poor mother that loves ye, by turnin' away from the thrue religion av yer Fathers? Oh that I was a corpse this blessed day! Oh! what a fool I was! ever to let one o' the cursed Bible readhers into me house wid their deludin' talk! Wirra! wirra! wirra!"*

Thus far John listened, debating in his mind how to treat this ebullition of feeling on the part of his doting mother, when (turning his eyes towards the door) he was surprised to see his father standing with his hat in his hand, his eyes streaming with tears, his thin grey locks hanging in wild disorder about his face, and his whole appearance bespeaking the most intense grief. The old man broke silence after a few minutes' pause, saying, "Don't, John, don't, oh don't!"

"Don't *what?* Father!" said John, raising his almost fainting mother from her knees and conducting her to a chair.

"Avick machree aisthig,† think of her that bore ye, an' think of *these*, John (lifting, as he said the words, the locks that strayed over his temples), think of these, mavourneen, and don't sell your poor sowl to the devil, for all the Protestant goold in the country."

"Does *my* father think that I could be a hypocrite?" said John, stung to the quick by the speech of his parent, and stamping as he spoke. "Sell my soul for gold! for 'Protestant gold!' perish the thought!" and he again paced the length of the chamber up and down.

"I know it all, John," added the poor old man; "Father Fogarty let your mother an' me in the sacret this mornin', so he did. The English government are givin' five hundhred pound to every Catholic that will forsake his God, an' his country, an' his Priesht, and that slim, fair-an'-aisy-goin' apostate, Mick Thracy, that often warmed his shins at my harth whin he

* Woe! woe! woe! † Son of my inmost heart.

had no fire av his own, an' ate many a good male o' vit'als off my kitchen table, is to get a cool hundhred down in his palm for turnin' you over. Bad seran to him an' all thraet-droppers like him!—Not that I have any charge agin his honesty. He worked for me many a year, bafore the *owld Boy* took possession of him; an' indade, if it was not for this, I think he isn't a bad sort of a man afther all."

Here the old man paused, and wiped his eyes and forehead with the sleeve of his coat. The corner of Mrs. Brown's check apron was made to perform the same duty for herself, when John, finding the storm a little lulled, ventured to slip a word or two in.

"Father and mother! you are my dearest earthly friends, and kind affectionate parents you have been to me. Early and late you have busied yourselves to sustain me, and the curse of Ham ought to pursue me, were I wantonly to stamp another wrinkle on the brow of either of you. I appeal to you *both*, if I have ever disobeyed you, or ever did an action that would lessen the pride you have both evidently felt in acknowledging me as your son."

"Never," ejaculated his father.

"Thru for you me own sweet boy," said his mother, falling on his neck, and kissing the cheek which burned with a raging hectic hue, prophetic to all but herself and her husband, of their son's early decease. "Well I knew the thru blood o' the Browns an' the O'Donnells was in your veins, an' that you would nivir disgrace it," she exclaimed passionately.

John ha) interrupt his mother, knowing full well that in her p. . le of pedigree she would run on and on, *ad infinitum*; tracing her genealogy back through the Milesian prince O'Donnell, and from him back again as far as the Noachian flood, and from that, nobody knows

where, until she arrived at one "General O'Toole" the head of the family, who was married to a sixteenth cousin of Nebycodnazar the king o' the Jews!

"If" (he continued) "Father Fogarty imagines that I could take any important step in life without acquainting my parents, he knows but little of John Brown, junior; and if he supposes him capable of treating religious matters as subjects of commercial speculation, he is grossly deceived, I can assure him."

"But what business has that turncoat, Mick Tracy here wid his Protestant books?" his mother asked petulantly.

"Mother," said John in return, "you have dedicated me to the service of the church, and scraped, and saved, in order to defray my expenses at school and college; unless I make myself acquainted with the opinions of those who oppose the doctrines of the Catholic religion, how can I tell that they are erroneous, or otherwise; and how am I to warn my flock, if I ever have one, against those errors, if I do not know them? If, on the other hand, we are in error ourselves, let us remember, mother dear, that our souls are at stake. As for poor Mick Tracy, if he is in error, he is an honest-minded man; one who daily prays to God for you and my father and all of us, and who, I believe, entertains a grateful remembrance of every kindness you have ever shown him. You must allow, yourselves, that he has been greatly persecuted."

"Oh! let him keep his little hatchet-face out o' this house henceforth an' for ivir," said the impassioned Mrs. Brown: "turncoats I despise, like the dust on the road side."

"Amen a hierna," the pious father replied. "Come away, Biddy, John won't disgrace our owld age. Sure you woan't, Avick?"

"The good God, I trust, will preserve me from sin, and guide me in the right way," was the son's calm reply.

The parents withdrew, partly composed because of having let off the redundant steam, and partly assured by John's cool, yet affectionate manner towards them.

"Much as I respect Father Fogarty," said Mrs. Brown, as she and her husband descended to the kitchen, "I would rather he was better employed than in listenin' to gossip about my son John; an' if he was to come in here this blessed minnit, *an' not be a Priesht*, I'd have a good mind to tell him that 'the blood of the O'Donnells and the Browns' is as thurc to the owld faith as ivir a dhrop that runs in the veins of a Fogarty."

"Whist! Whist! ma colleen," said her mate in a suppressed tone; "be keerful in spakin' about the clargy."

"Oh, 'I'm keerful enough," Mrs. Brown retorted sharply; "I was not goin' to be caught so aisy; I said *if he wasn't* a Priesht."

Her husband allowed that she had spoken with all due precaution; and they went to see about their respective occupations in the business of the Slate House.

When John was left at liberty to pursue his meditations undisturbed, his mind reverted forcibly to the point on which it had been occupied at the time of his mother's entrance.

"*One MEDIATOR!*" said he, "*but one mediator* between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." This is the record of a Book which our church acknowledges to be the Word of God, but the reading of which she guards with so many '*provisos*' as to amount to a virtual prohibition, as far as the bulk of the people is concerned; but here is another book" (taking up the Mass-book)

“ which it disseminates far and wide, and which teaches us to address ourselves to as many mediators, as there are saints in the calendar, and angels in heaven! Why lay any restriction on the reading of the one, if not from a conviction that it would expose the teachings of the other to suspicion? There must be ‘ something rotten ’ somewhere, or why should Father Fogarty try to terrify me from inquiry by misquoting Scripture ? ” Thus he soliloquized,—his mind running from one theme to another in connexion with the points of his creed which he was previously afraid to question, because of his ghostly adviser telling him, that “ to doubt is to be damned.”

His reverie was again disturbed by his sister Polly calling him to tea, which summons he obeyed with an effort to look as gay and cheerful as possible; which effort was shared in by every member of the family group.

Despite all this show of carelessness, in the way of hemming, coughing, and remarking about the weather, and also inquiring as to the probable effect thereof on the prices of corn, butter, potatoes, &c., there was still an unmistakable reserve at the tea-table in the Slate House, that evening. Mrs. Brown, who had blown off all her ire, endeavoured now to banter Mr. Brown on the renewed juvenility of his appearance—the said metamorphosis being the effect of a new wig, purchased for him during a recent visit to the city of C—, and exclusively for Sunday wear. She even called in the aid of Betsy and Polly in enabling her to determine whether there was not some danger of their father captivating the affections of a lady who occupied a certain place in the chapel where they attended Mass, and who, it was alleged, had been a very great admirer of the senior Brown, when he was ranked amongst the juniors

as peculiarly handsome. Luckily for the conversation, it was prevented from utterly flagging and falling to the ground by the entrance of a well-known personage, called "Donagha Buckaugh," *alias* "*Dennis the cripple*," who approached *pro formâ*.

The aforesaid "*Donagha*" was one of those persons, very common in this country, who manage to make staple commodity out of some trifling sore or ailment, and by studiously avoiding any such thing as getting well, or even a little better, quarter themselves without ceremony on the farming population, as persons unable to work for a livelihood. Donagha had managed to get a small sore on his shin, which, being nightly irritated by a copper coin tied tightly thereon, and daily bandaged with several yards of dirty calico, he made to resemble "*elephantiasis*;" and thus exciting sympathy he spent his time in going from one cabin and farmhouse to another, where he was (according to custom) received as an object of religious charity. Persons of this class in the south and other parts of Ireland, acquire such influence over the peasantry, as to possess themselves of the secrets of the whole community; and, while covered with filthy rags, they contrive to accumulate money by giving information to the excise against persons dealing in illicit traffic, and carrying messages on love affairs, &c.

The young Donagha, on the present occasion, limped boldly into the Slate House, and, taking his seat in the chimney corner, uttered while doing so, the salutation common on such occasions—"God save all here."

"And you too, Donagha," greeted him from both sides of the table.

"What are you goin' to take, Donagha? in the name of G—— an' his blessed Mother," inquired the kind-hearted "misthiss" of the house.

“Wisha, I’ll take a blast o’ the ‘dhudheen’ first and foremost,” he answered; “that I mightn’t sin, but it is mate, dhrink, an’ clothin’ to me these cowl’d evenins’,” at the same time thrusting his right hand into the breast-pocket of a soldier’s cast-off jacket, which hung in ribbons about him, and drawing therefrom a short black tobacco pipe, eyeing the table as he did so, to ascertain how the comestibles were likely to agree with his appetite. “Dhrav up to the table an’ take a cup o’ tay,’ Donagha, ’twill warm ye.”

“Arrah, let me alone for tay,” said Dennis, blowing a long wreath of smoke, and shrugging his shoulders; “that I mightn’t sin, but I’d rayther have a bit o’ bacon an’ cabbage, wid a few pratees, an’ a dhrop o’ whiskey to wash them down wid, thin all the tay that ever was brought from foreign parts.”

“Every one o’ them things you shall have, ma *boughal* (my boy), but whisper here,—have ye any news?”

“News, is it? faiks I have, plinty o’ that same.”

“Arrah, is any one married? or goin’ to be? or dead? Tell us; I’ll be for listenin’ whilst I’m gettin’ yer supper ready, an’ a snoring hot tumbler o’ whiskey punch affther it; that is, if ye tell a very good story.”

“Thin as that is the case, I had betther have the punch first, for may be ye wouldn’t think the news over an’ above good.”

“What does Donagha say at all at all?” inquired the wondering hostess.

“*Misthiss Brown*,” said Dennis, with great dogmatism of manner, “I can tell ye what news is goin.’ I’ll not add to it, or subtract from it, as little Paddy Rooney said when he pulled the cheer from behind the schoolmaster an’ let him down on his poll. But (the Lord an’ his blessid Mother, an’ all the saints an’ angels

protect us) they tell me the whole cuntry is turnin' Protestants."

"They do, is it?" Mrs. Brown said, lifting up both her hands, and throwing herself into a posture of affright, as if she had seen "a spirit from the vasty deep."
"Who are they at all at all?"

"Why now, there's Tom Flinn, who towld me an hour ago, that the Mother o' God had no more power to command her son than I have; an' there's Barney Finnegan, an' Thiguc Looney, an' Bill Murphy, an' a power of 'em besides, through all the cuntry, that says they'll niver confiss to a Priesht any more, secin' he has no more power thin any common man to forgive sin."

"They do, Arrah?" again escaped from Mrs. Brown, in a tone of greater astonishment than before.

How long her amazement would have delayed Dennis's supper this deponent saith not, but young John had to remind her that the said Dennis had finished his smoking, and might be in good tune for eating. A substantial supper, flanked by a *cruiskeen* of whiskey, was soon submitted to Donagha, not before he had informed the wondering Mrs. Brown "that the whole blame was attributable to Mick Tracy, an' the rest o' thim 'bloody' Bible readers." He also informed them that he himself had been offered a large bribe if he would sell his "poor sowl;" but no, for his part he would rayther be poor, an' suffer "cowl, hunger, an' hardship, in this life, than to ride in a coach to hell."

Mr. and Mrs. Brown applauded his pious determination. Polly and Betsy looked significantly at each other, as if they would call in question the sternness of his religious principles. Master John looked as if inclined to smile, until a cough volunteered its services to relieve his embarrassment; and all, as if by mutual consent,

left Donagha to operate silently on the bacon, cabbage, potatoes, and whiskey punch.

The above bill of fare having been duly discussed and disposed of, Donagha re-lighted his pipe, managing between the whiffs to "insinse" Mrs. Brown, as he expressed it, into the whole history of Protestantism, from "biginnin' to indin'," and devoutly consigning all who ever had, or should thereafter have, anything to do with it, "rint free lodgins," where water was scarce, but "the deficiency made up in coals and sulphur, which "were to be had for 'nothin' per ton.'" This style of ribald wit, by way of religious ridicule, is common with this class of persons; and after Donagha had so delivered himself, and exposed all the secrets of all the families to whom he had access, he withdrew, as he said, "to stretch his owld bones;" an example which the household speedily followed.

CHARACTER.

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CHAPTER V.

Illustrates the adage, "No Penny, no Paternoster."

"For gain; with quackish ointment heal'd the wounds
And bruises of the soul outside :
He with untemper'd mortar daub'd the walls
Of Zion, saying "PEACE," where there was none.
The man who came with thirsty soul to hear
Of JESUS, went away unsatisfied ;
For he another gospel preach'd than PAUL,
And one that had no Saviour in it.
He was a *Wolf* ; in clothing of a *Lamb*,
That stole into the fold of God, and on
The blood of souls, which he did sell to death
Grew fat ;—and yet, when any would have turn'd
Him out he cried, "*Touch not the PRIEST of God* :"
And that he was anointed, *fools* believ'd."

POLLOK.



SOME weeks rolled away, as weeks ever have done, the monotony of the village being only now and then disturbed by the news, first of one and then of another forsaking the ranks of Romanism for "a more excellent way." The various devices of the pious and learned Father Fogarty were all nearly exhausted in his endeavours to stem the torrent of heresy, as he called it, but without avail. He tried raillery and ridicule first, but these would not do ; then came a recommend-

ation to "the faithful" to be cautious of books teaching heretical doctrines; which was followed by a peremptory command not to listen to Bible Readers; and this again by ecclesiastical curses, with bell, book, and candle, against every one who admitted those books and tracts in which our holy mother the Church was held up to ridicule, or made the subject of animadversion or attack. All these modes were flanked by a mandate to the said faithful "to avoid all apostates, giving them no food, clothing, or lodging, for love or money, and to hold no intercourse with the excommunicated either in the way of giving or taking, buying or selling, borrowing or lending, or even speaking with, or to them." But despite all the zealous Father's endeavours, people would read, doubt, and hesitate, and eventually decide, that Popery was a system of delusion, and that a vast number of the very Priests themselves believed it to be so, and held office only for a "piece of bread."

Things were in this posture when an incident occurred which tended more than anything else to rivet a conviction of the thorough rottenness of the system in the minds of the young Browns, and to awaken it in those of the old people too.

John had frequently mentioned to his sisters, in the presence of the old folks, various arguments used by Protestants against the principles in which he and they had been educated, giving likewise full weight to every thing alleged by controversialists on their own side. He had also evaded, without positively refusing, to proceed again to his studies at Maynooth; a circumstance which contrasted strongly in the minds of his parents, with his former intense desire to remain there, even to the sacrifice of health.

His mother, on comparing notes with Father Fogarty, agreed that it was best for the Holy Father to

come up on the ensuing Friday to dinner, and as bacon and cabbage were inadmissible edibles on a fast-day, she promised him his "skinfull of as good salmon as ivir swam in the river Lee," and the full of the same skin of as good whiskey as ever ran through a worm, just to keep the salmon and melted butter from raising the bile in his reverence's capacious stomach. I beg to ask the reader's pardon for such an allusion, but the capabilities of some of those gentlemen are well known.

Punctual as a clock, the reverend Father was seen about half-an-hour before dinner time, moving on his grey mare, at that nondescript pace called in Ireland a "Priest's trot," up the avenue leading from the main road to the Slate House.

Now, deponent cannot say that Father Fogarty was ever accused, even by his direst foes, of unfaithfulness to such an engagement as that of a good dinner and plenty of whiskey, nor did he care more than other Priests for good things; but he very charitably considered that every pint of "*the crathur*" consumed by those "who know how to make a proper use of it," was so much removed out of the way of poor irresolute creatures, for whom temptation might prove too strong. "Salmon, too," the learned Father averred, "should swim, living and dead, raw and cooked. When alive, in salt or fresh water, according to the season; when cooked, in melted butter; and when swallowed, in whiskey punch." He had just mixed the *fifth* tumbler, and was engaged in a very long and laboured argument to prove that the duty of all good Catholics was to perform the penances and other prescribed routine duties of their spiritual superiors, without ever doubting their propriety, alleging his favourite Scripture, "He that doubteth is damned." He expressed his pious resolution to do the thinking for his dutiful parishioners,

whom he generously relieved of all trouble on that score; and he was particularly anxious that young John should allow him to act as his proxy in that department. The latter had desired information from his reverence as to how it could be, that, while their church professed apostolicity, many of her distinguishing features as to points of doctrine, were comparatively of modern date; for instance, invocation of saints, dating only from the seventh century; purgatory not absolutely authorized till the fifteenth; transubstantiation till the thirteenth, and so on. Father Fogarty sighed from the very depths of his soul, that so promising a youth should become the victim of that “abominable heresy, the right of private judgment” in religion; a sentiment, he averred, “which had sent more to people hell than all other Satanic inventions put together.” He remained silent for some time, engaged in deep thought, making sundry figures on the polish of Mrs. Brown’s best parlour mahogany table, by dipping the handle of his spoon into the punch, as if it were ink, and then writing his cogitations as above described.

How long he would have continued that learned exercise cannot be stated, as an accident occurred which interrupted, and relieved him from his embarrassment. A man was seen to ride past the parlour window of the Slate House, at a furious speed, so that he passed the door a great number of yards before he could pull up his horse. He turned out to be a messenger despatched in hot haste for the Priest. He had been at his reverence’s house, and was directed by the housekeeper to the Slate House.

The object of his visit was to find Father Fogarty, and take him off to the cottage of a poor labouring man, who worked in a quarry, and was “kilt out and out,” by the falling of a mass of stone, so that his

reverence must make all haste to *anoint* him, or else he would be "*dead intirely*," in a very short time. His reverence urged the particular engagement at the Slate House, recommending the messenger 'to try and find some other Priest, promising, if necessary, to go on the following morning; but the messenger was not to be put off; and, after twice hinting at the probability of a complaint to the Bishop of the diocese, the worthy Father was obliged to deny the salmon any further supply of the swimming element, and repair to the bedside of the suffering and dying man.

Mr. Brown and his son felt anxious about the poor fellow, and were soon well mounted, and quick on the footsteps of the Priest. They arrived at the cabin a few minutes after him, and found a scene of confusion and heart-rending sorrow that baffled description. The dying man lay gasping in the agonics of death, stretched on a door, on which he had been conveyed from the scene of the accident, and from which he could not be removed without accelerating his exit from the body.

His heartstricken wife sat opposite to him on a low stool, rocking herself backward and forward and from side to side, ejaculating in wild confusion, "My husband! The father o' my childher! The father o' my childher! The father o' my childher!" A sucking infant screamed at her breast for that nutriment which her grief had suddenly dried up; and two older babes, one at each side, hung from her neck, and repeated in concert, "Don't cry mammy; don't cry, mammy."

A crowd of neighbours had gathered into the cabin so as to fill it. Mr. Brown and his son had great difficulty in elbowing for themselves a way in; and when they had succeeded in entering, they heard a man in the crowd saying, "God help the poor, yer riverince!

they're doomed to misforthin' an' sufferin' in this world an' the next."

To which Father Fogarty replied, "I tell you the Church has fixed our *dues*; I demand no more than my right; and my *right* I must have, before I can do anything for him."

No sooner were these words uttered, than Brown, senior, pulling a two-and-sixpenny-piece from his pocket, said, "Father Fogarty! (holding out the coin at the same time) here is the necessary sum." It was soon transferred to the pocket of the Priest, there to jostle with others of the same genus. All the preliminaries having been completed, a motion was made forthwith to clear the house for the "anointing;" and, in a twinkling, the Priest and the patient were the only inmates of the cabin. A simultaneous prayer went up from the whole crowd, "May the great God an' his blessed Mother purtect, guide, an' guard you an' yours, Mr. Brown! lyin' down an' risin' up, by day an' by night; 'tis yerself that was always a frind to the poor labourin' man, an' by the powers! ye're not half as good as her that owns ye; blessin's for ever rest down on ye both, an' on the childbren that looks up to ye."

The poor widowed woman clasped his knees, exclaiming, "I knew that if *you* wor here, you would not let his poor sowl suffer for want o' the rites o' the Church. I knew it! Oh I knew it! an' the Blessed Vargin heard my poor prayer, an' sint you into the house at the right time, she did, she did!"

A few minutes sufficed for the performance of "the rites," which consisted, first, in the Priest whispering a few *Latin* words in the ear of the dying man, who was already fast sinking; then drawing from his pocket a small silver box, containing a pellet of greasy cotton lint, he applied the latter to the nose, ears, thumbs,

and great toes of the sufferer, and at the same time muttered some cabalistic words in an unknown tongue. Restoring the *pistix* to his pocket, he re-mounted his nag, which almost mechanically started off at the clerical trot again, and left the excited crowd to get rid, as best they could, of the sorrow and indignation occasioned by his unmixed cruelty.

Now the Irish have a peculiarly shrewd method of "cheating," as they say, "the owld Boy in the dark." This is done by managing at certain times to avail themselves of all the luxury of cursing and swearing, which they do by altering some word or some letter, or syllable of a word in an oath or curse, thinking thereby to avoid the penalty of the transgression. Only those who mix with the peasantry, can know or judge of the extent of this evil, in the depths of its vileness and wickedness.

The moment of death arrived; and a murmur of deep regret passed from mouth to mouth, as those within the house ejaculated, "He's gone! May God have mercy on his poor sowl."

"Gone!" repeated an aged man, a relative of the deceased; "gone!" said he with a sort of hysteric grin, gazing after the receding priest, whose ample dimensions, rolled up in a profusion of treble-milled broad cloth, contrasted strangely with the poor, ill-fed, and half-naked creatures conversing in groups around the miserable hovel of him who had just that minute breathed his last! "Well, Father Fogarty! ye're the Priesht o' God; but if ye were not what ye are, I'd say, 'May you nivir die till ye want the binifit o' the clargy yerself, an' not have manes to pay for it.'"

"Whist, whisht," uttered a dozen voices; "Murtagh, yer own poor sowl is ruined; you've cursed the Priesht."

"Me curs'd the Priesht?" said Murtagh.

"Yes, thin, yer own four bones."

"Ah, let Murtagh alone for that," rejoined a jolly, lazy-looking fellow, with a short pipe in his mouth; "he saved himself well, didn't ye hear him say, 'If ye weren't so an' so?'"

"Oh! did he? Thin he's safe enough."

"Well, wisha," said a poor beggar woman, with a child of two years old tied on her back, and another, of about as many months, in her arms.

"Well, wisha!"

"Wisha, what?" said Murtagh, drily.

"Wisha, I was a-thinkin'" said the crone, "that it is mighty quare intirely, 'if there's a God at all, at all, that the poor have to suffer here an' hereafter jist bekays they haven't money.' There is a boy lyin' dead now, on a door widin that cabin, an' a betther frind to the poor wasn't on Ireland's ground. The last day I come this road, I called at Father Fogarty's for relief, an' the thing he told me was, (as I am a sinner afore the Holy Vargin, I tell ye no lies) he said, ses he, 'Where did you git thim childher, ses he?' 'In lawful wedlock yer riverence,' ses I. 'Well, whether you did or not,' ses he, 'I have nothin' for ye, ses he; 'so go away to the city, an' get into the poor-house,' ses he; 'but ye won't, an' I know the rason too,' ses he."

"'What is it, your riverence?' ses I, quite bowld, makin' answer."

"'Bekays,' ses he, 'they wouldn't let ye spake to the min,' ses he; 'an' they wouldn't let ye have tabaccy an' whiskey,' ses he."

"'What answer did ye make to that, Peggy?'" inquired an old woman who sat smoking on the ground beside her. "Here, take a shough o' this pipe, it will keep the cowl'd wind off yer stomach."

Peggy took the proffered pipe, drew three or four long whiffs, then with a smile rejoined,—

“Why thin, Misthiss Cassidy, if ye wants to know, I’ll tell ye. ‘By gorra yer riverence, ses I, the Church lays no fast aythur on tabaccy or on whiskey; an’ as for spakin’ to the min, ses I, I’m not a nun, an’ niver promised to be one.” “Well done, Peggy,” was caught up by more than a dozen mouths, all joining in a hearty laugh at her ready wit.

“What did the Priesht say?” was then eagerly asked.

“As I’m a sinner, the answer he made me was, ‘If ye don’t lave that,’ ses he, ‘I’ll call Bill to set the dog after ye.’”

“I stood up wid my two fatherless childer, that had not tasted bit or sup since the day afore, an’ walked along till I cum to this house. I was passing by the door to go down to the Slate House, an’ the poor fellow that’s stretched inside there was atin’ the few pratees along wid his wife an’ childher. They hadn’t a morsel o’ *kitchin*,* but a grain o’ salt. Whin he seen me passin’ the door, he stud up wid a pratee in his fisht, an’ walked out towards me. ‘Where are ye going, Peggy?’ ses he. ‘Down to the Slate House,’ ses I. ‘Is it bakays we’re not rich,’ ses he, ‘like thim that lives in the Slate House, that ye wouldn’t be after lavin’ the blessin’ o’ the widdy an’ fatherless in *our* road,’ ses he. ‘Turn in here,’ ses he. ‘So I turned in, my dear, and tuck share o’ what they had. Oh! *he* didn’t threaten me with the dog, no, no, no! May God rest his sowl.” She uttered the last words with a pathos, and an eloquence of gesture, which none but the Irish know how to use, and which they can use, alike as the accompaniment of either a curse or a prayer. The expressions acted like magic on the crowd; by a simultaneous movement, every man was seen to lift his

* Anything to eat with the potatoes,—meat, fish, or milk.

hat from his head and respond a loud and fervent
 "Amen."

Mr. Brown and John unfastened their horses from a tree to which they had been tied; while the elder Mr. Brown took the new-made widow by the hand, and said, "Mary! he that's gone is safe an' happy. Let it comfort ye now, that he died with all the rites o' the Church, an' in the presence (*a' most*) of the Priest. My wife will send up somethin' for ye an' the childhrens to ate. Send a boy down to the cross roads to Pat Shanly's for a gallon o' whiskey an' plinty o' pipes, tobacco, and snuff, an' let the poor fellow have a respectable wake; for 'twas himself that could keep people's eyes open, at a neighbour's wake every night, for a week, without stripping a rag off his bones, an' his remains shall not want the decent thing, while my name is John Brown."

He turned his horse's head. John the younger, who was already in the saddle, put spurs to his colt, and Father and son were quickly out of sight. They had only just turned their backs, when the widow held up before the crowd a *golden half-sovereign*, which Mr. Brown had managed secretly to slip into her hand. A shout of "God bless ye, Mr. Brown, and the ooman of the Slate House," followed his departure; and a few chosen friends hurried into the cabin with the widow to condole with her, while the remainder of the crowd returned to their own homes, to reflect on all they had seen and heard.

CHAPTER VI.

Shows how Mr. Brown defended Himself after a
Storm respecting the Fee for the Anointing.

“ And now SAINT PETER at heaven’s wicket seems
To wait them with his keys,—and now at foot
Of heaven’s ascent they lift their feet, when, lo !
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air ; then might ye see
Cowl-hoods, and habits,—with their wearers, toss’d
And flutter’d into rags : then relics, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds : all these, up-whirl’d aloft,
Fly o’er the back-side of the world, far off
Into a *limbo* large and broad,—since call’d
The Paradise of Fools,—to few unknown
Long after—now unpeopled and untrod.”

MILTON.

after a
ing.



IMMEDIATELY after the departure of Father Fogarty and the Browns to the cottage where the poor man lay, Mick Tracy was seen to approach the Slate House. Mrs. Brown was the first to perceive him - calling her two daughters she said, "Here comes that little pug-nosed, canting Bible-readher, now. Well to be shure, doesn't the minister's cast off black coat become him mighty well intirely? 'Tis myself that'll sind him off with a 'sloe in his car;' just lave him to me, an' you'll see."

"Oh! Mother dear," interposed Betsy; "don't insult the dacent man, I beg. He always treats us civilly; and, you know, both father and yourself always thought highly of him until he changed his religious views. Here

he is; now mother! don't—'Good mornin', Mick.'"

"Good morrow kindly, Miss Betty," he responded.

"Arrah, Betsy, I'm surprised at ye, intirely so, I am," Mrs. Brown said, with a voice of contemptuous irony; "it ought to be '*Misther*' in your mouth, I think. Mick doesn't cut worms now for a shillin' a day. Don't you see he wears a clargyman's coat an' a white hankieher?"

"Indeed, mother!" Betsy replied, "whatever Mick wears, or does not wear, I respect him just the same; and I am sure," she added apologetically, "I am sure, Mick, my mother feels the same towards you too, only she is a little vexed with you for some reason or other."

"Have I offinded you, Mrs. Brown?" inquired Mick, good humouredly, in his quiet way.

"I cannot say that you have, '*Mr.*' Tracy," she retorted sharply, and ironically.

"Well," added he, "if you *presist* in callin' me *Misther*, perhaps I'd soon be like the Mayor of Limerick, who neither knew himself nor anybody else, after his elevation to rank an' office."

This remark of Mick's was too much for the gravity of Mrs. Brown. Her sharpness of manner to Mick was only a bit of badly managed hypocrisy to please Father Fogarty; despite of which she burst into a loud laugh, declaring "that he had made her commit more sin during one day, in laughin' than she could wipe out by prayers in a month." When she grew tired of holding her sides, as if she feared they would give way, she lowered her voice to the coaxing pitch, saying to Mick, "Well now, will ye ate some salmon with us, Mick?"

"No, thankee, ma'am; I've had my dinner."

"Well then, take a tumbler o' punch, if it is agreeable to ye."

"Not a drop o' that same, nor the stuff it's made of,

will I ever put down my throat, Mrs. Brown, though I feel as much obliged to you as if I drank a full gallon of it."

"You are offended, maybe, at what I said to ye, Mick."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. Brown," he replied.

"Well thin, why not take a dlrop jist to show that ye bear no malice nor hathred in yer heart."

"Misthiss, agragh! don't talk o' malice. How could I bear you malice? You an' yours have befriended me an' mine, many an' many a time! The blessed Redeemer bore no malice to those who murdered him; an' how should I bear malice to those who have *succoured* me?"

"That I mightn't sin, Mick Tracy, but if I sit listenin' to ye, I'm afeer'd you'll make a Protestant o' me." Mrs. Brown said this with a laugh, starting off, and running up stairs.

"The Lord will save you, I hope, an' all belongin' to you," was Mick's devout wish.

After the mother's departure, Mick and the girls at the Slate House talked about the late accident, until the return of Mr. Brown and John from the "*anointing*" business.

"Welcome home, Mr. Brown," said Mick, addressing the father.

"Thank you, *Mr. Tracy*," he coldly replied, sitting down to take off his spurs, without deigning to look at Michael.

"*Mr. Tracy* again," retorted the latter, with a laugh.

"I hope I'll be able to bear my honours well," said Mick; "but tell me, Master! have I offended ye, in any way?"

"I'll tell you what, Mick Tracy, I niver said or did anything to hurt or harm a hair o' yer head, an'

wouldn't now; but the truth is the best, I don't like new-fangled religions. The Scripthur says, there's only one God, an' one Faith, an' one Baptism, an' if so, there can't be tin, or twenty, or a hundred."

"True for you, sir!" said Mick, "true for you; but tell me, how is the poor man? an' how is his wife, an' family?"

"He's gone the voyage at any rate," said Mr. Brown; "an' indeed he was very near goin' without the sayera-
mint of *eatthrame unction*. May God be good to us all, an' reconcile *us* to himself, an' all wanderers to the true fold. Amin."

"Amin, Aheirna!"* Mick replied.

"Amin!" responded the whole family.

"Tell me! John Brown," said Mrs. Brown, bus'ling down stairs, "was the Priesht in good time?"

"He *was*, very good time."

"An' how was the man near goin' without the say-
eramint, if he was in good time?"

"Oh! why! there may be various rasons; how can I tell? Woman, don't catechize me about it."

Now it so happened, that Mr. Brown wanted to conceal two little items connected with that transaction. He did not want the heretic Mick to know about Father Fogarty's cupidity, and still less did he like Mrs. Brown to know that it was her half-crown which had been pocketed by the said functionary, for the said performance.

But Mrs. Brown was one of those ladies who would not be baffled; and her curiosity being once roused, there was no leading her on the wrong scent. If there was anything which Mr. Brown wanted to keep her ignorant of, that was precisely the point on which she was sure to become enlightened, "by hook or by crook," as she herself termed it. She saw him anxious to conceal

* Saviour.

something, and that something she *would* uncover and drag to light if possible.

Mr. Brown, on the other hand, was as dogged in *his* determination not to furnish the information sought. His rib had to put all her strategy in requisition, and consequently tacked to windward a point or two.

"Were there many people there?" she asked, with an air of apparent indifference.

"There were, thin, a good many," her spouse rejoined.

"Who arrived *first*, the Priesht or yerself?"

"The Priest did, to be sure; he left this afore we did."

"An' how long after Father Fogarty arrived, did he die?" Mrs. Brown asked.

"It might be a quarter of an hour, perhaps."

"It could be no grate saycrit thin, his not anointin' him afore you wint there."

"Och! an' I didn't ask any rason, women! What do I know about the Priest's business?"

This was thrown in angrily by Mr. Brown, seeing that his wife *would* ferret out everything about the affair, to the scandal of the Church, and perhaps to his own personal annoyance. Mick Tracy, however, had been behind the scenes in such matters himself, having formerly been "given over" by the doctors, and "greased," as it is vulgarly called, by a Priest, whose payment had to be previously raised by the sale or pawn of a blanket off his bed. With a degree of affected innocence, accompanied by a sigh, he ejaculated, "Indeed, Misthiss Brown! I darr say, there might be some little delay in findin' the money to pay the Priest for the *anointin*."

Young John had been sitting nearly opposite to his friend Michael with his head between his hands, his body bent forwards, and his elbows on his knees; a sardonic curl played on his upper lip, and an unusual brilliancy lighted up his eyes as he observed, "Well,

Mick Tracy! what a good guess you do make; you *are* as good as a witch. *Father Fogarty* was there in very good time, but *the money* WAS NOT."

"An' av coorse," said Mrs. Brown, whose mind had all at once become enlightened on the subject, "av coorse they must wait till *Misther* John Brown of the Slate House had arrived with his pocket full o' money, to show himself off. I'd like to know, sir! what right you have" (addressing her husband) "to spind *my* money, an' *my* childher's money, on iverybody?"

Now, I will not presume to say that Mr. Brown was afraid of his "better half," but he appears to have thought on that occasion that "discretion was the better part of valour." An acquaintance of twenty years had let him into the secret that Mrs. Brown could be coaxed, where she could not be forced, so he resolved at once to "curry with the grain," as the hostlers say.

"Why thin, indeed, Mrs. Brown, if ye had been there yerself, an' a poor sowl goin' into the t'other world without 'the rites' bein' had, it's not a dirty little half-crown would stay long in Mrs. Brown's pocket, an' the Church an' the poor in need of it. It isn't bekase ye are my wife I say it, but indeed ye *have* a kind heart to the poor, an' *always* had."

This speech was a quietus, for it lulled the rising storm completely, and Mr. Brown proceeded. "I must confiss to more than that too, in order to make a-clane breast of it."

"Well, John, darlint, what is it?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Why, that I became security for yer good behaviour; an' if ye lave my word in pawn, an' don't redeem it, ye are not the same Mrs. Brown that used to be the mother of my childher, that's all."

"Well, well, Mick Tracy, an' childher, all o' ye listen

to my schamin' owld villin of a man. Arrah, John, what did ye promise for me?"

"I promised before iverybody there, that if the widow would sind down to my house, that *my wife* wouldn't see her or the little ones at a loss for somethin' to wake Paddy dacently wid. That's all I promised."

"Well, John asthore machree, your word shall be kept. *Rot it for a dirty little half-crown*, I won't let it trouble me mind a minnit longer. The Church must have its dues, an' the poor should be looked aftler. We wouldn't be long layin' out tin times as much on what would do us no good, shure."

Mr. Brown was now assured that the storm was effectually laid for the present, and thought he could venture on something jocose; so, recollecting her purchase of the wig, he said drily: "Indeed, owld 'ooman, 'tis true for ye, one would not be long layin' out a dozen times as much foolishly. I haven't a hair of my own between my head an' heaven this many a day, an' you were so much afraid of losing me, that ye paid *thirty shillin's* last week, to put a thousand of 'em between me an' that same place. Mick Tracy, 'tis truth I tell ye, she thinks I am beginnin' to look too owld for her now, so she goes an' gets me a dandy wig. Betsy, run upstairs for it till I show it to Mick."

Betsy ran as directed, produced the barrier which on Sundays and holidays was to interpose between her father and heaven, as he expressed it. The whole laugh was turned against Mrs. Brown and her danger of rivalry from the lady in the gallery; so that Mrs. Brown, finding herself single-handed in the war of words, was fain to back out of that too, and as good-humouredly as she possibly could.

John had been ruminating deeply on the scene lately witnessed, while the conversation aforesaid was proceed-

ing. Mick rather guessed the channel in which his thoughts were running, and in order to draw him out, asked, "Are you sick, Master John?"

"Nothing worse than usual," he replied.

"Somethin' must aile my poor slob," his mother said, soothingly, taking hold of his head and pressing it to her bosom.

"Yes, mother! something surely *does* ail me."

"Tell yer own mother, Avick Machree"* she added.

"Well then, mother! I cannot put it out of my mind that Father Fogarty either believes in the good of anointing, or he *does not* believe in it."

"To be sure, my son, he must b'lieve one or th' other."

"Then," said John, "he must be a bad man either way you take the matter in view. If he *does* believe in it, and would keep a dying man without the benefit of it, because he could not pay two shillings and sixpence for it, he is cruel in the extreme; and if he *does not* believe in its efficacy, he lies, by teaching it as a necessary part of religion. Gracious Saviour! *Could* I suffer the gates of heaven to close against my fellow-creature, when *half-a-crown* would gain him an entrance therein?"

Mrs. Brown made no reply, but sighed deeply, and let go her hold of his head. Mick Tracy was observed to lift up his eyes in silent thanksgiving to heaven; a solemn silence prevailed for some minutes round the hearth, when Mick, as if struck by a new idea, took his hat and departed, doubtless, partly to reflect upon and pray over all that passed that afternoon, and partly also to leave John Brown, senior, and John Brown, junior, together with mother and daughters, to ponder over this logical onslaught upon Father Fogarty, made in their presence by one from whom they least expected such an incontrovertible proposition.

* Son of my heart.

, ETC.

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CHAPTER VII.

Tells about an Irish Wake, and how a Widow's
heart was lightened.

"Just glance at yonder corpse; how pale, how wan!—
The face how rigid; all its smiles are gone!
The pulse of life, the throbbing heart, no more
Shall indicate its health as heretofore.
Relentless death hath clos'd the mortal scene,
And stopp'd the vig'rous wheels of life's machine.—
Hath laid his victim number'd with the dead,
But oh! the soul!—whither! oh whither fled!
Immortal spirit!—hast thou soar'd on high?
Or, art thou doom'd in endless woe to lie?
No *half-way house* exists 'tween these estates,
But space immeasurable the thought defeats:
A yawning gulf impassable and wide,
The *sav'd* and *lost*, eternally divide!"

E. RIGLEY.



HAVE now, kind reader, to request your company to the cabin of the deceased man. We soon arrive at the spot, and find ourselves about fifteen feet from the doorway, which is *minus* the door, owing to its having been unhinged to make a *bier*, or resting-place, upon which to “lay out” the corpse. Rain has fallen very plentifully of late, and filled and flooded many places. There is a deep pool in front of the cabin, muddy and turbid. It is a dirty slough, requiring some dexterity to get over, and as there is no ferry-boat, everybody must get over as best they can. Some “handy fellow” has placed stones a few feet asunder, to enable expert jumpers to gain the door-way, without being ankle or knee deep, or, should they slip, becoming soured in the fetid liquid. But the clever-genius did more,—he placed a round stone in the deepest part; hence a few of the unsuspecting, upon placing the foot upon it, rolled over, to the delight of the arch-wag himself, and all the lovers of mischief. Seated on an old chest, outside the door, might be seen a host of country lads and lasses, ripe for fun. Among them was the author of the stepping-stones, enjoying the sport of

seeing his friends bedaubed; and, while others were in a roar of merriment, he hardly had a smile to spare. It is no unusual thing in many parts of Ireland, to have wit, raillery, and fun of all sorts, on such occasions as the present; and the most amusing actors generally make the least noise.

Our hero, after a series of gallantries, further amused the company, by an affected effort of catching girls in his arms, just as they are in peril of spoiling their finery, by rolling off the "stepping stone." The "boys" he leaves to shift for themselves, drily remarking, as they stamp the mud from their shoes, "That's a dirty place Michael, isn't it?"

Now that we have got safely in, let us look about a little. The cabin is composed of two apartments called respectively, the "kitchen," and the "room."

Let us enter the latter. In that corner lies the corpse. Six mould candles have been kept burning night and day, ever since he was "*laid out*," three days ago. There is no window to admit light or air to the crowd who have managed to stow themselves in the apartment; but some one, more philosophical than the rest, has poked a hole through the thatched roof with a long pole. A table is placed near the head of the corpse, on which is a plate of snuff, and another of tobacco, a number of tobacco-pipes, and a jar of whiskey. Every one who enters is expected to drink to the "*repose of the soul of the departed*."

Here all animosities are buried, even enemies come and profess forgiveness. Look at that tall peasant who has just walked in after a long journey. He notices no one in the crowd, but uncovers his head in presence of the corpse! He gazes in silence. His bosom friend, his boyhood's companion lies low! He who helped him to thrash a dozen of the Connelly Bwees from Ballin-

hassig, at the fair of Castle Martyr, is now stiff in the embrace of death ! His eyes fill, his face contorts, and he waxes warm ; but he struggles in silence and overcomes the emotion ! Noble fellow ! A friend fills a glass with whiskey, and places it silently in his hand ; he drinks half of it, and pours out the other half as an offering or libation to the "*manes*" of his friend. The whiskey seems to give him utterance, and he exclaims, "Well, Jem Dempsey, you're cowld an' stiff on the flat o' your back. Ye were as innocent as a child, an' as playful as a kitten ; but if ye had jist half-a-pint o' '*Tommy Walker*'* in ye're hide, an' an oak stick in your fisht, whew ! my darlint boy ! wouldn't the Connelly Bwees fly afore ye ?" And he falls prostrate and kisses the corpse ! A group in another corner are playing "Shuffle the Brogue," *alias*, "Hunt the Slipper." Another group has gathered near four men, who kneel on the mud floor round a wicker basket, called a "pannier," turned bottom upwards, on which they are playing cards, each of which, in the excitement of the game, is brought down with as much force, and with an "ugh" as loud as that wherewith a woodman brings his axe to bear on a giant of the forest. At the close of each game (for games of all sorts are legitimatised at *wakes*), a long discussion ensues as to the ability of each player, and his skill in managing a bad or indifferent "hand o' cards." Their stakes are buttons (*gilt it may be*), which some of them have to cut from the coats they are wearing, and which must appear at the Mass before his reverence Father Fogarty, on Sunday, *minus* those bright appendages. That young fellow in the corner, whispering to the damsel with half-averted face, his hand raised and forefinger pointed, as though what he was saying should carry all the weight of a demonstration, is accounting for how it happened that he was seen

* Whiskey of a celebrated kind, made by a man of that name.

walking home by moonlight with Bridget Fimmicane. *She* is determined to tantalize him a bit further; for her lips pout and her eyes are cast down; but, somehow or other, she sees her friend Judy Leary laughing at her, and, as laughing is contagious, she must laugh too. One feels glad for the poor fellow concerned, for it puts him out of pain. She darts off like an Antelope, declaring he must never speak to her; and he darts after her, declaring that love always works by "contraries."

Yet again, we observe another group, listening to the eloquence of an old man upwards of four-score years of age! who declaims in loud terms against the degeneracy of the present age. The poor "boy" lying there, he declares to be the only one of this generation whose prowess in feats of manly strength bore any resemblance to those of the generation past. He can tell of the boyhood of deceased's father and grandfather; how they licked every schoolmaster that ever came "across" the country; how they were the terror of all the "sogers," constables, excisemen, and tithe-proctors, for twenty miles round: how his grandfather had kept a "still" for thirty years; went himself twice to the excise, and got paid for giving information against his own "still," led the party of excise to the very door, and then, having fulfilled his contract, turned round and helped to fight them off. But the old "hero of a hundred fights" has run himself out of breath; two young damsels, delighted with his reminiscences, vie in trying to secure his attention first. One holds out to him a glass of whiskey, the other a pipe filled with tobacco; he has not yet, it seems, forgotten his rough gallantry; he seizes the whiskey with one hand, and throws the other round the neck of its fair bearer; while she screams and struggles, he succeeds in forcing part of the dram between her lips, and the re-

mainder is spilled on her clothes. Nothing daunted or offended she slyly fills another, motioning to him to serve her companion (who holds his pipe) in the same way; which done, and the pipe broken, the glass is again filled, another pipe procured, and the old man, after spilling the former "in the right direction," as he said, sits down to take a smoke and compose himself.

But we must now go back to the outer apartment, or "kitchen," of the domicile; for several stentorian sets of lungs are there and at work. "Make way there, will yee's? an' clear the flure;" "clear the flure," "clear the flure;" "clear the flure, will yee's?" is shouted again and again. Mick Murphy (a famous player on the bagpipes) has been brought from a distance of ten miles, whither a special messenger was sent for him, with orders to bring him "dead, alive, or on hossback;" and now he tunes his pipes in the corner, and the young couple, so lately reconciled, stand ready to lead off the dance, to the tune of "The wind that shakes the barley;" but Mick's pipes don't please him 'at all, at all,' this evening. Some one suggests that perhaps they are "too dhry," and a glass of whiskey is brought, which wets Mick's throat instead of the pipes. Still he complains "that his fingers are stiff wid the cowl'd, from havin' travelled so far, and that the first drop reached only to the points of his elbows;" another libation, however, sets all right. "The wind that shakes the barley" squeaks out from his "*chanter*," and the young pair dash "down the middle and up again;"—"Hurra!" "whew! whew! hurra!"

All hands assemble to witness the sport so ill according with the solemnity of death. Oh, sad scene! but Father Fogarty can cancel it all! Gallantry seems to require that the young man should not have a friend

among the spectators, whilst the most extravagant praises are lavished on his blooming partner.

"A purty dancer, she is," says one.

"You may sing that, if you have a tune for it," adds another.

"That's right, Maccolleen,* keep it up an' you'll tire him out yit; he's beginnin' to give way a' ready; look how his shins thremble ondher him," some one shouts from the chimney corner.

"Now, Judy, if he fails you'll be sure of him."

"Arrah, what nonsense you talk; what does *she* care for *him*?" was the response to the latter.

But all the praising and bantering would not do; Judy kept the floor until she fell into her lover's arms, who bore her "fainting" to a seat. Their places were soon filled by others, and theirs again succeeded the last, until a fresh arrival at about nine o'clock at night, which changed the nature of the diversions for a time.

A short, ungainly little man, whose light-footed powers had failed him, in endeavouring to perform the feat of balancing himself on the round stepping stones, and had fallen all fours in the puddle, now entered the cabin. This provoked a boisterous laugh, which was increased tenfold by the news going round, that the person to whom the incident had occurred, was no other than Mick Tracy, the "Bible-reader."

This brought on poor Mick's head a whole torrent of vague wit, and dry raillery, to which, however, he returned no answer. Having stood some time to shake off what he could of the dirt from his clothes, and scraped a good deal more off with his knife, a good woman near him took off her apron and handed it to him to wipe his hands. Meanwhile, the jibes and jeers were flying about thick and fast, but Mick heeded them not.

"He come down like a rowl o' butter," says one.

* My little girl.

"No, but like an owld cow," said a second.

"But what about the Bible though?" rejoined a third.

"'Twould be a pity to have his kit o' tools spoilt."

"How much soup does one get for turnin' Protestant?" another dryly asks; the response to which was, "As much as would float a seventy-four, if he wanted it, only it would be mighty wake intirely, made out of candle inds, tay-cup washins, broken vit'als, and other trash from Misther Stanley's."

"Do they give any money, I wondher?" asked a bold looking woman, of a man sitting next her, whom she shoved with her elbow, now and then; "do they give any money?"

"Plenty o' that same," rejoined her companion, who turned out to be no other than "*Dennis the cripple*," who added, "By the ghost of a dog, they offered myself a hat full av it, many a time, if I'd turn, but I dispised it."

Mick Tracy turned round and looked searchingly at Dennis, who strove to evade his gaze. The former struggled hard to repress something which wanted to force an utterance, and he succeeded; or he would have said, and from experience too, "A hat full o' money would tempt many a man, who would still be above plundering my potato-heap, and, when caught in the fact, throwin' himself on his knees to beg for mercy." But Mick was a patient fellow, he looked round and caught sight of the destitute widow crouched in a corner, bending over her sleeping infant; and, making his way through the crowd, he seated himself on an inverted pail near her, when the following colloquy passed between them.

"God save you, Mrs. Dempsey," he said, taking her hand.

"God save you kindly, Mick, an' all belongin' to ye; the great God, glory be to his holy name this night,

was not long takin' my poor man away from *me* an' his *poor childher*."

"The great God," he said, "has the right to do whatever pleases himself, for he is wise an' good beyond our comprehension; but it becomes us poor sinners, who are spared, to repint of our sins, an' seek forgiveness through his only son *Jasus Christ*. He is the true Frind, an' will, I hope, be your guide, purtector, an' purvider, Mrs. Dempsey, now that your husband is no more in this world; an' be sure as God himself has done it, it is for the best. He niver mistakes."

The poor woman could answer only by her tears, which flowed copiously, until, after a long pause, she said, "I know that I deserve punishmint for my sins. Now, since poor *Jem* is gone, there is nothin' before us but cowl'd, hunger, an' hardship in *this* world, but the good God won't make us suffer here an' hereafter, I hope."

"Mrs. Dempsey," said Mick, shaking his head, "don't look for forgiveness of *one* sin, bekase of anything you may suffer here, or in the future world. Sin can be put away by *one* means, an' only *one*. By the suffering of *one* spotless character, the Son o' God, sin is atoned for; an' whoever has faith in that atonement is fully forgiven by God, though his sins were as mountains. If we trust to anything else, it will desave us. Now let me tell you what I larned by fallin' at your door awhile ago, Mrs. Dempsey. I thought what a miserable thing it is for those who trust their hopes to any thing, or any being, except the Lord *Jasus*. Glory be to his holy name. Why it is like me, puttin' my whole weight on a rowlin' stone; and, just as the stone rolled from ondher me, so will the rotten foundation of *human merit* or *saintly intercession*, leave those who thrust to either the one or the other—flounderin' in the mud as I was.

But I wanted to say a word to you, Mrs. Dempsey, on another subject."

"Ye will be at a loss what to do for yerself an' the childher for awhile, until ye can look round ye. The infant, of course, must remain with yerself for some months. I met Masther George Stanley this evenin', an' towld him of the accident; knowin' that he wanted a boy to look after his pony, I mentioned your little Tim to him, so if you sind him over to Stanley Hall in the mornin', he is purvided for while he lives, that is, if he is honest an' sober; an' he will be qualified there to sarve any nobleman in the land: an' if you sind little Ellen down to our cabin, she can stay a year or two, or three, till God purvides for her, an' take share o' the pratces or whatever else we may have. There are *nine* of ourselves, an' *her* bit won't be missed among so many of us."

"Glory be to the great God above," burst from several women who were intently listening to what was going forward. The exclamation was accompanied by a simultaneous clasping of the hands and looking upwards, as if they could see God in the provision made for the widow and orphans.

"Well, why," says Miek, rather jocosely, "I have not finished my story yet, Mrs. Dempsey. Just as Masther George was puttin' spurs to his horse to gallop off, I sings out, 'come here, Masther George, it isn't that way you are goin' to leave me,' (just as bowld as I would to one of my own class;) 'you ought to considher,' says I, 'how that poor woman will want somethin' to make herself and childher comfortable,' says I, 'an' their purvider taken away from 'em.' 'Tracy!' says he, 'you schamin' thief, you want to rob me; you know very well,' says he, 'that my papa allows me only a hundred a-year for pocket money, and that is next to nothing.' 'Poor

gentleman,' says I, 'but you didn't say anything about the five pound notes an' the tin pound notes that your mamma sinds you every now an' thin to college, whin you're in Dublin,' says I, 'unbeknown to your papa; but I know it,' says I; 'for I put many of 'em into the post office box, an' you ought to be thankful to God,' says I, 'to have it in your power to do good to the poor; for you an' they will have to stan' before the same Judge yit.'

"Hold there, Tracy,' says he; 'upon my honour, I'm very much obliged to you for reminding me of my duty. We are all alike before God,' says he; 'and it was very selfish in me not to feel for the poor woman. Take this to her,' says he, 'and tell her I will make a man of her boy, if I live, and I will speak to my mamma and the girls to do something for the family.'"

At the close of his narration, he drew from his pocket a bright golden *sovereign*, the gift of Master George Stanley, of Stanley Hall, adding, "See how the Lord keeps mindin' you, when perhaps you don't think of him, Mrs. Dempsey."

The poor woman clasped her hands in ecstacy, exclaiming, "May God forgive me my sins; 'tis but little I think of him or his goodness; an' may he bless you, an' him that sent you to lighten the load that's on my desolate heart this night."

Two women were overheard talking in whispers, one of whom closed the discourse in words loud enough to be heard by many present, "I tell you what, let Priests an' people say what they will, the Almighty God has a hand in that Mick Tracy, so he has."

Very shortly after Mick's appearance in the house, where he stayed (according to custom) the remainder of the night, "Dennis the cripple" was observed to take himself away, which gave rise to incidents that must be brought to light in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Acquaints the reader with a formal Excommunication, and its effects on the Brown family.

"YE persecutors, weep! Around the heights
Of the empyreal rolls the startling cry
Of Martyr'd myriads, "Holy Lord! How long?"
That cry, up-swelling like the roaring peal
Of mighty thunders, has been heard at last!
The Lord of martyrs from his royal throne
Hath said—"No longer!"

Lift your blood-stain'd hands,
And supplicate his mercy, ere he strike!
Or if ye dare not thus hold up to heaven
The witnesses of your iniquity,
Cease to provoke a greater load of woe,
By giving up to him henceforth the right
Of ruling over conscience! Impious men!
Hath he who gave the human heart its warmth,
And bade it love him, handed o'er to you
Authority to dictate, crush, and slay?
Deceive yourselves no longer! Ye have made
The very demons wonder at your guilt."

DR. LEASK.



THE corpse in the interim had been conveyed to its last resting place. The widow's boy had been conducted by Mick Tracy to "*the Hall*," where a tailor was soon to be seen taking his measure for new clothes. The little girl may be seen playing with Mick's little ones, where there are so many already, that "*her bite an' sup* are not missed among them;" and Sunday morning has dawned upon Middleville, and the Romish population are all on the move to "*get the benefit of Early Mass.*" The chapel is a large cruciform structure, capable of holding two thousand people or more. It has a gallery too, which is well pewed, and accessible to all who are previously furnished with *silver sixpences*, to deposit on plates held at the bottom of the stairs by men stationed there for that purpose, and who rudely repulse every person not able or willing to pay.

These buildings are rarely wanting in ornament. In-

deed "decoration" seems to be an item in the theology of Rome. In Ireland, as in Italy, the places of worship of this communion have something peculiarly solemn about them, arising from the sensations presented to the eye. The construction of the edifice renders the gallery a suitable place for seeing and hearing, and visitors, therefore, generally prefer it. In country places like Middleville, the lower part of the building is usually free, and without pews, or even benches or seats of any kind, and has a stone or solid earth floor, on which the poor may either kneel or stand throughout the entire, and, sometimes, lengthy service; but they generally kneel during the devotional parts. At the entrance are *two* stone pillars, in which, or to which, small troughs are cut or fixed, for containing "Holy Water." The people dip their fingers therein, sprinkle the water on their faces, make the sign of the cross, pass on, *bow* first to the altar, then to one painting, and then to another; kneel down, thump their breasts, and repeat their *Pater-nosters*, some from a book, others from memory, at the same time holding a string of beads like a necklace, with a little crucifix attached thereto.

Father Fogarty appears at the altar in full canonicals; two little boys hold up the sweeping skirt of his robe, as he goes through his pantomimic evolutions, mutterings, and bowing before the altar, and kissing the steps thereof, &c., &c. At various stages in the progress, another lad rings a little bell, until at last the "Holy Father" holds up the professedly transubstantiated bread or wafer, before which all the people bow low, adore what, in their belief, is "The Body and Blood, soul and divinity, bones and nerves, of the Lord Jesus Christ!" *changed* by the Priest!

"The sacrifice of the Mass" has been offered, and what comes next? Father Fogarty appears, but his

reverence is out of humour ; his lips take on a purple hue. All other faces gather blackness during the long pause which ensues, not knowing whether they are going to get a "scoulding" or a "sarmon." At length, the suspense is ended, by the following edifying discourse, briefly reported here :—

"I find that this parish still continues to be infested
 "by 'Bible Readers,' 'Tract Droppers,' 'Soupers,'
 "and others. who, by means of their bribes and other
 "devices, are perverting the people of my charge from
 "the ancient faith. I now warn all the faithful who
 "hear me, against those traps which are laid for their
 "poor souls. If any of those messengers of the devil
 "leave any books or tracts at your houses, do not pol-
 "lute your fingers with touching them ; but lift them
 "with the tongs, and put them into the fire : and I tell
 "you furthermore, that, by *speaking* to such persons,
 "you bring on yourselves the anathemas of the church.
 "A few misguided creatures have lately sold themselves
 "to this cursed delusion. By the authority of our
 "Sovereign Lord the Pope, I command you to have no
 "dealings with any such, under any circumstances
 "whatever.

"Have no intercourse, either in buying or selling,
 "borrowing or lending, giving or taking. Don't open
 "your lips to them by way of salutation ; and if *they*
 "speak to you, make them no answer. As for that
 "apostate wretch, Tracy, who goes about poking his
 "nose into decent people's cabins, the vengeance of God
 "will come down on him. If he provokes me much
 "more, I will make an example of him ; so that his flesh
 "shall wither off his bones, and he shall know whether
 "he can transgress against the Church of his father
 "with impunity. If there are any more perversions
 "from the Old Religion in this parish, I will send the

" names of the parties concerned, together with those
 " of the persons who are the instruments of their ruin,
 " to His Holiness the Pope, that they may all be cursed
 " by bell, book, and candle; and when His Holiness
 " quenches the candles, he must pronounce on those
 " wretched persons, by virtue of his sovereign office, the
 " following curse, ' Let us quench their souls, if they be
 " dead, this night, in the pains of hell fire, as these
 " candles are now quenched and put out. Excommuni-
 " cated and accursed may they be, and given body and
 " soul to the devil.' Thus you see what a terrible
 " plight all those are in, for this world and the next,
 " who give heed to those seducers."

The zeal and eloquence of Father Fogarty carried him
 on to a much greater length than given above. How
 far into the day the harangue of his Reverence would
 have extended is not for me to say,—it will be enough
 for the reflecting and considerate reader to know, that
 all functionaries of Father Fogarty's order, are bound
 by *canon law* to offer the sacrifice of the Mass (?) in a
 state of entire abstinence. No breakfast before Mass,
 is the law. Now, it is not presuming too much, to
 suppose that a Romish Priest feels, as other human
 beings feel, with a craving and empty stomach. We
 do not pretend to know at what hour the previous night
 his Reverence supped, or whether he had any supper.
 It has happened a thousand times, that food has been
 taken *after* midnight, and the last tumbler taken two
 or three hours after that. But that is as nothing; for
 the hours are not rigidly specified in the canon. Father
 Fogarty spoke like a hungry man. He was in a fury,
 and cursed and excommunicated according to the canon.
 The hearers might imagine the palmy days of Popery
 were revived, and could easily account for the murders,
 burnings, assassinations, and rebellions, from what oc-

curred on that memorable morning. When he had vented all his rage, and dismissed the congregation, the people retired to their homes variously affected by what they had heard. Some felt they were bound to carry out Father Fogarty's instructions to the letter, in order to put down heresy. Others considered that his oration clashed terribly with the forgiving spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, who, instead of sending sinners to hell, preached to and warned them, and at length died on the cross to save them. It seemed anomalous, too, that a church, professing to be peculiarly his, should occupy itself in consigning to perdition those who were trying to obey him, by seeking truth.

"There were sighs, the deeper for suppression," at the Slate House that morning, when the family assembled for breakfast. The love of Popery had not been growing with the growth of John Brown, junior, during the last few months, neither had it gained any favour in the eyes of his sisters. They had never held any conversation with *him* on the subject, neither had he addressed himself directly to them on that wise. They had all been at Mass, and heard Father Fogarty's address. The father and mother had heard it with terror and alarm; for they knew that John had thrown out some strange ideas of late, respecting Popery, and had an undefined horror lest he should allow his disgust to increase. They therefore hoped that the morning's exercise would terrify, if not persuade him into the total abandonment of all his doubts. Neither of them ventured to sound his views, but all were very anxious, nevertheless, to know them.

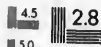
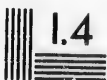
Maternal solicitude prevailed; and Mrs. Brown at last managed to start the matter by a jocose remark or two. The first respected Mr. Brown's new wig.

"Betsy, dear! how did you like that *young* gentleman



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with the *wig*, who sat in our seat this morning?" This was said very playfully.

"Indeed, mother, I don't think J liked him any better or worse than ever I did."

"No! Why, I thought he looked charmin'."

Mrs. Brown at once perceived this effort of hers to be a failure; for not a risible or altered feature appeared in any countenance at this sally of her attempted wit; and this being so, she changed her tactics, and plunged right into the matter at once, by asking, "How did you like the sarmon, or whatever else ye may call it, all of ye?"

Still no one seemed willing to answer; and addressing Betsy directly, she repeated the question.

"Indeed, mother, we could not like or dislike, as far as your question is concerned, for there was no sermon," answered her daughter.

"Well, why, sarmon or no sarmon," Mrs. Brown replied, her temper seemingly acidulated by so much backwardness to meet her anxious curiosity, "How did ye like what the Priest said, thin?"

"I—indeed—well then, mother, please to ask the opinion of some person more competent to form a judgment in such matters than I am."

"But you can answer for yourself, Betsy, how *you* liked it?" To this there was no reply. The same question was repeated to Polly, who likewise evaded giving a direct answer. The *young* gentleman with the wig, was then appealed to, with no better success; till, as a last resource, she was obliged to ask her son John.

"Well, mother," said John calmly, "if you must know, I thought it exceeded the bounds of ordinary wickedness, and amounted to direct unmitigated blasphemy against high Heaven——."

His mother let her tea cup fall from her hand on

hearing this, and his father upset a dish full of gravy and mutton chops, and that too, over the best tablecloth in the Slate House. Mrs. Brown looked at her husband, her husband in turn looked at her, and all at the table looked cross-examinations at each other.

John proceeded, "Mother! father! girls! You are all on earth to me. I told you a short time since, that I would not take any important step in life without your knowledge; but now the step which decides my future course through life, (which something tells me must be a short course,) that step I take this moment, by declaring that from Catholicism, so called, I must make an eternal separation. Father Fogarty preached it in its purity this morning; and it is self-evident that the system cannot be the religion of the loving Jesus. It has none of the elements of love in its composition."

Mrs. Brown rocked herself in her chair, tears refused to flow, utterance was for a long time denied her. The two girls, as calm as marble statues, proceeded to unloose her clothing, for they perceived her ready to choke under the mountain pressure of her load of grief. Her husband leaned his head on his hands and sighed. John felt for a moment as if his avowal had killed his mother, the blood rushed to his head; he stood up to approach her; he staggered into her arms; and fell powerless! This aroused her, so far as to restore her speech, to some extent. She clasped him to her, exclaiming, "My son! my son! Oh, wirra! wirra! wirra! Oh! if I had buried ye, my heart's treasure! my blossom! as ye are; if I had buried ye, and could follow ye down to yer grave, how happy I would feel to know that yer precious sowl was saved, but now, my *own* son—oh! oh! oh!"

John speedily recovered himself; and soon perceived that his mother's grief was likely to work itself off, so

as to prevent the injury which he apprehended likely to result from her silent passion.

Things continued in this state for ten or fifteen minutes, when the father arose from his chair, with that look of fierce daring which despair imparts to the countenances of some men. His tears suddenly dried up; and taking his son by the hand (as if one of them was about to take a long journey) he said, "Farewell, John Brown! Come out to the garden, Mistress Brown, the air will do you an' me good. We have no son now! God help us! Girls! you have no brother! John is no more ours or yours!"

The matron of the Slate House took her husband's arm, and walked towards an arbour in the garden, leaving her son and daughters to themselves, who heard her ejaculating as she went along, "John Brown! John Brown! What a bitter day was in store for me and you, the first Sunday mornin' that ye led me to this summer house, and called me 'Mrs. Brown' for the first time."

Our *three* young friends remained silent for some minutes after their parents disappeared, when John at length broke through. "Well girls," he said, "what do *you* think of me?"

"I think of you," said Polly, "as the Saviour speaks in Matthew xix. chap. 29th verse: 'Every one that forsakes houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life;' see, here it is," she continued, taking a small Testament from her pocket, and reading the passage.

"Oh! how sweet that is," her sister replied. "Surely they must be very *wicked* or very much *mistaken* who hinder the reading of God's blessed Book. Every word of it comes with such comfort to the heart, and it seems

as if nothing could turn up to us but it meets our case fully. I think it says in another place, on the same subject,—‘shall receive all these’ WITH *persecutions*, and in the world to come, life everlasting.” Mark x. 30.

John stood like one who had recently been metamorphosed into a marble image. He had known nothing of the process going on in the minds of his sisters, who themselves had become possessed of God’s holy Word, and made it their daily and nightly study for weeks past, so as to outstrip him in a knowledge of its contents; quietly submitting their minds to the Spirit’s unfoldings of that truth which saves the soul, and makes “people willing in the day of His power.”

In an outburst of agony, he wrung his hands, and gave utterance to his troubled thoughts. “Wretched youth that I am; wretched! wretched! Have I involved *you too* in my misery? I could bear the world’s frown for *myself*, the forsaking of father and mother; but for *you* both to be cast off for *my* sake—Oh, it is too bad! Why was I ever born?”

“Tell me now, John,” his sister Betsy inquired, “don’t you think it a mercy from the Lord, that he has opened your eyes, and brought you to see the errors you were reared in?”

“Oh! yes, yes,” he passionately exclaimed; “but then *I* am able to bear scorn, neglect, persecution; but what is to become of you?”

“God is always the same,” she said. “His mercy to us is as great as to you; for it neither knows measure nor end; and whatever He allows to befall us, shall be welcome for Jesus Christ’s sake. When I think of the innocent bleeding Saviour, and how *He* suffered for *my* sins, though He had none of his own, I care but little for the sufferings that I see in prospect for us, although come they will, I make no doubt.”

"And are these your deliberate convictions, my dear girls?" John asked; "or are they only taken up, because you are determined to stick to me?"

"They are our deliberate convictions," they both replied; "derived from reading this precious little volume by stealth. We found it by the road-side, where some person by God's providence deposited it, but have had no conversation about it, except with each other."

"God for ever be praised," he said; "I can do any thing now; suffer anything for Jesus Christ's sake."

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CHAPTER IX.

Shows how the Excommunication affected the poor Bible Reader.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

"Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
Been pleas'd to interpose ;
Had not He then espous'd our cause,
When men against us rose,

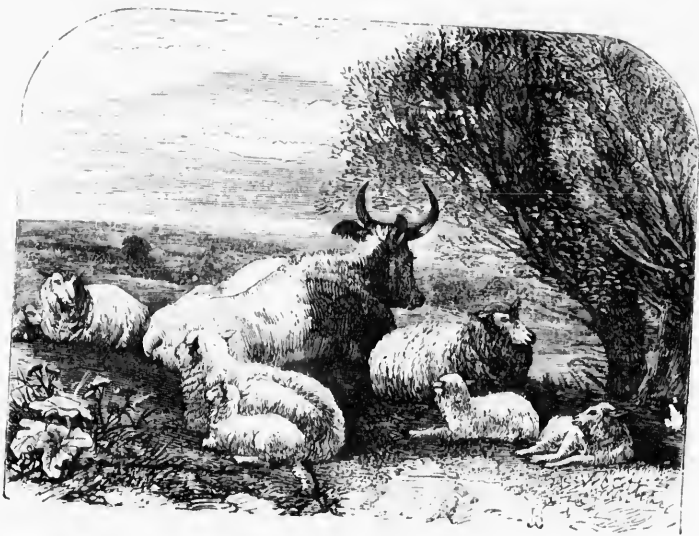
"Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without control ;
Their spite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.

"But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who rescued us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
Our threaten'd lives a prey.

"Our soul is like a bird escap'd
From out the fowler's net ;
The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
And we at freedom set.

"Secure in His Almighty name
Our confidence remains,
Who, as He made both heaven and earth
Of both sole Monarch reigns."

BRADY AND TATE—*Paraphrase.*



WHILE the scenes described at the close of the last chapter were being enacted at the Slate House, what had very nearly become a tragedy was proceeding within a short distance of it. The reader will see in what I am now about to detail, the immediate effect of the Priest's curse, upon one of the parties for whom it was intended.

Our friend, Mick, had been up early enjoying a favourite meditative Sabbath morning's walk before breakfast, and had fallen in with a young man, whose mind had been for some time deeply exercised with regard to his soul's salvation. He had tried, (to use his

own words) "all that the Church prescribed for a soul sick of sin—had fasted—repeated prayers—went bare-footed—attended holy wells—lashed his naked body with knotted cords, and was more miserable after these exercises, than before." The two had been engaged in earnest conversation about soul-matters, when, turning a sharp corner of the road, they perceived at a short distance off, Father Fogarty, coming from the chapel with a long train of followers, most of whose houses lay in the same direction. The young man, in his weakness, feared to be seen in Mick's company, and, darting through the hedge, took to his heels, but not before he was seen and recognised by some of the people in company with the Priest. Resolving to pass them as quietly as possible, Mick busied himself in reading his Testament, without seeming to take notice of the crowd.

Father Fogarty was riding at the head of the procession, and pulled up, when Mick approached to within a few yards of him. This operated as a word of command to the others, who instantly and instinctively halted.

Our friend saw there was something brewing, and ceased reading. Stepping to one side of the road, he civilly touched his hat to Father Fogarty (that being the usual way of salutation in which the Irish peasantry acknowledge their superiors,) and endeavoured to pass on, when he heard the *holy* Father say, "I knew he was afraid to meet me, the turncoat." The crowd immediately closed round Mick, so as to render his passing on impracticable; on perceiving which, he turned to Father Fogarty and said, "No, Sir, I'm not afraid to meet *you* or any other gentleman, in civility and friendship. What crime have I been guilty of, that I should be afraid to meet you?"

"Good people! How innocent he is," said Father Fogarty, whining at the same time, so as to turn his ad-

versary, as he considered him, into ridicule; "how innocent he is! I suppose you are not satisfied with selling your own miserable soul to the devil, but you must be leading others the same road with yourself, by way of having company. Where was your religion before Luther, and Harry the Eighth? Eh! answer me that!" and his face paled with rage.

"My religion, sir!" Mick answered, "has been in the *heart* of every true sarvant of God, ages before Luther, or the king you name, and consists of true love to Him who redeemed us, and love to our fellow-men for *His* sake. Luther niver invinted a *new religion*, but he called attintion fearlessly and bowldly to the sad departures which had been for ages taking place from the *owld* religion, as taught in God's holy Word, the which he took from its hidin'-place."

"Then you mean to say, that the Church had departed from the faith, 'till Luther came to set all right again. That apostate Monk that broke his solemn vows to God, and is now burning in hell, where you and all like you will be, one of these fine mornings. Why he confessed himself, that 'the devil used to visit him every night.'"

"I dare say," answered Mick, "that Luther had to endure powerful timplations from Satan, as every one does who is opposed to his sway over the world, an' as our blessed Lord himself had to do in the wilderness. It is recorded in the fourth chapter of Matchew (Matthew).—Any one who wants to know whether a church or a single parson has departed from *the faith* has only to compare the doctrines and pracices of that church or individual, with this book, (holding up his Testament). If your riverence will allow me, I'll read for the people the first chapter of Paul's l etter to the Church at Rome, as it stood in *his* day, an' you, an' I, an' these good

people here, can compare that with what it teaches in our day, or with what yer riverence may have been teachin' this very mornin', and"—

"Oh! the apcstate, the reprobate! Good people, do you hear your Priest insulted in this way? Your holy religion blasphemed? I tell *you* what, Tracy, if you go on with your deviltry, I'll make an example of you. You tell the people that God has not committed any power to his church or to his priests. If you don't give over your damnable heresy, I'll make a living example of you. By one word speaking, I could wither up your right arm, or send you creeping all-fours like a beast as you are, all but the shape."

"I don't at all question yer power and yer will to do me a great dale of injury by exciting the people to madness, who would be quiet and civil enough to me and everybody else, if not exasperated; but I totally deny yer ability to produce any miraculous effect on my person or limbs. There are some hundreds of people here, who are all taught to believe that ye possess this power. If yer teachin's be true, and that God has given ye such power, it will immediately put a stop to the work which has been silently goin' on in the hearts of the people for some months. Now then, for the glory of God, and the confusion of what ye call heresy, here are both my arms, right and left; I hold them up for ye. Convince the unbelievers, and confirm the faithful, by any display yer boasted power can produce."

During the above colloquy, a very stormy debate was going on between persons in the crowd, the majority of whom were for ill-using Tracy, but others wished to obtain for him a fair hearing.

Father Fogarty was utterly discomfited, and enraged beyond all bounds of moderation. He flourished his whip over Mick's head, but was prudent enough not to

strike him. A seeming new thought struck him, and in a rather subdued tone he said, "I'll leave the reprobate to the judgments of God. Boys, I must ride on, but mind"—(winking with one eye and drawing his mouth towards the opposite side, forming a most grotesque grimace, he said, laconically)—"Be sure you don't lay a finger on the Rev. Mr. Tracy." Having delivered which oration, he cantered off, and was speedily out of sight.

The caution above quoted, was taken as Father Fogarty intended it should be, and his disappearance was the signal for a general onslaught on poor Mick. They snatched his hat off, forced his Testament out of his hand, tore it in pieces, and scattered the fragments to the winds; they rolled him in the mud, tore his clothes, pelted him with stones, and shouted, "Down with the bloody souters;" "kill the Turncoat;" "God an' the blessed Mother, an' the true church for iver." Some of the more moderate amongst them (partly from disapproval, and partly through fear of the consequences) interposed between him and his assailants, so as to jostle him through the crowd, without any permanent bodily injury, *minus* his coat, hat, and New Testament—*plus* a pair of black eyes, cut forehead, and as much water as the torn clothes remaining on him would absorb from the mud.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who had been sitting in the arbour retreat for some time, deeply engaged in thought and conversation, turning over the *pros* and *cons* of their son's affair to each other, had partly arrived at the conclusion, that there might be a *possibility* of his being right after all, or at any rate, that if wrong, and they should be driven to the terrible necessity of disowning him, they ought not, they must not, do it in a hurry. He *might yet* retrace his errors by a proper course of

treatment. The shouting of a mob in the distance disturbed their consultation; and, looking towards the quarter whence the sounds issued, they saw signs of commotion, (people running from all points of the compass) such as any one acquainted with an Irish row, must be pretty sure will be likely to end in bloodshed, and, perhaps, in murder.

Mrs. Brown looked in the direction of the noise, clapped her hands, and called out, "John! John! for the love o' the blessed Vargin, what is that goin' on down the road there? Is it a fight? or what is it?" Mr. Brown looked in the same direction a moment or two, and determined on running to the stable for a horse, to go and ascertain what it was. His son, seeing him pass the window so hurriedly, hastened out after him, ascertained the cause of his movements, and in less than three minutes, father and son were well mounted, and charging at full speed in the direction of the crowd, and the son foremost.

He had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when he heard a renewed shout from the crowd, and perceived that they were pursuing some person who was flying from them as fast as he could travel.

On approaching nearer, he recognised the gait of Mick Tracy, who was all covered with blood and dirt; and, by a glance of the mind, connecting Father Fogarty's sermon with the plight of his friend, he concluded that the latter must have fallen into the hands of the mob. Luckily pulling up his horse, he helped Mick thereon without speaking a word, and turning the animal's head at the same moment towards the Slate House, gave the word to his faithful "Fly away"—"Over, Sir;" and over hedge, ditch, and fence he went, doubly freighted, until he stopped at his own well-known door, as if by instinct.

Mr. Brown, senior, saw the movements of his son, and made sure that he must be "bereft of his reason" to go on as he did; and, turning round, he hastily followed, preferring the road to the fields, and simultaneously with John, arrived at his own house, where a crowd had gathered, having followed the horse that took to the fields.

"God save ye, boys," he said cautiously. "And you too, Mr. Brown," was responded.

"Do you want anything with me, boys?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the reply, "only that bloody Bible Reader that's there, we want him."

"How do you *know* he is there?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Know it, is it? Faiks, we knows it well enough. Did'nt we see Masther John take him up on his hoss, and ride across the fields wid him behind him?"

"And what do ye want to do with the misforthinit man, if ye catch him?"

"Oh! by-gawnies, we'll stop his Bible-readin', so we will; only jist turn him out here."

"Oh, fie, fie! ye wouldn't hurt the poor man with the house full o' childher, would ye? Just go home and ate the pratees, and pray to God to bless ye all, and spare ye over yer own childher."

"Sure an' you heard *yourself* what Father Fogarty said this mornin' about that apostate."

"Indeed then I did sure enough, but he didn't tell ye to beat or ill-use the man; lave him to the great God."

"Oh! thin, he told us all the same down the road, only a little while since, 'that we might whaek away at him,'—at laste so we ondherstood him, from his behaviour."

"Very well, if he did, ye are not to mind what a Priest tells ye on *the road*; it is only when he is at the

altar, or in the confessional, that what he ses is bindin'. You must not harm the man howiver, while he's under my roof, I tell ye that once for all."

"Indeed we will not touch' him, Mr. Brown, in your house, but we'll stay here 'till he comes out to us."

Mr. Brown rapped loudly at the door of the Slate House, and was admitted, and what was his astonishment to find Mick Tracy habited, *pro tem*, in a suit of his own clothes, the torn and dirtied garments lying in a heap near the back door, and his son John cutting the hair from a gash on one of his temples. His two daughters were occupied in wiping the blood off him with linen rags, and his good wife, who was death and daggers against *all* heretics, and ready, but half an hour before, to turn her only son out of doors to rot on a dunghill, there she was, towel in hand, washing his wounds with whiskey, and vainly persuading him, to "swally" a good drink of it, to keep the "cowld out of his heart."

"Michael," said Mr. Brown, (subdued by his distressed appearance, "What bad luck came across yer path this blessed and holy Sunday mornin'?"

"Oh, indeed, sir, nothin' but what might have been worse; but thank God 'tis not worse."

"Did ye say or do anything to rouse thim people?" asked Mr. Brown.

"No, sir; I was walkin' home, when I met them and Father Fogarty, an' they stopped me to have some talk. The Priest got vexed and rode away, and then they attacked me. If it had not been for Masther John, they might have caught me agin, and perhaps kilt me."

Mick's wounds were soon dressed; not one of them was of any great consequence; and, being recovered from his flurry of spirits, he said, "The Lord Jasus prayed for his murderers, let us kneel down here, and ask God to forgive our inimies." The two girls dropped on their

knees; the father and mother withdrew to an adjoining room, taking no care to close the door though; and John flung a pair of scissors from his hands, exclaiming, "Pray for them, the murdering ruffians?—They will want prayers badly, before I do such a thing."

Mick poured out his soul in prayer for blessings on their heads, in beautiful natural eloquence, heightened by the brogue peculiar to that district of his native country to which he belonged. He said: "O Lord, my God, an' Father, I praise thy great name for thy marey an' truth, an' for thy love to me, a guilty sinner. I glorify thy great name for iver havin' led me to see my sin an' danger, an' for thy Holy Spirit takin' of the things of Christ Jasus an' revailin' them to me. I praise thee that, whin I was a blind persecutor, like those who this mornin' thirsted for my blood, thou didst lead me to the fountain which thou hast opened for sin an' onklaneness, an' that thou didst give me the comfortin' hope, that my many, many, sins are all forgiven, through the merits of thy Son. An' now, my marcifful Father, hear prayer on behalf of thim poor blinded people. They foolishly believe they are serving thee, while executin' the purposes of wicked intherested leaders, an' of their own desateful hearts. O my God, forgive thim; they know not what they do. Let thy holy Word of thruth, deposited among thim from time to time, 'not return unto thee void, but accomplish that which thou plasest, and prosper in the thing whereto thou hast sint it.' An' let there be many, many amongst thim, brought to the knowledge of the thruth. An' O my God, shower thy blessin's richly down on this family; bless these parents with Divine wisdom, to know the time of their visitation. They have often benefited him who speaks to thee, an' have now incurred danger, bekase of shielding

"him from thy enemies an' his. Save *thim* my
 "Saviour; show thim how thou forgivest sin, for thy
 "Son's sake, imputin' to the sinner a righteousness
 "which saves without any meritorious works on his
 "part. Bless their on'y son. As thou hast shown him
 "the errors of his creed, revail to him the evils of his
 "own heart, an' bring him in penitence an' faith to the
 "foot of the cross. May his sisters be thy children.
 "Make him an able minister of the New Testament,
 "an' make them such as thy holy Word requires
 "Christian young women to be in all things; I beg for
 "Jasus' sake. Amen."

When he arose from his knees, he perceived John in
 tears. The girls could not believe their ears when they
 heard a poor unlettered man pour out a flood of holy
 eloquence before God, far more beautiful and better than
 the most eloquently-worded prayer they had ever seen in
 their prayer-books. He overhears Mr. and Mrs. Brown
 discoursing concerning him, in ill-suppressed whispers.

"I tell you," she said, "God Almighty must be
 dalin' with the man, or else how could he make sich a
 prayer without a book?"

"Tut, you fool, he larned it somewhere by heart,"
 said Mr. Brown, pettishly.

"'Larned by heart!' What book ivir was printed
 that had prayers in it about you an' me, an' John, an'
 the girls, an' the people that bate him this mornin'?"
 Mrs. Brown inquired warmly. "The Lord save us;
 maybe he is a saint. Doesn't it make one happy to
 hear him?"

"Why then, to tell God's thruth, I like it meself,"
 said her husband, deeply affected.

"But did you remark how he niver prayed to the
 blissid Vargin, only asked for everything for 'Jasus
 Christ's sake?'"

"I did so, an' indeed, if the thruth was towld, I b'leve he's as good, or betther than ourselves, that have been prayin' to her an' others of thim all our lives long," was Mr. Brown's rejoinder.

After a considerable pause, Mick said, "Masther John! wouldn't it be a glorious thing to be like Jasus Christ?"

John's heart was full. A new phase of his experience now opened before him; for, hitherto, his understanding only had been wrought upon. Now, his conscience was convinced of sin.

"Oh, Mick," said he, "I am wicked, aye, wickeder by far than ever I thought I was; and I am as miserable as I am wicked. What good does it do me to see my errors, when the sight only makes me miserable. I wish I was as good as you, Mick, and could pray like you. Where did you learn that prayer, Mick?"

John had, like his parents, heard true prayer for the first time in his life.

"We have only to larn our wants as sinners and beggars," said Mick, "an' thim we'll know how to pray. Prayin' is beggin'."

"But I thought," his mother said, "that Protestants used a prayer-book too?"

"Many of thim do in public," said Mick, "but very many use no book in public, or in private either."

A fresh incident occurred at this stage of the proceedings, which must be reserved for another chapter.

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CHAPTER X.

Shows how Father Fogarty fared, and how he,
with others, got into "durance bile."

"'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment. Mildest men
Were agitated; commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, fill'd the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soil of common life was, at the time
Too hot to tread upon."

POLLOK.



WHO in the world can this be riding across our fields at such a terrible rate!" Polly exclaimed. Her brother and sister ran to the window to see. "Mr. George Stanley," they both said; "his horse is in a perfect lather, what can ail him?"

He pulled up at the door, flung himself from his saddle, and dashed into the house like a madman. "Tracy," said he, "let me look at you? We heard at 'The Hall' that you were dead. Little Tim's mother ran yelling like a mad thing up through the lawn; my mamma and the girls were out taking a walk, and learned from her that you were attacked and killed by a mob, headed by Father Fogarty. My horse was saddled at the door, so I waited for nothing but to clap a pair of 'Bull-dogs'—*alias* pistols—in my pockets, and gallop away to the chapel; some directed me to one place, some to another, till, after an hour spent dashing about, I was directed here. It is now all the better that I was late for the

affray, for (my sacred honour) ! if I had caught them in the fact, I would at least have let the daylight shine through some two of them."

"Ah! Masther George," said Mick; "I'm ashamed of ye, sir, intirely, an' so I am. The blessed Redeemer suffered even death itself without such dreadful maledictions on his inimies. Oh, Masther George! I wish you'd try and folly his example, so I do. If you'd only pray for those poor crathurs who don't know any better, you'd be doin' a good thing, sir. 'Tis your own mamma that can talk of thim, Masther George, an' in a way too, to make one weep listinin' to her."

"Don't bother me now, Tracy, with your sickly cant; if all the Protestants were like you and my mamma, I give you my word of honour, not one of us could live in the country. No, Mick; prayers and forgiveness are good things in their way, but they are lost on such devils. Lead, sir! lead," and suiting the action to the word, he smacked the ramrod down into the barrel of one of his pistols,—“a dose of lead, ‘*quantum suff*’ as the doctors write, is the best cure for their complaint. Why is it, Brown,” he said, addressing the old man, “that Father Fogarty, who can exercise such an influence over the people, does not exercise it for good, and not for evil?”

“I declare, sir,” replied the occupant of the Slate House, “I minds only my own business, and niver meddles with anybody, an' more especially with the clargy.”

“Right, Brown, right,” said his young landlord; “my papa often talks of you, and says, he wishes all his farmers were like you in this respect. By the bye, is this your son?” turning to young John, who was standing near.

“Yes, sir; the only one I have.”

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" said Mr. George, familiarly.

"Not in very good health, sir, much obliged to you," John answered, evidently with his mind pre-occupied.

"Just now I think of it," continued the young gentleman; "mother has been often wishing me to come down and invite you up to the Hall. Come up and see us some day when you have leisure; I understand you ride well. I wish you would turn out with us when the fox hunting season comes on, we would show you some sport I dare say, and knock the blues out of you. Say when you will come up? do—pray do."

John respectfully declined on the score of health, and Mick reminded Master George that his mother would "prefer conversation on somethin' else than fox huntin', especially on the Sabbath day."

"There now, Tracy, preachment again; nothing but preachment when I come home. If I run away from mamma, to get my ears a little rest, I run smack on parson Tracy, or as we used to say at school, '*Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim.*' College is the place, after all, Mr. Brown. If a fellow studies hard, and comes off with honours, why even the clergy don't bore him much about religion."

"Ah, sir," replied Mick, "I'm afeer'd you an' the rest of you up there in 'Thrinity College don't think much of religion. Whativir your studies may be, ye don't study that much, I'm afeer'd."

"Nonsense, Tracy; you will still be preaching. Now you know, Tracy, the Bible says there is no use being 'righteous overmuch,' and it does not do for young fellows like us to be shut out from the innocent gaities of society."

The dialogue between Mick and Master George was prolonged to a very uncedifying length; for while the

former put forth his best efforts to impress the latter with the truth which was designed effectually to lead him to Christ, the ingenious student of "T.C.D." evaded the force of all his appeals to the heart and conscience, by raillery and wit. Poor Mick's school was that of the closet, and his lesson-book the Bible.

Although the young heir of Stanley Hall and demesne was impervious to the water of life as administered by the poor unpolished peasant, he was, nevertheless, a generous-hearted youth. He superabounded in the overflowings of good nature. In these he had an example in both parents: on the maternal side it was overruled by sterling piety, and on the paternal there was an exuberance of the most undisguised benevolence without any pretence whatsoever to the smallest admixture of the religious element. Both were frank, open, sincere, and sympathizing.

Both father and son were Protestants of the most unmistakable order, so far as hating the Pope and his myrmidons, and loving the union of Church and State. It is matter of regret, that many otherwise intelligent Protestants in Ireland, both professing to belong to, and dissenting from the Church establishment, and who maintain a truly loyal attachment to the SOVEREIGN and Constitution, are nevertheless bound up by party feeling, apart entirely from vital godliness. There are perhaps some extenuating features in their case, not the least of which is, the minority in which they are, compared with their neighbours. Added to this, is the intolerant, bitter, and restless spirit of the Papacy, and the merit ascribed to heretic extirpation. On the one hand, Popery demands ascendancy, and on the other, the sons of King William of immortal memory, refuse to yield it, except with the life-blood of the last representative. The Stanleys were of the latter school, and they gloried in it.

In the country surrounding the green fields, flats, and hills of Middleville, poor and rich, Protestants and Romanists lived, and were known to each other, the former considerably fewer in number. Added to this, schools were few and far between, and wherever found, belonged for the most part to the Church, and supported either by bequest, or sustained by private subscription. About the period when the scenes of this narrative were being enacted, an educational scheme for Ireland was in process of trial, which, like Maynooth, fell into the hands of the Priests, and from which the Bible was excluded; and in the one case as well as in the other, Protestant statesmen were found to advocate the claims of each. These gentlemen, from whatever motive, rendered little service to the intellectual elevation of the peasantry. Priestcraft, intimidation, and exclusive dealing, were broadcast throughout the country, while the demagogue and political marauder harangued the people, declaiming against landlords, parsons, and the very "powers that be."

From what has just been stated, the reader will readily judge of the peril in which the lives of Protestants were frequently placed; located amidst sworn foes, and often without protection. Nor will it be matter of much wonder, that young Mr. Stanley carried pistols with him on such an occasion, when open hostility was shown to exist against him and his on the side of the Priest and his party. It is plain, too, that the case before us shows the unaltered character of Popery. In Ireland it is unchanged, and if it ever presents an aspect of moderation, that aspect is a mask, which it puts on and puts off, as circumstances render expedient.

The dialogue aforesaid, between Mick and the young student, being brought to a close; embracing as it did details of the mode in which young gentlemen spend

thir time at College, and the simple opinions of an unsophisticated countryman upon the same, and also the ardent impassioned feelings of a young *Williamite* against a persecuting Priest—all this coming to a close, the young heir of Stanley Hall hastened away with—"Good bye, Tracy."

It is observable in this episode, on the one hand, in what a cowardly and assassin-like way the Priest and his party acted. There is nothing open nor generous; no, nor even manly about Popery or its Priests. Among the laity here and there, a man of virtue and integrity *may* be, and often is found, (and so may there be in heathendom,) but that virtue and integrity does not belong to Popery; the man is virtuous and honest in spite of his religion. But, on the other hand, look at the manliness of the young heir of Stanley Hall. See his courage and daring, which merit admiration. And then view the poor persecuted peasant, whose virtues transcend and dim all the others. Noble Tracy! You deserve to rank among God's Princes.

George could not get away without a few remarks to the Browns. While speaking, he noticed a messenger in haste, and said, "Here comes a servant after me; mamma fears that Father Fogarty has turned her son into an ox, a sheep, or a chest of drawers, perhaps, but I must go to convince her I am still the same mischievous elf I ever have been;" and, vaulting into his saddle, he was out of sight in an instant.

Mick, feeling himself a little recovered from his wounds and contusions, and the crowd having dispersed to their homes, thought it most prudent to leave, lest they might have drawn themselves off merely to get reinforcements, and perhaps attack the house of his friends on their return. He had not proceeded far, when he met Master George returning, full speed,

accompanied by his father, the Honourable Augustus Stanley, in company with a Police Officer, and a whole posse of mounted constables.

Mick touched his hat respectfully as a salute to the gentlemen. "Halloo Tracy! not *quite* dead I see," shouted Mr. Stanley, as he approached. "No, sir, thank God; only a few scratches, not of much consequence."

"Well, just come up to the Hall, and I'll issue a warrant for that reverend scoundrel, and the ringleaders of his pack of harpies; I'll show them whether the peace of a quiet neighbourhood is to be broken, and human liberty and life rendered insecure by his excommunicating sermon. Owing to such sermons and sermonizers, Ireland is constantly in a ferment, nor will it be otherwise until the power of the Popish Priesthood is destroyed."

"Papa," said George, "how I would like to be Commander-in-chief of the forces for one brief day."

"One day, indeed! that would be a short military career, George. I suppose you fancy it would be a very glorious one."

"Well, papa, I would just draw up all the Popish Priests in Ireland into *single file*, and order the military to 'fix bayonets,—quick march!' and walk the whole lot into the sea."

"Capital! Capital!" shouted twenty or thirty Orangemen, who had joined the procession, "the pure drop of Saxon blood that runs in the Stanleys was never tainted." Thus they moved towards the Hall, meditating revenge on the Priest and his party, and ready to execute any vengeance, legal, or illegal, in retaliation for the insult which Protestantism had received in the person of the humble Mick Tracy.

Mick, nevertheless, had "another spirit in him;" he

disliked devoting any part of the Lord's day to other purposes than those for which it was instituted, and tried to think of some means whereby he might be excused from accompanying the party to the Hall. Besides, he was averse (from principle) to the doctrine of retaliation in any way, and looked upon legal proceedings in this, and such like cases, as a species of revengeful resentment.

When they had arrived at a place where the road branched off, leading to his own humble home, he wished to go, on the ground of not having had any breakfast that morning as yet; but this would not do. There was plenty at "The Hall," for all comers and goers. Then—"he had not seen his wife and childher" since the aff'ay, and did "not know what state of fright they all might be in." This was overruled by Mr. Stanley sending a special messenger "to assure her of her husband's safety," so that Mick was obliged to accompany the party. Arrived at the Hall, his first endeavour was to see the "Misthiss." He knew that in her he had a wise, Christian counsellor, and he wished to advise with her about giving his "informations."

Mrs. Stanley was as anxious to see him, as he was to see her, and to ascertain that his wounds were not serious; but their meeting was totally interdicted by her son George's interposition. As soon as he knew by watching her movements that she was bound for the room in which Mick was breakfasting, he clapped his hands, as if a totally new idea had struck him; "Papa," he shouted, "if mamma and Tracy put their heads together, and get to preaching up forgiveness, and all that sort of thing, we'll be totally defeated, and unable to get any 'information' laid against Fogarty 'the Priest.'"

"Right, George, right! I see you are a wide-awake boy. Come along with me:"—and away both started

to the servants' dining hall, where they found Mrs. Stanley attending to Mick's wants, and inquiring after the circumstances leading to the violent attack made upon him.

"A prisoner! a prisoner!" both shouted at once. "Girls! come, help us to take this prisoner up-stairs," laying hold of the good lady by the arms.

"Come, Mrs. Stanley! No tampering with my witness. Come this way, the servants will attend to Mick. They won't let him starve, no fear of that."

"Ah now, Stanley! don't be rude, just let me talk a bit to poor Mick about his cuts and bruises."

"Your talking will do his cuts and bruises no good," was retorted. "Come, you know I am a magistrate; pretty work this. If Mick, and you, and the saints, get together, I know you will be too deep for me; but I'll baffle you for once. Come along, Mrs. Stanley, I'll teach 'Fireball Fogarty,' that neither the weakness of the law, nor the forbearance of the saints will save him this time."

"Now, Stanley," importuned his loving partner, "there's a fine fellow, don't be rash, Stanley; don't be rash. Treat the parties with Christian meekness, and they may come to repentance, and, by God's blessing, be changed men."

"Repentance! Yes, I'll pledge you my honour they will. Repent, indeed! If I don't make some of them repent, I'm not Augustus Stanley, that's certain. Now, Mrs. Stanley, when Mick's informations are laid, and sworn to, you may then have bundles of prayers as long as to-day and to-morrow. Not 'till then, Mrs. Stanley; not 'till then."

"George, won't *you* plead for your mamma?" she asked coaxingly.

"Now, mamma, you know I am up to your sly

tricks. Oh! bless you, you *are* such a peacemaker ; but mamma, those people must be punished. Come along, mamma, I'm able to carry you," and he lifted her in his arms with a huzza and a cry ; " PAPA, we have conquered."

A commotion amongst the police in the yard drew Mr. Stanley's attention, and he rushed out. The officer of the party introduced a messenger to him, who had come with great haste, and whispered something in his ear. His horse was ready, in the stable, and without any explanation to those in the house, he shouted, " George! follow me, quick," and was off in a moment, at the head of the police. The servants could give no information respecting the sudden movement. Little Tim Dempsey, the widow's son, was called to lead Master George's horse out, but the lad was not to be found anywhere about the premises. George performed that office for himself, and quickly followed in the direction whither his father had led the way. Mrs. Stanley and the household were not alarmed at Mr. Stanley's departure, because his duties as a magistrate frequently required him to leave suddenly.

Mick had full opportunity to lay open his mind, and seek Mrs. Stanley's advice, on the subject of swearing information against the Priest and his mob ; a thing to which he expressed himself exceedingly reluctant. " For we know ma'am," he said, " how forgivin' *the Lord* is, an' how he behaved himself whin he was on the airth. Ought not we to be guided by the same spirit that he manifested ?"

" Most assuredly we should, Mick," she replied ; and I am very thankful to the Lord who has taught you as He has done. A few years since you would probably have acted as those deluded people have done to-day, and you can never see too plainly that it is grace alone

which has made the difference between you and them, between you and your former self. But, while I rejoice that you feel nothing personally in the way of vindictiveness against the poor people, yet you must know that you owe a duty to society in this matter. Now the peace of society, and liberty of conscience, as well as of the subject, have been infringed in your own person in this matter. The protection which law throws around our persons and properties, has been trampled upon by your persecutors; and the law, in its injured majesty, calls upon you to point out the perpetrators of the outrage. Mr. Stanley is perfectly right so far. He and other magistrates entrusted with the preservation of the public peace, will call upon you to testify as to the breach of it, and it is your bounden duty, Mick, and that of every good citizen and subject, to come to their assistance, and state what you or they know of the matter. This you may do without any unholy feeling whatever. If it had been a private personal quarrel between yourself and another person or persons only, then you would have no public duty to perform, but this and the case in question differs widely. Do as Mr. Stanley requests you in the matter; for if this thing be suffered to proceed to any greater length, there will be no liberty for person or conscience in the country."

"Well, ma'am!" said Mick, "I'm thankful to ye intirely; an' what a blessed thing larnin' is to be shure. How fully ye have laid down the business."

"Everything that is sanctified to God is blessed, Mick. Good morning for the present: I must see that the girls are ready for church."

The mystery of Mr. Stanley's abrupt departure was soon explained by his return, accompanied by the police, who brought under their protection Mick's wife and

children; and Tim Dempsey's widowed mother, with *her* children also.

A plan it appeared had been matured amongst the people, for the purpose of getting the widow to swear that she would withdraw her boy from the service of young Stanley, and her daughter from the comfortable home so providentially opened for her with the children of Mick Tracy. This plot they tried to execute by going in a body to the widow's cabin soon after the onslaught upon Mick Tracy. They represented to the poor woman, that "she an' her childher would be damn'd, bekase of her surrenderin' 'em to heretic tacin', an' that it would be betther for her to take 'em all, an' go a-beggin'." This logic however failed to work conviction in the widow's mind; she could not see that people so loving and forgiving, who fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, who sought out cases of concealed distress, and whose thoughts turned on her and her forlorn family,—when her own Priest refused her poor man the "rites o' the church" in his dying moments, until the money was first paid for his anointing,—she could not see that such people were much more in danger of hell fire, than those who boasted so much of the antiquity of their church. Finding her inexorable, they left her, threatening to take possession of her children by force, and to come at night and burn her dwelling over her head, if she would not swear never to leave the true church, as they feared she was likely to be induced to do by the presents sent to her from "The Hall," since her husband's death.

Snatching up her baby, she followed them some distance towards Tracy's house, where they fell in with little Tim, so nicely dressed out in his new clothes that they scarcely knew him, and carrying on his arm a great basket full of provisions, which the cook at Stanley

Hall had given him for his mother. They impressed Tim, scattered the Protestant provisions about the road, and made their way for Mick's cottage, whose wife had but just heard of the outrage on her husband, and of his safety at "The Hall."

Thinking they were coming to attack herself and children, she fastened the doors and windows. They soon made known the purport of their visit, and demanded the widow's little girl. Being repeatedly refused, they threatened to burn the house over her head, but she was determined to hold on and trust in God. The widow Dempsey meeting a gentleman on horseback, begged him "for the love o' God, to let no grass grow undher his horse's hooves, but ride up to 'The Hall,' an' tell the '*Measther*' that the crowd were burnin' Mick Tracy's house."

The gentleman, as we have seen, lost no time in fulfilling his errand, so that Mr. Stanley and the police force, were soon seen riding full gallop towards the crowd; the sight of whom threw Father Fogarty's "police" into such a panic, that, true to their character for cowardice, they fled in all directions, leaving the widow and children behind; and Mr. Stanley, fearing a renewal of the attack, had them all conveyed away to the Hall, including Mick's wife and children, with the widow and hers.

These being secured, his next step was to take the informations of Mick, his wife, and Mrs. Dempsey, and then to issue warrants for the arrest of Father Fogarty and several of his assistants, who were immediately seized and placed in durance vile that same night, where we shall leave them to study legal Jesuitism, with a view to a successful issue.

CHAPTER XI.

How the Bible Reader figured in "Uncouth Rhymes," and before the Magistrates.

"Encounter'd thus with enemies—without,—
Within,—like barque that meets opposing winds
And floods, this way—now that—she steers athwart,
Toss'd by the waves, and driv'n by the storm;
But still the Pilot, ancient at the helm,
The harbour keeps in eye; and after much
Of danger past, and many a prayer rude,
He runs her safely in. *So was the man
Of God beset,*—so toss'd by adverse winds;
And so his eye upon the land of life
He kept. *Virtue grew daily stronger, sin
Decay'd,—his enemies, repuls'd, retir'd;*—
Till, at the stature of a perfect man
In Christ arriv'd, and with the spirit fill'd,
He gain'd the harbour of eternal rest."

POLLOR.



THE day following that on which the "*arrestation*," as the people called it, of Father Fogarty and his fellow rioters occurred, was an exciting one beyond all comparison, in the usually quiet village of Middleville. Bands of surly-looking men, armed with pitchforks, scythes, shillelahs, and bludgeons, moved about all the day from the prison to the residences of the different magistrates; some demanding in angry tones, the release of their Priest; others dropping anonymous letters, and posting up threatening notices, stating that, in case "a hair av his head" was injured, "every Protestant house in the neighbourhood would be burned to the airth," and every "Bible-readher, and turn-coat murdhered." Death's-head and marrow-bones rudely drawn, usually ornamented these missives, and curses terrible to write or utter, were vented against "all heretics and apostates from the faith." The excitement, accompanied at times with some apprehension, was kept up for several days previous to the sitting of the magistrates' court, by perambulating demagogues, who were supplied with whiskey and tobacco, in return for services rendered,—that of exciting the people to a state bordering on frenzy. Ballads of the vilest kind

were printed and sung about the streets, tending to embitter the minds of the deluded people against all who strove to do them good, by enlightening their minds, and even relieving their necessities. These "worse than doggerel strains," found numerous listeners, who purchased copies of the trash, at "the low price," as was averred, "of *one ha'penny*." Take the following as a sample :—

"Ye Muses nine, wid me combine,
Throughout this Irish nation ;
While I sing you a song, that won't be long,
I beg your approbation.
'Tis consarnin' of a turn-coat thief,
His name, 'tis Mickey Thracy ;
Och ; he sowlt his God, to eat roast beef,
An' to live, an' fair, an' aisy.
With my rig a dig, dig,
He's like a tithe pig,
Is that same Michael Thracy.

His Bible he takes, an' the Mass forsakes,
An' sells himself to the divil ;
Gives up the spade, his lawful trade,
An' spakes so nice an' civil,
But a turn-coat niver yet was good,
So beware af Mickey Thracy ;
Nor let him delude ye wid his talk,
Though he spakes so fair an' aisy.
With my rig a dig doo,
He's a bullaboo,
Is that same Mickey Thracy.

Och ! our lawful Priest he did downface,
With his quotations from the Scripthur ;
But we're the boys that tanned his hide,
An' made him run for shelter.
An' now to our Priest we will prove thrue,
In spite o' Mickey Thracy ;
An' he an' all, the Protestan' crew,
Will go straight to damnation.
With my rig a dig dig,
Won't he dance a fine jig,
When he goes straight to Satan.

Now to conclude an' finish my song,
 Don't be deluded by him;
 Our Priest is tuck-up by the Orange gang
 Who soon are goin' to thry him.
 But rally round the Coort House, boys,
 An' pray to our blessed Lady;
 To command her Son to set him free,
 An' she will never fail ye.
 With my rig a dig dum,
 Come away boys, come,
 An' conquer Mickey Thracy.

Let the faithful all, both great an' small,
 To me now pay attintion;
 An' not forgit my words at all,
 In regard to the thing I'll mintion.
 If the magistrates will not let free,
 The holy Priest o' God, boys!
 Why we must do the best we can,
 An' spill their Orange blood, boys!
 With my rig a dig dec,
 Bad luck to me,
 If I turn my coat for luere.

Thus were the minds of the people kept in a state of boiling rage, until the magistrates (some of whom were at the time a great distance from home) could be got together. When, however, they met, a few minutes' consultation convinced them that it was a matter with which they ought not to deal summarily; but which required to be brought before a jury and the judges of assize. They immediately called on the police "to bring up the prisoners for examination," which order was forthwith obeyed.

Counsel for the defence laboured hard to have the matter summarily disposed of, and, failing in that, made every effort to impeach the testimony of the witnesses.

Both prisoners and witnesses were brought up, under a strong escort of police, and confronted with each other.

The court opened by the chairman of the bench calling

upon "Mick Tracy to state his complaint," which he did as follows :—

"Plase yer worships, I was walkin' down the road on last Sunday mornin' towards the village, whin I see a crowd o' people; an' on dhrawin' near 'em I obsarved Father Fogarty ridin' a little ahead of 'em. I was radin' a little book I held in me hand at the same time; so I thought to myself, I——"

Magistrate.—"Never mind what you *thought*, sir! tell us what happened, exactly."

A voice in the Court.—"Oh! by Jeminy, we'll get justice now at last! Do yees hear that?"

Magistrate.—"Constable! Arrest that man instantly who interrupts the Court, and put him in the dock."

Constable.—"I have him, ycr worship."

Magistrate.—"Very well. Go on, Tracy; tell simply what happened when you met the Priest and the crowd."

Mick.—"Whin I came within a few feet o' the Priest, I touch'd my hat as a salute, as I do to *every gintleman*. Father Fogarty pulled up his horse at that, an' the people halted; but I was for passin' on, whin I hear'd the Priest say, 'I knew he was afraid to meet me, the turn-coat!' So with that (my dear life!) the crowd clos'd round me, an' pervinted me from passin' on. I up an' said, 'No, sir, I'm not afear'd,' ses I, 'I'm not afear'd to meet any man in civility an' frinship. I've been guilty of no crime,' ses I, 'that I need be afear'd to meet you.' So with that he mimicked my voice, an' towld me I was not satisfied with sellin' my own sowl to the divil, but I must be ladin' others to him, too. Well, we had some more conversation 'hin he said he could, 'by one word spakin', wither up my right arm, or send me creepin' like a baste on all fours. I then held up my arm, an' towld him to wither it up, that it would greatly convince the poor ignorant people

of the thruth of their religion, if he would do as he professed he could. So with that he rode aff, an' said as he was goin', 'Boys! be sure ye *don't lay a finger on the Rev. Mr. Tracy,*' as he was plais'd to call me. Whin he wint, I was thrown down, kick'd an' cuff'd, my clothes torn, an' meself cover'd wid mud. I got away as well as I could, ontill Mr. John Brown, jun., rode up, put me on his horse, an' tuck me away to the Slate House as fast as he could."

Magistrate.—"Who in particular struck you?"

Mick.—"I can't tell, yer worship." (Here he identified some who were nearest to him in the crowd.)

Magistrate.—"Did all those whom you observed seem equally anxious to do you mischief?"

Mick.—"They did not, yer worship! some wished to hear me."

Magistrate.—"Did you insult the Priest in any way?"

Mick.—"Not that I know of, yer worship! unless by lavin' the Church o' Rome, an' strivin' to persuade others to do the same."

Magistrate.—"Would it not be wiser in you not to meddle with people's religious opinions, but keep your own to yourself?"

Mick.—"That, yer worship, is a matter of opinion intirely. Father Fogarty doesn't keep *his* opinions to himself; he proclaim'd them aloud to hundhreds on Sunday mornin' last, both in the chapel an' in the open air. While I obey the laws of my counthry, I wish to have the purtection which the laws afford to ivery honest man, whatever may, or may not be, his religious opinions."

Magistrate.—"You said that the Priest advised the people *not* to molest you?"

Mick.—"He did, sir!"

Magistrate.—"Well! why then is he brought here? Why not find out who really injured you?"

Mick.—"Bekase, yer worship, he grinned an' winked his eye this way," (imitating the Priest) "as much as to say, 'Interpret me words by *conthraries*.'" "

(This produced an outburst of laughter which took some time to quell in the court.)

Magistrate.—"You think, then, that it was his advice thus interpreted, which aggravated the people against you?"

Mick.—"I do, sir."

Magistrate.—"You hear this, Michael Fogarty! Have you anything to say; or any question to ask? Observe, however, that whatever you do say may be brought against you on your trial, as you will have to appear before the Judge of Assize."

Father Fogarty was already provided with counsel in the person of a noisy stripling, whose briefless bag admonished him, that he must *walk* to Middleville, and volunteer his service as advocate, in order to bring his name and powers of legal brow-beating before the public. This young man, (whom we shall call Counsellor Mac Mintough), asked permission to cross-examine the witness. He commenced *his* unpractised part of the farce by a denunciation of all apostates and Judases, but was speedily informed that his business there was not to abuse, but to question the witness. He then proceeded by asking in a bull-dog tone and style, "*Who and what are you pray?*"

Mick.—"They call me——"

Counsellor.—"I asked you *who* are you?"

Mick.—"I am Michael Tracy by name."

Counsellor.—"What are you?"

Mick.—"I was brought up a day labourer."

Counsellor.—"Why did not you stick to it?"

Mick.—"I chose to be employed otherwise. Why did not you stick to the tailorin', what you were first put 'printice to?"

Counsellor.—"Do you mean to insult me; a member of the bar?"

Mick.—"Not at all. I hope you don't consider your origin any disgrace?"

Our tyro felt as if he had met with more than his match, and was obliged to pause.

Magistrate.—"See, sir! Ask the witness any relevant question you please, but don't trifle with the time of the Court any longer."

Counsellor.—"You are one of those Bible-readers, I understand."

Mick.—"Do you? Which Bible-readhers do you mane?"

Counsellor.—"Which do you think?"

Mick.—"You said 'those Bible-readhers;' which did you mane? tell me, an' I'll answer if I can."

Counsellor.—(Flinging himself back with such a look of contempt as only such men can do) "You wretched apostate," he exclaimed, "you may go down; we'll meet you at the assizes. I see you have been drilled into your lesson."

Magistrate.—"Have you any witness in court, Tracy?"

Mick.—"There are many here, sir, who were in the crowd, but I suppose it would be useless to bring 'em forward."

Here a strange gentleman entered the court, leaning on Mr. George Stanley's arm, and was introduced to the magistrates, as likely to throw some light on the subject.

Magistrate.—"Let him be sworn."

The clerk administered the oath, and the witness deposed:—

"My name is Octavius Forrester. I am a stranger here. A tourist from England, travelling for amusement and in search of adventure."

Magistrate.—"It appears you have not travelled in vain, sir."

Witness.—"I came to this village on Saturday evening last, and hearing a bell on Sunday morning, I was curious to see the Roman Catholic mode of worship, and went as the sound directed me. After the celebration of a part of the service, the Priest made an address to the people, in which he mentioned one 'Tracy' by name, denouncing and threatening him terribly. The people looked very much excited. After the service, I saw them move with the Priest at their head, and I followed. A man approached. He was the last witness here. The crowd stopped, and the Priest and he had some conversation. The former rode away, telling the crowd in ironical tones, and with peculiar gestures, 'Not to touch Tracy,' whom he called 'Rev.' in a tone of ridicule. As soon as the Priest was gone, the people attacked Tracy; I tried to save him, but got pushed down, and was obliged to effect my escape in the best way I could."

Magistrate.—"Have you any questions to ask this witness, Mr. Fogarty?"

Father Fogarty (by his counsel) "None, your worship."

The magistrates consulted together a few minutes, when the chairman said, "Clerk! make out indictments against those parties for conspiracy and assault, with 'intent to do grievous bodily harm.' Take bail for their appearance at the — Assizes, in a penalty of £50 each, and" (turning to Mr. Forrester) "We must, as a matter of form, sir, take your own bond, under a penalty of £50, to appear and give evidence when called upon; so that you are likely to have abundance of adventure."

Mr. Forrester, immediately gave the required bond. Father Fogarty and his *lay* coadjutors, however, were remanded to prison, where, being either unable or unwilling to find the required sureties, they were obliged to remain. Any person at all conversant with Irish affairs, whether at popular contested elections, or where a Priest or an agitator gets into the hands of the police, can only form a right opinion of how matters stood in this case. The peasantry were ready for any mischief on seeing their Head marched off to a stronger house than his own. The dismay and determined revenge of the defeated party was very great, especially when they learned that Father Fogarty could not be released, except under heavy recognisances to appear at the forthcoming assizes; but when the news reached Middleville that the trials were over, and a conviction and sentence of *twelve months' imprisonment* was the result, the whole country was in a perfect tornado of excitement. Every Roman Catholic might be seen with a scowl upon his brow, as if meditating the highest pitch of revenge; and various smothered threats and inuendoes from the Papists, gave the Protestants to feel that some terrible commotion was near at hand.

Tracy and his family had to be taken under the protection of the family at Stanley Hall for several weeks; and all the Protestant farmers and gentry were compelled to fortify their houses, and to keep regular watch for fear of a sudden surprise, especially during the hours of night.

A week or two subsequent to the assizes at which Priest Fogarty was convicted, "Donagha Buckaugh," *alias* "Dennis the cripple," made a call at Stanley Hall, where he was sometimes in the habit of receiving food from the servants. His ostensible business was to see *Mr. Tracy*, and the *Misthiss* of the Hall.

Mick and he held a little conversation on general topics, when he beckoned the former out, who accordingly followed him into the stable-yard. Donagha commenced the private interview by saying, "Misther Thracy, I wants to 'turn,' and I know you'd be the best man to tell me what to do."

Mick.—"What do you mane, Dinnis, by wantin' to turn?"

Dennis.—"Mane! Och! sure an' 'tis well you knows what I mane. Arrah now, drop yer pumpin' me. I'm in airnest, 'deed fegs an' I am. Sure I wants to turn 'Protestint,' Mick."

Mick.—"Dinnis, I fear you are undher a wrong impression intirely. Turnin' Protestint will do a man no good, who is not turned from his sins. What do ye think of givin' thim up, an' turnin' to God?"

Dennis.—"Och! as for that, why priests an' ministers commit sin, an' why shouldn't we? But how-an-diver, I might as well have a share o' what's goin', as anybody else, an' if you'll turn me, I'll give you half what I get, an' no man can say fairer nor that."

Mick.—"But do you really suppose that there is any such inducement held out to convarts? an' would you be base enough to act the hypocrite in the sight o' God an' the world; you, who have agin an' agin professed that you had refused such bribes? May God forgive ye, an' turn yer heart, Dinnis."

Mick abruptly withdrew to the house, which he entered cautiously, but not before he had observed a dreadful leer lurking about Donagha's eyes, expressive of some deadly design; a circumstance which he communicated to Mrs. Stanley immediately, who sent him orders to leave the premises without a moment's delay, which orders he seemingly obeyed.

Mr. Stanley was at this time absent at C—k, and was

expected home early that evening, the circumstances of the country rendering it unsafe for any Protestant (more especially a landlord and magistrate,) to be out after nightfall; but being one of those daring fearless men, who care nothing for personal risk, and seem to *require* scenes of danger to keep them from falling into a state of utter listlessness, he took but few precautions, other than going well armed, and more frequently returned home after midnight than before it. "The Hall," he always said, "is well secured; all the doors and window-shutters are bullet-proof, and secured by iron bolts and other fastenings, which no available force from the outside can overcome. All my servants are old family friends, in fact, regular heirlooms, feeling as great an interest in, and as much at home at 'The Hall,' as I do. Personally, I am a large mark for an assassin, it is true; but then, with six or more pistols loaded to the muzzle, about a man, I don't see that there is much to fear. At any rate, Augustus Stanley never yet sent a bullet on a fool's errand; and, before I fall, that is if I can only *see* my enemies, there will be as many Papist souls for Father Fogarty to pray out of Limbo. Pass the champagne this way. Here's a bumper to the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King WILLIAM, who delivered Ireland from Pope and Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes. May he who will not drink to this toast, be crammed into the great gun of Athlone!"

CHAPTER XII.

*Fire! Fire! Where? At Stanley Hall!
Attempted Assassination, and how it ended.*

"Many believ'd; but more the truth of God
Turn'd to a lie, deceiving and deceiv'd,
Each with th' accursed sorcery of sin;
Another held, and from the Bible held,
He was infallible,—most fallen by such
Pretence;—that none the Scriptures—open to all,
And most to humble-hearted—ought to read,
But Priests;—that all who ventured to disclaim
His forged authority, incurr'd the wrath
Of Heaven;—and he who in the blood of such,
Through Father, Mother, Daughter, Wife, or Son,
Imbrued his hands, did most religious work,
Well pleasing to the heart of the MOST HIGH."

POLLOK.



A STRONG presentiment of some coming evil pressed heavily on Mrs. Stanley's spirit that evening when "Dennis the Cripple" was ordered off. She knew not why nor wherefore, further than the necessity always existing of ascertaining that the house was thoroughly secured before nightfall, from fear of the incursions of the enemy.

She rang the bell for her steward, who reported everything safe about the premises, including her children and domestics then assembled, with herself, and those whom danger had lately driven to take shelter under her roof. One of the young ladies read that sweet portion of the holy Book, the twenty-third Psalm, beginning with "The Lord is my Shepherd;" a general conversation ensuing, in which many of its richest treasures were unfolded. Mrs. Stanley called on Mick for his opinion on different portions of it, thinking that *his* style of thought and mode of expression, would be more

likely to arrest the attention of the widow Dempsey, and her children, who were present, together with some of the Roman Catholic servants, than any observations falling from herself. She then called on him to pray, which he did with a pathos and feeling that melted all present into tears. The poor widow declared, on rising from her knees, that she thought the Almighty himself was in the room with them; and that he suffered Mick "to spake to him jist as his honour (Mr. Stanley) would let a poor body stop him on the road, an' would ax afther the childher, as if they belonged to the 'quality.'"

Mick prayed for the family of the Hall, that they might long be blessed with the means of doing good to the suffering poor; that "the Masther an' all the family might know the savin' power of the thruth as it is in the blessed Jasus, an' be as much admir'd for holiness as he was for benevolence an' courage; that Masther George, thim present, might seek his mother's Saviour, an' add to his natural and acquired endowments every gift an' grace of the Holy Sperrit; that the father might return in safety to his family, an' know an' love his great Presarver an' Definder."

Then he prayed for his enemies, and the enemies of the gospel, "that God would turn their hearts to one another, an' the Saviour of sinners, who died for thim, an' rose agin." Nor did he forget the poor Priest, who was suffering, with others, the effects of his and their enmity to the gospel; nor those poor uneducated souls present, who had long been blinded by Popish delusion; nor the family at the Slate House, that God would graciously carry on his work commenced there, "an' bring them all to Jasus."

Shortly after prayer, the whole of the family retired, with the exception of two servants, one of whom sat up

to prepare her master's supper, and the man to take care of his horses. The latter was dozing over the kitchen fire about midnight, when he was startled by the sound of a whistle; he asked the maidservant if she heard it? she answered in the negative. He was sure he had heard the whistle, as if from a distant room window in one of the wings of the house. She overruled his opinion on the ground that no strange person could possibly be about the premises while three vigilant dogs were constantly on the watch. She attended to her business, and the man again settled himself for a nap. An hour elapsed, after the expiry of which he again roused himself up, stating that he was disturbed in mind by that whistle, and would seek out the cause of it. Proceeding to reconnoitre the premises, he beheld to his utter astonishment the Western wing of the building in flames! the very wing too, in which Mrs. Stanley and her children were all sleeping! He discharged his musket, and shouted "Fire!" when instantly, all was alarm and confusion about the Hall,—children, servants, and dependents—all running in the utmost disorder! Mrs. Stanley was for ordering her carriage and horses, to take the children away to a place of safety. This was overruled by Mick, on the ground that the incendiaries (or their accomplices,) would most likely be lying in ambush to shoot them, as they ran from the fire. He counselled that, as there was little wind, and that little blowing so as to carry the flames away from, rather than towards, the body of the house, they should remain in the *Eastern* part thereof, until morning, if need be; that the flames, doubtless, would be seen from the house of a neighbouring gentleman, as well as by the sentry on guard at the Police barracks adjacent, who would be sure to come to their rescue; and that the family and servants, might in the meanwhile occupy their time in

removing all such valuables as could be laid hands upon, from the house to the yard. Master George and he, together with the butler, strove to enter the room whence the flames preceeded; but the door of it had not been opened for several months, and the key was mislaid, and out of reach. This was certain evidence that the incendiary, whoever he was, must have entered from without. Examination disclosed a scaling ladder under the window, and a further discovery was made which showed clearly and sadly, that he had unwittingly kicked it from him after ascending, and must therefore as a matter of course,—be still in the burning room. How could they secure him alive? was the question they were deliberating, when a voice from the window was heard overhead,—“Boys! for the sake o’ the blessed Mother o’ God, save me! save me!” Those beneath said, “Jump!” The owner of the voice did “jump;” and lo! a dark body was seen to fall from the window. A heavy flump followed; and there lay, disclosed by the light of Mick Tracy’s lantern, “Dennis the cripple!” his features distorted, and scarcely recognisable, in the agonies of death! Oh! reader, what a sight! and what an end!

They picked him up, and finding that he breathed, laid the unhappy man on some straw. He opened his eyes, and looked wildly about him. The glare of the lantern added to the unearthly hue of his terror-stricken countenance, and some one asked “if he wanted anything?” to which he replied, “Bring me—the—Pr——r—cest.” “*priest*” he would have said if he had been able; to the priest’s *anointing* he trusted, in that late hour, for heaven; an hour when he was entering eternity with his soul crimsoned over with the blood of a score contemplated murders! Oh! what a passport into the

world of spirits! and what a delusion to believe such murders meritorious!

Mick Tracy's counsel respecting the family proved to be the wisest that could have been followed. All were safe.

Mr. Stanley left the city of C——k at a very late hour the same evening, in company with a gentleman whom he had invited to spend a month or two at the Hall. Giving orders to his coachman to drive at the top of his speed, he settled himself back in his carriage for a nap, and was followed in his indulgence by his companion. When within about four miles of home they were awoke by the coachman suddenly pulling up, and directing their attention to a FIRE in the distance! Not doubting a moment but it was his own house, he urged the coachman to proceed, if possible, still faster. The latter obeyed his orders, until within a few hundred yards of the porter's lodge, leading to the avenue and House. Here he observed a barricade placed across the road, which stopped the further progress of the horses. The coachman shouted "*Masther avourneen, yer pishtils agra;*" which he had no sooner said, than a shower of bullets entered the carriage, without doing any injury (by a merciful Providence) to either of its inmates! Bursting open the carriage door, and seizing a pistol, he snapped it, but it did not go off; another—a third—fourth—fifth—and sixth—not one of which exploded! This was maddening! Meanwhile, another harmless volley from his assailants (who were concealed behind a hedge) convinced him there was no time to lose, and disengaging himself from his overcoat, he bounced over the hedge, and caught one fellow scrambling away; wresting his gun from his grasp, he inflicted a blow therewith on the skull of its owner, which laid him lifeless at his feet! He then pursued another who was

escaping; but finding him too swift of foot, fired and brought *him* down, a corpse; and seized *his* piece, which he found loaded, and with it, shot a *third*! His companion, who was unharmed, busied himself in removing the barricade; but "PAT," the courageous coachman, where was he? Mr. Stanley shouted in vain for his travelling companion, and Pat. The former, however, was a little dull of hearing, and the latter was nowhere to be found. Mr. Stanley ran up, out of breath, exclaiming, "Pon my honour, a pretty pair of fellow-sportsmen I have got, to be sure! Come here and help me to bag this game! Pat, you scoundrel! But perhaps the poor fellow is dead! Where are you, Pat?"

A voice from under the carriage answered, "Sir!"

"Where are you?" inquired the enraged Stanley; "you cowardly rascal."

"Fegs thin 'tis myself don't know, sir, where I am, from Adam:—nor whether 'tis myself that's here at all, at all, but how an' iver, whin I get out o' this, I'll thry an' do me best, mather dear."

"Just step this way, both of you, and bring these fellows along, we have one apiece"—Mr. Stanley said, jocularly.

"Och' hone! Och' hone!" quoth Pat, "I'd niver doubt ye to be a good shot. In troth, 'tis six of 'em, I'd like to see in place o' three; but maybe these fellows 'ud wait for us till mornin' and the fire wouldn't, gintlemin."

"Oh! no" said Stanley, "always bag your birds when you shot them. The fire cannot spread fast, it is confined to the Western wing, and the wind is from the East, and besides, there are plenty of police."

In a few minutes the bodies of the would-be-assassins were tumbled into the carriage. Pat mounted his box; the gentlemen rode behind in the servants' seat; and a

very short time brought them to "the Hall;" and oh! what a sight!

A gentleman in the neighbourhood had despatched a man to a small town five miles off, where he knew a fire engine was kept. This had arrived an hour or so before Mr. Stanley. The flames had been so far subdued that little danger was now to be apprehended; and seeing Mrs. Stanley's excitement, he determined on not mentioning his terrible adventure until the morning. He accordingly cautioned his companion and Pat not to hint anything in the slightest way on the subject. Still, it was impossible for three men to have been recently engaged in such an affray, near a country village of some note, and not to exhibit some traces of excitement more than ordinary.

"You appear greatly flurried, my love," Mrs. Stanley observed to him, with a "woman's wiles," as he sipped a glass of brandy punch after supper.

"So I ought," he said; "we travelled very fast from the first, but particularly so when we saw the fire in the distance, and guessed its whereabouts."

"Your clothes, too, appear very muddy, my dearest!"

"Well, yes; we rode behind in the servants' seat; and the wheels threw the mud up, and spattered us."

"I know you are concealing something. Now do, Stanley, tell me what has happened? Are you wounded? Pray do tell me!"

"Me! Wounded, my dearest wife! Why I often tell you, you are a silly woman. Come here, Fanny, and help me to knock some sense into your mamma's head. How I do wish she had more sense."

"Now, papa! I know you are hiding something from us all, which we want to know. Do tell dear mamma."

"You are a saucy little baggage; get away to bed, and don't plague your poor tired papa."

Fanny still persisted in "plaguing" papa; and mamma slipped out of the room, to try and worm out of the magnanimous coachman, the cause of the delay. Just as she entered the kitchen, the whole matter had come to light, but not without a good deal of fencing on Pat's part, and of generalship on that of the cook, between which notable personages the following dialogue had taken place.

Cook.—"You are rayther late to-night, Pat! what kept ye an' the masther so long, eh?"

Pat.—"Why bekays we wor not airlyer."

Cook.—"I suppose so; but there must be some other cause."

Pat.—"So there must be, fegs an' so there was; an' the rayson is, we didn't lave the city ontill it was very late."

Cook.—"Did you meet anybody on the road, eh?"

Pat.—"Arrah, to be shure an' we did; we always meets somebody late an' airly."

Cook.—"Who did ye meet? did they speak to ye?"

Pat.—"No, in troth, nor I thim but as little; an' we niver axed their names, nor said, 'be your lave,' nor a h: 'porth, so we didn't."

Cook.—"Ye must have been very silent on all sides."

Pat.—"Not much o' that same thin; there was noise enough, I'll be bound for it."

The cook knew Pat's power of fencing too well to push him any further. He could have parried every question, had he chosen, for twenty-four hours, and she would have been no nearer the desired information, but she out-generaled him after a while, as women do sometimes. She remembered that a good stiff glass of whiskey punch possessed a potency over Pat which could solve all enigmas, and realize all the secrets of which he was possessed. She accordingly observed, that

he " must be cowl'd, not havin' had ' a dhrop ' since he left the city," an opinion in which he fully coincided.

Now his master charged him not to tell the cause of delay ; but the spirit began to work, and he was just as communicative when the whiskey was in, as he was reserved when without that stimulus ; but he hit on a most amusing way of accounting for their detention, without actually explaining the true state of the case.

" Well, now," quoth Pat " I'll tell ye the whole affair. When we reached the top o' the mountin, the snipes an' curlews kiek'd up such a whistlin', ses I to the Masther, ' Wouldn't it be as well for ye, Sir,' ses I, ' to step out an' warm yerself afther thim birds ; an' maybe you'd shoot some of 'em,' ses I. ' Agreed, Pat !' ses he ; so out he starts, an' laves meself shiverin' in the cowl'd ; an' sure enough, 'twas himself that nivr failed to kill, whin he had the game afore him ; so down the three of us wint, to pick up our game, an', believe me, we had as many as we could carry along wid us, an' sure they nearly filled the inside o' the carriage."

The cook fancied that a carriage full of birds, snipes, and curlews, shot at midnight, too, must be a great curiosity indeed ; and accordingly she made some excuse to go out, and getting a lantern, repaired to the coach-house. She opened the carriage door, and out tumbled the legs of one of the dead assassins, followed by his body ! She threw down the lantern in her consternation, escaped to the house much more quickly than she anticipated when leaving it, and poured out a copious volley of abuse upon poor Pat " the desavor," who very pugnaciously adhered to the point that he " didn't want her to go where she did."

Mrs. Stanley arrived at the kitchen just as the cook was trying to manage a fit of hysterics, in failure of which, she revenged herself on Pat " for tellin' such

barbarous horrid lies," by relating the whole tragedy to the "Misthiss."

The conspiracy was soon made apparent, for the horrid realities speedily became developed. "Dennis the cripple" sought his interview with Mick on the previous day, for the purpose of laying poison in the way of the watch dogs, not one of which valuable animals survived that night! He was enabled therefore to reach the chamber windows after night fall, so as to set fire to the furniture of the room, reckoning on a safe egress by the same way that he entered: while his accomplices lurked in ambush at different places, that they might shoot any person approaching to, or escaping from the house; thus reckoning on a wholesale destruction of the "*Sassenachs**" of "Stanley Hall," as an acceptable sacrifice to the "*Church*," to which he intended that the persons and property of the said family, with their servants, visitors, and dependents, should be offered up as a meritorious holocaust!

There was no sleep, the reader may be sure, taken at the Hall that night. As soon as daylight appeared, the bodies of the four men were removed to the village prison, and a coroner's inquest impanelled, the jury of which returned as their verdict, "deceased came by their deaths while jointly acting in a conspiracy to murder the Honourable Augustus Stanley and his family." They were buried in a pit within the precincts of the jail, and the decomposition of their bodies hastened by throwing quick-lime over them.

On examining his pistols Mr. Stanley found the nipples spiked; showing plainly enough that some person belonging to the Hotel (in which he had dined) was in the secret, and had been bribed into complicity with the deceased, or some other ruffians, and had thus rendered them ineffective; although the percussion caps were all

* The Irish for *Protestants*.

restored to their places, the better to conceal and carry on the deception. Who the party to this branch of the business was, could never be ascertained, so thoroughly jesuitical was the whole murderous affair.

In following the matter up, evidence was obtained which implicated persons whose position rendered them little suspected of so desperate an undertaking. That a conspiracy existed against the Protestant gentry, there was no doubt; nor was there any, that those who had left Popery were marked for vengeance whenever opportunity presented itself. The next chapter will unfold part of the plot, and the legal consequences which followed the diabolical outrage detailed in this.

O Ireland! Ireland! priest-ridden Ireland! Thou art cursed with intolerance, ignorance, and superstition. Beauteous country! Oh that the day may speedily come when the gospel of Jesus will penetrate every heart, and every peasant be made to know the day of his and her merciful visitation! We cannot help thinking that the sun of this glorious promise begins to burst the clouds.

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CHAPTER XIII.

“Though hand join in hand, the wicked
shall not be unpunished.”

“Thought he—’tis no mean part of civil
State prudence to cajole the devil ;
And not to handle him too rough,
When he has us in cloven hoof.
’Tis true, indeed, that intercourse
Has pass’d atween your friends and ours ;
That as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to say,
We send you others of your own,
Denounc’d to *hang themselves or drown* ;
Or, frighted at our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story ;
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further,
By rage and malice, and even murder.
For all these kind good offices,
You shall be free of all distress.
I’ll set you down in safety, where
I have not time to tell you here.”

BUTLER.



TWO miles from Stanley Hall, lived a man whom we must know in this narrative as Bill Mullinane. He had a wife and two children, and was looked upon by his neighbours as one of the well-to-do class of small farmers in that country. His farm was most productive and good, and was held under Mr. Stanley at a long lease and low rent, so that Bill Mullinane ought to have been a happy and prosperous man. In addition to the advantages mentioned, he came into possession of a considerable sum of money by his wife, who had spent many years in the family at Stanley Hall, as a trustworthy and confidential domestic, to whom there was a strong attachment, by no means an uncommon thing in Ireland. At the time to which this part of our tale relates, Mrs. Mullinane, or "Biddy," (as the Irish people of her class usually address each other), saw a great change for the worse in her husband's manners and habits. He had been for some time keeping very irregular hours, sometimes staying out all night, and

frequently until midnight. When he returned home, he was silent and morose. Biddy knew of no lawful claim upon him to be out so often and so late, as he had no business transactions more than his neighbours; hence, as might be expected, she felt very unhappy.

Moreover, Bill's midnight revels caused him to neglect his farm by wasted mornings in bed; and when he arose, he was in an ill condition for work. Biddy's account of him on those occasions was, that "he was sour an' surly to her, an' curt in answer to any question she ax'd." Indeed his whole behaviour was altered, and nothing like his natural disposition, such as she used to see. In fact, Bill was altogether spoiled by bad company, which had caused his poor wife many lonely and disagreeable hours.

One day, Bill sat moodily at the fire about noon, and Biddy, like a good and industrious housewife, stood at a table opposite to him, ironing her clothes. The two children sat on a stool near them both, afraid to speak for fear of arousing their "daddy's" anger. There seemed to be a terrible commotion raging in the soul of the husband; for his face was red and swollen, doubtless the consequence of the previous night's carousal; his eyes were bloodshot; and his temples throbbled so hard, that he had to lean forward and press his head with both hands, to lessen thereby, if possible, the force of the fiery current that rushed through every artery. Bill's anguish was more mental than physical; and, altogether, he had more the exterior of a demon than a human being.

The stool on which the children sat was rudely made, and unequally balanced; and one of them, upon rising to hand something to his mother, upset the other, who, in falling, narrowly escaped being burned. The little fellow, whether from pain, or fright, or both, cried lustily; and the father, starting up in a rage, shouted,

"If you don't stop that sarragehown's (*saracen*, a term of reproach,) mouth, I'll kick him into the fire, so I will." Biddy flew instantly to her child, saying as softly as she could, "Don't call the poor babe such an ugly name, Bill Mullinane. Arrah! an' sure you used to love to have him an' his little brother on your two knees, Bill, an' that not long ago aither. Whatsomiver has come over ye of late, I don't know, Bill; but I'm sorry to say you're an alter'd man, an' not for the betther neither."

Bill felt the edge of this brief lecture keenly; and, as there was nothing in his wife's manner of delivering it which called for increased passion, he remained silent, and became meditative. As better feelings gradually gained the mastery, he appeared altogether a different person, and the man who a short time ago bullied and threatened his child, now approached the same little one soothingly, saying,—“Arrah! Curly avick! come to your daddy.” At that moment, Curly was in his mother's arms, and the next, was in those of the father, who vainly tried to conceal from Biddy's searching glance, the oozing tears stealing down his hardy cheek, a circumstance she judged it wisest to reserve to herself. In a minute or two, Bill stood up with Curly, and went to the door, where he tried to whistle off the emotional conflict, but found it hard work: in a few minutes more, he walked with quickened pace into the garden, where Biddy's eye followed him. The battle was far from finished, but natural affection seemed to conquer; and ere long, Biddy heard her husband sing the following popular stanza:—

“ If sadly thinkin',—
 And spirits sinkin',—
 Could more than drinkin',
 My cares compose,—

A cure for sorra,
 From sighs I'd borra
 In hopes to-morrow
 Might ind my woes."

"Ah!" said the heart-stricken wife to herself, "I see how it is—dhrink! dhrink! dhrink! an' bad company, together with late hours, are ruinin' me husband. Poor Bill! I wish from my heart you'd alter." When the song was concluded, she saw him look Curly tenderly in the face, and kiss him fondly, saying, "Curly alana! I'm sorry I scowlded ye." The little fellow, to whom this treatment was new, threw his arms around his father's neck, pressed his little face against his cheek, and wept aloud for joy. Bidly, on perceiving this, could no longer control her feelings; and, rushing out, threw herself on her knees, and in imploring accents, said, "O Bill Mullinane! if iver I said or done anything to anger ye since the day the priest gave us his blessin', I beg ye to forgive me this blessed minnit. Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do!" "Nonsense, Bidly!" said Bill; "get up out o' that I tell ye! Do ye hear? Why ye'll dhrive me mad, so ye will. Aisy, now; aisy, Bidly acushla! come an' sit down here alongside o' me." To this he received no other answer than "What have I done to you, Bill Mullinane? Oh! do tell me what I've done?" "God forbid I should accuse ye of anything," he replied; "not ye indeed, the sorra a bit." This was said in a manner which touched Bidly's heart.

Somewhat calmed by what passed, she took her seat beside him, and, looking in his face, said, "Well thin, maybe ye're sick, Bill, afther drinkin'; an' ye're afear'd to tell me; sure an' if ye are, an' if there's anything that will do ye good, jist tell me, an' I'll go over to the Hall for it, an' Mrs. Stanley will give it to me as

soon as she would to her own born sister, in a manner." "Yes Biddy, *in a manner*," Bill repeated, with an emphasis savouring strongly of malignant bitterness; "I tell ye what, there's not much to be had from the gintry without humblin' those who need it, an' I won't have their ginerosity on such terms." "Oh, don't say that, Bill," said his wife; "for I lived as you know in that family from the time I was a little girl, an' they always threated me with care an' tinderness; an' if I ivir want any favour from either Masther or Misthiss, they have always towld me I've only to ax it." He made no reply to this, but arose from his seat as if he were going in quest of a job in the carrying trade, a calling to which he gave his time when farm work was not pressing. "An' how long are ye goin' to be away?" inquired Biddy; to which he responded, "Oh, make yerself aisy about that, I'll be back as soon as I can." "Do, asthore machree, an' I'll have somethin' hot an' comfortable for supper whin ye come home; only come airly, an' rejoice the hearts o' the little childher an' their mother." The response to this was an apparently involuntary sigh, which escaped instinctively, but was not unnoticed by the keen observant eye of the mother and wife, who narrowly watched every movement, but pondered all secretly in her own heart. As he passed round the corner, she saw him wipe his tears with the sleeve of his coat.

After his departure, she racked her brain endeavouring to guess the cause of his uneasiness; and her conjectures from the words he had just repeated were, "that he was infatuated enough to allow himself to be led by, and united to, a band of outlaws, who plotted schemes of the worst description against their truest friends, the landlords and gentry of the country." This misguided man was one of a multitude, who in that day might be called

"*legion*," and who engaged in midnight maraudings and assassinations, and were bound together by the most solemn obligations, all of which were known to, and connived at, by their ghostly teachers.

Nine o'clock came to the humble Irish cottage,—a dwelling rather above the ordinary cabin,—and which humble dwelling, with well-thatched roof and white-washed walls, was clean and orderly inside, and redolent with the fumes of a seasoned supper, consisting of bacon and chicken, stewed together with potatoes. By way of improvement, the aroma of a steaming coffee-pot mingled with that of the aforesaid edibles; and this was to supply the place of an alcoholic beverage. But Bill returned not to participate in her spicy provisions, and she was left to sigh and fret, as she had often done before. The wearied babes became sleepy, and asked to go to bed; a request their mother readily conceded, first giving them a little supper. On taking Curly on her knee, the boy looked into her face as she was feeding him, and said, "Mammy, an' sure my daddy kissed me to-day." This innocent sally upon poor Biddy's feelings just then, was more than she could bear, and her emotion almost choked her. The poor child with equal simplicity repeated the words, upon which a violent outburst of grief relieved the mother. It was some minutes before she commanded sufficient firmness to settle the account with little Curly by soothing words, expressive of her pleasure at hearing it, and a "maybe he'd kiss you both by an' by when he comes in."

Midnight was now arrived, but Bill had not returned, and there lay the untasted supper still upon the table. The lonely sorrowful Biddy feared her husband's irregularities would cause him to be suspected by the authorities, who were required to be on the alert at this particular time, owing to multiplied nightly depreda-

tions. The night we are now recording was gloomy and dismal, and darkness surrounded the cottage, in which there were many conflicting thoughts. Biddy often looked out, and listened both at the door and window; but nothing could she hear, except the whistling of the wind in the distant trees. At last, worn out with working, watching, and expecting, (the latter the most fatiguing of all,) she laid her wearied frame upon the bed, hoping to forget her trouble a short time in sleep.

Slumber came on, but repose was fitful; and, towards morning, she heard his stifled voice some distance off, engaged in earnest conversation with several others, but could not discover the theme of discourse. As he approached the house, she felt assured he was under the influence of *whiskey*; and, when he entered, assurance became doubly sure; for he could not stand steady, but managed withal to divest himself of his clothing and lie down on the bed, soon after which he fell into a disturbed slumber. Biddy spoke not, although quite awake,—dreading to sleep, lest he might turn over on his face, and in his helpless condition be smothered.

He lay tolerably still for about an hour, and then, starting as if in horror, ejaculated, loud enough to be heard some distance, "I can't now, I tell ye; an' that's the short an' long of it."

"What can't ye do, Bill?" inquired his wife. "I tell ye," he replied, with frightful, terrific emphasis, "I tell ye I can't kill the man whose bread I've eaten nearly all me life; an' what's more, I'll *not do it*."

This speech was alarmingly significant, and Biddy resolved on noting it. As if responding to proposals made by companions, he went on to say, in an angry impassioned mood, "Very well if it is: shoot ME thin if ye like, an' any time ye plase. If I did itself, the lot

was not a fair one, an' it wasn't fairly dhrawn; for, whin the lots wor put into the hat, HE knew where to lay his hand on the one that shooted him. Och! ma-vourneen! ye often heer'd the owld sayin' 'a bad oath betther broke nor kep';' an' what was thruc thin, is thru now." Then again starting up in bewilderment, he felt round as if to ascertain where he was; and, on finding Biddy near him, in a mock of pleasantry shouted out, "phililoo! ma Colleen! I b'lieve I was dhreamin'."

"O Bill! Bill!" sobbed Biddy in smothered accents; "What I fear'd has proved thruc!—too thruc!—too thruc!" He now began to sober a little, and understand what was said, and endeavoured to pass off his wife's anxiety by saying, "'Tut! ye silly 'ooman, don't be makin' a fool o' yerself intirely." "Well, Bill," she said, "promise me one thing, an' I'll be satisfied, an' never upbrade ye with the past." "Anything ye like, me best frind," was his answer. "Well thin, promise me, Bill Mull'nane, that ye'll niver lave yer own fireside at night to go wid other people as long as I keep it clane an' comfortable for ye. To spind your nights wid such as I heer'd outside the door an hour ago, instead o' bein' wid your wife and childher, is more than woman can stand. Promise me in the Lord's name niver to lave me at night agin." "With all my heart, Biddy, in the Lord's name." "Now thin," said she, "I'm satisfied; may God bless ye, Bill, and mark ye to grace."

This colloquy over, Bill soon fell into another slumber, sounder than the former; but his wife slept not. In her wakefulness, her mind instinctively became retrospective, and the happy days at the Hall were among her agreeable thinkings; but forebodings equally instinctive marred the former. Past multiplied kindnesses on the part of her former Master and Mistress, from her girl-

hood up to her marriage, affected her deeply; for Biddy had a grateful heart. Remembering all this, her very soul within her revolted at the bare idea that her husband would be so forgetful of many instances of indulgence, as to suffer himself to be seduced by a band of villains, and with them conspire against the best of friends, who was at once the protector and benefactor of his people.

While these thoughts were passing through the sleepless woman's mind, and some time before daylight had shed its rays abroad, she dozed a little, and was disturbed by something. "Hush!" She started in alarm. "What can that be?" Perhaps it was imaginary, and imagination answered for her. "It was only the footstep of a passing traveller, early on his journey."

"There is another noise; what is it? Hush! Ha! it is at the back door! Softly! there! I saw a human figure glide flittingly past the bedroom window. Ah! yes! that room where all were supposed to be locked in sleep! That human form! Whose could it be?"

Mrs. Mullinane leaned on her elbow, and held her breath almost to suffocation; and saw to her inexpressible amazement a stately form, with measured military tread, pass the window a second time, and approach the front door of the cottage. What! thought she, can all this mean?

A deep treble voice, in commanding terms asks, "Is all right, constable?" "All right, sir," was responded by the second in command; both speaking in a tone well understood by the initiated. "Is every pass guarded?" was again asked; and the response was, "Every one, sir."

"Now then, my men, hear me. Do you duty firmly, but kindly," said the chief. "Give no unnecessary trouble to the woman and children; and if resistance is

made, use no more force than will be requisite to secure your prisoner or prisoners, should there be more than one. Always wait the word of command from *me*."

A smart tap was then made at the front door, but met with no answer. Biddy shook her husband, who immediately awoke, but was far from knowing his position.

"Bill," she said, "what shall I say to the Masther; here are the *Police*."

"Where?" he eagerly and affrightedly inquired. Oh! poor Bill!

"Outside the door," Biddy replied.

"Och! an' I knew it all by my dhream," said Bill. "Tell him," he added, "I'm guilty, and that I throw you, meself, an' innocent childher on his marcy."

"An' you think he has some marcy, Bill!" said his wife.

"Think! think!" said the infatuated husband; "ah! fegs I know it well; an' that's what breaks me heart. Let me open the door."

Another knock louder than the former was given, accompanied by the significant demand, "Open, in the KING's name."

To this summons the poor woman answered, by requesting time to put on her clothes, which was granted. The door being opened, there stood the officer in the discharge of his duty, face to face with his prisoner. No time was lost in handcuffing the criminal, the dupe of men worse and more criminal than he. But it is more the system than the men.

While the handcuffing process was going on, the officer saw the two infant children asleep on their truckle bed, and likewise the neatly set-out supper; as well as many tokens of neat and economical housewifery and industry, the work of the now heart-broken Biddy. The clean nice window curtains and bed furniture proved

her to be a wife worthy of a more self-reliant man; and upon thus looking round on the touching scene before him, tears came, which betokened him to be a man of the finest susceptibilities, as brave as he was tender, mingling generosity with inflexible duty.

While the subject of these emotions, he said, "My poor woman, I am sorry to be under the necessity of disturbing you at this early hour, but my duty is imperative. I feel much for you, and cannot help thinking that if your husband had employed himself as usefully as you seem to have done, this sad and painful business would have been spared you and me."

"Indeed, sir," observed the afflicted woman, "whatever you an' others may think or say of me husband, there's worse men than he, although he's poor."

"I hope so," said the officer; "but, as time presses, you," addressing the prisoner, "must come with us; and if you want to say anything to your wife or children, you had better do so at once. Perhaps you would like to eat something; I see the meat intended for last night is still upon the table; sit down a few minutes and partake of it, if so minded."

Bill's heart was too full for eating, and Biddy lifted the children, (three-parts asleep, and unconscious of the terrible feelings which now agitated the bosoms of their father and mother,) first one and then the other, that he might kiss them; and the poor victim of priestly delusion seemed quite unmanned and overwhelmed, while he did so. All was now completed, and he was marched off to the nearest Bridewell.

Immediately after the prisoner was removed, Biddy hurried off to the cabin of a near neighbour, taking with her the two children. The hour was early, and the woman was still in bed; but Biddy could not afford to stand upon ceremony, and hesitated not to wake up her

friend Mrs. Flanigan. The door was opened; Biddy entered, and, moderating her excitement as much as possible, proceeded to request leave to place the two children, Curly and Jemmy, in her charge until the afternoon, as she had to go over to the Hall, and Bill had gone from home. There was nothing unusual in this, as Bill often went from home, and Biddy often went to the Hall, leaving Curly and Jemmy on other occasions with her neighbour Mrs. Flanigan.

Deep grief, and the most oppressive forebodings, aided in accelerating Biddy's speed towards Stanley Hall. It so happened, a friend who was travelling in the same direction, kindly permitted her to ride upon his car, which very much relieved her. She reached the Hall about seven o'clock, and asked permission to see the "Misthiss immediately," in answer to which she was ordered to walk up stairs. The Misses Stanley and their mamma, were at the time preparing for their morning walk, but Biddy's visit delayed them; and they must hear what brought her so early.

As soon as Mrs. Stanley made her appearance, Biddy threw herself on her knees, and sobbed aloud. She tried to speak, but utterance failed her. Mrs. Stanley was greatly surprised, and entreated to know what was the matter? "Was either of the children ill?"

"O no! no, ma'am! worse than that," she stammered out.

"Well then has Bill been taken ill? and if so don't be alarmed at all, and I'll send round Dr. ——— to visit him immediately."

"Promise me, ma'am," the poor creature answered—"promise me you'll persuade the mather to have his life spared."

"His life spared? spared? why woman, you must be beside yourself. Sit down here," said the generous-

hearted lady, "and tell me what has happened. Has Bill been hurt in any way?"

"Oh no, ma'am, not at all, at all; but the Police took him away from me this mornin' for bein' among the party who attacked the Masther."

"Oh, if that be all, Biddy," said Mrs. Stanley, "I can promise what you ask; for I am sure he is innocent."

"I wish he was, ma'am, from my heart," ejaculated poor Biddy; "but when the police came before daylight to take him, an' while they were surroundin' the house, he towld me to confess his guilt to the Masther, an' thrust to his honour's marey."

Mrs. Stanley at this point hastened to the library, (the place in which Mr. Stanley usually spent a portion of his mornings,) where she found her husband fully occupied in addressing notes to some of his brother magistrates of the County, upon important business. He was aware that Bill Mullinane and several others would be arrested that morning, and he was preparing for extraordinary disclosures, expected to arise out of their capture.

"Stanley, my love," said his good lady, "have you heard of Bill Mullinane?" She put this question directly upon entering the library.

"Not yet, exactly," he said, but I expect to hear something about him very shortly.—Oh, ha! there goes a policeman past the window with a letter in his hand. I dare say they have got him and several others besides, and this messenger brings the news."

"Now Stanley, poor Biddy is below stairs, and"—
—"Oh, yes!" broke in Mr. Stanley, "and threw herself on her knees, and told you how very grateful she felt to you for all past kindness, and how sorry she was for her husband's conduct, and that he would throw himself on my mercy, and all the rest of it."

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I have heard the story; and now Mrs. Stanley you may go and preach fine sentimentalism somewhere else this time. I'll take very good care you don't get over me in the present case."

"But I really intend to do that very thing, my dear; and this very time, too."

"Do you indeed, Mrs. Stanley? We shall see. This fine talk may look very nice on paper, and may do to illustrate the winning qualities of ladies, but for the benefit and preservation of society in this country, it is absolutely necessary to make examples; and I am sorry to add, Mrs. Stanley, Bill Mullinane and some of his companions will have to swing, as terrible examples to others. They had a plot laid to assassinate every landed proprietor in the country, and he was one of the men who attacked me the other night, when I had so narrow an escape with my life. They need not expect to escape me, my dear. If they meet in rat-holes, I'm determined to ferret them out.

"But you may be mistaken in some respects. I wish at all events, you would speak to Biddy."

Now Mrs. Stanley knew, notwithstanding the long speech of her husband, that he was not altogether indisposed to see the poor sorrow-stricken woman, and she forthwith ordered her into the library, where she stood for a moment or two, silent and motionless, until addressed by Mr. Stanley.

"Sit down, Biddy," he said, kindly; "sit down. I am sorry for you and your little children, and I am the more so, when I think how overseen we were to throw you away upon such a worthless villain. But whatever becomes of him, you and your mistress will be able to agree."

"Oh, sir!" she said, "don't form yer opinion until ye hear what I have to say; an' thin, if it was me own

life was at stake, I know you'll do the right thing, an' I'll try to feel satisfied."

Mr. Stanley looked sternly at her for a moment, as if to read her heart through her countenance, and then said, "Tell me all you know without the least reserve or disguise; and I promise you it shall not affect your husband for the worse. Further than that I cannot promise at present."

Biddy proceeded to tell all she knew of the existing conspiracy, and the means whereby she first became acquainted with it. Mr. Stanley, after hearing all, and partaking of a hasty breakfast, proceeded forthwith to the place of meeting, to examine the charges against Mullinane and his alleged co-conspirators, to murder their true friend and landlord; and when confronted by that gentleman, Mullinane at once confessed the part he acted in the attack. It turned out that he was first beguiled into habits of drinking at late hours; and the nature of the meetings required the use of *unlicensed* houses. The next thing that followed was the infamous company he was drawn into, that of "ribbon-men," who plotted murder and other depredations. Having committed himself to these desperate schemes, he must either abide by them, or risk, if not forfeit, his own life; and this being so, he was compelled to accompany the party who attacked Mr. Stanley, although he would not, and did not, take any active part in the horrid transaction.

Owing to the fear of losing his own life by some confederate, he was obliged to conceal even from his wife, the plot that was laid. The terrible oaths by which their secrets were bound compelled silence, however guilty; nor did he attempt to openly break that silence, until his life, through the laws, had nearly paid for his temerity. Under all the circumstances, the magistrates

considered him the least guilty of the party, and through Mr. Stanley's recommendation, the Government accepted him as "King's evidence;" and a special commission was issued to try the conspirators, all of whom were found guilty, and several of whom were sentenced to death! All these sentences were, however, commuted, either to imprisonment or transportation; and among the most guilty were several wealthy farmers. The vigour with which these proceedings were taken completely crushed this "ribbon" conspiracy, so that in this, as well as in many other instances, the myrmidons of Popery found the law too strong for them.

Mullinane, having acted under terror, was liberated. It was stated that he tried repeatedly to convey to Mr. Stanley some intimation of his danger, but could not. He could not write, and he dare not go near the house, because the eye of every one was upon his fellow; and woe to the man that gave such information as would cause the game to escape. Although told off *by lot* to take part in the intended assassination, he went with the rest, but never discharged his fire-arms.

When Mullinane was released, he returned to his farm; and, by close attention and great diligence, he completely recovered his character. He lived for years after, remarkable for sobriety and industry. When asked some years subsequent to the foregoing events, "*what his opinion was of Mr. Stanley's religion?*" he replied, "All I can pretend to know about the matter is,—whenever that gentleman says his prayers, I'm sure he has the *right sort* of religion; an' as for meself, God help me, I've none at all, at all."

Such was the reply of an Irish peasant, who had been enlisted to shoot the very man whose religion he considered of the "right sort."

CHAPTER XIV.

Tells about "believing in Jesus to the Saving
of the Soul."

"What think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him.
As Jesus appears to our view,
As He is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath are your lot.
"When ask'd, what of Jesus I think?"
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say He's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store;
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend;
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end:
My portion, my Lord, and my ALL "

NEWTON.

Sabing



MY readers, I fear, are impatient to return to the Slate House, and get a glimpse of what is, and what has been transpiring there since we left it. It will be proper for me here to inform them, that at this particular period of our narrative, an agitation upon the question of *tithes* was at its height. The priests, and the leading members of parliament at their side of the House, denounced the tithe system. The clergy combined, and enforced the payment by military aid, and consequences followed that leave dark places upon the history of those proceedings. Without entering minutely into the matter, suffice it to say, that many persons wishing well to Protestantism, would have been glad if that question had been settled without an appeal to carnal weapons, and that, too, by ministers of religion. Recent events at Middleville made it unsafe for

Protestants to be much out of their houses, especially after dark; for affairs were anything but quiet for several weeks. But as soon as Mick Tracy thought he could with safety venture abroad, he paid a visit to the Slate House.

Hitherto he perceived in John certain signs of spiritual progress, but on the occasion of this visit, he was very much pained and disappointed. There was a harshness, and an abruptness of manner he had not observed before, accompanied with a disposition to deal severely with the established form of Christianity. He had of late confined himself very much to the house, and the circle of his acquaintance was narrowed to persons belonging to the establishment. He had shaken off Popery as a mischievous delusion, and adopted opposite opinions. He was like a bird just leaving its nest, with scarcely feather enough to cover it, or wing enough to fly. The all-absorbing topic, *tithes*, became a stumbling-block to him, as they had been to many others; and "the Church which enforced them, he regarded as a political institution, professedly founded upon Christianity, but actually a pretext for the basest acts." He had been led to reason thus, from a hasty view of passing events,—“political agitations on the one hand, and *tithe* agitation on the other,”—together with “the efforts of the clergy to promote the reformation;” all these placed John in a dilemma.

When Mick entered, the old people quietly withdrew. The girls remained, and appeared to have thrown off all restraints of Popery; for they resolved to hear all that would pass.

“I thought I would like to call,” said Mick, “an’ inquire how ye get on these troublesome times, an’ what progress ye are makin’ in the knowledge av God, an’ in divine things. All the language addressed to Christians

in the good Book expresses the idaya (idea) of advancing: movin'—walkin'—runnin'—fightin'—growin'—are some of the terms, an' all is for us."

"I don't know, Mick," said John, peevishly. "It appears to me as if the whole thing of religion were a farce to deceive, and rob, and murder people. Father Fogarty, and those like him, have not the law to enforce their claims, and others have recourse to sheer humbug and delusion; the Protestant clergy can enforce their claims by law, and their argument is the musket, bullet, or sabre."

"I see whercabouts ye are now, Master John, avick," Mick answered; "but the Lord will bring ye out av that; glory be to his great name."

"How can *you* tell my thoughts?" John replied, warmly.

"Och, indeed," said Mick; "I'm no prophet, nor the son av a prophet, but I know that much, an' a little more too. May I tell ye somethin' about yerself, which perhaps ye think nobody knows but yer own self?"

"Indeed you may; I hope you don't profess fortune-telling, Mick."

"Not a bit of it, Masther John, but to begin: Yer judgment an' intilligince has been enlighten'd of late, an' yer conscience convinced av sin, an' yer necessity av a Saviour. Now thin, instead o' comin' to this Saviour as a guilty creathur, an' castin' yerself simply on God's promised marcy in Christ Jasus, yer heart has rebelled against the Scripthure plan o' salvation by grace alone. Where there is an earnest an' sincere purpose to know an' do the will o' God, Popery presents a much less offinsive way av reconciliation with HIM than the Scrip-thures do; bekase it leads a sinner to rely on *his own diligence* in duty; an' consequently makes him, to some extent at least, his own Saviour *through the Church*.

But the Bible takes even this ground from on dher his feet, an' shows him that he must be saved as a *guilty*, not as a *holy* creathur; as a *lost*, not as a *patched up* or *minded* article. I feel purty sure, Masther John, that all this has been passin' through yer mind, though ye may niver have put it into words; an' now, Satan, fearful o' losin' his prey, has made use of recent circumstances to fill yer mind with perplexin' doubts; an' the treachery of the human heart has induced ye to indulge these things to escape from conviction. But, Masther John, avourneen!* don't be said or led by the Devil. Resist, him, my darlint, an' he'll flee from ye. Don't be afeard to know how sick an' bad your poor sowl is; for Christ can hale it, if it was a thousand times as bad as it is; yes, indeed he can."

During the delivery of these words John fixed his eyes on Mick with amazement. He seemed to feel himself in proximity with a celestial being of whose purity he was more than half afraid. At length he said, "May the good God deliver me; but how could mortal man know what you have told me now, unless he were inspired. You have told me my very thoughts, Mick; thoughts which I have never revealed even to my sisters."

Here both the girls burst into tears, declaring that such had been precisely their own state of mind, and wondering how Mick could have known anything of it.

"Know it!" said Mick; "how should I know it only by my own experiance of the desatefulness o' me own heart. It is 'desateful above all things;' for nothin' but *it* can desave itself. Now it is one thing to judge av religion as God taches it in his blessed Word, an' another to judge av it by incumbrances which states, an' governments, an' magistrates, have thrown about it. You look at Father Fogarty's conduct an' say, 'That's

* A term of endearment.

not the religion av Christ.' You look to Archdacon Horseman an' say, '*That's* not the religion av Christ.' Your heart tells ye, ye are a guilty sinner, an' thin Satan whispers, 'Oh, no! indeed ye are not a sinner at all, at all; bekase two sets o' min professin' Christ's religion do not practise it.' This is lookin' to man and not to Christ, the only one to whom ye should look. Instead av allowin' your mind to be beguil'd in this way, ye should look to God for his marcy in pardonin' yer sins. Remimber that this is a matter betune God an' yer own sowl; not betune yerself an' any church, priest, minister, nor man. Ye must first trust Christ for His marcy, an' thin seek His guidance in leadin' ye to associate with those who love an' adorn His Name and profession. One o' the fatal errors av Romanism is, that it leads men to believe that God views them in masses, rather than as individuals; an' by tachin' that people are to be saved or lost as they are united to, or sever'd from, this or that communion; forgettin' that each one of us, as the Book tells us, 'shall give account av himself to God.' No intimation here av bein' judged by churches."

"Well, Michael Tracy," said Betsy, "I hope it will prove a blessed day for us all, that you commenced to speak of those matters under this roof." Her sister joined in the sentiment, and all four united in a conversation, the result of which convinced Mick that the GREAT TEACHER had been at work on the minds of the whole family of the Slate House. The girls motioned to him to elevate his voice, so that their father and mother might hear in the adjoining room; and many questions were put to him with nods and winks so directed, as to convince him that the answers intended to be elicited, were for the especial benefit of the "old people;" whom they had frequently overheard of late

conversing together on those subjects, when they thought no person was within hearing distance of them.

Mick opened his pocket Bible, and read several beautiful passages in their hearing, commenting in his plain and practical way as he went along. He read part of the first chapter of the Epistle to the church at Rome, showing how the Apostle had addressed it generally to and for all the members thereof (verse 7); a plain proof that he did not intend it merely for the "clergy," if they had any as such at the time. He also read the third and fourth chapters of the first Epistle to Timothy, which exhibit the true qualifications of a Christian Bishop, and predict the apostasy of the Romish hierarchy in words too plain to be misunderstood by any one who reads them with the least degree of attention. He then directed them to some of the penitential parts of God's Word, such as the fifty-first Psalm; and exhorted them one and all to seek earnestly for the knowledge and assurance of God's pardoning mercy.

"And tell me now, Mick," said one of the girls, "when we pray to God to forgive our sins, is it possible for us to know whether he will answer our prayers or not?"

"To be sure it is," he replied with emphasis. "Why, dear me, if I were to promise ye anything, don't ye think it would be thrating me with grate disrespect, to question for a moment whether I intinded to keep my word or not?"

They all acknowledged it would indeed betray a want of confidence in him, that ought not to exist.

"Oh! if I thought," said Betsy, "that my sins could be forgiven, so that I might know it, or even have a comfortable hope of it, I would walk barefoot to the world's end to have this load lifted from my heart."

"Well thin, listen to me, or rather listen to the good and merciful God. Oh! He says—'Come unto ME, all

ye that labour, and are *heavy laden*, and I will give you *rest*; take *my yoke* upon you and *learn of ME*, and ye shall find *rest* unto your souls.' There's no pinance or walkin' barefoot there, the simple cure is '*comin' to Jasus*;' and comin' '*jist now*,' guilty as we are. Listen to David in the 32nd Psalm—'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' Agin—'I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.' 'I said, I will acknowledge my transgression unto *the Lord*,' (not to the priest) 'and Thou *forgavest* the iniquity of my sin.' 'For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time *when Thou mayest be found*.' Now what do ye say?"

"I say," she replied, "that is a blessed Book; I cannot see what spite people can have against it. Oh! 'tis a precious Book."

"The people," he replied, "would have no spite against it, if it were not for the priests. The Bible tells us to come to God through his Son. They tell us, we must come through the priest, an' that we must only larn his blessed word as they please to dole it out to us. Now let us all four kneel down an' ax God to forgive our sins for Christ's sake; an' let us believe while we pray that he will do it, bekase he has promised to do it; an' if we believe his Word we shall have his 'witness within our hearts' that we have 'passed from death unto life.' Masther John, will you please to lead us in prayer for this blessin'?" John, trembling in every limb, and turning pale, declined, and pleaded that he was too great a sinner to do any such thing.

"That is jist the very rayson," his friend said, "why you need to pray. The publican prayed, 'God be merciful to me *a sinner*,' an' Jasus tells he was forgiven, an' was '*justified*.'"

They knelt down; and John, for the first time in his

life, approached the mercy-seat audibly for pardon, as a sinner, solely through Jesus Christ. He said, "God be merciful to ME a sinner, a stubborn-hearted sinner. What is there I would not have done, rather than have come to Thee without merit, without anything or any person to commend me to Thy favour; but I look for the mercy Thou hast promised through Jesus Christ, and I do believe Thou wilt perform that promise even to, and in me."

He paused for a moment, and burst into a flood of tears. "The oil of joy" was that moment given him, instead of "mourning;" the "garment of praise" took the place of the "spirit of heaviness;" and, ere he rose from his knees, that proud, rebellious, self-righteous spirit, was subdued, and a penitent, believing, rejoicing disciple uttered the new-born cry of "*Abba, Father!*" His sisters likewise, together with both his aged parents, were, ere many weeks rolled away, made partakers of a "good hope through grace," wondering at the blindness and obstinacy which had, up to that time, closed their minds against God and his holy Word; and pitying their friends and relatives, who still remained strangers to God and to "the word of his grace," and for whom they statedly and devoutly prayed to be made like partakers with themselves. Oh! what a change in the Slate House!

Converts from Popery began now to multiply considerably in and around Middleville, the consequence of which was, that persecution went on unceasingly, both openly and covertly.

Some of those whose minds underwent a change, adopted the services in the Episcopal Church, and there were others who conscientiously adopted an opposite course, each "being fully persuaded in his own," and her own, "mind."

Inquirers, also, multiplied; and every person who

took a special interest in the movement, found plenty of employment. Mick Tracy's hands were full; for day and night he was sought for, to direct and counsel one and another in the way of truth. He did this as many others did, in the simplest and plainest way; making the Word itself the basis of all doctrine. Indeed Mick had the largest share of the labour; for seeing many were awakened through his instrumentality, they naturally came to him for direction.

Nor was the spirit of power slow to water the Divine seed. Humble as were the instruments, many a giant Goliath was prostrated by the sling and stone taken from the river of the water of life; and among the ablest of assistants in the glorious work, was the young master of the Slate House. He had, at the period where we now are, begun to discharge the duties of a pastor.

The Slate House was now a truly happy, heavenly, home! The family therein was a truly happy family, in which "the candles of the Lord shone brightly." In it, there was a tabernacle for God, upon which the Shekinah hovered. But the path to glory in their case, as in multitudes of others, lay through much "tribulation."

The Christian barque, although she does crest the wave buoyantly, has often, nevertheless, to take her place in a deep recess between over-towering billows, where for a moment, she is obscured and hidden from the light of the glorious orb which illumines not only the ocean, but our world. It was so with the heads of the Slate House; tribulation, persecution, and reproach awaited them, but the light of heaven's glory shone upon their path. The ship was about to be tossed, but the Divine Helmsman was in to guide her. Whether on the wave or in the depth, with Him, all are safe for the port above. Wherefore doubt? Courage! noble souls? "The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power

to his people." Your barque, reader, though "tempest-tossed," is not a wreck, and never shall be, if you are only faithful. He who holds the winds in his fists, may let loose so much as will prove the powers of your craft, but He stays the proud wave which would engulf her; and brings her with her burden safely to the port of peace. "In the day of the east wind," saith the Prophet, "He stayeth the rough wind." Jesus may be asleep in the vessel; but fear not, ye doubting hearts, the storm can never overwhelm, while He is so near.

The glorious work described in this chapter as going on in the family at the Slate House and neighbourhood, was by no means confined to that locality. No spot in Ireland was exempt from the movement, and in every place the priests were in arms. Indeed many of "the priests themselves believed, and abandoned the Mass-book, in order to preach Jesus, as the only Mediator between God and man, not a few of whom had to leave the country in order to seek safety elsewhere."

CHAPTER XV.

A Priest may be cheated and a neighbour obliged,
although an accused heretic.

“ Who is the honest man ?

He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, *his neighbour*, and *himself*, most true :

Whom neither force nor fawning can
Un-pinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

“ Whom none can work or woo,

To use in anything a trick or sleight ;

For above all things he abhors deceit :

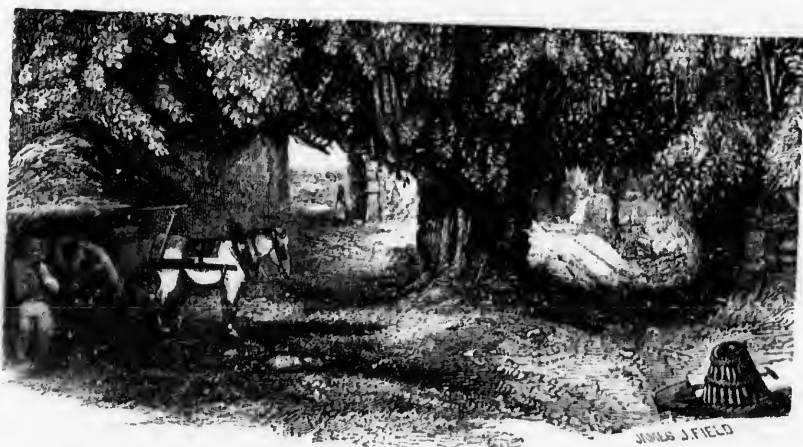
His words and works and fashion, too,
All of a piece ; and all are cleare and straight.

“ Whom nothing can procure,

When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To writhe limbes, and share, not mend the ill.

Thus in the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.”

GEORGE HERBERT.



MUCH as the people of Middleville believed in the miraculous power supposed to be possessed by Father Fogarty, as well as all other Romish ecclesiastics, dead and alive, there were some things nevertheless, which they seemed to consider beyond the limits of that power.

All the true children of the Church believed, for example "that the priest could convert a thousand wafers into as many Jesus Christs, in each of which there would be his *real* corporeal presence!" "whole and entire," while all the sensible qualities of the bread remained unchanged; that, in reality, these numerous Jesus Christs are, notwithstanding, but *one* Christ! although swallowed by a thousand individuals, each of whom swallows the same Jesus Christ "whole and entire!" Such was the teaching of Father Fogarty, about which many and serious doubts were entertained in Middleville and elsewhere. Nor were these doubts confined to this monster dogma; for the people began to examine; conviction followed, and truth prevailed. Before inquiry,

they believed that the priest could, if he chose, change a man into a horse or donkey ; although nobody ever saw either horse or donkey that had previously been a man. They also believed he could bring souls out of Purgatory, or keep them there, just in proportion to the money paid for masses. No money ; stay there. Money paid, masses said ; deliverance was alleged : but the proof of deliverance, where is it ? Nowhere !

The man who was believed to be competent to do all this was in prison too. How was it he could not command bolts and bars to yield to his pretended skill, and thereby visit his faithful flock periodically at Middleville ? It never struck his poor benighted, but bigoted adherents, that this boasted power was mere gasconade ; and now that " private judgment " was coming rapidly into fashion and requisition, the old tricks of the priest could no longer be practised nor endured with impunity. The dim flickering light of Popery is soon extinguished ; but the light of the glorious gospel has this peculiarity, the more it is sought to be blown out, the more brilliantly it burns.

Father Fogarty had been importuned for some years to keep a curate, but on one pretext or other, he declined. The necessity for some one in that capacity, now became imperative. Application was made to Maynooth, and a young man fully fledged, and duly ordained and initiated, was sent. He literally burned with zeal for Mother Church, and met with all needful co-operation.

Indeed it was said that, when application was made to the Bishop for such an official, he had influence enough at the College aforesaid to have the ordination of this young man precipitated, because of his supposed adaptedness for the sphere in which his labors were required, to stay the spreading plague of heresy.

For three Sundays after Father Fogarty had taken up quarters in the jail at —, the functions of his office had been discharged by clergymen from some of the adjacent parishes. On the fourth Sunday, expectation was on tip-toe to see and hear this new "son of thunder." All parties were eager to have the Mass as quickly disposed of as possible, in order to hear the "sarrmon;" but alas! much to their mortification and disappointment, they were dismissed without one. Now, although Roman Catholics have no voice in the choice of their own pastors (a regulation which ought not to exist in any communion, as I think), yet, nevertheless, they, in common with other people, fail not to have their preferences; for so it was at Middleville, and so will it be while time lasts, in every other place.

Father Fogarty, with all his faults, was a favourite, and a description of his *personnel* may not be uninteresting to the reader.

He was a jolly, burly, fat priest, of the old school, standing six feet high, and weighing about sixteen stone avoirdupois. He had a blooming face, with a large carbuncled nose, the colours of which alternated occasionally-like the reported hues of the dying dolphin,—between red, blue and purple. He generally encased his well-formed legs and feet in shoes and black silk stockings—the shoes surmounted on the instep by large silver buckles, but which were sometimes substituted by Hessian, or clerical boots of the most orthodox shape, supposed to add to the symmetry of the limbs. With regard to dress for the upward man, his Reverence used to say "he never disguised himself in the modern fashionable innovations called 'Pantaloons,' and uniformly preferred the more ancient covering, *yelezi* 'BREECHES.'" This garment the reverend Father patronized; and beside knee buttons, he added silver buckles of approved

taste, the material being double-milled kerseymere. His ordinary coat was of the most antiquated style, single buttoned, stand-up collar, and inclining rather to the "William Penn" cut. His white neck-cloth was an entire square of yard and quarter muslin, beneath which was a quilted pad, designed, according to his logic, to keep in the warmth, and keep out the cold. The great-coat was a model coat, requiring as it did, eight or ten yards of blue treble-milled cloth to produce it; and this again was surmounted by three or four extra capes of the same fabric, "to throw over his shoulders in severe weather;" so that when enveloped in these ample foldings up to the chin, and mounted upon his grey mare, who would have the hardihood to insinuate that the reverend Father's courser was not a "weight carrier?" Indeed, whenever his Reverence appeared in public on occasions of duty, riding to say Mass, or proceeding to a "station," he was always attractive, especially on a winter's day, and muffled up as here described; a sight which on one occasion drew a bitter satire from a countryman of his own. "Father Fogarty," he said, "reminded me to-day, of a huge churn, sent out to take exercise, muffled up in a bale of blankets to keep it from ketchin' cowld."

Nor must I omit to pay due attention to the reverend Father's mare. I cannot pretend to offer the reader any traces of her pedigree, as I am not skilled in such things; but as to height, form, and limb, she was symmetry itself, and knew her owner and rider as well as another quadruped which shall be nameless. Even the trappings of the beast were as orthodox from the bit to the crupper, as the trade generally tolerate; and with regard to the saddle especially, it was so contrived as to be as easy upon the creature's back as was compatible with ease to him who sat thereon.

And now a word or two about Father Fogarty's *locum tenens*.

Father Connarty, as we will call the young curate, resembled his rector in little, except zeal for and attachment to Popery. In person, he was tall and slender; and dressed according to the new continental style of ecclesiastics, that is, in black single-breasted frock coat, and black trousers to match. A black satin vest, buttoned to the neck; attenuated neck, with an inch or so of thin white cambrie turned down over it, so as to leave the black visible, peeping out from beneath the white.

He moved with all the circumspection and wiliness of a jesuit. No one could ever tell by a muscle of his countenance, whether he was pleased or displeased. His sepulchral voice; pale, emaciated countenance; stealthy step; mysterious caution in speaking, always pausing before he answered a question, and frequently letting it pass unanswered, as well as his rigid abstinence in meat and drink, invested him with a degree of sanctity in the estimation of some minds, which, when they contrasted these movements with those of Father Fogarty's irascible temper, and love of the "good things" of this life, established him at once, in their view, as the very man who was to annihilate all further defections from the Church to the ranks of Protestantism in Middleville.

Father Fogarty was of that class who liked to hear a good out-and-out scolding sermon, whether directed against "the faithful," or against heretics, and who, having said mass on Sunday mornings, liked to spend the evening of that holy day at a hurling match, or football; and the afternoon over a dinner of bacon and chicken, with white or other cabbage to match, which last requisite, because of its flatulent tendencies, he uni-

formly washed down with a strong tumbler of whiskey punch.

The Reverend gentleman when occupied in social enjoyment, was, in addition to these, a great man for keeping up certain "old sayings," one of which in particular he was known to repeat immediately after dinner every day; namely, that "a bad dinner *required* a glass of punch, and a good one *deserved* it;" so that, his dinners being always either *good* or *bad*, the punch was never forgotten.

Father Connarty, on the other hand, became the idol of the class who rigidly observed the rules of the church, and hated Protestantism and Protestants as much as Father Fogarty did; but who, for prudential reasons, abstained from any public collision with their neighbours of different religious views from their own. He was one of those men who could make you think he was doing you the greatest kindness, when in reality he was undermining the ground upon which you stood. "*Suaviter in modo*," was the rule by which he did everything, so that in refusing a favour, he would make you feel better pleased than others would in granting one. On the second Sunday morning of his sojourn at Middleville, he ventured to indulge the people with a bit of a "*Discourse*." He said:—

"I regret very much, my friends, that any unpleasantness should exist between you who are faithful to the Church, and your Protestant neighbours; but being a comparative stranger among you, I cannot be supposed to know all the existing causes of disunion. Doubtless there are faults on both sides. I am aware how trying it is to the feelings of the faithful, to see their friends and neighbours treading in the paths of error; and their zeal for the truth (particularly when their beloved rector's safety of

"person and property have been considered in danger,) "may have led them into various indiscretions in the "manner of showing their detestation of heresy. These "individual indiscretions, I am sorry to find, have been "laid to the alleged persecuting tendencies of our "Apostolic Church, but nothing could be a greater "mistake than this. *The Church never did persecute,* "and never *can* persecute. If any persist in asserting "that she has, or can do so, we must only leave them "to be dealt with by the God of heaven. Now, to "avoid the charge of persecution as much as possible, "it will be necessary for awhile, until the storm of "feeling blows over to hold no intercourse with those "who have apostatized from the faith; for, so long as "you consent to speak to them on any subject whatsoever, they will try either to corrupt you by their "errors, or, if unable to do that, they will betray you "into some warmth of temper, which they call 'Persecution.' Therefore, for the present at least, have "nothing to say or do with them. Neither buy nor "borrow from them. Neither sell nor lend to them. "Don't open your lips to them in any way whatever, "or on any pretext whatever."

A day or two after the delivery of this "non-persecuting" homily, Mick Tracy came in from his little potato field, where he had been ploughing, to his own cottage, when his wife perceived that something troubled him; for he leaned his head upon his hands in a pensive mood. "Have you done ploughin' so soon, Mick?" she asked, knowing that he could hardly have finished in so short a time.

"No," he said; "an' I'm sure I don't know whin it's likely to be finish'd. I broke the coulther of me plough this mornin'; an' there is'nt a blacksmith in the neighbourhood who'll mind it for me."

"An' why won't they mind it, Mick? Arn't you willin' to pay 'em for it?"

"I am, my dear; but they won't spake to me, nor tell me the rayson why they refuse to do my work."

"I'll engage 'tis this new priest that has put some-thin' into their heads."

"I'm not surpris'd at it. Howsomever, the ground must be plough'd or we can't have any pratees," said Mick. "The Lord above alone knows what is best to be done. I'll lave it in His hands. Stay now," he added, "I'll jist go down fair and aisy to Tim Higgins, an' ax him to lind me his plough; I lint him mine last spring, whin he was in the same purdicamint that I'm in now. May the Lord put it in his heart to obleege me."

No sooner resolved on, than Mick began to act upon his resolution. Off he went to Tim Higgins' cabin, where he found the very man he was in quest of, standing at his own door, his shoulder resting against the framework of the same as if to support it, and his son Paddy in a similar position at the opposite side.

"Tim agra, I'm in a hobble this mornin'," said Mick: "me plough is broke, an' I can't git anybody to mind it. Will ye lind me yours? an' maybe I could obleege ye another time."

Tim made no answer, but rolled a bit of twist tobacco between his hands to loosen it sufficiently for his pipe,—which he held firmly between his teeth,—without even deigning a look at the heretic Michael.

When his tobacco was sufficiently untwisted, he blew the ashes out of his dudheen,* and proceeded very deliberately to fill it without speaking a word. Mick, in the meantime, kept urging his plea with all the eloquence he could command, and Tim acting as though he heard him not. At length Tim turned to his son,

* Short pipe.

and said, "Paddy, you wor at Mass yesterday mornin,' I b'lieve?"

Pat.—"I was indade, Father, with the help o' God."

Tim.—"You hear'd Father Connarty's sarmon, I suppose?"

Pat.—"I did indade fegs, an' have it all be hart."

Tim.—"An' tell me *avick**, won't he let us spake to one o' the '*convarts*' at all, at all?"

Pat.—"Oh! the dickens a word, good, bad, or indifferent."

Tim.—"Did he say e'er a word about a fellow they call 'Turncoat Mick,' I wondher?"

Pat.—"Och! niver a word about anybody's name; only pass 'em all by, an' have no quarrelling wid 'em, an' no spakin' at all, at all."

Tim.—"Why, thin, that same Thraey was not a bad neighbour to a poor man, afther all. That I mightn't sin, but last Spring, when I was in a hobble meself, he lint me his plough, so he did. But tell me now, Pat, you're a betther schollar than meself. Now, supposin' Mick Thraey was to come here, an' take my plough, or my hosses, without any lave or licence, must not I tell him to lave 'em where he got 'em."

Pat.—"Och! now, I'm bliss'd, father, but ye put a hard case to me intirely. I know nothin' only that the priesht said you musn't open yer lips to one of 'em."

Tim.—"Wisha thin, 'tis meself that will niver disobey the clargy, for luere of a dirty little plough; an' if Mick Thraey was to take six of 'em, and the hosses too, I'll not thransgress agin the Church. Why should I? Sure what good is it to have a priesht, if we don't do as he tells us?"

Mick was not at all slow in comprehending Tim's logic, so that, seeing the plough, he very soon yoked his horse to it, and was in a short time engaged in plough-

* My son.

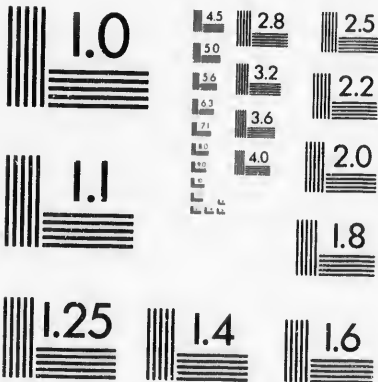
ing up the remainder of his ground with Tom's plough, no one presuming to hinder. Tim considered that he had not disobeyed the priest in any sense, and Mick Tracy was obliged on the principle that "one good turn deserves another."

The next chapter brings us to the Slate House.



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CHAPTER XVI.

How John Broton, senior, was mortally wounded
at a Bible Reading.

“ This Book, this Holy Book on every line
Marked with the seal of high Divinity ;
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
From first to last ; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow ;
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
Believ'd, obeyed ; and now, as the Amen,
True Faithful Witness swore, with snowy robes
And branchy palms surround the fount of life,
And drink the streams of immortality,
For ever happy, and for ever young,”

POLLOR.

uded



ABOUT a year elapsed from the date of events last recorded, to the scenes set forth in this chapter. A year! What a short period of time! and yet it forms a very considerable portion of a man's life and history. Who can chronicle all his own thoughts, words, and actions, during a single year? Who recount his hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, plans, pleasures, and disappointments, within that period? Much less equal is any

one to the task of making a similar reckoning for another person.

Great indeed were the changes which the hand of Time wrought in Middleville and the neighbourhood, within that brief space.

Conversions multiplied amongst the people; and, in order to stem their progress, craft, cunning, and stratagem were resorted to by the priest and his adherents. The old-fashioned organizations were revived under the new administration; namely, open persecution and intimidation, flanked by secret plots and disguised hostility, endangering life and destroying property. Every form of inquisitorial machination was had recourse to, calculated to terrify and awe the people, but to little purpose; for the plague of heresy continued to spread despite all these malignant and wicked proceedings. The people, nothing daunted, continued to read the Bible; and its Author, as wont, continued to make it effectual in accomplishing that which He pleased; enlightening dark minds, and setting at defiance the puny, though Satanic efforts of rebellious, self-interested men.

"The faithful," as they called themselves, held their noses and shook their clothes, when passing by any of the "*Turncoats*" in the streets, to signify that they were considered offensive to the senses, and contaminated. Grass seed, too, was sown at their doors, to signify that their places were to become a "desolation;" their sheep and cattle had their hamstrings cut at night, thus rendering the animals worthless: the tails were cut off their horses, and, in some cases, the tongues also were cut out! The village shopkeepers never had any goods that were "*wanted*" by these poor, persecuted creatures; and the Scripture was literally fulfilled, "No man could buy or sell, save he who had the mark of the beast."

Affairs were in this posture, when a large company of believers and inquirers assembled at the Slate House, one Sabbath evening, for prayer, reading the Scriptures, and mutual edification. Our young friend, John Brown, commenced the exercises with extempore prayer. He then read and expounded the tenth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, after which, our friend Mick formed the whole company into a class, and, selecting the chapter which had been expounded, asked questions all round the assembly, with a view to ascertain whether or no the incidents were remembered, or the doctrines contained therein understood. Many of the answers were ludicrous in the extreme, exhibiting the sad ignorance of Scripture in which the people had previously lived, Protestants as well as Romanists; but now that a spirit of inquiry was abroad, both parties were on the alert.

I cannot undertake to give a lengthened, nor indeed a consecutive report of the questions and answers which occurred on this eventful evening; but the reader shall have a brief sketch of a country "*Bible reading*" in Ireland, as between the "Bible reader" and the peasantry of that day.

"Can you tell me, Billy Sullivan," asked Mick, "what Sodom and Gomorrah were, as minchin'd in the 15th verse of the chapter read?"

Billy (hesitating).—"I don't know, sir! May be they were priests or somethin'!"

Mick.—"Priests or somethin'! I wondher at a smart chap like ye, Billy, to make such an answer. Can you tell, Paddy Dempsey?"

Pat.—"They were two cities full o' wicked people, sir; an' God destroy'd 'em by fire from Heaven!"

Mick.—"How do you know that, Paddy?"

Pat.—"How does I know it? is it? Why I knows it

very well. Sure an' doesn't the Bible tell it plain enough, sir?"

Mick.—"Very well, if it does tell it, show me where?"

Pat (turning over the leaves).—"Here it is, sir! Gen. xix. 23rd verse,—'The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar; then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire out of heaven.'"

Mick.—"For what did the Lord do that, Barney Bralligan?"

Barney.—"For their wickedness, sir."

Mick.—"Now ye see, all av ye, how displeasin' to God sin is, and how he punishes it in this life, an' the impinitent with eternal punishmint hereafter in the day of judgment. But in tht t terrible day some will be punished more sevarely than others. Tom Flinn, will you tell me for whom the greatest punishmint is resarv'd accordin' to that text—Matthew xi. 21 to 24."

Tom.—"For Sodom, sir,—No! for Gomorrah."

Mick.—"Get along with your stupid head!"

Tom.—"Well! I don't know, sir."

Mick.—"Can you tell him, Phelim O'Toole?"

Phil.—"Whoever refuses the gospel o' Jasus, he will be worse off thin Sodom or Gomorrah, bekase they have greater blessin's an' more light than the people that liv'd in the owld times, afore the Saviour come to airth."

Mick.—"Thrue for you, Phil, my boy. Now would any of us like to stand in that man's shoes who pervints people from readin' this blessed Gospel that tells of our dear Saviour, an' of our danger an' our rimedy?"

A little girl.—"Dat's Fader Fogarty, I tink, dat tells people not to read de Bible, Mither Thracy."

Mick.—"Whoever does it, does wrong. Now from the sixteenth varse it spakes about persecutions, an' the conduct we should exhibit whin sufferin' for Christ's

sake. Christians are as sheep; the wicked are like wolves or mad dogs, ready to devour and destroy them; still we must be wise, an' cautious as sirpints, not to give unnecessary offence; an' be as harmless as doves, so as not to retaliate, even whin everybody hates an' persecutes us. The dear Saviour told all these persecutions, whin he said," (ver. 21) "The brother shall deliver up the brother unto death, and the father the child; and"—. Here further exposition was interrupted by Mrs. Brown throwing her arms round her son's neck and sobbing aloud most convulsively. When she was able to speak, she said, "Tell me, Mick Tracy,—do you think the Lord will ever forgive me?"

"Indeed I hope he has done so already; Mrs. Brown, but what makes you ax me?"

"Why, bekase I'm so wicked. This blessed book tells all about my wickedness, so it does. I'm sure that twenty-first verse about parents hating their childher is what Father Fogarty used to tache me, an' my Husband, that we should do to John here; may God forgive him, an' turn his wicked heart. Do you think he ever read the blessid book himself, Mick? An' sure every one that reads it, must love it." This was said with great warmth of feeling.

"Mother," asked John, interposing, "why do you think so?"

"Bekase, my child, it tells o' the love o' the blessid Redeemer in givin' himself up to die for our sins. I niver read a word of it until lately, an' now I think it is the greatest treasure in the world."

"Then, if you love the Saviour and his Word so much, why doubt his love for you, mother?" asked her son.

"Bekase I'm so vile an' unworthy; sure, I used to hate to see the Scripthures with you, my darlint."

“Very true, mother, but God has mercifully brought you to a better mind.”

“For that rayson, my child, I want to *desarve* his goodness more.”

“Still the old feeling, mother! We cannot deserve anything from God, but his displeasure. The merits of Jesus are the only ground of confidence that will avail a guilty sinner before God, and render us acceptable.”

“John,” said Mr. Brown, the evenin’ is goin’ fast; look at that thirty-ninth verse, ‘He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life FOR MY SAKE shall find it.’ Isn’t it a delightful thing to think o’ the Lord Jasmus continually watchin’ over us, and causin’ everything that happins to us, to glorify himself an’ benefit us, so that if his enemies do kill our bodies it is only what they did to HIM. Glory be to his holy name, for ever! but they cannot kill the sowl, though they try to do it be cursin’ poor people.”

He was interrupted by the barking of one of the house dogs outside, and went to the door to ascertain the cause. Hearing a deep groaning, as of some one in distress, he returned for a light, and proceeded in the direction whence the groans issued, but could find no one. He was in the very act of turning round, to enter the door of his own house again, when those within heard the report of two shots discharged in rapid succession.

The truth flashed immediately on Mick Tracy’s mind, that the groan was only a feint or trap by which to allure Mr. Brown out of the house; it being well known, that he never turned his ear away from the sound of distress.

“Follow me” he shouted, when the whole company rushed out, and the assassins, finding themselves unequal in numbers, secured their retreat, and escaped. Oh! what a grievous interruption to this happy meeting!

The bleeding man was speedily borne speechless into the apartment which he had quitted only a few minutes before, and in which also lay his fainting wife, and terrified daughters !

After a short, hurried consultation, it was deemed most advisable that none should remain but those only who could be usefully employed for the family.

Mick Tracy had to direct the proceedings. "Boys," he said, "Go home quietly, all except those I have named. You would all be anxious to stay, I know, but that would only cause confusion in the house. The poor Mather will nivir spake agin. Take yer last look at him, an' pray for his murderers. My advice to ye is, as the Saviour said in the twenty-third verse, 'When they persecute you in this city, flee ye to another.' Go to England, or to Ameriky, as many of ye as can, where ye needn't fear the bullet o' the assassin; an' there will be enough o' us remainin' behind. May God bless an' presarve every one o' ye. Amin."

John Brown, junior, having ascertained that his father was dangerously, if not fatally wounded, did not wait to know the real extent of his injuries, but mounting himself on one horse, and a servant boy on another, both rode with the utmost possible speed to the village for surgical assistance. In a very short time, a surgeon was at the Slate House, who examined the wounds and pronounced them fatal ! "for both balls," he observed, "had taken effect;" and being unable to render any essential service to Mr. Brown, he turned his attention to his wife and daughters. Mrs. Brown and Polly had recovered from the first shock, and were able to find relief in showers of tears, but alas ! for poor Elizabeth ! her case took quite a different turn ; she spoke not, nor wept, after her recovery from her faint. She sat, pale, still, and statue like ; she heeded not the boisterous

lamentations of her agonised mother, nor the affectionate solicitude of her sister! she yielded, however, to John's persuasions in most cases, and of him alone did she appear to make any recognition. The surgeon tried in vain to arouse her from her torpor, but departed, giving little or no cause to hope that reason would ever again resume its sway over her mind.

An alarm was immediately spread through the country that Mr. Brown, of the Slate House, had been assassinated! Rumour soon lent her lying ear to the report, so that by the time it reached Stanley Hall, the whole family of the Browns, with their friends and visitors, were said to have been killed, and Mick Tracy's body to have suffered most horrible mutilation!

About three hours after the catastrophe in which Mr. Brown met his death-wound, a violent trampling of horses was heard approaching the House at full speed; the riders waited not to open the gate, but cleared the fence at a bound, the clattering of horses' hooves, and clamour of voices, spreading a second time among the inmates. Mick listened a moment, and discovered, not the voices of a rabble, but of gentlemen in earnest conversation. Could he be mistaken? No! Above all was recognised the voice of his friend, Mr. George Stanley. "Didn't I know it," said Mick, with the confidence of a man strong in the assurance of help being soon sent from some quarter. "'Tis his father's son that couldn't be backward to perform a kind an' ginerous action." The door was unbarred, and George, with ten or a dozen of his college friends, who were visiting at the "Hall," entered the kitchen. Mick!" he shouted, "I am glad we were deceived; the report that you——" Mick's hands were raised, imploring silence; he shook his head significantly and pointed to the chamber. "Where is your Papa?" Mick asked in a low voice. "My Papa,

and two or three other magistrates, will be here in a few minutes, but tell me, how many are injured?" "Och, sir, one too many, goodness knows. Mr. Brown will niver spake agin, I'm afeer'd."

"How did it occur, Tracy? tell me."

"Well, sir, a parcel av us were here quietly readin' the Scriptures, whin the dog barked, and Mr. Brown went out to prevint his injurin' any one. He was not long out, when we heer'd two shots fired. A few of us ran out and picked him up, spacheless. Ah! look at him, Masther George, agra! He will know you, sir, although he can't spake; the doctor can do nothing for him."

George, with three or four of his young friends, as fierce and excited as himself, crept on tiptoe into the chamber. The dying man, calm and composed, with life's tide fast ebbing, and its flickering light growing faint and fainter still, lay in a state of evident consciousness, and meek resignation; his wife and one daughter, sat on either side his bed's head, their faces buried, their sobs stifled in the pillows, and Betsy! poor Betsy! pale, prostrated, and motionless, sat at the foot.

John, with both hands pressing his throbbing temples, paced the bed-room backward and forward.

The sight was too much for the impassioned, but ill-directed generosity of the young gentlemen, who, at a signal from George, simultaneously quitted the house, and betook them to the garden. It was done noiselessly; but when together, Stanley broke the silence by saying, "My lads, what is to be done? There is no security for life or property in the country amongst this Popish rebellious crew, What is to be done?" There was a pause. "What do you think, Newman?" he said to one of his companions. "Think?" replied Mr.

Newman, with apparently frantic indignation: "I don't wait to *think* on the subject; I am certain we shall never have security or peace in Ireland, till we throw law, and magistracy, and everything of the sort overboard, by executing summary vengeance on the priests."

"How will you do it?" asked all in a breath. "*Do it,*" he repeated, "shoot the ruffians in open day light, aye,—and at the altar too. Let us all here agree now, to shoot one of the emasculated vermin, for every Protestant whom they assassinate, and in three months, nay in as many weeks, there will be an end to arson and assassination in Ireland."

"Agreed," cried one and all; "who shall be the first? Fogarty or Connarty?"

"Ah! then, Masther George," said a voice from behind the hedge, "I'm ashamed o' ye intirely, so I am;" and Mick Tracy stood revealed in the midst of the priest-shooting party.

"*You!* you little canting '*swaddler,*' what do you know about it?"

"I'll tell you what it is Sir, an' ye '*collyagians*' all around me. 'There's a bransh o' larnin they don't appear to tache in Thrinity College, an' that is, the meekness an' patience o' the blessed Redeemer.'"

"You go and preach that nice accomplishment to my mamma and the girls, Tracy, at the Hall, for a month of Sundays; it will be a nice accompaniment to their lessons and crochet work. Presto! fly! begone, Sir!" and seizing Mick by the shoulders, he playfully ran him outside the garden gate. "Be off," he said, "but don't let the Honourable Augustus, my venerable papa, hear you, or—My word of honour! he'll cram a dozen ball cartridges down your throat, and blow you to atoms, like Friar Bacon."

"Here comes the same man thin; I know his hoss's gallop," said Mick; "an' if ye don't promise me, ivery one o' ye, niver to entertain that subject agin, or even to mention it to aich other, I'll tell him yer conversation, an' lodge informations, perhaps, agin ivery one o' ye."

After a little parley, the young men were convinced of their error and rash speech, and gave the required pledge, so that Mick mentioned nothing more of the circumstance for that time.

The reader may expect, in a future chapter, to hear about a *finger* and its owner, in connexion with the detection of the assassin; and in the next we shall be associated with the chamber of death.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Death Scene of the Victim, who leaves a Holy
Fragrance behind him.

“ The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life :—quite on the verge of heaven.
Fly,—ye profane !—if not, draw near with awe.”

YOUNG.

“ Ah ! why those throes—this waning light ?
Enfeebled pulse ?—and feebler sight ?
Quick closing scenes,—receding breath ?
Fast ebbing life ?—My soul, 'tis death !
But 'midst it all—there JESUS stands,
With out-spread arms, and bleeding hands :—
Going home !—Friends, the wonder tell—
I'm filled with joy—Farewell ! Farewell !

“ JESUS ! our Saviour—Brother—Friend—
Our Hope—our Rest—our Way—our End :
The source whence all our pleasures spring ;—
Our Leader—Teacher—*Priest*—and KING.
To all the oppress'd,—thyself reveal,
The fallen raise—the sin-sick heal :
Triumph grace !—JESUS conquer'd hell ;
Earth, earth, adieu !—Farewell ! Farewell !”

E. RIGLEY.



THE Honourable Augustus Stanley, with two other magistrates, quickly arrived at the Slate House, and were immediately ushered into the chamber of the dying man. On beholding his landlord, who had always been kind and indulgent to him, Mr. Brown was stimulated to exertion, so as to recover, to some extent, the use of his speech. In a low, but distinct voice, he said to his son, "John avick! get cheers for the Masther and these gintlemin."

John promptly obeyed, and Mr. Stanley sat near his tenant's pillow; taking the cold hand in his own, his eyes filling with tears while he spoke to the dying man,

saying, "Jack Brown! You are my '*foster brother*.'*" The same breast nourished us both in infancy. Many a time you have got black eyes, and a bloody nose in youth, when espousing my quarrel against boys bigger than myself; and if I don't hunt out the cowardly ruffians who have made this attempt upon your life, and cause them to end their days dancing between heaven and earth, may I disgrace the blood of the Stanleys. Who are the rascals? and how did it happen?"

"I know nothing, your honour," said Mr. Brown, "but that I hear'd one of the dogs bark, airly after night-fall, and took a lanthorn to see the cause. I was not long out whin I found myself wounded, and fell. I hear'd no shots, and I remimber nothin' more until I found meself in bed bleeding, with the doctor trying to stanch the wound."

The magistrates asked him several questions, to elicit, if possible, whether he suspected any party or parties, but without effect. They inquired of some of those who were in the house when the event occurred, with a similar want of success; and Mr. Stanley was thereby maddened almost beyond control, "to be thus baffled," as he said, "in the hope of detecting the murderer." The wounded man beckoned towards him, and Mr. Stanley applied his ear, the voice being low: "God forgive 'em, an' pray God to forgive my own sins, for his dear Son's sake." Mr. Stanley would have left the room, thoroughly overpowered by this appeal to his judgment, and the simple Christ-like patience of one but young in his knowledge of the gospel, but he felt the feeble hand still grasping his, and was too much overcome to tear himself away.

"One word more, sir," said Mr. Brown: "my half year's rint was due a month ago; I have a hundred pounds of it in the house, an' was waitin' till I should

* The children of the Irish gentry are uniformly put out to be nursed; a foster brother is son of the woman who nurses in such a case.

go to ——— to draw interest money, where it was due to me. You won't turn out the poor owld" woman an' the girls, he was going to say, when interrupted by his foster-brother. "No more, Jack! Not a word!" and sitting down to the table, he took out his pocket-book, and dashed off a clear receipt. "Brown, junior," he said, "take this; these gentlemen here, and this document, will prove that your Father owes me nothing." John took the document and burst into a flood of tears; seeing which, his father raised his trembling hands, and prayed, "May God Almighty revale to you the way of salvation, an' forgive you, sir, as freely as you have forgiven me."

"Come" said Stanley to his friends, "let us try some way of finding out those miscreants; if we stay here long, we'll all soon become saints."

The gentlemen mounted their horses without a word, and rode some distance from the Slate House before any one broke the silence, or felt inclined to resume the conversation.

"What ails you, Farquhar?" said Mr. Stanley to the gentleman who rode beside him.

"Nothing ails me, that I know of," said the person addressed. "I have been thinking of your last observation."

"Mine! What was it? I speak so much at random, that I thought nobody ever considered a saying of mine worth pondering over."

"You said before we left Brown's room, 'If we stay here long, we'll all soon become saints.' I wish we were all like him in view of death. I thought myself dying a year ago, and I confess the thought troubled me much. I felt no such composure, such forgiveness of others, and desire for their happiness as Brown evinces. My only anxiety was the selfish desire to escape punishment

myself; for although I try to laugh at the idea when in health, and say at times, 'No man can prove to me that there is a future state of punishment,' the simple truth is, we all feel there *may be*, and cannot be happy while such a possibility exists, unless we become what we know we ought to be."

The friends again rode on in silence for some time, each seriously pondering in his own mind the subject on which they had last spoken, when Stanley remarked,

"You are quite right, Farquhar! There must be something better worth living for than the harum scarum exciting life, we country gentlemen lead. I feel there is a great difference between Jack Brown's death-bed, and what mine is likely to be. May the righteous Lord forgive my sins, and prepare me for himself, before I am removed from this world. But here is our gate, you had better all turn in with us to-night; we can then consult about the best means of detecting the assassins, and what rewards to offer for their apprehension. They all turned towards Stanley Hall, where servants were in readiness to take charge of the horses; and although it was past the hour for retiring, Mrs. Stanley and the children felt so anxious to know the extent of the injuries inflicted at the Slate House, that they determined on awaiting Mr. Stanley's arrival.

He informed her, as far as he had ascertained, of the circumstances connected with the assassination, and also of the certainty that Mr. Brown could not last more than a few hours.

"Was he conscious when you spoke to him?" Mrs. Stanley asked, anxious to elicit something respecting his state of mind.

"Quite conscious, my dear! and I assure you I never saw anything so truly impressive as the whole scene. One of the girls appears stunned by the blow; she does

not weep, speak, or even moan. She sits at the foot of her Father's bed, and with fixed eyes, rocks herself to and fro. All else in the house was grief and commotion except with poor Jack Brown himself; and I declare to you now," (wicked sinner that I am) "I should rejoice to be in his stead, if I were as peaceful and happy as he is. You would imagine that heaven had already commenced with him. Oh! it was sweet to hear him pray for his enemies."

Mrs. Stanley was surprised and rejoiced to hear her husband speak thus; for she had never before heard him refer to the subject of religion, unless in the way of wit or merriment. Still, she feared the impression might be only evanescent, and therefore she rejoiced with trembling. We must, however, leave the parties at the Hall for the present, and pay another visit to ascertain how matters stand at the Slate House now that the gentlemen have withdrawn.

Immediately after the departure of the Magistrates, Mick Tracy again entered the chamber of the dying man.

"Misther Brown," he said, "there are several people in the kitchen, many of them have been workpeople of yer own, an' all of 'em have been benefited by ye in some way or other. If it would not disturb yer mind too much, they would like to look at ye for a minnit, but will not distress ye by talkin'."

"Let 'em come in," he said; "I would like to see 'em once more afore I go."

They were admitted, and quietly took seats or stood as the occasion served, around the chamber. "Now, sir!" said Mick, "ye have been a good frind to me, on many occasions, an' I would wish to do anything in my power to sarve ye or any one o' yer family. It is usual with people in this counthry, ye know, sir, whin

they apprehend danger to life, to send for some clergyman, 'to prepare thim for death,' (as they call it.) Have ye any such desire?"

"As to havin' a *priest*," said Mr. Brown, "my gracious High-priest above is with me already. His sacrifice is the atonement for my sin. His Spirit's tachin' is all the *anointin'* my poor sowl requires; an' His *preparation* alone can make me fit for heaven; an' to Him alone I look,—I desire no other. I have no objection to a clergyman, any more than I have to any other Christian, who can converse about heavenly things, but *Jasus Christ is MY PRIEST.*"

The eyes of all present were suffused with tears, while their hearts within them were strengthened and encouraged, at beholding, for the first time in their lives, a man dying in the hope of the gospel, though not anointed by the priest.

"Mick!" added the dying man, "I treated ye cowardly in my ignorance of God. Forgive me, Mick! May God bless ye; ye have been the manes of savin' my poor sowl, and the sowls o' my family. John Brown! my only son! be kind to yer mother, an' my two fatherless girls. Tell the people everywhere ye go, about the precious blood of the adorable Saviour! Friends! all of ye! fly to the precious blood of the Lord *Jasus*, an' put no confidence in priests, they will pocket yer money, an' enslave yer minds, an'——" here articulation failed.

The exertion of speaking was too much for his wasting strength, and he motioned with his hand to have the room cleared. The people withdrew noiselessly. He uttered the word "Pray," twice with distinctness, and folded his hands across his breast. Mick and John, with one or two others who remained, knelt down, while the former addressed the God of all grace in prayer. After

a few minutes thus spent, they arose from their knees, and inquired if the sufferer wanted anything? Oh, no! his wants were over, he had already ceased to suffer! his good Lord had thus calmly delivered him from "every evil work," and there was no distortion of countenance impressed upon the remaining clay, to show that its late occupant had tasted anything of the "bitterness of death."

John was not aware of his father's spirit having taken its flight until Mick called his attention to the fact, by observing, "There is no more pain for the poor owld Masther!"

John buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then observed, "I never knew what it was to feel utterly desolate, until now; but I would not call him back, oh! no! What a series of mercies and mysteries are bound up in the space of a few months, in connexion with my poor father's history and my own! Oh! how happy I am that God took him under his own teaching. The good Lord is the best teacher."

John instructed his friend Mick to say to all he met, that while the corpse remained in the house, there should be ample refreshments provided at all hours of day and night for those friends who saw fit to attend, but that there should be no *whiskey*, no *card-playing*, no *music*, or *dancing*, nothing unbecoming the solemnity of a death scene! These instructions being communicated to the friends who were in the other parts of the house, they all withdrew for the time being, to communicate the intelligence to the neighbours and friends in the surrounding district. One of them, whom we shall call JAMES, overtook an old acquaintance, named DARBY, on his way to work. The latter, in disobedience, or forgetfulness of priestly orders, commenced a conversation, which was in substance as follows:—

Darby.—"A fine mornin', James! Glory be to God."

James.—"Very fine indeed, Darby! Did ye hear the news?"

D.—"What news, a yah?"

J.—"Why bad news, Darby. Mr. Brown, of the Slate House, was kilt last night."

D.—"Yea! and kilt is it? Tell me, whisper here, was he kilt *dead*?"

J.—"Och, he was, fegs, all the same; he died airly this mornin'. He hear'd some noise outside his own house last night, and wint out to see what caused it, whin some one shot him!"

D.—"An' tell me, James, agra! had he time to have the priest itself?"

J.—"Och yes, plinty o' time for that same."

D.—"Which priest was with him? the owld priest or the young one?"

J.—"An owlder priesht than either of 'em."

D.—"Is he so? Then he must come from some other parish. I suppose our own parish priest wouldn't anoint him becase the Bible-readers do be goin' back an for'ad to his house. But who was this owld priest?"

J.—"Och, the owlddest of all the prieshts intirely. Do ye see that mountain before ye? He's owlder than that or its great grandfather, if it ever had one."

D.—(Looking with amazement at his companion,) "Be gawnies, I b'leve ye have forgotten yer brains this mornin', James, in yer hurry to be up airly, or yer mad, or somethin' of the sort."

J.—"Not a bit of it, Darby. I never had too much brains, but I have all I ever had. Don't ye think the Lord Jasus 'ud be a good priest to have with a poor body whin he was dying, especially whin he may not have any money to give for the 'nointin'?"

D.—"Och! as for that, the clargy must live by

their callin'. An' so ye mane to tell me, James, that he died like a pig, or a dog, widout any clargy? Hadn't he the Protestant clargy even? Bad pratecs are bettther than nothing at all, ye know."

J.—"Indeed he didn't die like either a pig or a dog, Darby. He died prayin' to the Lord, an' forgivin' his murdherers, an' says he, 'The blessed Lord Jasus is the only priesht I want.'"

D.—"An' tell me, James, will they have any wake there?"

J.—"They will so, three or four days an' nights, but *no whiskey, nor cards, nor music, nor dancin'.*"

D.—"A regular Protestant wake be gawnies! Well! may the Virgin purtect us, but that is scandalous. Won't they have a blast o' the pipe itself? or a pinch o' snuff, to keep off the sleep?"

J.—"I don't know as to that, Darby; but there will be plenty of atin' and drinkin'. Come in the evenin' an' see for yerself.

D.—"Och! good mornin' to ye. None o' yer Protestant wakes for me. I suppose his *Riverence* Micky Thracy will be after prachin a sarmon there, in the parson's owld coat and white hankercher."

J.—"I don't know but he might do that same; but if he should itself, I'll be bound he will not advise any one to injure his neighbour, or to set the dogs on a poor widow for axing a bit to *break* her childher's fast. An' another thing, Darby; he won't have the gates o' Paradise kept shut agin a poor sowl for the lucre of a 'dirty little half crown,' if he had any power to get them opened."

D.—"Ye may say 'IF' then, and sing it too, if ye've a tune for it, James. Holy Saint Bridget purtect us! but there's a power o' manin' intirely in that little '*if*,' so there is."

J.—“There is so, Darby. Indade thin, though I said ‘if,’ I don’t doubt but he has as much power in the matter as the other man.”

D.—“What other man do ye mane, James?”

J.—“Och! Any other you plaze, Darby.”

D.—“Why thin, I’m a thinkin’ that the owld boy will niver have all his own, ontill he gets a howlt o’ the same Micky Thracy, an’ all turn-coat thieves like him.”

J.—“What do ye mane by a turn-coat, Darby?”

D.—“Why, I mane a fellow who changes his religion from what his father an’ grandfather afore him was, to be sure.”

J.—Indade ye don’t mane any such thing, Darby. Whin a Protestant Minister, a couple o’ years ago, became a Roman Catholie in England, it was rung from one end o’ the counthry to the other, in a week or two; an’ none o’ you doomed him to hell, or called him a ‘turn-coat.’ It is only whin the *coat is turned the other way*, that it vexes some people, Darby.”

D.—“Very well, if it is. I’ll wear mine *right side out*, all the rest o’ my days.”

J.—“Have you iver seen *t’other side* o’ the coat, Darby? I’m a thinkin’ ye comminc’d with the *wrong side out*, an’ thin ye wore it ’till ye came to b’leve it was the *right side*. Wasn’t that the way?”

D.—“I can only do as my shuparions tell me, James. If they tell me wrong, they must bear the blame in my name.”

J.—“I know a book, Darby, which says, ‘*Every man shall give an account of himself to God.*’ If this be thrue, ye may discover yer mistake too late to mind it; but don’t think me an enemy, Darby, because I tell you these things. I was once as great an inimy to them as you are now, or iver can be.”

D.—“You wor indeed, James, ontill the owld boy

got his hook into ye; but he'll niver get it into me, with the help o' the blisshed Mother o' God. "Hail Mary, full o' grace! pray for us poor sinners now, an' at the hour av our death. Amin! Amin! Jasus!"

At this stage of the dialogue, the controversialists separated, each to pursue his own path, both having something whereon to reflect. Darby had heard the truth simply and forcibly stated, and James had the honour of stating it in a manner worthy of a disciple of a worthy Master.

The next chapter will unfold still further the wonder-working power of the Spirit, and the marvellous way in which God carries on his work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The first-fruits of the Martyred Conbert.—
Stanley takes hold of Christ.

“ A safe strong-hold our God is still—
A trusty shield and weapon :
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath ris'n with purpose fell ;—
Strong mail of craft and pow'r,
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can ;
Full soon we were down-ridden
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye,—Who is the same ?
Jesus Christ is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's son,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

“ And were this world all devils o'er,
All watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
We know they can't o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit,
For why ? his doom is writ,—
Immanuel is his Master.

“ God's word for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of hell shall have its course—
'Tis written with his finger,—
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small,
These things shall vanish all—
God's city still remaineth.”

A HYMN OF LUTHER'S.—(*Translated by Carlyle.*)



IN the last chapter we left matters in a somewhat hopeful state at Stanley Hall. Some of my readers will doubtless be anxious for information as to the permanence, or otherwise, of the impressions set forth therein, as made upon the mind of the Honourable Augustus Stanley at the bedside of his dying tenant; and in order to satisfy any curiosity on this point, I will now proceed to report what subsequently happened.

On the entrance of Mr. Stanley and his friends to the family parlour in which we left them, wines and spirits of various sorts were set upon the table, but no one seemed disposed to avail himself of the repeated invitation "to drink." Mrs. Stanley and the children sat with their books open before them for some time, until at length she proposed their adjournment to another room, in order to finish the subject of which they had been reading, when Mr. Stanley and his friends entered.

Stanley, for the first time in his life, insisted on their remaining where they were. He had not heard the children read, he said, for a long time, and he would un-

dertake on behalf of his friends to say, that they would be pleased with the exercises.

“We were conversing familiarly on the seventh chapter of Matthew,” Mrs. Stanley said, taking up her book, the children eagerly resuming theirs. “Charlotte, my love, please to read your verse; the eleventh.”

Charlotte (reading) “If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him?”

Mrs. Stanley.—“Now Sophy! What do you think is the meaning of that verse?”

Sophy.—“That God is much more ready to give good things in answer to prayer, than you or papa would be to give good things to us.”

Mrs. S.—“Can you, children, tell me what is meant by giving ‘good things’? Is it everything that we may fancy we want, and wish to have?”

Children all.—“No mamma.”

Mrs. S.—“Tell me then what we may safely rely upon, as ‘good things’ in this sense?”

One replied that repentance was a good thing. Another that faith in Christ was a good thing. A third answered, “Forgiveness of sins through our Lord Jesus Christ.” And a fourth replied, “Everything that God has promised to bestow on us, is and must be truly good.” To which their mother added, “Luke records the same saying of our Lord, to which he adds, ‘He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him;’ which shows us that all other good gifts are secured to us, as we may need them, being minor considerations when God imparts the greater gift of his own Spirit. But, my dear children, it is now time for you to retire for the night; it is half-past ten o’clock.”

Theophilus, a little fellow about five years old, had

been sitting on his papa's knee; looking intently into his face, he said with earnestness, "Your face is wet, papa, what makes you cry?"

Mr. Stanley was not aware that his silent emotion had found vent in tears, much less did he imagine that it was perceived by his youngest child; and unable, and perhaps not desirous of any further concealment, he sighed, and said in the hearing of his family and visitors, "Theo! my sweet boy, your papa is a wicked sinner."

"*But*," said the child with emphatic confidence, pointing his forefinger at his papa with most profound gravity, "But I know you will be a good man, papa, before you die."

"How can you tell that, my darling?" eagerly gasped his half-choked parent.

"Because," responded his young mentor, "mamma always prays for you; and the good book says that God will give good things to them that ask him."

He clasped the child to his bosom in a transport of delight; his tears fell thicker and faster the more he tried to suppress them. The contagion spread to his Friend Farquhar, and from him to his other guests, so that when the maid, who was waiting with lights ready to conduct the children to their rooms, withdrew with her young charge, she observed that the parlour was a complete "*Bochim*."

One of the gentlemen however would not be "effeminated," as he was wont to call it; so, with assumed frankness, and apparent desire for information, he said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Stanley, for asking a question; I respect religion of course, as every well-regulated person should. I think for society's sake it is necessary to have some religion established; it makes people orderly and decorous in their behaviour,—but you must allow there

are many things in the Bible very mysterious, very hard of belief in fact."

"To what do you refer particularly?" she mildly asked.

"Well," he said hesitatingly, "I refer, for instance, to prophecy. Many of the prophecies are utterly ambiguous to my mind, and in fact some of them appear as if they never can be fulfilled." To the inquiry whether he had ever taken any considerable trouble to satisfy himself on the subject by reading works in favour of, as well as against them, such as Sherlock, Whiston, Newton, &c. ? he confessed that all his reading on that subject was confined to the opposition side of the question.

Mrs. Stanley quietly observed, "That until a man had taken pains to study both sides of so great a subject, he was not in a proper position to pronounce judgment, but that in her view the prophecies were continually being fulfilled, and that two very important predictions had partially met their fulfilment in his presence that evening, in the very matter which was giving them all such concern."

The gentleman opened his eyes wide with amazement, and inquired which they were? when the lady took up her book and referred to the passage which says, "The time will come, when he that killeth you will think he doeth God service," and again in Ps. viii. 2 we read, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength . . . that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

The sceptic now bit his lip, looked into the fire for relief, muttered something like a determination to take up the matter at some future time, and was evidently very glad to let the subject drop. Mrs. Stanley quietly observed: "Felix, when trembling under a conscio-

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ness of sin, and perhaps an apprehension of 'wrath to come,' determined to postpone the consideration of those matters to 'a more convenient season.' But we have no record of his ever having found that convenient season afterwards." To this, no reply was made; and as the night was far advanced, the whole company were glad of the intimation that chamber lights were ready, whenever they might feel desirous of retiring for repose.

Immediately after the breakfast hour on the following morning, Mrs. Stanley was glad of the information that "Mr. Tracy" wanted to see her. "I am glad you have come over so early, Tracy," she said; "were you present when that terrible calamity occurred?"

He informed her of the engagement in which they were found at the time of the occurrence, and of the circumstances as before detailed, under which Mr. Brown met with his death-wound. He added, that the doctor had been at the Slate House, and had extracted the bullets, which were of a peculiar form; and that the "crowner" (coroner) was expected there, almost immediately, which latter circumstance might call for Mr. Stanley's presence.

"How are the widow and the girls?" Mrs. Stanley asked; "and do you know how they are circumstanced?"

"Well, ma'am," he replied, "the poor owld ooman an' Polly are in great grief. They never laid down all night, but sat weepin' as if their hearts would break; an' as to poor Betsy, I don't know what to say; she sits as still an' silent as a statue, an' seems not to know any person or to notice anything that is goin' on. She gazes on the corpse without a sigh or a tear; an' the doctor fears that her rayson has suddenly fled for iver. As to their circumstances, he had a few hundred pounds out at interest, enough to keep them comfortable; an' the man

that always did the ginerous action was there last night, an' made the family a present of a clear resate for all the rint that was due on the farm."

"My dear Stanley," she exclaimed, clasping her hands with delight, "where would be his equal on earth, if he only loved the Saviour?"

"Why then, ma'am," said Mick, fancying that he was the first to communicate the pleasing intelligence, "I do think the good Sperit of the Lord was at work with the masther last night. Oh, an' if ye were only to see how he struggled to conceal his feelin's, whin he was spakin' to Mr. Brown, an' especially whin he heard the poor man prayin' for his inimies—an' sure enough, ma'am, he prayed almost his last prayer, for the mas-ther, so that" (to use his own words) "he had to run away for fear o' being made a saint of."

"But that is no secret to me," Mrs. Stanley observed; "he told us all that; and, more than all, he and his friends would remain and hear the children read and converse on their Scripture lesson. After we had retired last night, he made me pray with him, and I believe he slept none all the night; for I awoke two or three times, and found him engaged in prayer. O Tracy! do pray for him, that the Lord may graciously complete his own work in him: speak to him about his soul; for you know that a poor man can speak to him, with as much freedom, as can the highest dignitary in the land."

"Mc, ma'am! Is it me to undertake to lecture the masther; an' sure he couldn't resave any information from the likes o' me. I'm contint if the great God makes me useful to my own aiguals."

"Now Tracy, that is not true humility. We should be ready to bear our testimony for God before the highest powers on earth, if his providence called us

to do so; and the performance of our duty in a becoming manner and spirit, would evince far greater humility of mind, than shrinking from that performance, because of the presence of those superior to us in worldly rank or circumstances. But I think I hear his footsteps approaching.

"Where are all the servants, my dear?" said Mr. Stanley, before he had reached to within several yards of the room-door, where he saw Mrs. Stanley sitting; "I cannot find one to send over to Brown's to learn when the coroner will be there.

"The servants," she said, "are all at breakfast in their own Hall, I suppose; but here is a friend of yours who can give you the desired information, I dare say."

He entered, and on looking round, held out his hand to Mick.

"Well, Tracy," he said, "I suppose Jack Brown is no more."

"God be praised, sir!" said Mick, "he fell asleep very calmly soon after ye all left. He axed us to pray for him; an' while we were on our knees, he was taken up;—we didn't think his last momint was so near."

"I think, Tracy! that it does not signify how or when a man dies, if he is only in a fit state to die, which I am not."

"The blessed Bible, sir, tells us that the same Lord over all is rich in marcy to all that call upon him."

"Well, I have never called for his mercy, Mick; and something tells me now that my repentance, if I have any, is worth nothing, and cannot obtain salvation for me."

"Thruce enough, sir! it is worth nothin' in that sinese, an' cannot obtain salvation; but the precious blood o' Jasus *is* worth somethin', yea, everything; it is beyond all price, and has '*obtained eternal redemption for us!*'"

“Oh dear!” said Mr. Stanley to his wife, “how simple and beautiful that is. I declare, without knowing it, I have been looking to the quality of my repentance to save me, instead of looking to the Saviour. ‘Obtained eternal redemption for us.’ Strange that I never thought of that before! Where is my friend Farquhar? Surely every one who hears that must love the Lord Jesus Christ. O Mick! praise the Lord for his mercy to me a miserable sinner.”

Mrs. Stanley could only sit, and, with the angels, weep tears of gratitude and joy for the mercy shown to her beloved and devoted husband; and motioning to Tracy to put their thanksgivings into words, the three knelt before “Heaven’s Eternal King” while the unlettered peasant thanked Jehovah that while “not *many* rich, not *many* noble, not *many* mighty are called,” the God of all grace had glorified himself in the salvation of another from their exalted ranks. He prayed that grace might be given him to let “his light shine,” that in his elevated position he might witness, especially amongst his equals, for the blessed Saviour; that all the children of the family might know the God of their parents, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind.

The party had scarcely risen from their knees, when a servant announced that the coroner had arrived at the Slate House, and was anxious to proceed with the inquest at once.

Mr. Stanley’s carriage was ordered, in which Mick was invited to a seat. The other gentlemen proceeded on horseback to the scene of inquiry, whither we must follow them and chronicle the proceedings.

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CHAPTER XIX.

*Finds an Owner for the Lost Finger ; but the
Owner becomes lost again.*

. "Methinks you would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul,—'tis shown you there !
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky,
Sailing above doth cross in her career
The rolling moon ! I watched it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams :
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene !"

SOUTHEY.



IT is not necessary I should detail to the reader the formalities of a Coroner's inquest; suffice it to say that, on the present occasion, a Jury, in accordance with usage, was duly sworn, after which they proceeded in a body to view the corpse, in order to satisfy themselves of the fact of John Brown's death. This done, they then proceeded to hear evidence as to *how* the deceased came by his death. That evidence will be the subject of this chapter.

The coroner informed the Jury, "That in consequence of the deeply excited state of public feeling, he would make no preliminary remarks; more especially, as the intelligence of the Jury was a sufficient guarantee to him that they understood the duties devolving upon them, and would act accordingly."

The first witness sworn was JAMES WOODWARD, Esq., Doctor of Medicine, and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. He deposed to the following effect:—"That, in consequence of a message received about nine o'clock on the previous night, he hastened to the residence of the late John Brown, known as 'Jack Brown,' of the Slate House, Middleville, and found him exceedingly weak, from loss of blood, so much so, as to be totally unable to bear the operation of probing his wounds, two of which he had received under the right breast. The wounds were inflicted by something discharged from some kind of fire-arms, but were not shaped like wounds caused by the ordinary round bullet. He saw he could be of no service, further than to give directions calculated to ease the patient during the remainder of his short stay in the body. Made a call this morning, in company with two other surgeons, for the purpose of making a *post mortem* examination, and had performed it. Both the missiles, which were produced, were balls of a conical shape, and appeared to have been fired from rifled barrels, which are fluted inside, in such a manner as to jag the edges of whatever was projected from them, and thus render their work more destructive, and their extraction more difficult. The balls had entered under the right breast, passed through both lungs, and lodged under the left shoulder. The wounds inflicted were the cause of death. Mr. Brown, although advanced in years, being a very healthy man, was, from the general impression made on the minds of the surgeons, likely to have lived for many years to come, in the ordinary course of nature."

MICHAEL TRACY was the next witness called. He deposed, "That, on the previous night, he was present at the house of the deceased with several other persons, all of whom were engaged in readin' and conversin'

together on the Holy Scriphtures. Mr. Brown had been engaged with the rest of the company, when he observed the dogs bark, and, immediately after, there was a groan outside the house. When he heard this, he at once proceeded to ascertain if there was any person in distress. Very soon," said the witness, "those within heard two shots, and on rushin' out, found Mr. Brown lyin' on his face, moanin'. They brought him into his own house, an' he, (the witness), remained with him till he died."

During the delivery of Mick's evidence, the Hon. Augustus Stanley was observed to hold the bullets in his hand, and turn them over, and examine them very attentively. When the witness had concluded giving his testimony, the coroner asked, "Have we any further evidence to go to the Jury?" Mr. STANLEY said, "I wish to be sworn in this matter." The oath was accordingly administered, and his testimony taken. "I think, Mr. Coroner, and gentlemen," he observed, "it would be wrong in me to let this matter go by, without saying something. My belief, on oath, is, that these bullets were fired from a double-barrelled pistol of mine, of peculiar structure, which I purchased when last on the Continent, and the like of which I never saw anywhere I have been. I lost the pistol in question on the night when my house was fired, in the encounter I had with the assassins who met and attacked me on the mountain. I did not tell any one that I had lost the pistol, thinking that by keeping silent on the subject, I might sooner discover the possessor of it. I am satisfied there is none like it among any of the gentry round, or in possession of any person authorized by law to keep or carry fire-arms. I suspect the party in possession of that instrument is either a principal, or an accessory to the murder."

Just at this particular juncture, considerable confusion arose in a corner of the Court-room from loud talking, which caused the coroner peremptorily to command "silence." The noise being continued, it was found to proceed from *two* persons, one of whom was a Police-constable, the other a young man, somewhat genteelly dressed in black, who lived with Father Fogarty, and called him by the equivocal name of "UNCLE." The coroner very severely reprimanded the constable for being a party, he said, "to disturbing the Court, and even did so after he had called for 'silence,' instead of instantly aiding in suppressing it." The constable arose and very respectfully apologized, remarking, "I am sorry, your Honour, to call forth your rebuke, but I have got some property in my possession, which I think belongs to Mr. Fogarty, and I wanted to ascertain whether I was right in my conjecture."

But, sir," the coroner replied, "you ought to select a proper time for this '*property*' question, and not disturb this Court. A most diabolical transaction has taken place, and we want to lay (if possible) *our finger* on"———"My finger," roared out the priest's *nephew* "there is nothing amiss with my finger."

"Then," replied the constable, "you are precisely the person I want," seizing the young gentleman's arm, and forcibly drawing his right hand from his pocket. "I see, your Honour," he said, addressing the coroner, "that additional light may be thrown on this subject by evidence which I am able to give."

"Then, of course, you must be sworn," said the coroner.

The constable was accordingly sworn, and his deposition ran thus:—

"My name is Thomas Sargent. I am constable of "police. I heard of the affair at the Slate House, soon

“ after it occurred. My superior officer ordered me to
“ keep a sharp look-out all night in the neighbourhood,
“ along with two more of our men, and to make obser-
“ vations on all persons and circumstances coming under
“ our notice. As soon as morning appeared, I approached
“ the House as far as the place where Mr. Brown fell ;
“ I knew it by the pool of blood ; I traced footsteps in
“ the grass as far as the gate leading to a large garden,
“ inclosed by a stone wall. I concluded, from the gate
“ being open, that the assassin entered by it, and left it
“ open to avoid making a noise by shutting it. I traced
“ footsteps in different parts of the garden, where the
“ earth had been newly turned up, as far as a large iron
“ gate at the opposite end, leading out into a pasture
“ field. The gate is very heavy, and shuts by its own
“ weight. Just outside that gate, I saw marks as if some
“ person, or persons, had been lying down and struggling.
“ There were a few marks of blood. A yard or two fur-
“ ther on, I found this *double barrellled pistol* ; and on go-
“ ing back to the gate, I found *a human finger sticking to*
“ *the inner edge of it*, as if some person in hurrying
“ through had hastily pulled it tight, and accidentally
“ cut off his own finger. I thought I was like the fellow
“ who had found a horse shoe, and said, ‘ If I only had
“ the baste and three other shoes, sure I’d have a hoss
“ o’ my own.’ So, if I only had the owner of the
“ finger, I’d have a prisoner.”

Mr. Stanley immediately recognised the pistol as the one he had lost, from the fact that its *bore* corresponded exactly with the bullets which had caused the death of Mr. Brown. *Young FOGARTY* was shown, by being *minus a finger*, to be the lawful and rightful owner of the finger found upon the gate, but neither the lawful or rightful owner of the pistol found in his possession. The jury, after hearing the constable’s evidence, were

not slow in agreeing to their VERDICT,—which was, “That John Brown had been wilfully murdered, and we find the prisoner, Patrick Fogarty, was either a principal or an accessory to the said murder.”

A committal was instantly made out, and he was forthwith sent to prison on the Coroner’s warrant, to stand his trial at the ensuing assizes. Before the intermediate period expired, however, he managed to effect his escape, and quit the country, and so terminated this extraordinary inquest. How true it is that sin finds the sinner out, when least expected. In this instance the agent of the priest unwittingly placed himself in the very attitude of detection.

The solemnities of the funeral being ended, attention was next directed to the case of the poor heart-stricken girl, whose mind became so suddenly extinguished by the assassination of her dear father. Her mother, sister, and brother, attended to her wants with untiring assiduity, and sought by every effort to awaken her attention to passing scenes, but without effect. By the advice of a council of physicians, she was moved about from place to place, for upwards of a year, Mrs. Stanley giving orders that no reasonable expenses should be spared in carrying out the directions of these gentlemen. Every effort towards restoration of her health and reason, however, proved unavailing, and her case was ultimately pronounced, one of “incurable melancholy.”

It was found impossible to persuade her that her father was dead, so that at last it was deemed advisable not to advert to the subject in any way. From a few hours after his reception of the death wound, until some days subsequent to the funeral, she was not permitted to enter his room.

When at length she gained access to it, and found

it empty, she concluded he was well and about his usual business. In her reveries she frequently imagined herself conversing with him. She would relate to him a dream which she fancied she had dreamed, how a number of persons had assembled at the Slate House for reading the Scriptures, and prayer; that they were engaged on a most remarkable passage in Matthew, when her father went out and was immediately shot. She would then detail with great exactness, all the circumstances intervening between that time and the period then present, and usually wind up with a forced, unnatural laugh, saying, "How glad I was to awake and find it all a dream!" A deep sigh was sure to follow this fit of volubility; and then some days would elapse before her voice would be heard much again. She could not be persuaded to join in any kind of work but what she thought was for her father. Many times in a week she would go to his cloth-chest to see what shirts of his required buttons, or what stockings wanted mending; in damp weather she would bring them out and expose them to the air near the fire, and carefully refolding them, place them in the chest again. Every meal-time she expected him home, and would place *his* knife, fork, plate, and chair, but no others. The sound of a horse's footstep near the house invariably drew her to the window or door to meet him, and, in short, he was ever present to her thoughts; still she appeared to have no idea of the flight of time, for she imagined that he was only a few hours absent.

The adage that "troubles never come single," was said by both friends and enemies of the Browns to have been verified in their experience. The commercial "firm" with which the deceased had deposited his money on interest, failed very soon after his death, whereby a considerable portion of their means of living was

cut off. The state too, of her son's health, and of her daughter's mind, kept constantly before the eyes of poor Mrs. Brown the remembrance of her husband's untimely end; all of which causes combined, preyed on her constitution, and brought her quickly beside her husband, a tenant with him of the house appointed for ALL LIVING. She gradually, indeed rapidly sank, without any apparent disease, until her attenuated frame and her lost strength, convinced her that her end was near. Under these circumstances, she set about reviewing her present and future course in right earnest; examining the reasons for her change of views; and most of all was she concerned to ascertain whether or not that change had been accompanied by a change of heart.

One morning, about a fortnight previous to her death, she called her daughter Polly to her bedside, and taking her hand, affectionately pressed it to her heart. With a cheerful smile she said, "I don't know, Polly, whether there is any thruth in dhrames. Is there anything said about them in the Scripthures?"

"There is, mother, a good deal," said her daughter; "God has often appeared to his servants in dreams, and also in other ways; but I don't know how to distinguish between a dream coming from God, and one from another or perhaps an evil source. Nor is it necessary now, mother; for you know we have every necessary direction for our faith and Christian practice in the Scriptures. But what makes you ask, mother dear?"

"Well, thin, child, I dhramed that I saw your poor father last night, a standin' jist by the door there, lookin' tin thousand times han'somer thin he did in his young days; an' 'tis himself was the han'somest gorsoon in all the whole counthry round. My gracious goodness! an' sure the ladies high an' low used to ordher their servants to dhrive the carriages round by where his father

lived, jist for an excuse to get a look at the 'han'some young farmer,' as they called him. But I'm wandherin' from my story. I thought he stood there an' looked at me a long time. 'In the name o' the Father, Son, an' Holy Ghost, John Brown,' says I, 'Is that yerself?' says I. 'It is indeed, asthore machree,' says he; 'an' I'm come to tell ye,' says he, 'to prepare an' come along wid me in a fortnight,' says he. 'John,' says I to him, 'wouldn't it be betther for ye to cum back agin, an' take care o' the childher?' 'Oh no;'" says he, makin' answer, 'the good God that cleansed my poor sowl, is able to guard an' guide 'em,' says he. My poor darlin' man! Many is the scowldin' I gave him wid my wicked tongue; may the good Lord forgive me.' Oh yes, John Brown, the likes o' ye was not *in* this world, or *out* of it; barrin' somebody that was a saint intirely. So, my dear child, he walked out, as I thought, through the dooc, widout ever openin' it. Do you think I'm goin' to meet yer poor father, alanna, so soon as that?"

Polly could make no answer, except by sobs and tears, which were at last interrupted by the entrance of Mick Tracy.

"I have come," he said, "to tell ye that Mrs. Stanley will be here to see Mrs. Brown in about an hour or so, whin she gives ordhers about dinner, an' sees to some poor people who want relief in the way o' clothin,' an' food, an' various other things. I declare there was nearly a regiment of 'em waitin' for her outside the door, whin I came away."

"God be good to her," Mrs. Brown replied; "what would people do, only for her an' a few like her. But did she say that she was comin' over here?"

"She did indade," said Mick.

"Isn't it very condescindin' in her to come an' see me, a farmer's wife, or widdy, as I'm now, God help me!

but Mick, alanna!* I'm glad ye're come in, for I want to talk to ye a little. I want first to ax yer forgiveness over an' over agin for the many times I insulted ye about yer religion, an' (clasping her hands with fervour) may the good Lord forgive me too for his dear Son's sake; I know he will not reject the humble prayer that comes up to him in the name o' the blessed Jasus."

"Mrs. Brown," he answered, "why ax forgiveness o' me; ye were always a friend to me an' mine. Whatever ill temper ye iver showed towards me was on the score o' religion; an' now that God has graciously opened yer own eyes to behold his blessed thruth, an' forgiven yer sins, the only remainin' ground o' difference betune us is removed. Have ye any partickler desire or request to ax o' the Lord? I would like to spind a few momints in prayer with ye."

"Pray for me," she said, "that I may be kept lookin' to Jasus, an' that whin me hour comes, Satan may have no power to draw me mind away to the old delusions; also, that the murderers of me poor man,—an' I may say of me sweet girl an' meself,—may niver depart this world till they are brought to repintance an' faith in our adorable Redeemer. O Mick, asthore! doesn't it swell yer heart as big as a puncheon when ye think o' the sweet Saviour praying for his own murderers?"

Mick knelt at her request and poured out his soul to God in her behalf, that "she might be enabled to glorify God in her remainin' life an' death; an' that He who had saved herself an' family, would vouchsafe similar blessin's to the murderers of him so lately laid in the grave, an' prepare 'em all for standin' before the judgment-seat."

He had scarcely risen from his knees, when she observed, "What wondherful quare idayas some people have! isn't prayer jist like talkin' to the Almighty?"

* Child.

"That is exactly what we do in prayer," Mick observed.

"An' tell me, Mick! How is it that whin I used to repate so many prayers, I always felt it a punishment for my sins?"

"Bekase ye were not taught what prayer really is. Prayer is not gabbling over a form o' words; it is, as the apostle says, 'makin' known our requests unto God.'"

"Thru for ye, Mick! Well, Mick, I'll soon be gone from this world, an' I feel somethin' tellin' me, 'It is hard to leave yer poor sickly boy, an' poor bewil-dher'd girl, to the marcies of a wicked world.' Is it a sin, Mick?"

"But," said Mick, laconically, "to whom do ye leave them? To God, or to the wicked world?"

"To the good God, Mick, to be sure," she eagerly replied.

"Thin," he added, "'tis aisy to see where the thought came from."

"Thru enough, thru enough," she shouted, clapping her hands, "it was a temptation. Oh dear me! is not Satan very wise? Well, he knows the tinder point the poor woman is in with respect to her childher; but they are *God's* childher, an' he will purvide for 'em."

Mick requested she would try and take a little rest, and keep herself as quiet as she possibly could, in order to be strengthened for Mrs. Stanley's visit. He then withdrew to await the arrival of that good lady, the particulars of whose interview will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

Mrs. Brown's last hours: she refuses every Priest
but Jesus.

" I WANT no priest but Jesus
To save my sin-sick soul ;
I want no hand but Jesus
Put forth to make me whole.
The priest may lull and cheat the way,
But cannot light the dying day.

" I want the love of Jesus
Enshrined within my soul,
Now that my footstep presses
Where Jordan's waters roll.
No thought so sweet, no grace so free,
As Jesus died—and died for me !

" I see the hand of Jesus
Holding the lamp of light ;
I see the smile of Jesus,
Like moonshine in the night.
Could priest have power, could ought but He,
Make that dark pathway bright for me ?"

Dear Erin, think of Jesus,
How he hath loved thee,
And how he bore thee on his heart,
When bleeding on the tree !
Long years of coldness, years of blood,
Have never quenched that welling flood.

Come then, O blessed Jesus,
With all thy glorious power,
Make Erin's sons and daughters,
Ripe for that happy hour,
When round the isles the song shall be,
No priest but Jesus—none but He !

THE IRISH PEASANT'S DYING SONG.



MICK was at the Slate House when Mrs. Stanley arrived, occupied in close conversation with Polly and John, their mother being at the time in an easy sleep. When she awoke, Polly and Mick entered, the latter took a chair at the lower part of the bed, near the door, and was there when Mrs. Stanley entered with John. Mick remained for a short time only, but previous to his withdrawal, John and Polly left the room. After a few words to Mick, Mrs. Stanley addressing the invalid, said, "Mrs. Brown, having heard from our mutual friend here, Mick Traey, how very weak and ill you have been lately, I have lost as little time as possible, in coming over to see you and the children, but I am especially concerned for yourself. Is there anything I can do for you? Let me request you to send over to 'The Hall' for whatever you think you would like, and if there is anything I have not got in the house, I will take care it shall be procured if possible, without loss of time."

"Oh! my dear lady, I thank ye kindly, 'deed I do," replied the enfeebled widow; "I won't be backward 'in sindin', if I think av anything nice. An' why should I, ma'am? since yerself an' the masther, the Lord above bless him, keeps open house always to comers and goers, an' '*caed millé failthé*,' (thousands of welcomes,) for rich an' for poor, the whole counthry round. May the Lord spare ye long. Why many of the poor o' this counthry would have been much poorer, only for yerself an' the masther."

"Well, we are all servants intrusted with the Lord's property," Mrs. Stanley replied; "and he requires us to distribute it for him, amongst those whom he has not intrusted with so much; and I desire to be faithful in the discharge of my trust, knowing that the Lord will soon look for the accounts; but what do you think candidly of your own health and prospects of living, M^s. Brown?"

"As to livin', my dear lady," rejoined the widow, "I'm afeer'd it would be hard to carry on here. Me son John is very wake, intirely, an' not able to see to things; besides, our little manes is reduced, by the failure of people who borried money from my poor man—God be good to him—an' I don't see, exactly, what turn things will take. But for me own part, I'm fast followin' him that's gone to the grave."

"And are you following him beyond that?" inquired Mrs. Stanley; "for I trust he has gone to be with the Saviour."

"I have no doubt but He who saved me husband, has saved me," said Mrs. Brown. "Blessed and praised be his holy name for iver an' iver, for showin' me my sins, an' leadin' me to trust in the blood of his Son. Oh! whin I think of that, my lady, I can leave all airthly things wid my gracious God. Sure, an' aren't a whole

family snatched out of the fire ? 'Tis meself that thought we were all destroy'd intirely, whin our poor boy begun to read the Bible ; an' indeed, I thought at the time that it was my duty to turn him out o' doors to perish. May God forgive me ignorance."

"That is a delightful thought indeed, that of having your family all brought to Christ," said Mrs. Stanley. "How wonderfully the Lord works ! What a great affliction poor Jack Brown's death was in one sense, but, I trust, a blessing in another, of which we may never know the end."

"I try to be resigned to it," said Mrs. Brown, "because it can't be undone ; but I can't see how any blessin' could rise from it."

"Well then," rejoined Mrs. Stanley, "you must bless the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together. I can tell you that the few words spoken by your husband, in his dying hour, had such an effect on Mr. Stanley's mind, as to lead him to seek the Lord, while they brought about a total change in him ; and not only so, but several gentlemen of our acquaintance have become very serious, and often come over to 'The Hall' to read and converse with him and myself on the Holy Scriptures."

Poor Mrs. Brown held her breath with amazement, gazing intently into Mrs. Stanley's face, while listening to the recital of wonders issuing from her husband's death, which she had never thought of, or considered possible. At last, bursting into tears of penitence, she sobbed out, "Glory, glory, be to God ! How he does turn all things for the best. I'm afear'd, my lady, there is a *power* o' wickedness in me heart still ; for I have murmur'd at the way me poor man was taken from me. I hadn't time even to get his forgiveness for all the wicked things I said an' did to him ; but he forgave me, I know well."

"Indeed," observed Mrs. Stanley, "there is a world of evil in all our hearts; but we never know that, until we come to God through Christ. He not only forgives our sins, but he cleanses our hearts from the love of sin, and the impurity they have contracted by being born in it, and immersed so long in it. Instead of being dismayed at seeing our vileness, we should take it as a proof of God's mercy that he leads us to see it, because we can thus come to the fountain for cleansing. Your heart was as wicked and unbelieving before, although you did not know it, and consequently did not seek its renewal by grace. It is the work of the Holy Ghost to do all this, Mrs. Brown."

"I'm mighty ignorant intirely, me lady, an' niver knew anythin' of the blessed Scripthures, until lately; but sure if I stiek fast to Christ, he won't fail me. Do ye think he will, dear lady?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Stanley replied. "If your life be spared, you will grow in the knowledge of your God and Saviour; but would you, when your children were infants, leave them to be poisoned or burned to death, because of their ignorance of poisons, or fire?"

"God forbid," Mrs. Brown replied warmly.

"Remember then that God calls you his child, and has promised never to forsake you; he will guide you, guard and instruct you, and purify you continually. Look to, and trust in him."

A sound of strange voices in the adjoining room caught the attention of Mrs. Stanley and the sick woman: they proved to be those of the young Priest, Father Connarty, and three or four of his friends accompanying him.

Presently John Brown entered his mother's room, and, bowing respectfully to Mrs. Stanley, knelt down

by the bed-side, saying, in a suppressed tone, "Mother, *did you really* send for the priest?"

"Me! child!" she uttered with astonishment, "I have not far to send for my marcfil priesht, the only priesht I want. No! No! alanna machree, (child of my heart,) I sent for no airthly priesht."

"Well, mother, he is here, with half-a-dozen ill-looking fellows, some inside the house and some outside. Don't be alarmed, madam, (turning to Mrs. Stanley,) I suspect it is only a bit of a *ruse* to intimidate us, so as to allow him to enter the room that he may have some colour for publishing amongst his flock, that my mother had recanted, and sent for the '*rites of the Church*,' as we used to call them formerly. The men are not armed, and I apprehend no danger whatever. I want to be able to tell him positively, before his own witnesses, as well as others, that my mother had no knowledge of his intention to come here, and that she had no desire whatever to see him."

"Would it not be better," Mrs. Stanley said, "to admit him, and let him hear for himself your mother's disavowal of having expressed any desire at all of that sort?"

"Perhaps it would, my lady, what do you think, mother?"

"Oh, by all manner o' manes; let him in to be shure; but Mrs. Stanley, an' you, an' Mick, must be in the room."

John immediately informed his Reverence, in the presence of several persons, that his mother disavowed having in any way sanctioned the sending for him; adding, that if he particularly desired to see her, he might walk into her sick room, at the same time opening the door, and admitting him. Then, by a motion of his finger attracting Mick's notice, the latter left his

seat, and both entered together, as it were on the heels of his Reverence. Father Connarty observed that their church required that no *third* person should be present in the apartment of a sick person. John approached his mother, and asked her, "Mother, is it your wish to be alone with Mr. Connarty?" "No, child," she audibly answered; "I am thankful to any one who comes to see me, inquirin' after me health, or spakin' to me about the dear Saviour, he is all the priesht I require."

"Now, sir," said John, "are you satisfied that my mother does not require your official services?"

"We are not always able to judge," he replied, "from a word or two dropped by sick persons. While there are influences about them calculated to warp their minds, they speak in one way; when alone with God and his church, they speak their minds more clearly."

"Mother," John again asked, "shall we leave you alone for a few minutes?"

"On your paril," she said, throwing up her hands supplicatingly. "Don't stir, *one of yer*. If yer do, ye know what will be reported whin I'm removed, an' unable to contradict it. I'm a poor guilty sinner, trustin' in the marey o' God, through JASUS CHRIST, confessin' me sins to HIM alone, who is able to forgive me; an' this I do in the presence av ye all, this day. I want no *holy water* to keep devils off from me; the blessed Saviour keeps them at a distance, an' the anointin' of the Sperrit o' grace, is all the unction my poor sowl stands in need av."

"That may be all very true," replied the priest; "but there are certain authorized channels through which those blessings are promised in the church; and, by cutting yourself off from the church, you cut yourself off from all the promised blessings. But it is not

yet too late to return. Our Holy Mother, the church, still invites you to her arms."

"The blessed Saviour says, 'Come to me,' " the dying woman rejoined, "and I will give you rest." I take his precious Word for it; the channel of his Holy Book is authority enough for me; but I'm weak an' ignorant, an' can't argee; me time here is short, an' I wish to employ it in prayer an' praise to the Redeemer."

Anxious to relieve the dying woman, Mrs. Stanley resolved to try how she would fare in controversy with a skilled disputant from the far famed college of Maynooth. "Don't you think sir," she said, "that it would be better to direct the attention of people, while in health, to a study of God's Holy Word, as a means of enlightening their understandings, and purifying their hearts and lives, than that of leading them to depend upon the efficacy of mere external rites, both living and dying?"

He replied, "The established church, madam," eying her severely, "teaches as *we* do, on these subjects. Regeneration by Baptism, confession to the minister, and absolution on that confession, in the same words that our church teaches it. Where did she get it but from *us*? and by what authority did she start off and set up for herself? It is clear that though she retains the *rites*, she does not possess the *power* she professes; for, having *separated* from the parent stock, she must have a *special revelation*, or *special delegation*, of *spiritual power*, direct from *Jesus Christ*. Now she does not claim either one or the other, and consequently cannot be the true church."

Mrs. Stanley was one of those spiritually-minded, earnest, Episcopalian ladies, who devote themselves to the active and benevolent duties of the Christian life,

in connexion with the National Church, and who render incalculable service to the parochial clergy. I may also observe here, that there are not a few in the same communion who are favourable to an alteration and renovation in the formularies and liturgy of the church, in order to make them more adapted to the times we live in. Apart from these things, however, Mrs. Stanley felt satisfied that her religious opinions were safe, being based upon the Bible. The good lady, however, never anticipated that those very things should now be laid before her as a reproach, requiring her defence.

After a pause she said, "It matters little, sir, whether or no the Church of England, or any other church, agrees or disagrees with the church of which you are an authorized teacher. With regard to Baptismal Regeneration, facts are stronger than arguments; because, however, we may argue upon theory, the fact stares us in the face, viz., that we are surrounded by *baptized infidels*, which is conclusive against you, and against those of our church who say they believe in the dogma. It is an absurdity, by whomsoever believed. As to confession and absolution, I believe in both, but deny that either is auricular; the former to Christ only, and the latter only as conditional, and declarative, but not absolute. Christ is the great absolver, and dispenser of forgiveness, and not the priest. Respecting the 'power' you speak of, as existing in your person and office, apart from that in the episcopal church; may I ask what it is worth, seeing that the persons absolved once, have to be absolved a hundred or a thousand times, oft repeated, and, at the end, before they have any title to heaven require *extreme unction* and *Purgatory*? How is this? You have spoken of 'special revelation, and special delegation of

spiritual power, direct from Jesus Christ,' as if you held these in monopoly. There is good reason for doubting whether you have them at all. We have them, and we circulate them. All these are embodied in the Holy Bible, to which I referred in my first observations. In no part of that precious volume is there a word to favour auricular confession."

"That is a mistake, madam. James says, '*Confess your sins.*'"

"Yes; but you have not completed the quotation. He adds, after confess your sins—'*to one another;*' not a word about doing so to a *priest*; 'and pray for one another, that ye may be healed.' Now, sir, I ask you, as an honest man, is there a single word in this text to justify the adoption of auricular confession, even in the sense taught in the church of Rome? Is it not rather counselling Christians to acknowledge their faults to each other, with a view to mutual forgiveness and forbearance?"

Mrs. Stanley had never before encountered a priest, and, perhaps he had never before encountered an educated lady. The lesson she taught him was worth all the trouble he took.

Finding things disagreeable, and not having read his daily portion of the *Breviary*, he made as speedy an *exit* as he could. He was somewhat like Satan; he could not stand the Word, and so he disappeared.

Poor Mrs. Brown did not long remain an inhabitant of this lower world. Soon after the foregoing scene at the Slate House, she entered into the presence of H,m who redeemed her by his own blood, and made her a fellow inheritor with himself. Nor was the poor sufferer disturbed by the debate between her friend and the obtruding priest; because, although he was calm

and imperturbable, he was, nevertheless, to all appearance, fully conscious of the weakness of his cause, and far more anxious to make his escape from arguments which he felt to be unanswerable, than to continue a contest in which his defeat was only likely to become more and more apparent, not only to himself, but to those by whom he was surrounded, who would naturally listen eagerly for his replies, in order that they might judge for themselves how far he was to be depended on as their director and guide, when they, too, should be standing on the verge of the grave; while, on the other hand, the lady was perfect mistress of her feelings, being strong in the consciousness of truth; and while he was cold, she burned with a holy fervour to proclaim to others the sacred truths which had been so blessed a source of consolation to herself, as well as to the martyred convert so lately sacrificed to Popish bigotry, and the mourning sufferer before her, who was fast hastening to join her beloved husband in that bright world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. What a lesson to the bystanders!

The last act of the solemn drama was as peaceful as could have been expected. There was the gradual sinking, with patiently-endured suffering; and on being questioned respecting this, the reply invariably was, "My Saviour suffered more," and when at length, she fell asleep in Jesus, the Slate House was, indeed, a "house of mourning," and many in the neighbourhood truly felt that they had lost a friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are now safely landed in Heaven, and their children remain behind to struggle with the tide of persecution which still raged around them; but not alone—they were under the fatherly

care of Him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless," and

"Who watches every numbered hair,
And all their steps attends."

The next chapter will serve to illustrate this consolatory truth in more senses than one, and to show that while "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, the remainder of wrath He will restrain."

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CHAPTER XXI.

Tells how Persecution raged. — The Misses
Brown abducted.

“ Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

“ While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall,—when all other comforts cease,—
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.”

COTTON.



THE last chapter closed with details of a remarkable controversy, and the last hours of Mrs. Brown.

Three months subsequent to the death of his mother, John Brown, accompanied by his sisters, walked out from the "Slate House" to pay a visit to scenes familiar from childhood. A train of Providential circumstances had opened up his way to an acquaintance with a gentleman residing in DUBLIN, and which led to his employment as a missionary to his countrymen, in a district formed in that metropolis.

DUBLIN was therefore to be the place of his residence for some time to come; and there he was about to repair in a day or two, in company with his sisters. Their mother had been laid beside their father, as a tenant with him in the last narrow lodging for human beings. Without any absolute understanding on the subject, they silently shaped their course toward the churchyard, in which the remains of both parents had been deposited in quick succession. The evening was such as is not often enjoyed in that, or, indeed, in any other climate. The fruits of the earth were ready for the spade and the

sickle; the broad fields of corn waved before the zephyr breezes with the gentlest undulating motion, as when the ocean "slumbers like an unweaned child," and only now and then heaves a gentle swell to show that it has not altogether lost its momentum.

Wild flowers glittered in their richest luxuriance, and greatest variety. Birds carolled, as if determined to outdo each other in vocal skill; but none of Nature's charms seemed to possess influence enough to strike a chord in any of their depressed bosoms at all likely to meet with a responding vibration. Their trouble was deep. Betsy's mental malady seemed to have yielded a little; she would now and then enter into a short conversation, when suddenly aroused from her reveries, and was daily giving indications of returning reason. Arrived at the graveyard, they sought the spot so dear to their affections. The turf had become green on their father's grave, but the mould was yet fresh on that of their mother. By John's directions a young yew tree had been planted at the head, and two rose trees at the feet. A chaste slab of white marble stood between the yew tree and the graves, with the simple inscription:—

"ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
OUR MURDERED PARENTS,
JOHN AND BRIDGET BROWN,
WHO DIED RESPECTIVELY
(THE DATES WE OMIT.)
THIS TRIBUTE OF FILIAL AFFECTION
IS RAISED BY THEIR SORROWING CHILDREN,
JOHN, MARY, AND ELIZABETH."

"Whose graves are these?" Elizabeth asked; while she gazed at the tears that rolled down her sister's cheeks. Polly turned away her head, unable to command composure enough to speak.

John thought it a favourable time to impress her mind with the fact of the reality of their parents' death, and replied, "They are the graves, my sister, of your own dear father and mother; don't you think they will rest peacefully here?"

She opened her eyes wide, like one awaking from a trance; looked first at her brother, then at her sister; again at the graves, and lastly, at the tombstone. She fixed an anxious gaze upon it, as if spelling out the syllables, each of which appeared to make its impression on her mind. Consciousness seemed to return with a crushing weight upon her, and she fell prostrate on the graves before either brother or sister could seize hold of her.

Insensibility did not continue long, and when she revived from her faint, she had a full knowledge of the past, up to the time of her father's terrible catastrophe. Her brother endeavoured, as briefly and as tenderly as possible, to give her an idea of the leading circumstances of their history, during the intervening time; all of which she seemed fully to comprehend, listening with the deepest attention, and giving vent to copious floods of tears, the first shed by her since the fatal night. She seemed to feel pleased at the thought of removing so soon from those loved familiar scenes, lest, as she said, "she might gradually relapse into her unconscious state again."

Polly, anxious to divert the conversation into some other channel, and wishing to test still further the sanity of her sister, observed, "Well, John, if I were a poet, I would never leave these delightful scenes without committing my impressions of them to writing."

"Poetry," Betsy observed, "is very delightful to the imagination, more especially when sorrow weighs upon the spirit; but after all, prose is the reality of life;

poetry only the ideal. I have often thought that we are apt to be led away considerably from the real state of things, I mean from truth itself, by the impressive writing of many who are called 'Christian poets.' Do not you think so, John?"

"I do," her brother observed; "but nevertheless, there is a captivating power in poetry for which it is not easy to account. I must allow that, after having the mind occupied for a length of time, and deeply engaged in reading or composing, it is very hard to descend from these high, absorbing scenes, to the regular routine of life's duties. It is agreed on all hands, that we must make allowance for what is called 'poetic license,' which, in many instances, amounts to as much as if I were to say of a man, 'He is a fascinating fellow, and very agreeable company; but beware of him, for a certain amount of what he tells you is positively untrue.'"

"I think," Betsy said in reply, "that our minds are naturally enough inclined to exaggerate; to view things as either better or worse than they really are, and need not the distorted representations frequently given by poets. If poets in general would set about correcting that tendency, I have no doubt but the art might be made much more useful than ever it has been."

"At any rate," said John, "we have no need of exaggerated representations to bind our hearts to the enchanting scenes now surrounding us. When distant from here, we shall live over again in memory the days of childhood. Here the dust of our beloved parents mingles with its original earth, and hither will our wishes often tend, that by and by, when called home, our ashes and theirs may blend in one common grave. How soon that may be who can tell?" Betsy sighed deeply, observing, "I feel as if our troubles were only commencing, John; but 'God is faithful.'"

"Yes," said her brother; "He *is* faithful. The *terrible* God who keepeth covenant.' The God of his people's salvation often answers them 'by *terrible* things,' but they are all done '*in righteousness.*' How often has Mrs. Stanley prayed for her husband's conversion! but how little she or any one but God knew, that it was to be effected by our poor father's assassination."

"May God subdue our hearts," said Polly, "and give us grace to do and suffer His will. When I first began to read the Scriptures, I saw nothing likely to result but a change of opinion merely; how very much mistaken I was! But there is a carriage at the gate—and another. Perhaps there is a funeral, John." The words had scarcely escaped her lips, when three men alighted from each, and walked to where they were seated. Asking some trivial unimportant questions they so disposed themselves, that *two* of them got behind each of the party, and at a given signal, gagged and bound the three, leaving John where they had found him, and carrying the fainting girls to the carriages, they drove off at the height of their speed! John was for some time stunned by the suddenness of the procedure, for the whole of it did not occupy three minutes; and when he had recovered possession of his faculties, he observed, that it must be within half an hour of nightfall, and he was in dread lest the ruffians, having, as he feared, butchered his sisters, should return and murder himself. Again, he considered that if murder had been their object, they would prefer taking him away with the girls, rather than risk the chances of his escape, and their probable apprehension. He also dreaded the closing in of night, lest with his delicate state of health, and the pressure of the cords which bound him, he might expire without a friend

near, to whom he could disclose the occurrence respecting his sisters. At last he concluded that his best plan was to roll himself over and over, thereby causing some little rustling among the leaves, and small sticks, so as, if possible, to attract the attention of some passer by. He had just come to this determination, when he overheard voices in the adjoining field. Knowing not whether they might be friends or enemies, he hesitated to put his last formed determination into practice, when the heavy fall of a human body on the green turf, disclosed the form of George Stanley, who, in attempting to leap the fence, had touched his toe against a stone, which sent him sprawling to within a few feet of where John was lying. Mr. Stanley was quickly succeeded by the remainder of his party, amounting to five, who had been out with him on a fishing excursion. John immediately commenced rolling, which was at once perceived, and drew forth from the whole company the most boisterous laughter.

"A case, a case!" cried one, meaning a case of drunkenness.

"No, no," says a second; "'tis only some poor chap sent by Father Fogarty, to do penance among the graves, for having listened to Protestant prayers. I say old chap, hold fast by the ground, or when the earth turns upside down, you may fall off."

"No," cried a third; "he is some ruffian who has come here to steal bodies for surgical dissection. What do you think if we tie him, and carry him into the village on a pole?"

"Agreed, agreed," shouted the whole. Two ran for a pole, and the remainder clubbed all their spare string, to make ligatures sufficiently strong to tie him, which they were preparing to execute, when they perceived him not only tied already, but gagged! Quick as

thought, they seemed to vie with each other in cutting his bonds. In a moment, John Brown was on his feet, relating to the astonished company the history of his evening's disaster. No time was lost by them in repairing to "The Hall," to communicate the intelligence to Mr. Stanley, who listened attentively to the details.

He paused a considerable time, contrary to the practice of former days, in which he was solely guided by the impulsiveness of his warm nature.

"Quick, pa, quick!" said George, impatiently; "if we get back to the churchyard soon enough, we can seize them when they return for John, and shoot every one of them, if they have pluck enough to show fight."

"Tut, tut, scatter-brain," said his father; "spare your powder for another occasion."

"Well now, pa! I declare the saints have totally destroyed all your spirit. Why, if this had occurred only a few months ago, I'll warrant you would have been the first man on the ground."

"What do you call 'spirit,' George?" his father asked, looking at him with a mixture of mildness and severity in his countenance.

"Spirit, pa, spirit! Why, it is—it is"—he was going to say "courage," in order to get out of his dilemma; but he knew his father's courage was beyond question. "Well, pa!" he said, softening down a little in his tone, and blushing, "it was not spirit I meant, though I used the word; what I did mean was, that you seem very much altered of late."

"I wish," his father said mildly, laying his hand affectionately on his son's shoulder, "I wish to impress on you a lesson which I am sorry I did not practice early in life myself. Just think soberly for a short time, my son, before committing yourself to any course of action,

in a matter like this. It will affect your courage in no other way than by giving it a proper direction. My impression is, that those fellows will not come back."

"Did they abuse you by beating or threatening?" he asked young Brown.

"No, sir," was John's reply; "they did not hurt me in the least, except so far as was necessary to tie me."

"Then they do not want you, at least for the present. Their object is to secure the girls by putting them into some convent, and thus forcibly make Papists of them again. I would not at all wonder if they endeavour to ship them off to some foreign convent, but that will take some little time; meanwhile, we can by some possibility discover their track, I daresay. Which way," he asked, "did the carriages drive off?"

"In the direction of Cork, I think, sir," replied John.

"Well, they would soon separate in order to avoid observation. Possibly one of them may go to Waterford direct, and another take the Clonmel road for the same place, *via* Cork."

"What do you think would be best to be done, love?" addressing Mrs. Stanley.

"I think it best, now that you have deliberated, to lose no time in the pursuit," she said. "If two parties set out, one in each direction, some tidings may be obtained before morning."

"Excellent advice," said Mr. Stanley. "Just as I thought myself. Well, George, tell Paddy to get two carriages ready, by the time we have had supper. Young Jack Brown and you can take the Waterford road, and drive yourselves in turn. I will go the way of Cork and Clonmel. If not successful in either place, I will proceed to Dublin, making inquiry as I go along. If you do not succeed, come on to Dublin also, and join

me at the 'Gresham.' Meanwhile, watch the newspapers narrowly at the hotels, as you pass along, and write a line or so from every stage to which you come, so as to meet me wherever you think I am likely to be on the road."

Supper was not long in being despatched. Very little preparation was made for the journey; and the carriages were speedily at the door.

Mr. Stanley saw the two "boys" seated in their carriage before he entered his own. Placing a bank-note in Brown's hand "to meet contingencies," as he expressed it, he bade them "God speed."

Pat put up the steps, and held the door open for some seconds, as if doubtful whether to speak or be silent.

"Come, Pat!" his master said, "Don't be falling asleep. Mount, my man! Mount!"

"Arrah thin! is it forgettin' the pistils intirely, yer honor is?" said Pat, in a desponding tone.

"Drive on, Pat, my hearty fellow. The Good Lord is a better defence than thousands of pistols."

"Fegs, he may," added Pat, "but by my own word,—an' that is no great oath, for it is not worth much,—I'd rayther have *both* for purtection,"—saying which, he closed the door tardily, mounted his box, muttering as he did so, "Holy Mary, save an' purtect us from all danger! Where is the sperrit of the gintry gone to, at all, at all!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Midnight Adventure of the Pursuers at the
Beehive Tavern.

“ From his lurking place,
With stealthy pace,
Through a long chamber he begins to crawl,
As you see a cat walk on the top of a wall,
When it's stroke full of glass, and she thinks she shall fall.
—He proceeds to feel

For his flint and steel,
(An invention on which we've improv'd a great deal
Of late years—the substitute best to rely on
Is what Jones, of the Strand, calls his *Pyrogenion*.)
He strikes with despatch!

His tinder doth catch!
But where is his candle? and where is his match?—
'Tis done, it is found!

He stands up and looks round
By the light of his “dip” of sixteen to the pound!
What—what is it now that makes his nerves quiver?
His hand to shake, and his limbs to shiver?
FEAR? Pooch! it's only a touch of the liver,—
The “Boy” is all right to work the “intriguer.”

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.



A DRIVE of an hour or more, brought the pursuers to a place where two roads met and diverged, at which they respectively separated; Mr. Stanley, senior, taking one, and his young friends the other.

It was now growing late; the peasantry were all reposing after their day's toil; and no travellers were met with, who either could or would afford them any information as to the object of their search. We shall leave the elder pursuer, and inform the reader of the progress and adventures of the juniors.

About twenty miles from their starting point, and close upon the hour of midnight, they arrived at a place called "*The Cross Roads*," ornamented with a few thatched cabins, and the usual appendage, namely, a "*shebeen house*," from the gable end of which was suspended a swinging sign, giving the following information to all passers by. On one side it read:—

"The best WHISKEY and PORTER under the Sun.

"N.B.--Entertainment, for Man and Horse, by PATRICK FINNEGAN. Letters written on LOVE, BUSINESS, and MARRIAGE, at 6d. each."

On the reverse—"THE BEE HIVE" was painted in large letters, beneath which, the travellers spelled out by the light of the moon:—

"Within this Hive, we're all alive,
Good WHISKEY makes us funny;
If you are dhry, step in and thry,
The flavour of our Honey:
And don't forget to pay down ready money.

N.B.—Boys! Thrust is dead! Bad pay kilt him."

Our young friends after deliberating, determined on trying the "flavour of the honey," and the quality of the "entertainment" at the "Hive" for men and horses," and thereby to discover, if possible, which of the *four* roads had been taken by the parties of whom they were in search.

They knocked at the door with their whips, toes, and heels, in rapid succession, until they had nearly come to the conclusion that the house was deserted. After fifteen or twenty minutes thus spent ineffectually, they re-mounted their vehicle, determined to let chance decide as to which road they should follow: and they had just seated themselves to start, when they observed something like the head of a human being, thrust out of an aperture, where there was doubtless formerly a pane of glass, (but which before the head appeared, was partially filled with straw,) the owner of which head, asked in a yawning tone,—“If they wanted any thing?” He was informed that bait was wanted for their horses, on which he politely requested “they would wait a little bit, till he put on his clothes,” which done, “he would come down and let them in.” They had to wait until their patience—a commodity of which Mr. Stanley, junior, had no great stock—was nearly exhausted, before the re-appearance of the owner of the head, who lost another quarter of an hour or more, looking for, or

pretending to look for his tinder-box, match, and candle. An equal length of time was absorbed before the "Boy" could be awaked, whose duty it would be to take charge of the horses. When the said "Boy," (of full *fifty* summers,) was produced, it took quite half an hour to find the "key" of the oat-bin. I am sure the reader will agree with me, that the travellers were greatly to be pitied in such an emergency; and I am equally sure they were entitled to great praise for their decision; for they quietly agreed not to show any undue temper at these vexatious delays, nor even appear anxious to proceed.

With a view to throw the "Boy" off any scent he might have, they conversed about fishing, shooting, riding, and jumping, and every ordinary thing of which they could think; and before him and the landlord of the house, they were as cheerful as cheerful could be.

Making an excuse for walking out, as if to enjoy the beautiful moonlight, young Stanley took hold of Brown's arm, and when at a convenient distance from the house, where he could not be overheard, he whispered, "Brown! leave it to me, my boy; leave it all to me. We are on the right track so far, you may rely upon it."

"Why how can you possibly decide that?" John asked eagerly.

"These delays, John, are all intended to give time to the other parties. I wonder you did not perceive that."

"I really did not think so; but it does look ominous. There is a strong show of probability about it; I am positively struck with the force of what you say."

"Well now, Brown, just keep counsel, and let *me* work the 'cards;' all I wish you to do is, to observe these fellows narrowly and vigilantly."

In a short time they returned, and found a blazing

turf fire. They sat them down to read some papers they had with them, endeavouring in the meantime to keep their ears on the alert, so as to detect, if possible, anything in whatever conversation might take place between the "boy" and his master, that was at all likely to lead to a discovery. They were not (as we shall see) compelled long to wait the looked-for information.

From the fire-place at which they were sitting, they had a full view of "the bar," inside of which their jolly "landlord," the owner of the head aforesaid, was regaling himself with a smoke of his *dhudeen*, and a tumbler of hot whiskey punch to "warm his heart," as he said. There is a wonderful charm in the combined influence of tobacco smoke, and the soothing powers of *potteen*, especially of a cold night; and most of all, when there is particular business to do. The business to be transacted now required warmth, cunning, and adroitness, all of which were soon in requisition.

"Very soon the "boy" returned from the stable, and entered the bar-room where his master sat. The latter, from some sign or other, came forward and shut the door which separated the two rooms, remarking as he did so, "it was to keep the cowld out from the gintlemin."

The young men were alive to the movement, and sat to listen. Now, the doors of road-side Inns in the South of Ireland are seldom very substantial; and ordinarily, there is little difficulty in *seeing* or *hearing* through them. It was so in the present case, for the following dialogue proceeded uninterruptedly, and was fully noted, without the slightest suspicion of any eaves-dropping.

Landlord.—"How do you know they are in purshoot, eh?"

The Boy.—"How does I know it? Fegs an' right well I knows that same. What would bring the likes

of 'em out this hour o' the night or mornin,' whichever it is, but somethin' o' the sorte?"

Landlord.—"Very well! if you think so thin, jist take a hammer an' run a short nail up the hoof av one o' the horses. He'll be sure to fall lame afore they get any distance from here, and thin my *bouchal* (or boy) they may give up the purshoot."

Boy.—"In throth since ye said it, ye may safely lave the management o' the business to meself; an' if I don't do it, there ain't a fish in Dungarvin."

As soon as this colloquy had ceased, young Stanley said to Brown; "Be firm, John! we must find out whether there are any other men in the house, and if not, I have a plan devised to separate these two; and should one more remain, we ca' easily manage him. He accordingly rapped with his knuckles on a table, by way of signal, intimating that he required immediate attention, to which "Boniface" himself promptly responded.

Upon making his appearance, he inquired "What their honors might plaze to want?" George replied, "they were desirous of obtaining the services of a boy, or man, belonging to the house, who would run for a blacksmith, to see if he could screw the nuts of the carriage, as it was much loosened and shaken, having travelled over a very rough, bad road, and would still have to travel the remainder of the night."

He was answered, "that there was but one *boy* in the house, and not a blacksmith within two or three miles of them." He further informed George, "that the journey to the nearest smith, considherin' the lateness av the hour, was worth at the very least two half-crowns. He thought he might himself condesind to aim that sum if agreeable, as a perkisit; and bein' tired afther a day's work too, an' another afore him afther his return."

Our travellers appeared impressed with the condescension of the landlord; indeed, so much so as to render it unlikely they would soon forget the "Bee-Hive." He further assured them, "that it was his utmost ambition to make his guests comfortable; and, although his house appeared humble, he had the honor of entertaining no less a person than Lord Doneraile, and certain of his lordship's friends, who drank grog there on more than one occasion, on hunting excursions."

The *two half-crowns* being no great obstacle, the condescending Boniface is now on the road in quest of the blacksmith, and the two travellers, now alone, briefly and silently deliberate. So far, George's plan has succeeded admirably. They agree that delay would be the object of the messenger, and that, consequently, he would be in no hurry forward or backward. It was further agreed, to allow him to proceed beyond hearing, in case of any disturbance or alarm, in or near the house, in any event that might occur. The "*boy*" was summoned, and requested to attend George forthwith to the stable, with a lantern, in order to look at his horses. John followed, and all three were safe within the stable walls in a very few minutes. Another moment, and a pair of double-barrelled pistols were produced by George Stanley. The "*boy*" eyed them. "Now, my man," said George, "I am one of the Stanleys, of Stanley Hall. I suppose you have heard that no Stanley ever broke his word. If you answer some questions I have to ask, fairly and truly, and do as I tell you, I'll give you a handsome present; but, if you do not, I'll send the moonlight whistling through your popish carcass."

Falling down on his knees, and throwing up his hands

imploringly, with the most earnest supplications, the "boy" cried out, "For the sake o' ——."

"Hush, sir," said George, "speak low; I'm not deaf; but, speak truly."

"Well, yer honor, for the love av all the souls belonging to ye in the flames o' Purgatory, spare me life; and I'll tell ye every word I knows."

"There is no danger, whatever, of your life, if you tell the truth. Now, come, give me that hammer and those nails which you have secreted to ruin my horse."

He drew them forth.

"Now tell me which of these roads was taken by those people who left your house during the evening past?"

"Well, thin, yer honor, as I'm a sinner, the two carriages parted whin here; one av 'em took the road to Dungarvan and Watherford, and the t'other wint towards Cloonmel. They wor to meet in Dublin, an 'tis God's thruth I'm tellin' yer honors this blessed night."

"Now, my man," continued George, "tell us what state their horses were in?"

"Fegs an' jaded enuff they wor, goodness knows. They wor druv too hard intirely, so they wor; but they'd get fresh horses at Dungarvan; I mane the people that had the mad young ooman. I don't know where the t'others would change hosses, only they'd all take to the coaches whin they got to thim places I mintion'd. The t'other young lady had her sinses very well, only she look'd skeer'd like."

"Did you hear what they were going to do with the young ladies?"

"They said, fegs an' I'll tell no lie about it; they said the young ladies wor goin' av their own free will an' accord to Spain, to live in a convint, for fear a rich uncle of theirs would compel 'em to be Protestints."

"Did they leave anything behind them with you?"

"Dickens a taste in life, sir; only a little weeny scrap o' paper, one o' the girls let fall from her hand. Here it is, sir, an' I don't know from Adam what is on it, as meself can't read, an' the lan'lord is no scholar nather, no more nor I am."

"Well now, my tight fellow," said George, drawing some silver from his pocket, "here are five shillings for your information, five shillings for your worthy master, in payment for his errand, and two shillings and sixpence for oats. Come now, out with the horses instantly, and make no unnecessary noise, or you shall feel the force of my leg, and the point of my boot-toe. Don't trifle with me, my man!"

These orders were executed with all promptness and precaution by the "boy," who led the carriage up to the door. The carriage there, George ordered the boy into the bar, and caused him to sit tremulously in the snug easy chair, where his master usually enjoyed himself. When seated, George drew a handkerchief over his eyes, a small piece of wood across his mouth, and tying both hands behind him, left him to the tender kindness of his obliging and complaisant master, when safely returned. This last act did not meet the concurrence of Brown; but both were soon mounted, and on the high road from the "Bee Hive;" when, giving the reins to the prancing steeds, they rapidly shortened the distance between "the cross roads" and Dungarvan.

When on the road a little way, John said,—“We did not see what was on the scrap of paper.”

“But I saw it,” shouted George, in a voice that made an echo through the glens and bogs, “trust me for a thing of that sort. Here it is; you can read it by the light of the carriage lamp.”

John took the paper, and read the word "*Convent*," (in pencil) to which were added the initials, "M.B." "All right, so far," he shouted; "I would swear at any time to Polly's writing, even without the initials; and doubtless thinking there might be a pursuit, she dexterously dropped this scrap somewhere about the 'Bee Hive.'"

"I tell you what it is, Brown," said George, "too much religion will never do for a fellow who means to leave his impress upon this world of ours. Now, there is my own dear mother; everybody knows she is a saint. I use the word in its best sense; but she is no more fit to deal with the world, than if she had never been in it. She is constantly imposed upon, and that, too, by those renegades and vagabonds, who, while they speak smoothly to her, would murder herself and every member of her family, and consign us all to the black realms of Pluto. These parties come to her with their feigned tales of distress, and put on a drivelling penitence; while at the same time, conspiracies against us are all but executed. They come to papa in the same fawning way, begging to be forgiven rent; and really I fear he will soon be as easily duped as mamma. Just think of him to-night: he would not take a pistol with him; not he. What would uoy and I have done with that *boy*, sir, if I had come unprovided with those little bull-dogs?"

After a pause John answered,—“The matter, so far, is very well; yet I cannot forbear saying, that I cordially approve of the peaceful and forbearing principles of your parents, as being more in harmony with the gospel of Jesus Christ, than those you appear to advocate. Now, if there had been a large party of men there, we should have been injured more than benefited, by any display of those fire-arms; and there being but one armed, who was competent to use them, a discharge would have

rendered the opposing parties desperate, and our condition scarcely less so."

"But," replied George, holding to his own text, "what would the world come to if your principles were universally acted upon? The weak must, in every instance, succumb to the strong, and every despot might reign rampant."

"No, by no means," responded John; "the very reverse would be the case. Only give those principles a fair trial, and act them out faithfully and universally, and surely there will be none to prey on his weaker brother. Let there be a wide dissemination of the gospel of peace; and, in proportion as its holy truths are accepted, and its principles diffused, in the same proportion will our antagonisms and hostilities cease. In this country, we are so accustomed to religious bickering and party strife, and bitterness is so cultivated, that to shake one's self out of religious animosity is no easy matter. Besides, I know that the prevalent religion of this country encourages rather than hinders this animosity; but I cannot believe that the spirit of reciprocated bitterness will ever cure either side of the question. I am sure fire-arms and weapons of war are not the best means to regenerate Ireland. They have a purpose to serve, but their mission is only called for in great exigencies; and I feel persuaded, that if you only view the matter now, as you will one day regard it in relation to the eternal world, there will remain no difficulty in adopting the sentiments and practices of your worthy parents."

"I readily grant the force and conclusiveness of your reasoning, John; you are quite the preacher, as well as the logician. You go much farther that way than I do."

"Then," replied his friend, "the opinions and belief with which we would wish to die, are, or ought to be,

those whereby we should be guided through life to its termination; and those opinions, and this faith, I pray may be ours, with a view to our fitness and preparedness for the world of joy above."

Just as these remarks were drawing to a close, a streak of light shot up from the distant horizon into the clear sky. It was the first beaming of the sun, as he emerged from his "ocean bed." Very soon the feathered songsters began their sweet music, and among them, the skylark soared aloft, welcoming the morning with its brilliant notes.

As day-light expanded, they began to discern clearly their position: and, looking down from their elevation, they beheld with surprise and admiration the beautiful bay of Dungarvan. Upon the surface of the bay were hundreds of fishing craft, returning laden with the spoils of the night. At *four* o'clock they drew up at the hotel door, where "bait for the horses, beds for two, and breakfast at six," was ordered; and "post horses from thence to Waterford," by the time the gentlemen had their meal.

With the reader's permission we shall leave them for the present, and see how other parties fared in the same enterprise.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Bravo, Stanley! Bravo! The Game is scented!
Onward! Onward!

“God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In Him, undaunted, we'll confide,
Though earth were from her centre toss'd,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
“In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs;
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God, and ours.
“Come, see the wonders He hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought;
How He has calmed the jarring world.
He broke the warlike spear and bow,
With them their thund'ring chariots too,
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
“Submit to God's almighty sway,
For Him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess.
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.”

BRADY AND TAYLOR'S PARAPHRASE.
(Forty-eighth Psalm.)



WE left our youthful heroes about to take some repose and refreshment, before prosecuting their pursuit further. They breakfasted, as proposed, at six o'clock, and at half-past that hour, were on the road again, behind four horses, whose proud hoofs spurned the earth beneath them, and dashed onward for Waterford. Feeling certain, respecting the accuracy of the information obtained at the "Bee Hive," they

asked no questions at Dungarvan, nor indeed on their road between that place and Waterford. They contented themselves with giving general directions to the postilion, "to drive as fast as the horses could with due safety travel; and this done, they composed themselves to sleep, and were surprised to find themselves, at nine o'clock, at the office of the Dublin Mail Coach, which vehicle had started for the metropolis two hours before their arrival. On making this discovery, they blamed themselves for delaying at Dungarvan, but regrets were useless; and how to shape their future course was the next question.

A whole day now remained at their disposal, in which to make inquiries, and write to Mr. Stanley, whom they expected to reach Clonmel by that evening. After pursuing inquiry fruitlessly for a long time, they at length succeeded in ascertaining, "that a carriage had reached Waterford very early that morning; that the parties occupying it, had put up at a very low place, in a back part of the Town; and had started from thence for Kilkenny by the Mail Car, an hour or so after their arrival." To "make assurance doubly sure," they inquired at the office of the said Mail Car, and learned that a party of three—two men, and a young lady, the last named apparently excited, or deranged in intellect, from her manner,—had travelled by their conveyance that morning, booking for Dublin: farther than this, it seemed unwise to interrogate the official who furnished the information, and with it they contented themselves. There was now something to communicate to Mr. Stanley, senior, and George accordingly wrote, acquainting him fully with their progress so far, and expressing a hope that they would all meet the following day, in Dublin.

The letter was as follows:—

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“ Waterford, June 20th, 183—

“ My dear Pap,—

“ Progress so far, very good ; information pretty accurate, as I think. The two carriages took our road, until they arrived at ‘The Cross Roads,’ where they baited at the sign of the ‘Bee Hive,’ at which interesting spot our horses were regaled with musty oats.

“ We did not accept the pressing invitation upon the sign board, to ‘Thry the flavour of their honey,’ but, my word for it, the jolly Landlord,—(who remembers *yourself* and Lord Doneraile amongst his occasional visitors, when fishing, or hunting, and imbibing his grog,)—that very identical condescending personage, has, ere this, found himself ‘*done brown*,’ by two ‘*raw gorsoons*,’ as he called us.

“ Dear pap,—peace principles may be very good to get to heaven with, but assuredly if you want to get ‘*a full, throe, and pertiklar account*,’ from an Irish Papist, respecting abducted young ladies, and their abductors, depend upon it there is nothing like ‘*exhibiting*,’ as the doctors say, a fair proportion of Friar Bacon’s ‘*humane discovery*,’ with ‘*quantum suff.*’ of lead, the former in *powder*, and the latter in *pills*, to be administered until a change is produced in the patient. I don’t mean to say we had any actual occasion to administer even a single dose, but I am morally certain that the very *sight of the medicine*, produced the necessary information. The parties separated, said our informant, at ‘The Cross Roads,’ bringing one of the girls *vid this route* to Dublin. The other, we imagine, was taken your way. We found a scrap of paper at the ‘Bee Hive,’ upon which was written, in pencil, the word ‘*convent*,’ and the initials, ‘M.B.’; whence we infer, that the object of

"the abductors, was to place the girls forcibly in some Nunnery. We leave by this evening's mail, and hope to meet you to-morrow, at the 'Gresham,' agreeably to appointment. Trusting your mission will be successful,

"I remain,

"Your hopeful heir,

"GEORGE STANLEY.

"Hon. Augustus Stanley,

"The Globe, Clonmel."

Having posted their letters, and having a little time to spare, they spent it in examining the city, which, though not a very large one, will well repay a stranger for a brief inspection. They visited its ancient cathedral, and paraded its beautiful quay, a mile in length, where large numbers of ships from various parts of the world arrive, and are constantly discharging their cargoes, while others are outward bound. They were shown through "The Tower," (or prison) where there is still preserved, a cannon ball, fired into it from the Kilkenny side of the river by OLIVER CROMWELL, before the city surrendered to the Parliamentary army, under that inflexible Puritan. They crossed the "lovely Suir" by a wooden bridge, about half an English mile in length, which unites the City of Waterford to the County of Kilkenny, and walked to the spot on which OLIVER had his forces marshalled, to compel the surrender of the Irish. These sights and scenes, together with the historical reminiscences connected with them, led our young friends into an animated, and sometimes a warm debate, which passed the time away very agreeably, and, I may add, instructively, until near the hour for their departure, when something instinctively admonished them that dinner must be near at hand. The circumstances of the respective parties added zest to their discussion.

John Brown, on the one hand, had been from infancy instructed that Protestantism of all sorts was identified with the robbery and spoliation of the Irish Roman Catholics; nor could he for some length of time after his conversion to a sound Scriptural creed, dissociate in his mind the religion of the Saxon from confiscation of those broad acres, of which, had it not taken place, he would now be, in all probability a feudal lord, instead of being, as he was, the humble son of a tenant farmer.

Stanley, on the other hand, though early imbued by his father with a detestation of Popery, detested it merely on account of its antagonism to the political ascendancy of the Saxon. His class were as cordial in their hatred of CROMWELL and the Puritans (who at that particular period represented republican opinions,) as were the Roman Catholics, who looked upon the Puritans as having still further revolted from Rome than the Episcopalian Protestants themselves had.

Each had been induced to abhor *Dissent*; George, because it embodied principles repugnant in his opinion to Monarchy; and John, because it was a much plainer exhibition of Protestant truth than that given even by a modified Episcopacy. George advocated Church and State, and John espoused the side on which religion was stripped of all external show, leaving it to stand upon its own merits.

Discussions like this, conducted by two intelligent young men both thoroughly educated, intensely fond of each other, and each adhering to his prepossessions, but seeking truth rather than victory, such discussions cannot fail of leaving something good behind them. The debaters had the inside of the coach to themselves from Waterford; and shall we wonder, then, if the earnestness of debate hastened the wing of time, so that its rapid flight was not

discovered until they found themselves opposite the coach office, Dawson-street, Dublin, at seven o'clock, a.m. Here were two minds full of the most absorbing anxiety ; but how little do by-standers know of the internal troubles pressing upon the minds of those they meet.

They had but just alighted from the coach, and were waiting for their luggage, when George was clapped on the shoulder by a familiar and well-known hand.

On looking round he encountered the beaming countenance of his father's particular friend, an uncompromising foe to Popery, and the noted controversialist with its ablest priests, the Rev. Gregory Thrasher.

"George, my boy ; oh !" he exclaimed, with true Irish warmth, " what brings you to Dublin so soon ? College does not open for a fortnight to come. How is this ?"

"I have been running a race, and got beaten," George answered. " Our antagonists had some hours' odds of us, which will partly account for our defeat so far. Have you seen or heard from my father lately ?"

His friend answering in the negative, he continued : " Mr. Brown, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to my friend the Rev. Gregory Thrasher." The gentlemen bowed politely to each other. " You will not be quite so restrained as that in a few hours, I opine," said George. " You are the best man in Dublin to counsel in our case," he added. " Brown, we'll do Mr. Thrasher the honor of breakfasting with him this morning, and let him into all the mysteries of the case which has brought us here."

" With all my heart," Mr. Thrasher responded ; " I expected a friend this morning, who has not yet arrived, and I have now got two instead of one. Here coachman," calling a carriage, " drive to my house ; you know me !"

“ Arrah thin, Mr. Thrasher, I’d like to know the man in Dublin that doesn’t know yer own four bones, an’ where you lives, to boot ; an’ if I don’t mistake, Father T—— knows ye too. I say it, although I’m of his way o’ thinkin’ meself, ye know.”

“ Well then, set us down at my house.” On their way George inquired, “ How is it that those fellows don’t assassinate you ? Is it from love or fear, or a mixture of both ?”

“ I don’t know,” Gregory added ; “ God protects me, that is the best solution of the mystery. I have never been attacked seriously by them ; and yet I use very little precaution.”

They were soon at his door. The driver touched his hat for the fare ; and, being told he need not mind any change, mounted his box and bawled out, “ Long may ye live, Misther Thrasher, and Father T—— too ; may nather of ye iver die ’till yeez has another shine in the Rotundy above.”

Breakfast being ready and quickly disposed of, they proceeded to the dispatch of business. George gave Mr. T—— a short account of John Brown’s history, with that of the sufferings and sorrows of his family, and the abduction of his sisters.

The good man was moved in the depths of his very soul, and started from his seat when he heard of the murder of Mr. Brown ! He paced the floor up and down in silence until the conclusion of the narrative, and then seemed lost in thought for a while ; then ringing the bell, he ordered his carriage, and quickly drawing on his boots, beckoned the young men to follow him.

George knew him too well to be offended with his apparently abrupt and abstracted manner, and motioned to Brown to observe silence. They speedily followed.

His servant asked "Where to, sir?" and receiving the laconic answer, "Metropolitan police office," mounted his box and drove off.

A drive of a few minutes and they were all three seated in a private office with one of the Magistrates, to whom Mr. Brown related the story of the outrage, as already detailed, and to which the worthy gentleman listened with the most profound attention.

"Do you suspect, then, that those rascals have brought your sisters to Dublin?" the Magistrate inquired.

"I do, sir! One of them at any rate. I think it probable the other has arrived by this time, or she is on her way hither."

"You learned that one of them had left Waterford for the Metropolis yesterday morning, eh?"

"I did."

"Then she would have reached Dublin by the evening." Here the Magistrate ran his eye over a sheet of paper, and putting his forefinger on the top of a column of figures, ran it down till he came to the number, *three hundred and forty-seven*; then going to a corner of the room, where a tube, with a mouth piece like that of a speaking trumpet, hung from the ceiling, he whispered into it—"Three-forty-seven!" "Here, sir," was answered immediately, and in the space of a few seconds, Policeman "347" gave a single tap with his knuckle at the office door, and was ordered to "enter."

"Three-forty-seven! you were on duty last night when the Waterford mail arrived?"

"I was, sir."

"What parties travelled inside?"

"Two men, sir! and a young lady."

"No one else?"

"No, sir—no one else."

"Did they excite your attention in any way?"

The man, pulling a memorandum book from his pocket, said, "They did, sir."

"How?"

"The men seemed unlike inside passengers, being common-looking persons. Neither they nor the lady had any luggage; and, on looking at the 'waybill,' I saw they had paid for the whole inside of the coach, and entered their names as 'CASH.'"

"What next?"

"I sent *Number 'seventy-six'* to take a car and follow them, to see where they were going, and I have not spoken to him since."

"Go below!" And "*Three-forty-seven*" disappeared.

"*Seventy-six*," the Magistrate again whispered, and "Coming, sir," was sent back through the tube like a gust of thunder.

The man instantly appeared.

"*Seventy-six*! what about those persons you watched from the Waterford mail last night?" the Magistrate asked, still writing his questions and the answers elicited in short hand notes.

"I watched 'em, sir! followin' in a car till they crossed over Essex bridge, whin they called a coach, an' I follow'd 'em as far as the office o' the Liverpool steam-packet. One of the men wint to the door, an' found it closed for the night. They thin turn'd back over the bridge an' down the Black Rock road, till they came to the *convint*, an' all of 'em wint in there. They paid their driver an' sint him away. I waited till the men came out agin. The young lady remained behind, an' I follow'd 'em to a lodgin' house in Thomas-street, where I left 'em till I wint an' chang'd me clothes an' got a box o' matches, by way av *peddlin*.' I gave the ooman o' the house a glass o' whiskey to put me in the room with the two men, an' I larned from their conversation

(whin they thought I was asleep) that they had carried the young lady off from her brother to *put her in a convent*, their relations bein' so much grieved at the family all turnin' Protestants. They were waitin' for another sister who was comin' they said by the Clonmel and Kilkenny road ; but I axed '*Two-thirty-four*,' who was on duty at the Clonmel office, an' he saw nothin' of the parties. I got up at four o'clock, an' reported to my sargeant, who had the two men arrested an' lodged in Bridewell."

"All right," said his worship, and the man withdrew.

"Mr. Thrasher," he said, addressing that gentleman, "your *legal* plan will be to watch the *convent* and the approaches to it, until the arrival of the other young girl. We will then issue a warrant on the oath of their brother, who is their natural guardian, and you can recover them from their durance."

Mr. Thrasher thanked his worship, and withdrew. He ordered his man to turn the horses' heads home again ; his abstractedness of manner was all gone, and he fairly chuckled with delight. "Well, Mr. Brown !" he said, "what do you think of our Metropolitan police office ?"

"Think of it !" said John, "why, sir, they know everything there."

On arriving again at Mr. Thrasher's, he said to them, "Now, boys, let us see who can write the fastest : I want a hundred, or a hundred and fifty notes written for the two o'clock post ; I will sign them all and direct them, each of you copy from this," (writing)

"Thursday, 17th, 11 o'clock, a.m.

"Meet me *without fail* at 8 o'clock this evening in the ——— Room of the Rotunda." "G.T."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Tells how and by whom a Convent may be
successfully entered.

“ If ever on polluted walls,
Heaven's red right arm in vengeance falls ;
If e'er its justice wraps in flame
The black abodes of sin and shame ;
That justice, in its own good time,
Shall visit for so foul a crime,
Ope desolation's flood-gate wide,
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride !

“ Lo ! where it comes !—the tempest low'rs !
It bursts on thy devoted tow'rs ;
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm ;
I hear the sacrilegious cry,—
' Down with the *nests*, and the rooks will fly !'

“ Down ! down they came ! a fearful fall—
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,
Stained pane and sculptured stone,
There they lie on the green-sward strown—
Mouldering walls remain alone !

Shaven crown,
Bombazin gown,
Mitre, and Crosier, and all are flown !”

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

may be



THE short letters referred to at the close of the previous chapter were all speedily written, directed, and posted. Our *three* friends entered the Rotunda that evening precisely as the clock of the Post Office chimed "*eight.*" The Rev. Gregory Thrasher led the way for his two new acquaintances, motioning them to follow to the platform.

The entrance of the reverend gentleman was the signal for raptures of enthusiastic applause, indicated by about *fifty* repeated rounds of what is known among a certain class of loyal Protestants as "*Kentish fire.*" It may be observed, that this mode of expressing loyalty is produced by a measured motion of the hands and the feet with the floor, and both in time with musical notes, produced by peculiar whistling. Wherever there is a body of loyal Protestants, or Orangemen assembled,

GENDS.

“Kentish fire” is as well known as the story of the battle of the Boyne.

When the “fire” had subsided, Mr. Thrasher explained to the meeting his reason for calling them together, and told them some of the history of young Mr. Brown, his family and friends; of the reformation that had been produced among them; and of the death of Mr. Brown, senior, as well as the forcible seizure and abduction of his daughters, sisters of our friend present. “Now, my Protestant boys,” he said, “one of the girls is already in Blackrock *convent*; the fellows who brought her there are already in custody. We know not whether the other sister has yet arrived. One of the Magistrates has advised me to wait until she is likewise deposited there, when he will give her brother a warrant to remove her to his own custody, as her natural guardian. What say you? Protestant boys! Shall we take the course of law? or shall we simply go and demand the girl, and bring her away, trusting to Providence to restore the other sister in his own good time?”

“Let us go immediately,” was the reply from all parts of the room.

“If we give them time, they’ll baffle us at law,” shouted one.

“Or they’ll get the girls out of the country,” said a second.

“Pull down the nest of infamy,” shouted a third.

“Burn the rascally lot, nuns, priests, babies, and all,” was the cruel and inconsiderate advice of a fourth.

Mr. Thrasher held up his right hand, which was the signal for immediate silence; and silence as deep as that of the grave followed.

“I am grieved, I am ashamed,” he said, “to hear such vindictiveness breathed in this meeting. But there is

“no danger, I trust, that any one here would follow such rash, such wicked advice. No, no! Whatever we do, let nothing vindictive be laid to our charge. Let such conduct mark the course of our adversaries, if they choose, but not ours. What say you, my friends? Shall we hire cars, and go down there immediately to demand the restoration of those young women, at least of the one we know to be there, or shall we not? We can reach it by half-past nine o’clock, dismissing the driver a quarter of a mile or so at this side the convent.”

“Agreed, agreed,” they all shouted.

Nine rounds of “Kentish fire” was called for, and the Rotunda was again made to ring with the performance.

“Now, my boys! These two young gentlemen will enter the building with me. You will all remain outside, marching in ‘double quick,’ to the tune of ‘Protestant boys;’ and such of you as have not instruments, will keep up the ‘Kentish fire’ as an accompaniment. If we remain more than twenty minutes within the building, you will all force an entrance, and bring us out, ‘dead or alive.’”

“We’ll do it,” was replied; and off they started to the carriage stand.

Half-past nine o’clock arrived, and Mr. Thrasher, with his “Protestant boys,” was knocking at the outer door of the convent for entrance.

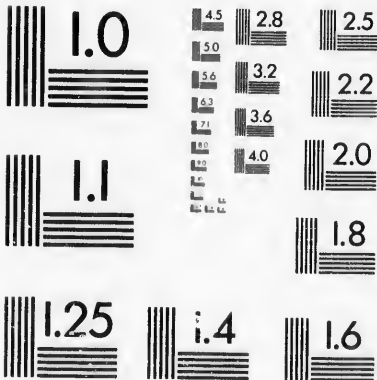
“Who knocks at this hour of night?” the *janitor* asked, thrusting his head through an opening in a side door, sufficiently large to suffer him to do so.

Mr. Thrasher had had intercourse enough with reformed priests to find out that members of the “corporation of bachelors” find admission to such places at hours both seasonable and otherwise; he muttered a



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cabalistic word, drew something from his pocket with which he touched the fingers of the "*janitor*" as they rested on the ledge of the opening through which he peeped, and the effect was talismanic. The door immediately opened sufficiently to admit one person at a time.

Mr. Thrasher entered and seized the porter's hand so as to prevent his locking it, until John Brown and George Stanley had followed.

"Holy Mary! I'm betrayed!" ejaculated the easily corrupted functionary.

"Hold, sir!" Mr. Thrasher said: "not a word of noise, but convey this card quietly to the Mother Abbess, and say, I'm very sorry to disturb her rest, or her devotions, but I *must* see her before I leave this place."

"If ye don't quit, I'll call the police, so I will," uttered the terrified porter.

"With all my heart! my dear fellow;" replied Mr. T.; "but I too have got police within hearing of my voice."

Two stamps of his foot on the pavement had been agreed upon as the signal for striking up the music; and "Protestant boys" rung out from the hills and valleys, accompanied by the "fire."

"May all the saints protect us, this blessed night; but I b'leve the ind o' the world is comin,' sure enough." The porter muttered the above words, and disappeared, but soon returned, accompanied by the Mother Abbess.

"Excuse my calling," Mr. Thrasher said, "at this late hour, madam; but I thought it best to do so, under the circumstances. You have my card, madam, and if I am acting illegally, you and your advisers will know how to proceed. I demand a sight of Miss Brown, who was brought here forcibly yesterday or the day before."

"We know no person by that name," she coldly answered, "in this place."

"Of course" he said "according to your usage, you have changed her name; but, see, Madam, (pulling out his watch), you hear that marching and music outside?"

"I do," she said.

"On entering this place," he added, "I told those without to force an entrance if I am not with them in twenty minutes from the time of my leaving them. Ten minutes have already expired. We *three* will not go out alive, until we see Miss Brown; and in ten minutes more our friends will be here, and take us out 'dead or alive.'"

"Would not to-morrow morning be a better time to make your inquiries?" she said, with the utmost nonchalance.

"Only *nine* minutes more, madam," he said, holding up his watch, "and the proposal will be carried out."

She disappeared through the wicket, by which she had entered the porch where they were standing, and in *three* minutes more, Polly Brown had fallen fainting into her brother's arms.

A font of "*holy water*," so called, was within a few feet of where they stood; George and her brother supported her, while Mr. Thrasher dipped his hands into that vessel, and besprinkled her face plentifully, remarking, "that it might be as good as any other water for that purpose." Before the *twenty minutes* had fully expired, the whole cortegé was on its way to "Town," singing in such lusty tones, as such men are used to sing,

"The drums did beat, and fifes did play,
And the Protestant boys, did carry the day."

On nearing the city, Mr. Thrasher enjoined the strictest silence, lest they might be charged as disturbers of the peace; and counselled them to go quietly to their respec-

tive homes,—which advice they strictly followed. A short drive brought himself and friends to his house, where Mrs. Thrasher took charge of Miss Brown, who was too much excited to ask or answer many questions on pending matters. The good man made them all to kneel before the Mercy Seat, when he gave thanks for the deliverance of the captive, as well as for the protection afforded to those who rescued her; and prayed that the same Divine hand might be extended over her sister and the dear Christian brother, who had undertaken to discover, if possible, where she was detained. As soon as all parties had risen from their knees, they remembered that they had committed a serious mistake in not ascertaining whether Betsy had yet arrived at the convent or not; but, on interrogating Polly, they found that she had not been placed there, nor had he either seen or heard from her since they parted at “The Cross Roads.” Polly communicated the dreadful intelligence, that, from the time of their seizure until their separation, Elizabeth had been in her former state of mental aberration, and never shewed any sign of recognising her position while they continued together.

The watchman called out “Half-past eleven o’clock! fair night! a—ll’s w—ell!” as George and his friend descended Mr. Thrasher’s hall door, and hailed a car to drive them to the Gresham Hotel, where they arrived in a quarter of an hour from their starting.

On entering their names in the Hotel Book, George discovered that the last entered, were those of his honoured Father and Miss Brown.

“All right, Brown,” he almost shouted, “look here.” John looked, and could not forbear ejaculating, “God be praised for ever!”

The servant who handed them the book said, “I presume, gentlemen, you are in search of the Hon.

Augustus Stanley. He is waiting in the private room, No. 48, on the first floor. Allow me to lead you to him!"

He led the way to "No. 48," where sat Mr. Stanley in his dressing gown and slippers, reading the "*Dublin Warden*," and "Pat," his trusty servant, (or master, it would be hard to tell which,) sitting opposite, with a tumbler of punch before him. Mr. Stanley did not expect the arrival of the young men that night, and being interested in something on the paper, his eyes remained fixed on it for some seconds. He was startled from his reverie by a shout from Pat, who dropped his spoon into the tumbler, and throwing up both heels and hands until they were nearly parallel with his head, exclaimed, "*Masther* George, a weenough, an' Masther Brown, that I mightn't sin, but there ye are shure enough."

"What news, papa?" George hastily asked.

"What news, boys?" were the eager inquiries on both sides.

"You've got Betsy safe, I see by the Hotel book," George said; "and we've got Polly safe enough, I assure you."

"Is it possible?" his father exclaimed. "Where, and when did you come up with her?"

"About an hour and a half ago," George answered; and then detailed in a summary way his adventures since he wrote from Waterford; his meeting with Mr. Thrasher; the stratagem which they devised, and by which they obtained possession of the girl; and her safe deposit in Mrs. Thrasher's kind care, whose services were of such importance.

Mr. Stanley then related his having had tidings of the object of his pursuit, in Clonmel; how he came up with them near a place called Callon, demanded, and

finally obtained possession of the young woman ; and of their safe arrival in Dublin ; adding his fears that the subject of so much solicitude would be a long while, perhaps all her life, a sufferer from the terrible shock her mind had received. He had to give her in charge to the housekeeper, immediately on his arrival, who deemed it necessary to send for a physician and a nurse. The physician, on hearing of her former circumstances, gave very little reason to hope that she would ever be much better. As it was contrary to orders that she should be seen that night, the gentlemen retired to their respective rooms ; and Pat sought the kitchen, where, with others, there was a servant with whom he had formerly been acquainted, all particulars of which will appear in the next chapter.

ETC.

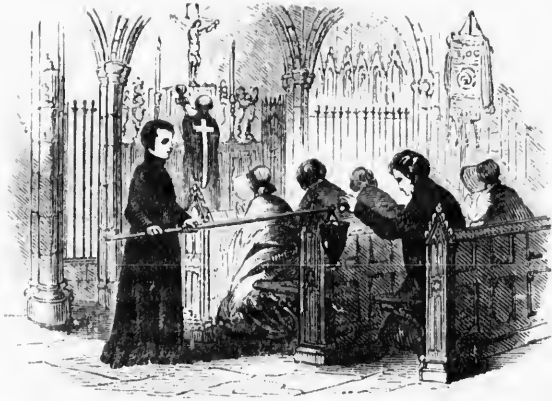
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CHAPTER XXV.

Stanley's Coachman's "Misunderstandings with his Master."

To them was life a humble art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know ;
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

W. M. MILNES.



THE room in which George slept was immediately over that in which Pat and the friend alluded to at the close of the last chapter chose to hold a long and somewhat noisy conversation. They had not met for some years, and both being ardent lovers of all that belongs to social intercourse and kindred feeling, they resolved now that they were together to watch for daylight, and make a "*clane breast of it*" by a reciprocal relation of such incidents as occurred since they last saw each other.

Such of the Hotel servants as had not retired, were invited to "jine the company," which invitation they readily accepted.

Amidst so many SOLONS, there were streams of wisdom poured forth; some averring, others insinuating, and a third party elenching the point by thumps upon the table.

While subjects, foreign and domestic, were being thus passionately debated, Pat's friend seemed to be suddenly struck by a reminiscence. He called for silence, which after a while, he obtained. He was full of thought, and

all referred to Pat. He knew Pat was enthroned in the affections of the family at Stanley Hall, and that it would be next to impossibility itself to disturb or alter that state of things. He also knew a custom existed in many Irish families that an old servant was either invested with, or, if not invested, at all events tolerated in the exercise of some authority in the house, and sustaining some ascendancy over the master and mistress. He knew, furthermore, that Pat was highly gifted in what is vulgarly called "Braggadocia."

After a little preliminary specchifying, therefore, Pat proposed, at the suggestion of his friend, to entertain the company with the particulars of "serimmages" and "misondherstandin's" which occurred from time to time "betune" himself and the "big man," *alias* his master, "the Hon. Augustus Stanley, of Stanley Hall;" and the appeal was made and responded to in the broadest brogue of southern dialect. "Well, now thin, Mr. Rooney, 'tis a many a year since you towld me about the cuffin' match you an' *himsel*' had one day, whin ye were salmon fishin' in the river Lee; the prisint company would like to hear it."

"Arrah, thin, lave me alone for serimmagin.' We used to have many of 'em in times past, sure enough; but we are both growin' owld, me dear an' haven't the young hot blood as we used to have. We used long ago to have a bit av a breeze nearly every day; but wanst in a month or so answers our purpose now very well. Sometimes the big man gives me warnin' to go, an' I gives him warnin' in return. He says the likes of his place can't be had, an' I says the likes o' meself can't be had ather. He says if I left his sarvice I might thrael a great way afore I'd get sich a master, an' I says he'd have to thrael further afore he'd get sich a sarvant, so there we go on finsin' at aich other. But a

great change has come over him lately. He has become so religious, so he has, that 'tis somethin' more than I can do to *raze him* at all, at all. Indeed, fegs, *he's quite a saint*. I used to be able to play all sorts o' tricks wid him, but he's got beyant me intirely.

"I have towld ye," he proceeded, "how *religious* the 'big man' has been latterly; an' indeed, fegs, that same's a big loss to meself; bekase, you see, whiniver I wanted a thing, an' axed him for it, an' I didn't get it for axin', I had only to raze him, an' I got it, whatever it might be; but, me dear life, av late the owld boy himself wouldn't raze him, so he wouldn't, he takes things so aisy. Indeed, 'tis meself that must mind me P's and Q's; for he's tin times cuter thin he used to be. But afther all, I manages him mighty well. I musn't forget to tell ye all about the great cuffin' match we had whin fishin' in the Lee. That same is five an' twinty year ago, or more, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye all about it. Ye see, the big man ses to me, ses he, 'Pat,' ses he, one day, 'Have everythin' ready to go salmon-fishin' to-morrow,' ses he; 'Lord F——, an' that Italian gintleman is goin' wid us, ses he; 'an' if yerself an' meself don't show 'em how to crass-fish, thin,' ses he, 'our names ain't Pat an' Augustus,' ses he."

"'Niver say it twice, yer honour, ses I. An' so airly in the mornin', sure enuff, we were all at the river side; an' I sat to work an' fitted up the rods an' flies for the gintlemen named, an' thin proceeded to fit a pair for meself an' himself. Now, docs the company ondherstand crass-fishin'?" inquired Pat.

The whole assembly seemed oblivious as to the nature of the science, purposely to have it described to them by one so qualified and experienced as their entertainer; a circumstance which gave him exquisite delight.

"Whillaloo! whillaloo!" he vociferated; thin I

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must insense ye all into it afore I purceed. In crass-fishin', thin, there must be one on aich side o' the strhame, an' yer lines must be jined together, ye see; an' thin, there must be a lot o' flies on both lines to stretch across the river or strhame; an' if a fish rises at *your* side, you must *wind up* your line quick as lightning', an' the man at the t'other side must *give his out* as fast as ye *wind in*. Well, thin, to shorten me story, ye see I had a bottle o' brandy in me basket, an' some-thin' put into me head to take a dhrop out av it, feelin' quare as I thought after an early breakfast; an' I no sooner swally'd the liquor thin it eum into me head to play a trick on the masther. So accordin'ly, whin I put his flies on the line, I takes a small pair o' pliers I had wid me, an' brakes off the *beard* av ivory hook, so that whin a fish took the fly there was nothin' to howld him; an' if the big man was fishin' till he was as owld as Mathooslam, he wouldn't ketch a fish wid the same flies, indade he wouldn't.

"Well, behowld ye, we fished and fished;—an' if we did, I had no fewer than siven as bootiful salmon as ever come out o' wather, aafter about two hours, at the ind o' which time I could see the masther was ready to burst wid rage. Lord F——, an' the Italian gintleman wor away a mile or so down the river, an' he, at the top av his voice, shouts out from tother side, 'What's the rajson,' says he, 'I can't hook a fish as well as you?' says he: 'They rise at my flies as well as yours,' says he, 'an' how is it they get aff?' 'Be gannies,' says I, very innocently, 'tis meself that would like to know, sir. I put up the same flies, *colours*, an' all, on your honour's lines as on me own, as you may see in the sun; but, maybe, your fishes bite off your hooks,' an' at that sayin' I hooks a big 'whapper' av a fish, an' if I did, the big man, thin an' there, threw

his rod into the sthrame, an' let me wind away ; at the same time jumpin' into the wather up to his waste, so he did, an' rushin' like a mad man over in a jiffy to me. Afther a while I ploy'd my fish, an' brought him to land, an' if I did, down goes the mather, bilin over w'ith pashin,' an' tries to take him aff o' the hook, an' whin he did, he examin'd the fly, an' pullin' the line through his fingers, 'till he come to his own flies, he found 'em all as I towld you, *bit aff*. I saw plainly enuff the storm was gatherin', and there was nothing for it but laugh him out av it, if I could. Well, an' behowld ye, he made short work av it, an' dhrew himself up to me, an' wid-out sayin' 'be your lave,' up wid his fist an' hit me sich a blow across the face, as made me see stars be daylight. Now, I couldn't stand that, even from the Hon. Augustus Stanley, so he way av returnin' the compliment I up wid my fist and hit him in the same way. 'There' ses I, 'take that. If I do lose my situation by it, be gannies I'm young, an' the world is wide,' ses I. 'Now,' ses he, "me tite fellow, if ye have any consait o' yourself, I'll fight it out wid ye, an' so at it we wint me darlint, pummillin' aich other for about an hour, at the ind o' which you could scarcely see an eye in aither av our heads. Well, why Lord F— wondhered what was a keepin' us so far behind; an' layin' down his rod, he walked up fair an' aisy till he came to a bend in the sthrame, an' there he was within four or five yards av us, an' scain' us wheltn' each other for the bare life. 'Warm work,' ses his lordship, ses he. 'Never mind,' returned the mather, ses he, "just sit an' look on, an'" ses he, 'Pat an' meself want to settle this betune ourselves,' ses he, an' so sayin', his lordship laughed loud an' long, and sat down on the bank. So to make me story short, knowin' he'd niver give in, I purtinded to begin to feel tired. An' in

boxin' about we come to a bank over a very deep hole in the wather, an' though I couldn't swim a sthroke, I thought to meself if I could manage a rowl into *that* hole, it would put an honourable ind to the skrimmage. 'Are you ready for another round, Pat?' ses he, quite frindly. 'I'm *your* servant, sir!' ses I, 'an' bound to plaze ye or lave yer sarvice;' (shootin' the action to the word, an' squarin' at him agin) I at the same time worked meself round till I got me back to the river, an' jist as I was about to experience another whop on the countenance, I threw meself back as if to purtect or defend it, in doing which me feet slipt from onder me, an' souse I wint bang head over heels, roolin' into the wather like a sea-horse; an' if I did, the masther in missin' the blow, came after me in a dive, so that instead av one o' us, there was a pair. For that he didn't care a fig, for wather to him was jist all's one as to a duck, but not so to meself. I holloo'd out—'O! Masther, agra! let me die on dhry land,' ses I, 'an' don't let me be devour'd by cels,' ses I. Heerin' av this, he struck out, an' coming up to me ketcht me by the nape o' me neck, and dhrew me safe to dhry land. 'I give in,' ses I, 'I'll fight no more.' 'Tis time for you,' ses Lord F——. Well, why to shorten me story, we were obleeged to send for an Apothecary an' iver so many leeches to put on our faces, an' all we wint to a counthry Inn, where we sted thre or four days, till our features ashumed their natural shape. The whole affair was kept a secret, an' I kept me place; an' I'm glad av it."

"Bravo! Bravo! me bouchal;" greeted Pat, from all parts of the company; "it would be a pity to separate such a well matched pair."

"Separate us indeed!" repeated Pat, "I'd like to see the fellow that would purtind to do it. Arra wish!

jist wait a bit, 'till I be afther tellin' yeez another slice of a misondherstandin' we had."

"'Pat,'" ses he to meself one day, 'Tell Mick,' ses he, 'to get the *gray* mare ready for me to go the hunt wid in the mornin'; an' if you like to come yerself, you may.' Now the *gray* mare was a favourite wid me, an' I fancy'd he was makin' a hack of her altogether, an' plinty av horses in the stable, dyin' for want av a bit av out-door exercise. So I wint to Mick, an' ses I, 'Mick,' ses I, 'get the *bay* horse ready for the masther to hunt wid to-morrow mornin'.' 'The *bay* *hoss*?' ses he, wondherin, an' tryin' to repeat my words. 'Not the *bay* *hoss*,' ses I, 'you ignoramus av a hostler, but the *bay* *horse*.' 'Very well,' ses he, '*hoss* or *horse*, whichsumiver it is, the masther sed in my hearin' t'other day, he'd niver ride any baste but the *gray* *mare* while she lives; she hunts so well.' 'He'll ride the *bay* *horse* to-morrow, ses I, 'so get him ready accordingly. Whin the horses wor brought out he ses, ses he, 'Where is my *gray* hunter?' ses he. 'In the field, sir,' ses Mick. Pat Rooney towlt me to get ready the *bay* horse.' 'Rooney will be my master before long, and I must submit to be the servant I suppose,' in sayin' which he was soon in the saddle, an' rode from the door. Well, whin I saw him so vexed, I didn't follow him, but I towld Mick to get ready and go afther the masther, that the misthiss would want me with the carriage, to go a visitin.' To shorten me story howsumdiver, the *bay* horse fell ondher him in leapin' across a ditch, sousin' him in mud and puddle, an' durtyin' his new scarlet huntin' coat, made by one av the tip-top tailers av C——. He mounted agin as soon as he could, an' rode back home like a fury. The misthiss an' childher wor jist ready to step into the carriage, whin he walked into the parlor, cuttin' a purty figure. 'Where's that

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fellow Rooney?' ses he; 'look at the pickle I'm in,' ses he, 'through his parvarseness.' The misthiss look'd so mild an' so nice. Oh dear! she's such a gentle crathur intirely! Well, an' hearin' me name ax'd for by the mather, an' inquirein' where I was? 'I'm here, sir,' ses I, walkin' up quite bowld, as if nothin' had happen'd, an' as if I knew nothin'. 'Pat,' ses he, purtindin' not to be in a pashien, 'I have often given you warnin'' ses he, but ondhherstand, this is our last quarrel. Mark me, sir! you an' I part to-morrow mornin' ses he.

"'Wisha, sir!' ses meself, quite cool intirely, 'indeed 'tis meself that's sorry for that same, sir'. "Rooney,' ses he, 'whin ye lave my sarvice, ye'll thraavel many a long mile afore ye get so good a place,' ses he.

"Thru for ye, sir,' ses I, 'it shoots me to a T; but I'm thinkin' av givin' yerself warnin' an' dismisin' yerself, sir, whin ye may find it no aisy matther to shoot yerself wid so good a sarvent,' ses I.

"Oh! that's the go, is it?' ses he. 'It is,' ses I; 'an' ye may thraavel many a long mile afore ye gets the likes o' me.' That an owld house may never fall ou me, but he laugh'd so harty as to shake the mud from his red coat upon the nice parlor carpet, an' there that shindy inded. *I*sted wid him, an' *he* didn't part with me."

Now, be it known to the reader, that by the time Pat's loquacity reached this point, the hour-hand of the clock had reached a figure, people of more regular habits would call late. He had been travelling bodily all the previous day, and now an excited and mental journey had been performed, and the night nearly added to the day. This being so, the most scrupulous would scarcely object to his compliance with dame nature's invasion of his senses. The truth is, as Pat's optics began to shut up, Sol began to illumine the hills, and to intrude his

rays into the very apartment, where only a short while before there was a listening auditory; but they had now one by one retired to seek repose, leaving Pat and his dull acquaintance "all alone in their glory."

But we must return to the Hotel, and report matters as we find them there. It was now full-blown day, so to speak, and Mr. Stanley was up betimes. He was habitually an early riser, and the business he had in hand required special and undivided attention; hence time was precious. According to custom, he rang the bell for Pat to attend upon him; but it was answered by one of the Hotel servants, who, in approaching Mr. Stanley's chamber, said, "his servant had jist gone to see the hosses, an' would wait on his Honour immediately." He waited for half-an-hour or so, when no appearance of Pat being made, he resolved upon an immediate search for that functionary, in the execution of which mission he met George just emerging from his own room.

"What is become of Pat?" he asked eagerly; "here are neither boots nor hot water, although he went to bed *early*."

"There is precisely your mistake, pa," answered George.

"Where is my mistake, Mr. Scatterbrain?" inquired his father hurriedly.

"You say, pa, he went to bed *early*."

"Well, he left me *early*."

"Why pa! you forget all your logic. Pat did not go to bed early, as you intimate; nor could he be said to have gone to bed *late*. He just made a regular night of it, with some old acquaintances of his, in the room under my chamber. It was a regular merry-making, and Pat edified his auditory, which must have been large, with lengthened details of quarrels and sundry

skirmishes with a certain gentleman known as the Hon. Augustus Stanley. One of the tales he related, he alleges occurred about twenty-five years ago, and was particularly amusing even to myself. It was the history of a quarrel on the banks of the river Lee,—present, an Italian gentleman and Lord F——."

Mr. Stanley laughed heartily, and said, "The old stupid! why I had forgotten that long since. Do you know where the fellow is?"

"It will afford me much pleasure, pa, to conduct you to his whereabouts;" and, so saying, George led the way. They were soon at the room in which the night's orgies had been enacted, and which as yet had been scarcely ventilated of the combined fumes of whiskey and tobacco. One of the articles which served to furnish the apartment was an arm-chair, and there was Pat, surrounded by several of the household servants, variously occupied in endeavouring to bring him to his "sinses." One was calling him by name, another was slapping the palms of his hands, and a third was bathing his temples with whiskey and water.

As soon as Mr. Stanley was recognised, one of the parties said in a broad Leinster tone, just as if Pat had only that moment yielded to the bewitching influence of master Morpheus, "Arrah, Pat agra, yer masther wants ye;" and turning to Mr. Stanley, added, "The poor fellow got up *too airy, sir*, an' didn't like to go to bed agin; an' the whiskey, sir, was sthrong, so it was."

Mr. Stanley foresaw an opportunity of turning this affair to an amusing account, and perhaps curing his old and faithful domestic of a habit that was now part of his very nature. It may also be observed of the same gentleman, although his mind had undergone no inconsiderable change, he nevertheless still cherished a liking for cultivating the wit and innocent drollery of his countrymen.

The bathing, and slapping, and loud talking around Pat, served to disturb his slumbers, and the words, "Your masher wants you," were talismanic in waking him up. Seizing upon the word "masher," he roared out, "Who cares for the masher? Tell him I'll discharge him if he don't do better. He's welcome to Stanley Hall as long as he behaves himself; but tell him from *me*, he must turn over a new leaf, or——" This was as much as Mr. Stanley's gravity could endure without breaking forth; and turning on his heel, he withdrew, accompanied by George, who retired for a short time to his chamber again to consider the programme of the day. Mr. Stanley, after parting from him, met the "boots" on the corridor, and inquired of him where his blacking room lay? "Below stairs, yer Honour," was the prompt answer. "Have yer Honour any desire to see it?" "I have indeed," said Mr. Stanley; "and I will give you this" (showing a coin of great attraction to an Irishman of his position) "if you will allow me to polish my servant's boots and my own, in your place, with your brushes and blacking." "By all manes in the world, yer Honour," said the worthy, who, though holding a lucrative situation, seldom had an opportunity of earning so much, so easily. He accordingly bowed and led the way, Mr. Stanley following. In a shorter period than it takes to write the episode, that gentleman might be seen duly invested with an apron, a bottle of "Day and Martin's irimitable jet," with boot-trees and brushes to match. What an affair was this! The Honourable Augustus Stanley, of Stanley Hall, blacking his servant's boots and his own.

Mr. "Boots" determined on aiding the joke, and accordingly lost no time in acquainting Pat with what was going on in his blacking room. He endeavoured to make the hero of the "whip" sensible of what had

passed between his master and himself; and what with consequent vexation, and an additional bottle of soda water, his tongue and his limbs began to exhibit improved signs of flexibility. Thereupon his first sally was to the "blackening room," where "an' shure enough, an' large as life," was his "own dear masther brushin' away" at his own *top boots* "for the bare life."

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Stanley, touching his hat to Pat, by way of salute. "Somebody howld me up, or I'll fall," shouted the worthy servant. "Holy saints an' angels, pray for me that I mightn't loose my sinses!" "Does anything ail you, Mr. Rooney?" the master inquired coaxingly.

"Ail me indeed, is it? In throth an' enough ails me. Och! wirra! wirra! wirra!—an' did I iver think I'd live to be ruin'd intirely, an' disgraced as I am this blessed mornin' in this dirty city o' Dublin! Och! Och! bad luck!—but there's no use in cursin' ye, an' 'tis a sore day for me I brathed the air wid ye, an' saw the sky over ye. I wish,—— but there's no use in wishin', so there,——"

"Something frets you, Pat, what is it? Did you sleep comfortably last night?" asked Mr. Stanley, brushing away at one of Pat's boots with all his might, and Pat looking on bewildered.

"Frets me indeed, is it? Fegs, an' haven't I good rayson to fret? How purty I'll look whin some upstart of a coachman that doesn't know which ind of a whip to handle, an' puts on his first livery coat to dhrive some tallow-chandler, or some brewer's wife and dathers to the play or to the church, expects *me* to spake to him, an' salute him as we pass on the road, (an' I niver acknowledges or salutes sich trash); he'll turn round an' say, 'There, that fellow thinks himself betther nor me, bekays his master blacked boots at Gresham

hotel.' Well why, if I only had a howlt of the chap that let ye in here to stan' afore me only three minutes, I'd take satisfaction out of him, so I would, an' make him remimber Misther Rooney's name."

"He knows better than to fight with you, Pat," said Mr. Stanley, brushing away most assiduously; "for you have the repute of never being beaten."

"Och thin, sir," answered Pat, "if 'tis bringin' baek owld times ye are afther, in throth an' I never was bate but wanst, an' wouldn't be bate *thin*, only I took com-pashin on t'other man; but whether or no, I'll not stan' this any longer, an' be thraited this way, so whin ye can match yerself wid a sarvent, I'm ready to lave yer place, an' may the Power above help ye, whin I lave ye. I'd like to know who'd take the care o' ye for full thirty year an' more, that I have. Who'll go fishin', an shootin', an' coorsin', an' huntin' everywhere be day an' be night, among robbers, an' murderers, an' all sorts of dangers, whin I'm gone?"

Just as Pat had concluded this oration, Mr. Stanley had finished "shining" Pat's "tops," very much to his own satisfaction. On laying them down beside the worthy owner, he expressed a wish to know how his work was approved of, or what Pat "thought of it?" "I think they're so badly dun, I wouldn't be seen wid 'em out in the athrect; an' its plane enuff you're no sarvent even for yerself, an' so long as I'm yours, I say it now, ye shall niver go out wid the likes of 'em on ye; so take my advice, an' niver purtind to clane boots; an' I give it chaper than Misther Parchmint would."

Mr. Stanley saw the change of thought that seemed to be passing over his domestic's mind, and, thinking that negotiations for an amicable settlement might safely be entered upon, and moreover, that the time for bringing his own little dramatic episode to a close

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had arrived, he very readily acquiesced in the opinion that the boots were not as well done as they would have been by a more regular practitioner. Pat forthwith seized the brushes to give them the finishing touch; but in doing so, again advised the master to "shoot himself in a sarvent afore leavin' the dirty city o' Dublin."

"But surely," said Mr. Stanley, "you will not leave me here helpless among strangers. You must come back to the Hall, and say 'good bye' to your fellow servants, and then you know, Pat, as in duty bound, this matter from first to last must be explained to her ladyship, and also to the young ladies."

Now, dear reader, here lay the secret of poor Pat's apprehensions in the matter. He could get over the master, and had done so many a time, by putting on bravado, or feigning injury, but how could he meet the reproving, yet gentle and searching look, of his well-known and loved mistress? Thinking of this overwhelmed Pat; and down went the blacking tools, and the same instant Pat was upon his knees, sobbing like a schoolboy when chastised, crying, "O masther dear! for the love o' the blessid Vargin, promise me one thing, an' I'll go to the Hall, an' niver lave it, but live an' die wid ye."

"Well, Pat, what am I to promise?"

"Promise me, sir! won't ye?"

"Not until I know the nature of your wish."

"Arrah shure thin, sir, I wish ye would'nt tell the misthiss or the young ladies, anything about the little spree I tuck to meself last night. Promise me, sir, ye won't tell thim, an' I'll live an die aisy wid ye, sir."

"Well, Pat, I've no objection to promise not to tell them, if you promise to be more careful in future."

"Me word of honor for it, sir; I'll do me best."

"Very well, Pat, there's an end of it; now for break-

fast. I want to do some business in Town, so pray have my clothes brushed and ready, by the time it is over."

As the master withdrew into the private room to enjoy the morning meal, Pat winked at one of the house servants, saying, "Didn't I tell ye last night I'd manage 'the big man?'"

"You did," said the person addressed; "and anybody can see he can manage you full as well. Indeed it would be a pity to spoil two houses with the pair o' you; for I don't think there iver was sich a mather and servant, barrin' the celebrated Dean Swift and his man."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

A Murderer's Remorse, and a Confession to the Ownership of the Lost Finger.

"Oh! who can tell what days and nights he spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!

Wasted thus he lay,
Forlorn of heart; withered and desolate
As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,
Selecting from its fallen sisters, chase,
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
And leave it there alone to be forgotten.
Such things were disappointment and remorse;
And oft united both, as friends severe,
To teach men Wisdom; but the fool, untaught,
Was foolish still. His ear he stopped, his eyes
He closed, and blindly, deafly, obstinately,
Fore'd desperately his way—from woe! to woe!"

POLLOX.

"Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain;
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury, when he shakes,
And loudly cries,—'Not Guilty,' and awakes;
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn out nature is compell'd to sleep."

CRABBE.



THE reader will no doubt remember the arrest and lodgement in Dublin Bridewell of two of the abductors of Miss Brown, and the Magistrates' information,—“That her brother, as her natural guardian, could recover her from ‘durance’ in the convent, but the approaches to the said convent should be watched for the arrival and consignment thereto, of the still-missing sister,” hoping, of course, in giving this advice, to secure both, and their abductors as well. In consequence, however, of the summary manner in which Miss Polly was released from the custody of the Mother Abbess, there was an end of the case, and the agents of the priests got free. Mr. Stanley, senior, having satisfied

himself with the possession of poor Betsy, permitted her persecutors to escape; and hence, the absence of any further reports of appearances at the "Head Office," or any other court, in the affair.

We now come to view John Brown and his sisters, as the occupants of a genteel cottage in the suburbs of Dublin. Poor Betsy! On her mind, a settled melancholy has fixed itself, defying all the power of medical science to cure, and equally beyond the reach of the most untiring assiduity on the part of her brother and sister even to alleviate! Unable to recognise those so near and dear to her, she received them, on the contrary, as strangers, implicated in the conspiracy against herself and family; and in fits of aberration, she frequently threw herself on her knees and importuned them to take her back to her own happy home at Middleville, that she might be with her parents, brother, and sister. "She knew," she said, "that her father would want her to read to him in the evenings; that her mother was growing old, and would require assistance in her household concerns; that she had a sister, dearly beloved, who had been her constant companion from childhood; and a beloved brother who, it is feared, had given evidence of a tendency to consumption."

John and Polly read the Scriptures to her, and prayed with her. She would at times listen to them attentively, and when they had done, say, "A very comfortable meeting, but nothing like those we used to have at the Slate House." At other times she would say, "I dreamed of the Slate House last night, and oh, how happy I was! We had such a delightful meeting! There were father and mother, my brother and sister, and our dear friend Mick Tracy, with such a number of 'converts.' We read in turns, and then had prayer and exposition of the 10th of Matthew: but I did not like

how my dream ended; for there was great confusion towards the close, and idle boys firing shots outside the house, to alarm us."

Conversation in this strain used to open afresh the wounds of her brother and sister, whose tears often flowed copiously at hearing her eloquent and touching description of scenes so long dear to their hearts; dearer now than ever, because they were to mingle in them no more.

Polly had now full employment in attending to the wants of her poor demented sister, who required more attention than an infant, from the fear that she would try to escape from the house, in order to go "home," as she still regarded her native place. This, in addition to housekeeping duties, together with the claims of her now doubly-endearred brother, (whose pale, but frequently highly-flushed cheek, gave ominous tokens of what she most dreaded respecting him,) not only occasioned her much anxiety, but engrossed the greater part of her time. Still, with the help of a servant, she not only managed to discharge those duties, but found a little time to spend with him in reading and conversation when he returned from his preaching excursions.

Sometimes they were cheered by a sympathizing friend dropping in, to hold Christian communion, and talk about "the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." Again, some sinner inquiring the way to Zion, would come to seek counsel; and, not unfrequently, a wretch, loving the filthy lucre of this world, would call, inquiring for the "gentleman that turns the people," and wanting to know "how much *money* he would give him for turnin'," &c.

John's soul was often grieved within him at such barefaced dishonesty, such utter recklessness of principle. He knew that the priests encouraged the people

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to think they would be bribed for reforming, in order to degrade those who had "*turned*," in the estimation of their fellows.

Another question presented itself to his mind; it was this: "How can I retain my position amongst a people who regard me as one of themselves, and know of no difference between my case and theirs, except that, in their view, I have been bribed with a sum sufficiently large to engage in this vocation?"

For a time his spirit yielded to the temptation, until at length he disclosed to his sister Polly, at breakfast one morning, his intention to abandon preaching altogether.

"Tell me, John," she said, with some surprise, "what makes you decide on such a course? Are poor Betsy and myself hindrances to you in any way?"

He was not prepared for this interrogation. He loved his sisters with an affection which only death, perhaps not death itself, could dissolve; and he asked, somewhat severely, "Polly! why do you think of asking *me* such a question?" The emphasis on the personal pronoun had its full effect; she knew his heroic devotedness to herself and to the poor sister whose affection to him and herself had survived the wreck of her reason; and she said, "I should not have asked it, dear John. Pray forgive me! Nothing but surprise could have given rise to it. Does anything, dear John, make you unhappy? Do you want anything to complete your happiness?"

"I confess," he said, "I do not feel as I used; but I would rather not converse any more on the subject, Polly dear."

"Why so, John?" his sister asked. "We want for no comfort in the way of living, and while God sends us a sufficiency for the day, why repine?"

"I don't repine on that score," he added; "I think

I could suffer want itself, if called to do so ; but I cannot bear to be looked on as the wretch who could barter away my own soul, and the souls of others, for money. This is my trouble, Polly."

"Well now, John, if everybody were to praise you as you passed, and say, 'What a noble fellow that is! what sacrifices he has made for the truth, and for a good conscience!'"——

"Hold there, Polly! enough! enough!" cried John.

She resumed, "If every one were to say, 'there is a young man who has sacrificed friendship, worldly prospects, almost life itself,' you would continue to preach then, John! Would you not?"

"Not another word, Polly, love. Now have done. My innate pride of heart has been the cause of all my misery. I wish I had told you of what I felt three months ago. You have held the mirror up to me in good earnest, my sister."

They had just finished breakfast, when a knock at the door of the apartment announced a visitor, whom John told to enter; on which intimation, a curious looking character presented himself: he stood in the doorway until he was asked to take a seat, towards which he moved sideways, keeping his eye on that of John as he did so, by way of inquiring, "I wonder whether he will bleed?" The intruder was one of a class very common in the metropolis of Ireland at that time, namely, a gentleman's servant "*out of place.*" He held in his hand a hat, the rim of which had grown narrower by degrees for some years; its body, once black, was faded, to what his countrymen call "*foxy.*" It had evidently been subjected that morning to a good brushing, with sugar and water, and to severe pressure with a hot iron. His coat, the tails of which had been shortened to mend the cuffs and elbows, had, in

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addition, a brushing with logwood water, which still remained wet on parts of it, emitting a peculiar smell. It was buttoned up to the chin, although in mid-summer, to hide the want of linen, a brown, once black, silk handkerchief, stiffened with paper, was twisted round his neck. The buttons of his pantaloons hung in strings round his heels. His feet, wrapped up in coloured cotton rags, were thrust into slippers, worn down at the heels, but well polished in front. He had an air of impertinence about him equal to any emergency, and in his eye there lurked a vein of comic humour, stimulated into action for the occasion, by having imbibed a copious dose of whiskey, which made the atmosphere fragrant.

"Be kind enough to mention your business with me, if you please. Can I be of any assistance to you?" John asked.

"I think you can," he said, with some effrontery; "I understand you come from the County C——; and as I belong to that county meself, I thought ye might thry to assist me in a small way."

"In what way, pray?" inquired John.

"Oh! be geminy! ye know yerself; for I understand ye does a powerful sthroke o' business in that same way, bein', as you were wanst, a poor Papist yerself. The fact is, I have liv'd with Protestants all my life, bein' a gintleman's servant, and I don't see much difference betune 'em and our own. So, as the times are bad, I'd have no objection to turn, that is, if I was satisfied."

"How much would satisfy you?" John coolly asked, as he brushed his hat in order to be ready for a walk.

Well, as I said, the times are bad, and money scarce, so I will not make a very hard bargain; but how

much are ye willin' to give? for other parties are offerin' purty high."

"What other parties, may I ask?" said John. "Well why, there's Mr. Thrasher, *he* gives *five pound*, so he towld me last night, but I ondherstand that ye give more."

"Mr. Thrasher? Mr. Thrasher?" John repeated, as though ignorant of the man and of his whereabouts. "Who is he? Where does Mr. Thrasher live?"

"Well thin meself does'nt know where he lives, but he has an office in the Rotundy, an' has crowds wid him on the same business ivery day. Ivery body knows him. Howsomiver, himself an' Father Tom had a great discussion, wanst in the Rotundy."

"Oh, yes," John said, as if suddenly recollecting, "I was introduced to him one day in the street. But you have not said how much would satisfy you?"

"Well, thin, I think *tin pound* would be a fair bargain betune two brothers, that is, to go to Church reg'lar; but if I was obleeged to swear afore the whole congregation, as some do, that the Pope is '*Christ's Aunt*,' or '*Aunt-to-Christ*,'* or whatever else they call it, it should be something more, bekase ye see the danger is more, as ye know yerself."

John determined on putting a stop, if possible, to this dreadful annoyance, and thought a good plan would be to confront the fellow with Mr. Thrasher, and then hand him over to the police, as "a rogue and vagabond," or punish him for trying to extort money under false pretences. He then said, "I could not conclude the business on my own responsibility, nor indeed, have I much money in the house, if I could; but I am going out for a walk, perhaps you would walk with me." The fellow consented, and they both sallied

* "Antichrist."

forth, engaged in deep conversation, till they arrived at Mr. Thrasher's door, on the opening of which, John merely asked the servant, if his "master was within?" On being answered in the affirmative, he led the way to the study, and was followed by the would-be "*Con-vert*," who began to make pretty sure of his *ten pounds*. Without waiting for the usual salutation, Mr. Brown, with a very grave face, said, "I have come, sir, about particular business this morning. Here is a man who wants to 'turn,' and we must not be particular about trifles; for he tells me he was with the Rev. Mr. Thrasher last night, at the Rotunda, who made him a pretty liberal offer."

"Indeed!" said Gregory, "How much would he give?"

"Why the first word he said, yer Riverence, was five pound; but I know he'd come up a good deal higher, if I tried him hard."

"Well! and would you give the preference to us?"

"Indade an' I would, yer Riverence."

"What sort of man is Mr. Thrasher, to look at?"

"Well thin, that is a matter of taste, intirely, yer Riverence. I think he is a purty-well-lookin' man; I don't know what others may think."

"Had he many people there when you were with him?"

"'Tis he that had, yer Riverence, a power of 'em. Fegs, he was turnin' 'em purty fast, too."

"I think he might if he gave them five pounds apiece," said Mr. Thrasher.

"Oh! I don't say he gave 'em all so much. It's likely he made the best bargain he could wid aich of 'em."

"So you can't tell me what sort of appearance he has. Am I much like him?"

The fellow stared. The truth that he had regularly sold himself without getting the cash, begun to dawn upon his mental organization, when a pent-up burst of laughter from the servants (and children who were aware of the fellow's business, and had congregated outside the study-door,) convinced him that retreat was then impossible.

He had nothing to do in his extremity but fling himself on his knees, begging forgiveness, and pleading his distress.

Mr. Thrasher's old servant man, an honest Roman Catholic, was the most indignant of the party. "Oh wisha, yer Riverence! let me to him," he shouted. "Never fear, but I'll save the County the price of his halther, an' jist let me have five or six digs at his miserable carkiss."

"No indeed," Mr. Thrasher said; "it would neither be right nor lawful for us to do any such thing; but I think the case deserves punishment, nevertheless. Go out, Thomas! and bring a policeman." Thomas went as his master directed him. Mr. Thrasher and John went into another room to take counsel about the matter, using the precaution of locking the door from the outside. The servant returned with a policeman in a few minutes; but the prisoner had let himself down from the study-window into the garden, gaining additional momentum in his descent by the possession of Mr. Thrasher's purse, with seventeen shillings in silver; but he did not escape altogether scot free, for, as he passed through the garden, a large dog caught him by the leg, and caused him to drop the purse, leaving at the same time a piece of his flesh and a scrap of his pantaloons in possession of Bully.

The policeman had to satisfy himself with taking the description of the fellow; and John Brown, after some

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friendly conversation, proceeded home. He had not been long in his own domicile, when a messenger was announced, bearing a note, which he was particular to deliver (agreeable to instructions) to no one but to Mr. Brown, in person. It ran thus:—

"Dear and Rev. Sir, "Rev. John Brown."

"A dying man requests an immediate interview, and hopes that nothing will induce you to deny him the same. The bearer will conduct you."

There was no name, date, or place of address. He hesitated for a moment, lest it might be a ruse to ensnare him, and again take possession of his sisters; but something within urged him to attend the call; and, putting on his hat, he followed the messenger.

They walked through some of the busy streets of the Metropolis, and then through some other less frequented, till they entered a lane, which led into an alley. They trod their way through filth of all sorts; rotten straw, potato peelings, cabbage leaves, broken crockery, bones, brick ends, rags, &c., until they came to the furthest end; where, turning into an ancient doorway, they ascended a creaking staircase, and climbed story after story, till they reached a most filthy room in the garret, and in which it was impossible to stand upright, except in the middle. It contained a bed, if a heap of rags, covered with a ragged quilt, and still more ragged blanket, could be called by such a name. On it, however, such as it was, lay a wasted-looking human form, that of a young man, who might once have been well-looking, but whose visage was now distorted by violent mental and bodily anguish, weakened and wasted by keen privation. The guide withdrew immediately, and John drew the only chair in the apartment toward

the invalid, saying, "My young friend! you seem to be acquainted with suffering."

The patient fixed a searching look on him; his ghastly countenance and glassy eye were for the instant fearful to behold; but his voice was more terrible still. It seemed something more than natural.

"Acquainted with suffering!" he said, tapping the head-board of his bed with his skeleton fingers, "Yes! yes! Suffering and myself have had close acquaintance for some time past, I can tell you."

"Have you been long sick?" the young minister inquired impressively.

"Sick!" he almost roared; "Sick! no; I have not been sick exactly; I am not sick now! Devils that they are! they tell me I am sick. They advise me to compose myself! to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and all the saints; to perform acts of faith, hope, and charity; and so on. Sir, I tell you, I have *said* prayers by scores and hundreds! I have fasted and performed penances; and I have done these things in order to obtain a dispensation, though *against the convictions of a warning conscience*. I am near my end, sir; but I insist on it, I am not sick. Here (striking his breast opposite to his heart) here, said he, is the seat of *my* malady."

"If you feel yourself a sinner against God," John observed, "I have glorious news to tell you. Come to Jesus Christ with all your sins, and he will in no wise cast you out. None are too vile for him to save."

"Me! come to Jesus? No, sir. He is too pure, too holy, too just, too righteous, to accept such a vile sinner! such a wretch as I have been! Talk of mercy to me! Indeed I don't look for it; 'twould be preposterous in me to do so!"

"Oh talk not so, I beseech you, of my precious Re-

deemer!" the young Christian teacher added. "He is truly pure, holy, just, merciful, and righteous, as you represent him; but remember, these attributes are for us sinners; and though you may be the chief of sinners, he can forgive you; and more than that, he can cleanse you and make you fit to dwell with himself in heaven, by virtue of these attributes."

"Can he?" he wildly asked. "Then I imagine he would have some trouble."

"Allow me to ask," said his comforter, "if you are tired of your sins, and hate them; and whether you are desirous of gloryfying God henceforth should your life be spared?"

"No! no!" he cried; there is the difficulty. I simply want to escape from suffering, that is all. I am dying, sir; dying! dying! going down to hell! to suffer, justly to suffer; and that for ever! There, sir, is the secret of my wretchedness."

"I would be far, very far, from urging on you anything approaching to Popish confession," John said; "but if you have in your mind any feeling which holds you back from accepting the offered blessings of the gospel, and can rely sufficiently on me to make it known, I may be able to advise you better than I can while you maintain so dark a reserve. Remember, however, that, I speak simply as an adviser, and without any impertinent desire to pry into your private affairs."

"You can do me no good," he replied; "I am beyond the reach of blessing or mercy! I sent for you, not through any hope of being made better by your visit, or that of any man; but that you might henceforth have, in warning sinners, an additional motive to urge on them the practice of holiness, and the abandonment of sin, namely, the terrors of remorse, which you witness in me this day. Mr. Brown," he continued,

"you will doubtless fly from me as from a leper, or a fiend! You see this," he said; slowly drawing one hand from beneath the coverlet, having kept it concealed up to this moment, "You see this, sir! There is a *finger missing*, which tells you who I am. Can you! —Gracious heaven! I have murdered the son in addition to the father!" for the young Pastor had gone into a swoon, on hearing the revelation just made by the mysterious sufferer, whose identity at once impressed him; but he recovered very quickly, and was immediately in a hearing posture again. "You now know, sir, who I am! You will, of course, have me dragged from this miserable place to prison; but, long before the time for trial comes round, my guilty spirit shall have gone to its terrible abode! Nay! interrupt me not, I beseech you, young man. I must speak; you now know the worst. On my escape from prison—you know when—I fled to America; but though I eluded the vigilance of Justice, I could not fly from myself. I sought to drown thought in the busy cities of the Western world; but there was no peace for me—none! The ball-room, the saloon, the crowded theatre, were perfect solitudes! I sought the country, but there, as elsewhere, the 'demon thought' pursued me, and fed on my very vitals!

"Nothing then remained for me, but to return to my native land, and give myself up to justice. I returned penniless. Several times have I been on the point of giving myself up to the police, but hesitated. I met you by accident a day or two after my arrival in Dublin; but the sight of you did not add much to my trouble, until you relieved me with gifts of money; for I have begged these streets, sir, and you have dropped relief into this felon-hand! the hand that murdered your worthy father! O sir! I see him now, his noble

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venerable form, his right hand holding the blessed Book of God, as he walked towards me, to relieve my feigned distress : the ghost of his thought haunts me."

"Hold, my friend," John said, "I must leave you. Apprehend no danger from me, I will see you to-morrow. Let us pray." He knelt, and prayed in an agony of soul, that his father's murderer might obtain forgiveness from the Judge of quick and dead ; and, upon rising from his knees, he laid a silver coin on the bed's head, and departed, overwhelmed with feeling, at which no one can wonder.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Persecution Continues. Conberts Multiply.

“Oppress’d with grief,—oppress’d with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh.
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim—backward as I cast my view,
What sick’ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still fearing,
Despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here,
Ne’er close here,
But with the closing tomb.”

BURNS.

ultiply.



MY readers will not be surprised at learning that a sister's shrewd eye quickly detected from her brother's manner, that something unusual must have occurred to cause the depression and silence evinced by him. Particulars of what did occur are recorded in the last chapter; and they were, as all will own, sufficiently depressing. He tried to eat his dinner with his accustomed cheerfulness, but he could not act the deceptive part successfully, even in those small matters in which true affection desires to conceal from bosom friends the keen sources of sorrow.

Polly noticed in John's manner at table something unusual; and the more so, as his favourite dish, roast mutton, was before him. She therefore inquired, with some anxiety, "Why he seemed not to enjoy his dinner?"

"I have tried, Polly dear," he replied, "but cannot accomplish it. I want appetite."

"I see that something has happened, since you left home, to disturb you."

"Indeed, Polly dear, I have witnessed enough to disturb a stronger man than I am," was his carefully studied answer. "It amazes one to think how people can live in such filth and misery as many do in this magnificent city—the second city in great Britain. That note this afternoon was a sick call. The messenger conducted me through some of the filthiest lanes and alleys I ever saw in my life, up to the top of a very old filthy house, so that altogether, the sights and smells were the most sickening I ever had to endure. How the people live year after year, in them, I cannot imagine."

"Indeed, John," his sister said, with evident alarm, "it would soon kill you to go much into such places; I don't think the Lord requires you to sacrifice your life in any such way."

"He does, Polly, in that way or in any other to which duty calls. What are life and health but gifts from him, to be used for him, and for his glory?"

"But they might get strong healthy people enough to go on such errands of mercy."

"Yes, Polly; but you are not aware that I went on the strength of a note addressed to myself in person. You preached me a sermon this morning, which set at rest all my pride and unbelief about the ministry, and will you now turn tempter, and undo the good you have done? You forget that mine was the path of duty."

His sister paused; she knew the reproof was a just one. She tried to analyze her own feelings in the matter, and soon discovered that although she had escaped from the idolatries of Rome, there was yet danger from another quarter, namely, idolatry in the

heart. After some time spent in reflection on the above subject, she asked, "Who is that sick person?"

John had promised to see him the next day; and hence did not wish to inform his sister at that time who the individual was; he therefore evaded the question by saying, "Strange enough! there was no name to the note requesting me to go, and I neither asked the young man's name, nor did he mention it himself. I have promised, however, to call on him to-morrow, 'if the Lord will.'"

"How is his mind affected?" Polly asked. "Is he dying? or does he suspect the real state of his spiritual affairs?"

"Oh yes," replied John; "he knows well that he is dying, and is the subject of most terrible remorse. I never saw a person so agonized in my life; but he says there is no hope for him; and he feels no true penitence—nothing but a sense of God's wrath, and a fear of hell!"

"How did he come to know your name, and where you live?" Polly inquired.

"I don't know how he found out my residence," John answered; "but he says he has been relieved by me with a few pence in the streets occasionally, although I had no recollection of his features; but of course suffering must have altered them a great deal."

Thus John succeeded in gaining time before he determined whether or not he would inform his sister who the man really was, whose history was so appalling.

Immediately after breakfast, on the following morning, he repaired with a heavy heart to the abode of misery and wretchedness, undetermined what to say to the hopeless being who was the object of his visit. His knees trembled under him, while ascending the rickety staircase; and, with palpitating heart, he opened

the door of the room which he had visited the day before. A half smothered conversation was going on between three persons when he entered, which was immediately suspended. He approached the bed, and was about to stoop down to ascertain if its occupant was asleep, when an old woman approached from the chimney corner, saying, "He's dead as a herrin',—yer Riverince; he died just at the turn o' the tide, this mornin'."

"Were you with him at the time he expired?" John asked.

"Wisha! an' I indeed was yer Riverince, meself an' that girl there; an' be the same token, not a morsel entered our lips but a dlrink o' wather, an' a shough o' the pipe, the whole blessed night; an' I have four little orphan gran' bldher at home yer Riverince, an' doesn't know where I am to get their breakfast, so I don't, barrin' the great God above intinds to be good to us—he's the best purvidher,—glory be to his holy name! Amin."

"How did his mind appear when dying?" was the next inquiry of our friend.

"Och, sir! he was wandherin' all the night, thinkin' the police an' sogers was aafter him, an' offerin' money to have 'em lave him go. The last words he said, yer Riverince! was, 'There's blood on my hand! Why don't you wipe it off? If you don't wipe it off, I'll strangle you.'"

Seeing that death had done his work, John departed; and feeling unable to walk, called a car, on which he rode to within a short distance of his own house, where he alighted, being unwilling to alarm his sister by riding to the door, as she knew that he never rode short distances unless when he felt very feeble. She was surprised to see him return so soon, and the more

so at witnessing his increased excitement. Feeling it unnecessary to keep her any longer ignorant of the true cause, he disclosed to her the whole of the saddening affair.

Their dwelling for the remainder of that day was a *Bochim*. The murdered body of their departed father appeared before them with its wounds fresh bleeding: all the sorrows experienced since that period recurred with unwonted freshness to their minds; and they gave full vent to the bitterness of their grief. Late in the evening, Polly addressed her brother thus, "Well, John dear, I fear we commit sin by indulging in, and yielding so much to those distressing feelings."

"I fear we do, Polly," he replied, "but where is the remedy for feelings of anguish?"

"I don't think it wrong to feel grief," she answered, "it cannot be; for God, who made us, constituted us sensitive, feeling beings; but I think feeling may be indulged to excess, just as appetite may; or, on the other hand, it may be blunted by various means, so that people may become as the Apostle Paul says, 'without natural affection.' Now I think if we would accustom ourselves to look at the good which arises out of our greatest trials, it would reconcile us more to the will of God in laying them on us, than any other means, except direct faith in his Providence."

"What good, Polly dear, do you see to have resulted from the murder of our poor father," her brother asked, "that would not have been accomplished without such a dispensation?"

"We don't know, John," she said, "that the good accomplished by one means would have been accomplished by any other. The Dispenser of good and evil is the infinitely wise God. Let us look now at Mr. Stanley's case. He came to dear father's death-bed, a

careless, worldly man, and went from it seeking the salvation of God. Out of *his* conversion arose that of another gentleman who was staying at his house, and we don't know where it may end. The words in the Bible are good and true, namely, 'None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; and whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.'"

"True," said her Brother, "let us sing those pretty lines,—"

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"My God! my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

"If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

"E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with thee;
Thy will be done!

"Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I'll strive to say
Thy will be done!

"If but my fainting heart be bless'd
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done.

"Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done!

"Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The pray'r oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
THY WILL BE DONE!"

They went through that beautiful little piece with a

feeling which they had never before experienced; and felt happier when they had concluded it, under a consciousness that He who rides upon the heavens, and controls all events, making them work together for good, had made them more submissive to his Divine and sovereign will.

They had scarcely concluded singing, when their servant girl entered with a letter. It was brought by a youth, and addressed to John, who gave directions to the bearer to wait. He quickly broke the seal, and glancing at the signature, ejaculated, "I declare, Polly, it is from poor Mick." The bearer took a seat unrecognised by them, near the door, and John read as follows:—

"Middleville, July 18th, 18—.

"Dear Sir, and faithful Brother in Christ,

"I cannot let any more time pass without writin' a line to let all of ye know how the poor sheep gets on here, in this wilderness, an' to inquire afther yer health, an' Miss Polly's, an' poor Miss Betsy, as this leaves me an' mine well at present; glory be to the adorable God for all his marcies. Oh, Masther John, if iver I goes to Dublin, won't I have a volum to tell ye, of all the goodness o' God, and the wickedness o' the devil an' his sarvints. 'Tis often a wondher to meself how Satan finds any time to attack the rest o' the world, whin he is so constantly busy here; but still for all, we manage to keep goin' forward, an' people still are forsakin' the 'Mother o' Harlots an' abominations.' Oh, Masther John! but 'tis yerself would be delighted to see the Hall on Sunday mornin's these times, an' the number a' poor people av all purswashuns that comes to heer the glorious news that Christ Jusus come into this wicked world to save sinners; but the wondher of all wondhers is, that 'the big man above

stairs' (as they call Mither Stanley) praches such delightful sarmons as nobody ever heer'd afore. An' sometimes we have a mither o' one denomination an' thin another, who praches the gospel to us. Well, why, my dear sir! there is not a word o' cursin' or swearin' in Stanley Hall now, from year's ind to year's ind; and all the swearin', rollickin' gintlemen, calls the masther 'mad Stanley.' What do you think, but my Lord F——, stopped meself on the road th' other day, an' says he to me, 'Well, Tracy, says he, how do your friends at Stanley Hall get on? Have they put Mr. Stanley in the mad-house yet?' 'No, my Lord,' says I, 'an' I hope they nivir will; for I have had a proof this mornin' more than iver of his being a sarvint of Christ,' says I. 'How do you make that out?' says he. 'Why this way, my Lord,' says I. 'The people said of the Saviour, 'He hath a devil an' *is mad*; an' we are towld, my Lord, the servant shall be *as* his Masther. If they have called the Masther, Beelzebub, much more they of his houshold.' 'Fine weather, Tracy,' says his Lordship, lookin' up at the sky. 'Very fine, indeed, my Lord,' says I. 'Dhrive on,' says he to the coachman; so on he dhruv, and I heer'd no more about madness since. But ye couldn't think how vexed some o' the clargy are with him for 'lavin' the church' as they say; but he tells 'em he never left the church for he never belonged to it ontill of late; nor knew what the church was. A great many o' the poor people are bbecomin' very strong intirely, in the Holy Scripthures. The masther allows me to live in part o' the 'Slate House,' an' has the lower part fitted up for a Sunday school an' meeting-room; an' it would surprise ye to hear how the young childher can repate their Scripthure lessons as pat as A.B.C. Owld Father Fogarty is very quiet now; he seems not to know any of the convarts, whin

he passes 'em; but I always salutes him, whether he returns it or not. There is a report goin' that the young curate who was to ruin the Reformation here is very onasy in his mind, an' will soon be comin' over to the belief o' the thruth. I believe it to 'be a fact that Fogarty's *nephew*, the *boy that lost his finger*, was seen in these parts lately, an' the police were on his track. Some said '*he wint to Dublin*,' but I don't know how thru it is. He won't be likely to have much pace or ase in this world, wherever he goes. I'm sure ye will join me in prayin' for his convarshin.' Things in ginerall are not much altered from what they were whin ye were here. There isn't the open parseecushun, or cursin' av people by name from the althar, but thin there is the same exclusive dalin' so that no man can buy or sell, only he 'that has the mark o' the baste,' as I sometimes tell the poor people in their cabins. What could be a surer sign o' the Holy Scripthure bein' thru, thin that very thing foretowld so long ago? Some o' the sarvants at Stanley Hall are amongst the inquirers for the way to Zion, but owld Pat, the master's right-hand man, keeps away. He says he'll live an' die as his father an' gran'father did afore him; but I believe he'll folly others in the good way. But I must tell you about Pat an' his spree when in Dublin that time that the masther an' himself wint with ye and Masther George.

"Pat got drunk at the hotel with the hotel sarvants, an' some others, an' nothin' would do 'em but to imitate the grandher of high life. So the 'big man' found it out by some manes; but Pat made him promise not to tell about it whin they got home, an' engaged not to get dhrunk agin. But it appears Masther George was listenin' to the game all the blissed night, an' knew all about it; so he put the young childher and sarvants up to it, an' schooled 'em all well into the saycrit. Thin

he took one day an' dressed himself into a shute of Pat's livery, an' got all in the kitchen round the table, with bottles an' glasses o' wather for wine or punch; an, such laughin' ye niver heer'd or saw in all yer life, all at Masther George takin' of Pat, an' goin' through his owld stories, about his exploits with the masther, an' their quarrels, an' how the masther used to give him money an' clothes to make it up. Well, why, the masther an' the misthiss heer'd the shindy in the kitchin, an' they came down stairs, an' got behind a screen unknownst to the whole lot. But after awhile, Pat (Masther George) gett quite dhrunk, an' lays his head down on the table; thin Masther James comes to rouse him up, an' sings out, 'Pat! Pat! here is your masther!' 'My masther!' Pats says; 'Tell him I'll discharge him if he don't mind his P's and Q's.' But the best of all is yet to come. The *rale* Pat came in, an' was standin' inside the kitchen door, whin the last scene was goin' on; an' if he wasn't mad, why there's not a 'cottener in Cork,' as the owld saying is. 'Upon my word,' owld Pat says, (the *rale* Pat) 'that's a tidy gorsoon in *livery* there; he's jist like a collagint, all the way from the Univarsity.' With that the masther and misthiss both took such a fit o' laughin' behind the screen, as made their sides ake. Pat goes over an' sees 'em there, an' if there wasn't a row, why I'm not writing this lettther. He turned them out o' the kitchen, an' said 'if they didn't lave it, he'd go and live up stairs.' But the very next day he took and joined Father Matthew's teetotallers, an' has kept the pledge iver since; an' that is now more than twelve months ago. The masther laves everything now to Pat, an' devotes himself altogether to visitin' the poor, an' readin' with them.

"So no more at present from yer friend an' humble sarvant,
MICHAEL TRACY.

“ I sind this by Tim Dempsey, Masther George’s *own* sarvint; you will scarcely know him he is so much grown.”

Looking up with wondering eyes, they beheld “ poor little Tim,” as he used to be called, whom they had quite forgotten in their anxiety and haste to read the letter. Our readers will remember him in Chapter vii., as son of the poor man who was killed in the quarry. He gave them an entertaining account of how matters were going forward at their native place, and occupied the time till long after the usual hour for retiring to rest. He communicated information on many subjects respecting which his friends interrogated him, and which Mick omitted to notice, long and amusing as his epistle was.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

John Brown, junior, sleeps in Jesus.

“ Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death,
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Through nature's wreck, through vanquished agonies,
What gleams of joy ! what more than human peace !
Where the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ?
No !—not in death ! is the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for ill,—
Richer than Mammon for a single heir.
His comforters he comforts ;—great in ruin,
With reluctant grandeur gives, not yields,
His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.
His God sustains him in his final hour !
His final hour brings glory to his God !
Man's glory heav'n vouchsafes to call her own !
We gaze ; we weep ! Midst tears of grief and joy !
Amazement strikes ! devotion bursts to flame !
Sweet peace, and heav'nly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
Destruction gild and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.”

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DEAR reader, you have had sufficient patience and interest in the history of the Brown family, to follow me, as I have traced them up to the present. The curtain will soon drop, for I am about to portray the last act of the affecting drama.

Mr. Brown had a circuit of places in which to preach; and on the expiration of the requisite period, he returned home. During the discharge of his ministerial duties, subsequent to the events set forth in the last chapter, his mind was greatly disturbed, and was often the seat of mingled feelings. At one time he was deeply depressed, at another, he burned with the most ardent zeal for immortal souls. I may observe, that his style of address

was fervid, eloquent, and faithful. He longed for the salvation of men, and yearned for their well-being. He was in truth a "burning and shining light."

The evening his return was expected, Polly occupied herself in preparing such things as she thought necessary for his comfort, after a fortnight's travel in districts, where accommodations were not always of the best, and least of all adapted to a young man of weakly constitution. He had to preach that evening within about five miles of home, at a place where the service was usually concluded about eight o'clock. His sister anxiously awaited his return, looking repeatedly at the time-piece; at length, finding it wanted some thirty minutes or so of the looked-for hour, she directed the servant to keep Mr. Brown's supper back a little. Taking a candle to see that everything was right in his little "study," she left Betsy in the parlour alone. The latter dear girl had of late been very quiet, and needed but little watching.

Polly had not been very long away, when she heard the street-door open, and a heavy trampling, as of men carrying a burden into the parlour. Presently a cry burst from Betsy, "Oh, John! My brother! He is murdered! help! help!"—Running as fast as she could to ascertain the cause of his alarm, oh! what a scene presented itself! John lay on the carpet where he had been set down by the bearers, his face, hands, and clothes, covered with blood! Poor Betsy, in an agony of grief, kneeling beside him, supported his head with one hand, while she used the other to wipe the blood away from his face.

She called passionately on her father and mother to come to their help, and wondered "what could have brought herself with her brother and sister away from the 'Slate House,' her dear native home." A physician

was in immediate attendance, who ascertained that the patient had ruptured a blood-vessel in the lungs. He was soon undressed and put to bed, and ordered temporarily to discontinue all bodily and mental exertion, but especially public speaking, and to be kept as quiet as possible.

When the alarm occasioned by John's condition had somewhat subsided, how great was his astonishment, as well as Polly's, to find Betsy in the calm possession of all her faculties! The physicians who had known of her case before, pronounced it a most surprising cure, and one which was likely to prove permanent. She had suffered a total obliviousness of all things that had taken place connected with the abduction of herself and sister, as also of every subsequent event, until the appearance of her brother in his alarming situation, which suddenly recalled her to her senses. Her presence was now invaluable. Instead of being perpetually a subject of deep anxiety, she was of the greatest service to her brother and sister. With the former she stayed the most of her time; she read to him, prayed with him, and cheered him in his hours of gloom. She took an active part also in the management of the little household concerns, and still buoyed herself and Polly up with the hope of John's ultimate recovery, "when all would be happy again."

These hopes were soon dashed to the ground. The attending physicians assured them that, although he seemed to recover strength a little after the first attack, consumption had fairly set in; and they could give no encouragement to expect his long continuance here below.

As soon as he was able to write, after partially recovering, he determined on employing his remaining energies in that way. His first effort was to establish

those whom he had left behind at Middleville, to whom he wrote as follows :—

Dublin, May 18th, 18—.

“ Dear Brethren,

“ How fallacious is hope when exercised on any thing that is not the subject of Divine promise ! I have hoped, ever since I left your little band in the wilderness, that God would permit me once more to see you all, and speak with and to you, of the affairs of his glorious kingdom. That hope is frustrated. My physicians give me no reason to expect a recovery from the attack under which I now labour ; indeed, so very feeble am I, that speaking itself is prohibited. I was happy to learn some weeks since, by a letter from our dear friend Mick, that you were all continuing to walk in the light of God’s holy word, and that accessions are still being made to your numbers, not merely of those who abandon the superstitions of Popery, but of those who forsake sin, and truly turn unto the Lord.

“ I trust you will all pay the greatest attention to what I say, because I am a dying man, and death-sickness is a period, when, if ever, men will, or ought to be serious, it is then.

“ Living at such a distance from you as I do, it strikes me that the enemies of Scriptural Christianity, when they hear of my decease, will attempt their oft-repeated pious fraud, in order to allure some of you back, and to prevent, if possible, any addition to your numbers. They will say, ‘ Ha ! when John Brown was dying, he sent for the priests of the Roman Catholic Church—besought their absolution for separating from its communion—and left a dying charge to the faithful to beware of ‘ Bible-readers,’ and ‘ tract distributors.’

“ In order to prepare you for such an event, I here record my dying testimony. It was a blessed day for

me when I first met a 'Bible-reader'—one still spared in your midst. You and he know the powerful prejudices which my mind had to encounter in the search for truth. My family, my education, the profession to which I was destined from infancy, the pride of my own heart, all my associations in fact, were arrayed against the gospel of Jesus Christ; but all these things were overcome, and I was enabled to see 'light in the Divine light,' until the result was, my total surrender of former prejudices to the power of the truth as it is in Jesus.

"I delight to hear of your regularly assembling together for prayer, reading, and exhortation; and also, that you have occasional opportunities of hearing the gospel preached. It will be your duty to exhort and edify one another, until God, in his good time, shall send you a stated ministry.

"How it delights all of us to hear (Betsy among the rest, who is quite well now) that you have your meetings and Sabbath School in the 'Old Slate House!' Happy home to me for many years! Beneath its homely roof I was born into the world; and I may add, I trust, spiritually born there also. Although it has been the scene of a painful tragedy in connection with my dear father's death, and subsequently, that of my beloved mother, I rejoice in the hope of meeting them both ere long, where sorrow and parting shall be known no more. Now that I am on that painful subject (my father's death), I must tell you that the individual to whom Mick refers in his letter, is dead. He found me out in this city, and sent me a request to visit him. I went, ignorant as to who required my attendance, and should not have known him, had he not informed me. May God save us all from the horrors of such a death-bed; I was unable to endure the sight of his agony, and left him, promising to call again the next day, but when

I called, he had gone to his account. Oh! 'the way of transgressors is hard' indeed.

"I certainly have my regrets respecting the past, not that I was led to renounce Romanism, but that, since my renunciation of it, I have not done more, prayed more, preached more, to effect the deliverance of others from its thralldom. May God graciously forgive me in this respect, and make all his servants more faithful in the discharge of their high trust.

"As it is impossible for me in my present weak state to go to see you, it would make me very happy to see any of you who may have to come to this city. Any one from that quarter, even my direst foe, I would bid welcome; but especially any of the followers of the Lamb. Since I came to Dublin, I have been blessed with some success in preaching the word; but I have been often grieved to the soul with the depravity of the people coming and bargaining for money to 'turn,' as they call it. Still I have had sufficient encouragement to trust that I have not 'run in vain, nor laboured in vain.' My cough is very troublesome, and night-sweats have reduced me to a mere skeleton, so that it will be a miracle if I live many weeks. Remember, therefore, my last words, 'Watch unto prayer—live for eternity,' and believe me your unworthy friend and fellow-servant in Christ,

"JOHN BROWN."

"To Mr. Michael Tracy, for self and fellow-believers
at Middleville. (Enclosed)

"Dear Mick,

"We were amused with the contents of your letter by Tim, as well as encouraged by the prospects of the work. Oh what a harvest invites the gospel sickle! Be faithful unto death, my brother. I am going before to the spirit-land, to welcome you on your arrival there.

If in the upper world we shall continue to exercise *any* feelings similar to those we have here, then I shall be looking out for your approach to those bright regions of undying bliss. It would have afforded me great pleasure to behold, once more below, the man through whose instrumentality the good Spirit first led me to look into the 'perfect law of liberty;' but as that may not be, I shall content myself with suffering the Divine will during the few days I have now to live. Give my affectionate love to all the family at 'The Hall.' What an efficient agent is our God! What a work he has wrought there! May he carry it on more and more is the anxious prayer of your dying friend,

"J. B——"

Our invalid despatched the above, and a few other letters, and then prepared himself for the work of dying. O solemn work! Subsequently to this, very few persons were admitted to see him; his strength rapidly decreased, and his descent towards the tomb was as visible to his sisters and himself as it was to his physicians. One evening, after a day of unusual suffering, he fell into a sound sleep, and awoke somewhat refreshed and free from pain. "Now, girls," he said cheerfully, "read for me the fortieth and forty-first chapters of Isaiah, and from the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, on towards the end, until you grow tired of reading, or I of hearing." Betsy took the book and commenced reading in her fine musical voice, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

The dying youth caught up the strain, and said, "Comfort! Oh yes. Our God is the God of comfort. He knows how much his poor, weak, dying children need comfort here below, and he sends his Spirit as the Comforter to cheer their drooping hearts."

Thus as his sister read, he paraphrased, until she

came to the *eighteenth* and *nineteenth* verses, where the Prophet exposes the foolishness of idolatry in making representations of the Deity in gold, silver, wood, &c.

Oh yes," he exclaimed; "how ineffably absurd the idea of making any resemblance of HIM who dwells amid the burning splendour of the sapphire throne! And how thankful *we* ought to be, girls! that God has called us off from that idolatry, as absurd as what Isaiah speaks of, namely, worshipping Deity under the appearance of a crucifix."

But when the other sister took the Book, and read the Saviour's dying legacy to his followers,—his prayers for them, and his promises to them, he seemed to have had new strength created within him. He dwelt with rapture on the peace which Jesus imparts to his disciples,—well said, indeed, to be a peace "the world cannot give." His soul seemed fired with ecstatic visions, realizing as it were, an immediate entrance upon the bright domains of unfading glory. And so absorbing were the joyous feelings of which he was then the subject, that he appeared for the moment to forget he was still occupying the clay tabernacle, awaiting the voice of his father to say, "Friend, come up higher." His language was more like an angel's than that of a dying man.

The exhaustion, consequent upon speaking so long, and with so much animation, brought on a fainting fit, which his sister thought was the closing scene of life; and for a moment they gave way to violent impulses of grief, (an excusable feeling under the circumstances,) considering their lonely situation amidst strangers, and that they were proscribed by their own connections. The prospect before them at their brother's death, came with crushing force upon their minds; but seeing a faint indication of returning consciousness in the object of

their solicitude, they dried up their tears, and prepared themselves for another struggle. A spoonful or two of jelly, seemed to revive and refresh him a little. "There is a rap at the front door," he said. "Well John," his sister Polly answered, "I will attend to the door, it is likely some message from the doctor. Would you wish to see him any more?" "No," he whispered, "all that duty and skill require to be done for the preservation of my life has been tried. I wait to be gone." "Have you any remaining wish?" she further inquired. "None," he added, "unless it might be a desire to hear from Middleville, to know something of what is to become of you both, when I shall be removed. But,—but I have confidence in HIM who has brought us thus far, that he will bring us to the end. Indeed I feel as if I knew it was all right, only, I cannot see how—there is that rap again."

Polly disappeared, Betsy advised him to try and get another sleep if possible, and was soon pleased to see him enjoying a painless slumber. A signal concerted between the sisters, gave Polly notice that he was sleeping, and that everything in the house must be conducted as noiselessly as possible. Two friends had been awaiting admittance for some time, when the door was opened. They divested themselves of their boots, and walking noiselessly into the room, maintained an almost breathless silence, for upwards of an hour. At last, a low faint sound was heard; and applying their ears closely, they could hear him say, "True! true! I am vile—very vile, yet my God has made with me an everlasting covenant in Jesus, ordered in all things and sure. This is all my salvation, and all my desire! I need nothing more! I ask no more! Get thee behind —. . . What? No! no! My God will supply ALL their need—. . . Oh! glorious promise!

' He *cannot* have taught them
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought them,
To put them to shame.'

Very true, this is a suffering body; but it is a vile body. Presently I shall inhabit a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!'

Here a fit of coughing awoke him; and, on recovering from its effects, he beheld standing beside his bed, Mr. George Stanley, and his weeping friend, Mick Tracy.

He reached a hand to each; and for a moment his heart was as full as theirs, but he was the first to recover his composure. "I never gave up fully the persuasion," he said, "that the Lord would permit me to see some one from your quarter before I got home, and here are *two*; how good is our God! Tell me quickly how matters go on."

"Oh! Masther John! the Lord is workin' wonders amongst us by the power of his own right arm; don't spake more than ye have necessity for, agra! and I will tell you somethin'," said Mick. "Misther and Misthiss Stanley have sint us to take ye away home to their house, yerself an' sisthers. If ye can't be removed now, we will stave with ye until ye can, (in some way,) and the girls will be provided with iverything necessary for their comfort, until they can do somethin' for thimselves. We received yer letter sint by Tim; it was read to our little company at a meetin' in the Slate House, an' many hearts were stringthened, an' some led to seek the Lord in consequence av it. Masther George, here, has decided to folly his father an' his mother in the Lord, an' we all trust soon to folly ye to glory."

Folding his hands on his breast, the dying young servant of Christ, looked up to heaven, and uttered, in a low but audible voice, "Lord, now letteth thou thy servant

depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pray," he said to Mick.

"What shall I pray for, sir!" his faithful friend asked with faltering voice.

"That God's will m—ay be d—one!"

They bent their knees around his bed, and prayed as directed. Shortly, a faint gurgling was heard, three gasps succeeded, and the folded hands relaxed.

John Brown had ascended! and the prayer of the weepers was turned into thanksgiving!

Four days after the melancholy event, a hearse was seen to enter Middleville, accompanied by two mourning coaches. They were soon joined by others, which had been awaiting their arrival, and the mournful cortége shaped its course to the old burying ground, where lay the remains of John Brown's ancestors for many generations past. Beside the murdered remains of his father, they laid him down to take his long, last sleep. The people whom he loved most (gathered, like his own family, from amongst the votaries of anti-Christian superstition,) surrounded his narrow bed in tearful silence, until the clergyman who read the funeral service pronounced the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." It is well known that while these words are being uttered, an attendant at the grave drops upon the coffin-lid a handful of mould at each sentence, the rattle of which on this occasion, caused the pent-up feelings of the crowd to find expression in real natural grief, which burst forth in the loud wail peculiar to that part of the country, drowning the voice of the minister, who became inaudible during the remainder of the ceremony. All was soon over, however, and the remains of John Brown, junior, lay at ease where the wicked cease from troubling, where persecution terminates, and where Satanic despots and priestly intrigues no

longer disturb those whom God has marked for his own.

John was a young man of considerable parts, possessing an easy and eloquent delivery; and so chaste and beautiful was his style, that those who heard him once, longed for a repeated opportunity. He was a close thinker, and logical reasoner; but his chief excellence lay in his deep acquaintance with the "*Best of Books*," in which he was an industrious student, taking unremitting pains to penetrate its depths. His way from first to last was an illustration of a special Providence, marked, as his history is, with special care and provision. I have described his person, and elementary education and collegiate training, &c., at the beginning of Chapter II., and all I have to add now, at the conclusion of my narrative, is, that during the supervening years, (some 6 or 7,) no one ever sustained a more spotless character for real integrity and uprightness than John Brown.

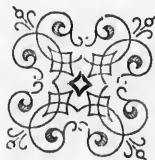
Immediately after the funeral obsequies, the Misses Brown became guests at Stanley Hall, where we now take our leave of them.

Many of the converts already alluded to, are still alive, some of whom have happy homes in the distant land where these pages were committed to paper, namely, CANADA. The Book will therefore probably find its way first into one hand and then into another of those very converts, who will require but little exercise of sagacity to penetrate the thin disguise, (as already hinted at in the introduction) and discern, not only persons and places, but actually many of the incidents. Upon such discoveries, many pleasing reminiscences cannot fail to follow, notwithstanding the geographical distance, and lapse of years; the events

themselves being of a nature so remarkable as to render them difficult to be utterly and entirely forgotten.

In conclusion, I have to observe that the narrative was for the most part written during a protracted confinement to the house, attended with a measure of bodily suffering, which I trust may serve to enlist the reader's charity for the many defects he may discover.

If anything I have written should in the least degree be the occasion of pain to any lover of my Saviour, I sincerely hope and desire it may be regarded more as an inadvertence, than as an intentional act, as nothing would grieve me more than to "offend one of the least" of His "little ones." If on the other hand, even *one* soul should be led from the paths of soul-destroying error to Jesus, I shall feel that I have not laboured in vain nor given my strength for nought, in thus chronicling the conversions from Popery in the beautiful locality of Middleville.





Summed up in two words -

A Book -



- CHAP. I.—Tells how Father Fogarty quoted Scripture without minding his stops.
- CHAP. II.—Shows how the "Bible Reader" failed a prospective priest.
- CHAP. III.—Tells how the "Bible Reader" penetrated the hearts of the would-be-priest and his two sisters.
- CHAP. IV.—Makes the reader acquainted with a strange character, of whom he reads elsewhere.
- CHAP. V.—Illustrates the adage—"No Penny, no Patronage."
- CHAP. VI.—Shows how Mr. Brown defended himself after a storm, respecting the fee for the anointing.
- CHAP. VII.—Tells about an Irish "Wake" and the way a widow's heart was broken.
- CHAP. VIII.—Acquaints the reader with a formal Excommunication, and its effects on the Brown family.
- CHAP. IX.—Shows how Excommunication affected the poor Bible Reader.
- CHAP. X.—Tells how Father Fogarty tared, and how he, with others, got into "Durango Vile."
- CHAP. XI.—Shows how the Bible Reader figured in "Lynch's Rhymes," and before the Magistrate.
- CHAP. XII.—Fire!—Fire! Where?—At Stanley Hall. Attempted assassination, and how it ended.
- CHAP. XIII.—"Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." Prov. xi. 21.
- CHAP. XIV.—Tells about believing in Jesus to the saving of the soul.
- CHAP. XV.—Shows how to cheat the priest to oblige a neighbour, though an Excommunicated heretic.
- CHAP. XVI.—Tells how John Brown, senior, was mortally wounded at a Bible Reading.
- CHAP. XVII.—Details the death scene of the victim, who leaves a holy fragrance behind him.
- CHAP. XVIII.—Unfold the first-fruits of the Martyred Convert,—Stanley, of Stanley Hall, takes hold of Christ.
- CHAP. XIX.—Finds an owner for a lost finger, but the owner becomes lost again.
- CHAP. XX.—Relates Mrs. Brown's last hours. She refuses every Priest but Jesus.
- CHAP. XXI.—Tells how persecution rag'd. The Misses Brown abducted. Stanley pursues.
- CHAP. XXII.—Relates a midnight adventure of the pursuers at the Bee-hive Tavern.
- CHAP. XXIII.—Bravo, Stanley! Bravo! The game is scented! Onward! Onward!
- CHAP. XXIV.—Tells how, and by whom, a convent may be successfully entered.
- CHAP. XXV.—Stanley's Coachman details to his friends certain "misunderstandin's he had with his master."
- CHAP. XXVI.—Unfolds the murderer's remorse! and a confession to the ownership of the lost finger.
- CHAP. XXVII.—The Murderer dies! Persecution continue,—converts multiply.
- CHAP. XXVIII.—Shows "He fulfils the desire of them that fear Him." John Brown, Junior, sleeps in Jesus.

What the Reviewers say of "Mick Tracy."

"The story of Mick Tracy is said by its author to be nothing more than a series of facts, woven by the slightest threads into one tale or story. An interesting tale it is, and we believe every word of it. For we have been in Ireland, we have conversed with Scripture readers, and we know something of the nature of an Irish Priest, of Maynooth teachings, and of Roman canon law; and therefore we believe in Mick Tracy, in all he saw, said, and suffered. Mick Tracy is an excellent fellow, a true Christian, and a true Irishman withal. He has a deal of fun in him, in common with all his countrymen, whose hearts are not turned into gall by the Italian sorcerers. He has, too, a wonderful command of temper—not in common with all his countrymen, but with those of them who, like himself, 'have been renewed in the spirit of their minds.' In short, good reader, if you would know something of the real state of Ireland, read Mick Tracy. Whether your mood be grave or gay, whether you wish to heave a sigh or shed a tear, Mick will respectfully conduct you to the scene where your tastes shall be gratified. And you will not resemble Mick, if, when you leave the scene, the prevailing sentiment of your soul be not one of deep compassion for the benighted Roman Catholics of Ireland."—*Christian Observer*.

"There is a good deal of matter in the book, which consists of 355 crown octavo pages, and to every chapter, twenty-eight in number, there is prefixed an illustrative woodcut. It is a deeply interesting story, and a graphic portraiture of Irish life in days not far remote from the present. The book is well calculated to excite in Christian minds an earnest desire for the evangelisation of the peasantry of Ireland, and for their complete rescue from the terrible thralldom of the Priest."—*Christian World*.

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 of the world-be-pest and his
 er, of whom he reads elsewhere,
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ever was one in print; and then it is the production of one who is so well ac-
 quainted with Irish life and character, and who can express his knowledge in a language
 which only a long and intimate acquaintance can command. 'Mick Tracy' is a true
 picture of Irish life, and would be a model for any Englishman or Scot who
 might attempt to enter the same field of literature. The book, besides, contains in-
 tensely interesting narratives, and evidences, on the part of the writer, of a clear com-
 prehension of the errors of Popery, and how to deal with them. Most willingly do
 we assist the clever author in giving circulation to a book that is likely to do much
 good."—*Banner of Ulster*.

"A book we enjoyed much. The author knows, and can describe with effect, the
 lights and shadows of Irish life. Perhaps his recollections are the more vivid because
 they are the remembrance of an exile. 'Mick Tracy' is a very efficient missionary
 of the Peter Cartwright stamp, only not so ready to resort to carnal weapons. The
 faults and bigotry of the Irish, together with their good nature and docility, are vi-
 gorously pointed. The author gives the reader glimpses into the inner life of his
 countrymen, and without stiffness and formalism describes, in connection with the
 incidents of his story, the ecclesiastical and social circumstances which depress their
 better qualities, and exaggerate their worst ones."—*Bradford Observer*.

"Those who feel an interest, as everybody ought to do, in Protestant missionary
 enterprise, will peruse this book with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain—of
 pleasure, because they will find in it a conspicuous example of the heroism which
 flows from profound religious convictions; and of pain, because it will tell them how,
 in a country nominally civilised, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, men are
 found capable of resisting, with inhuman ferocity, the affectionate efforts of ministers
 desirous of making them partakers of their own religious happiness. As we read
 some of the incidents related in this narrative, we are at a loss whether we should
 most admire the pious fortitude displayed by some of these 'Irish Scripture Readers,'
 or deplore the abject intellectual condition of those to whom they have gone. Indeed,
 were it not from the internal evidence of truth contained in the book, we might doubt
 the possibility of much that we find there. The tale, however, is too true a one, and
 must call forth the profound sorrow of every true Christian, while all must respect
 and admire the Christian heroism of the man who could cheerfully submit to such
 privations as he had to encounter in the fulfilment of his noble mission, and a courage
 which never shrank from personal danger, however formidable."—*Morning Ad-
 vertiser*.

"The author gives us rather a dramatising of a series of facts, than a fiction
 founded on fact, though his story has a beginning, a middle and end. The chief
 serious interest of the story is for those who would take pleasure in seeing how the
 native shrewdness of an illiterate man, who had withdrawn his faith from an infallible
 Pope and Church, who had learned to regard priests and ceremonies as impositions
 and superstitious, and had given his implicit confidence to the Holy Scriptures, could
 battle in argument a dogmatic priest, and overcome his bullying and curses by unflin-
 ing good nature. It is, in brief, a story of the conversions effected by such a humble
 agent, of the wrath of the priest, of the persecutions following, including some scenes
 like those we have too lately witnessed in Ireland; and all, we are assured, veiled by
 a very thin disguise of names. To many the unpolished narrative in this form will
 be of more interest than one which had more in it of creation and less of fact painting."
 —*The Sun*.

"Mick Tracy is a tale which we can recommend. Its readers will find much in it
 both interesting and profitable."—*City Press*.

"We can strongly recommend this book; it is one which would do every true Pro-
 testant and true Christian good to read; for, besides adorning a good tale, it points
 an equally good moral."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

"'Mick Tracy' adds another to the numberless chapters on life in the sister king-
 dom; and although the main incidents have their foundations in the peregrinations
 of one of that humble class of evangelists known as an Irish Scripture Reader, it
 nevertheless teems with those sallies of humour and repartee so characteristic of the
 Irish mind. Combining much of the raciness of our better fiction with the terse-
 ness of fact, no one taking up the volume will be willing to lay it down again till its
 every agreeable page is perused."—*Edinburgh Witness*.

to some will seem improbable, although the incidents of the tale are diversified and romantic—story give some guarantee of the truth asserted for them. As illustrating the demoralising social influence of Popery, and as calling attention to a most devoted and laborious class of men, who are faithfully seeking to promote the evangelisation and renovation of their country, the book deserves warm sympathy and approbation.”—*Nonconformist*.

“This is a tale of interest, with adventure enough in it to stock a three-volume novel. It has our good word for its intention, which is evangelical and edifying.”—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

“The writer is evidently one who has studied closely and well the more salient features of the Irish character, who has an accurate knowledge of the arguments used against and employed by the disseminators of Scripture truth among the Romish population. The work will be read with interest, and accepted as conveying much that is pictorially accurate and historically true.”—*Caldonian Mercury*.

“Whether or not any Protestants are to be found in Ireland as good as Mick Tracy, John Brown, and Mrs. Stapley, our daily newspapers abundantly attest, that the author has not exaggerated the unscrupulous wickedness of the Roman Catholics; nor would he have done so had he used darker colours still; we have no difficulty in believing him when he tells us that his incidents are facts thinly disguised. The tale is well told. The thorough familiarity of the writer with the Irish character and life, gives a raciness to it which makes it very interesting. Both in character and dialogue it is thoroughly genuine. The true Milesian spirit is in it. Its religious tone is in every way commendable; not only does it inculcate a genuine, earnest piety, but it inculcates a Christ-like spirit of forbearance and forgiveness calculated to produce the best effects. For this reason we could wish a cheap edition of it widely circulated in the south of Ireland itself. We give a hearty and almost unqualified commendation to this book, as a very good one of its class, and as likely to do good.”—*Patriot*.

“‘Mick Tracy’ is divided into twenty-eight chapters, and we are stating nothing more than the simple truth when we say, that they are each and all characterised by a very high degree of interest and excellence. Such chapters as twelve, and twenty-one to twenty-four, well deserve the further title of romantic—the ‘Bee-hive’ incident in chapter twenty-two being positively thrilling. Speaking of the volume before us in a literary point of view, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying it is written with point and pith, while the frequent use of the Irish dialect makes the narrative quite picturesque. Speaking of the volume from a higher standpoint, namely, in its moral and religious utility, we have no doubt whatever it is calculated to do much good, were it for nothing more than its thorough and effective, if also somewhat homely enough, refutation of the monstrousness of Popery. ‘Mick Tracy’ should be a favorite book with all true and well-hearted Protestants. The thought has struck us repeatedly in coming over its chapters—some of which we have read more than once, the convent scene, for example—what a world of good this book might do if widely circulated among the lower orders of Roman Catholics in our large cities and towns, and, indeed, all over the country. Its tendency to dissipate error, and send a full and flooding stream of spiritual light into the darkened hearts and homes of the deluded devotees of the Papacy, we believe to be of the happiest and most praiseworthy description. Who the author is, we have not the remotest conception, but we warmly thank both him and the Book Society for the issue of this valuable narrative. It will, undoubtedly, take its place as one of the books of the season, and with this brief introduction—for the plot it would, of course, be unfair to unravel—we pass it on to our readers, convinced that they will feel our praise has been merited, and that in the reading of ‘Mick Tracy’ a rich treat is to be had.”—*Peterhead Sentinel*.

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