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McHENRY (JAS) M.D.

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THE  
HEARTS OF STEEL:

AN

Irish Historical Tale of Last Century.

By THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILDERNESS," "O'HALLORAN," &c.

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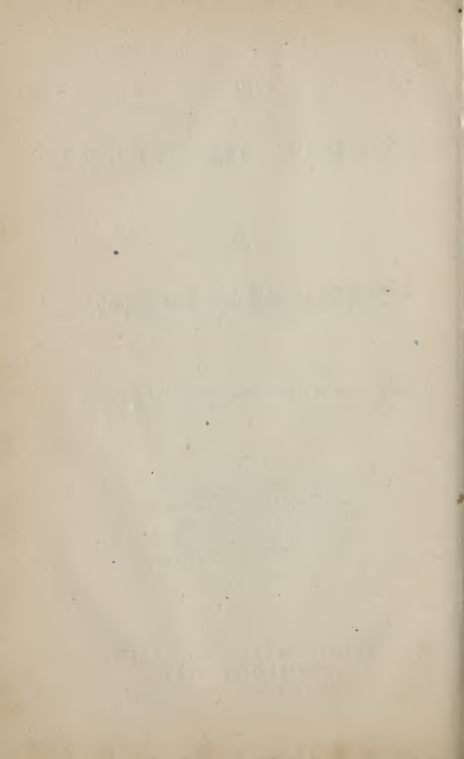
"Learn hence, ye great, 'tis dangerous to inflame  
A hardy peasantry who fear for nothing;  
They feel aggrieved, and give the reins to vengeance;  
And oft, too oft, in merciless career,  
Devoid of reason, on their course they urge  
In madness and in slaughter, till themselves  
And their oppressors, both become the victims  
Of their wild passions headlong and terrific."

*The Irish Soothsayer.*

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# THE HEARTS OF STEEL.

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## CHAPTER I.

Think of a people, ancient and renown'd,  
Driven from their homes, where long their fathers dwelt,  
To range the world in want and desolation;  
Ah! think what wrath against their haughty spoilers  
Must sting their breasts, and sink into their natures  
So very deep, that son succeeding son  
Will long retain the fierce and vengeful feeling.—IRISH SOOTHSEYER.

WHETHER the Englishmen who lived a hundred and fifty years ago were as fond of wealth as their descendants of the present day, is a question well worthy of attention. The writer of the following narrative does not pretend to decide; but he will venture to assert that, our great grandfathers in their efforts to become rich, generally resorted to methods far less laudable and useful to their neighbours. Our progenitors had a most barbarous, feudal contempt for every laborious employment, except war; and when the younger sons of dignified families embarked in pursuit of fortune, the sword, not the shuttle—gunpowder, not steam—were the instruments they employed. It is true the steam engine had not been invented, but they knew the virtues of the plough, the loom, the saw, the anvil, and the helm, and they scorned them,—they chose rather to fight, than to work for wealth.

The great field of enterprise resorted to by those fortune-hunters, for more than a century, was that fertile portion of the empire inhabited by an unfortunate race of men, called the "native Irish." The great crime alleged against these men, was the worshipping the God of their fathers in the manner their fathers had taught them, which was somewhat different from the British mode of worship. This, on the British side of St. George's channel, was considered "damnable idolatry," and rendered it just and legal to deprive its adherents of their possessions, nay, even if they did not yield them up quietly, to treat them as rebels.

The "native Irish" have never been celebrated for their prudence; and it must be confessed that the intolerance, harshness, and cruelty with which, whenever they had the power, they treated the professors of the British religion who lived amongst them, too frequently afforded plausible grounds of retaliation, of which their eastern neighbours never failed to avail themselves. The historical reader is acquainted with the frequent commotions which, from the dawn of the Reformation till the Revolution in England, occasioned the sister island to be an almost continued scene of confiscations and military violence. By the one party, these ferocious wars were looked upon as patriotic and holy efforts to deliver their country from the tyranny of foreigners and heretics; while the other party stigmatised them as unnatural rebellions.

Ireland is a beautiful country, picturesque and romantic, and almost unrivalled in the fertility of her soil. Her groves are animated with the sweetest music that can be yielded by the feathered tribes; and her hills and valleys are covered with the liveliest verdure. No wonder that such a country should have been attractive to the cupidity of those needy Englishmen of the seventeenth century who were too indolent or too proud to improve their fortunes at home. The poor relatives of great families were more warlike than industrious; and the unhappy disturbances of Ireland afforded them an opportunity of gratifying their warlike propensities, and also of richly rewarding themselves, by wresting from her suffering sons their valuable and tempting possessions.

It was during the wars between William and James that the family of Rosendale became possessed of the extensive and productive estate of the M'Manus, in the county of Meath. This property had descended from father to son from time immemorial, until it reached Murchad M'Manus, who possessed it at the time of the Revolution. This gentleman, who was one of the richest and most powerful of the Meath proprietors, had, on the landing of James in Ireland, espoused his cause, and without delay despatched his eldest son, at the head of five hundred of his hardiest tenants, to join the unfortunate monarch. Even after the decisive battle of the Boyne, he refused to submit to the conqueror; but, retiring with the remnant of his gallant band within the walls of his castle, resolved to die rather than surrender.

Against this castle King William detached Colonel Rosendale, a young but able officer, with a thousand men, promising, should he succeed in its reduction, to bestow upon him the forfeited estate with a title. Before making the attack, the colonel told his soldiers, if they behaved gallantly and were successful, he would drive off all the original tenants who had joined the enemy, and place them on the vacant farms.

Rosendale found, after this speech, he had little more to do than give the word and the castle was taken. It, however, cost the assailants above one-third of their number.

Murchad was slain during the attack, and his son Brian was forced to capitulate. He was permitted to retire with his followers to either Connaught or Ulster. He took the road towards the latter province, attended by two hundred families. But the strong hand of his adversaries was still against him; for the Protestants of Ulster obliged them to scatter, like the vanquished Israelites, towards the four winds of heaven,—so that Brian and his fellow-fugitives were once more separated.

He at last found shelter amidst the mountains in the northern part of Antrim, where he was discovered by about twenty of his faithful followers, who settled beside him, and bound themselves to contribute yearly a certain portion for his support. This, however, was so trifling, that when he died he had little else to bequeath to his only son Dermid than the affection and fidelity of his neighbours, and a bigoted and useless hatred towards England and Protestantism. The Rosendales, in particular, were the objects against whom he taught his son to cherish the most irreconcilable hatred.

During his whole life Dermid had neither resolution nor opportunity to make the lords of Rosendale feel the effects of his hatred. The successor to the first Lord Rosendale, in 1722, scarcely knew that there was such a person in existence; and the third lord, the father of the hero of our tale, had only heard, when he was a child, about a family of the name of M'Manus, who in former times possessed their estate, and resided in the old dilapidated castle which stands on a hill about a quarter of a mile distant from the splendid family mansion of the Rosendales.

This Lord Viscount Rosendale, of whom we speak, had, in A.D. 1740,



married a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of a Mr. Brightworth, an eminent merchant of Dublin.

In a reasonable time after his marriage, his lordship's heir-apparent came into this world, and was called Arthur. Another son followed in about two years afterwards, named Frederick, who, although the younger, became by far the more important of the two brothers. Several daughters succeeded, with whom it is not necessary to make the reader acquainted. Of the heir himself little more need be said, than that he was brought up in the gratification of every appetite and every wayward whim and fancy. Our little heir was accordingly very sickly from the time that he cut his teeth, and very proud from the time that he cast them.

As to Frederick, he was born with a stout, healthy constitution, and sweetmeats and flattery were not offered at the shrine of his future greatness in such abundance as to injure his health or temper. But at ten years of age he had more friends than his brother; for, by that time, the contrast between the dispositions of the two brothers had become perceptible.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE education of Frederick Rosendale was of the most regular and finished kind. Teachers were brought to reside in the family, for the purpose of giving the children private instruction. From this, however, Arthur did not derive much benefit, and his father saw that he was not destined to make a great figure in the world. But the progress Frederick made gave him the prospect of having one son who might be eminent in his generation, and add dignity to the name of Rosendale. It was a great object with him to instil a taste for politics into Frederick's mind, so that, by his activity and talents, he might make a name for himself in the national legislature. Having resolved that the promising talents of Frederick should not be lost to the nation by that want of a proper education which he felt so prejudicial to himself, he enjoined his tutors to ground him well in the history of nations, and at the same time wished them not to overlook any other learning requisite to form the man of knowledge and the gentleman.

By the time, therefore, that Frederick was sixteen, his mind was not only well-stored with classical and historical information, but he had also become acquainted with the sciences of mathematics, astronomy, botany, and chemistry. Elocution, drawing, music, horsemanship, fencing, &c., he excelled in; so that at eighteen there was no young man in the country who surpassed him in any of these accomplishments.

His father's attempt to render political ambition his governing principle had not altogether succeeded, his modesty whispering that thousands in the country were more capable of acquiring distinction than himself in Parliament.

His first tutor was a young man of the name of Carlow. He had been educated for the ministry of the Established Church, and was appointed chaplain to his lordship, with the charge of a cure in the neighbourhood. Every member of his lordship's family felt interested in his welfare, and even the stubborn heir himself called him "the good Mr. Carlow."

Mr. Carlow's chief favourite was Frederick. In him he found no reserve, no coldness, no petulance of temper, nor dulness of comprehension. Frederick returned the affection of his amiable preceptor with warmth and sincerity, and learned from him many wise precepts, that were useful in after life.

Frederick was most of all attached to the study of the Muses. Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, were the perpetual themes of his eulogy, and it was seldom, in his solitary moments, he could be caught without a Homer, a Virgil, or a Horace, in his hand.

At the age of eighteen, it was determined he should proceed to Dublin, to finish his education at Trinity College. Before his departure, his father, with great solemnity, addressed him upon the advantages of the career on which he was now entering, with its new associations and advantages of improvement, counselling him to be in all things guided by his grandfather; concluding with the benediction, "May God bless you, and prosper you in your undertakings!"

Frederick, having taken a tender leave of his mother and sisters, bade farewell to his brother; who observed, "I am really sorry, Fred, that you are to be so long absent. I cannot tell what I shall do with myself; I shall think the time so long; but I shall get Bob Raymond to stay with me: he plays skittles excellently, and has the best knack at catching trout of any young squire in the country. Farewell, Fred! Bob and I may take a drive to the city to see you when the fishing season is over."

Frederick reciprocated his brother's farewell in a more affectionate strain; then springing into his gig, drove off for the Metropolis, and arrived there that evening. In a few days his tutor, who had accompanied him, left him under the protection of his grandfather, and regularly initiated as a student at the University.

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### CHAPTER III.

WE have thus brought an active, handsome young man, full of life, vigour, spirits, curiosity, and money, into the midst of one of the most fascinating cities in the world. How to manage him when he is there is now the question. He will, of course, be surrounded by innumerable temptations. Beauty and splendour will try to dazzle him; flattery and pleasure to seduce him. But he must, with the strong shield of virtuous principles, successfully resist every seduction. That he did so, we rejoice to record; and to his grandfather's vigilance, no doubt, much of the credit of his firmness should be ascribed.

Thus the time passed away smoothly, for about three years, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, except Lord Rosendale, who complained that his son had rather neglected his political interests, by refraining to ingratiate himself with the great men in office. As, however, he had become a finished scholar and an elegant speaker, was considerably improved in his knowledge of mankind, and tolerably well versed in the laws and constitution of the realm, his father conceived him to be well qualified to make a figure in the House of Commons; and a vacancy happening at this time in the representation of his native county, he insisted on his becoming a candidate. With reluctance Frederick complied, for he was afraid his Parliamentary efforts would disappoint his father's high-flown expectations. His father immediately commenced an active canvass in his favour, with that degree of alacrity and delight which evinced that he believed the consummation of his dearest wishes was at hand.

But, ah! how limited is human foresight! how vain are the most plausible of human anticipations! Before the grand struggle at the hustings came on, in one night was the opulent, the gay, the ambitious Viscount

Rosendale cut off, by the untoward accident of a fall from his horse. He had been for some days at the town of Slane, very successfully electioneering in that neighbourhood; and a few hours before he set out for home, he was under the necessity of showing his patriotism by drinking too many bumpers of Irish wine, alias whisky, to "the purity of elections,"—"the down fall of political corruption,"—"the rights of Irishmen," &c., &c. He at length departed amidst the loud cheers of the people, attended only by one servant. The animal he rode was headstrong and fiery; and being somewhat roughly treated with the spurs, sprung along like an arrow, until, about half a mile from the town, being startled by some unusual appearance in the hedge, he made a sudden bound to one side, and flung his rider into the ditch amidst a heap of stones. His servant's horse also took fright and threw his drunken rider, who, on striking the ground, dislocated his arm, and became unfit to raise his master, or render him any other service than by his shouts to alarm the neighbourhood. This was indeed of but little consequence to his master, who was found with his skull so dreadfully shattered as to afford no hopes of his surviving. He was carried to the nearest house, and surgical aid procured; but in vain, for he died the next day.

After paying the customary honours to his remains, Lord Rosendale's family lived together for some weeks in solitude and sorrow, sincerely bewailing his unexpected and untimely end.

The suddenness of the viscount's death had prevented him from making a will. The settlement of the family concerns, therefore, depended almost altogether on the discretion of the new lord, who soon signified to Frederick that he would grant him a handsome yearly allowance, but would not assist in forwarding his parliamentary views. Frederick himself, not being very anxious for a seat in the legislature, was easily induced to withdraw his name from the list of candidates for the ensuing election.

For some months after these events, Frederick spent rather an inactive life in the society of his friend Carlow, composing poetical scraps, moral essays, and sentimental tales. But as time wore off the impression of grief, indolence became irksome, and he began to long for employment in some respectable and useful pursuit.

On consulting with his friends, he found they were each of a different opinion as to the profession he should choose. His grandfather, who was now very old, and wished to retire from business, offered to make over to him his stock in trade, if he would embrace the mercantile profession. His mother wished he should apply for some genteel employment under government, such as a collector of the customs, or a port-surveyor on some respectable station. Mr. Carlow was desirous he should take orders in the church; while his brother preferred he should become a lawyer; for in the one case, he shrewdly remarked, he could never rise higher than archbishop of Armagh, whereas in the other he might become Lord Chancellor of the nation.

But Frederick approved of neither of these opinions. To his grandfather he said, that although he felt the kindness and liberality of his offer, to be a merchant was contrary to his inclinations. As to his becoming a revenue-officer, he could not stoop to solicit such an appointment from any great man in existence.

To his reverend tutor he observed, that he often felt a strong propensity to wander from that rigid path from which a gospel-teacher should never deviate; and should therefore take care that the dignity of such a sacred calling should never be injured by any frailty he might exhibit.

"With respect to the law, my dear brother," said he, "it is that profession, with which, of all others, I should least wish to be concerned, for I could never prevail on my conscience to blacken a good, or varnish over a bad cause. I should rather join the army, where I shall have no responsi-

hility but that of doing my duty; where I shall have an opportunity of studying men, learning their characters, and observing their pursuits, without being personally interested in them; where I shall find frequent opportunities of doing good; and where my frailties can attach no stigma to any but myself."

His brother immediately acquiesced in this proposal, and the consent of his other friends soon followed. A major's commission was therefore procured for him, and he hastened to Dublin to join his regiment, where we shall leave him to study tactics, and return to the M'Manus of the North.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the death of his father, Dermid M'Manus ardently wished for some opportunity of making Lord Rosendale feel that he hated him. Often did he project a journey to the south, but day passed after day, and that journey never was taken. We have before observed that Dermid was not possessed of an active disposition. Indeed, he had been brought up in a state of absolute indolence of both body and mind.

Sometimes, indeed, he would appear to exhibit a vigour of mind not unworthy of his ancestors, and form combinations among his followers, who still looked up to him with the most profound respect, and were ready to march on any desperate enterprise against heretics to which he might lead them. But the distance of the Rosendales secured them from the effects of these combinations, although the Protestant proprietors in the North frequently felt them. Indeed, the clans of O'Reiley, in the county of Derry, and of M'Manus, in the county of Antrim, were perpetual objects of terror to the adjoining country during the early half of the last century. Those Protestant magistrates, especially, whose duty obliged them to prosecute any Catholic culprit, were the grand objects of their hostility, and were certain by some means or other to feel their attacks.

Dermid himself was not privy to all the outrages his followers committed; nor did he ever sanction those instances of violence which had only plunder for their object. His animosity sprung simply from his desire of vengeance on a race of foreign heretics who had usurped the properties, and despised the faith of his ancestors. Against such a race he conceived it the duty and glory of every true Catholic to cherish eternal hatred, and to inflict on every opportunity an unrelenting revenge. Those feelings were frequently mollified, and always kept within certain bounds, by the discreet management of his wife, who was a woman of a mild and prudent disposition, and possessed a great ascendancy over him. But the evil counsels of a certain father O'Dogherty, a fanatical priest, who was domesticated as his family confessor, constantly inflamed the minds of the whole clan against "England and heresy." This man, however, was killed, in 1746, in a religious affray at a neighbouring fair, and was succeeded by father O'Cassidy, a man of a mild temper and more liberal views.

The suppression of the Scottish rebellion, which took place in that year, at length opened the eyes of Dermid M'Manus and the other leaders of the religious combinations to the utility and danger of their enterprises. They therefore simultaneously desisted from promoting disturbance; and from that time, until the "Hearts of Steel" appeared in the land, a period of about twenty years, the province of Ulster enjoyed profound repose and unexampled prosperity.

But during his whole life, the inveterate hatred of M'Manus against the Rosendales suffered no diminution. In his domestic concerns, M'Manus might be called fortunate. The dues he received from his clan, although their amount was small, were regularly paid, and were valuable as testimonials of that respect which his followers bore to his family. This respect was also shown in their manners,—none of them ever presuming to wear a hat in his presence, or to address to him a dozen words without the ceremony of a bow. By his wife he had become possessed of a small annuity of about fifty pounds, which, however, was to terminate with her life. But he added considerably to these means of living, by engaging in the practice of illicit distillation and smuggling. The remote valley in which he resided, being surrounded on all sides except the east, which was open to the sea, with wild mountains, was favourably situated for carrying on this illegal employment without risk of detection.

This valley, which was called Glen-Arib, was very fertile. From its commencement at the seashore, it penetrated, in a winding direction, for about two miles and a half into the interior, between two steep mountains, the sides of which were perforated with numerous caverns, and so corresponded to each other, that the spectator might easily imagine them to have been torn asunder by some mighty earthquake, or other convulsion of nature. At the upper or western extremity, where the valley was very narrow, it was bounded by a cross ridge, which rose abruptly to connect the two parallel ridges just mentioned.

At the northern extremity, almost adjoining the beach, stood the habitation of M'Manus. It was built with stone, two stories high; and had, shortly before the Pretender's defeat, changed its roof of straw for one of slate, which rendered it the most dignified-looking mansion in the valley. It was situated in the centre of a large yard, containing nearly half an acre of ground, surrounded by a thickly-grown thorn-hedge, and the entrance to this yard was secured by a five-barred wooden gate.

The house fronted the south; to the northward it was backed by a range of low thatched houses, consisting of a stable, a coach-house, &c. The eastern wing of this yard was encumbered by a huge *turf-stack*; but, through an opening in the enclosure on the western wing, the visitor had a view of a beautiful garden, kept in order by the tasteful management of Mrs. M'Manus.

The edifice itself was of moderate dimensions, containing on the first floor, besides the hall, a parlour and bed-chamber, and an earthen-floored kitchen and pantry; with four or five apartments above stairs. One of these, denominated the "Library," was hung round with crucifixes and images of saints and angels. It was also ornamented with the armorial bearings of the M'Manuses. Among these also were kept the family archives, which gave a genealogical account of its ancestors as far back as a youth called Heber, who was a page in the King of Ireland's train, when that monarch received baptism from St. Patrick. These records state, that when in the act of turning up his face to receive the sacred affusion, the feet of the royal convert slipped from the stone on which he stood; and he would have fallen, had not young Heber put forth his hand upon his Majesty's shoulder and held him upright; whereupon the saint called out to the young man—"*Tuus MANUS est benedictus!*" The king, to show his gratitude to the young man, ordained, "that he henceforth should be called MANUS, and his posterity Mac-MANUS, as a testimony, to all generations, of the zeal and loyalty of the youth Heber.

This chamber, with these precious manuscripts, was always under the care of the confessor of the family.

There was another chamber, adjoining this, denominated the "Harper's

Room." It contained a multifarious assortment of musical books, both printed and in manuscript, principally of Irish and Gaelic origin, together with a variety of short poetical compositions adapted to the airs most in favour with Dennis M'Clurkin, the harper, who came into possession of this important chamber about the year 1750. This musical gentleman did not cultivate the music of the national instrument with much assiduity. The old hereditary harp, which the bard Murtagh M'Clennachar had rescued from those heretics who seized the castle and property of the M'Manus, and had carefully transported to the North, was continually observed to be unstrung, and unfit to yield those sweet tones in which its former masters had delighted. M'Clurkin did not much excel in harp-music. He had, during his youth, learned to play a few tunes, by dint of which he had obtained the office of harper to M'Manus. On the national festivals, and birth-days, when his official duty required that the harp should be forthcoming, he contrived to make it produce a jingle of sounds resembling certain airs, and this answered the purpose of form and ceremony.

But when Dennis M'Clurkin, on such occasions, got rid of the harp, he never failed to delight his auditors by his performance on the flute, clarionet, or violin, the latter being his favourite instrument. He had become such a favourite in the neighbourhood, that no ball, wedding, or christening could be complete without him; and it was long a common saying in the country, that "no man could make such merry heels as Dennis M'Clurkin."

From these merry-makings, Dennis derived the chief part of his revenue, his emolument as harper to M'Manus, consisting of his food, a cast-off suit of clothes every year, and a quart of whisky every week.

## CHAPTER V.

DERMID had only two sons, the elder named Edmund, or "Munn," as he was familiarly called in the valley of Glen-Arib. Long before this young man could understand his catechism, he had vowed everlasting hatred to the very names of Rosendale, heresy, and England. This was a great comfort to Dermid, and he fed his hopes upon that chastisement which he believed his son and heir was destined to inflict upon the heretics.

The name of his other son was Bernard. He was totally different from his brother, who was short, thick, robust, and strong-built; whereas he was tall, slender, and, to appearance, rather slightly put together. He had, however, considerable activity and firmness, and possessed a very manly and open countenance. In mind he was as dissimilar as in person, being full of humanity, charity, liberality, and kindness to all men, of whatever sect, family, or nation.

These feelings were strengthened by the early care of his mother, and by the comparative neglect of his father. Dermid was too solicitous to have the heir to the dignities and wrongs of his house brought up according to his wishes, to permit his wife to instil into his mind any of her well-known principles of peace and toleration. He therefore gave him up to the tuition of Father O'Dogherty, with orders to keep him out of the way of Mrs. M'Manus's instructions. But he permitted her to have the chief share in forming Bernard's mind. So, when he became capable of reasoning, his mind was prepared to receive a direction which even his mother did not expect. This was no other than a distaste for the superstitious religion of his fathers. Although Mrs. M'Manus was firm enough in her belief of the

holy father's infallibility, she was too good-hearted to bear any ill-will towards those of a different creed.

But it was principally by the arguments of a young man of the name of Rogerson that the foundation of Bernard's hereditary creed was undermined. This young man was the son of a Scotchman stationed in the neighbourhood of Glen-Arib, for the purpose of preventing illicit distillation and smuggling.

The elder Mr. Rogerson was more than usually strict and severe in the exercise of his duties, both as a revenue-officer and a member of the covenanted kirk.

It will be readily supposed that, to Dermid M'Manus, this man was particularly obnoxious, and that the intimacy which Bernard cultivated with young Rogerson was contrary to his wishes. The young men, however, frequently met.

The *Tide-waiter*, as old Rogerson was called, had a library well stored with such works as exposed the errors and corruptions of the Romish religion. Young Rogerson industriously availed himself of these in carrying on discussions with his friend, and succeeded in convincing him that the catholic was neither the *first* religion that had been in the world, nor likely to be the last,—points which until then Bernard had firmly believed. The young controversialist next attacked the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility, and succeeded in proving that if immorality is a mark of fallibility, many of the Popes had been flagrantly fallible. The holy father's claim to be Saint Peter's successor was also obliged to yield to the stubborn force of historical fact. Transubstantiation was next upset by the evidence of the senses; and the worship of saints and images, by the authority of the second commandment. In short, Bernard M'Manus was in the fair way of becoming a heretic, when it occurred to him that to desert the religion of his forefathers would be dishonourable and mean, and bring upon him the reproach of being a time-server.

This resolution would, perhaps, have been sufficiently strong to resist the rhetoric of Rogerson; but it was destined to encounter a more powerful antagonist in the sweet countenance of a Miss Eliza M'Culloch, the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, settled near Carrickfergus. She was on a visit at Mr. Rogerson's when Bernard first saw her. Her bright eyes and fascinating smiles soon captivated his heart; of which, in a few weeks, he found means to make her sensible, and in a few more he discovered that she had no objection to its remaining her captive for life, except that its owner worshipped the Deity in a manner irreconcilable to her conscience.

On discovering this, Bernard made such explanations on the subject of his religious belief as were satisfactory to Miss M'Culloch. It was then settled that Bernard should lay his proposals before her father. The old gentleman started objections to the match which had not occurred to the lady. Bernard's father would be displeased; and, independent of his father, the young man did not possess sixpence in the world. To a Scotchman, although a clergyman, this was a consideration of importance. Under present circumstances, Mr. M'Culloch was against the match. But his daughter was for it, and the worthy divine at length gave his consent.

The lovers were accordingly married, and Bernard found himself happy. He soon became industrious and prosperous; for his father-in-law established him in mercantile business in an adjoining town. This happy state was rendered still more so by his Eliza making him the father of a fine daughter. This babe, in compliment to his mother, he named Isabella.

For about two years Bernard's happy stars lavished their favours on him. Prosperity attended all his exertions; comfort and respectability continued to smile on him; and his prosperity appeared destined to a long duration. But, alas! on what sandy foundation are the most solid fabrics of

human happiness constructed! Just at the moment when he anticipated a joyful addition to his numerous blessings, his loving and beloved wife expired in giving birth to a son, and the infant only survived a few hours.

All the fortitude of Bernard's mind gave way before this stroke. His business was abandoned, and it required all the Christian wisdom and prudent management of his father-in-law to prevent him from sinking into despair.

Touched with the account received of his melancholy condition, his father's mind relented, and his brother paid him a visit, for the purpose of prevailing on him to return to Glen-Arib. Contemplating the scenes of his youth had some beneficial effect on Bernard's grief; but it was far from substituting anything like cheerfulness in its place. It was a matter of great consolation to him to find that the religious affairs of the family were now under the direction of a milder and more tolerant minister than the furious O'Dogherty. Dermid permitted himself, in his behaviour to his son, to be guided by the wishes of his wife, and the counsels of his new confessor, O'Cassidy. He neither upbraided him for having left the church, nor urged him to return. He only expressed his regret, that one so nearly connected with him should be exposed to the consequences which must fall upon all who have the hardihood to reject the protection of the holy Pontiff.

Bernard had also reason to be pleased with the forbearance of his brother on the subject. Neither his father, nor his brother, nor O'Cassidy himself, were without hope that the strayed sheep would yet be restored to the fold. But they knew it was not the proper time to make any attempt to shake those opinions. They expected that as his grief for his wife's death abated, his attachment to her religion would also abate; and that then it would be no difficult matter to excite in his mind a veneration for that of his father's.

But Dermid and Munn were resolved to exert every nerve to secure to themselves the possession of his infant daughter, so that she at least might be brought up in that religion in which alone they believed her soul could be safe. They soon found that this was no easy matter to accomplish; for Mr. McCulloch had her already in his possession.

In a few weeks Bernard began to long to revisit the scenes that were sacred to the memory of his lost Eliza, to enjoy the caresses of his daughter, and to be under less restraint in the exercise of his religion. He therefore returned to his father-in-law's residence that he might indulge his present grief amidst the scenes of his former happiness.

After the lapse of a year Bernard became calmer in his manner, and more resigned to his misfortune; so his friends began to entertain hopes that he might yet be useful in the world. While the good Mr. McCulloch and his wife were cherishing these expectations, they were one morning surprised that their son-in-law did not appear at breakfast. A maid-servant was ordered to call him. But there was no answer. Mrs. McCulloch went herself to his apartment. On opening it, he was not to be found; but on his dressing-table she perceived the following letter, which she hastened to deliver to her husband:

"To the Reverend Hugh McCulloch,

Revered father of my Eliza,

"I now bid you a long farewell! Perhaps we shall meet no more, until we meet in that happier world, where the dear saint who has gone before us, shall form part of our company. Grief for the loss of her society in this life has so enfeebled the faculties of my mind, as to render me incapable of attending to any of the duties or employments incumbent upon my station in the world. My inclination would lead me still to encourage the full intensity of that grief, for it is accompanied with the recollection of her perfections, and such recollection is to me the height of luxury. But I



begin to feel that I have duties to perform as well as inclinations to indulge; and that nourishing my grief as I have hitherto done, however gratifying to myself, renders me useless, perhaps worse than useless, to society.

"Misspent time begins to be irksome to me. Every look I take at the employments of men tells me that I ought to bear my share in the toils and business of society; and every time I behold my child, I feel that, for her sake, I ought to be industrious.

"But, to be so, my mind must be less agitated with the remembrance of that happiness which I once enjoyed, but which the nature of things forbids that in this life I should ever again enjoy. Ah! Sir, amidst these dear scenes, where every object perpetually reminds me of what I have lost, I can never be sufficiently forgetful to be useful. I must fly from these scenes, and, ere you receive this, I shall have departed for a distant land.

"Make no inquiry after me, and desire my relations to make none, for all inquiry will be vain. But assure yourselves that I shall be in safety, and that, so far as I am capable of enjoying comfort, I have provided for its enjoyment.

"It was a hard struggle to part with my child! I gave her the last kiss yesterday evening;—it stung me to the soul. But my resolution was formed; and I knew that you would be to her a father, if not more tender and anxious for her welfare, at least far more capable of contributing to it, than I am. I commit her to God's care and to yours. Let her be to you in her mother's stead. Oh! Sir, only teach her as you taught that most beloved of women, —only make her such as she was, and she shall be all that her father's heart can wish.

"I have reason to think that my friends will demand her of you when they hear of my departure. But I charge you not to resign her to them. Perhaps my brother will not scruple to employ either force or stratagem to obtain her. Be therefore guarded against him. It would destroy any prospect of satisfaction I may yet have in this world, if I could apprehend her in danger of being educated in the bigotry and intolerant spirit of their idolatrous religion. But your wisdom and prudence remove all apprehension of this nature.

"Tell my daughter, as soon as she can understand you, of her father. Ah! repeat to her frequently, that his last rational petition to heaven shall be for eternal blessings on her head. Express my gratitude to my revered mother-in-law. Let her now transfer that tenderness I have so constantly experienced, to my little Isabella. But I need not request it. Mrs. M'Culloch's own heart will cause her to consider the child of her lost Eliza as her own.

"Farewell! Remember me in your daily prayers. I shall remember you all in mine.

"I am, your grateful and

"affectionate son-in-law,

"BERNARD M'MANUS."

The M'Manuses in a short time made a formal demand of the person of the little Isabella; but Mr. M'Culloch successfully resisted their demand. This excited the vexation and wrath of both Dermid and his son Munn.

## CHAPTER VI.

There are certain tempers hereditary in some families, but which we frequently find rejecting or adhering to such generations only as they think proper. Hence it was that the temper, or rather distemper, of audacious turbulence, which had for centuries affected the M'Manus family, seemed to

have lain dormant in the constitutions of our friends Brian and his son Dermid. The latter, especially, had passed a long life of abortive schemes and useless machinations. Although he thirsted for revenge upon the opponents of his family and religion, he indolently permitted year after year to roll away without attempting to inflict any.

But upon his son Munn, the spirit of a long line of grandsires seemed to have descended in full vigour; or, perhaps, it awoke in the third with redoubled force and activity. Hence, the character of Munn, for promptitude and energy, was the reverse of his father's.

On arriving at manhood, Munn embraced every opportunity of displaying these energetic qualities with which nature had endowed him. He soon became conspicuous in every affray of a religious or political nature that took place in the fairs, markets, and other places of public resort in the vicinity of Glen-Arib; and it was seldom, after he was nineteen, that he returned home from such assemblages without a black eye, a bloody nose, or a broken head. It was always the Catholic or aboriginal Irish side of the question that he supported on these occasions; and his reputation for courage became so well established, that scarcely any individual of the other party dared to encounter him. The people of Glen-Arib became proud of him, as the great champion of their national cause, who had already become the terror of their enemies.

Being thus, by the universal consent of his clan, acknowledged their military leader, he was never at a loss to assemble from thirty to fifty devoted followers for any enterprise.

The force, which he had thus at his command, was at first chiefly directed against the revenue-officers. The resistance which, by the aid of his devoted clansmen, he so effectually made to the seizure of stills, or to the punishment of persons engaged in contraband occupations of any kind, was for a few years so alarming and powerful, that no officer would undertake the performance of such duties without the aid of a strong military force. Hence it became necessary to quarter detachments of soldiers in various parts of the country. With these Munn and his followers had frequent, and sometimes murderous encounters. But so artfully did he manage this method of disturbing the country that he never was suspected of being the leader of these daring and felonious outrages. The attacks took place generally in the night, and in those remote situations where the stills abounded. His followers were disguised with painted faces and unusual dresses, and he himself acted under an assumed name. Sometimes he was Captain Firebrand, Major Ranger, Colonel Whiskey, or General Thunderbolt. He varied his dress, so that it was never the same as he wore in ordinary life. His confederates were under the most solemn oaths not to betray each other; and as none were enlisted among them but the most trusty and fanatical, he felt secure from any risk of being informed against.

Having thus secured to the illicit distillers a tolerable immunity from official molestation, he devoted his attention to the encouragement of smuggling. He formed a connection with a Captain McCann, the owner and commander of a sloop of about seventy tons burden, a man of daring intrepidity and adventurous enterprise, who far surpassed him in low profligacy and unprincipled villany. By means of this man, he shipped off the surplus produce of the numerous private stills; for which he received in return contraband goods from Scotland, England, the Isle of Man, and even occasionally from Portugal, Holland, and other parts of the continent. The caverns of Glen-Arib were the depots of many an illegal cargo; and teas, wines, spices, foreign fruits, &c., were soon to be had so cheap, that many of the gentry, nay, some of the magistracy, and of the excise-officers themselves, secretly favoured their illegal introduction.

But in 1745, the Pretender's invasion of Scotland presented to Munn an opportunity of directing his hostility against the established government in a more effectual and dignified manner than in petty depredations upon its revenue. It is well known that when this invasion was projected, the Pretender's friends procured promises of support from many of the disaffected Irish. Among others, M'Manus had engaged to lend all the assistance in his power; and, his proximity to the seat of invasion enabled him to lend it more prompt and powerful succour than any of the Irish conspirators.

As soon as intelligence of Charles-Edward's landing in the Highlands, reached Glen-Arib, Munn, at the head of about one hundred and fifty men, set sail in a smuggling vessel, and joined the insurgent standard. The Pretender was so pleased with the zeal and martial appearance of these men, that he made them his body-guard, and bestowed the rank of colonel on their leader. The important services which these Irish auxiliaries rendered the adventurer's cause are too well known in history to require narration in this work.

After the battle of Prestonpans, in which the rebels were victorious, history relates that their army marched in triumph into the very heart of England; so that some of the Pretender's friends predicted in less than ten days he would be in possession of the Tower of London. But another instance of the instability of fortune took place. The spirit of the English nation aroused itself in defence of its religion and liberties; and, in a few days, the daring invaders found themselves surrounded by enemies, armed, brave, numerous, and determined to effect their expulsion and overthrow.

An expeditious retreat was therefore commenced; but, before it took place, M'Manus met with the following adventure, which, as it impressed a deep tinge on the future colour of his life, it may be proper to relate.

While marching through the well-cultivated counties of England, Munn was astonished to witness the wealth and comfort which its heretical inhabitants enjoyed. This was a fact totally inconsistent with the truth of the doctrine which Father O'Dogherty had taught him to believe; namely, that no heretic could enjoy happiness in this world, or in that which is to come. He was, at first, much puzzled on the subject; but it occurred to him that comfort in appearance might not be happiness in reality. He longed greatly to add to the unhappiness of the hated English, by diminishing their comforts, but political motives restrained the appetite for plunder.

Retreat having become necessary, he determined, for two reasons, immediately to commence his long-meditated system of plunder. His first reason was that he might appease his conscience by inflicting chastisement upon the enemies of his mother-church; and his next, that he might not let such an opportunity slip of rewarding himself and his followers for their exertions in that church's cause.

On the very evening before the retreat commenced, accompanied by twelve of his clan, he approached secretly an elegant mansion which stood on the banks of a Derbyshire stream, for the purpose of laying it under contribution. Like a prudent commander, he thought it necessary, before he should make the attack, to reconnoitre the defences. He accordingly concealed his men in a grove, and advanced cautiously alone towards the premises.

He had arrived almost at the upper end of a long avenue of tall elm trees that led to the gate of the lawn, when his ear was attracted by the sweetest tones of vocal music that he had ever heard; they proceeded from a summer-house at a short distance upon his left. He cautiously approached it, and ascertained the enchanting sounds to be those of a female at her devotion.

He contrived to conceal himself behind some thick foliage, in such a

manner that, without being discovered, he had a satisfactory view of the countenance of the singer. She sat with her face towards him, beside a table, on which lay a book open before her, which evidently contained the words of the divine song to which she gave such melodious utterance. She was dressed in white. A little girl about eleven or twelve years of age sat beside her, who gazed upon her with mute and delighted attention; while the lovely singer gently reclined towards her as she sung, as if she wished to impress on her young mind the holy sentiments of inspiration with which she herself was animated.

Her countenance was such, that, in the opinion of M'Manus, the world did not contain its equal for all that is sweet, beautiful, and charming. In contemplating it his whole recollection became completely absorbed. He forgot ambition, vengeance, war, plunder, religion, heresy, everything, even himself, in his admiration of the only female who had ever touched his feelings.

The strain ended, but he remained riveted to the spot. She then, with her young companion, kneeled; and the following prayer served in some measure to recall his scattered senses to real life, and to the remembrance of his situation.

"Almighty Power! who so signally manifested thy goodness to the people of this land, by opening their eyes to see, and by strengthening their hands to cleanse away, the corruptions which had crept into thy holy religion; now, when the friends of those corruptions have gathered in terrible array against us, and against our Reformation; oh! do thou put forth thine hand to disappoint their wicked intentions, and to deliver us from the threatened calamity! My aged father, O Lord! and my only brother, go forth to-morrow to fight thy battles. Do thou preserve them in the midst of danger; return them safe, after the expulsion of the enemy, to me and to this tender plant, my sister. We commit our cause entirely into thy care. Deal with us in mercy, for our Redeemer's sake. But, should it be thy will to afflict us for our manifold sins, grant us resignation to submit to all thy dispensations. Once more we beseech thee, who art our Maker, to be our Protector. We do not plead our own merits,—but we plead His, who so loved us that he died for us. Oh! for his sake, grant us deliverance from our present evils."

The conflicting passions which agitated Munn's mind, when he heard sentiments so adverse to his party and his religion, were nearly sufficient to drive him to distraction. But whatever irritation he felt from her prayer, it was soon again soothed by her music; for, rising from her knees, she reseated herself at the table, and with increased sweetness sung a hymn, taken from the forty-sixth Psalm, expressive of her confidence in God's interference in behalf of her suffering country.

Having finished singing, she, with her little companion, left the summer-house. Munn, afraid of being detected, hastened into the adjoining avenue, where, by chance, he met her almost at the gate. Alarmed at his unexpected appearance and hostile uniform, she shrieked and attempted to fly. He gently stopped her.

"Fear not, fair lady," said he, "I am not thy enemy: deserving of eternal perdition would he be who would attempt to injure thee!"

"And what wouldst thou?" she replied; "why comest thou in the attire of my country's foes? For such as thou appearest, there is, at present, no peace with us;—our house is armed against thee!"

"I could command a force," returned Munn, "which would disregard the arming of thy house. But no, I would rather be hewn into pieces than injure a hair of thy head, or ruffle a tucker of thy garment!"

"Fly then," she cried, "rash stranger! if your intentions be pacific; for

yonder comes my brother, and with him you will have no alternative but war or captivity."

At this moment M'Manus perceived a mounted officer, in scarlet uniform, galloping up the avenue. He had no inclination to fly; but if he had, flight would not have availed him, for the speed of the horseman brought him in a moment to the spot.

"What! a rebel here?" exclaimed the rider: "surrender, sir!—In the name of King George and my country, you are my prisoner!"

"You must first wrest this weapon from me," returned Munn, drawing his huge broad-sword, and retreating a few steps to put himself in a posture of defence; "but if we must fight," he added, "let us retire from the presence of that lady. I wish not to shock her feelings by deeds of violence."

"Then, get thee behind yon enclosure," replied the officer, "and have at thee. Thy business with that lady may also require chastisement. Emily! has he insulted thee?"

"No, my brother!" she answered, in an entreating tone. "Ah! do not be so rash! one of you may fall, and human blood will be uselessly shed. Ah! I conjure you not to drive this stranger to extremity; he has here done no harm; let him return whence he came, unmolested, since he does not wish to injure you."

"I should be answerable, my sister, for permitting one of his party to escape. No—it cannot be.—Young man, prepare to fight, or surrender."

"Fight or surrender!" repeated Munn, with a look of inexpressible contempt. But that moment he cast his eyes on the lady, and he paused before he had uttered the word of defiance that hung upon his lip. "No, by Heavens! I will not slay her brother," he mentally exclaimed; though I should be doomed to death and infamy for my forbearance. But I may disarm him—I shall attend you, Sir."

The officer dismounted, and they hastened to the ground he had pointed out.

"Come on!" cried Munn; "try your skill, my young warrior! I am not afraid of your prowess. You will perhaps tire of the exercise."

The young Englishman, however, attacked him with more spirit than he expected; and it required all Munn's dexterity to prevent some of the blows being fatal. At last, he gave his opponent's weapon such a forcible side-stroke, as broke it clear off by the hilt. He then threw down his own, and, seizing his antagonist with a grasp forceful as that of a smith's vice, held him for a moment immovable. He then let him go, and inquired if he were satisfied on which side was the victory.

The Englishman acknowledged himself conquered.—"You are a brave man," said he to Munn; "and I wish you a safe return to your friends. But I owe you my life, and must request you to accept my lasting friendship and present hospitality."

They returned to the place where they had left the lady, who, having fainted, had just been carried into the house by some servants, whom her sister had brought to her assistance. She soon recovered; and her joy, on seeing both the combatants unhurt, restored her to considerable gaiety and spirits.

Munn, without reserve, communicated to Mr. Grenville, his new friend, the object of his visit, and how he had been induced to relinquish it. He then hastened to order his men back to their encampment, and returned to the hospitable mansion, where—such is the mighty power of love—he, for the first time, felt satisfaction and enjoyment in the society of protestants. So strongly implanted, however, were early impressions in his mind, that he experienced severe checks of conscience, for thus sacrificing, even for a single evening, his antipathy to heresy at the shrine of beauty; and as soon

as he withdrew, recollecting his brother's fate, he resolved to break the spell with which she had bound him, lest it should drag him towards apostacy from the holy faith of his fathers.

But it is not such an easy matter to baffle the power of love, when the seductive god has established his empire in the heart; and had Munn not made an instantaneous retreat with the Pretender's army, the insinuating deity might have been an over-match for the whole force of his religious prejudices. Even as it was, he could not refrain from stealing an hour, while arrangements were making for the retreat, to take a private and formal farewell of Miss Grenville. During this interview, he was so overcome by the potency of love, that his heart exacted from him a vow, to which during his life, he religiously adhered, that, for the sake of this lovely heretic, he should never join another woman in wedlock!

## CHAPTER VII.

THE battle of Culloden, which put an end to the Pretender's wars, and annihilated the ambitious hopes of the house of Stuart, left Munn nothing more to do but to return to his own country, with such of his followers as had survived the toilsome and dangerous campaign through which they had passed.

As comparatively few of the Irish had embarked in this perilous rebellion, the government of that country did not think proper to make much inquiry after them. No notice, therefore, was taken of our friend Munn after his return to Glen-Arib.

Several years of his life now passed away in his ordinary practice of illegal distillation and smuggling, without being distinguished by any important event except one. That was a trip to England, which he took, some months after the rebellion, with the view of once more visiting the Derbyshire beauty, the influence of whose charms upon his mind, absence had as yet in no degree impaired.

He was received by the Grenville family with politeness, but with an air of gravity, which shewed that some calamity either had befallen, or threatened to befall it. To his great consternation, he soon discovered that his heart's fairest treasure was at that moment in the last stage of consumption. The intelligence sunk like lead upon his spirits.

He was permitted to see her. The progress of her disease had produced a certain shadowy thinness in her form, which resembled an approach to spirituality; while her glowing complexion, brilliant looks, and handsome features, still remained unaltered.

The resolution of Munn was not proof against such a sight. Here he perceived the lovely object that had excited in his breast feelings that had never been excited by any other human being, about to bid farewell to that world which she had rendered more lovely.

While these ideas floated through his mind, he could scarcely salute her. She sat upon a sofa, with a table before her, and was reading when he entered. She smiled and held out her hand to him: he pressed it to his lips; it was feverishly hot, but an unbidden tear from his eye served to cool it. Her colour heightened, and she desired him to sit down.

"Ah! Miss Grenville!" said he, "how is this that I find you?"

"I am not, indeed," she replied, "so active, strong, and healthy as when we first met. I have suffered a great deal, but I am now drawing near the conclusion of my sufferings."

She paused. Munn continued silent under an agony of sorrow.

"You are affected," she continued, "at the change I have undergone. I feel grateful for the interest which this manifests; but I grieve to think that my early departure should afflict my friends so much. They should reflect that our separation will be but of short duration."

Munn had by this time recovered from his agitation sufficiently to converse. Her brother was present: but, recollecting that he was aware how much he loved her, he threw off reserve, and catching him by the hand:—"Mr. Grenville," said he, "forgive me for displaying such weakness in your presence; but you know how much my heart has been devoted to this lady. It was she who saved me from the commission of robbery and murder. Her loveliness arrested my career of guilt and villany. Ever since, whether amidst the tumults of war, or the tranquillity of peace, I have never ceased to make the contemplation of her absent beauties the chief pleasure of my existence. I dared not hope that she should ever become my wife; but I vowed I should never have another. I longed again to behold those charms which had given to my soul a new feeling of existence. I wandered here to enjoy this satisfaction, as a pilgrim wanders to adore the image of a superior Being. I now see the object of my desire, with the melancholy conviction that I shall not see her long."

In about three weeks Miss Grenville resigned her pure spirit into the hands of him that made it. Her lover remained with her friends some weeks longer, until his strength and spirits were sufficiently recruited to permit his return to his own country. Before his departure, a small golden casket was put into his hands by his young friend Mr. Grenville, who mentioned that it was a legacy from his sister.

This bequest, so precious to the heart of M'Manus, he retired to examine in secret. It contained two portraits—one of himself, and the other of the testator, taken when she was in the bloom of health and beauty. It was adorned with a number of diamonds of great value. M'Manus pressed it to his lips, and vowed that it should be for ever worn next his heart. This picture was enveloped in a silken case, which contained the following letter superscribed,

"To EDMOND M'MANUS, Esq.

"Sir,

"The slight and accidental knowledge we have obtained of each other has been fatal to me. I fear that it has been also unfortunate to you.

"Our first interview caused me to think that you loved me. At our second your own lips confirmed the opinion; and, alas! your delicate behaviour to me, and your magnanimity towards my brother, rendered my too susceptible heart favourably disposed to return the sentiment. I did return it; with what ardour and sincerity, my early dissolution bears witness. I knew our loves to be hopeless. Our religions, our prejudices, our families,—all things connected with us, were dissimilar; we had nothing in common but our love.

"My brother will deliver you this when I am dead. Let it be to you a memorial of my affection. An eminent artist drew my portrait shortly after I first saw you; and I painted yours from memory. They may be united although the originals cannot. The jewels that enrich them might have ornamented me on my bridal day. Let them be yours—if not with their mistress, at least with her picture; and if you should lead another love to the altar, a daughter of yours may yet wear them.

"God grant you length of days and happiness! Farewell!—Oh! that we may meet in a happier world!

"EMILY GRENVILLE."

These events made a great alteration on the manners, feelings, and views of M'Manus. His former acquaintances observed that he had lost much of his fierce enthusiasm and rude promptitude of action. At balls, assemblies, fairs, or markets, he was seldom seen. Even his smuggling adventures were for some time laid aside; and the laws against illicit distillation began to take their proper course in his vicinity, without obstruction.

Priest O'Cassidy was somewhat startled to find that he did not inveigh as formerly against heretics. On paying a debt to a Protestant tradesman, he did not, as formerly, curse him to perdition for a heretic. Mr. M'Culloch also found him less violent than he expected, in urging his demand for his niece Isabella; and neither fraud nor force was used to obtain her.

Time, however, as it mollified his grief, produced a relapse into his former habits; and, after his mother's death, in 1748, as he seldom appeared in female society, his manners, in a few years, became even more rude and uncultivated than in his juvenile days. In time, too, his illegal pursuits resumed their former ascendancy; and as he mixed in the business of life, and met with rivals and opponents, his quarrelsomeness and ferocity also returned. As to his hostility against the Rosendales, it had never experienced any diminution; so that want of power and opportunity alone prevented it from breaking out into acts of outrage and vengeance.

But the quarrelsome activity of his mind often found vent in collisions with his neighbour Rogerson. He had, indeed, good reason to dislike this heretical guardian of the revenue, for of many a fair package of goods, and many a profitable distilling establishment, he despoiled him and his confederates, and handed the same over to the King.

It was in the year 1761, that Rogerson obtained information that he had gone on a smuggling voyage with his old associate, M'Cann; and he determined to lie in wait for him. He therefore, in conjunction with his son and a number of tide-waiters from a neighbouring port, secretly but vigilantly watched a long extent of the coast for several weeks.

At length, from off Torr Point, he discovered the good sloop Shark, Connolly M'Cann, master, steering for the small unfrequented bay which is formed by the mouth of Cushendun river. The preconcerted signal was immediately given, and several King's boats made their appearance in a few hours at the appointed place of rendezvous; whence, with all sail set, they turned their prows towards the Shark, Rogerson and his son leading the van.

They were not observed by the people on board of the Shark, until they were about half a mile distant. Aware of their design, M'Manus and M'Cann changed their course, and endeavoured to get off, but were prevented by a calm; while the King's boats, by the aid of their oars, soon approached so near as to be within hail. M'Cann, with a speaking trumpet, demanded their business. They made no reply, but were in a few minutes alongside of the Shark, on board of which Rogerson demanded admittance in the King's name; which being refused, the party attempted to effect it by force. Munn and M'Cann called upon their crew to resist, and "throw the Protestant rascals into the sea!" The two leaders, with three or four of their men, made a courageous resistance, and several of the King's party were seriously hurt.

M'Manus, having a particular wish to inflict vengeance on Rogerson, flew to the larboard chains, where that officer and his son had obtained a footing on board.

He was armed with a huge rusty sword, with which he made a fierce thrust. Young Rogerson perceived his father's danger, and struck the coming weapon so forcibly aside, that its point ran into a joint in the bulwark and broke. With a back sweep, however, of this mutilated weapon, Munn felled young Rogerson to the deck; while, with his other hand, he



seized the descending cutlass of old Rogerson and wrenched it from him. The two then closed upon each other in deadly gripe; but the superior strength of M'Manus in an instant gained the advantage. A couple of boatmen tried to rescue Rogerson; but Munn exclaimed:—

"There! sink to perdition, you damned, canting, black-mouthed Presbyterian! I long owed you this. I long owed you this." But, turning to attack his other adversaries, he perceived the vessel taken; for M'Cann was disarmed, and the crew had ceased resistance. He himself was instantly surrounded and compelled to surrender. Young Rogerson had just recovered from the stunning effects of the blow that had knocked him down, when he perceived his father thrown overboard. He jumped into the sea after him, and saved him from drowning.

The vessel and cargo were now seized as contraband property and lawful prize to His Majesty and the captors, and steered for the port of Larne, where M'Manus, M'Cann, and such of the crew as had resisted, were delivered prisoners into the hands of the constables, and conveyed to the gaol of Carrickfergus.

At the next assizes, none of the boatmen having died of their wounds, the grand jury thought proper to indict the prisoners only of a riot, and an attempt to obstruct the King's officers in the performance of their duty. The facts were easily proved, and they were all found guilty. The common sailors were sentenced each to six months' imprisonment, and to be whipped through the town of Carrickfergus; while their leaders, M'Manus and M'Cann, were ordered to undergo a year's imprisonment, to pay each a fine of five hundred pounds, and to give ample securities to keep the peace and refrain from smuggling.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SHORTLY after the expiration of Munn's imprisonment, his father died. He had long acted as the avowed champion of his clan; but on him now devolved, by birthright, all the dignities and responsibilities belonging to its sole and undisputed patriarch and chief.

To his habits of thinking and feeling, no mode of serving his clan appeared half so glorious and gratifying, as that of inflicting vengeance on their enemies. His mind, soured by his late imprisonment, glowed with a more than ordinary resentment against his own and his people's adversaries; and he began to look upon humbling and distressing them as the great duty, to perform which he had been sent into the world. The civilization and enlightening of his followers, were in his estimation far inferior objects, and, except in the arts of poetry, music, and dancing, to which we may add distilling, smuggling, and fighting, he absolutely set his face against every improvement being made by the people of Glen-Arib.

In pursuance of this statesman-like policy, Munn contrived to prevent any heretic or scholar from settling in Glen-Arib, or any of his Glen-Arib men from wandering elsewhere after heresy or learning.

But this mode of annoying the government was on too confined a scale to satisfy the rancorous ambition of Munn. He sighed for some opportunity of national discontent and disturbance. It was not long until the conduct adopted by the agent of an absentee nobleman of the county of Antrim, towards a large portion of his tenantry whose leases had expired, produced exactly that kind of ferment in the minds of the people that he wanted.

This agent informed the tenants that his employer's wish was, to let his lands, without raising their rents, to such as would pay the highest sum, under the denomination of a *fine*, for their new leases. Many of the smaller

tenants were unable to pay the fines demanded; in consequence of which they were dispossessed, and their farms let to richer individuals, who exacted from the new occupiers, or such of the old ones as ventured to comply with their terms, higher rents than the properties were worth. A great deal of distress and misery was the consequence. Those whose leases were drawing to a close, were afraid that the pernicious example might be followed by other landlords, and they themselves become the next sufferers. It was therefore the ardent wish of every farmer whose lease was terminable, that the growth of such an oppressive custom should be checked.

At the same time, the feelings of the people were also much irritated by a plan which was adopted, for the gratification of such as paid large fines, of throwing several small farms into one. This plan was rendered still more offensive, by many of these united farms being let to graziers and converted into pasture-grounds; thereby diminishing the grain produce of the country, to the manifest danger of causing a famine in the land.

This was such a state of the public mind as M'Manus waited for. It is true that the majority of the discontented were Presbyterians, but they were mostly of the lower orders, and, therefore, he could the more readily overlook their errors.

With these ideas revolving in his mind, he set out for a fair, held in the month of May, in the town of Ballyclare, then the centre of the disaffected neighbourhood. He was attended by Dennis M'Clurkin, whose musical talents were sure to meet with profitable employment in such places.

They alighted at a public house, about three miles from Ballyclare, by the name of the Game-cock Tavern. The house was a long stone building of two stories, with massive walls and slated roof; it was rather scant of windows in the front, while those which it did possess were unusually narrow, occasioning the stone-work to be remarkably large and formidable in appearance. From this circumstance this noted tavern was often called the Battery.

The owner of this hospitium was a lively, middle-aged man, called Daniel Donaldson, who loved a jolly guest, a loud laugh, and a pitcher of punch. His wife was a pretty, good-natured, cleanly woman, who had the knack of coquetting and jesting with her customers; and they were as happy and cheerful a couple as could be found in the country.

"Oh! Mr. M'Manus! but I'm glad to see you!" shouted the landlord, as he ran out to receive Munn's horse.

M'Manus alighted and seized the landlord by the hand, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Donaldson? Why, man, you're as cheery and brisk as I ever saw you."

"Ay! still the auld five-pence, thank God! An' ye wear weel yoursel, M'Manus. I think you're grown a wee lustier since we last met."

"How do you do, Mrs. Donaldson?" cried Munn.

"Very weel, sir," replied the smart landlady, "but still better to see you here."

"Mr. M'Manus an' his man, nae doubt, will be wanting breakfast, Sally," observed the landlord.

Munn assented, provided it should be a speedy one.

"It will be ready in a jiffey," replied the landlord. "In the meantime they're some frien's o' mine—may be acquaintances o' ye're ain, in the parlour. Ye'll step in an' crack wi' them, an' may be drink something to gie ye a stomach."

Munn obeyed—while Dennis M'Lurkin retired to the kitchen.

In the parlour, Munn found three countrymen over their glasses, one of whom only he knew, and saluted by the name of Douglas.

"What is the news now stirring in this neighbourhood, Mr. Douglas?" he inquired.

"Only such news," answered the other, "as can give no satisfaction to the poor man. You have heard, no doubt, of the new method of letting land on D—I's estate?"

"Yes, sir; and it is another proof of how little the rich cherish a fellow-feeling for the poor."

"For the sake of a few guineas," observed Douglas, "they think nothing of driving heart-broken destitute families out of house and holding, to beggary and starvation."

"I wonder the people do not rise in a mass, to stop the oppression, or destroy the oppressors," observed Douglas.

"It would be a righteous and noble rising," said M'Manus. "It would please me to the heart to teach tyrants such a lesson!"

"I hope they will yet be taught it," said Douglas; "but I fear the spirits of the people are too much broken down with their suffering."

"Proper management might infuse both sufficient spirit and energy into them," replied Munn. Here he was interrupted by the entrance of the landlord, announcing breakfast. He was shewn into another room, where he was waited on by the landlady in person.

In those good old times the breakfast beverage of tea was then a rarity, and, when it was received, was considered as a flattering testimony of the particular esteem in which the landlord held the guest.

It was in this light that Munn viewed the delightful infusion of best Congo, with which Mrs. Donaldson presented him; ham, chicken, eggs, toast and crackers formed the accompaniments: and the guest did justice to the goodness of the fare. The good-humoured sprightliness of the hostess had also added greatly to the enjoyment of the feast, which M'Manus had just concluded, when the landlord entered with a note for him. He broke the seal, and found the following contents:—

"SIR,—Perceiving that you have the humanity to detest the present system of *landlord cruelty* which distresses the country, and not doubting but you would willingly lend a hand to oppose it, I invite you to meet me in this house at nine o'clock to-night, that I may confer with you on some measures which I think it would be useful to adopt under present circumstances."

"M. DOUGLAS."

Munn hastily finished his meal, and summoning Dennis M'Clurkin, who had regaled very comfortably in the kitchen on potatoes and beef and a mug of beer, bade good morning to his good-humoured host and hostess, and set off for the fair, resolving to be back at the time appointed for this conference.

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## CHAPTER IX.

ONE purpose of Munn's visiting the fair being thus likely to be answered at the Game-Cock, he was under less concern as to the issue of his other business, which was to purchase some cattle for the purpose of stocking certain pasture grounds he had rented in Glen-Arib.

He arrived there about mid-day, but found he was too late to make any advantageous purchase of cattle. There remained for sale none but such as were of a very inferior quality, and these were dear beyond all reasonable expectation.

Some merchants of Belfast, who wished to fatten beef cattle for slaughter and exportation, had engaged in the unpopular measure of renting a number

of farms, and had dispossessed the former occupiers with some aggravated circumstances of harshness and cruelty. It was the agents of these men that had bought up all the prime cattle in the fair, and consequently raised the price of the rest.

Munn heartily wished for an opportunity of mortifying these agents. There were two of them. He advanced to them as they were bargaining for a couple of steers, which appeared to be the only tolerable cattle yet for sale in the market.

"My friends," said he, "you have made great bargains to-day, I understand. How are you to dispose of such a large stock?"

One of the agents promptly replied, "If we knew by what authority you make the inquiry, we might answer it!"

"Heigh day! that's noble, my young hero!" returned Munn, sarcastically. "But if I judge right, you are going to feed your brutes on land that should feed men."

"We are not disposed to account for our conduct to every ruffian who questions us."

"Stop there!" said Munn, his eyes flaming. "If thou say'st another word, by all that is holy! I'll trample thee in the mire, as I would a dead whelp."

The other agent here interfered to pacify M'Manus, but with little success.

"Thou too," he exclaimed, "thou black-hearted fawning hypocrite, art linked in the same chain of iniquity. Go thy way, I scorn thy meanness even more than I hate the insulting rudeness of thy companion."

The pacific agent now began himself to lose temper, and to Munn's last threat he replied:

"That, my good friend, is easier said than done. What if we now put your blustering to the proof!"

While he said this, he cast off his hat, cravat, and coat, in preparation for combat. His companion did the same.

"Are you both ready, my valiant heroes?" shouted Munn. "If so, come on together. Here is a fist for each of you."

"No, that would be unfair," said the least irritated of the two. "One to one is enough. I shall try you first."

"You, ye popinjay!" exclaimed Munn, "I scorn to give you a soldier's blow." At the same time he dashed upon him with such a forcible side-kick as sent him to some distance among the crowd, and left him sprawling in the dirt. "And now for you, you tinder-pated abortion!" he again shouted, as he seized the other, and threw him upon his companion.

He then resumed his clothes, and withdrew to the inn, amidst the applauding huzzas of the multitude.

So speedily had the affray commenced and terminated, that no report of it had reached the inn when Munn arrived there. He found M'Clurkin fiddling to a party of dancers who were bounding away to the tune of "Paddy O'Rafferty."

Munn did not disturb him, but seated himself in a corner of the room. The danger of his antagonists appealing to the law gave him no concern, for he knew that it would be difficult for them to prove him the aggressor.

He had not, however, sat long until a constable made his appearance, followed by the cattle-dealers. He proceeded to arrest Munn; who, in a voice of thunder ordered him to stand off. The whole room was instantly a scene of confusion, and blows would have taken place, had not Douglas whispered in Munn's ear, "Submit, you shall again be victorious."

"Be quiet, Mr. Constable," said Munn, "I will go with you."

The party, followed by a large concourse of people, proceeded to the house of a Mr. Onsley, a magistrate. On reaching his presence, Mr.

Douglas requested a private interview with him for a few minutes on important business. The dignitary complied, and they withdrew. In about ten minutes they returned into the hall of office; and the man of power, opening his large folio docket, proceeded to examine the parties.

"Mr. Constable, who is your prisoner?"

"This gentleman, Mr. M'Manus, sir."

"Who ordered you to make a gentleman your prisoner?"

"These youngsters! your honour. I believe they are Belfast sparks in service. But they can answer for themselves."

"Ho! sir, you with the torn ruffles! what is your name?"

"Richard Clearfield, sir."

"Very appropriate; as I understand you have lately, in a most gallant style, swept certain fields in an adjoining barony quite clear of their old owners. But say—what is your complaint against the prisoner?"

"I complain against him, may it please you, sir, for rudely and violently assaulting me and my companion while in the pursuit of our lawful calling to-day in the public street; and throwing us both down among the crowd, to the great annoyance, danger, and detriment of our bodies as well as our clothes."

"A likely story, indeed!" observed Onsley, "that one man should in open day prostrate two on the ground. What says your writhing companion there? Your name, sir?"

"Thomas Landsdown, sir."

"Quite unsuitable! Lands-up would be more appropriate to one who takes lands upon other people's heads. What charge have you against the prisoner?"

"The same that Mr. Clearfield has made. He has stated the truth."

"But hold," said Onsley; "I must examine you upon oath."

The oath being administered, "Tell me, Mr. Landsdown, on what part of the body did the prisoner strike you, or rather did he strike you at all?"

"Sir! he kicked me so unmercifully on the right haunch, here, that I am yet lame."

"Oh! it was only a kick then that overset you in the mud! But pray, sir, before the prisoner gave you this tremendous kick, had you not stripped, with the intention to fight him, and advanced to attack him?"

"I—I—Sir. Yes, sir—But he had so insulted me."

"And so, my quarrelsome young jackanapes, you would take the law into your own hands. You would first advance to knock down a gentleman, and then accuse him of an assault and battery for defending himself. Sit down, sir, I have done with you."—Mr. Clearfield, come forward. "Did the prisoner strike you?"

"He seized me by the breast, sir, and threw me down."

"Were you not, like your companion, advancing to assault him when he did so?"

"Sir—Sir—we—we all three had stripped to fight."

"What! two against one. That was valiant, indeed! But, like your accomplice there, you would have pleaded the provocation of ill language."

"Why, yes, sir, he had used intolerably insolent language."

"I see evidently, that in chastising you, my young gentlemen, Mr. M'Manus acted only in his own defence. Constable, you may discharge the prisoner. And, Mr. M'Manus," continued he, "I hope you will step with Mr. Douglas into the parlour and take a glass of wine."

"Sir," said Mr. Douglas to the magistrate, "I think it would be but justice, if Mr. M'Manus would sue these gentlemen for false imprisonment."

"It is undoubtedly in his power to do so," observed the magistrate, looking significantly at M'Manus; "but, as he has already painted their jackets

pretty well, I think he may be content to let them go if they apologize for their misconduct."

"If the puppies acknowledge their fault, and give five guineas to the poor of the parish, I shall have nothing more to do with them," replied Munn.

"What say you, my lads?" said Douglas, "do you comply with the terms, or will you be kept in custody by his constableness there, on a charge of unlawfully and maliciously seizing and detaining the person of Edmund M'Manus, Esq. one of his Majesty's liege subjects?"

"We have not received justice," replied Landsdown, "I will comply with no such terms."

"Sirrah!" said the magistrate, "do you impeach my justice? Constable, detain that fellow to answer in another place for this contempt."

"May it please your worship," said Clearfield, to grant us half an hour to deliberate on what is best to be done."

The half-hour was granted and the three gentlemen retired to drink wine, and to laugh at the ridiculous situation in which the young traders had got involved.

"I rejoice," said the magistrate, "that Mr. M'Manus had something like a legal plea for chastising their insolence; for, having their pockets full of money, they have, during the whole morning, been crowing over and brow-beating every respectable person they met in the fair."

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen, and let us drink to the tillers of our soil, who feed us in peace and defend us in war!"

"Success to them!" said Douglas.

"Amen!" cried Munn.

"As to the young bullies in the other room," observed Munn, "I am not desirous to be harsh with them. One of them, Clearfield, is a coxcomb, with as much impudence and choler as a turkey; but the other has more coolness, and more real courage. I have some respect for his behaviour, and should, on his account, be reluctant to humble them further."

"I think, however," said Douglas, "you should insist on the terms you proposed, as I am much mistaken if they will not be content to comply with them."

As Douglas predicted, it came to pass. The unfortunate cattle-dealers made such an apology as was dictated by the magistrate, and deposited five guineas for the benefit of the poor. They were then dismissed; and left the fair, followed by the hisses and hootings of the multitude.

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## CHAPTER X.

MUNN, and his new associate, Douglas, spent the evening with the magistrate. The former was, indeed, astonished at the more than usual degree of respect which the magistrate paid him.

On their way back to the Game-Cock, M'Manus could not help expressing to Douglas his pleasure and surprise, at meeting with such extraordinary kindness from a mere stranger.

"You will be surprised when I tell you," continued Douglas, "that there is no man in the country who possesses so much influence over my cousin Onsley, as yourself. I knew this when I advised you to submit to the constable. But the best way to account for my cousin's partiality towards you is to give you a sketch of his history."

"He was the only son of Thomas Onsley, a gentleman, who married my

aunt. They were an honest, well-meaning couple, possessed of an income of about two hundred a-year.

"George,—their only child—was intended for the church. But George himself had no great relish for the pastoral office. He, however, like a dutiful son, went through the usual courses of Trinity College, preparatory to his taking orders; and would no doubt have assumed the cloth, had not the death of his father left him to his own inclinations.

"The possession of only two hundred a-year he soon found inadequate to support the style of living suited to an independent gentleman, but speedily contrived to obviate this difficulty by marrying an ugly old widow, who possessed a rent-roll of fifteen hundred.

"She died some five years ago and left my cousin a jovial widower of thirty, in the commission of the peace, with seventeen hundred a-year, and a healthy constitution.

"Although, in the widow's case, George sacrificed at the shrine of Plutus, instead of Venus, he is susceptible of the warmest affection for the sex, and at this very moment is in love with a very beautiful young lady, a near relative of yours; and I knew I had nothing more to do than acquaint him with that particular, in order to procure your discharge."

"So, so," replied Munn. "He wants to be my nephew. Well, with all my heart. It is true, he is a heretic; but then a justice of the peace, seventeen hundred a-year, not above thirty, and a kind jovial fellow;—why, why, I think it may do."

"Does the old Calvinist, her grandfather, favour the match?" inquired Munn.

"Why, his Scottish sagacity is too sensible of the important advantages you have just enumerated," answered Douglas, "to oppose it. But as the lady herself has hitherto remained proof against my cousin's attacks, the old gentleman, I understand, has declined interposing, and persists in his neutrality. My cousin has some hopes, however, that by your aid he may ultimately prove victorious."

"Surely," observed Munn, "he cannot be ignorant of my total want of power in that quarter?"

"He is not ignorant of it," said Douglas; "but desponding lovers, like drowning men, will catch at straws."

"If ever my interest can serve him in the affair, he may command it," said Munn. "She is a kind-hearted creature, and I never shall forget the attention she paid me while a gaol-bird. She is, indeed, a sweet creature, Mr. Douglas; and I'll lend your kinsman's suit all the help I can."

"Here is the Game Cock. Let us have a taste of Donaldson's *Best*, and then to business."

"Landlord!" cried Douglas, "shew us a private room, and do not let us be disturbed. Is Forsythe in the house?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, first shew us our room, and then bring him to us; and let us have three glasses of best Glen-Arib, with sugar and hot water."

In a few minutes the landlord returned with the materials for punch. Mr. Forsythe soon appeared; and Munn recognized him to be the same who had in the morning so emphatically expressed his assurance that perdition would overtake those who dispossessed the peasantry of their homes and properties.

He was middle-aged, tall, and somewhat stoop-shouldered, with a very heavy, discontented-looking countenance.

"Mr. Forsythe," said Douglas, "our friend Mr. M'Manus has, without knowing it, avenged your cause to-day in the fair."

The whole of the day's transactions were then recounted to Forsythe; and M'Manus was informed that the vanquished cattle-dealers had, only a

few weeks before, with great harshness and insolence, driven Forsythe, and several of his neighbours, with all their families off the places on which they had been born. The distress and desolation of the families thus dispossessed were then depicted by Douglas in colours calculated to excite all Munn's enthusiastic hatred against the proud authors of such legalized mischief and misery.

Douglas informed them that he had reduced to writing a plan for combining all the sufferers and their friends in a secret confederacy, for the purpose of defending the peasantry by punishing their enemies, and intimidating others from following their examples.

He then read to them the constitution of the proposed association, which he denominated the "Hearts of Steel." He also submitted the form of an oath of secrecy, fidelity, and devotion to the interests and objects of the society, which should be administered to the members on their admission. Each immediately swore the oath of fidelity, and pledged himself to add to their numbers. A mode of correspondence, under fictitious names, was then settled; and the business of the meeting was finished by drinking another round of Glen-Arib to the success of their society.

"Come, my friends," said Douglas, "let us in the mean time banish care. I am so well satisfied with the events of the day, that I want to finish it with a light heart."

"I second your motion," replied Forsythe; "for I feel my heart, for the first time these three weeks past, capable of enjoying mirth."

"I shall not dissent from your agreeable proposal," said Munn. "But what o'clock is it?"

"It is only eleven," replied Douglas; "let us call in your man Dennis, renew our glasses, and invite the landlord and landlady, and by the help of whisky, music, wit, and good humour, be as happy as if we never felt injustice."

All the requisites for the enjoyment of the night being procured, the merry party sent care to the shades, and gave full swing to the powers of fun and frolic till the clock struck two, shortly after which the company grew tired even of pleasure, and withdrew to repose.

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## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER breakfast next morning our three conspirators arranged a plan of recruiting for their society in different parts of the country. To Munn was assigned the north-eastern coast around Glen-Arib; to Douglas, the centre of the county. The southern parts of the county, where as yet the greatest hardships had been sustained by the people, were allotted to Forsythe. They then fixed a day for their next meeting at the Game Cock, and parted with mutual promises of zeal and activity in the common cause.

As Munn wished, before he returned home, to visit his niece, that he might bespeak her favour in behalf of his friend Onsley, he, accompanied by Dennis, directed his course to Mr. McCulloch's mansion. It was a clean-looking, white-washed, straw-thatched cottage, one storey high, in the centre of a small flower-garden.

On each side of the hall was a neat parlour, one used as a family-room,



and the other for the reception of strangers. Behind the family-room was the good man's library, containing a large collection of theological works. His wife did not so highly appreciate the value of this kind of property, and regretted every journey he made to Belfast, that he was sure to return home with a precious collection of literature.

"If you would not fill your saddle-bags with these fusty old volumes," she would sometimes say to him, "they would have room for other articles which I am sure you know would be more useful in the family."

The worthy couple were one day interrupted in a conversation of this kind, by a tapping at the gate. They looked out, and perceived M'Manus alighting from his horse. It was early in the afternoon when he arrived. Mr. M'Culloch ran out to meet him, and received him with great pleasure and cordiality. Isabella was on a visit in the neighbourhood; but she was sent for, and soon arrived, being much delighted with the idea of a voluntary visit from her uncle, it being the second he had ever paid her.

He had thought her then a pretty sweet girl, being between fifteen and sixteen years of age. She was now nearly two years older, and had grown into the most exquisite proportions of female symmetry.

"Why, my niece," said he, "you are grown to be a woman since I last saw you, and much improved too in your appearance. I had hopes of prevailing on you to keep house for a few months," said her uncle, "this summer, but I see that the soil of this neighbourhood agrees with you so well, I should think it a pity to transplant you to the wild, bleak climate of Glen-Arib. And then, the wild Irish—how would you like to live among them?"

"Why, uncle," she replied, "you take an odd mode of enticing me to your place. But I imagine the description is rather an exaggeration."

"In my eyes, my dear, Glen-Arib is the loveliest and most agreeable spot on earth; but I describe it as I imagine it would appear in yours. But, under these disadvantages, could you, my Isabella, prevail on yourself to pay me a visit?"

"In the company of my grandfather, I should with pleasure; or, if I had only a female companion, and my grandfather's consent. But, uncle, why do you not come oftener to see us here?"

"Various circumstances, my child, have hitherto prevented me."

After tea, M'Manus took occasion to speak privately to Mr. M'Culloch on the subject of Mr. Onsley's addresses to his niece; but gained from him no other information than he already possessed.

Munn observed, that young women were not always capable of making a proper choice in such matters.

"My grand-daughter," said he, "is not likely to take any step of the kind without my approbation: I conceive it, therefore, but just that I should not urge her to take any without her own. I have already interfered with advice, but will not interfere with authority."

"Perhaps you are acting right," replied Munn; "but I must confess, that in order to effect so eligible a match, I should be tempted to urge the matter with more earnestness."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Isabella and her grandmother.

"They have been seeing one of those unfortunate families," said Mr. M'Culloch to M'Manus, "whose lands have been taken up by the speculators in the expired leases of Lord D———l's tenantry. The poor man came here, with a wife and seven or eight children, about three weeks ago, utterly destitute; for he had all his movables arrested for arrears of rent; and was obliged to move off, with only the coverings that his family wore. The proceedings of these speculators are, indeed, unnecessarily harsh towards the poorer tenants: and, perhaps, if all the circumstances were investigated,

some instances of illegality might appear, which would render them liable to punishment."

"The people," replied Munn, "ought unanimously to rise in opposition to their oppressors, and teach them that they will not, with impunity, be trodden into wretchedness by a worthless set of petty tyrants."

"Mr. M'Manus," said the clergyman, "you are surely not seriously of such an opinion. Were the people to be so rash, they would be adding fuel to the fire of their sufferings. I rejoice that they have as yet displayed a patient endurance under their unmerited sufferings. This has drawn from all good men sympathy towards them, and indignation against their oppressors. The legislature will hear of their wrongs, and will interfere to protect an unoffending populace."

"Such remedies are not only tedious, but uncertain in their results," observed Munn.

"They may be slow, but they are sure," replied the other.

Munn inquired concerning the present situation and prospects of the poor man whose story had introduced the subject.

"A neighbour of mine," said Mr. M'Culloch, "has supplied his family with a cabin; and, for the last eight or ten days, he has wrought with me as a gardener. Grief has impaired his wife's constitution; and yesterday evening an incident took place which greatly agitated her, and brought on a severe hysterical attack. There is no medical practitioner near, so I always keep a small assortment of medicines, and your niece, and her grandmother have just been administering one of my prescriptions to this sick woman."

"Uncle," said Isabella, "if you only knew what distress this poor woman's mind has undergone, you would really pity her."

"I do pity her, my love," said Munn.

"It appears," said Mr. M'Culloch, "that the agents employed to dispossess this family of their property, were two unfeeling youths from Belfast——"

"I think I know them," said Munn, hastily interrupting him. "Their names are Clearfield and Landsdown."

"The same," replied Mr. M'Culloch.

"I had some transactions with them in Ballyclare fair yesterday," resumed Munn.

"They have acted the part of scoundrels here," replied the divine. "Poor Ned Moore has again been the victim of their base and violent passions. It is said that one cause of their treating him so harshly, is, that he detected and punished some wicked attempts which Clearfield made to overcome the virtue of his eldest daughter. The disgrace rankled in the villain's mind; and he let loose upon the family his whole spirit of vengeance, until he had reduced it to ruin. On their way home from the fair, these ruffians met Mrs. Moore and her daughter on the road. Clearfield stopped, and familiarly accosted the daughter; then springing from his horse, he seized her—she struggled, and threatened to call for assistance. Her mother was prevented from going to her aid by Landsdown, who seemed disposed to take such liberties as greatly alarmed her; and she called loudly for help. Her husband heard her cries, and ran to the spot. A scuffle ensued, and Landsdown fell. Moore now flew to relieve his daughter from Clearfield; but that villain mounted his horse and galloped off before he reached him. He then ran to seize Landsdown; but he had also escaped on horseback. The poor man now raised his wife; for she had fainted, and fallen upon the road. I was immediately sent for, and on reaching their cabin, I found she had recovered from her swoon, but laboured under a strong hysterical affection. I mustered all the medical skill I possessed, and also tried to comfort and reassure the family. I am happy to say that Mrs.

Moore is now in the way of recovery, and the minds of the family have to-day become greatly becalmed and settled. There is now a fair opportunity of punishing these ruffians by law, which, I think, should not be neglected."

"Does Moore intend to prosecute them?" inquired Munn.

"I believe he does," was the reply.

"Has he taken warrants out?" was next asked.

"Not yet, I think. He could not leave his family in its present state."

Munn again observed: "It is, indeed, a sad tale to tell, but Moore will yet get satisfaction."

"I hope he will get justice," answered Mr. McCulloch.

"I hope so too," said Munn, "and that speedily and amply."

Here supper was announced, and the dialogue of course interrupted.

## CHAPTER XII.

EARLY in the morning, Munn sent M'Clurkin to request Moore to meet him secretly after breakfast at a public-house in the adjoining village, about a mile distant. Dennis executed his commission very discreetly; and informed Moore what a good, and great, and valiant man his master was. "And I can tell you," said he, "that where my master takes a fancy, he has a heart as constant and as hard as a rock."

"Weel, Mr. M'Clurkin," replied Moore, "I'll see and attend him. It can do me nae harm. An' ye say I'm to be secret—weel, that is easily minded."

At the appointed time, Munn set off with Dennis for the village, and found Moore in attendance.

"My good friend," said Munn, taking him aside, "I have heard of your misfortunes, and am really sorry for them. Your wife is now fortunately very much recovered."

"Yes, God be thankit," replied Moore, "Mr. McCulloch's medicine, an' the kin'ness o' Miss M'Manus, hae had a blessing wi' them."

"Do you intend to prosecute the villains?" asked Munn.

"Why, sir, I think it would be richt to tak' the law o' them. I hae been advised o't."

"You would find the law a very troublesome matter to deal with, my friend," observed Munn. "But I can point out to you a nobler, surer, and more effectual way of not only punishing those vile tools of tyranny, but also of humbling the proud tyrants their unfeeling and avaricious masters, without resorting to the uncertain and troublesome process of the law. But it is a secret, which I can only reveal to such as have the courage to incur some risk for the noble and glorious purpose of putting a stop to the oppressions that are depopulating the country."

"Gladly, sir, would I join heart an' han' in such a just an' guid cause," answered Moore, his countenance brightening with joy at the proposal; "for my stomach is fu' o' gall an' bitterness against the destroyers o' the land."

"Will you, then, abandon your intended prosecution against these fellows," inquired Munn, "and leave it to me to point out the mode of punishing them?"

"I wull," answered Moore, "leave it a' to your management."

Munn now informed him of the institution and intentions of the

"Hearts of Steel," and he took the oath of that association. He informed him of the time appointed for the next meeting at the Game Cock, and desired his attendance.

"But what are we to do wi' Clearfield an' Landsdown?" asked Moore.

"Why," replied Munn, "they can add no more to the injuries they have done you. It is our best policy to let them go on for a while longer."

"Na, na, I dinna see that sae clearly," said Moore; "we should try at yince to stap their proceedin's."

"They are by this time in Belfast," observed Munn, "where it would be impossible for us to seize them. But, whenever you find them out harassing the country, give me intelligence; and either I, or some other of our brethren, shall come upon them with a force sufficient to secure them. In the mean time it would please me if you would continue to reside in this neighbourhood; as, concerning my niece's affairs, I should like often to obtain confidential information, and I will reward you liberally for your trouble and fidelity."

Moore readily agreed to the proposal. "But you canna' expect," said he, "that I am to ken a' her secrets; for young lasses will hae sweethearts, an' sic' like private matters, an' mak' naeboddy the wiser."

"But no one must know of our correspondence in this matter," said Munn.

"Why, e'en as you like for that, as it's a family concern," answered Moore.

Munn here put a couple of guineas into his hands, observing that he should in future be rewarded in proportion to his secrecy and obedience to orders.

He now called for Dennis M'Clurkin; and, treating both Moore and him to some whisky, returned to Mr. M'Culloch's before dinner.

During the evening duty, he walked with his niece into a garden situated behind the house. This was where Ned Moore was engaged as a labourer.

Isabella and her uncle approached him; and, after some inquiries for his wife, passed on to a more distant part of the garden.

"My dear niece," said Munn, "I was induced to visit you, at present, by a particular business which much concerns you. Let me ask you, have you not lately received some offers for settling in life?"

"I cannot properly answer that question," she replied; "but I may say that I have received no offers which I can accept."

"Has not a certain magistrate, of respectable standing and considerable wealth, made proposals to you?"

"Whatever proposals were made, they have been unhesitatingly and decisively rejected," replied Isabella.

"I hope not decisively, my child; for the establishment would surely be eligible; neither do I see anything in the man that can be displeasing to a lady's eye."

"The establishment I do not take into the account; and as to the man, he may be pleasing or displeasing as one chooses to view him."

"Your mind may change, however; and I should rejoice much if you could encourage his suit; for I should be happy to see you so well settled."

"My dear uncle," she replied, "as his wife, I feel I never could be happy; and I hope you will not continue the subject."

"Since it is so disagreeable to you, my niece, I shall discontinue it for the present."

They now returned to the house: and Munn was convinced that, in her present tone of mind, he could do nothing for his friend Onsley.

The next day he took leave of his interesting niece, and her venerable relatives; and returned to Glen-Arib, to make arrangements for his journey

southwards. Previous to his setting off, however, he swore upwards of fifty Glen-Arib men into the association of the HEARTS OF STEEL. He then wrote to Douglas of his success in the cause, and informed him of his intended journey to the South.

Dennis M'Clurkin was desirous to accompany him; but, as he intended to travel incognito, under an assumed name, he dispensed with his attendance.

Accordingly, having received Priest O'Cassidy's benediction, he departed with a light heart, to visit the soil that had once belonged to his fathers, and which he still looked upon as his own rightful inheritance.

### CHAPTER XIII.

FREDERICK ROSENDALE, whom it is hoped the reader has not yet forgotten, had been three months a soldier, when he was despatched at the head of a party of his regiment to Athlone. As he had permission to take the route past his brother's residence, and to remain there a few days, he directed his march thither, and arrived on the 30th of June, *o. s.*, the eve of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. It was then the custom of all, as it still is, to celebrate this anniversary with great pomp and festivity.

The day was ushered in with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the sounding of trumpets, orange lilies and ribbons decorating the gates and avenues to Lord Rosendale's house.

A little after breakfast, Lord Rosendale's servants and tenants, with his lordship at their head, marched to the music of the "Boyne Water," with the British standard waving in the air, from the park to the family church, followed by Frederick at the head of his troops.

Here the Rev. Mr. Carlow, in an impressive discourse, animated their gratitude to God for the manifold blessings which they now enjoyed as the happy fruits of that glorious victory which they had met that day to commemorate.

After sermon the audience repaired to a plentiful banquet, provided by his lordship, and served upon the surrounding green. The loyal and public-spirited toasts which were drunk on this occasion need not be repeated.

The feast being over, the military, after marching, counter marching, and loudly expressing their patriotic joy in frequent volleys of musquetry and cannon, were allowed to mingle with the people in the various rural pastimes, and trials of strength and skill, with which they amused away the afternoon. Shooting at marks, running races, heaving stones, leaping, wrestling, and boxing, now occupied the attention of different parties, according as taste or caprice inclined them.

In one corner of the park, a party of wrestlers exhibited their prowess and dexterity, in the presence of a large crowd of highly-interested spectators. A stout, raw-boned sergeant of the troops, named Skipdale, had been the uniform victor since the commencement of this pastime, and had overcome five or six young farmers in succession, to the no small delight of the soldiers, and the great mortification of the country people. After his sixth antagonist had been defeated, the opinion of his invincibility became so completely established that no other was willing to enter the lists against him.

Lord Rosendale and Frederick advanced on horseback just as Skipdale was about to leave the ring to an inferior order of wrestlers. On perceiving, however, their approach, his pride prompted him again to repeat the challenge he had so often given in vain.

"Curse the fellow! what if I try him!" muttered a man, in the hearing of Lord Rosendale: "I should like to pull the plume off his damned, heretical head!"

"What says that man?" demanded his lordship, who had but indistinctly heard the word *heretical*. "Does he accept the challenge?"

"I do!" exclaimed the man, and in the name of Saint Patrick and my country, I shall humble his pride."

"What is your name, sir?" inquired his lordship.

"Roger Murphy," was the reply.

"Where do you come from?" was next asked.

"I was born in Ulster," replied the man, "if it benefits you to hear it; but my patrimony is in Leinster."

"Clear the way for Mr. Murphy's admission into the ring. And now, my boys, do your best;—a purse of five guineas awaits the victor."

The populace, overjoyed that the proud, insolent sergeant had at last got an opponent, cheered Murphy as he entered the space marked out for the contest.

"The stature of Skipdale was nearly six feet; his appearance displaying strength as well as agility. He was about thirty years of age, rough-boned, round-chested, but not fat; with a quick eye, hard features, and confident aspect.

Murphy, on the other hand, was not above the middle size in stature; but he was broad and capacious in all his other dimensions.

"Long or short hold? stranger!" demanded Skipdale.

"Whichever you can seize first," replied Murphy.

Skipdale instantly made a pounce at him, which Murphy received with as little impression as if he had been a block of granite. They stood a moment immovable, like two columns of masonry. Skipdale suddenly made a spring backwards, with the hope of jerking his antagonist upon his face to the earth. This was the very movement for which Murphy waited; and, the instant his opponent's feet were loosened from the soil, he gave him a swing which brought him down on his left knee. He had scarcely touched the ground when he was again firm on his feet; and now, thinking Murphy somewhat off his guard, he tried to strike one of his feet from the ground. Murphy received the blow on his right ankle. It made the air ring, but did not make him move.

At length, after repeated attempts, Murphy succeeded in overturning Skipdale; he fell with a dreadful crash upon the ground.

The air immediately rang with acclamations, and the stranger Murphy was unanimously hailed by the people as the victor.

After the first ebullition of the popular triumph was over, Lord Rosendale called for the wrestlers, in order to bestow on the conqueror the promised reward, and also to compensate the vanquished for the prolonged entertainment which his dexterity and strength had afforded the company. But the conqueror was nowhere to be found. The moment his victory was declared, he had disappeared, and it seemed now in vain to search for him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

GREAT was the mortification of Skipdale at his defeat, and great the hatred he, in consequence, imbibed against his conqueror. The recompense and approbation which his own conduct had received from Lord Rosendale

did not in the least mollify him. He resolved, therefore, if possible to discover his enemy and be revenged.

Lord Rosendale's company had departed; and Frederick and Mr. Carlow remained alone. They walked out to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and the sweets of conversation, amidst those scenes where they had so often rambled. Having approached almost to the north-western angle of the old castle, they thought they heard something like the sound of a human voice. On turning the north-eastern angle of the building, the voice became more audible, and they could even distinguish the words. Unwilling to disturb the stranger's meditations, they stopped; while a voice of lamentation reached their ears.

"Vile papist! son of a harlot! take this," was that instant exclaimed by a fierce voice, while the report of a pistol was at the same moment heard by Frederick and his friend. Frederick immediately sprang towards the spot. The fellow who fired the pistol shouted—

"By Heavens! I have missed him. Come on, boys! surely five of us will master him!"

Frederick, having snatched a loose bar of iron, rushed in, and beheld several soldiers engaged with one man, whom they had thrown down, but who held two of them by their throats firmly above him as a shield from the weapons of the others.

"Villains!—murderers!" exclaimed Frederick as he struck the first soldier he met to the earth with the iron bar. Two others at that instant fled. Mr. Carlow now arrived, and the two soldiers, whom the stranger had almost strangled, were instantly secured. It was found that the stranger had received several severe bayonet wounds, and was becoming weak from loss of blood. The most dangerous of his wounds were soon staunch; and Mr. Carlow hastened for assistance, while Frederick remained on guard. The one he had struck required no guarding, for he was still speechless; and Frederick became apprehensive that he had killed him.

Several of Lord Rosendale's servants soon arrived, and the prisoners and the wounded man were conveyed to suitable accommodations, a messenger being promptly despatched for a surgeon.

Frederick was much grieved to find that sergeant Skipdale had been the leader of this savage attempt on the life of a stranger, who had done him no other injury than defeating him in a game of wrestling,—for the reader will have conjectured that this stranger was no other than the victorious Murphy, and that the said Murphy was no other than our Northern "Hearts of Steel" chieftain, M'Manus.

As soon as this restless zealot had leisure for reflection, believing his wounds to be mortal, he resolved no longer to struggle against the will of Providence by persisting in this awful hour in harbouring unavailing resentment against a family whose hospitality and benevolence he now experienced. He wished much to acknowledge his former designs, and express his contrition for them privately to Frederick, for whom he had imbibed a high esteem. At his request, therefore, Frederick attended at his bed-side.

"Mr. Rosendale," said the penitent, "you have this night jeopardized your life to rescue mine from assassins. If you had succeeded, you would have saved the greatest enemy to your house and name upon earth."

"How so?" inquired Frederick.

"Ah, Sir! a deadly injury have your ancestors done mine,—and I alone was left to avenge it!"

"Certainly, Mr. Murphy," observed Frederick, "you must have mistaken the objects of your hostility. None of our house, as far as my information reaches into past times, have ever had any collision with people of your name."

"My name, Sir, is M'Manus. Have you ever heard of it?" demanded Munn with some degree of pride.

"Yes, Sir!" replied Frederick in a mild tone—"that name explains all mysteries."

"Then you think a M'Manus not an unworthy enemy?" inquired Munn with impatience.

"One of my ancestors felt a M'Manus valiant," replied Frederick; "and I have no reason to think meanly of any of the name."

"But do you not hate the name?" asked Munn.

"No, thank God! I harbour no such feeling towards it," answered Frederick; "nor do I believe any such feeling to be harboured by any of our house. We know your family to have suffered much by espousing the unfortunate side in a disastrous war. We gained what you lost;—but, had we not gained it, others would. Assure yourself, Mr. M'Manus, that I lament the misfortunes of your family; and if my power were only equal to my inclination, they would soon terminate."

"Mr. Rosendale," replied M'Manus, his natural haughtiness yielding to Frederick's good-nature and kindness, "I believe you are a generous young man. I was once your bitter enemy; I am so no longer. My family connections are, alas! few. I had but one brother, and no sister. I lost my brother; for he forsook our creed, and left his country long since. He may still be alive; but he is lost to me by his apostasy, and he has not been heard of for sixteen years. Besides him, the only human being now akin to me is his daughter,—for I have neither wife nor offspring. But my niece, alas! has been reared by her mother's friends, an alien from our fathers' faith. Why, then, should I be so anxious about patrimony? Let who will enjoy it—for me, I care not:—our race will be soon extinct."

His emotion became here so great as almost to choke his utterance. Frederick endeavoured to comfort him.

"Be of good cheer," said he. "Providence may furnish you, even in this world, with a share of happiness you have never yet felt. Should you have no children of your own, those of your niece may become objects of attachment, sufficient to give you an interest in the affairs of men, and to render your latter days happy."

"Generous youth!" exclaimed M'Manus, "your words are the most soothing I have heard since the death of my mother. With respect to your family, Sir, I came here, but a few days since, with an intention to watch it as my prey and to destroy it. Perhaps I am destroyed myself; but whether or not, this arm shall never be lifted against your safety, or that of your father's house. If I die, you are safe by my destruction; if I live, you are safe by my gratitude."

Frederick was afraid his emotion might be prejudicial to his recovery. He gently hinted this to him—wished him to be calm until medical aid should arrive.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the surgeon entered. He soon examined and dressed M'Manus's wounds, and declared that he expected a favourable termination of his case; but that perfect calmness and repose were necessary to ensure it.

On examining the soldier whom Frederick had struck, it was found necessary to trepan him, as the blow had occasioned a considerable fracture and depression of the skull. He finally recovered, and stood his trial, as did Skipdale and the other accomplice, for the assault, &c. They were ordered to the halberts: Skipdale to receive five hundred lashes, the other accomplice four hundred, and the wounded man three hundred, to be given when sufficiently recovered from the fracture and the consequent operation.

As for M'Manus, he was able to walk in about a fortnight, and in another



was able to return to the North, which he did without reluctance, as, after the departure of Frederick, he felt rather uneasy under Lord Rosendale's roof. Before leaving him, Frederick had counselled him not to make known the hostile purport of his visit to his lordship, nor the antipathy he had so long nourished against his family.

M'Manus replied that he had no desire to make his lordship acquainted with either his name or his character, and that, perhaps the concealment of both might not be improper.

"From your rejection of the five guineas' reward," said Frederick, "his lordship already suspects that you are not altogether the character you seem. His curiosity is, therefore, raised respecting you, and there would be no impropriety in permitting him to know who you are.

M'Manus acquiesced in the design of acquainting Lord Rosendale with his name and lineage.

The curiosity of his lordship being gratified, he was much pleased with the information; for he felt as if it added to his hereditary importance, to be the heir of a race that had vanquished and dispossessed the ancestor of so valiant a person. But it was not long before his usual haughtiness broke out on several occasions, in Munn's presence, and in such a manner, as required for the latter all his respect for Frederick, to enable him to brook it with any appearance of good temper. He was glad, therefore, when his convalescence enabled him to take leave of Rosendale House.

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## CHAPTER XV.

In a few months after the preceding occurrences, the depredations of the "Hearts of Steel" became very alarming to the country. The association had prodigiously increased in numbers very soon after its organisation.

The "Hearts of Steel" had recourse for their protection to a novel artifice, which on various occasions had the intended effect of stifling prosecutions against them, when they were detected in their nocturnal enterprises. Whenever the person on whom they had concerted an attack had any relatives among their adherents, these were always put in the foreground of the enterprise. If a demand of money was to be made; if a dwelling-house or a barn was to be burned; if a herd of cattle were to be maimed or destroyed, those belonging to their body who were most nearly connected with the owners, were, by the terms of their compact, obliged to be the chief agents in the affair. Hence, even when discoveries were made, and culprits seized, the plaintiffs often declined to prosecute, lest they should endanger the life of a relative, and bring affliction and disgrace into the midst of their own families. Others were also intimidated from prosecuting by the fear of further violence from the vengeance of such a daring and formidable association. This state of impunity exceedingly increased the power of these malcontents.

When Munn returned to the North, he was much rejoiced at the prosperous condition in which he found the confederacy. Now is the time, thought he, to turn the hand of heresy against itself, if not for its overthrow, at least for its annoyance.

Under this impression, he with redoubled zeal put his shoulder to the wheel of their movements, and powerfully hurried them on to deeds of terror and destruction against all who had injured them. Clearfield was the first object of his hatred whom he wished to get into his power.

"There is no occasion," said he to Forsythe, at a conference they held on this matter, "to delay longer the vengeance we owe that man."

"My soul will feel pleasure in his punishment," replied Forsythe. "The first of October is Mount-hill fair: I am informed that he is to be there on some cattle business. By means of his cousin, Whiteford, who is zealous in our cause, we can have him seduced towards the shabreen-house, at Bally-rickart-hill, in the evening. Old Blair, who keeps it, is a friend, and will assist us in inflicting a suitable punishment."

Whiteford immediately received his instructions; and Ned Moore was invited to assist in bringing his arch-enemy to punishment.

Whiteford paid particular attention to Clearfield, during the afternoon of the fair-day. He assisted him to make several profitable sales of cattle, for which he received prompt payment; and instead of paying on the spot for his purchases, he persuaded him to retain the money, and give in its place orders on his employers.

The hurry of business being over, and night drawing near, Clearfield delivered his purchases into the care of a servant; and prepared to leave the fair, for the purpose of lodging at a friend's house, a few miles distant. But Whiteford would not part with him, until they should have at least a couple of naggins together.

Into a tent, therefore, they went; and, in the drinking of several naggins, Clearfield spent a most jovial hour. At length he became completely intoxicated, and the two friends left the fair together. There was no moon to light them on their path, but the stars shone clearly.

"By the Lord!" said Clearfield, looking about, and finding himself somewhat bewildered, "if I cannot see the road, my horse can; and he knows George Findlay's well enough: he'll steer for the oats in George's manger, I'll warrant him."

"That he will, faith," replied his companion. "We canna' miss oor way wi' twa sitch beasts under us. It's a guid thing, on dark nights, that men and horses are never baith drunk at yince."

"By my soul though, Whiteford, I rather think we're on the wrong road," observed Clearfield. "Barnacle has lost scent of Findlay's oats for once. I don't remember this bridge-wall on the way."

"Never min'!" exclaimed Whiteford: "Push on. Findlay's is aye in the auld place—quite afore us, I think."

They had not ridden much farther when Whiteford began to whistle the tune of "Morgan Rattler," and, just as they came opposite to the ruins of an old house, on the left-side of the road, two large figures, dressed in white, with their heads and shoulders shining as if in flames, darted suddenly upon the road before them.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried Clearfield, in a terrible fright, as he turned his horse to fly; but, in the other direction, he was also assailed by two similar figures who ran towards him, demanding in a wild tone, "Who travels there?"

Clearfield faltered out, "A friend!"

"What's your name?" was next rudely demanded.

"Richard Clearfield" was answered, in a tone which indicated the speaker to be more dead than alive.

"What? the very scoundrel we are looking for!" was exclaimed by one of the figures;—"whom the devil has commissioned us to carry off to hell!"

Pulling him off his horse, they drove him into the ruinous house, in the floor of which they opened a trap-door, down which they tumbled him into a dungeon, cursing him to lie there awhile, and repent of his sins, before they should transmit him altogether to the infernal regions.

Having secured the trap-door on their prisoner, they struck a light, and despatched a message to the shabteen-house for a supply of whisky.

They caroused, sung, swore, danced, raged, and roared, with all the wickedness and spirit of true devils; while the unfortunate wretch beneath them lay trembling and sweating in an agony of terror and despair. When his faculties began to recover, he groped about his den, conceiving that Whiteford must also have been thrust into it along with him. On not finding him, after the most painful search, he again relapsed into his almost stupefying state of horror and despair.

Whiteford, besides serving the Hearts of Steel, had his own private views to accomplish by the destruction of Clearfield. He knew that the saddle-bags of the latter contained upwards of a thousand pounds. These, as soon as he saw his companion fairly kicked into the dungeon, he hastened to secure unnoticed by his confederates, and concealed them at some distance for his own use. When that unhappy wretch recovered sufficient presence of mind to listen to the revellers above him, he soon acquired from their conversation a clearer idea of the truth.

"I'll be shivered, Captain," said one of them, "but you looked so like Beelzebub, that you might have deceived his old crony, Master Satan himself. The old phosphorescent fish fragments flamed around you, as if they had been in reality devil's matches. No wonder the cursed wretch lost his wits!"

"You were equally frightful, good Major," replied the Captain, "although less disguised, it may be; for you appeared only what you really are in your heart—a burning fiend. I should never wish for a more satanic colleague in a hellish deed."

"Why faith," observed another, "we had a' a guid appearance o' the devil about us, for that matter. But as we hae now got the savage in our clutches, I only irk to be at the roasting o' him. What say you, lan'lord?"

"Why, as to roasting him," replied the landlord, "na, na. I hae a better project than that comes to: he'll be roasted weel and lang enough in the other world:—we had better freeze him here, that he may ken the benefit o' baith punishments."

They continued their noisy orgies for a considerable time. At length one of them asked, in a serious tone, how they determined to dispose of their prisoner? It was first proposed to make him confess his crimes, and then shoot him. It was then proposed to strangle him; and even mention was made of burying him alive. But not one of these proposals received the assent of the majority.

During this deliberation, either inebriation, or conscious security, induced them to address each other by their real names.

"You seem very urgent for his instant execution, Whiteford," said one of them. "I should like to confine him in his den for a few days, to give him time for repentance, if it were only to torment him awhile with suspense. What say you, Forsythe?"

"I approve of your plan of punishing him, M'Manus," replied Forsythe. Blair will be his gaoler, until we obtain the opinion of more of our friends on the subject. Let us in a few days assemble a consultation party, before whom he may be regularly arraigned, tried, condemned, sentenced, and then executed in a proper form."

This was agreed upon. The wretched Clearfield was bound hand and foot in his dungeon; the hatch-door was firmly secured above him; and the charge of all being consigned to the worthy landlord of the adjoining shabteen-house, the infernal conference broke up.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The day following Clearfield's imprisonment, Squire Onsley, hearing of M'Manus being in the neighbourhood, sent him a very friendly invitation to his house. Munn attended, and spent a very agreeable day with the magistrate.

After dinner the two gentlemen walked out together.

"You have heard of the Hearts of Steel combination, I suppose," said Munn.

"Yes, sir," replied the other, "there is hardly anything else talked of in the country."

"And what do you think of it?" asked Munn.

"Why, I can scarcely tell you," replied Onsley, "their intentions may be justified on the ground of the provocations they have received. But, sir, I wished to speak with you on a matter of much importance to my feelings. I have an object in view. In short, sir, I love your niece to distraction. My fortune, my all, I am anxious to lay at her feet, if she will consent to be my wife."

"I have heard," replied M'Manus, "of your wishes respecting Isabella, and have spoken to her on the subject; but she gave me no reason to think that you are a favoured suitor."

"Perhaps she has some other in view, whom she prefers?" observed Onsley.

"I do not think she has," replied M'Manus.

"Then surely, Mr. M'Manus, I need not give up my suit," said Onsley. "Perseverance may gain her favour; and I think that your interference might be attended with some advantage."

"My interference and influence, so far as they can go, Mr. Onsley, you shall have, on one condition; but that condition I scarcely know whether it would be prudent to mention."

"Mention it, in Heaven's name! No matter what it be, from you to me it cannot be imprudent."

"Will you support the cause of the Hearts of Steel," said Munn, abruptly, "both in your private and official capacity? If you do, I will, with all my power, support, and I hope successfully, your suit to my niece."

"I can refuse nothing to which you attach such a condition," replied Onsley; "but why do you so eagerly wish for my support to this confederacy?"

"Because," answered M'Manus, "I know their cause to be righteous; and, to be plain with you, I have myself joined them. I here pass my word, by some means or other, to obtain you my niece in wedlock, if you attach yourself to our society, and take the oath of fidelity which we administer to its members."

"My affections are unalterably fixed on your fascinating niece," returned Onsley. "I feel I can never be happy without her:—only assure me that she shall be mine, and I am yours as ardently in this cause of the persecuted against the persecutors as you can desire."

In short, Munn pledged his word; Onsley took the oath of fidelity to the "Hearts of Steel," and the affair was settled.

According to appointment, a session was held at the shabreen-house of Ballyrickart, for the purpose of trying the unfortunate Clearfield.

It was about ten o'clock on a very dark night, after the consumption of several quarts of whisky, the court organised itself, by appointing Matthew Douglas, president; Sampson Blair, the landlord of the shabreen-house, clerk; David Forsythe, attorney for the "Hearts of Steel;" and Edmund M'Manus,

counsel for the prisoner. The prisoner was then ordered to be brought before the court to take his trial. He appeared pinioned and handcuffed, with a rope round each ankle, and one round his neck.

They seated him on a round three-legged stool, near the president, the clerk of the court being on his right hand. To his left sat five or six rustic-looking fellows, who were to act as a jury, while the attorneys, for and against the prosecution, sat one on each side of the prisoner, opposite the judge.

The business commenced, by the judge ordering silence, and then commanding the accusers to bring forward their charges.

Forsythe now slowly rose, and, stretching his tall, slim figure to its utmost height, cast first at the prisoner a withering look of triumphant malignity, and then turned to the court a face of great importance and affected gravity, and proceeded to draw a picture of his own grievances and the prisoner's villany. It may be here stated that Forsythe had received a better education than at that time was usually received by the peasantry of Ulster; it having been his father's intention to prepare him for the pulpit. The dissipated and profligate habits of the son, however, frustrated this design, the presbytery to which he belonged refusing, on account of certain immoralities of which he had been guilty, to grant him license. The only advantages, therefore, that he derived from his learning, besides improving his speech, were, that it enabled him for some years, as has been observed, to teach a village school, and now qualified him to be a leader of the 'Hearts of Steel.'

"May it please you, the right worshipful judge and jury of this court," said he, in an assumed tone of deep feeling, "to hearken to the complaint of a man who has suffered from the insolence, cruelty, brutality, and treachery of the prisoner before you, the most galling wrongs and the most unrelenting persecution.

"The most of you know how comfortably I was situated, not seven months ago, in the possession of a snug patrimony, and a healthy and thriving family. You all know the state of wretchedness to which I have been since reduced. Poverty, almost to famine; affliction, almost to death; regret and vexation, almost to despair, have been and still are the lot of my wife, my children, and myself, and that principally owing to the villany of the prisoner.

"My farm my ancestors had possessed for more than a hundred years. Joshua Forsythe, a gallant soldier in the great Cromwell's army, held it as a reward for his services, by lease, at a low rent, under the D——— family. My progenitors improved it much. I continued also to improve it, though I knew that the lease was near expiring; for who would have thought that a landlord, whose house we had so long contributed to support, would, for the value of a few guineas, have turned us destitute upon the world?

"My lease expired about a year ago. I was then promised a renewal of it, on the old terms, for fifty guineas. With close management and the assistance of some of my friends, I gathered the money together, during the last winter. In the month of April, I therefore went to Belfast, to claim the fulfilment of the agent's promise. In the office, I happened, unfortunately, to encounter the prisoner. I was waiting patiently until the agent should have leisure to attend to my affairs; when the prisoner approached me, and, taking me aside by an air of friendship, inquired if I wanted a lease renewed? Not suspecting his treacherous intention, I told him I did. He then questioned me concerning my farm,—where it lay?—what was its size?—what was its quality?—what were the improvements on it?—how much of a fine I had agreed to give for a renewal?—and so on. In the simplicity of my heart, I told him all.

"He then went to a desk, wrote something on a leaf of paper, and gave it to the agent. I did not know the meaning of this; but I perceived that the agent gave a nod, and smiled, when he received it. In about half-an-hour afterwards the agent called me.

"'Well, my good fellow,' said he, 'David Forsythe, I think, is your name?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'How much money have you got?'

"'Fifty guineas—for which your honour promised last October to renew my lease of Tobergowan.'

"'I cannot recollect, my friend,' he replied; 'at any rate, I cannot do your business to-day—I shall think of it; but, call again in about a month, and you shall know the result. Good morning, sir,'—and he ran immediately to another part of the office, leaving me panic-struck, for I saw that his manner forbade me no good.

"I returned home, however, consoling myself that, at our next interview, I should set all to rights; although I was not without my fears that some of the land-jobbers were at the root of the business. My fears were correct, and our very upright prisoner there was the man. In about a week after my rebuff in Belfast, he, accompanied by one Landsdown, came to my place.

"'Well! Mr. Forsythe,' said he, saluting me with the most provoking familiarity, 'I believe I got the start of you in that renewal business. This farm, whose appearance I like vastly, now belongs to my employers, Gregg and Cunningham, of Belfast. I managed it snugly for a hundred guineas—double your offer;—but, faith! I think it was a cheap bargain, and Landsdown says I deserve good wages. But, Mr. Forsythe, in two weeks we desire you to pay up old scores, so that there will be no arrears lying on the property, and provide yourself with another lodging. Here is your written notice.'

"'Your written devil!' I exclaimed, snatching the paper from him and tearing it into pieces—'leave the place instantly, or I'll blow your brains out, you treacherous scoundrel!'

Here both the court and the audience interrupted the speaker with shouts of applause.

"But," he resumed, "in two weeks the black-hearted Judas and his companion returned, accompanied by the sub-sheriff and a large posse of armed officers. Seeing it in vain to resist, I told my wife that we must prepare to depart, and throw ourselves upon Providence for future subsistence. She ran out in a state of distraction, threw herself on her knees before the prisoner, and begged that he would have mercy and not drive her and her little ones to desolation. I was in the meantime speaking to Landsdown, and proposing to give bail for the payment of the hundred guineas to Gregg and Cunningham, besides an increase of rent, if I should be allowed to keep the farm. This offer was just refused, when I heard the prisoner shouting fiercely to my wife,—'Begone, strumpet! and prepare instantly to take your squalling brats yonder with you—or, by Saint George! I'll horsewhip you all off the place.'

"'And by Saint George! you shall be the first horsewhipped!' said I, running to him and snatching the whip from him—for I was roused almost to madness." Here the speaker was again interrupted with cheering.

"But before I could apply it to the rascal's back, I was seized by several armed men, and bound and dragged into the house.

"The prisoner swore that he would have me punished for an assault, but the sheriff and Landsdown said, that if we moved off without giving more trouble, the matter should be hushed.

"I was obliged to yield. A great portion of my stock was immediately

seized for arrears of rent, taxes, tithes, &c., due upon the place. Besides which, I had run into considerable debt for the purpose of raising the fifty guineas for the fine; and having ever since been too heart-broken to attend to any industry, and my wife's health being totally destroyed by intense grief, I may truly say that, by the selfishness, treachery, and shameless brutality of the prisoner now before you, I have been plunged into a sea of affliction, from which I can see no prospect of escape. I therefore demand of you to inflict on him a suitable punishment for his wickedness."

Amidst a murmur of approbation from the court, the speaker bowed and sat down.

Ned Moore was now called on to state his complaints; with the outlines of which the reader is already acquainted. Being more illiterate than Forsythe, and his style consequently more homespun, the following extract may be given as a specimen:

"An', as I was sayin', my lord, or worshipful judge and jury, my father died just sax years syne; and he left me the lan', as I was his auldest sin, an' had a family; so that I had it fully five years an' something mare, afore the leash was done. But done, at last, it cam' to be; an' this graceless Judas o' a prisoner was the very man that took it ow're my head, just amaisit in sitch a way as he did my neighbour Forsythe's: for the twa farms marched thegither; an' he had promised to his master employers to get them baith thrown into yin, for grazing brute eattle, whar mony a fair melder o' corn was raised to feed men an' women. An' then he came aboot it wi' sitch ill manners, after I had brak' his mooth for trying to corrupt Jenny, my dochter, as I hae tauld ye, that you would hae thought he was mair like a bear than a man. He sceezed a' we had under yae pretence or ither, an' we were turned adrift to the wide world, wi' little mair nor the sarks on oor backs."

Ned then related the assault on his family, committed in Mr. M'Culloch's neighbourhood, and concluded as follows:

"For whilk offensees, fit to be done only by a deevil, an' enough to raise the wrath o' a saint, gin it would please my lord judge an' the jury, I wad be fain to hae my hand in his heart's bluid, so that I micht be sure he wad ne'er again molest me, nor east an' ill ee on ony o' my family."

Here Ned was saluted with a complimentary cheer, and he sat down.

M'Manus now rose on the defence.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I rise reluctantly in this case; for it is a very ungrateful task to defend a villain from the justice demanded by honest men; but it is a task you have assigned me. I shall, therefore, undertake its performance as briefly as possible.

"I may have nothing very persuasive to say in defence of the accused; but to make some observations on the unreasonable obstinaey and perverseness of the accusers, may not be irrelevant.

"They mention it as a serious matter, that they were forced to abandon properties possessed by their ancestors for the *mighty period* of three or four generations back!—Ah! Gentlemen, will they revert to the condition of those men whom those very ancestors of theirs deprived of patrimonies that had been hereditary in their families from the remotest ages of our country's annals! I cannot help admiring the outcry they now make, when it becomes their turn to decamp, although only driven away by the mild and tender process of the law, enforced by a constable's staff.

"To this law, they, as true and loyal subjects of King George, owed obedience; and their tender consciences ought to have deterred them from resistance. There would have been then no sheriff's posse—no threatenings to horsewhip—no calling of strumpets and brats, and abusing of women and children. What would then have been the amount of the prisoner's offences?

Why, only deception and forestalling, and taking a fancy for a pretty girl whom he did not wish to marry. Do any of these acts, gentlemen of the jury, deserve condign punishment? or, in the case of the prisoner, did no circumstances of palliation attend their commission? Did he not deceive under orders from his superiors? Was not treachery his vocation? and was there any crime in labouring in his vocation? I admit, that he may have fulfilled his duty with too much zeal; but the delicacy of his conscience may have obliged him to do so. The Scripture tells us, that there have been some men over-righteous.

"With respect to forestalling, this was also within the vocation of the prisoner. He was bred to the chicanery of dealing; and catching a good bargain became natural to him. I know that many of our merchants despise dishonourable means of getting rich; but you are aware that there have been dishonourable as well as honourable merchants in the world; and why not permit the former to labour in their vocation as well as the latter? At the long run, the one does society no greater injury than the other. Each causes property to change hands; and if one man getting rich makes another poor, it is immaterial to the world, whether the means have been fair or foul.

"As to his falling in love with the young woman, you all know that this is a natural propensity in young men, especially such young men as strut gracefully along the area of the admiring world; with long tied hair dangling between their shoulders; with well-greased whiskers, flowing ruffles, and sparkling breast-pin; not to mention the well-cocked hat, silver-headed cane, and silver-mounted snuff-box, all in the true style of fashionable lady-hunters. Nor will any of you, gentlemen, deny, that, when a young fellow has taken a fancy for a young maiden, it is also a natural propensity to wish to embrace her. That the father of the maiden for whom the prisoner felt this propensity, resented and chastised him, was natural; but surely, gentlemen, he has no right to expect that you will interfere to help him out of the scrape; much less, to grant him revenge for a mere fanciful injury received in a love quarrel.

"I have, now, gentlemen of the jury, done my best for the prisoner, if you think I have not done enough to remove, or at least to palliate, the enormous nature of the charges that have been adduced against him, I cannot help it. I can only deplore the insufficiency of all arguments to weaken conviction, when conviction is built upon fact. I shall, therefore, leave his fate to your disposal." He then bowed to the court and sat down.

The judge now delivered a very learned and argumentative charge to the jury. He clearly showed the heinousness of the crimes that had been proved against the prisoner; and exposed both the false premises and sophistical deductions so ingeniously, as he termed it, used by the eloquent counsel for the defence. He concluded by mentioning, that it was his own unqualified opinion, that the prisoner was guilty of the crimes charged against him; and that, if they agreed with him, they had no alternative but to find accordingly.

In a few minutes the jury gave in the awful verdict of Guilty; which has caused many a poor prisoner, of firmer nerves than Clearfield, to tremble from head to foot. The clerk read it aloud; and the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon the unhappy culprit, who piteously looked at him with a countenance of anguish, that must have melted the hearts of all present, had they not been Hearts of Steel.

His sentence was that he should be taken to the dungeon whence he came, and there, without further delay, strangled until he should be dead, after which his body should be carried to the crossing of two public roads,



about four miles distant, and there hung upon a pole, with the following label affixed to its breast :—

“A WARNING TO OPPRESSORS !

“LET THEM BEWARE OF AN INCENSED PEOPLE.”

This sentence was rigidly carried into execution ; and as was expected, spread terrible alarm and dismay throughout the country.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

THE distracted state of the North now imperiously demanded the attention of Government ; and Major Rosendale was ordered to proceed, at the head of three companies of the 59th regiment, to reinforce the garrison of Carrickfergus.

The day after his arrival there, as he was walking alone on the parade-ground, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a young lady leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman in the garb of a clergyman. They walked slowly towards the pier, which is a continuation of the parade-ground, formed by a low portion of the rock on which the castle stands.

Frederick obtained but an indistinct view of the lady's face ; but he conceived it to be handsome ; and as to her person, he felt such pleasure in gazing on it, that he was tempted to follow at a respectful distance, for the purpose of prolonging the enjoyment.

The lady, by accident looking round, perceived the fixed steadiness of his gaze upon her which aroused him instantly from the deep abstraction of his admiration, to a feeling of shame and confusion. She was also embarrassed, and requested her companion to return.

“Let us go a little further, my child,” said he, “unless you are fatigued or unwell. I should like to show you the stone on which that glorious champion of civil and religious liberty, King William, first stepped, on landing in this kingdom.”

“I shall be glad to see this celebrated stone,” she replied, “for which the people of Carrickfergus have so much veneration.”

They advanced towards the end of the pier, while Frederick remained stock-still, under a load of self-accusation and reproach.

From this silly state he was suddenly startled by a scream from the lady. He ran forward.

“Oh! my grandfather!” she cried, “He has fallen from the quay, and will be drowned !”

Frederick, in a moment, sprang to where the old man was struggling with the waves. He soon caught him, carried him to the front of the pier, and with difficulty ascended the slippery and rudely-hewn steps, which afford a landing-place when the tide, as was then the case, is at ebb. It was from the fourth or fifth of these steps, to which the old gentleman had descended for the purpose of getting a nearer view of some shell-fish, that he slipped and had fallen into the sea ; the ebbing waves of which, had it not been for the timely assistance of Frederick Rosendale, would soon have carried him beyond all chance of safety.

“Oh! my grandfather! does he still live?” cried the lady, running to embrace the wet figure, which hung over Frederick's shoulder, as he reached the top of the wharf.

The old man that instant opened his eyes, as if the warmth and tenderness of her embrace had been his restorative.

"My Isabella! my child! where is my child?" cried he, not yet able to perceive her distinctly.

"I am here! my dear grandfather," she replied, again embracing him, "I am your Isabella."

"Ah! thank Heaven! you are safe; I feared you had also fallen."

Several people, who knew the Rev. Mr. McCulloch, had by this time reached the place; for it was to that gentleman Frederick had thus rendered such timely assistance. He was immediately carried to the house of a friend, where his deliverer was politely invited to attend. He did so as soon as he had got rid of his wet clothing, and, of course, received profuse and sincere acknowledgments of gratitude for the service he had rendered.

But the young lady—she whose acknowledgments would have been to him the most grateful of rewards—was silent. Her eyes, however, spoke thanks, if her lips did not. He had now seen her face distinctly; and he found it lovely and attractive beyond any other he had ever beheld.

She was dressed in a gown of white muslin, with a green silk handkerchief neatly fitted to her shoulders, so as to leave her neck uncovered, except where some clusters of sable ringlets flowed naturally down, exhibiting a contrast of colours with the smooth and snowy skin. A cap of green silk velvet, ornamented with a gold band and tassels, and a plume of white ostrich feathers, confined the curling tresses that shaded her forehead. Her eyes were of a dark hazel hue, approaching to black, overarched with well-defined delicate eye-brows, and shaded with long black eye-lashes, through which they beamed on Frederick an expression of gratitude, which touched his soul and captivated his heart. When a medical attendant announced that her grandfather had sustained no material injury, a look of thanks, giving illuminated her features, which soon relaxed into a lovely smile; not unseen by her admirer, who did not fail to behold the shining rows of pearls that were surrounded by those ruby lips.

Long would Frederick have protracted an interview which afforded him the luxury of beholding such beauty, had not propriety at length suggested that he must withdraw. "Mr. McCulloch," said he, "I must reluctantly bid you good evening, for it is near the hour of parade; but, with your permission, I shall do myself the pleasure to see you in the morning, when, I hope you will be perfectly recovered from the effects of your accident."

"My kind friend!—my gallant preserver!" replied the divine, "I shall be most happy to see you; and, if occasion should ever lead you towards Ballycarney, I hope you will not pass my humble residence without considering it, and, if time will permit, using it, as your own."

"Be assured," replied Frederick, "I shall avail myself of this invitation, —and that, perhaps, not unfrequently; for I anticipate much advantage from cultivating an acquaintance, which has commenced under circumstances so extraordinary and interesting."

He now turned to bid Isabella good evening. He made his bow,—she slightly returned it. He hesitated—he wished to speak—he became embarrassed—he stammered—he wanted to name her;—for he had heard her surname mentioned, and it had struck him that she was in all probability the niece whom that M'Manus he had saved from the hands of assassins in the old Castle, had described as the only living relative he possessed.

On such occasions as these, the quick eye of female discernment, and the ready resources of female self-possession often shine to advantage. Isabella interfered; for she pitied the youth, and, perhaps, suspected something of his malady.

"Major Rosendale," said she, "I beg leave to express my sincere gratitude to you for your bravery and promptitude to-day, in saving my grandfather's life."

"Madam—Miss M'—Miss M'Manus," replied he, "I am rejoiced—that is, Madam—I am happy in having been the means of rendering you a service. To become the object of such gratitude, surely no man could esteem any task difficult, nor any difficulty insurmountable."

"You had danger as well as difficulty to encounter," observed Isabella, "for you could not know the depth of the water."

"There was no time to think of either danger or difficulty," replied Frederick, "when duty and humanity required instant action. To have done so would have been unmanly—unworthy of a rational being and a Christian."

"I honour such sentiments —" said Mr. M'Culloch.

"But we detain Major Rosendale," observed Isabella, interrupting him. "Perhaps his present duty requires instant attendance."

He withdrew with a palpitating heart, his whole frame labouring under sensations of a kind he had never before experienced—undefinable but delicious.

Frederick soon hurried over the ceremony of the parade; for he was in no humour to enjoy military show, or the company of soldiers. He then hastened to his chambers in the Castle. His servant brought him tea, &c., for he refused to attend the mess; but he ate nothing; his appetite was gone. He ordered his attendant away; threw himself on his bed—endeavoured to calm his agitated spirits, and to collect and arrange his scattered and confused ideas.

"She is indeed a lovely girl!" he soliloquized. "What a countenance of beauties! and what an expression of affection, tenderness, and intelligence, does it exhibit! and as to her form, surely woman could not be made with more symmetry. I will see her to-morrow. I wish it were come, though I do not know how I shall apologise for my behaviour, or make her think better of me. But why? perhaps it would be best to think no more of her. The Rosendale family have pride and dignity and rank to support, and I am its apparent heir. Would it sound well with my brother? But no matter! She would do honour to any family. Her education and her elegant manners speak for that. Her beauty,—ah! my heart has decided upon that. Her rank I may consider at least equal to my own. She is heiress to an ancient family, and a family, too, that claims our Meath property by a hereditary title. Our marriage would unite our claims, and do justice to all parties. My brother will never marry;—our offspring would then be the undisputed inheritors. It is fixed! it is fixed! I feel it. Oh! if I win her, how happy I shall be in the possession of such a jewel! And win her I shall, if tenderness, assiduity, and love—unequalled, passionate love,—can do it!"

At length the Castle-bell struck eleven; and he fell into a confused species of slumber, in which the image of Isabella's loveliness and of her fancied displeasure still continued to haunt him.

The bell had just struck twelve, when he was aroused by a sudden and continued noise, which he could not explain. He got up, rushed out, and found the soldiers all in an uproar. No one could at first tell what was the matter; but a terrible noise was heard, as if the Castle was beleaguered by an enemy. The drums beat to arms—the portcullis was lowered—the draw-bridge raised—the cannon pointed—matches were preparing—and every man was running with alarm and speed to his post.

The only replies that Frederick could obtain to his inquiries were such as the following. "Indeed, sir, we cannot tell what it is. If it were not for the peace, we might suppose it to be the French, or the Spaniards, or the

Dutch; but it must be either the White-boys, or the Green-boys, or the Oak-Boys, or the Hearts of Steel, or the Devil. There goes the long roll on the drum to the north wing; now it is to the east; now to the south. Ah! the Castle is surrounded. Who the devil can they be that have made this attack?"

"That is exactly what I am myself inquiring," observed Frederick. At this moment he perceived Colonel Jennings, the commandant of the garrison, approaching. "My dear Colonel," said he, "you see us all in confusion and astonishment at these unaccountable sounds, which seem to issue from every part of the Castle. Can you afford any explanation of them?"

"I can afford no other," replied the Colonel, "than that this must be one of the freaks of our Castle Spectre Button Cap; for, since every old building has its spectre, it would be a shame if the most ancient castle in Ireland should be destitute of such an appendage! But, Major, order all the men into their quarters—except about a dozen whom I wish you to bring along; for I am determined, if possible, to discover whether this wonderful drummer be really material or immaterial. This is the third time, since I have commanded here, that Button Cap has played his pranks in this fortress."

Frederick selected his patrol; and, ordering the rest of the troops to return to their berths, accompanied the Colonel in his search after Button Cap. They spent nearly two hours exploring every chamber, closet, cellar, and excavation they could discover about the Castle from which the noise had been heard to proceed, and where it was likely they should meet with this extraordinary alarmist; but it was in vain. The noise had ceased for half an hour, and they were about abandoning the search, when a soldier in advance of the party, on opening the door of a small closet, built in a narrow gallery on the second floor of the north wing, was startled by the appearance of a tall man, dressed in blue uniform faced with red, having on his head a scarlet cap with a large polished button by way of cockade.

"Halt! comrades!" exclaimed the figure in a voice that made the whole gallery ring. That moment the soldier was knocked down, and his light dashed out; and the next, a shock, loud as the explosion of a thunderbolt, startled the whole party with a sensation as if the floor on which they stood had fallen from beneath their feet. They rushed forward with other lights to the closet; but it contained no visible living creature, either earthly or spiritual. The ceiling, the walls, the flooring,—every part where it would have been possible for even a mouse to conceal itself, was examined with fruitless accuracy. They at length gave over the search, greatly chagrined at their disappointment, but convinced that they had all heard the spectre; while the man who had fallen was ready to swear, and actually the next morning did swear, that he had both seen and felt the renowned Button Cap.

"Really, what to think of this adventure, I cannot tell," said Jennings to Frederick before they parted for their chambers: "only I am persuaded that it must either have been flesh and blood that knocked down our soldier, or he must have fallen from excess of fear. Curse the booby! If he had only taken care of the light, Button Cap, be he man or devil, could not have escaped us."

"The pranks of this noisy spectre," said Frederick, "you have stated to be of old origin. Have you heard, Colonel, how long it is since he first commenced them?"

"The first of his frolics I have heard of," replied the Colonel, "was shortly before the landing of King William at this place. Since then, it is said that no war has either begun or ended, nor any one of our kings died, nor any heir apparent been born, nor any great battle been lost or won, without the event being celebrated by this mysterious musician. It is the legend of the place that shortly before the revolution the governor of the fortress un-

justly ordered a certain drummer to be put to death. Before suffering, the unfortunate drummer declared with great bitterness that he should beat drums in this Castle long after the governor should spit fire in the lower regions; and you perceive, Major, that he has been punctual to his word."

"That is," replied Frederick, "if the governor has been so unfortunate as to descend to those regions; which I hope, in charity to him, is not the case. But this affair is still a mystery."

"That is as plain as the church steeple at noon-day," returned the Commandant. "But, Major, good night! I trust that by this time Button Cap needs sleep too much himself to disturb ours again for this night."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

COUNTER-IRRITATION is a species of remedy, from which physicians often witness the most salutary effects in even very aggravated cases. It was in the manner of such a remedy that the excitement produced by Button Cap on this occasion, greatly relieved Frederick's mind from the high effervescence into which, as we have seen, the incidents of the preceding day had thrown it.

After breakfast, he went to visit Miss M'Manus. He found her lively, blooming, and in high spirits. Her grandfather was almost perfectly recovered; and they talked of returning to Ballycarney in a few hours.

"You had last night a busy time of it in the Castle, I am told?" said Mr M'Culloch to Frederick, after the usual salutations were over: "this Button Cap has been at his old freaks."

"Yes, we had indeed a wonderful night. I suppose the whole town knows of it. What is the general opinion on the subject?"

"If by the general opinion you mean the opinion of the majority," said the divine, "it is, that Button Cap is as certainly the ghost of a murdered drummer, who threatened to haunt the Castle in revenge for his death, as that the Decalogue was given to Moses."

"And may I ask what the minority think of it?" said Frederick.

"The minority are divided on the subject. Some think that the noise is only occasioned by the wind whistling through the port-holes and other openings and fissures in the walls. Others believe that the whole affair is brought about by the contrivance of some mischievous wags, who take delight in alarming the superstitious fears of the garrison and the townspeople. If I dare to differ with the majority, I should myself incline to the latter opinion; for the music of Button Cap has been heard when neither of the four winds of heaven were stirring."

"But an earthly Button Cap runs great risk of detection," said Frederick; "and I am astonished how such a one could have escaped our patrol last night. Still there are some daring fellows, no doubt, who will venture much for the sake of mischief; and, in this instance, the performer of Button Cap may conceive that the greater the danger, the greater the glory."

"But, my dear Major," said the Clergyman, "the danger in this case may not be so great as we might imagine. Some person may be acquainted with concealed passages and excavations amidst the massive walls, or even under the foundations, of this ancient Castle, which are unknown to the public. Within these a long and loud clamour may be made without fear of detection."

"But there might be danger in the garrison taking summary vengeance on their tormentor, should they catch him," observed Frederick.

"I acknowledge it," replied the divine; "and must consider, after all, that Button Cap, if he be really of terrestrial mould, exhibits too much foolhardiness, and that his pranks may yet end in some unlucky catastrophe.—But, my dear Major, when will you honour me with a visit at Ballycarney? I intend setting off, after dinner, for that home, which but for you I should never more have seen. If your engagements would permit you to join company, my old woman would be delighted. She will not, indeed, be content till she sees the preserver of her husband's life."

"Were it not for these unlucky Hearts of Steel," replied Frederick, "I should at once obtain leave of absence, and have the happiness to attend you. I am selected to conduct, this very evening, an expedition, concerning which I have not yet received particular instructions; be assured, however, that on my return I shall not fail to visit you."

"This misguided combination is, in every respect, unfortunate for our country," observed the divine. "Their depredations and atrocities are really insufferable in a civilised community. It is true, they had grievances to complain of; but their sanguinary outrages have now lost for them the sympathy and commiseration of good men, and will only have the effect of adding tenfold to their own misfortunes."

"The murder and exposure of Clearfield," said Frederick, "was a dreadfully dark and daring business. For the safety and honour of the country, its perpetrators ought to be hunted up and punished."

"It was an awful deed," replied the Clergyman, "and augurs deeds still more awful and disastrous yet to come. Clearfield, indeed, I know to have been a wicked man, and very obnoxious to the peasantry. But still, the vengeance they have taken is indefensible. Would to Heaven they could be brought to a sense of their duty by milder means than military interference! for it is a dreadful resource for a nation to direct against its own offspring. But, in this case, I fear it is indispensable."

"It is a disagreeable duty, I acknowledge," said Frederick, "to draw the sword against our own countrymen; but, when it is to protect the orderly and virtuous part of the community against the riotous and wicked, I hope you will conceive it not only justifiable, but necessary."

Here Isabella, who had been absent during the greater part of the preceding conversation, entered the room; and shortly after, Mr. McCulloch being called out on some business, Frederick, for the first time, found himself unexpectedly alone with the mistress of his heart. On visiting her to-day, he had resolved to act with such propriety and self-possession as would serve to remove from her mind whatever bad impressions it might have received from the rudeness and awkwardness of his yesterday's conduct. But, however much a young lover may resolve to act discreetly, he frequently finds it a difficult matter to perform. In avoiding Scylla, he is apt to fall into Charybdis; and, on the present occasion, Frederick, afraid above all things of showing rudeness, relapsed into awkwardness. He wished to apologise for his unintentional misbehaviour. The sentence was formed in his mind—the words hung upon his lips; but, on lifting his eyes to behold her countenance, it shone with so much good-nature and loveliness, that his lips were sealed; and he had not power to advert to any thing disagreeable. He became disconcerted, agitated, confused—and remained silent. Isabella now relieved him, as she had formerly done, from his perplexity.

"Major Rosendale," said she, "the spectre of your Castle must have very much disturbed you last night?"

"My mind was, indeed, greatly disturbed last night, Miss M'Manus, from various causes; but the spectre was far from being the chief of them. The recollection of the offence I must have, however, undesignedly, given you by my impertinent gazing at you on the wharf yesterday, stung me to

the soul with the most afflicting sensations. But, believe me, until your look recalled me to myself, I was unconscious of impropriety."

"Where there was no consciousness, there could be no offence," replied Isabella smiling. "I am sorry, therefore, that you gave yourself any uneasiness on that account. For me, although I thought your gaze was rather pointed, it would have been too much vanity to have supposed that I alone was its object."

"Ah! Miss M'Manus, I must confess that you alone were indeed its object. At that moment I saw no other earthly being. Yet I assure you that I did not look at you with anything like irreverence;—

"Sir," she replied, "if that fear of offending me which you mention, be nothing more than pretence, you will cease such overstrained compliments; for your language of to-day is more likely to become offensive than your gaze of yesterday!"

"Pardon me, Miss M'Manus," said he, much embarrassed at this rebuke; "I neither wish to offend by language nor by looks. But if, in expressing my regret for the one, I have, as you think, overstrained the other, I beg that you will ascribe the fault to the force of my feelings, and not to any wish to flatter.—"Alas! Miss M'Manus, I know not how to address you. I wish to apologise for my yesterday's indiscretions, and to gain that good opinion which they may have caused you to withhold from me; but I find that my attempt only adds to my disgrace; and that, instead of removing bad impressions from your mind, I am only, through my stupidity, confirming them."

"I can perceive no stupidity about you," said she in a somewhat soothing manner, "nor have I harboured any unfavourable impression concerning you. Could I harbour unfavourable impressions concerning the deliverer of my grandfather? No, Sir; your noble and generous conduct to that old man secures to you my gratitude for ever."

"And that gratitude is my dearest and best reward!" exclaimed he, for an instant forgetting himself in the delight occasioned by her avowal.

At this moment the door opened; and the return of Mr M'Culloch prevented Frederick from adding to his improprieties by a too sudden and premature disclosure of his passion.

The divine was followed into the room by a grave-looking elderly personage, of a tall figure, and time-wrinkled countenance, dressed in the coarse but decent apparel of a comfortable farmer. He made his first salutation to Isabella, and then approached with a measured step, and a respectful but formal bow towards Frederick, to whom Mr M'Culloch introduced him by the name of Mr Samuel Garvin, one of the elders of his congregation.

"The report of my accident," continued he, "has alarmed my kind-hearted people; and Mr Garvin has come here, at the request of his neighbours, to ascertain the extent of my injury, and has requested me to introduce him to the preserver of my life."

"Major," said the elder, "I was fain to see the man wha, under Providence, has been the instrument o' saving oor minister; an' to thank you, wi' a' the sincerity o' an honest heart, for the Christian part ye hae performed. An' you will get the prayers o' the congregation, an' the blessing o' God for it would hae been a sair loss to oor parish, had we lost sitch a pastor, wha's ministry noo, for six and thirty year, has never ceased to work for oor guid, and to communicate abundantly to us the oot-poorings o' the gospel o' grace. Forgie me, Sir, if I mak' owre free wi' ye; but I am sae glad to see oor auld minister safe, that I canna help thankin' you for what ye hae done for him an' us."

"I am delighted," said Frederick, "to have had the power of rendering

such an acceptable service to the good people of your congregation; and I am doubly delighted to find that my reverend friend is situated among such a virtuous and kind people, who, having experienced his worth, have the good sense to appreciate it, and the gratitude to acknowledge it with such zealous affection."

"My flock have ever been affectionate towards me," observed Mr. M'Culloch. "I have endeavoured conscientiously to perform my duty towards them as a minister of Christ; and I have reason to bless God that my labours have not been altogether without usefulness. But the affectionate regard of my people exceeds my merits; for God knows I am too conscious of many and great deficiencies in my performance of the work assigned me."

"You hae aften tauld us o' your imperfections," said Garvin; "but it was the only thing you tauld us whilk we could ne'er believe."

"I surely cannot make," said the divine, "by any exertion within my limited powers, an adequate return for such kindness as my flock has ever shown me. I pray God, that when he chooses to separate me from it, he will raise up to it one as zealous for its welfare, and more capable of contributing to it than I have been."

"I am aulder than you, Mr. M'Culloch," observed the elder, "by at least five or six years; for I was thirty and you but twenty-four at the ordination. I hae the comfort, therefore, to think that it's likely my head will lie aneath the grass before that day comes. It will be a sair day for Ballycarney. The ablest preacher that can be taught within the college wa's o' Glasgow winna' supply the loss.—But oor neebours will be uneasy. They'll think every minute an oqr till they hear that they hae nae yet met wi' that loss. An' Mrs. M'Culloch is amaist wud wi' fear, that things may be waur than they hae been tauld her."

"We will set off instantly, my dear Isabella," said the clergyman. "Your grandmother, and all our friends, are, no doubt, extremely anxious. We must hasten to relieve their apprehensions."

Isabella assented, and they departed for Ballycarney, leaving Frederick delighted at having contributed to the happiness of such worthy and interesting people.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

COLONEL JENNINGS had received information that a meeting of a party of the Hearts of Steel was to take place that night, at a house near Lough Morne, about three miles from Carrickfergus. The object of this meeting was to concert measures for an attack on the dwelling of one Huntly, a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had incurred their displeasure, by taking the farm on which he then resided over the head of its former occupant, by outbidding him for a new lease.

This practice of making proposals to a landlord for unleased lands already tenanted, was particularly offensive to the Hearts of Steel; and whenever it occasioned the dispossession of an old tenant, scarcely ever escaped being visited with their vengeance. Huntly's cattle had, of late been frequently driven away, or *houghed*, their tails cut off, or otherwise maltreated; while he had been forewarned by several anonymous letters that, if he did not throw up his bargain, and withdraw from the farm, he should, together with his family, be subjected to the severest personal punishment.



Notwithstanding these depredations and threatenings, Huntly had hitherto persisted in holding the property, contenting himself with arming his domestics, and keeping a vigilant watch against any nocturnal attack. Having received, however, a notification from some unknown friend belonging to the Steel boys, that a certain night was fixed upon for assaulting his dwelling-house, he thought it prudent to solicit protection from the garrison of Carrickfergus.

It was in consequence of this, that Colonel Jennings despatched Major Rosendale, with about thirty soldiers, to Huntly's place. As he wished much to capture some of the assailants, for the purpose of making a legal example of them, he deferred sending off the party till towards the evening; and instructed Frederick to march quickly, but silently, lest the Hearts of Steel should hear of his intention, and be frightened from coming into his reach.

Frederick obeyed, and about three quarters of an hour brought him to a small rugged lane, which led from the main road to the place of rendezvous. Here he halted the men, in order that he might make his observations. The night though cloudy, was not so entirely dark, but that houses, hedges, trees, and even men, could be distinguished at some distance.

Frederick, ordering his party to keep close and silent, advanced cautiously, attended by two men, under the screen of an irregular and interrupted hedge, towards the rude mud-plastered hovel which formed the council-chamber of these worthy dispensers of summary justice.

He reached unnoticed the southern gable of the edifice, through a fracture in which, he could discern the fraternity, to the number, as he conjectured, of nearly forty, engaged in riotous and noisy revelling; some drinking, some singing, some swearing, some laughing, some hectoring, and very charitably consigning every land-jobber, land-holder, and government supporter in the country to eternal perdition. They seemed to be altogether as wicked, desperate, and terrifying a gang of ruffians, as ever lived on this side of the dominions of Satan. They were all either blackened or in the process of becoming so; and were abundantly armed with weapons of various descriptions. About a score of muskets, and some blunderbusses were ranged along the walls of their apartment; while pistols, bayonets, sabres, and dirks, either hung at their girdles, or were scattered about in various directions upon benches and tables, intermixed with bottles, glasses, steaming pitchers of hot punch, and pewter plates, containing a large supply of cheese, butter, and oaten cakes.

An old, wrinkled, brown-faced woman, with long, red, bare arms, was the only female to be seen among them. She was dressed in a loose hanging bedgown, made of coarse linen. Upon her head was placed a species of close linen cap, called a *dowd*, the untied greasy wings of which hung pendulating beneath her projecting under-jaws, like the gills of a turkeycock. Her short petticoat of grey flannel was scarcely supported in its place by the listing ligature which girdled her waist; while her slipper-shod feet clattered along the floor at every step she took, in administering to her clamorous and ferocious guests.

Major Rosendale now deliberated whether he might not be legally justifiable in attacking the rioters in their present quarters. After many *pros* and *cons* in his own mind, and reverting to his orders, "at all hazards, to protect Huntly's property, and to destroy or capture whoever might attack it," he concluded that he had yet discovered them in the commission of no act sufficient to justify his commencing hostilities. None of the persons he had seen were, so far as he knew, outlawed; and, as to the association itself, no particular statute legalised the summary destruction of its members by military violence, unless when detected in the commission of some unlawful

act, and even then only in case of their refusal to surrender to the laws of the land.

Leaving a small party therefore under his lieutenant to watch their motions, he, with the main body, directed his march to Huntly's. His lieutenant had instructions that if the Hearts of Steel should proceed to Huntly's, not to attack them, but if they should abandon their purpose, and either disperse or direct their course in a body elsewhere, he was to despatch immediate intelligence of such proceedings to Huntly's.

Frederick was received by Huntly with the same species of delight that a trembling culprit feels when at the foot of the gallows he perceives the anxiously expected, but now despaired of, messenger that brings him a reprieve. The welcome soldiers were accommodated and entertained to their hearts' content.—A plan for giving a warm reception to the Hearts of Steel was soon adopted. It was Frederick's great desire that they should be the aggressors: in consequence of which the house was darkened, and every thing made to appear as if the family had retired unsuspectingly to rest.

About half-past twelve o'clock the Steel Boys arrived. As they conceived they were going to meet with little resistance, a few of them advanced boldly to the door and demanded admittance.

"Who are you, and what is your will?" inquired Huntly from within.

"You will soon know that to your cost," answered one of the assailants. "We shall soon teach you to disregard our warnings—for we intend to touch both your skin and your conscience, for your greed of other people's properties. Open the door, you covetous son of a bastard! or, by the powers of mischief! we will burn the house about your ears.—Did you never hear of Captain Spitfire.

"To flames with the rascal! break in upon him, and drag him out, till we get at his heart's blood," shouted a number of infuriated voices. In an instant the door was shivered to fragments, and about five or six men rushed into eternity; for the fatal word "Fire!" was given to the soldiers, and the entry floor was strewn with fallen bodies. Supposing that this discharge proceeded only from Huntly's domestics, and that their fire-arms were now unloaded, another party rushed forward, denouncing terrible imprecations and vengeance.

"Surrender, or be shot!" cried Frederick, who did not relish this kind of nocturnal slaughter, even upon such desperate and wicked assailants.

"Surrender the Devil!" answered a man who sprang towards where he heard the voice; but instead of seizing Frederick, which he intended, he grappled with a soldier, whom he threw to the ground, and stabbed to the heart, exclaiming, "By Hell! there are military here!" The next moment he was outside of the house vociferating, "Hearts of Steel, withdraw! there is an ambush of troops within!"

"Fire again, and pursue!" cried Frederick to his soldiers as the assailants fled. He was obeyed, and three or four more of the Steel Boys fell. The small party of troops that had been left to watch their proceedings, as before mentioned, now also approached and fired amongst them, but without doing them much injury. On this party a number of Steel Boys rushed with the fury of madmen, and would have cut it to pieces, but for the rapid attack which Frederick's men made on them with their bayonets.

"Spare all who surrender," cried Frederick to his soldiers—for his heart sickened at the carnage he witnessed,—but not one offered to surrender. Every one fled who had a chance; and they who had none fought to revenge themselves, and fell uttering savage yells of bitter denunciations against their enemies.

While Frederick, careless of personal danger, ran in every direction,

anxious to take prisoners and to save lives, a man burst from a thicket upon him with a drawn sword, the thrust of which he just perceived in time to avoid by a leap backwards. That instant the man drew a pistol, presented it—and had he not hesitated to fire, Frederick would have fallen dead on the spot; but from some strange motive he did hesitate.

"By Heavens! it is he," he exclaimed, and throwing the pistol behind him he vanished like an arrow.

The Steel Boys now ceased all resistance, and fled; while the soldiers in vain pursued them in darkness, through a country well known to the fugitives, and not at all to the pursuers.

At length Frederick stopped the pursuit and led his men back to Huntly's, where he found fewer dead and wounded on either side than he expected. Among his own men three were killed, and seven or eight wounded. Of the Hearts of Steel six were killed, and ten or twelve had, it was supposed, been wounded, all of whom, except two whose wounds were severe, had contrived to make their escape during the pursuit.

The coroner's inquest the next day relieved Frederick and his party from any bad consequences attendant on the night's transaction, by returning a verdict in regard to the deceased Steel Boys, of "justifiable homicide, done in self-defence;" but in regard to the deceased soldiers, their verdict was—"Death, occasioned by a nocturnal attack of some banditti, supposed to be a party of those lawless depredators styling themselves Hearts of Steel."

The two wounded prisoners, who seemed likely to recover, were handed over to the civil power, and committed to gaol to abide their trial at the next assizes.

With the reader's permission I will here forestal events, by informing him, that when the trial of these prisoners came on, although their guilt was proved as clear as noon-day, so much was the jury in terror of the Hearts of Steel that they were acquitted, to the great surprise of the court and the consternation of the landed proprietors of the country.

In consequence of this, and several other instances of the same nature, which took place at this troublesome and alarming period, a bill was introduced into parliament which passed into a law, authorising the Sheriffs of disturbed counties to transmit prisoners accused of illegal combinations to Dublin for trial. A number of the Hearts of Steel were accordingly tried in the metropolis; but there the unconstitutionality of the "Act," under which they were transmitted from their own counties, operated as much in their favour as the terror of their confederates did in the North, and the juries acquitted them on the ground that they had no right to try them.

This remarkable fact in the history of Irish jurisprudence, although attended with some temporary bad consequences, has practically proved that there is a protecting energy in the long-established principles of our happy constitution, of which the legislature itself cannot deprive us,—a controlling power too mighty to be overcome by the united caprice of King, Lords, and Commons. It is a victorious answer to those cavillers who allege that we have no constitution independent of legislative enactments; and that the vote of a servile parliament, in accordance with the will of an ambitious monarch, is capable of annihilating our liberties.

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## CHAPTER XX.

THE disagreeable excitement produced in Frederick's mind by the foregoing transactions, in a few days began to subside; and the pleasurable desire to see again the fairest maid his eyes had ever beheld, became his

predominant feeling; in obedience to its dictates, therefore, he set out for Ballycarney.

It was on a Sacramental Saturday; and the public services of the day were just finished when he arrived. It is needless to describe the reception he met with from his kind and grateful host, in whose company he found two neighbouring clergymen, who had come to assist in administering the solemn ordinances of the ensuing day.

The elder of them, named Logan, was a little grey-headed man, of rather an austere, but venerable aspect. He spoke in the broadest tone of Scottish accentuation; and during the subsequent conversation Frederick discovered that he was a native of Ayrshire, and had in his youth been a favourite pupil of the celebrated Alexander Peden.

The younger clergyman, whose name was Cooke, was a native of Ireland. He had received his education at Glasgow, and had been only a few months ordained to the ministry. He was tall and somewhat slender in his person, with an expression of countenance, lively, keen, and occasionally approaching towards the sarcastic. From his discourse, it was apparent that, unlike his reverend seniors, poetry and other kinds of light literature had constituted a large and favourite portion of his studies; and while Mr Logan delighted chiefly to enforce his remarks by quotations from Rutherford's Letters, Watson on the Catechism, or Boston's Fourfold State, Cooke preferred drawing from the stores of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope. As, however, he was orthodox in all great doctrinal points, such of his reverend coadjutors as kept up the austere and venerable formality of old times, had the good nature to overlook the innovations which he and some others of their younger brethren were introducing into the manners and phraseology of their body.

With respect to Mr McCulloch's sentiments concerning this revolution which was evidently taking place in the clerical manners, he looked upon it as one of those non-essentials to which custom should always give law. He had himself considerably relaxed in many minor points from the rigidity of ancient Puritanism; and was looked upon, by the more bigoted of his brother-presbyters, as of too pliant a disposition to take up a testimony in defence of mere forms, however much they might be sanctified by usage, or recommended by the authority of great and venerated names.

From the society of these three reverend and learned gentlemen Frederick derived much satisfaction. He also acquired considerable knowledge of the views, sentiments, and habits of that most industrious portion of all his countrymen, the Presbyterians of Ulster. He had been taught to believe that they were a selfish, dogmatical, and illiberal race of sectarians, more inveterately opposed to the national church establishment than even the Roman Catholics themselves; and that their cold, plodding, narrow, money-making habits, were directly the reverse of the warm, generous open-heartedness of the Southern Irish. He saw them, indeed, industrious and careful; but he also saw them generous and hospitable; more prudent and calculating, perhaps, but not less cordial and friendly; more guarded in their morals, but not less amiable in their manners; more pious, but certainly not more bigoted than the people of the South.

"They have, indeed, Hearts of Steel among them," he observed to himself, when he had retired to rest and was reflecting on this subject; "but these form only a very small portion of the more ignorant class of the community. But have we not in the South our White-boys, our Levelling-boys, our Ultagh-boys, our Twelve o'clock-boys, and various other insurrectionary combinations of perpetual standing? On this ground, therefore, we can surely boast of no superiority over our Northern countrymen."

No notice has yet been taken of Miss M'Manus. She had given him a

very flattering reception, and paid him considerable attention during the evening; for she was anxious to show him that he was mistaken in supposing she harboured any unfavourable impression respecting either the propriety of his manners, or the goodness of his understanding. Perhaps he would have had more cause to have been gratified, had she been less unembarrassed and consistent in her efforts to please him; for he had sagacity enough to know, even if his own experience had not taught him, that when the heart is affected, the manners cannot be easy.

"Had her civilities towards me," thought he, "been more constrained, I should have augured better of my interest in her heart. Ah! if she felt for me as I feel for her, she would have been as awkward as I have been. I will persevere—my assiduities, my tenderness, my devotedness, may yet make some impression. But what if I have a rival? I fancied once or twice that the young clergyman, Cook, exchanged favourable looks with her,—but it might be only fancy. God forgive me for jealousy! But I'll be resolute; and torment myself no more, until I discover whether my surmises be well-founded."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE Sabbath morning dawned—the Sacramental Sabbath, a day of high importance to the people of Ballyearney. Many a pious heart hailed it with a solemn invocation to the Deity, that he would prepare their hearts for the great occasion, and render them worthy partakers of the memorials of their Redeemer's love and sufferings for them.

In the Presbyterian congregations of the North of Ireland, the sacrament is usually administered but twice a-year. This unfrequency, and the circumstance of its never being administered but in public communion, render such an occasion the more impressive on the minds of the people, who regard it as a solemn religious jubilee, during which greater fervour in their devotions, and greater strictness in the duties inculcated by their faith, are required of them.

By the good pastor of Ballyearney, the duties of this important day were commenced, as those of the preceding had been finished, with family worship. As soon as all the inmates of the family were forthcoming they were invited into the parlour to join in that act of devotion.

When all were assembled and adjusted Mr McCulloch read a portion of the Scriptures, and then "those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide," were sung by the whole company, to the tune of "Martyrs," and the service was concluded by kneeling before "Heaven's eternal King;" while their reverend host addressed an eloquent and fervent prayer to "the Gracious Power," that he would make them truly thankful for all past favours; that he would pardon all their past transgressions; and for the future, lead and guide them "in the way in which they should go." He prayed especially for his "assisting might," to support himself through the solemn and awful duties of the day; and earnestly entreated that, while his people participated in those elements that were symbolical of their Saviour's "broken body and shed blood," they should, at the same time, be fed with the Heavenly manna that produceth eternal life.

After breakfast the party proceeded without delay to the meeting-house, which was about half a mile distant. It was situated in the centre of a smooth level green now occupied by a large assemblage of the parishioners; who, dressed in their best apparel were collected in various groups, awaiting

the arrival of the ministers to commence the services of the day. The house itself was of large dimensions, calculated, with its galleries, to hold between three and four thousand people.

At one side of the Green, near its principal entrance, there was a smaller house, containing only one apartment, called the Session House, where the minister and elders held their sittings to deliberate and decide upon congregational affairs. On entering the Green, the two senior clergymen retired into this house; while Frederick, Mr Cooke, and Isabella walked forwards among the people. In a short time Frederick was recognised by Mr Garvin, the elder who had been introduced to him in Carrickfergus. He saluted him respectfully, and hinted how much he was pleased with his pious choice of a sacramental occasion for his visit. He then introduced him to several of the more respectable parishioners, as the gentleman who had so gallantly saved their minister's life. The report immediately spread over the whole Green.

"That is the young officer who saved Mr M'Culloch from drowning!" was repeated by every body: and all eyes were directed towards him, and many a blessing was pronounced upon his head. Wherever he approached, every man moved his hat, and every woman made her courtesy in token of respect and gratitude. Some had even the forwardness to address him without any introduction, and to express their thanks for the service he had rendered their congregation. On one occasion, as Isabella and he walked together, he could overhear, or at least he fancied he overheard, some of the young women whispering to each other.—"What a weel-farred pair! how weel they wad suit for man an' wife!" Whether Isabella heard these whispers, he could not tell; but he perceived that she felt uneasy, for she blushed deeply; and leading the way to Mr Cooke who, at a short distance, was conversing with some of the people, she requested that they might retire into the church.

When Frederick was seated in Mr M'Culloch's family pew he leisurely surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice, to all parts of which his eye could reach.

The long space which intersected the pews, from one end of the house to the other, and which was usually vacant, was, on this day, occupied by a triple row of benches; the middle one of which, being the Communicants' Table, was of course the highest, the others being for seats. This table was neatly covered with extremely clean white linen, as was also a small square table, placed in the area before the pulpit, which contained the sacramental elements of bread and wine.

Frederick had scarcely time to make these observations, when the door near the pulpit opened, and the Reverend Messrs M'Culloch and Logan ascended to the place from whence divine instruction had so often flowed from the lips of the former. The congregation now thronged in; and in a few minutes the pews were filled, and the people attentive.

Mr M'Culloch rose, and commenced the worship of God, by a short invocation to the Holy Spirit to inspire his efforts, and impress the sentiments he should deliver upon the hearts of his audience. During this invocation the people stood up. As soon as they had re-seated themselves, the preacher desired them to join in celebrating the mercies of God by singing the twenty-third Psalm, which they did, to the tune of "Dundee's wild-warbling measures," with fervency and energy that caused Frederick to esteem it the most heartfelt scene of religious praise he had ever witnessed.

The Psalm being finished, the congregation again stood up; while their pastor, lifting his hands and directing his looks towards Heaven, poured forth his soul, in a strain of the most moving and earnest supplication that, in Frederick's opinion, had ever flowed from a pulpit.

When the prayer was concluded, and the people again seated, the preacher opened the sacred oracles of Christian faith, from which he selected as the subject of his discourse the emphatic words, "It is finished!" the last uttered by the Redeemer ere he threw off the mortality of his human nature,—the words by which he announced the great work of our salvation to be completed. From this text the reverend orator proceeded to descant in an eloquent strain upon the vastness of the love and tenderness of the Deity for his creatures.

The preacher next proceeded to the usual ceremony of "fencing the Table," by inviting the worthy, and forbidding the unworthy, to partake of the HOLY SUPPER.

For the purpose of maintaining order, and preventing any scandalous or notoriously profane person from obtruding himself among the communicants at the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper, the custom of furnishing such as are considered worthy of this high privilege with tickets, or "tokens," small pieces of metal, impressed with a particular stamp, was adopted. These tokens are distributed either by the minister himself, or by any of the elders, none else having authority for that purpose.

When the sermon on this occasion was concluded, the preacher prescribed Rouse's version of the twenty-fourth Psalm, to be sung by the congregation; during which he descended from the pulpit: while as many of the people as could conveniently find seats upon the benches on each side of the Communicants' Table, rose slowly and regularly from their pews to occupy them.

The "first table" being thus filled up, and the elders having adjusted the bread and wine upon the small square table before noticed, the minister proceeded to pronounce over these elements a short blessing; and then distributed a portion of each of them to such of the communicants as were nearest to him; the elders taking upon themselves the charge of distributing to the rest.

Religious eloquence is, perhaps, more impressive than any other. Frederick Rosendale thought that he never heard anything half so forcible as the strain of pathetic and sublime oratory with which Mr. McCulloch, for the space of about forty minutes, now addressed the communicants, who sat at the table of the Lord's Supper.

Tears flowed from their eyes as he painted the Redeemer's sufferings in such strong colours that the heart of the most obdurate could scarcely endure the picture. He aroused their indignation against sin, the detestable cause of such a catastrophe, to a state which could not fail to make a durable impression on their minds. He then excited their surprise and astonishment, by the felicitous manner in which he reminded them that the object of all this suffering was the spotless Son of God.

When this address was finished, the communicants arose from the table, during the singing of a portion of the Psalms, and their places were taken by another company. This second company had the solemn ordinance administered to them by the Rev. Mr. Logan, whose address continued about half an hour; and although esteemed by Frederick to be less striking than Mr. McCulloch's, was nevertheless admitted to be very appropriate to the occasion.

A third serving up of the sacred banquet was found necessary to accommodate the great number who had received "tokens" of admission, the duties of which were performed in a very neat, dignified, and impressive style, by Mr Cooke. But, accurate and tasteful as were the language and gestures of the young orator, to Frederick, these were insipid qualifications, when compared with those bursts of passion, those soul-harrowing descriptions of Mr McCulloch, by which he had been so entirely overpowered.

Such of the congregation as had partaken of this Divine banquet were

now addressed by their pastor, in a brief but earnest exhortation, to be ever mindful and strict in the performance of the duties incumbent upon them, in their holy and glorious character of Christian worshippers, which, by their public participation of the solemn ordinance of this day, they had before men and angels avowed themselves to be.

He then addressed the Throne of Grace, the people standing up, as usual, to join in his prayer—that the Almighty would bless the ceremonies of that day, in such a manner that all present might enjoy eternal advantages therefrom.

Psalms were again sung: after which the congregation was dismissed with the apostolic benediction pronounced upon it.

Frederick withdrew, with the clergymen and the rest of Mr M'Culloch's household, to the dwelling-house of the latter, where they partook of a short repast. In about an hour they returned to the church; when Mr Cooke resumed the performance of Divine Service, and preached an excellent sermon, abounding with good taste, good sense, good morals, and scriptural doctrines. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the public worship of the most piously-spent day Frederick Rosendale had ever witnessed, terminated; and the people of the congregation of Ballycarney returned to their homes, with their hearts deeply and thoroughly impressed with that holy gratitude and adoration which they owed to the great and beneficent Being, whose almighty power had brought them into existence, and whose infinite goodness had rescued them from the deplorable effects of their own transgressions.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day, Major Rosendale again accompanied the clerical party to church, where Mr Logan delivered a sermon in the genuine style of Cameronianism. It was divided into an alarming number of *ninthlys* and *tenthlys*, and consisted chiefly of a technical disquisition concerning the comparative soundness of the creeds of Calvin and Arminius. It contained, however, some observations and figures of speech amusing for their originality and quaintness, and, on the whole, seemed to give great satisfaction to the audience;—even Frederick thought there was something in the venerable antiquity of the style, and the apparent zeal and sincerity of the preacher, not unworthy of a Christian pulpit.

But there was an individual in the pew with Frederick whose presence would have made the most tedious sermon appear to him short, and the most uncouth phraseology pleasant. The reader need not be told that this was Miss M'Manus. Wherever she was, it would have been impossible for him to have thought anything either tedious or disagreeable; and it must be confessed, that while Mr Logan was labouring hard to convince him of Calvin's orthodoxy, his mind was so totally absorbed in contemplation of the virgin flower that bloomed before him, that he did not comprehend one word of the good man's reasoning.

He had as yet discovered nothing that could in the slightest degree tend to confirm the wandering suspicion he entertained of an attachment between her and Mr Cooke.

"I may be mistaken—I trust I am mistaken in this matter," he said to himself as he gazed upon her, with a sigh; just at the moment when Mr Logan, raising his voice suddenly to its highest pitch, and striking the pulpit cushion with energy, looked down, as Frederick imagined, upon him, and demanded:—



"What does the reprobate sigh for?" Then, after a considerable pause, he continued: "I'll tell you, my fricn's! He sighs for the carnal delights and filth o' the world! But the converted sighs for the immortal joys o' Heaven! the inestimable riches o' free grace!—This is the first distinction between them. I could tell ye o' twenty distinctions, but I'll content myself wi' ten."

The reader however will, we dare say, be content with the one already told: we shall not therefore trouble him with the remaining nine.

The effect of this pulpit salutation was almost too much for Frederick's self-possession: it had astonished him, as well as touched him on a tender point; and though he instantly perceived it to be merely accidental, he found it impossible, during the remainder of the sermon, to recover his ease and equanimity.

The cheerful and lively disposition of his friends on their way to Mr M'Culloch's, after the service was over, entirely dissipated every disagreeable sensation; and he became once more as happy as the presence of his heart's best-beloved could make him.

He was still, indeed, uncertain as to the state of her feelings respecting him; but during the evening, he was set perfectly at ease respecting any attachment between her and Mr Cooke. That gentleman, in a confidential manner, informed him that he was under engagements to be married in a few weeks to a young lady of his own congregation; and wished much, if circumstances should permit, to have his company at the wedding. He added, that his friend Mr M'Culloch was engaged to perform the ceremony, and that he is expected Miss M'Manus would be present.

Frederick replied, that he considered himself honoured by the invitation; and if his professional duty would permit, and no other untoward accident should interfere, he would certainly do himself the pleasure to attend.

"The present forms of our church," observed Cooke, "impose on all candidates for matrimony a task, which, particularly to a young couple, is very disagreeable,—namely, the submitting to have their intended nuptials proclaimed in the presence of the assembled congregation three different sabbaths before they take place. In your church, you can evade this unpleasant form of publishing the banns by taking a license; and if I live to obtain any influence in our synod, I shall attempt to procure, at least some relaxation of the custom in ours."

"It is a custom," said Frederick, "that may indced sometimes prevent hasty and imprudent marriages; but must be always repugnant to the feelings of delicacy and modesty, especially of a young female. I am glad that you have such liberal views on the subject; but what will your more rigid seniors say to your proposed reformation?"

"They will oppose it with all their might," replied Cooke; but the good folks within doors will be waiting tea for us."

As he conjectured, so it was: and Frederick sat down, with a light and joyful heart, to partake of that elegant beverage, prepared and distributed by the fair hand which he now indulged in sanguine hopes of some time or other making his own. He ardently wished for an opportunity of declaring to Isabella, in form, his feelings and intentions; but during that evening he found it impossible, for she seemed studiously to avoid everything approaching to a private interview with him.

He was compelled, therefore, to listen, with as much good grace as he could, to a long conversation of the clergymen, which after tea turned on the subject of Methodism, and the difference between the characters and tenets of Wesley and Whitfield.

Frederick incidently mentioned that he had heard Whitfield preach several times in Dublin: his opinion of him as a Christian preacher was,

therefore, requested. He replied, "that he considered him to have the faculty of exciting the feelings of the multitude more powerfully than almost any man he had ever heard; but as to the orthodoxy of his doctrines, concerning which Mr. Logan particularly inquired, he did not conceive himself qualified to judge. He believed, however, that if his reverend friend considered Calvinism to be orthodoxy, Whitfield was as firm as he could desire on that point."

"I ken," said Mr. Logan, "that he has had some argumentations wi' the Wesleys anent predestination: but I was told that, after a', he had only a certain qualified way o' believing that divine doctrine. His late brither in the ministry, the pious James Harvey, was far mair staunch on the subject."

"I once heard Whitfield, when he made his short visit to Belfast," said Mr. McCulloch; "and I must agree with Major Rosendale, that he possesses an extraordinary command over the feelings; but his discourse on that occasion, wonderfully persuasive as it was, I thought wanted connection; and a dry logician would have detected many palpable deficiencies in the chain of his reasoning. But it was not, in fact, on the reason, so much as on the passions of his audience, that he seemed to depend for his success in persuading; and over these he exercised a power which there were few present could resist."

"Is it in the energy of delivery, or in the appropriate expression of forcible ideas, that Whitfield's eloquence principally consists?" asked Mr. Cooke.

"I believe it to be almost exclusively in the former," replied Frederick, to whom the question was addressed. "His language is always careless, and often inelegant;—nay, sometimes so intolerably illiterate, that were we to suppose a critic destitute of every other feeling and faculty except the capacity of judging literary composition, to hear him, he could imbibe no other sentiment than that of contempt for his performance. But then his looks, his gestures, his modulation of voice, are so perfectly at his command, and adapt themselves with such propriety to the sentiments he utters, that they never fail to produce the intended effect. If he reasons, he is calm, considerate, and sagacious in his appearance: if he expostulates, he assumes a firm, dignified, and almost magisterial aspect. If he recommends virtue and charity, his countenance brightens, he almost smiles with delight at the beauty and utility of the objects he describes, and he speaks slow, as if reluctant to part with the pleasing theme. If, on the other hand, he declaims against vice and hardness of heart, his utterance becomes rapid, his eyes fiery, and all his gestures, as it were, excited to violence with detestation of the execrable images they produce. When he entreats, there is a softness, an earnestness, a winningness in his manner, that no heart possessed of the smallest susceptibility, can withstand. When he threatens the wicked and the obdurate with inevitable retribution due to their crimes, a boldness, a fury approaching nearly to ferocity, but at the same time imparting the idea of strength and majesty, swells his voice, inflames his countenance, and sparks from his eyes; and the conscience-struck sinner is ready to confess all—all his offences, or to sink overwhelmed with terror, as at the presence of a destroying angel commissioned to pronounce and inflict his doom! Well was it said of him, by one of the lower orders—"That man preaches like a lion!"

"This," said Cooke, "is that rare faculty which Demosthenes pronounced to be the first, the second, and the third requisite essential to the complete orator; but it is remarkable that it is so seldom possessed in any eminent degree in conjunction with sound sense, good taste, and high literary attainments. It cannot be bestowed by learning—nay, it seems as if learning, at least in our days, had only the effect of fettering or debilitating its energies.

If such powers, derived from nature, should for once unite with the acquirements of education, what an illustrious character would be the result!—a Demosthenes, or a Tully—perhaps a greater than either—would embellish the annals of the age.”

“For us, pair preachers o’ the auld style,” observed Mr Logan, with something of a sarcastic smile at Cooke’s enthusiasm, “it is perhaps as weel that the gifts o’ nature and education aro so adverse to a union. The appearance o’ a few sitch brilliant orators in the modern days o’ Presbyterianism, would render oor plain hamespun discourses slighted and despised; and we micht in oor auld age become deserted by our congregations, and looked on only as *dry bones*, fit for naething but to wither awa’ in silence and neglect.”

“The sincere manner and edifying doctrines of Mr Logan,” returned Cooke, “could not, at least, fear such a catastrophe, even if the constitution of our church permitted it. The younger and greener scions, that have yet hardly taken root in the vineyard of the ministry, would be far less able to resist such opposition than the strong and mature trunks whom long-established reputation has rendered invulnerable.”

“Can the ministers of your church hold their places contrary to the wishes of their congregations?” asked Frederick.

“It would be almost as easy,” replied Mr M’Culloch, “to separate a wife from her husband, as to separate one of our ministers from his congregation without his consent. A charge of immorality, or of utter uselessness in his profession, substantiated before the Synod, alone could effect it.”

“It is an excellent provision for the independence of your clergy,” observed Frederick.

“It is no more than just towards them,” said Mr M’Culloch. “The people have a free choice respecting their incumbent at the first; and inasmuch as their choosing him may have disappointed him in other views, it would not be right that he should be turned destitute to the world whenever their caprice should desire it. He is, however, sufficiently dependent on them to make it his interest to yield them satisfaction: besides, they may at any time bring a charge of inattention to duty before the Presbytery, who have in their power either to censure, suspend, or totally degrade him from his office. There is, to be sure, an appeal to the Synod, who may either confirm or revoke the decision of a Presbytery; but the same proof that prevails in one body will be likely to prevail in the other. Hence while the safety of the minister is secured from the fickleness of the people, the people are sufficiently secured in the reasonable, not to say diligent, performance of the service he owes them.”

But the reader may not be such an admirer of the Presbyterian church as the Reverend Mr M’Culloch; and therefore will not derive as much gratification from reading, as that worthy man did in relating to Frederick Rosendale, an account of its regulations: and as the remainder of this evening’s conversation was totally engrossed by this subject, to record it further would be injudiciously taking the trouble to write what many might find rather troublesome to read.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

ALTHOUGH Frederick continued awake during the greater part of the night, meditating on the charms of Isabella, and the best means by which he might recommend himself to her favour, so little did he find himself wearied

by such pleasant subjects of meditation, that he arose the next morning as fresh and cheerful as if he had enjoyed a whole night of profound repose. It was a beautifully clear morning; and, although now autumn, the blithe matins of the mellow thrush, and a number of her vocal compeers, arose romantically from the close-grown hedges, and bushy but now leafless trees and bushes.

Something more attractive, however, drew Frederick's attention to the pasture-field. It was the figure of Miss M'Manus, who, in company with the two clerical guests, was taking a morning walk, to inhale the pure zephyrs, and enjoy the sweet romance of the dawning hour. Five minutes sufficed for the labours of his toilet, and two more brought him alongside of the fair one.

"Why, Major Rosendale," said Cooke, "I did not expect you to have been on foot so early; for I supposed that the somniferous influence of our sectarian disquisition last night, would have held you long in its leaden chains."

"My better stars, or my better reason, prevented me from feeling anything somniferous in your conversation; nay, the speed with which I hasten to renew it, proves the gratification it afforded; and I should have thought it indeed a misfortune, if my sluggishness had disappointed me in the enjoyment of this morning scene, in such agreeable company."

"Major," said Isabella, "Mr. Cooke has been just reciting to us some verses of his own composition, descriptive of a 'Village Morning,' which I consider a very accurate and natural picture of the scenery now around us."

At this moment a servant came after the party to request their attendance at the morning worship.

After breakfast, Messrs. Logan and Cooke departed for their respective homes, leaving Frederick deeply impressed with respect to the sincerity of the one, the refinement of the other, and the piety of both.

He himself had spoken of departing, but had been prevailed on to remain till after dinner, as an hour's ride would easily take him to town.

He was sitting before dinner in company with Mr. M'Culloch, his wife, and Isabella, at the parlour fire, conversing, perhaps, about the departed clergymen; or, it might be, about his late skirmish with the Hearts of Steel, when the attention of the party was drawn to the noise of a horse's feet stopping at the little gate that led to the house. Isabella ran to the window and exclaimed in a tone of joy—

"Why! really, here comes my uncle!"

The family all rose up; while Isabella ran towards her relative, whom she met almost at the steps of the house, and embraced tenderly.

The next moment Mr. M'Culloch met him in the hall, and ushered him into the parlour.

"What!" said M'Manus, the moment he entered. "How is this? Major Rosendale here! On a friendly errand, I hope? No hunting after Steel Boys in a clergyman's house, I presume?"

Frederick was so struck with surprise at this unexpected appearance and strange interrogation of M'Manus, that he could not for some seconds reply.

Munn's face was colouring with impatience; for a guilty conscience rendered him suspicious of Frederick's business at the house of his friend; and the hesitation of the latter strengthened the surmise.

"What! no answer?" he exclaimed in an impatient tone.—"Don't you know me, Major Rosendale?"

"Yes; I know you, Mr. M'Manus!" said Frederick, giving him his hand in a friendly manner. "I am glad to see you. You must excuse my embarrassment—this meeting was so unexpected. But why ask me, if I am here in search of Steel Boys?"

"Major!" replied Munn, his countenance relaxing to a smile of satisfaction, "I give you welcome to the North. I know the errand of your detachment; and was given to understand that you were now exploring the country for some of those unfortunate fugitives known by that name; and I could not bear the idea that you should suspect any of them to be under this roof.—But, my reverend friend," continued he, turning to Mr M'Culloch, "you see this gentleman and I are acquainted. I heard of your accident, and conceived it my duty to visit you on this occasion. This gentleman I suppose, is the officer who saved you!"

Mr M'Culloch nodded assent.

"He has a gallant spirit," continued Munn, "and has before now received my thanks for a similar service to myself. But I must at present be silent about that. What says my pretty smiling niece here? Art glad to see your uncle? Why, you're as brisk and hearty as a young fawn, Isabella. But the grandmother—Ah! Mrs M'Culloch! I had almost forgot!—how do ye?"

So saying, he shook the old lady cordially by the hand, while she replied:

"I have reason to be thankful, Mr M'Manus, for being so well; and especially for my old man's safety, in the land of the living."

The cause of M'Manus's present visit to Ballycarney was not exactly what he stated it to be—a friendly wish to see Mr M'Culloch after his accident. He had come in consequence of intelligence received from Moore—the spy whom, it will be remembered, he had set upon his niece's affairs,—that a young military officer had visited her, it was supposed with the intention of paying her his addresses. This led to events which will more naturally introduce themselves in another part of our narrative.

After dinner Frederick had to bid farewell to his beloved, without having any opportunity of avowing the state of his own feelings, or of ascertaining hers. He did not therefore leave her with his mind quite at ease; but he consoled himself with the expectation of soon repeating his visit, and disclosing to her his wishes in despite of every obstacle.

While riding carelessly along, musing on this subject, about a mile from Mr M'Culloch's, he overtook a tall, smart-looking man with a huge thorn stick in his hand. Frederick would have passed without paying him any attention; but the man stopped as he approached.

"Guid e'en, sir!" said he: "you travel fast."

"A good evening to yourself, my friend," replied Frederick; "you seem also to have a quick gait."

"Ay, ay! quick enough for shank's mare; but gin ye dinna haud in your four-legged beast, ye'll brak company owre sune."

"You don't surely put yourself on a level with a horse?" remarked Frederick.

"Mony a horse wad be sorry to be levelled wi' me," replied the man, "for either suppleness or pith; but I may be likened so yin for carrying loads on my back."

"Why, what kind of loads do you carry?" asked Frederick; "I see none at present."

"Very useless aften, an' sometimes very foolish anes, like the nag you noo ride," was the reply.

"You are a witty fellow: may I ask your name?" said Frederick.

"In welcome, sir; my name is Robin Rainey, but the nybors maistly ca' me bletherin' Bab. Gin I did na' already ken your name, it wad only be fair play to ask it in turn."

"What! you know me then, Mr. Rainey?"

"Ay, sir; ye're the up-the-country offisher that saved oor minister frae

drowning; for joy o' whilk Button Cap made sitch a racket the same night. Ye then went an' faucht the Steel Boys like a hero. An' ye did wise to come, after killing a' before you, to get the sin o't washed oot at the kirk on Sunday last; for we had a hantel o' famish preachers there that day."

"You were then at the sacramental meeting last Sunday?" said Frederick.

"Trowth was I, sir! I wad na' hae missed sitch a kirk-gatherin' at Ballycarney, for the best grenadier's cap in Carrick Castle. Did ye no' ken that my auld bedril father was mony a year clerk o' the congregation? An' his bletherin' sin might hae got the place after him, had he no' been botimes owre fand o' the creature."

"You spoke of Button Cap rejoicing for your clergyman's safety; why do you ascribe the noise he lately made to that circumstance?"

"Why, sir!" replied Rainey, "it's a deep question, sir, an' should hae a deep answer. But this answer is just noo sae deep in my brain, that a' my coaxing' and scartin' wunna bring it oot. But gin ye tak' a step doon to my auld father's, he'll maybe tell you."

"Does your father know anything about Button Cap?"

"Mony a thing, sir!" At this, Rainey looked round to see that there was no person besides Frederick within hearing; and, in a lowered voice, resumed, "You're a gentleman, and he wishes muckle for a gentleman to commune wi' him in secret, noo when he's on his deathbed, or neist thing to it. An' he bade me watch when you cam' along frae the minister's, an' bring ye to the glen whare oor hoose stands."

"If it be your father's request," answered Frederick, "that I should call on him, I will attend you. But how does he know anything of me."

"He wants an honest gentleman to trust a secret wi'. I tauld him aboot you;—hoo you saved the minister, faucht the Hearts o' Steel like a man, an' then cam' to worship at oor sacrament like a saint. 'He's a man o' courage, then,' said he, 'an' a soldier, an' a Christian, an' I may trust him. Bring him to me, Rabin.'—Noo gin your honour likes to come, ye may hear the lave o't frae himsel'."

Frederick followed his eccentric companion down a narrow rugged lane, or rather path, which was so very precipitous, that, after advancing a few roods, he found it absolutely necessary, for the safety of his neck, to alight and descend on foot.

They at last reached the bottom, which formed itself into a small glen embosomed in hills, having only towards the east one narrow outlet, by which a small noisy streamlet, after meandering briskly among some meadows and marshy grounds, escaped to the ocean.

Rainey's cottage was situated almost close to a perpendicular rocky bank of about thirty feet high, over which, at about the distance of forty yards, the stream precipitated itself with a never-ceasing clamour into the vale beneath.

This rustic straw-roofed edifice of one storey contained only two earthen floored apartments. In the centre of the largest, into which Frederick first entered, a large turf fire blazed, around which a smart middle-aged woman was arranging a parcel of oaten cakes.

On seeing a military officer in his full regimentals, with a gold-hilted sword by his side, this good lady appeared much alarmed. But the gentleness of Frederick's first salutation allayed her fears, and she hastened to clean the dust off an old oaken chair, the only one in the apartment, which she presented with a desire that he should be seated.

"I have been invited here, my good woman," said Frederick, "by Mr Robin Rainey, who, I presume is your husband."

"Na, sir, Rabin's no my husband. I'm married to his brither Billy, wha I'm certain, will mak' ye as welcome as Rabin can."

Robin himself now entered. "That's my brither Billy's wife, Major," said he; "but the auld man will be langin' to see you. Ye'll be pleased to come ben; an' Nanny, ye can bring us ben some whiskey, an' some warm bread, an' a flauchter o' cheesse."

Nanny smiled assent; and Frederick was ushered into the inner chamber of the hospitable cottage. It was a long, rather narrow apartment, containing at each end a bed; between which beds, and just fronting the door its only window was placed, and beneath the window its only table. Three chairs, one at each end of the table, and one near the door, constituted the whole of its remaining furniture.

The old man lay in the bed to the left of the door. He had been slumbering, but he awoke as they entered.

"Father!" said Robin, approaching the bedside, "here is the new-come offisher, Major Rosendale, wha saved Mr. McCulloch's life."

"Has he come willingly, an' oot o' compassion to see an auld man on his death-bed?" asked the father.

"I have come willingly," replied Frederick; "and, if I can be of any service to you in your affliction, you may depend on my best exertions."

"True courage has aye been humane—a guid soldier ne'er yet wanted a guid heart," said old Rainey; "an' I doot na but you feel muckle to see a fellow mortal sae miserable. But, sir, I maun say it, I'm no' mair miserable than I deserve to be. I hacna been punished enouch in this world for my guilt. I fear, sir," said he, with a shuddering look, "it will tak' the misery o' the next to do justice on me. I hae done a deed, sir, I kept lang secret, for to this hoor I never tauld it to man. But, conscience! conscience! Oh! sir, the conscience of a sinner is an awfu' thing. It winna let me rest noo on my last bed. I faucht wi't, and kept it doon these sixty years back. It was a lang struggle, and cost me mony a pang."

He paused for a few moments; and then with strong agitation resumed. "Rabin, withdraw! The sin shouldna ken the father's guilt, lest he despise his grey hairs. Conscience winna exact that—I canna bring mysel to it."

When Robin had retired, the old man looked upon Frederick and continued:

"Ye hae the coontenance o' an honest man, sir, an' ye're a soldier. To sitch a yin I hae lang wished to confess my crime; for I ken that sitch a yin wunna betray me to the world's scorn;—an' it was a soldier, young, honourable, generous, frien'ly, humane, an' an offisher, like yoursel', that I—murdered. Ah! you turn pale! You'll no hae resolution to hear a tale o' sudden guilt an' lang repentance; or maybe you'll no hae mercy to forgie sae foul a sinner?"

Frederick assured him that he would listen with attention to his tale; and that, whatever might be the aggravations of a crime, with the knowledge of which he chose to entrust him, he would pledge his honour not to betray it.

"I dinna fear that," said the old man; "but I dinna wish to cause horror or gie pain. I would hae confessed mysel' to Mr McCulloch; but it wad hae vexed him sae, I couldna think o't; besides, I doot whether he wad hae listened to me, for he aye ca'd confessing to man a popish practice."

He here paused: and Frederick repeated assurances of his resolution to befriend him all in his power, by either advice or more active services should they be necessary; and, to keep the secrets of his story as inviolate as he should desire.

The old man then proceeded. \* in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Be pleased, sir, to sit nearer the bed-side," said the old man; "for I maunna speak sae that the bairns in the kitchen wad hear. Weel, sir, ye should ken I was the sin o' a Tam Rainey, wha followed the fishing business. He was drowned, his coble being owereast at the Whullens in a storm, when I was but a bairn. My mither died sune after; so that I was left to the care o' an auld granny, wha aften ca'd me, an ill-grained *ne'er-dae-weel*. But she was a kind-hearted body, an' wi' tears in her eyen wad aften lament the unlucky pranks o' her poor orphan. I left her, at length, when I was aboot fifteen, to follow my wayward lot as a fifer in a regiment lying at Carrickfergus.

"I needna relate the sort o' idle, graceless life I noo led; but I may say that, wicked as I was, I was na quite so wicked as some o' my companions. My chief comrade was Tim Laverty, as frien'ly and merry a lad as e'er wore belts. He was the drummer wha I was aye matched wi'; and withoot bragging I may noo say, as was then aften said, that we gied better music than ony drummer an' fifer in the regiment. We were near aboot yin size an' age, an' oor dress was o' the same colour an' trimming; so that except whan he had his drum at his side, an' I my fife at my cheek, very little difference could at a distance be observed atween us.

"For twa years we led a fearless, jolly, guid-for-naething sort o' life, till it was my lot to fa' in love wi' a young lass o' the place, ca'd Betsy Baird. Betsy was yin o' the bonniest, black-eened, rosy-cheeked, sousy-lookin' lasses I ever saw. I liked her weel, courted her lang, and had made up my mind to marry her, an' she had hersel' gien consent to the match. I looked on her as my ain property, and was coontin' every hoor-till the ceremony wad mak' her sae; when, as ill-luck wad ha'e't, an accident took place that ruined a' my prospects o' love an' happiness, an' plunged me into guilt an' wretchedness.

"It was yin fine moonlicht hallowe'en nicht; we had been mair nor twa hoors thegither, an' she had warmed my heart by talking to me in the sweetest style o' hinied love I had ever heard frae her. We had walked mair nor a mile up the Roddin's road, repeating our vows o' constancy, an' talking owre oor prospects o' nuptial happiness, an' I had convoyed her hame, an' parted wi' her, wi' a loving kiss; but I had na gane far frae the hoose, when turnin' roon' to tak' anither look at it, I saw yin o' oor officers gaun up to the door.

"I had heard that the Major, our Colonel's brither, had been castin' hawks' een at Betsy, an' had even made love to her. But she denied it, an' I could na miscredit her. What I noo saw seemed something to confirm the report, an' I thought richt to watch him; but I kept oot o' sight.

"Betsey cam' oot at his rap; an' after some slight refusal, walked wi' him towards the very place whar' I stood. I hid mysel' ahint the door of the gateway o' an Inn-yard. An' as luck wad ha'e't, they cam' to that very gateway and stapped; an' the Major wanted her to gauz in wi' him to his lodgin's in the Inn. He tauld her he could get her in there withoot ony yin' seein' her at that time o' the nicht. She refused, howsomever, an' said that she dared na do it, for it would hurt her character sae muckle. The wicked Major then swore that he could not live withoot her—that he would immediately settle on her fifty guineas a-year, and would tak a hoose at White-Abbey for her. She spoke aboot marriage, an' my bluid gat warm. He protested that marriage was oot o' his power at that time; but that he



would swear to mak her his wife, as soon as he could get some matters sae fixed as to mak' him independent o' his frien's. At last they parted wi' a mutual promise to meet there the next night; an' at partin' he gave her a kiss, which she seemed to receive sae cordially, that my indignation was roused past bearing. Ah! sir the pang o' jealousy I felt at that moment was like to split my heart in pieces wi' its violence. Hell's fire raged in my bosom, an' a fierceness o' wrath against my rival, worthy only to be felt by a fiend, seized on my saul. I flew after him; an', comin' abint him, rau my sword, whilk I unluckily had then on me, twice into his body.

"He groaned—he fell—cryin' oot—'Ah! Lavery! you have murdered me!'—I did na' wait to hear mair: but frantic wi' terror, as I had just before been wi' rage, I ran to the sea, washed my bluidy murderous weapon, an' hurried to my quarters to bed. I wunna describe the night I passed, for I canna bear to think o't. Betsy—love—fauseness—jealousy—rage—everything vanished from my mind; naething, naething remained, but the image o' the murdered Major. Hell seemed to open before me as the only place I was fit for; an' devils appeared ready to claim me as a companion, worthy o' their wickedness an' misery.

"Wi' day-licht I grew calm; an' when I gat oot amang my comrades, I believe Satan helped me to pit on a fause countenance o' unconcern. But I was to meet wi' anither severe trial; for my best an' kinliest frien, Lavery, was apprehended, on the dying declaration o' the Major, as the murderer.

"Oh! my God! hoo could I be sitch a villain as to see my innocent frien' tried, condemned, an' sentenced to death for my guilt. Aften had I amaist resolved to declare the truth an' save him; but the devil tied my tongue, an' the feelin's o' self owercam' my mair virtuous intentions. I was appointed to inflict the last portion o' the lashes he was to receive; an' I had the cruelty to obey, although not without askin' an' receivin' his forgiveness. It was then—oh! sir, I ne'er, ne'er can forget the trying scene—as I gied the strokes as lightly as I could, the Colonel, enraged at his brither's death, struck me wi' the flat o' his sword, and ordered me, on pain o' fifty lashes, to strike harder.

"'Obey him, an' pit me oot o' pain, Rainey,' said my sufferin' frien': an' then lookin' at the Colonel—'Barbarous an' unjust tyrant!' he said, 'ye pit to death an innocent man, an' ye abuse his frien' because he has na the savage heart o' yoursel!' But when I get to the ither world, I'll be revenged on ye; an' while ye stay in this Castle, my spirit will gie you nae rest; an' when ye leave it, ye'll still suffer the torments o' a haunted conscience.

"In a short time he was nae mair. My very bluid at this day rins cauld, when I think on the surgeon saying, 'You may quit lashing, Rainey; he is dead!'

"I looked up wi' a fearfu' countenance: he was indeed gone. I sunk to the grun' an' fainted. When I recovered, I fand I was in bed.

"It was while I was thus sick that I formed the plan o' revenging my frien's death, an' also o' causing his words to the Colonel to appear to be fulfilled, by makin' nightly noises in the Castle, especially aboot the Colonel's quarters. By this means, I thought I micht safely clear my frien's memory frae the crime o' murder, by garring the garrison believe that he died innocent.

"I had become, some time before, acquainted wi' certain secret passages in the thick wa's, an' aneath the floors o' different parts o' the Castle. Into these I frequently stole at night, an' sometimes beat the drum, an' sometimes played the fife, and sometimes fired pistols, to the terror o' the garrison, wha believed the noises to be made by the ghost o' Lavery, whom they noo a' agreed had been innocently put to death.

"My frien' had been known among the soldiers by the nickname o' 'Button Cap,' frae a large gilt button that he wore in the centre o' his cockade as part o' his uniform. As I a'ways made thir noises in the like dress, as I was sun'ry times seen by some o' the soldiers wi' this buttoned cockade, the apparition was soon talked o' by the name o' 'Button Cap.' I escaped detection won'erfully. Every yin was, indeed, feart to come owre near the places haunted by the ghaist, or to search owre narrowly after it. I at last becam' even sae bauld as to denounce the vengeance o' Heaven against the Colonel; so that he was fain to leave the castle frae downricht fear o' Button Cap.

"My noisy pranks noo becam' less frequent, yet I did na' gie them up; for Button Cap having in some degree acquired the character o' a prophet, by makin' noises that were said to be always followed by some great public event,—whilk, ye ken, could seldom miss to be the case,—twa or three times a year, I for a while kept up the matter. But yince in the twa or three years, at last, becam' aften eneuch for me; an' after my settlin' in this glen, yince in eight or ten years was as aften as I minded it. O' late years I haena been able; but havin' sin Rabin acquainted wi' the secret o' my tricks, although not o' my transgressions, he has, I un'erstan', frae mere mischievousness o' disposition, lately frichtened the garrison, by actin' the part o' Button Cap.

"I am noo auld an' frail, an' dinna expect to bide lang in this world; an' when I was tauld o' my sin's late prank, I e'en thought it wad na be richt to die without explainin' baith the wrangs I hae done maukind, an' the tricks I hae played on them. I wished to do sae to an offisher o' the garrison; because it was the garrison that was maist annoyed by my tricks. I tauld Robin part o' my intention, an' he's no' that undutifu' a lad when he likes; an' in this matter he has acted discreetly, an' muckle to my satisfaction, by bringin' yon here.

"I am noo fourscore and three years o' age; an' I hae had a lang an' wearisome day of repentance, yet at this hour my soul is not easy under the load o' my guilt. Mr. McCulloch, Guid bless him! has aften visited me wi' a word o' comfort; for he saw my spirits aften borne doon w' somethin', although he could na tell what it was.

"I hae noo, sir, lived mair than thirty years i' this glen, an' upwards o' twenty o' them I was clerk to this guid man's congregation. An' I feel that they were years o' comfort an' great spiritual consolation to me; but o' late my frailties hae made me unfit to fulfil the duties o' my office. The guid minister, howsomever, ne'er forgets to visit me twice or thrice a week; an' then my heart is cheered by his prayin' an' singin' psalms at my bed side. Oh! Major! if I could only think that the crimes o' my youth were forgien. I would indeed feel happy in my approaching change to another life. I married when I left the army, but it was na Betsy; for after I fand oot her faithlessness, I could na bear to look at her, nor even to think o' her. But I met wi' a pious guid lass, wha was aye loving an' faithfu' to me, an' made me the father o' twa boys, wham Providence has yet spared to me, though it pleased his holy will to tak' my wife to himsel' about seven months syne. Since I lost her I hae na enjoyed muckle peace o' mind, but hae every day continued to decline in baith bodily an' mental strength, an' it docs na noo appear as I wad lang remain behint her in this world. An' if it only pleased God to mak' me worthy o' her society in the Land o' the Redeemed, the sooner he ca's me to the journey the better. But ah, Major, I hae been sitch a sinner! Not only yince, but twice a murderer;—not only hae I killed a rival in wrath, but a frien'—a bosom frien'—in calm bluid, deliberately, by my silence;—nay, wi' this very han' did I gie him the last stroke that separated his kind an' innocent saul frae his body. O that this han' had

withered ere it lifted the fatal scourge! or rather, O that I had confessed an been tied to the halberts in his place! Oh! sir! think ye—think ye, I hae ony mercy to expect?"

"Be calm, Mr. Rainey," replied Frederick, whose heart swelled with compassion for the miserable object he addressed; "be calm. There is mercy for the greatest of criminals; and when they ask for it in the language and with the feelings of sincere repentance, it will never be refused them. Do you not remember that gloriously consoling sentiment of our benevolent Redeemer, that 'there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine righteous men that need no repentance.'"

"That, that, sir," said Rainey, stretching out his hand and catching Frederick by the arm; "that is the very passage that has lang supported my existence—that has often prevented me from committing the last act o' despair, self-murder. Oh! it is a precious passage; an' I hao hung by it as a drowning man wad hing by the solitary floating plank in the ocean, that gave him the remotest chance o' safety. I will trust in the Lord o' merey, wha sae graciously said, that he 'cam' not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' But, O that I had na been sitch a sinner as to betray the innocent an' the generous!"

Here his speech failed him; for his whole frame became convulsed with the force of his mental agitation. Frederick becoming alarmed, summoned the family; and Robin was despatched with the utmost speed for Mr. McCulloch, whom, in such cases, his parishioners always looked up to as the chief earthly supporter of both soul and body.

When the good man arrived, old Rainey had recovered his rationality, but was greatly exhausted. He desired to be prayed for, as he said he felt his latter end fast approaching, which being done in Mr. McCulloch's usual fervid and impressive style, he seemed much satisfied.

"Mr McCulloch," said he, "ye hae aye been a guid frien' to me; an' ye hae seen me lang leevin' mair happy than I deserved to leeve; an' ye hae yoursel' respected me mair than I deserved to be respected; for I hae been a mair vile, atrocious sinner than you e'er kenned, or, it may be, e'er will ken. But I hope I'm pardoned through my Redeemer's sufferin's."

Here he again became convulsed, and for some time speechless. In about ten minutes, however, his speech returned, but not his reason, and he incoherently uttered, "Aye! aye! ye may talk o't. You ken it noo; it wad hae saved him had I tauld it—Betsy! she had a fause heart—The minister has gien oot the hundereth Psalm, an' it's lang metre; Elgin winna answer it.—He's innocent, sir; I canna flog him; his back bleeds sae. Ah! see his raw ribs! but I may steek my een; they'll no hinner that, gin I only hit hard enough. They're cruel! cruel! they might hae mercy!—But he's dead noo.—Did ye no hear o' Button Cap? It's no Button Cap that's dead; it's Laverty! I knew it was Laverty!—An' Leezy, Leezy, my wife; oor twa barns hae thriven. They're twa braw lads; Guid bless them! I hope they winna behave like their father. Their father has been wicked, very wicked! but he has gien them guid coonsel. O Lord! grace and pardon.—Ay, we should aye pray—pray for grace an' pardon—we should aye bless God. Should na' we aye bless God, an' beg for mercy! Mercy, O God!"

Here his voice left him, never more to return; for a convulsive paroxysm, stronger and more lasting, now seized him. His hands became clenched, his arms extended, his features distorted, his countenance livid, his eyes fixed, his breathing laborious, and in about half an hour he expired!

## CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER witnessing the foregoing death-bed scene, Frederick, with a deeply affected heart, returned with Mr M'Culloch to Ballycarney. He was prevailed on to do so, as the lateness of the hour rendered it inconvenient, and, on account of the nightly ravagings of the Hearts of Steel, dangerous, to proceed to Carrickfergus. The way being intricate, and the night dark, Robin Rainey accompanied them as their guide.

When they arrived at Mr. M'Culloch's house, they had to encounter a new, and to them infinitely more trying scene of trouble than that which they had left. They found Mrs. M'Culloch in great agitation, and the servants in a state of alarm and confusion. Jenny Moore had just arrived with information that Isabella had been forcibly conveyed away in a gig from Moore's house by Mr. Onsley the magistrate, who had procured her uncle's sanction, and even assistance, in committing the outrage.

"Oh! my Isabella!" cried her grandfather, as he almost sunk to the ground with the violence of his emotions. "Good God! have mercy!—she is at last fallen into their wicked hands!"

"Let us pursue the villains," said Frederick, rushing out to his horse; "I will rescue her from them, or die on the spot!"

"I will assist you in God's name!" said Mr. M'Culloch, resuming that energy of which the first impression made by the intelligence had deprived him.

"Wi' your leave," said Robin Rainey, "you're neither strang enough, nor soopple enough for sitch wark, Mr. M'Culloch. Ye're a guid han' to grapple wi' a spiritual enemy; but nae sae guid, I think, to grapple wi' an earthly yin. I'll gang wi' the Major. I ken a' the roads weel;—only, giu I dinna win back, ye'll min' to see the *auld man* decently put in the mools."

Mr. M'Culloch was persuaded to agree to this proposal; and Frederick and Robin set off at full speed on the way that Jenny Moore informed them had been taken by the fugitives.

While Frederick is on this interesting pursuit, we shall relate the manner in which Isabella fell into the hands of her rejected lover Onsley.

Frederick had not been a single day at Ballycarney, before the gossips of the neighbourhood ascertained and industriously reported that he was a lover of Miss M'Manus.

Such important intelligence could not be long in reaching the ears of a man whose business it was to look after it. On Sunday morning it was whispered to Moore, in the Meeting-house Green, and on Sunday evening it was confirmed to him by the unanimous opinion of all his neighbours. He hastened to communicate it to M'Manus, whom he knew to be at that time engaged in some Hearts of Steel business at Onsley's, without being able to inform him of Frederick's name; and on Tuesday, as the reader has seen, M'Manus surprised the latter upon the suspected ground. He had promised to Onsley that he would without delay, either by persuasion or force, procure him the possession of Isabella's hand in wedlock; to facilitate which purpose, it was thought proper that Onsley himself should that evening follow with a gig to Moore's house.

It happened, as Munn conceived, conveniently enough for the success of his project, that Mr. M'Culloch was taken away to attend the death-bed of old Rainey; and he was scarcely gone, when he asked his niece to accompany him on a walk to Moore's. Here every mode of reasoning, and every means of allurements and intimidation, were tried in vain to induce her to become Onsley's bride. At length, to the great horror and consternation of Jauny Moore, who had a strong and grateful affection for Isabella, the

threats of violence were put in execution. She was forced into Onsley's gig and carried off; her uncle following on horseback—for Ned Moore had been directed to have his horse brought privately from Mr. M'Culloch's stable, and kept ready for the occasion.

But Jenny, who was as much attached to the interest of the niece, as her father was to that of the uncle, on perceiving that she was carried away against her will, hastened, even at the risk of her father's displeasure, to communicate the affair to Mr. M'Culloch's family. This, as we have seen, resulted in the chivalrous expedition of our hero and his squire Rainey, to deliver the lovely mistress of his affections from the hands of her ruffian captors.

About thirty minutes had carried the pursuers upwards of four miles from Ballycarney; and they were just about descending a steep hill, when Robin checked his steed, exclaiming—

"Haud your han' awee, Major. This is M'Clusky's Glen, the haunt o' the Steel Boys; an' yonder's light in the public-hoose in the hollow, whar' they may now be carousing an' drinkin', and maybe torturing some poor lan' agent to death. But, hear ye!—there are noises; we maun ride cannily by, an' we would be safe—or rather, let us tak' into the flet's, an' win roon without shewin' oursel's."

"Silence!" cried Frederick, "let us proceed cautiously, if these men be hostile, we must not meet them unprepared."

"I tell you, sir," returned Rainey, "I'm sure they are Steel Boys; an' I wad na say muckle either, but they may hae Miss M'Manus just noo amang them; for I ken weel that baith her uncle an' Justice Onsley are mair nor suspected for belangin' to the clan."

"Heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Frederick. Rainey, me must at all hazards dash forward; and if she be among them, we must value life in rescuing her."

"Wi' a' my heart!" answered Rainey; "faint heart ne'er won fair lady. But wad it no be wiser, ere we throw awa' oor lives, just to slip cannily doon without noise, an' see whether there be ony needcessity for it?"

Frederick acknowledged the propriety of this discreet counsel; and leaving the horses in the care of Rainey, he undertook himself to reconnoitre the suspected premises.

He had not quite reached the bottom of the valley, near which, on the road side, the house was situated, when he became satisfied that the object of his pursuit had really halted there. From a small elevation behind the hedge he had a commanding view of the interior of the house, which was at that moment well lighted with several candles and a large blazing fire. But the reader may imagine the nature of his sensations, when he beheld the fair charmer of his heart seated at this fire, with her head reclining on her right arm, over the back of her chair, in all the attitude and expression of violent grief. As he gazed, he saw M'Manus approaching in an expostulating manner; while an old woman presented to her some refreshments, which she refused to accept. Another gentleman, unknown to Frederick, but whom he conjectured to be Onsley, occupied a chair at some distance behind her, in a seemingly silent and thoughtful mood.

Frederick's first impulse was to rush forward, sword in hand, to her deliverance. But that instant the appearance of several men at the door of the house checked his impetuosity. He advanced, however, somewhat nearer to ascertain, if possible, whether these men were likely to be hostile or not; and he soon perceived enough to convince him of the affirmative. A few yards brought him to a station from whence he had a view of another apartment, containing ten or twelve armed men, exhibiting all the marks and manners characteristic of a garrison of Steel Boys.

Under these circumstances, he could not resist the mortifying conviction that any attempt of his to rescue Miss M'Manus would be utterly unavailing. With as much reluctance as a lion who finds his prey unattainable, he retraced his steps to where he had left Rainey with the horses.

"I tauld you," said Rainey, "ye wad see something in that glen wad na please ye: I kenned it was a haunt o' the Steel Men."

"It is a den of monsters!" replied Frederick somewhat peevishly. "The devil must have told you of such an assembly!"

"The devil! sir," repeated Rainey. "Na, na; he has maistly owre muckle to do wi' my betters to min' me."

"We must," said Frederick, "in the meantime watch these ruffians. Onsley will, no doubt, soon resume his journey with Miss M'Manus, and, it is likely, will dispense with the services of the armed savages that now surround him. We may then attack him with some prospect of success."

"Ye're richt, sir, for yince," replied Rainey. "But wad it no be wise to hae the start o' him on the road? We could then fin' out a convenient place to stap him when he comes up."

"You are right too," said Frederick. "You know the country best. Let us proceed."

They mounted, and Rainey led the way by a circuitous route through the fields on the left of the road, cautiously keeping out of view of the public-house. They regained the road at the top of the hill, on the other side of the valley, about a quarter of a mile in advance of the house. Here Frederick remained for some time to watch the movements of the Steel Boys, while Rainey went in search of a proper place to lie in ambush. In about twenty minutes he returned, and had scarcely communicated the result of his search to Frederick, when they perceived a commotion among the people of the Glen. The cracking of a whip, and the rattling wheels of a light vehicle swiftly approaching them, were soon heard.

"Now for the ambush!" said Frederick. "They are coming!"

They hastened to a place where two gates fronted each other, both of which had been set open by Rainey. Into one of these Frederick entered, and Rainey into the other, each concealing himself in such a manner as to be ready to spring out both at once. In a few minutes they perceived the gig advancing at a smart trot, followed by three men on horseback. Frederick saw that they would have a hard and dangerous combat; but the prize was great, and he resolved to attempt winning it.

The vehicle approached: he rushed into the road with his drawn sword, and ordered the driver to stop, which order Rainey enforced by seizing the reins, and dexterously leading the horse into the field which he had himself occupied, the gate of which he immediately closed.

But Frederick was soon in extreme danger. The three horsemen had been but a short distance behind, and the gig was scarcely enclosed in the field, when one of them rode furiously up, demanding by what authority, and for what purpose, it had been molested?

"By the authority of justice!" answered Frederick; "and to rescue an insulted lady from ruffians!"

"Ah! you are Rosendale!" replied the man. "So much the better for you: that word would otherwise have been your last!"

"You are M'Manus!" replied Frederick; "from whom I should have expected better things than this treachery and rudeness to a lady!"

"That lady, sir, is my niece! Nature has given me an authority over her, superior to any individual, I believe, now in existence. Young man! you had better return peaceably to your quarters, and mind your own business, for this is a family matter, in which you can have no concern."

"I am deputed by her grandfather, sir, who has long been her only parent

and guardian, to demand—nay, to enforce her return to his house; for it is well known that she is carried off against her inclination."

"You may demand, Major, but it is beyond your power to enforce her return. As to her inclination, it must now be subservient to mine! The old canting Calvinist has ruled her long enough; she must now submit to me."

"And do you suppose," returned Frederiek, "that I can endure to see Miss M'Manus in such hands, without making an effort to rescue her from them?"

"Be assured, Major," said M'Manus, "that the interest you take in the affairs of Miss M'Manus appears highly ridiculous to her friends. You will, therefore, haste and begone to him who sent you, with the information that her personal welfare and purity are as safe under the care of her present protectors, as they could possibly be under either yours or his."

"If Miss M'Manus," replied Frederiek, "be herself satisfied with her present condition, I shall of course decline all interference; but if she has been torn forcibly and unfeelingly from the home of her youth, to be lodged among brutal strangers, as I believe is now the case, powerful as you are, four against two, I shall attempt her deliverance! and it shall be only after I cannot wield this sword, or draw these pistols in her defence, that you shall move her an inch further on your present destination!"

"Young man, your fate be on your own head!" cried M'Manus: "but you saved my life once; I shall now leave it to other hands to take yours!"

So saying, he retreated from Frederiek; and applying his mouth to a small horn, blew a note that made the echoes of the hills startle. He then called to his two companions on horseback, "Keep that youth in play for a few minutes. Disarm and take him prisoner; but, if possible, avoid killing him.—At all events, permit no rescue!"

By this time Rainey had overturned Onsley from the gig, and tied his hands behind him with a handkerchief, while he assured Miss M'Manus, who was in an agony of terror, not to be alarmed, for it was only her friends Major Rosendale and Robin Rainey come to deliver her frae the han's o' the Philistines!

He had scarcely spoken this word of comfort, when a clash of swords saluted his ears; and he flew to Frederiek's assistance, whom he found engaged with the two horsemen just mentioned. He rushed upon them, exclaiming—

"Ah! ye cowardly dogs! twa against yin!" and in an instant his sword was buried in the body of one of Frederiek's antagonists: almost at that moment Frederiek gave a terrible wound to the other, by a thrust in the neck, which rendered him incapable of further resistance.

Their triumph would have been complete, had the gig, with Miss Manus in it, been on the road. Rainey flew to bring it out of the field; but before he could effect his purpose, M'Manus arrived at the head of nearly a dozen armed men. Frederiek and Rainey, now despairing of their lives, determined to sell them as dearly as possible. They therefore attacked their opponents with such fury, that for a moment they all drew back, except M'Manus himself, who struck Rainey to the earth, by a dreadful blow upon the head. Frederiek was immediately surrounded, pierced with several wounds, and at length disarmed and captured.

Onsley's hands were now relieved. He resumed his seat in the gig, and drove off once more with his beautiful prize, whose terror had now reduced her to insensibility, which, in the hurry and darkness of the scene, was not observed by any of the actors. Ned Moore, by M'Manus's orders, accompanied them on horseback.

Frederiek and Rainey, the latter of whom was quite speechless, were now raised on horses, for the purpose of being carried back to the public-

house, that their fate might be there decided. Munn, anxious to accompany the vehicle which contained his niece, on seeing the procession fairly on its way, gave his instructions concerning the prisoners to Forsythe, who was in the party, and galloped after Onsley.

Forsythe's party had not reached the public-house when they met with a serious and formidable opposition to their further progress. This resulted from the activity with which Mr. McCulloch's servants had exerted themselves, on receiving intelligence of Isabella's capture, to raise the neighbours in pursuit of the ruffians. Upwards of thirty men, well-mounted and strongly armed, now made their appearance, at sight of whom the Steel Boys thought proper to disperse, leaving their prisoners to shift for themselves on the road-side.

Frederick begged of them to pursue swiftly after Miss M'Manus, observing, that she could not be more than two miles ahead of them. About twenty, who had the fleetest horses, continued the pursuit—the others remaining to take care of Frederick and his still speechless companion.

They were carried to a decent farm-house, for Frederick objected to lodging in the public-house that had so lately given entertainment to such a lawless set of guests. Surgical aid was procured towards the morning; and Frederick's wounds, though numerous, were found to be free from danger. As to poor Rainey, it required an operation with the trephine to restore to him the use of his faculties; but he recovered health in a few weeks; and Frederick, having had such ample proof of his courage and fidelity, took him into his service,—a situation which, as he had imbibed a great attachment for his master, gratified the utmost of his humble wishes.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

ABOUT this time, the audacity, violence, and power of the Hearts of Steel, a height unexampled in the history of such limited combinations (for their number is said never to have exceeded between three and four thousand) in a civilised country possessing a regular government. They openly laid, not only individuals, but villages, towns, parishes, and sometimes whole baronies, under contribution, avowedly, indeed, for the purpose of compensating such as suffered by the new land-system; but the sums thus collected were as frequently employed in the purchase of arms, ammunition, &c., or squandered on scenes of riot and profligacy, as in effecting the more excusable object of their collection. Nay, so far did these conspirators carry the boldness of their proceedings during the winter of 1766—67, that when one of their leaders (Douglas) was apprehended, and confined in the barracks of Belfast, they marched in open day, to the number of nearly 2000 men, into the town, and compelled the garrison to give him up.

It was also about this period that they marched in a formidable body into the town of Larne, and compelled the inhabitants, whom they looked upon as hostile to their cause, to pay them a large sum, on pain of an immediate conflagration of the place. This induced the inhabitants to apply to Government for a body of troops to protect them from a renewal of such impositions, and also to save the neighbourhood from the innumerable outrages to which it was daily exposed.

In consequence of this application, two companies of regulars, under the command of Major Rosendale, were ordered to Larne. M'Manus,



Douglas, Forsyth, Onsley, and a number more of the most notorious of the Steel confederacy, were proclaimed outlaws, and rewards offered for their apprehension.

As soon as Frederick had assumed the command at Larne, he resolved to lose no time in commencing active proceedings against a combination by which his dearest affections had been so grievously wounded. Isabella was still in their hands; and he determined to rest neither day nor night, until he had discovered her prison and restored her to liberty.

With this view he offered a reward of fifty guineas, to be paid out of his own pocket, to any person who should conduct him to any place where any of the Hearts of Steel might be captured, or where it could be proved that they held any of their meetings. For satisfactory information as to any of the usual places of resort of the outlawed leaders, whether it led to their apprehension or not, he also offered fifty guineas.

A few days after issuing this advertisement, a man named Service, came privately to him; and, after exacting a promise of rigid secrecy, offered to conduct him to a place about four miles distant, where he said there was to be a meeting of the Steel Boys on the ensuing night but one. He stipulated that one half of the reward should be paid to him previous to the setting out, and the other on the return of the expedition, if it were successful. With these conditions Frederick cheerfully complied, and selected thirty of his most active men to be in readiness for the march.

It was on a fine moonlight night in the middle of December that Major Rosendale, after despatching Rainey with a letter to Mr. McCulloch, stating the object of his expedition, set out at the head of his troops, in quest of the lawless disturbers of the country and the destroyers of his own happiness. His men were all on foot, and in high spirits, and their guide, Service, having received the stipulated reward, led the way with great alacrity, entertaining his fellow-travellers with numerous jokes and anecdotes relative to the proceedings of the Steel-Boys in that neighbourhood.

After trudging on for some time in silence, Frederick demanded, "How far are we now from this Pandemonium of earthly fiends?"

"Ye maun hae patience, sir; ye're only three miles frae the toon yet. Do ye no' ken this is Mulloch-Sandal peat-moss. It's a mile an' a quarter yet to the Star-bog, whar' I tauld ye the mectin's to be."

"Could you have brought us no better road than this, you scoundrel?" demanded Frederick angrily, for he was at that moment up to the knees in mud. "How much of it have we yet to wade through?"

"Only aboot half a mile, sir," was the answer. "Hae patience; ye'll get on hard yearth belyve."

"Patience!" exclaimed Frederick, "you rascal! if you——" but before he could proceed farther with the sentence of anathema which he was about to pronounce on his guide, he had plunged almost to the armpits into a sort of pond full of thick mire, from which, after various unavailing struggles to extricate himself, he called upon some of his men to assist him. But he soon perceived that none of them were in a much better condition than himself. He then for the first time suspected treachery in his guide, and called out that he should be either secured or shot. But the guide was nowhere to be seen. He knew the ground well, and had vanished the moment Frederick gave the plunge, with as much ease and rapidity as if he had been running on pavement.

In less than a minute, while the whole body of the soldiers were entangled with their heavy arms amidst this almost impervious marsh, a sound was heard resembling that which McManus had drawn from his horn on the night he carried off Isabella; which was instantly succeeded by a murderous discharge of musketry upon the troops, from assailants altogether invisible.

A few of the soldiers fruitlessly returned the fire in the direction from which the attack proceeded. Their enemies were under the cover of an extensive turf-pit, and consequently received no damage. Frederick and about ten of his men had extricated themselves from their miry shackles, and rushed forward to dislodge their ambushed enemies. But before they could reach the edge of the pit, they were saluted with another fiery volley, which levelled two-thirds of them to the ground. Frederick himself was wounded in the left arm.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, "it is not my right: some of the wretches shall fall ere I die." And leaping into the pit amongst them, he sheathed his sword in the body of the man whom he first encountered.

"Don't kill him!" shouted a voice; "it is their leader: he will be a good hostage." Immediately a crowd of men rushed on him. He was disarmed, and bound hand and foot; after which, nearly the whole of the ferocious banditti hastened to complete the destruction of the troops. Terrible were now the cries of these unfortunate soldiers. The voice of mercy was totally unheard, and the calls for quarter disregarded, by their lawless adversaries. It was in vain that Frederick offered the largest compensation for the lives of such of his men as might be saved.

"No!" said one of the party to whom he addressed himself; "we will teach those who would hunt us in the dark an awful lesson, by which they will learn to beware of such enterprizes. It pleases our captain to save you, it seems,—perhaps for a more formal death; but not one of your band shall see the morrow's sun!"

The butchery of the soldiers did not occupy the Steel-Boys long; when their captain, who had given orders to save Frederick, returned to where the latter was stationed, and he recognised him to be his tormenting genius M'Manus.

"You are again in my power, Major," said he; "and I shall take care that no rescue shall deliver you this time. I am glad that you are likely to live; not so much from gratitude for your having saved me from assassins, as because I shall triumph in having one of the house of Rosendale so absolutely in my power."

Frederick felt little disposition to reply to this comfortable address. He however answered: "If my life be spared from a friendly or humane motive, I am thankful: but if it be, as it appears, only from selfish views—to gratify the feelings of pride and malicious triumph, or to answer the purposes of caprice or interest—I beg you not to spare it a single moment."

"We want no lectures, sir," replied Munn. "You must proceed immediately to the residence I have destined for you. But first, if you have any thing valuable about you, such as money, jewels, watch, and the like, you will be pleased to hand them to me. They shall be subject to your order, so far as to be transmitted wherever and to whomsoever you may desire. But I must not leave you the means of bribing for your enlargement, especially as your keepers will not on such points be the most scrupulous kind of people in the world."

"Take all!" replied Frederick; "there is nothing I wish to retain, except —: but it is no matter! you may take that also."

"Except what?" asked M'Manus. "If it be nothing you can bribe with, you may keep it."

"It is only a picture I myself drew, poorly enough indeed, of a beloved object within these few weeks past, which I acknowledge I should like to retain, but without being catechised concerning it."

"Oh! a mere love whim!" cried Munn. "If your picture has no jewels about it, you may sleep with it under your head every night, if you think proper."

"I give you my word, sir, there are no jewels about it, but as it is set in a small gold frame which may excite your fears, I promise you I shall never use it for the purpose you apprehend."

"Under such a promise, you may keep it. I can, savage as you think me, sympathise with a true lover.—But avast with whining! How much is in this purse?"

"About thirty guineas, sir."

"And this watch, these rings, and this brooch,—what are they worth?"

"I cannot tell; perhaps about three hundred pounds."

"To whom shall I convey them?"

"The money to my servant, Robert Rainey of Ballycarney; the other articles to the Rev. Mr M'Culloch, of the same place."

"It shall be done, sir. But, before I bid you good night, I must inform you that our present meeting was not unexpected by me. I laid the snare into which you have fallen; and the wretch who allured you into it was only my agent. Had he lived, he would have claimed a handsome reward of me to-morrow; but your desperate leap into our entrenchment has saved me its payment. Good bye, Rosendale; I shall see you at a convenient season. Remember, you are the prisoner, and may expect long to continue so, of the despised M'Manus! Forsythe, away with him!"

So saying, he turned round, called for his horse, and rode off, followed by about twenty men, who seemed all supplied with horses as suddenly as if by magic.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE party which Forsythe selected as an escort to conduct Frederick to his place of imprisonment consisted of about twelve men, all on foot. Their prisoner, however, was accommodated with a horse; after being placed on which, his arms were pinioned, and his feet shackled below the girth. Their leader was also mounted, and rode alongside the prisoner.

Their way lay through the turf-ground, or *moss*, as it is called in that country, for about a mile and a half, in traversing which their journey was greatly lengthened by the frequent windings they had to make to keep clear of the swamps. At length they left the flat ground, and ascended the north-eastern side of *Shane's Hill*, by a very rugged and stoney road. The moon, which had shone with unusual brightness during the preceding part of the night, now disappeared behind Slemish Mountain, and only left remaining so much light as discovered to Frederick, in more than its natural gloom, the dreary wildness and sternness of the scenery through which he passed.

His companions had hitherto remained silent, or had altogether confined their discourse to each other. But while ascending this ridge, Forsythe thought proper to accost his prisoner.

"Major, what think you of this road? I dare say, you never expected such a conveyance through such a scene?"

Frederick felt no inclination to reply to this question; he therefore held his peace.

"What! in the sulks, my gallant captive?" exclaimed Forsythe. "Don't you know that, by a single word, I could have you thrown over that precipice, at the foot of which your noble carcase would be good for nothing but carrion for the foxes and crows. So no ill-nature, if you please!"

"If it were not for fear of consequences," observed Frederick, "I doubt not but a person so ready to make such threats to one so utterly unable to resent them, would have the barbarity to execute them."

"What! do you suppose I fear M'Manus, sir?—No matter if I did, you perceive it would be easy to make your tumble over there appear a mere accident. But that's of no consequence: I only want your countenance; for I hate to travel with a man in the vapours."

"You have little skill, sir, replied Frederick, "in dispelling the vapours from a fellow-traveller; otherwise you would address him in more civil language."

"As to civility," returned Forsythe; "if you had any skill in the matter, you would see that you merit little at our hands. We found you in a very civil employment, truly!"

"You found me doing my duty," said Frederick; and I request that you will attend merely to the doing of yours."

"You're a man of mettle, I perceive," replied Forsythe; "and, doubtless, of feeling too. 'Tis a pity you were not the guard and I the prisoner, we should see how kindly you would treat me. A Hearts of Steel Man would be very likely to receive generous usage from the renowned Major Rosendale, who has done so much to harrass the party. You advertised rewards, I believe, for some of our heads? Is it not generous that we now permit yours to remain on your shoulders?"

"If it were at your option," said Frederick, "I believe it would not remain long there."

"You say right, I confess, Major," replied Forsythe; "for I think that it has been already too long there. Had it been taken off some months ago, some of our men might have yet been on this side of perdition. You remember Huntly's skirmish? Some foolish quail of M'Manus prevented him from sending you to Beelzebub that night, notwithstanding all the damage you had just done; and yet your hand has never been idle against us since."

"Your destructive and lawless ravages have never ceased since," said Frederick. "Nor have you at all times confined yourselves to the mere destruction of your unoffending neighbours, which, I presume, is the chief object of your honourable combination; but you have waged an unmanly war against females, and torn innocence from her parental home, under circumstances of treachery and brutality utterly detestable!"

"Well done!" exclaimed Forsythe; "an excellent lecture, upon my word! It is a pity, sir, that you were not in orders; we might get you to pray for the safety of our souls, although you have been so active in seeking the destruction of our bodies. But with respect to the seizure of the lady you allude to, you may argue the matter with those who did it. You acted bravely that night, sir. You were nearly alone; and yet you dared to attack us, when we were a match for a troop. I had almost got my head in my hand from M'Manus, for permitting you to escape on that occasion. But, we could not contend with a multitude."

They had now advanced considerably on the descent of the western side of Shane's Hill, when Forsythe, perceiving a light in the valley beneath them, observed:

"Yonder is the end of our present journey. Thank Heaven! I shall soon get rid of my agreeable prisoner."

"And I shall be at least equally thankful," retorted Frederick, "at being freed from my courteous guard."

The hill as they descended on the west, presented a different aspect from the eastern side. It gradually declined into a sloping green sward, intersected by a smooth easy road, until it reached Glenwherry water, at the bottom of the descent. On the opposite bank of this water, was the habitation of Nathan Lowery, where the party was to halt: and which until further instructions should be received from M'Manus, was to be Frederick's prison.

On arriving at this edifice Forsythe blew a horn, and a tall youth, half-dressed, as if just arisen from bed in a few seconds opened the door.

Frederick's feet were unbound, and he was ushered into a large rustic apartment, at one end of which blazed a turf fire, from which proceeded the light they had perceived on descending the hill.

"What news, frien's?" said a stout elderly-looking man, with a red night-cap, who, almost as soon as they entered the premises, advanced out of an inner chamber. "Is a' weel?"

"Everything prosperous, Nathan," answered Forsythe. "Satan himself could not have deceived them better than Service did. And here is their leader, the terrible Major Rosendale, whose very name used to give us the ague, whom our captain recommends to your most gracious care and protection, as a worthy and lawful prisoner of war."

"Ha'e we lost ony o' our men?" asked Lowery.

"None but Service, the devil's imp," replied Forsythe. "It is a pity too, for we found him a useful rascal. But that gentleman's sword sent him to do his master's work in the lower regions. In return, however, Master Lowery, we dismissed every soul of the soldiers who came against us, except our worthy prisoner here, on the same errand:—thirty of them, I believe."

"Why, ye ha'e indeed wroucht miracles," replied Lowery. "But you're thirsty, nae doot, lads—and, it may be, hungry too. I'll ha'e punch in a trice, and we'll raise Kitty to get ready some supper."

"You're right, Nathan," said Forsythe; "my throat is as dry as a whistle, and my stomach as empty as a bag-pipe. What say you, my merry men! There's a new cask of Glen-Arib in the house; shall we broach it, and try its mettle?"

"It's broached a'ready," said Lowery; "an' you'll ha'e't reamug before you in a jiffy. As to its mettle, Davy, it carries the real bead, and drinks unco weel in the grog fashion. Maybe you'll try it first that way: an' use the punch afterwards, jist to warm your stomachs."

This arrangement was unanimously agreed to. A large bottle of strong whiskey was soon produced, and its contents almost as soon transferred to the thirsty gullets of Frederick's guardsmen.

At length supper was spread on a large table in the middle of the apartment, around which the company speedily seated themselves. Their prisoner was invited to join them which he did after some sollicitation; it being agreed, at the motion of Lowery, that his arms should be loosened while he sat at table. Forsythe insisted, however, that, for his greater security, the bands should be transferred to his feet.

"I hope none of you, my lads," said he, "will object to this, as his feet can be of no service to him in eating."

This position was admitted as indisputable; and Frederick's feet were, in consequence, bound together while he was at supper; after which, the cords were again removed to his arms: and to this interchange of bondage he had to submit all the time he continued in the custody of Lowery.

After supper the Steel-Boys applied themselves freely to the punch-bowl, for which they seemed to have an unextinguishable appetite. The usual effects of such indulgence soon began to appear. The company became open-minded, talkative, and even vociferous. Some began to sing without tune, some to swear without object, and several to get ill-natured without cause.

As for Frederick, not only was the disgusting spectacle before him disagreeable to his corporeal sensations, but his moral sensibility was mortified and grieved to behold the humiliating condition to which human nature could be reduced by its own extravagance and folly.

He was interrupted in the midst of a melancholy train of reflections by his host, Nathan Lowery, who conducted himself with observable sobriety, and was now, with his two sons, the only individual of the party, capable of self-management. He civilly enough asked Frederick if he wished for a bed; and was answered in the affirmative.

"My twa sins, Roger and Andrew, maun sleep in the same room wi' you," said he; "but ye'll ha'e a bed to yoursel'."

Frederick expressed his acknowledgments for the favour; and after having his wounded arm properly adjusted, for it had hitherto been but clumsily bound up with a handkerchief, he retired for the night.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER such scenes, it could not be expected that Frederick's repose would be of the most profound or refreshing nature. It was, indeed, notwithstanding his harrassed and fatigued state of body, a considerable time before sleep visited him; for his mind dwelt long on the melancholy fate of the brave men he had led out that evening, in vigorous health and high spirits, against those desperate ruffians, in whose power he himself was now placed, and in whose power he could not help remembering a more tender and precious object was also placed.

"Oh, Isabella! my beloved!" he mentally exclaimed, "what must thy delicate and refined mind have endured, if thou hast been exposed to such rude scenes of riot as I have this night witnessed? God support thee, my beloved maiden! amidst thy trials—for I fear they are terrible?"

Nature at length gave way under the power of fatigue, and towards the morning he sunk into sleep. The sun had considerably advanced on his march to the meridian, when his slumber was broken by the entrance of Nathan Lowery, informing him that the family had long waited for him to breakfast.

Frederick, feeling really indisposed, and fearing to be again ushered into the society of his late companions, requested permission to retain his bed for some hours longer.

"Kitty protests," replied Nathan, "that she wunna gi'e us a morsel to eat, till you appear at the table; but I'll speak wi' her."

Kitty was too reasonable to keep the family fasting until a sick man should get health and appetite: Frederick's petition was therefore granted, on condition that he would take some nourishment in bed. Kitty soon prepared him an excellent bowl of tea and a plate of toast, which she had the kindness to administer to him with her own fair hands, and the satisfaction to see that he ate with more relish than indicated any serious sickness. After this, Frederick was permitted to remain undisturbed for the rest of the day, except by an occasional visit from the attentive Kitty, to inquire after his health, and whether there was anything he wished her to do for his comfort. On one of these visits, he asked her what the men who had brought him here were about.

She informed him, that they had all set off for their respective homes before daylight; "an' I was very glad o't," she added for they're an unco wicked set."

"So you don't approve of their proceedings, Kitty?" said he.

"For that, sir, I dinna' ken: their proceedin's may be richt enough; but they're unco dangerous and troublesome: an' care na sae muckle about a man's life, as I wad about a chicken's! But ye maun speak loun—for my

father bade me no' talk on thir matters wi' you, syne we a' ken ye're nae' frien' to the Hearts o' Steel!"

"But I am a friend, at least I wish to be one, to every person or party that behaves well," observed Frederick.

"Ay, I thocht as muckle! I believe if they hadna behaved badly ye wadna ha'e been their enemy."

"I am sorry, Kitty, that your father is confederated with such men. He seems to be more civilly disposed, and possessed of better sense than the majority of them.—I wonder how they could have seduced him to their interests!"

"Ah! sir, my father has suffered greatly frae the lan'jobbers. He was turned oot—it's noo eicht months syne—frae as bonny a place as ye wad see in a' Killead parish, an' he had the money too to gie for the fine; but Waddl. Kinikam o' Belfast had mair interest, an' got the place; and my father sware to be revenged on his oppressors, as he ca'd them, an' went immediately an' joined the Hearts of Steel. He disna, indeed, like a' their doin's, an' winn. gang oot wi' them on their ravagings, but he tak's care o' their gear an' their plunder till they can get it divided amang themsel's.—But I hae tanld ye owre muckle; I hae gane ayont my caution, but I'm sure ye'll no mak' a bad use o't. An' dinna be fleyed or owre muckle cast doon aboot yersel', for my father says it's no' in their heads to hurt you."

Frederick assured her that her communication to him would never operate to her disadvantage, and that if she was under any obligations to keep the secrets of the Hearts of Steel, he would be sorry to ask her to divulge them. He thanked her, however, for her attention to him, which he said he would never forget; and he hoped that it might be yet in his power to show her how much he should remember it.

She said she pitied his condition, and while he should be in her father's house he should want for no kindness in her power to bestow.

Frederick longed much to ask this girl whether she knew, or had the means of discovering, the place of Isabella's confinement; but he yet knew too little of her, although that little was much in her favour, to intrust her with his anxiety on this subject.

In the meantime, Kitty's assiduities, together with the absolute solitude in which the rest of Lowery's family thought proper to indulge him for the whole of that day, had a highly curative effect on his mind; and he enjoyed, for the greater part of the ensuing night, such an invigorating repose, that he awoke quite refreshed at an early hour, and obtained from his guards, the two young Lowerys, permission to rise, and, attended by them, to walk for some time along the banks of the romantic brook that babbled past their residence.

"And is this the place," thought he, as he contemplated the scenery around him,—*"is this the place, so suited to be the abode of innocence, piety, and peace, that has been selected by the rudest ruffians of society, as the scene of their debauchery and the hiding-place of their plunder? O God! how is the most evident intention of Thy works perverted by the wickedness of man!"*

How long he would have continued this strain of meditation we cannot say, for it was cut short by his guards informing him that they thought it time he should return to the house. He nodded assent, and obeyed them in silence.

He met old Lowery at the door. "Major," said his gaoler, "I'm glad to see that you can relish a walk oot o' doors, though it's muckle at oor risk we indulge you in it; for gin you were to break loose an' escape, we wad ha'e a terrible caterwaulin' to bide frae M'Manus. But you're a gentleman, I believe; an' gin we allow you an' indulgence, ye winna tak' advantage o't to hurt us, but will consider it as frien'ship, an' on honour."

"Your favours," replied Frederick, "undoubtedly demand my acknowledgments; and any reasonable return in my power to make, you shall cheerfully receive. But, Mr. Lowery, I think your urbanity somewhat irreconcilable with the character of your present connections; though it is consoling to find that there is at least one person civilly disposed amongst them."

"A close mooth, sir," said Lowery, putting his finger to his lips, "is aye token o' a wise head: these matters are no' fit for every ear. I'm leagued wi' them; an' gin I liked them waur than I do, honour among thieves, you ken, deserves credit. It's a decent principle, sir.—But Kitty has breakfast ready, and guid manners ne'er yet refused justice to a guid meal."

To breakfast they sat down: and honest Nathan gave ample proof of his good manners, by the exemplary justice he did to this excellent repast. It, indeed, consisted of a greater variety of good things than Frederick could have supposed it possible to procure in so remote and secluded a situation. But he soon accounted for the mystery, by recollecting that his hospitable host was no less a personage than the grand treasurer and chief steward of the most active and successful association of freebooters at that time in Europe.

Kitty having removed the table and retired with her brother, Frederick and his host were left alone, when the latter observed—

"So you think, Major, I hae rather mair civility aboot me than the rest o' the Boys?"

"You have at least shown more to me, Mr. Lowery. But to be told that you excel savages, is, I confess, no great compliment."

"I wunna contradict you," said Nathan, "though you should ca' them savages. But, sir, you maunna think that I approve o' a' their doings."

"I at least hope you do not," replied Frederick; "otherwise I should at present feel uneasy in your company."

"The Boys are aften rash, an' I'll admit," replied Nathan, "owre severe betimes, but it's maistly when they're provoked by the cruel lan'lords an' their agents that they owerstep the mark o' what's proper and fit to be done by Christians, an' no' frae ony o' that bluid-thirstiness o' heart that they hae been accused o'."

"No provocation," replied Frederick, "can justify wanton and deliberate guilt. And pray, sir, have they never villanously attacked the unoffending, the unresisting, and the virtuous? Have they never taken a life that might not have been spared, without injury to the interest of even their own criminal confederacy?"

"I grant ye, sir, they hae aften done unwarrantable things. But ye canna screen the unjust and cruel lan'lords frae a share o' the blame."

"The landlords have not been unjust, sir, at least in a legal sense. The lands they disposed of were their own. They have been *ungenerous* in not preferring the occupying tenants, especially where the latter had voluntarily improved the properties, and depended on a renewal of their tenures as a remuneration. No self-constituted combination of angry men ought to have attempted to chastise them, much less, under such a plea, to visit a whole country with the terrible effects of their barbarous vengeance—rapine, massacre, and conflagration."

"You needna get sae warm, Major; for I admit muckle o' what ye say to be owre true. I canna defend them in a' things; an' I hae, for some time, seen plainly that they're gaun fast on the braid road to ruin. But when yin's han's are tied, it's no' aye an easy matter to break the tether."

"Whether your obligations are such that you cannot abandon them," said Frederick, "you are the best judge. But I own that I cannot conceive of any obligation sufficiently strong to bind a rational man to the cause of barbarity and wickedness."



"Necessity, sir, as weel as obligation, binds me to them," replied Lowery sorrowfully. "My fate seems to be sae warped wi' theirs, that I fear I maun either stan' or fa' wi' them."

"You know these things best," observed Frederiek. "I cannot presume to argue with you on this point."

"I tell you thir things," said Lowery, to prevent you frae blaming me, when I obey their orders in confining you. It gi'es me nae plesure to be your jailer; an' you maunna be offended at me, when, to save mysel' frae their unmercifu' vengeance, I hae to guard you strictly. Ye ken yoursel' that your escape wad ruin me; an' yet, I wad like to deal frien'ly wi' you."

"Far be it from me," returned Frederick, "to desire from you the slightest dereliction of what you may conceive to be the duties of your office!"

"It is to M'Manus ye're indebted for your life," said Lowery. "He has gi'en striet orders that nane be suffered to touch it—an' his orders maun be obeyed, for he noo rules amang us wi' a strong hand. An' it's weel he has ta'en the fancy to save you, or your life wadna be worth an hoor's leash. Forsythe wad sune rid you o't. He wadna gie ye time e'en to bless yoursel', he hates you so bitterly. Gin ye ever get loose, ye maun' tak' particular care o' him; for whar he yinee hates, he hates for ever. He's an unco doure man—a very devil in his temper."

"I thank you," replied Frederick, "for this information; I have had already some proof of its correctness."

"I tell it to you," continued Lowery, "for your ain benefit, that you may keep a sharp e'e on him. Even when he promises fair, he's no' to be trusted, for he can play the hypocrite like a very Judas, when he thinks he'll win any thing by it. I hope, sir, you'll think my adviee frien'ly."

"I appreciate your kind intentions," said Frederick; "and shall not forget them, if I ever have the power to serve you."

"You may yet hae the power to help me in a pinch," replied Lowery. "Nane o' us kens what lot's before him. The law may get me in its grip—an' that's an awfu' thing, sir. Gin the Hearts of Steel were put doon, it's no' likely that judges an' juries wad hae muekle merey on them. Ye micht then remember I was your frien' in your troubles, an' it may be, help me oot o' the scrape."

"Should I have any influence at such a crisis," returned Frederiek, "I shall, unless I should have occasion greatly to change my present opinion of you, zealously exert it for your advantage. But I do not make this promise to induce you to relax in the exercise of any vigilance over me."

"That's reasonable, sir, an' considerate," said Lowery; "I like you for't. But you're a gentleman, an' will forgie me for being cautions in sitch a matter, though it should occasion you some hardship."

"Assuredly," replied Frederick, "I shall always, I hope, submit, without murmuring, to every hardship that appears to spring from necessity."

At that moment Roger Lowery entered the chamber, and informed his father that a man on horseback waited for him without. His father arose, and the young man took his station as Frederick's guard.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

KITTY now entered to inquire whether he would take dinner with the family, or in his own apartment by himself. He preferred the latter, and had a comfortable table soon spread before him. He had a good opportunity of inquiring of his attendant, whether she knew anything of Miss M'Manus?

Kitty looked somewhat surprised at the question: "Is't the young lady, the Captain's niece, sir, you mean?"

"Yes, my good girl! Have you heard or seen anything of her of late?"

"It is only about celtit days syne she was ta'en frae this very hoose. It's a muckle pity that they use her sae, for she's as bonny a sweet creature as the sun e'er shined on. I hae cried till I hae been siek for her."

"Surely they have not the inhumanity to behave with rudeness or ill-temper towards her?" said Frederick, with an agitation which he in vain endeavoured to conceal.

"Na, sir, I canna say they wanted to affront her; but they vexed her sairly, which is just as bad. For Squire Onsley is wud aboot her, an' her unele aye foucht wi' her, an' scolded her wi' terrible oaths an' threatenin's, protesting he wad burn her gran'father's hoose, an' himsel' an' a' her frien's in it, if she wadna tak' the Squire. She couldna tell what to do, for she was muckle fleyed for her gran'father's safety; and yet she could na bring her min' to marry sitch a dry guid-for-naethin' ruggle o' banes, mair especially as he had brought on her sitch trouble an' misfortune, an' was aye teaziu' an' botherin' her wi' his nasty love, when she wanted to hae naethin' ava to do wi' him; so that at last she hated him like the very sorrow. But, sir, you should eat your dinner, an' no be sae muckle concerned. I wadna hae tauld you aboot it, if I had thocht it wad hae grieved ye sae."

"I have eaten a sufficiency, Kitty. My appetite is not quite so good as before I fell into the hands of your friends."

"Ah, sir! dianna ca' them my frien's!—I wish to Gracious that nae o' my frien's were leagued wi' them, for they lae been guilty o' awfu' doings."

"But," said Frederick, can you tell me whether Onsley has as yet extorted from Miss M'Manus any promise of marriage?

"No, sir, I think she has gi'en nae promise o' the kin'. But when they threatened her wi' the terrible things aboot her gran'father she fell on her knees, and begged sae hard for time to think, that they at last agreed to gie her a month—whilk is noo aboot three weeks run—to mak' up her mind."

"And why did they remove her from this place before the month expired?" asked Frederick.

"In troth, I can weel tell that, sir, to my sorrow, for I got an unco gaun-owre frae them a', especially frae my father, aboot it. I was muckle in the faut too, I believe, to disobey him. But she had won sae on me wi' her sweet tempe, an' I thocht sae muckle pity on her, that I couldna refuse to slip her some ink an' paper, an' had agreed to get a letter ta'en by a trusty frien o' mine to her gran'father, to warn him o' his danger, an' let him ken the place o' her confinement. But luck was against us, for my brither Andy fan' oot the matter an' discovered on us. An' Roger was gaun to kill him for't—for Roger's a guid lad, an' wad hae done ony thing for Miss M'Manus: sae we were like to hae a fecht in the hoose. An' Forsythe, the deevil's limb! that I should ea' him sae, cam' to hear o't; an' tauld Mr. M'Manus, wha cam' upon us like a fury, an' swore we were conspiring against him to ruin him;—an' he wadna let his niece stay in oor-hoose anither nicht; but aff he took her, as sune as it was dark, to Forsythe's; for that wicked villain tauld him that he wad be accountable for her safety, and that she wad be weel watched by his auldest dochter, wha, syne his wife died, five or six months ago, has kept hoose for him in a landy glen three or four miles frae this. Before Miss M'Manus left us, the bonny dear gied me this silk purse an' this gold ring, as she said in remembrance o' my kindness. But I wad hae been hard-hearted indeed, no' to hae been kin' to sitch a sweet young lady. An' her uncle too—for he's no' the warst o' them,—when his passion was owre, said he was sorry to part us, but *needcessity* gar'd him do it again' his wull."

"Would to God," Frederick almost unconsciously exclaimed, "that I

had been taken prisoner eight days sooner! I might then have —. But," he instantly added, "that's a foolish wish, for they would not then have brought me here.—But, Kitty, have you heard nothing of her since she left you?"

"Naething, sir,—O ay, I had amaist forgot. I heard Forsythe, that night he brought you here, telling my father that she was aye obstinate. 'But she's a damned sweet creature!' Thir were his very words; for ye ken he curses like a trooper; and Onsley, he said, will be a happy man if he gets her."

"Kitty," said Frederick, "I will detain you no longer. Tell your father that I feel indisposed, and do not wish to be disturbed for some time. The kindness you have shown to this young lady, I shall never forget. I request you to let no one know anything of the information you have given me; and use all the diligence and caution you can in your inquiries concerning Miss M'Manus; for although it is not now in my power to afford her relief, yet I am extremely anxious to be informed of whatever befalls her."

Kitty promised that she would do her best to follow his directions, and withdrew.

Frederick threw himself on his bed, and gave vent to the agitation of his mind. Kitty had left the purse and ring in his possession. He kissed them, he placed them in his bosom, and had almost vowed never to part with them, until he recollected that they were the property of another.

Towards evening, Nathan Lowery entered, with a countenance and manner which indicated considerable mental uneasiness.

"Major," said he, "you may expect a visit this evening frae some o' oor frien's."

"They will do me too much honour," replied Frederick, with a bitterness he had never before displayed.

"I cam' to prepare your min' for receivin' them, by lettin' you ken their erran'," observed Lowery.

"My mind requires no preparation for such an unimportant event. I trust I shall always be prepared to act as becomes a man—such as these wretches, whom you style your friends must hate—a man of honour!

"Major," said Lowery, "I am sorry to see that you hae lost your temper, which syne your coming here I was proud to observe that you supported like a brave man. It may be, I hae unconsciously gien you some offence?"

"No! honest Nathan!" replied Frederick, assuming, from a feeling of kindness towards his host, a more complaisant air, "you have not offended me, nor am I startled by your intelligence; for I did not expect to be allowed to remain long untroubled by the destroyers of my peace and happiness. If you wish to communicate the purport of their visit, I will listen to it from respect to you, but not on account of any consequences that I dread from them."

"They hae heard," said Lowery, "that yin Blair o' Ballyrickert, a relation of Forsythe, an' a very active member o' the association, has been apprehended and carried yesterday to Carrickfergus. They would rescue him, as they did Douglas oot o' Belfast, but the place is owre strong for ony force they can muster; an' they wish to mak' you instrumental to his delivery."

"If that be their intention, friend Nathan," replied Frederick, "I assure you they will lose their labour."

"But they will mak' you proposals," said Nathan, "that I hope you'll listen to wi' guid temper; for, you ken, it's unco silly to defy the lion in his ain den."

"I thank you, my good gaoler, for your friendly advice," answered Frederick; "but I have no doubt of being capable to suit my conduct to the occasion, without the aid of an aphorism."

"If I hae made owre free, sir," said Lowery, "you maun forgi'e me. My motive was frien'ly: I wished to prevent you frae being taen by surprise."

"You have not offended me," replied Frederick; "nor do I wish to offend you. I appreciate your motives duly. But I will not admit that any thing done by such ruffians as your colleagues can throw me off my guard."

"I may be owre officious," said Nathan; "an' my news is, nae doubt unpleasant; but it is true, and I am sorry the Captain maunna be wi' them."

"You are unwise in that, my prudent host," said Frederick; "for by his absence there will be one villain the less to contaminate your house."

"It's for your sake that I wish him here," answered Lowery; "as he would keep them frae doing you ony serious mischief. Forsythe will noo do jist as he pleases; an' when his temper's up he has but suna' care for a man's life."

"Well, let him do as he pleases!" rejoined Frederick. "When he has done his worst, he can do no more. Have you heard from M'Manus since my capture?"

"I hae just this day got a letter frae him; an' I may inform you that he's at present employed somewhat like an honest man—in defending his ain property."

"An honest man!" repeated Frederick. "That, I believe, is a rare character for him to act. I should like to know how he relishes it?"

"Rather badly, I believe, sae far," answered Lowery. "But, giu you please, you may glance owre this letter. It will show you that his present predicament is nane o' the maist pleasant in the world."

Frederick perused the letter, the following extract from which will sufficiently make known the unpleasant situation of M'Manus to which Lowery referred.

"I am now blocked up in my own residence at Glen-Arib, by three companies of red-coats. I have about forty men with me, true Hearts of Steel to the very core; and would not be afraid, with plenty of ammunition and provisions, to stand our present assailants a twelvemonth's siege.

"The destruction of Rosendale's troops has, it appears, been the cause of my getting into this scrape. That affair occasioned a most terrible ferment throughout the country; but instead of having the effect we expected—of intimidating opposition to our measures—it only inflamed that opposition to a height now absolutely uncontrollable by any power we possess. It would seem as if every man, woman, and child, from Belfast to Coleraine, had sworn our destruction.

"But cheer up!—Hearts of Steel must never be dismayed! By our victory over Rosendale, we gained thirty good muskets, as many bayonets, and about three hundred charges of ball-cartridge, besides sending thirty of their most active troops to Tophet, and securing their formidable leader from harm's way.

"This was a good stroke, sir; but in a few hours the aspect of affairs changed. How they could have so soon heard of their disaster I cannot imagine. But we were still within a mile of the field of battle when a troop of soldiers, accompanied by a multitude of armed country-people, appeared in pursuit of us. Luckily I had sent all the military spoil forward in a cart to Glen-Arib.

"We dispersed, prudently enough; for there were only about twenty of us at this time together, and we of course saw that fighting would do no good. We were tolerably well mounted; but there were about a dozen of the enemy—mostly countrymen—as well mounted as ourselves. They had the impudence to pursue us; and we had the folly not to keep together, or we should have very decently chastised them, when they were sufficiently

separated from their companions. However, I managed to get five or six of the Boys to turn upon them; and we had a small skirmish, in which I had the pleasure to blow out the brains of one rascal, and to run another through the body. Some one of the Boys--Blair, I believe--shot another.

"But we did not get these good things for nothing. Two of our party, Kirdy and Collins, are, I am afraid, killed: they both fell; and I have not since heard of them. Blair was unhorsed, and is a prisoner; and no doubt in the present temper of the country, will be hanged. As to myself, I was awkwardly enough wounded by a huge country-fellow, who broke my left arm with an unmerciful blow of a large sabre that was not sharp enough to cut it through. I had therefore to decamp; and my horse Charley left them a clear field.

"I rode to Glen-Arib without stopping, got my arm fixed, and was awakened out of a sound sleep the next morning by one of the Boys, who came express to tell me that in a few hours my house would be attacked by a strong force, who were advancing rapidly to seize me either dead or alive.

"I might have skulked off in safety, and left them to demolish my dwelling; but I preferred, perhaps foolishly, to defend it. I blew my horn, and in half-an-hour had forty Boys, mostly Glen-Arib men, about me.

"The enemy advanced cautiously upon us—for, I believe, some cursed tale-bearer had informed them that we were prepared to give them a warm reception. We have been for some hours firing at each other to little purpose. But I am told they have sent to Carrickfergus for cannon; which, however, cannot arrive before to-morrow. I shall make a sally on them to-night; which, if not successful, will leave me no alternative but to surrender or to escape if I can.

"If I be not with you to-morrow night, you may expect that I am either knocked on the head, or in the hands of the Moabites.

"You may tell your prisoner, Rosendale, that it is the general impression all over the country, that he fell at the head of his troops."

### CHAPTER XXX.

It was about eight o'clock at night when Forsythe, attended by six of his confederates, arrived at Lowery's. After having warmed their stomachs with a reasonable allowance of Glen-Arib whisky, they demanded to see the prisoner, and were immediately conducted into Frederick's apartment.

"So ho, Major!" said Forsythe, as he entered; "you're pretty snug here, I see. A devilish sight better off, I believe, than one-half of your neighbours.

"But I came at present to state to you the terms on which you will be permitted to remain in the same comfortable state of captivity you have as yet experienced under the care of your present indulgent gaoler."

"A very magnanimous errand, truly!" exclaimed Frederick, "and worthy of its mild projector. But let me hear those gracious terms, my acceptance of which is to be attended with such a signal favour."

"If you are predetermined, sir," said Forsythe, "to reject our proposals, we need not offer them to you. What is your opinion, friend Nathan? do you think your prisoner too gross-grained and obstinate to enter into any treaty with us, even for his own benefit?"

"Maybe," answered Nathan, "if Major Rosendale heard the terms, and perceived that they required naething dishonourable aff his hand, he might be brought to comply wi' them?"

"Major, we wish to save twa or three o' oor frien's just noo in confinement un'er the charge o' your auld commander in Carrick Castle; an' wha we hae owre muckle reason to fear will sune be strung on the gallows, unless we can mak' a treaty in their behalf. Mr. Forsythe wrote yesterday to Colonel Jennings, acquaintin' him wi' your being yet to the fore, an' in oor custody—a lawfu' prisoner. But this the Colouel either disna believe, or pretends that he disna, whilk is just as bad for oor purpose. He insists that the report o' your surviving the Mulloch Sandal battle is naethin' but a scheme o' oors to trap him into the surrender o' his prisoners. He says he winna be its dupe, an' that he'll no believe any report o' your being alive, save yin signed wi' yere ain han'-writin'."

"And what," asked Frederick, "will be the consequence of my refusing to sign such a report?"

"You will only," replied Forsythe, "have that obstinate sulky soul of yours driven out of your cursed carcass; and be then made to play the same game that the renowned Clearfield did, who hung dangling as a public spectacle from the top of a pole forty feet high."

"A comfortable result, truly!" said Frederick.

"Will you accept the wise alternative, and sign this paper?" said Forsythe, handing him one which Frederick read.

"Mr. Forsythe," said Frederick, tearing the paper to pieces, and looking with infinite contempt upon his enemy, "you must have a far more despicable opinion of me than I could have imagined, if you suppose for an instant that I could disgrace myself so far as to sign such a paper."

"No speechifying, sir, if you please!" interrupted Forsythe fiercely; "the question is simply Yes or No, with respect to signing these conditions: on which, recollect, haughty sir! your own accursed life depends. Will you sign them?"

"No! I would sooner cut my throat," answered Frederick, "than consult my own safety at the expense of interrupting the regular course of justice in the country!"

"Your throat, sir," said Forsythe, "shall be cut for you soon enough; and as to your reasons for refusing our terms, you may philosophise upon them at your leisure in the next world;—we have nothing to do with them here. You will prepare to march; we have another trial for you: we must humble your proud spirit, ere we send it to perdition!"

So saying, he left the room, every muscle of his body being absolutely convulsed with rage. His attendants followed him, and Lowery only remained behind with Frederick.

"What he means by this last threat I cannot understand," said Lowery, when the rest had withdrawn; "but whatever it is, be assured, Major, that it is something terrible, and that he will perform it."

"Since his power is so absolute, and his mind so depraved, I doubt not," said Frederick, "he will perform it. But there is one thing he cannot perform; he cannot make me become despicable."

"I'm sorry for it, but I canna help it," said Lowery: and he also withdrew from Frederick's presence.

In about half-an-hour, three fellows, in black visors, and armed with pistols and bayonets, entered, and ordered Frederick to attend them; which he did in silence. At about a quarter of a mile from the house, a cart was found waiting; on which having bound him, two of them seated themselves beside him, and the third drove away the vehicle. They left Glenwherry water to the left; and after driving, according to Frederick's calculation, for nearly three miles, through by-roads, and over an unfrequented heath, they stopped at last at the foot of a steep hill. Frederick was then loosened from the cart, and compelled to ascend the hill by a very narrow, intricate, and

dangerous path, until he came to the mouth of a cavern so extremely low, that, in entering, the party were obliged to go on all-fours. After proceeding in this posture for a few yards, however, the roof became more elevated and as they advanced, it still continued to rise until they were able to walk upright. At length the passage took a sudden turn to the left, and opened into a large chamber, which was partially illuminated by a small lamp that feebly twinkled at its farther end. This lamp rested on a small deal table, on which were an inkstand, several torn sheets of writing-paper, and a pewter measure containing some water. An oaken chair, a long four-footed stool or bench, and a large deal chest, constituted the remainder of the furniture in this dreary mansion. But there was a rope which hung from a pulley fixed in the roof immediately over the chest, of a very mysterious appearance. It had a running noose at its lower end, and was continued from the pulley just mentioned to another fixed in an angle of the rugged roof to the right hand. After passing this last pulley, it made its way, through a fissure of the rocky wall, into another apartment.

An iron chain, drawn through a strong ring inserted into the ground near the chest, was pointed out to Frederick.

"We maun fasten this roon your ankle, nybour!" were the first words addressed to him since he had entered the cave. He made neither reply nor resistance; and the operation was performed in silence.

"On that kist, sir, ye may sleep; an', gin ye like, ye may wrap this rug about ye,"—said the man who had chained him. "The kist's no locked; but I would advise ye no' to lift the lid, for something's to-be seen in it ye'll maybe no' like. But I'll warrant ye'll tak' your plesure o' this. There's some oaten bread for ye, an' a bottle o' whiskey, an a mug o' water; an' when the lamp burns low, there's oil in that jar to renew it. So guid nicht! but dinna think o' hangin' yoursel' wi' the 'execution rape' there." With this bit of friendly advice, the man and his two companions left him.

He insensibly sat down upon the chest, overcome by the intensity of his sickening meditations; and remained more than an hour in a state of melancholy absorption, incapable alike of accurate reasoning or distinct perception. At length his native courage resumed the ascendancy, and with it all his other faculties of reasoning and feeling. He then partook of some of the homely refreshments that had been left with him, and felt much revived: after which he replenished his lamp with oil; and was about to stretch himself on the chest for repose, when he recollected the mysterious warning which he had received concerning its contents.

"It can be no crime to open an unlocked chest," thought he; "and to be frightened by the foolish assertions of an ignorant boor would be downright childishness. In God's name, I will open it; it may lead to some useful discovery."

He accordingly lifted the lid cautiously; but the lamp glimmered at too great a distance to discover distinctly what lay at the bottom. He introduced his hand to ascertain it; but instantly started back with an emotion of horror, for he had felt the *cold face of a dead man*. The sweat started from his brows, his muscles stiffened, and he stood for a moment as if petrified into a statue. His faculties, however, soon returned: and he exclaimed, "O God! here has been murder!"

At that instant he heard the approach of footsteps, and rays of light darted into the apartment; while a man cried out:

"Ah! you have discovered that, have you? Confound the negligence of the fellows!—I told them to have the dead carcase removed before they brought in the living one. But, blast you! it is so much the worse for you; for I dare not now let you live, even if I wished it."

The man was now so far advanced, that Frederick recognised his arch-

adversary Forsythe. He carried in his hand a lantern, from which he took the candle and placed it on the table, without deigning to notice Frederick. He then took a draught of whiskey and water; and walked once or twice across the cave in evidently great, but silent, perturbation.

At length, with an inflamed countenance, and eyes flashing fire, he addressed Frederick:

"Methought that I heard you let fall the lid of that chest and utter an exclamation of terror. Hark ye, sir! you are doomed, for your curiosity, to swing on that same rope which had yesterday the honour to break the neck of the unfortunate wretch within that chest."

He here paused, and walked for a short time in a hurried manner across the rugged floor of the cave. He then resumed:

"But it will not answer my purpose till to-morrow night. It suits me, wretch!" said he, looking at Frederick with the malicious glance of a fiend, "that you should live till then."

"I thank you, sir," replied Frederick with great composure—for he had, with much effort, by this time recovered full command of his faculties—"I thank you for such candid and fair warning. I trust I shall not fall an unprepared victim."

"Curse your coolness!" exclaimed Forsythe; "do you expect a rescue? Neither M'Manus nor Lowery, if they were so inclined, could find you here. This cave is exclusively my empire, sir,—I am absolute within its limits."

He then ran to the mouth of the cave and blew a horn, the sound of which broke like thunder through the subterranean vaults. In about twenty minutes he re-entered, attended by the three visored men who had accompanied Frederick to his present prison.

"Manacle this fellow's other limb, Jasper," said he to one of them; "fasten him round the waist also with an iron chain, and keep strict watch at the mouth of the cave until the morning. In the meantime, Ingles, you may go to sleep, so that, when called on, you may be fresh for duty. As to you, Archy, your duty is to watch the lady, as you were instructed. Be constant at your post, and vigilant. My brave boys! I shall soon have a long purse for your reward. Others may fight, but we shall share the spoil. You were cursed negligent though, in not removing Onsley's corpse before you brought this bullying jackanapes here. But it will be of no consequence in the end, for the dog must die to-morrow night. The corpse must be buried by daybreak. Jasper and Ingles, see that you attend to it!"

Frederick was soon bound as directed; and the infernal agents and their master withdrew, but not until they had paid their customary devotions to the whiskey-bottle—Forsythe desiring them to drink heartily for it should be replenished in the morning.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Frederick was left alone, his energy of mind again almost deserted him. All the horrors of his situation stared him in the face. He was here, loaded with irons, condemned to pass the last night of his earthly existence in a dismal cell, with the corpse of a murdered man for his only companion.

But what weighed most heavily on his spirits was, the reflection that his Isabella was also subjected to the power and caprices of the same inhuman monster that inflicted such miseries on himself.

His agitation overpowered him, and he threw himself on the ground; for an instinctive abhorrence caused him to avoid the fatal chest. In a short time the violence of feeling yielded to the languor of fatigue, and he sunk



into a slumber; but his sleeping thoughts were even more horrible than his waking ones. He started with fright, and awoke to find himself in reality stretched beside the rude coffin in which he had dreamed lay the corpse of the murdered man.

He sat up, and by a strong exertion of fortitude endeavoured to compose his mind. This might have been a vain attempt, but for the timely and unexpected aid of the sweetest sounds of music he had ever heard, which now saluted his ears. He directed his eyes to the quarter whence they proceeded; and thought he perceived a light gleaming through the chink in the rocky side of his apartment, through which the ominous rope before-mentioned passed.

The holy strains ceased; but their soothing effects continued, and Frederick became for the night more resigned and tranquil. In meditating on the sweet voice, he found such enjoyment,—for he fancied that it resembled hers in whom all his heart's affections were centred, and whose fate now so much resembled his own in sorrow and affliction.

His agitation being thus considerably quieted, he, towards the morning, fell into a slumber of a composing nature. The dawn of the morning, however, could not be known to Frederick, for no cheering sunbeams ever penetrated the recesses of his gloomy prison; which, when used for the transaction of any of their dark purposes by the ruffians who frequented it, was always artificially lighted, and generally in such a manner as to cause its natural dreariness to appear still more dreary.

Forsythe had instructed Jasper and Ingles to remove Onsley's body, and bury it by the first appearance of day. Frederick was awakened from the before-mentioned refreshing slumber by their entrance. As he had, however, no inclination to converse with them, he lay quiet. Jasper advanced towards him.

"Why, 'faith! Ingles," said he, "oor condemned man is, I believe, as comfortably asleep as if he were in the arms o' his sweetheart."

"But I'll be switched, Jasper," replied the other, "if he winna be in a sounder sleep before this time the-morrow."

"Sae oor master will hae't, and we maun obey him," said Jasper. "An' I think naethin' o' killin' yin that was a persecutor o' the Hearts o' Steel; but the poor squire in the kist there, ye ken, was aye faithfu' to the 'Boys,' an' helped mony a yin o' them oot o' a scrape before it was kenned that he was yin himself! It wasna fair to tak' him aff only for liking a bonnie lass."

"It's nae o' oor concern what he was," observed Ingles. "Master Davie Forsythe maun answer for that, gin he e'er be questioned aboot it. But, ye see, the squire's naethin' noo, but a lump o' cauld cl'y; we maun hide him un'er the mools without mair ado."

"It was a' jealousy—jealousy," said Jasper, helping to lift the corpse out of the chest: "it was doonricht jealousy that made Davie do this. But nae matter as you say: we maun hide it frae the worl'."

"Gin ye want to hide it, then," observed Ingles, "you shouldna talk sae muckle aboot it; ye dinna ken what lugs may hear you."

"Why, man," said Jasper, "ye needna be sae fleyed. There's nae leevin' lugs here but oor ain, an' the condemned Major's noo soond asleep."

"Perhaps no' sae soond, Master Jasper," remarked Ingles, who at this moment observed Frederick changing the posture of one of his limbs which the irons had rendered uneasy.

"Gin he's no' asleep," said Jasper, "he's as guid as deed, ye ken, at ony rate. An' it's an auld sayin', 'that deed men tell nae tales.'"

"But it mayna be aye a true yin," observed Ingles.

"Then," replied Jasper, "ye may be as muckle fleyed for the squire here as the Major there."

"Let's hae a dram or we gang oot wi' him to the cauld yearth, at ony rate," said Ingles.

"That's a guid motion," replied Jasper; "ye're wise enough when ye like to show it, Ingles."

"Come, now," cried Ingles, "to the mools wi' the squire's raw flesh, let his het saul be whar' it wull."

"Noo I maun differ wi' ye there," said Jasper. "I kenned the squire weel. His saul wasna sae het; had he no' been in love, he wadna hae drawn on Davie; for weel I wot he wasna sae muckle o' a sodger. But hoist awa'; tak' ye the shooters, an' I'll tak' the heels."

In this cold-blooded manner these two ruffians withdrew with their horrible burden; Jasper muttering, as he went along, "This jealousy's an unco thing;—it has made Davie become a perfect fury o' late."

After the removal of Onsley's body, Frederick felt as if he breathed in a new world. Every thing about him, even the "Execution Rope" itself, appeared more of a natural and terrestrial hue, and consequently more capable of being tolerated. In a short time his thoughts reverted to the pious singer; and, cherishing the idea that she was his own beloved, he endeavoured to banish all unpleasing recollections, by becoming absorbed in the contemplation of her beauty, virtue, and piety.

He was interrupted in this delightful occupation by the re-entrance of Ingles, about an hour after his retiring with the corpse. He approached, carrying a small keg under his arm.

"I'm come," said he to Frederick, who was reclining at ease on the chest, "to replenish your whiskey-bottle. Hae you ta'en your *mornin'* yet, sir?"

Frederick replied, that he had never made a practice of doing so; and he believed that, since to all appearance his days were nearly finished, he should not now begin.

"Noo, sir," said Ingles, "ye're no' wise in that; you should try the benefit o' the 'native' noo, for ye'll hae nae opportunity anither mornin'. It's a fine thing for strengthening the stomach afore breakfast, tak' a frien's word for't. Yere health, sir!"

"You seem a man of mettle, Mr. Ingles.—Is not that your name?" said Frederick.

"As richt, sir, ye hae hit it, as the hammer hits the nail; at your service."

"How does it happen that a man of your spirit should stoop to be employed in such a dark and disgraceful business as assassination, merely, as I believe; to gratify the wicked propensities of a wretch of no greater dignity or higher standing in society than yourself?"

"Faith! Major, you're oot o' it there: for if it be Davie that ye mean, he stan's higher than I do by twa inches an' a half; though I could cast him owre my leg at ony time in a wrestlin' match. But as to the matter o' his dignity, sir, I hae naethin' to do wi't. I hae ither things in view when I serve him."

"And pray, sir, may I ask what extraordinary recompense you can have in view for such extraordinary service?"

"My view is no' extraor'niry ava', sir. It's merely to mak' my fortune, an' spen' a merry life."

"What! sir," said Frederick; "do you rob as well as murder? or, rather, is it your business to murder for the sake of robbing?"

"Nae doubt o' it, sir. We mak' nae half wark in oor trade. Na, na; we're nane o' your bunglers that way—to kill men, an' get naethin' for't. It wad be doonricht silly that, sir. We tak' the spoil, as the Scripture ca's it, an' divide it fairly. The Hearts o' Steel also rob for us. Did ye na ken that we belang to that honourable bedy?"

"Yes, I know it," said Frederick; "but you seem to do things which, as a body, I conceive they would highly condemn;—for instance, the destruction of Onsley, one of their best friends."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned Ingles; "'faith you hae the richt soo again by the tail. We're a kin' o' independent body un'er Davie—that is, Davie Forsythe, sir—that hae set up for oorsel's. We hae a' joined the Hearts o' Steel, nae doobt. But there are three or four o' us owre cunnin' for the rest, wha contrive to do business withoot them, an' gie them the blame o't. Au' we hae't in our heads, some o' thir nichts, to rob their treasurer Lowery himsel' o' the ill-gotten gear he hauds for them."

"Is not their treasurer too well guarded to allow you any prospect of success?" said Frederick.

"Na, sir; naebody but Lowery an' his twa sins guards their stores; it's no' thocht necessary. You should ken that Hearts o' Steel can trust yin anither; an' there's nane but them kens ony thing about it. But it's a strong place, an' Lowery keeps the key o't, so it wunna be an easy matter, I grant ye."

"And how, suppose you were to commit that robbery, would you reconcile it to your oaths of fidelity to the confederacy?" asked Frederick.

"Jist as weel," replied Ingles, "as we can the stealin' o' a coo to the eight commandment; or the killin' o' Onsley, or yoursel', dear Major, to the sixth—that is, by the help o' a guid stoot conscience."

"I am well answered," said Frederick: "the same disregard of moral obligation which enables you to rob and murder, I might have easily supposed would equally enable you to commit perjury without compunction; and I am really astonished how companions in crime can trust each other on the security of oaths."

"I canna comprehend ye, sir," observed Ingles: "but this I ken, that Davie has promised us a reward micht bribe a prince, when he robs the treasury; an' Douglas, M'Manus, Lowery, an' a' the rest o' the leaders, ha'e sitch confidence in him, that I dinna doobt but they'll gi'e him an opportunity to accomplish it; an' he has cunnin' enough, ye ken, to cheat them."

"He has wickedness enough to do it, at any rate," observed Frederick.

"An' gin he does attempt it, sir, we'll stick like burrs to him, as we ha'e sworn, through a' risks."

"How many are of you in his confederacy?" asked Frederick.

"Only three forbye Davie himsel'," answered Ingles. "I ha'e tauld ye mair nor I oucht to ha'e done; but I ken it can mak' nae difference, as ye'll be put oot o' harm's w'y again nicht; an' after that, I'm thinkin', ye'll tell naethin'. Guid mornin', sir. Ye'll no' tell Davie oor conversation?"

Frederick assented to secrecy, and Ingles retired. At the mouth of the cavern he met Forsythe.

"I ha'e been in, sir!" said he; "replenishin' the whiskey flask as ye bade me."

"And how is our prisoner doing?" asked Forsythe. "Does he seem any thing broken down in spirits?"

"Doin'!" answered Ingles; "why, sir, he's as hearty as a year-auld; an' as to his brakin' doon, I believe he couldna be mair stately an' stalwart in his gait's gin he were gaun to be married to an heiress!"

"I must converse with him, Ingles. I heard from Blair this morning, who is greatly down-hearted; and, as sure as the sun shines, will be condemned and executed, if we cannot get this stubborn mule's head within here, to write to his commander to save him!"

"But ye surely dinna intend to let him loose gin he does sae?" asked Ingles apprehensively; "he kens sae mony o' oor secrets!"

"No, George!" returned Forsythe; "I'm not such a fool, Ingles.

But I intend to speak him fair, until I get his hand-writing to this paper; and then, I promise you, he won't live a dozen of hours! You may take Jasper with you, and prepare his grave as soon as you please!"

"Richt, sir! ye're aye richt—game to the back-bane!" exclaimed Ingles. "We'll ha'e't done, sir, as snug as spades and shoofs an' brawny arms can mak' it."

Forsythe now entered the cave, and was both disappointed and mortified to find that Frederick's appearance denoted an unalterable energy of mind and defiance of suffering, which even exceeded the report of Ingles. He hoped that he should have, at least, perceived some symptom of the forlornness and utter hopelessness of his situation, which would have indicated a spirit somewhat tamed, and become not altogether averse to hearken to terms which might purchase deliverance.

For the purpose, if possible, of intimidating Frederick, he assumed one of his most ferocious looks, and pointing to the execution-rope, with a voice and manner that would have made a common auditor shiver to the very marrow, he pronounced the awful words:

"Remember, culprit, death comes to-night!"

"To repeat such intelligence, worthy sir," said Frederick, "is unnecessary. My memory is yet too young to be impaired on a subject so lately announced. But, villain! though I may be your victim, I deny your false epithet of culprit! Of what crime, pray, am I accused?"

"Ha! ha!" returned Forsythe, with a malignant grin worthy of a demon; "thou inquirest for thy crime. Detested offspring of haughtiness! does thy accursed pride screen thy offences from thy sight? or art thou ignorant of the moral code that regulates our confederacy? Knowest thou not the criterion by which Hearts of Steel judge the actions of men? I can inform thee, viper! their *interest* is that criterion; and against that thou hast sinned—by that thou art adjudged; and to that, at nine to-night, thou shalt be sacrificed!"

"Presumptuous man!" replied Frederick; "am I a child, that thou thinkest to frighten me with such threats? I scorn them as I scorn thee! and defy the uttermost thy malice can inflict! Call not this pride; nor call it an affected disregard of death."

"Thou hast learned the language of abuse by rote, my young bravo," returned Forsythe, "and it has been for thee an unhappy lesson; I might else, in pity to thy youth, have relented, and altered thy doom. But thy hot temper shuts the door of mercy against thee.—Why mock our morality? Hast thou committed no offence against us, even according to the creed of the world? Wert thou not our declared enemy? didst thou not offer bribes for our destruction?—nay, didst thou not repeatedly seek that destruction at the head of armed companies? And have none of us fallen by thy means?—nay, by thine own hands? Yes; thou hast been the evil genius of our confederacy, the malignant star that has blasted our success. Thou ledst the way, and the whole community is now leagued in pursuit of us. Canst thou then, bound and powerless as thou art, in this cave too,—where no enemy of mine, or of my party, ever entered but to die,—expect to escape? No! it were equally possible for thee with a breath, to burst the iron band that envelopes thy waist, and, with a touch of thy finger, to cause the everlasting walls of rock that surround thee to open and admit of thy flight. I tell thee there is neither escape nor life for thee, but on my terms, and by my permission. Wilt thou sign this paper?"

"No!" replied Frederick: "if it were to change this dungeon for a palace, these chains for a sceptre, I would not sign what would please thee; for I know that thou canst be pleased with nothing but guilt and baseness. As for escape, vex not thyself about it, sir; I ask it not—I expect it not."

Since I am to die, my only request is, that thou wilt not disturb my last hours by thy presence. If thou canst not grant me this, hasten my death that I may be released from thee; for the greatest evil I can now suffer from life is to behold thee."

"Spawn of insolence!" exclaimed Forsythe, in a frenzy of rage, "It would be bliss to stab thee to the heart where thou standest! But no; my purposes must be answered with thee. When these are gained, to eternity thou goest without fail; and till then thou mayst gnaw thy chains, for food or drink thou shall not receive more in this world."

He then with a horrible grin, indicating the malignant wrath of his hellish spirit, removed from Frederick's reach every species of refreshment, and left the cave.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

It is now time that we should attend to the fortunes of Isabella, who had suffered much since she fell into the hands of Squire Onsley, as has been already related. When the confederates of this gallant magistrate had freed him from the bands with which, it will be remembered, Robin Rainey had secured him, and he was again placed in the gig beside Isabella, who had swooned in her seat, he drove off with such speed that she was nearly thrown out of the vehicle. He stopped for an instant, in some alarm for her safety; but hearing her breathe, he hastily secured her firmly in her seat, and continued the rapidity of his course, with the intention of reaching his own house before any pursuers could possibly overtake him. This destination, however, was altered by M'Manus riding forward with the information that they were pursued by a large body of people from Ballycarney.

"To Lowery's with her!" said her uncle; "they will not suspect that place, and your house will undoubtedly be searched without delay. Besides, I should be glad to procure her the attendance of Kitty Lowery until she becomes your wife."

Onsley obeyed, and they reached Lowery's at about three o'clock in the morning.

Isabella had suffered much during the journey, she was pale and trembling, and so feeble as to be incapable of walking from the gig into the house. They placed her on a bed, and procured nourishment and cordials; but she refused to accept of them, and begged to be left alone for the night. Her wishes were complied with, after she had consented that Kitty should remain with her.

She now gave way to the intensity of her harrowed feelings, and, for the first time since her seizure, burst into tears. Her agitation was so long and vehement that Kitty became frightened, and was only prevented from alarming the other inmates of the house by the earnest entreaties of the sufferer, who, in about half-an-hour became calmer, and at length sunk into a short repose.

Onsley and M'Manus were up with the dawn. The former had passed an extremely restless night. He almost repented the act he had committed, as its first effects would naturally be to render him more odious in the eyes of Isabella; perhaps so utterly odious, that all her uncle's authority and influence might not be able to prevail on her to accept of his hand. By dint of persecution and suffering, they might, indeed, weary out her patience and strength of mind, so that she might at last yield a reluctant consent; but

this was a mode of obtaining her to which he had a strong aversion, for he loved her sincerely, and was driven to the step he had taken only by the utter hopelessness of ever obtaining her by any other means. He was, besides, stimulated at the time by the alarm of a rival in the person of Frederick Rosendale. If flattery, persuasion, and entreaty would now gain her, he would not regret that force which the violence of his passion had constrained him to use; but of this he was so extremely doubtful that he was very much embarrassed, and could have heartily wished that matters were still in the same state in which they had been before he had engaged in so unpromising an enterprise.

There were other circumstances which, on reflection, assisted much in promoting his uneasiness. The fact of his being a confederate of the Hearts of Steel, which had been hitherto concealed, was thereby publicly exposed, and consequently not only his commission as a justice of the peace, but his life itself was endangered. At that very moment, perhaps, the armed population of Ballycarney, infuriated at the loss of Isabella, were ransacking and demolishing his dwelling-house, and denouncing vengeance against himself.

His mind was thus in none of the most comfortable of moods when M'Manus saluted him in the morning as follows:

"Well! Squire, we have at length got the dove out of the hawk's nest."

"But I am sorry," replied Onsley, "that she so greatly dislikes the change. I fear she will consider it only a removal to the bear's den. It was a disagreeable piece of business."

"It was rather roughly done, I confess," said M'Manus; "but boys like us, you know, never stop for trifles when we have a favourite object to carry. As to our caught bird, she may be for some time a little scared, no doubt, but we shall soon reconcile her to us. I will be a good uncle, and you a fond husband; and I think our kindness and attention will soon make her forget a canting grandfather, and an hysterical grandmother."

"If she can be won by kindness and assiduity, they shall not be wanting on my part," answered Onsley; "but last night's affair must have greatly embittered her mind against me; and I am really ashamed this morning to appear in her presence."

"Why! man," said Munn, "you appear to have a conscience as tender as a Puritan: it is nonsense to fear the frown of a pretty girl. But, Oh! I beg pardon. I forget you are in love. That makes the difference. I remember when I myself, who never regarded the frown of either man or devil, would not have taken the world to have encountered that of a certain young female. But those days are gone. I'll never again feel such sensations. Arouse your spirits, my friend! We have both a glorious game in view—yours is matrimony, and mine ambition. We may have obstacles to overcome, opposition to defeat; but the greater the obstacles, the more formidable the opposition, the more brilliant will be our victory. I shall inquire if my niece be rised, and endeavour, ere you see her, to smooth from her brow that frown of which you seem to be so terribly frightened."

He soon returned to the fearful lover.—"Isabella," said he, "is not yet accessible; but her situation augurs more favourably than we expected, for she is now in a sound sleep; which you know, speaks a composed mind."

"Ah! it may, perhaps," observed Onsley, "rather betoken a wearied-out frame."

"But," interrupted M'Manus, "by George! there comes Forsythe.—What news from your prisoners, valiant Dar'?"

"They were rescued by the Chaldeans," answered Forsythe, "who rushed upon us like a stream of mighty waters; but we have all, I believe, been lucky enough to escape the torrent."

"You have let them off!" exclaimed Munn enraged. "By heavens!

I expected better management from you, Forsythe!—'Tis d—d unfortunate! But will the slipped falcons live or die of their wounds?"

"I believe that the knight-errant Major will live, for he prated in a style as if he had no notion of visiting the other world; but as to his squire, I doubt not he is gone already to Lucifer, for he was as speechless as the hearthstone when we left him. But, squire, I am cursed glad to see you safe here; for the Carney-boys, or Chaldeans, if you choose, are at this moment, I believe, tearing every joist and rafter in your house asunder; and would have no hesitation, I assure you, to do the same to your precious limbs! (do not tremble, dear squire!) if they could lay hold of them."

"Why, this is rather comfortable intelligence," observed Munn, "as it shows we have still some luck on our side. My friend Onsley is now under my wing: Hearts of Steel will protect him and he need fear nothing, except, perhaps, the loss of a good house, for which I will amply compensate him by the gift of a good wife."

"Cheer up, squire!" cried Forsythe: "By heavens! you are a happy man: seventeen hundred a year—a handsome wife—and the friendship of fearless Steel Boys, ought to make any man happy."

"Perhaps," said Munn, "you now begin to appreciate the benefit of a wife yourself, Forsythe, since you have become a widower."

"You can guess shrewdly," replied Forsythe; "I like the face of a pretty girl as much as when I was nineteen. If you could only provide for me, as well as you have done for the squire, I think all the Chaldeans, constables, juries, or hangmen in the kingdom could not dishearten me."

"You are made of sterner stuff than the squire," said M'Manus; "you have not softened your nerves with so much wine: you have rather braced them tightly with good whiskey, like a true Irishman!"

"Shrewd again in your guessing, my pious prophet!" replied Forsythe, "but come, squire, we must have a pull at Lowery's poteen: it will comfort your heart more than all our lecturing."

"Amen!" said Munn, "and the bottle was handed round in a merry trim; Onsley partaking of it with as good a countenance as he could assume."

"Will you breakfast now, or wait till the lady appears at table?" inquired Lowery, who had joined in the jovial libation that had been just poured, in honour of the Goddess of the Morning, into the thirsty stomachs of the Steel Boys.

"We shall wait for the lady, surely," replied Forsythe; "her presence, I believe, will do our brother Onsley more good than his breakfast, or even the poteen itself."

"But, inquire whether we must wait long," observed M'Manus, "for I begin to feel an appetite."

Lowery inquired, and speedily returned with the answer that the lady was at present too unwell to appear in company; and begged, therefore, to be indulged with privacy during the day.

After breakfast, intelligence arrived of the capture of Douglas by a party of the troops stationed at Belfast, and of his being carried prisoner to that place. M'Manus's horn immediately sounded: the horses were got ready; and all except Onsley, Lowery, and his two sons, who the office of protecting the booty secured to them a privilege which their father highly valued, of absenting themselves from all military excursions, set off to collect their forces, with the determination to effect the rescue of their leader.

The result of this attack on the Belfast garrison has already been mentioned as successful on the part of the Hearts of Steel; but as it had little or no effect on the fortunes of Frederick or Isabella, its particulars need not be here detailed. The absence of M'Manus, however, which it necessarily



occasioned, was so far useful to Isabella as to afford her the enjoyment of two or three days tolerable quiet, during which time she recovered from the bodily indisposition occasioned by the outrageous manner of her capture.

For the first day, Onsley was altogether prohibited from any interview with her. To this he submitted without much difficulty, as he concluded that, as she was really indisposed, his presence, so soon after what had taken place, might disturb and irritate her so as to retard her recovery.

The next day, however, he insisted more earnestly to be admitted to her presence, alleging that he wished only to explain his motives for joining in her capture, and to assure her of his sorrow for having engaged in such an enterprise. But she was inexorable.

"If he is really sorry for what he has done," said she, "he can now make ample atonement for it, by restoring me to my grandfather. In that case I shall not only forgive him all he has made me suffer but I shall bless him all the days of my life."

Lowery, whom Onsley had by a very liberal bribe, and a more liberal promise, secured to his interest, observed, that this was altogether out of his power, as her uncle had left injunctions upon himself, which he dared not disobey, to keep her person secure, and vigilantly guard her against either escape or rescue.

"Then my uncle is my chief enemy," said she. "But it is for this man's ends that he has become such."

By Lowery's management, however, Onsley was, on the evening of the ensuing day, enabled to obtrude himself into her chamber.

"Pardon my anxiety to see you, Miss M'Manus," said he. "It compels me—"

"Sir," said she, "it is vain for you to make apologies. If you suppose that they will reconcile me to an intrusion which is equally disagreeable to me and useless to you, you are much mistaken."

"I am sorry—indeed, it breaks my heart, to labour under your displeasure. Oh! Miss M'Manus, you know not how I love you. It was that love, that uncontrollable passion, that drove me to the desperate step of carrying you off from the reach of a rival too likely to be more highly favoured."

"I know not to whom you allude," said she, "nor do I wish to know; and if you have nothing more to say on the subject, I could wish the conference ended."

"Do you forgive me then, fair maiden?"

"If it be seriously your wish," said she, "that I should not hate you, you should know that the best and only method of obtaining that wish is, to restore me to my friends; or if you cannot do that, to inform them of my place of concealment: and then never afterwards disturb me with addresses that must ever give me pain."

"You are too cruel, too inexorable, Miss M'Manus. Such terms surely are too harsh to be prescribed to a lover like me, whose only comfort is the expectation that you may yet relent."

"I forewarn you, Sir, not to indulge such an expectation, for it never can be realised until you release me from the persecution of your addresses, and view me in the light only of a person who never can be more nearly connected with you than as a mere neighbour or acquaintance."

"To think of you Miss M'Manus, to view you in that heartless light you mention, would be indeed to become miserable,—would be the total disappointment and ruin of all my sweetest hopes."

"Sir, I dislike such rhapsody. If you persist in it I must act with more rudeness than I could wish. Only of this I assure you, the more you say, the more disagreeable you will become; for I at present feel both your company and conversation extremely distressing."



"I shall then," replied Onsley, with some degree of irritation, "distress you no longer at present with my hateful presence. But know, proud girl, I shall not thus give you up."

He then bade her good evening, and withdrew.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

The day following the foregoing interview, M'Manus, Douglas, Forsythe, and three or four more of the leaders of the Hearts of Steel, arrived at Lowery's.

They were all in high spirits, particularly M'Manus. This was indeed the period of his glory. He had been successful in almost every exploit in which he had engaged: his assumed name of Captain Thundergust was terrible to the whole country, and, whenever it was attached to any written demand, operated like magic in causing the most courageous to open their purses and deposit their contributions, according to order, at the appointed places.

But the circumstance from which he felt more satisfaction than any other, was the possession of his niece. She was now, he believed, the only relative he had in existence, and the last stem from which any offspring to the blood of M'Manus was likely to arise. Should she marry without being controlled by him, it might be to some rigid presbyterian, who would despise the popish-sounding name of M'Manus; or it might even be to Rosendale, the hereditary enemy of that name. In either case there would be no means of preserving it from utter extinction.

If she married Onsley, however, the case would be different; for, previous to her seizure he had exacted a condition from this unfortunate lover, that all her male children should bear the surname of M'Manus. By this means he expected to have an heir of both his own name and blood, to whom he could bequeath his patrimonial authority over the clan of Glen-Arib, and his hereditary hatred against the family of Rosendale.

His niece's extreme aversion to the match was now the only impediment to the success of this fondly-cherished scheme of preserving to the world the almost extinguished name of his ancestors; but this impediment he was determined to overcome. Isabella was the only child of his only brother, and that brother was now no more. His authority over her, therefore, he conceived should be absolute and uncontroverted; and he was determined, if she continued much longer her resistance to his favourite projects, she should feel it to be so.

Notwithstanding, he did not torment her for that day with any particular indication of the authority with which he intended to enforce them. He only insisted that since she was now in tolerable health she should appear to grace the evening repast, with which Lowery was preparing to entertain the chiefs of the Steel Boys.

Her uncle having intreated rather than commanded compliance in this respect, Isabella yielded, for fear of giving any unnecessary cause for irritation and harshness. She had even some hope by keeping him in good humour she might in time prevail on that parental affection, which she did not doubt he bore for her, to restore her to her mother's relatives.

There is a natural feeling in the mind of every female in every situation, whether of grief or joy, which induces her to arrange her dress in the manner best calculated to do justice to her personal charms. Although on the present occasion Isabella was far from desiring to captivate any of the com-

pany, yet this instinct of her sex operated so far as to induce her to make the best appearance she could in the apparel she possessed (for, as the reader need not be told, her wardrobe was yet at Ballycarney): and she took her place at the table, beside Kitty Lowery, arrayed in all that tasteful simplicity and neatness, which was admirably adapted to display both the elegance of her form and the beauty of her countenance.

Her uncle was delighted. Onsley was enraptured; for he conceived that her present compliance augured favourably of her yet consenting to fulfil the wishes of her uncle, and make himself happy. There was no one present who did not admire her uncommon beauty; but there was one who became so entirely fascinated with it, that he resolved from that very hour to view every other project or pursuit as of inferior importance to the gaining possession of such charms. This man, who was destined to be the cause of new and aggravated sufferings to Isabella, was Forsythe: a man whom the reader has already seen possessed an inflexible temper, and who pursued all his measures with an obstinacy, a ferocity, and intensity of zeal, that defied all consequences. He had first seen Isabella on the night of her seizure by Onsley, and had become enamoured of her; but being acquainted with her uncle's intention to unite her to Onsley, he had restrained his feelings; but on this occasion, however, he felt her attractions so powerful, that he gave every other consideration but that of possessing her to the wind, and resolved to stop at the commission of no crime, nor at the sacrifice of either friend or foe, in effecting his purpose.

Having made this resolution, even while the fair object of it sat at table before him, he continued to gaze on her charms as if they were already his own. The company was too much absorbed in the business of the table to observe the steady eagerness of his gaze; but Isabella herself, on more than one occasion, perceived something too pointed in it. She therefore became uneasy in her situation; and as soon as decency permitted arose, and, attended by Kitty Lowery, withdrew to her apartment.

When she was gone, these sons of jollity and free living, after having drunk her health in a bumper, spent the remainder of the evening immersed in such a sea of wine, whiskey, mirth, ribaldry, and profanity, that if either care, morality, or sobriety, had approached them, their clamours would have scared the intruder.

The next day some predatory excursion required the absence of M'Manus and the other leaders; but before he left Isabella he thought proper to declare to her explicitly that he expected from her an unreserved submission to his wishes respecting Onsley.

"He is a man of property," said he, "and loves you tenderly; and I really do not know where, with a proper regard for your true interests, you could choose better."

"Mr Onsley," said she, "already knows my determination on this subject; and it grieves me that you should be so solicitous with me to alter it, since I feel that it is one of those particulars in which I can never yield to you that submission which you may consider your due."

"And what is to prevent you from yielding to me obedience in this as well as in any other particular?" inquired he.

"Ah, Sir, I cannot force my inclination to become favourable to a man whose moral conduct I cannot esteem."

"Inclination! That is childish talk, my niece; the will of a rational person can easily overcome that."

"I have, I assure you, my dear uncle, every wish in the world to obey you, in whatever is lawful and reasonable. But surely it cannot be reasonable to command me to become wretched; for I feel that were I the wife of that man, nothing but wretchedness would be my lot."

This is all romance, Isabella. You have read abundance of novels, I suppose. Although your old guardian grandfather is a puritan, he has not been able, I perceive, to keep such silly compositions out of your hands. Mr Onsley is somewhat older than you, and you imagine him to be older than he really is. But it won't do; if persuasion and kindness will not induce you to obey me, rather than be disappointed in a measure which I am resolved shall take place, I will use authority."

"Alas! Sir," replied, Isabella, "you may use authority, and inflict upon me punishment; you may break down my spirits with the weight of your power; but never, never, shall any earthly power compel my lips to pronounce the awful words, which would make me the wife of a man I cannot love."

"You set my authority and power, then, at defiance?" said he, in an angry tone. "But know, young woman, that I can, and if you continue obstinate, I will make you feel glad to respect both. But," said he, suddenly changing his mood, "I do not wish to be harsh with you: and if I am obliged to do so, remember the fault is your own."

"And why, my uncle, would you use severe measures towards your niece, your only relative, now amidst strangers, altogether dependent on your protection, in order to compel her to be the miserable wife of an odious man, whose person she can never love, and whose character she never can esteem? What can you see in him to induce you to adopt such unpleasant means of promoting his views at the expense of your niece's happiness?"

"What do I see in him? I see in him a worthy man, independent in fortune, and respectable in character, and one who adores you; and one, moreover, to advocate whose cause in this matter I am solemnly pledged. But what you can have seen to have excited in your mind such utter dislike towards him I own I cannot comprehend."

"I will not, Sir, enumerate his faults; but I know them to be too numerous. Put yourself in my stead, and say whether you would look upon a continued course of persecution, for nearly two years, as free from blame; say whether his late conduct towards me, to speak of nothing else, is not sufficient to prove the depravity of his character, and to embitter my mind for ever against him."

"If there is blame in that transaction, Isabella, I tell you candidly that it ought chiefly to be cast upon me. It was I who wanted you out of the hands of the canting Calvinist who had bred you up in the most accursed sect of the heretics. From the day you were born I have constantly wished your education to be in more suitable hands; but in this I lament that I have, until it was too late, been unable to succeed. Had it been otherwise you would not at this day have been an alien to the faith of your fathers; you would have been a member of the only true church, in the belief of which they lived, and under the protection of which they have gone to heaven. In that case I would no more have wished you to marry the heretic Onsley than I would have wished you to marry a Calvinist. But, alas! I cannot recall past time; I cannot root out from your bosom those principles and prejudices of heresy, which another has for nearly nineteen years been sedulously, and too successfully, endeavouring to plant. I will not attempt the unmanageable task; and you should thank me that I have selected you a husband out of a sect almost as far gone in heresy as your own; and that I exact from neither of you any recantation of your favourite creeds."

This speech was uttered with a vehemence and bitterness which altogether disconcerted, nay, almost terrified, Isabella. She was particularly surprised and grieved to hear her pious, beloved, and venerated grandfather mentioned with such disrespect and vituperation; but she did not wish further to

enrage a man whose passions were already evidently very much excited. She therefore remained silent, but astonished at the fervency with which he declared his attachment to a religion, the dogmas of which, she believed had sunk into discredit with all the well-informed and rational men of the age. Besides, she could scarcely imagine how any religion whatever could so powerfully interest the feelings and secure the respect of a man of her uncle's well known habits and connections.

"Isabella," said he, after a pause, "I perceive that it is in vain for me to expect your consent to-day. I must now leave you to the care of Mr. Lowery, and the attendance of his daughter, who is, I believe, a good girl, and will let you want for no comfort. In two days I shall return; and if in that time you have not resolved to comply, you may expect the application of other means than have been hitherto used to compel you. In the mean time, do not be cast down in your spirits; for, if you do not continue obstinate, you will find me as kind and affectionate as if I were indeed your father."

He then left her, and the party set out on their expedition.

"Oh! Kitty," said she, some time after her uncle had parted, to her attendant, who continued to sit in respectful silence beside her, "you would surely pity me if you knew how much my heart is oppressed; for I fear they will force me to marry that detested Onsley. No one can imagine what grief he has occasioned me for nearly two years past."

"I do pity you wi' a' my heart, Ma'am," replied Kitty, "for they're no canny to deal wi' them rude men; an' as for squire Onsley, I wadna' mysel' tak' him, that's naeboddy beside you, for a' the money he has, an' his being a justice into the bargain, for he's as dry an' stiff-lookin' as an auld bed-post; — the man micht be your father, I'll warrant."

"Perhaps you could assist me, Kitty, in finding means to inform my friends of the place of my confinement?"

"I could gang mysel', dear lady."

"No; that would be too dangerous an attempt. Your father is a shrewd man and would suspect the cause of your absence; and I should be unwilling to expose you to his displeasure. But could you not procure me writing materials, and find some trusty friend to convey a letter to Ballycarney? I would reward him well for the trouble."

Kitty seemed to study for a short time. At length she observed abruptly -- "But I shouldna' name him, though its nae matter eether, when yin thinks o't; it's only to Miss M'Manus—an' she's nae tale-clasher. It's young Sam Hassen, Ma'am, I'm thinkin' o'. He wad do ony thing o' the kind for me. He's Johnny Hassen's son, oor neest neebour, about half a mile aff. I'll speak to him this vera nicht, gin ye like."

"The sooner the better," said Isabella. "But can you trust the young man, Kitty? Is he not one of the Hearts of Steel?"

"Na, na—he kens naething aboot their affairs: an' my father has aye cautioned me no' to tell ony thing I hear in the hoose oot o't; so I hae aye kep a close mooth on them matters."

"You are very discreet in so doing, Kitty; and, with the help of Providence, I will endeavour to send a letter by this young man, if he will undertake to carry it, and you can procure me the means of writing it."

Kitty promised to do her best. With respect to writing materials, however, she searched in vain for any in the house; for her father had been cautious enough to secure everything of the kind under lock and key in his own writing-desk. She reported this unlucky circumstance to Isabella, who suggested the idea that, perhaps, Hassen might procure them; which Kitty immediately pronounced to be a matter of certainty, and Isabella offered money in order to purchase them."

"Na, na," said Kitty; "Sam Hassan munna tak' money for a turn o' this kind. It would only affront him to offer it."

"Well," replied Isabella; "manage the matter in your own way. Only be careful to keep every thing as secret as possible."

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Good fortune is a surly jade, and will not come at our bidding, as Kitty Lowery at this time experienced. She paid her visit to young Hassan; but was disappointed in seeing him; he had set off that morning for Ballymena, and his return was not expected for two or three days. The only remedy for this mischance that suggested itself to Kitty was patience, and she returned home before her father could suspect that she had been abroad. It occurred to her, indeed, that while she was absent she might obtain pen, ink, and paper, from some neighbouring acquaintance; but every country-house was not in those days furnished with such articles, and besides she was unwilling to acquaint any one that she stood in need of them; for, as young women of her station of life rarely did so, it would have excited curiosity, and perhaps been reported about till it came to her father's ears. Many an adventurous damsel would no doubt have risked this remote consequence; but Kitty was too timid to risk anything; and Isabella, although grieved at the disappointment, approved of her caution.

For two days this young lady was permitted to enjoy an undisturbed, but anxious captivity. Onsley had departed with the other Steel-Men: not, indeed, to assist in their depredations; for he was no man of war, and was indulged, like Lowery and some others of their friends of the same pacific description, with permission to serve their cause in less dangerous occupations. He had now gone to ascertain what injury his property had sustained from the attack of the Ballycarney men, and to arrange matters with some of his tenants for repairing the damages.

But he soon found that it was dangerous to appear in public, for his name was now included in the list of the proscribed Hearts of Steel, and a reward offered for his apprehension. In place, therefore, of visiting his own house, he withdrew to that of a friend in whom he had confidence, and whom he appointed manager of his affairs until the clouds of misfortune should blow over.

He returned to Lowery's on the third day after he left it, and on the same day M'Manus also arrived.

"Still fortunate, my boys!" cried M'Manus, as Lowery handed him the bottle of welcome; "here are five-score good guineas for the treasury, Nathan, which the sober traffickers of Larne have been glad to pay us for the safety of their houses! It was a d——d good stroke, I think; we marched through the puritanical streets, and received our money with so little molestation that not so much as a mouse squeaked against us."

"They were wise," observed Lowery, "to behave sae discreetly."

"The same sum yearly," said M'Manus, continuing his discourse, without attending to Lowery, "will do excellently as the price of our friendship. But squire," said he, turning to Onsley, "your justice-of-peace-ship is gone to the devil. That young mischief-maker Rosendale, and the old Scotch minister M'Culloch have represented you in such colours to the Government that your commission is broken, and yourself pitched upon to dance in the air at Gallows Green, whenever they can catch you! But keep good heart,

my boy ; if ever you dance there it shall be in good company, for I am myself selected as one of your partners. Keep close, and snug's the word ! I have a devil of an appetite, for I have ridden hard, Lowery ; so some dinner, as soon as you please, my worthy host."

"In the crackin o' a nut," said Nathan, "it will be ready:" and he hastened to give Kitty directions accordingly.

"But tell me, Onsley," said Munn, "how is your pet-lamb doing."

"I have not seen her since my arrival, which is but a few hours ago."

"What ! you have been hours, then, under the same roof with your betrothed, and have not visited her ! A very ardent lover truly !"

"She refused to admit me, although I begged in the most earnest manner."

"The deuce she did !" cried Munn, enraged ; "still in the pet ; but I'll introduce you to her this moment !—But stay ! here comes Kitty with the roast-meat and potatoes ; we had as good dine first."

This was a wise resolution, and for Isabella, perhaps, a fortunate one, for it had the effect of greatly allaying the irascibility of her uncle's temper, which had been very much increased by an empty stomach. However, the hour of trial soon came bitterly enough ; for the dinner being finished, and washed down with a goblet of punch, M'Manus led the way to his niece's apartment.

"Well ! my Isabella," said he on entering, in rather a kind tone, "your uncle is again returned to you in safety ; are't you glad of it, especially when he brings you a lover along with him."

"I am indeed glad of your safety, my uncle," she replied ; "but your present visit would have been more welcome without your companion."

"I hope you have no intention to say that he is unwelcome ?" demanded M'Manus.

"As your friend," she replied, "I can welcome him ; but not as my lover, as you have chosen to call him."

"And in calling him so I call him properly," cried her uncle ; "and, moreover, I insist upon you receiving him as such !"

"It is impossible, Sir ! I cannot act the hypocrite."

"This is obstinacy, Isabella, I shall no longer endure. Remember what I told you when we last parted ; that if gentle means should fail to produce your compliance, others will be used ; and be assured that I have it in my power to use others."

"I may fall the victim to your power, sir ; but my own happiness shall never be the victim of my own act ! How could I take the sacred marriage-vow which would bind me to love a man whom I never can love."

"Not yourself, young woman, but those who have been the cause of exciting you to this obstinacy shall be its victims ! Yes, terrible shall be the sacrifices I will make to it ; in one week from this day the preacher M'Culloch shall be no more ! He shall dearly pay for his granddaughter's stubbornness. When you see his accursed head tossed at your feet, after his body is consumed in the flames of his own dwelling-house you may they repent the disobedience which destroyed him."

"Ah ! Sir, have mercy !"—

"Be silent, girl, I tell you : I have not done with my scheme of vengeance ! When I describe to Isabella how the conflagration spread, while a thousand Hearts of Steel beneath my command encircled the devoted premises, and stood ready to destroy the rabble who assembled to save them ; when she hears of the terrified inmates rushing out naked from under the flaming rafters—for the scene will be in the night—and hears that they are bound hand and foot and again cast in to suffer a fiery death amidst the blazing mass !—"

"Oh! Sir, you will turn me distracted: do what you please with me."

"Silence! perverse girl, I command you. You have already sealed their doom by your disobedience. These will be delicious subjects of reflection for you; and you will remember that you are the cause of all."

"I will not be the cause. Dear uncle! You cannot do such savage deeds. O give me time to reflect. Oh! you will destroy me at once."

"Peace! I say: I will not destroy you at once; I will harrow your perverse soul with the lingering torments of remorse for your obstinate rebellion. Answer me, girl! Knowest thou a youth named Rosendale?"

"What of him, my uncle? What of him? I do know such a youth."

"He too shall be the victim of your disobedience. I have a snare laid which ere long will bring him under my power: and in your very presence I will slice the living flesh from his bones, and broil it on that hearth, piece by piece, until he expires with agony and horror: for he has been the chief cause of your contemning my will."

At this moment Onsley, whose eyes had been fixed on Isabella, rushed towards her, exclaiming, "My God! M'Manus, you have killed her."

M'Manus turned round, for he had been raging away without deigning to notice her, except occasionally to command her to silence; and beheld her indeed, pale, and apparently lifeless, in Onsley's arms. He ran to the door and called on Lowery, Kitty, and the whole family for assistance. They rushed in, and she was laid in bed, where, for nearly a quarter of an hour, she exhibited no signs of returning life.

"She is indeed gone," thought M'Manus: "alas! I have lost my niece. The picture was too horrible for her to bear;—but she had a right to obey me. Had it not been for her contempt of my authority, I never should have sketched it. She herself was to blame!"

While he was thus grieving, and half-blaming half-justifying himself, Kitty Lowery gave a shout of joy, and cried out that she was recovering.

She heaved a deep sigh; and opening her eyes, looked wildly around. "Ah! is it over yet?" she faintly uttered. "Is he still suffering?—But I dare not look at it;" and her eyes again closed, and she sunk into silence.

At Lowery's suggestion, M'Manus and Onsley left the room; and she shortly after recovered so far as to be able to converse, but in a strain of wildness that showed her faculties to be yet in derangement.

"Kitty! is this Kitty Lowery?" she asked, looking with a fixed gaze at her attendant.—"They blamed my poor grandfather; but it was indeed my fault. And the poor kind old woman, my tender-hearted grandmother, surely she could not offend them. But they burned her too. It was savage—savage! Oh! they had not human hearts. But I could not marry Onsley. Yet, to save them, ah! what would I not do?" Here she looked imploringly at Kitty: "Oh! Kitty, tell them to save them, and I will marry him. O God preserve me!"

She here again closed her eyes, and relapsed into silence, in which state she continued for nearly ten minutes, occasionally starting, and heaving a long sigh. At length she re-opened her eyes, and, looking round in a more rational manner, asked if her uncle were not in the room?

On being answered in the negative, she seemed to reflect for a few seconds, and then said,

"Surely I have been dreaming! it was a most horrible vision. Thank God, it was not real! he could not be such a monster. But surely he was here to-day. Kitty, was not my uncle here to-day?"

"He was, my dear lady. But be composed," replied Kitty; "he only threatened. Nothing has happened to your friends. It was only to frighten you into this odious match. But be comforted; for I hope the wuuna' noo insist. They were unco fieved they had killed you."

"It was a shocking picture, Kitty; I recollect it all. They are Hearts of Steel that have threatened it; and I know too well that when enraged they have cruelty enough to perform such a tragedy. But thank God it is not yet done, and I will let them sacrifice me in any manner they think proper ere they put the horrid idea that has seized them into execution against my innocent friends."

M'Manus and Onsley stayed at Lowery's that night, but they forbore to disturb Isabella with their presence. Before leaving Lowery's, however, next day, M'Manus had another interview with her.

"I am glad, on Onsley's account, that you are living," said he, "my fair obdurate niece; for had you died, I believe he would have died too; but in that case I would have sacrificed a score of your d——d ranting friends to his manes. So you will do the best you can to preserve yourself from accidents, unless you would have a general mortality to take place among the good people of Ballycarney, and elsewhere."

"My dear uncle! only be merciful to my friends, and inflict whatever chastisement you think proper on myself."

"On yourself! my niece; no, it is yourself that I want to preserve. But your friends I shall sacrifice for your misdoings."

"In what do my misdoings consist?—My dear uncle, tell me and I will endeavour to make all the amends in my power, if you only engage not to molest my friends."

"You now talk rationally, Isabella. I will not molest, nay, I will protect your friends from molestation, if you only consent to become the wife of Mr Onsley."

"If I make such terms, my dear uncle, you know what a sacrifice it will be of both my principles and feelings. Will it be offensive, therefore, if I beg a little time to reflect before I decide?"

"I have decided, girl! it is for you to comply, or abide the consequences."

She here violently clasped her arms round his knees, and burst into tears. "Oh! grant me one month, one short month," she exclaimed, "to live in peace and seclusion, ere I pronounce the fatal promise. Oh! do not refuse me, my only uncle, this small request. If you have any respect for the memory of the mother who bore you, oh! think that her sainted spirit may be, at this moment, looking with pity on the sufferings of her granddaughter. Think how that venerated parent, if she were yet on earth, would plead with you in my behalf! With tears she would remonstrate against this unnecessary haste."

"My niece! you beg earnestly," replied Munn, his sternness beginning to give way. "Graudehild of my mother! Take a month, since your heart is bent upon it; after which, as I have thus yielded to your wishes, I shall expect that, without giving us more trouble, you will yield to mine. Now good-bye! I have some important business on hand, and you may not see me for a number of days."

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE great subject which now occupied Isabella's mind was how she might inform her friends of the place of her concealment. She knew they could muster a force sufficient to effect her deliverance if they were certain to what place they should direct it, and she conceived, that if they were



only apprised of their danger from M<sup>c</sup>Manus, their safety could be easily ensured by a nightly guard round their dwelling, or the family might remove to a garrison town, until the power of the Hearts of Steel should be broken.

Kitty therefore was again despatched in search of young Hassan, as soon as it was calculated that he had returned from Ballymena. On this occasion she was successful, and met the youth the evening after his return.

As the sagacious reader will have already suspected, these two young people loved each other tenderly. Kitty was an interesting, buxom, rosy-cheeked girl, very mild and modest in her manners, and had completely captivated Hassan. This youth was an intelligent, active, and well-behaved young man, already capable of mixing with the world in fairs and markets, and transacting a good deal of his father's business, who, besides managing a profitable farm, had a small concern in the manufacture of linen cloth.

After his journey Sam had spent an idle afternoon, and was crossing one of his father's fields, revolving in his mind whether he should that night visit Kitty, when, to his great delight, he perceived the object of his meditations turning into the lane which led to his father's house.

"Guid e'en, Miss Lowery! Ye're a brisk traveller in a winter e'enin'! Is a' weel wi' ye?"

"Very weel, Sam. When did ye wun hame? I heard you had gane to Ballymena market."

"I cam' hame this forenoon, Katy: but gin ye're no in a hurry to gang to the hoose, I wad like to talk wi' you a wee. I hae muckle to say, for it's noo mair nor a week syne we last met."

"An' what, Sam, hae ye to say syne that time?"

"Syne we last talked thegither you hae na' been a minute out o' my head, night or day; for you then gi'ed me the praise aboon Billy Purdy sae sweetly that I thought I heard you talkin' ever since. But tell me the truth; do you no' still gi'e Billy some encouragement?"

"He's a fause haverill, Sam: I wadna' tak him gin he was clad in gold, an' had a' the parish o' Connor to himsel'.—But I'm no thinking to marry any body for three or four years yet."

"But Katy, dear, dinna be offended; you maun surely marry afore that time. Ye canna' aye lieve wi' ye're father. Oh! gin I was sure that ye wad prefer me, I would be happy, an' wait your ain time."

"I dinna ken richtly wha I would prefer yet, in siccan a case. But yin should na' be owre rash in sitch a matter."

"True, Katy: but don't we ken ane anither weel enough? an' as to likin', I can say for mysel' that I prefer you to a' the young women I ever saw."

"Ye hae often tauld me sae, Sam: but I canna' a'thegither credit it, for you ken you were yince as fond o' Nancy Drenan."

"As fond o' Nancy Drenan as o' you! Na'; dinna' believe it, Katy; it was a fause story raised, because, when she had nae company, I convoyed her hame frae Dick Simpson's dance last hairst: but I swear to you, Katy, that it was only through frien'ship. I ne'er had a fancy for her, nor did I e'er feel onything like a true-hearted love for any lass but yoursel'."

"I hae been often tauld that we should na' beleeve a' that young men swear to us when they mak' love; but I maun confess, I would na' be muckle feart to trust mysel' to ye as your wife, which is mair than I wad say to any ither young man I ever saw!"

"Oh! Katy, love, how happy I am to hear you say this! Gi'e me yin kiss frae ye're bonnie lips for that sweet sayin'! Dinna' be 'shamed noo; we will get everything to answer; we will be man an' wife yet."

"Hoot, Sam! Ye maunna free wi' your kisses and dauntin till we be married, gin that ever

"Ever be! dae ye doobt it, Katy? It maun be! We maun be man an' wife, and that ere lang too, or I will gang distracted."

"Weel! weel! hae patience in the meantime, Sam: I'll no object when everything answers. But I cam the nicht to bespeak your help in a matter ye can muckle oblige me in; but ye maun promise that ye'll keep it a dead secret before I tell you what it is?"

"I promise," replied the youth; "I swear that, let it be what it may, I will help ye to the utmost o' my power; an' that I will keep it a secret as dead as the grave."

Kitty now informed him of the service she wished him to perform for Miss M'Manus; and that he must that very evening procure pen, ink, and paper, for her use.

"An' haste ye!" said she; "for the young lady will be thinkin' lang for my return; an' my father may miss me, which wad be unfortunate for us a.' I'll wait here till ye come oot wi' the ink and paper, gin ye hae ony in the hoose."

"I hae plenty o' baith, an' I'll be wi' ye in a minute, my love!" He darted off, and quickly returned with the much wished-for articles. To secure them from observation, although it was now dark, she rolled them in a handkerchief. Her lover then offered her his arm, and convoyed her with a brisk and bounding step to within a gun-shot of her father's house; where after promising to meet her on the following evening, in order to receive the letter, he impressed on her warm lips an enraptured kiss, and bidding her good night, returned home one of the happiest youths in the country.

When Lowery's family had retired to bed, Isabella took the opportunity to write the letter from which she expected such important results. Ever since her arrival at Lowery's, either Lowery himself or one of his sons kept watch during the night in the chamber that led to hers. On this night the younger son, Andrew, was the sentinel. On awakening from a short nap, with his head reclining on a table, he perceived, through a chink in the boarded partition, a light in Isabella's room.

"Miss M'Manus is unca lang a-gaun to bed the nicht," thought he; and he had the curiosity to look through the chink, in order to ascertain the cause; but she sat in an angle of the room which he could not see. His curiosity was therefore baffled; but he perceived that Kitty, who slept in the same apartment had retired to bed. "It maun, therefore, be Miss M'Manus," thought he, "wha is yet up; an' Kitty maun ken what she is aboot. I will watch her closely, I'll discover her schemes; and I'll let my father ken what I hae seen. He accordingly did, and in about half-an-hour perceived her walking across the room with a letter in her hand.

"Ay, feggs!—I ken the thing noo," said he: "she has been writing, an' we ha' been forbid to gi'e her pen an' paper. But it was for this Kitty was sae lang oot in the gloaming. Nae doobt it's to bring the sodgers on us; but faith she'll no' play us this trick. I'll tell my father about it yince he rises, an' we'll hae the room searched."

In the morning he put this gallant resolution into practice. Old Lowery became greatly alarmed, chid and scolded Kitty, and the result was that the letter and writing materials were given up, and a full confession made by Kitty of the whole transaction.

The mortification and disappointment of Isabella were extreme. All her cheering anticipations of a speedy delivery from her horrible captivity were dashed to the ground, and she was almost tempted to resign herself to despair, for she saw no prospect before her but insult, persecution, and misery. But renewing her resolution to submit to the will of Providence, she in the course of a few hours felt and displayed a tranquillity which gratified Kitty, and even in some degree surprised herself.

This incident came in a few days to the ears of Forsythe, and was destined, through his agency, to produce to Isabella misfortunes of a severer nature than any she had yet experienced. This man's mind had been for some time past much occupied with endeavours to discover some means of inducing M'Manus to transfer the custody of his niece's person from Lowery to himself. This occurrence was one of the most favourable for his purpose that could take place. He lost no time, therefore, in communicating an account of it by letter to M'Manus, representing to him the extreme danger and imprudence of such a captive to remain under the care of such a weak-minded family.

The consternation and rage into which this intelligence threw M'Manus was almost inconceivable. He hastened first to Forsythe's, and, accompanied by him, hurried on to Lowery's, denouncing the most terrible imprecations upon the whole family. The submissive temper, however, of Lowery, and the satisfactory evidence he adduced of his own innocence in the affair, and his unshaken fidelity to the common cause, induced him, in a short time, to moderate his rage; but he determined that his niece should not remain another night under his roof.

This unfortunate lady had also to bear her full share of her uncle's exasperated temper. "Rebellious traitress!" said he; "I perceive now why you so eagerly solicited a month's indulgence. It was to gain time to put this cursed conspiracy against your uncle and his purposes into execution. But I will give you no longer time to defeat my intentions. From this you shall remove to-night to a more secure place, and to-morrow Onsley will control you as he pleases, for you shall be his own. Your month's indulgence is forfeited by this vile transaction."

This last intention of M'Manus, however, did not comport with Forsythe's views: he therefore interfered to alter it.

"Let her have the month, M'Manus," said he, "since you promised it. There can be no occasion for such urgency against her inclinations, especially as in her new prison she will have no means of either conspiracy or escape."

"Let her have it then," said M'Manus; "although she has forfeited all right to it. But I indulge her in the delay only on condition that Onsley agrees to it."

Isabella heard these decisions concerning her future destiny in silence. But when they had withdrawn, she burst into tears, and tenderly embraced Kitty, who was almost as inconsolable as herself.

"Farewell! Kitty," said she, "I may not live long. But, while I do live, I will never forget your kindness. Receive and keep these trifles in remembrance of me (here she presented Kitty with the purse and ring before-mentioned). They are but a small recompense for the affection you have shown me, and the sorrow you have been fated to suffer on my account."

After some persuasion Kitty was induced to receive them, not, as she said herself, as wages, but as keepsakes: "An' I will keep them," she observed, "till my dying day, in memory o' my dear lady, wha I may see again! Ah! it gies me a sair heart to think o' your gaun into g hands o' that wicked man. But I will pray to God to bless you wha you be, amang frien's or enemies, in gladness or in sorrow."

"I thank you for that kind promise," replied Isabella. "Whatever afflictions I may be doomed to bear, it will be a comfort to reflect that there is one sympathising mind engaged in supplicating Heaven in my behalf."

When night came, she received a summons from her uncle to attend him. She again gave a farewell embrace to Kitty, and obeyed. She was placed on horseback, and, escorted by M'Manus and Forsythe, rode for about an hour, amidst darkness, over rugged and unknown roads, until she came to

the house of the latter. It was a low thatched edifice of small dimensions, containing only three apartments. The largest of these was that into which they first entered. It extended back the whole width of the house, and before a turf fire at the one end of this apartment, sat a bare-legged man of a wild and haggard appearance. Beside him sat a female, apparently younger, but not much more attractive.

On the arrival of our travellers at the door these two worthies had not arisen; but on the approach of Isabella towards the fire, the young woman arose; while the other tenaciously stuck to his seat like a limpet to a rock.

"Matty!" said Forsythe, "light a candle, and take it down to the back room. I have brought a young lady with me who is to occupy it, and whom you are to attend and treat civilly, as I shall hereafter instruct you. And Archy, you sleepy-headed villain! get up, and fetch some turf to kindle a fire below. We shall also require some supper, Matty; and be quick in preparing it, for hunger will not tolerate laziness."

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

A BLAZING fire and a plentiful table soon made their appearance in the room. M'Manus and Forsythe felt the full comfort of their situation; but, alas! Isabella felt none. She was entreated by Forsythe to partake of their supper; but requested permission to decline with such earnestness, that it was granted. Her uncle then observed:

"If Mr. Forsythe has a chamber ready for you I think you should retire to rest, for I perceive you are much fatigued; and as we shall have Onsley here to-morrow, I should like you to be well refreshed, so that your reception of him may be the more cheerful and satisfactory."

Isabella gladly availed herself of this suggestion; and Matty attended her into the adjoining chamber, which was almost entirely filled by two beds, separated only by a very narrow space containing a small table and two chairs.

Her attendant pointed out the bed she should occupy, observing—"It's the best like o' the twa, Ma'am. I'll tak' the ither to mytel'. You can strip yoursel', no doubt; for I maun leave you a while to attend on the men and get their punch ready."

So saying, without waiting for a reply, she placed the light on the table and departed.

Isabella's fortitude was nearly overpowered when she contrasted the cold vulgarity of this girl with the affectionate and sympathising tenderness of Kitty Lowery; for there is perhaps nothing that so powerfully sustains the mind of woman from sinking under affliction, as the consoling presence and sympathy of one of her own sex.

She retired to bed, but found not sleep, for even if her mind had been sufficiently tranquil the noisy revelry maintained for several hours in the adjoining chamber would not have permitted her to enjoy it. At length the noise ceased; and shortly after Matty entered the apartment in silence, for she supposed Isabella to be asleep; locking the door, she carefully deposited the key under her pillow, extinguished the light, and withdrew to bed.

This precaution of her attendant, although designed entirely as a preventative against Isabella's escape, was really beneficial to her feelings, by giving her the assurance of at least a temporary security from the sudden intrusion of any unwelcome visitor. She therefore in a short time fell un-

expectedly into a slumber; from which, however, she awakened long before the morning, for the excitement of her mind was too powerful to be held under the influence of repose.

To her at length day dawned. Matty arose, withdrew in silence, and locked the door on the outside. After some time, however, she returned, with the commands of M'Manus that his niece should prepare to meet him at breakfast. Isabella would fondly have entreated the indulgence of solitude, but she knew it would be vain, so she obeyed.

At breakfast her uncle appeared in a better temper than usual, owing, perhaps, to the readiness with which she had, on this occasion, obeyed him.

"I hope, my niece," said he, "that you will no longer compel me, by opposition to my wishes, to continue the disagreeable exertions of authority I have lately had to use. Onsley will be here to-day, and I take it for granted that you will receive him as the man who is, in the course of a few weeks, to become your husband."

"Lay your injunctions on me," said she, "my spirit is now broken, and I have no longer the power of resistance. All I beg for is the safety of my friends."

"I will protect your friends," he replied, "so long as you perform your duty towards me. On your marriage with Onsley I shall of course resign my right in his favour: the sooner, therefore, you give him your hand, the sooner will you get rid of my authority. I must now leave you for a number of days; for it is a busy time with our party. The nation seems in arms against us; and your friend, young Rosendale, has vowed to demolish all our hiding-places with fire and sword, for no other reason, I believe, than because an uncle has thought proper to become the protector of his niece."

Isabella was again locked in her bed-chamber, and M'Manus departed.

It was about two hours afterwards that the key turned slowly in the door, and Forsythe entering cautiously, relocked it on the inside. Isabella had been weeping upon her bed, but she started up at his appearance, and could not avoid shuddering at the mysterious manner of his approach.

"Your uncle is gone, fair lady," said he, in a low tone, "and that sheepish-souled animal Onsley is not yet arrived."

"Such information is of no consequence," she replied. "Why has Mr. Forsythe been so anxious to communicate it that he has intruded on my solitude?"

"Because, Miss M'Manus, I am your friend: I feel a strong interest in your fate, and am desirous to deliver you from the persecutions of the odious Onsley."

"Ah! by what means would you effect that unlooked-for, happy deliverance?" she exclaimed. "Will you, indeed, have the generosity and the manliness to restore me to my friends?"

"Restore you to your friends!" returned Forsythe; "I should, indeed, wish to do so, but for one good reason: I do not myself wish to part with you. And to be plain, I am passionately in love with you, Miss M'Manus; and, since your uncle has determined that you shall marry a man with whom I know you can never be happy, I now offer you the hand of one who will spare neither pains nor cost to make you so."

This address so astonished Isabella that she could scarcely believe what she heard to be really uttered.

"What does all this mean, Mr. Forsythe?" she asked after a pause.

"It means, beautiful and unhappy young lady!" said he, "that I love you passionately, and will stop at no sacrifice to make you my own."

"Sir!" said she, "this is absolute madness. I cannot believe that you are at this moment in your proper senses. But if you are, you should be ashamed of such folly."

"I am in my perfect senses, Madam, unless I lost them the first time I beheld your loveliness. With regard to shame, I can tell you that I know it not. In me you shall find no soft spirit, no calf's-heart, like the despicable Onsley's, to deal with. I can save you, and I will save you, from the union you abhor with that poltroon; but it shall be only to make you my own. At present I will urge the matter no farther. Mine, or Onsley's, is your alternative! Onsley will be here. I shall allow him to be admitted to prevent suspicion, and because I know that his presence will only increase your disgust for his person. Good bye for the present!"

He withdrew, leaving Isabella in a species of consternation not easily to be described; but such as altogether for some hours bewildered her faculties. Towards the evening Onsley was admitted to her presence.

"I am extremely sorry, Miss M'Manus," he observed, "that my affection for you has been productive of such disagreeable consequences; for be assured that I take no pleasure in the calamities you suffer; and if it were not that I have still hopes of your becoming reconciled to a union with me I would withdraw my pretensions, and endeavour to prevail with your uncle to release you from constraint and restore you to your friends. But, ah! you must forgive me if I still cherish sweet hopes—if I still fondly anticipate that, when our union is sealed, you will become satisfied, and we shall enjoy happiness together."

"Sir, the generosity of your present language demands my thanks; but I must assure you the hopes you cherish never can be realised. The power and violence of my uncle may force me to give you my hand: but my heart is not at his command, nor is it even at my own; so that it is not in the power of either kindness, or terror, or suffering, to make it ever become yours."

"Alas!" said Onsley with a sigh, "I fear I have been born for your adversity; but ah! too beautiful and charming maid! you have been born for my destruction. Be comforted my lovely girl; when I next see you, I shall be resolved how to act. In the mean time let me have the felicity of bidding you a short farewell, without being answered with a look of displeasure."

"Farewell! Mr Onsley," said she: "but oh! let your decision be to release me, and I shall for ever look upon you as my friend, my benefactor; and Heaven will surely bless you for the generous deed."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

For the three ensuing days Isabella experienced but little variety in her circumstances: Onsley had not appeared, and Forsythe had only annoyed her once with his presence. The cause of this forbearance on the part of the latter she could not imagine; but she fondly hoped that he had become ashamed of his folly in making love to her, and that, if Onsley and her uncle agreed to her restoration to liberty, he might not think proper to throw any obstacle in the way.

Feeding her hopes with these reflections preserved her mind in a tolerable state of serenity till the evening of the third day of this peaceful interval, when Forsythe's absence was accounted for by Matty; but from a cause little favourable to her hopes of his having abandoned his designs respecting her.

"My father surely will be back the night," observed Matty, as she entered with some refreshments for Isabella: "I thought he wad hae come last night;

but they hae noo sae muckle to do wi' a' the country folk, forbye the sodgers that hae turned oot against them, that they canna' weel mak' their ain time as they used to do. The den at the auld castle, or the Fox's Den, as they ca' it, will be repaired an' ready for you in anither day; an' then there's nae rear o' you being carried off, for the auld *Wearie* would na' find you oot there."

"Why, Matty! what do you mean? Is your father going to secrete me in a den? Surely he will not venture to dispose of me so without my uncle's knowledge?"

"Feggs, young Miss, you ken little aboot it, gin that's a' you ken. My father has a command o' his ain, as weel as M'Manus; and besides, has men sworn to do his bidding in spite o' the rest o' the Steel Men. An' wi' respect to the Den o' the Castle,—why, 'faith, ye need na' be so muckle startled aboot it, for I was up yesterday to see it, an' I maun say, they hae made it e'en owre guid for you, if you be sae nice and ill to serve. Your room there will be far drier, and a'maist twice as big as this yin. To be sure, it's inside the grun; but what o' that,—there's guid day-light get's into it, an' a guid stane chimney is noo built to let oot the reek."

"But Matty, do tell me if you can, what may be your father's intentions in concealing me in such a place, out of view of the world, and without——"

"Why," interrupted her complaisant attendant, with a sort of a hoarse laugh, "what a fool's question is that! Can it be for any thing, think ye, than to keep ye safer nor ye could be in this old crazy bigging, that may be some o' thir days turned tapsalteerie by a parcel o' rummaging sodgers;—but, feggs! they'll no' sae easily upset the hard rocky wa's o' the Den; besides, it will tak' the best een among them, an' the help o' witchcraft besides, to find it oot.—But eat your meal, Miss,—I canna' wait much langer to palaver wi' you."

But Isabella's appetite was gone, and she had no desire to prolong the discourse with such a person; she therefore signified to Matty that she might remove both herself and the eatables whenever she thought proper.

"'Faith! but ye're nice in the gab," cried her amiable companion. "Guid buttered toast an' cheese to eat, an' plenty o' warm posset to drink, should na' be so much despised!" So saying, she, with a petulant importance of manner, removed the eatables and retired, leaving Isabella in as disagreeable a state of mind as can possibly be conceived.

Forsythe arrived in the night-time, with a band of his Steel Boys; who, according to custom, previous to their going to rest, indulged in all the excess of riot, debauchery, and clamour, for several hours.

After breakfast the next morning, Forsythe entered Isabella's apartment.

"Well! how has my sweet bird fared since I last saw her?" said he. "I was confoundedly afraid lest some accident should have opened the door for her flight from my cage.—But this evening you shall be in a stronger one and then I shall defy the world to rob me of you!"

"Sir!" demanded Isabella, with some spirit, "has my uncle sanctioned your intended course of proceeding respecting me?"

"Your uncle!—Think you, my fair tempter, that I am so much the slave of your uncle as to be regulated and circumscribed in all my actions by his pleasure."

Isabella replied with an energy and spirit which she had never before exerted; for she felt that in this case any duty which she owed her uncle did not interfere to render her opposition in any respect blameable. Besides she felt assured that the power of her present tormentor could not be so promptly and disastrously directed against her friends, even should he think of that method of resenting her resistance, as her uncle's; because the latter, whose influence with his party she knew to be superior to his, would now be his opponent and their protector.

"Sir," said she, "I really cannot but admire the boldness of your views; but I am astonished at their presumption. You know me not, or you would never dare to imagine that it is within the compass of your power, or within the compass of any earthly power, to compel me to be your wife! Before that takes place, my tongue must utter a vow; and that vow my tongue will putrify in my mouth before it utters at your bidding!"

"Maiden!" said Forsythe. "That pretty mouth, I find, can utter bold sayings; but I must tell you that you do not know me if you imagine that such asseverations can deter me from my purpose?—What! the resolves of a gentle maiden to deter the leader of the Steel Men from his purpose! As well, fair damsel, might you expect the summer zephyrs to overturn the rocks of Sliniss! You shall be mine: mark me! I say it; though heaven, earth, and hell, should combine against it: and your tongue shall utter the indissoluble vow!"

"And what," she asked, "is the tremendous engine by which you expect to produce the mighty miracle of making the dumb speak—of causing the tongue to utter what both the heart and the understanding have determined it shall not?"

"You shall see that engine ere long," he replied. "In the meantime I must enjoy a foretaste of my approaching bliss from those delicious cherry lips that have so sweetly protested against my happiness."

Here he rushed towards her for the purpose of seizing the threatened embrace.

"Stand off, miscreant!" cried she. Villain, as thou art, have you no decency! Sooner would I receive the bite of a scorpion! Oh! merciful Heaven!——"

He had seized her, and nearly attained his purpose, when she stuffed a portion of the bedclothes into her mouth, and held them there so forcibly, with the strength of despair, as to baffle his attempt. In vain did he try to remove this interposing shield of defence from the lovely object of his attack: her teeth would have given way and fallen at his feet, rather than have parted with the means of protecting her lips from the polluting contact of his.

At length his passion becoming furious from his disappointment and his struggle, he was about attempting an outrage of a more atrocious nature, when by a desperate and unexpected effort she started to her feet, and cried bitterly for help.

The door was instantly burst open, and Onsley rushed in.

"Villain! what do you mean?" he exclaimed. "How dare you insult that lady?"

"It is only thou, poltroon!" said Forsythe. "Begone this instant; or I shall stamp out thy entrails, and trample them to the earth."

"Beware, Sir!" said Onsley coolly. "No threats at present, you see I am armed." He immediately withdrew a pistol from beneath his coat. "If this misses," said he, "I have another, and a good dirk besides, at your service. Miss McManus! follow me: I will restore you to liberty or die in the attempt."

"Heaven be praised for this deliverance!" ejaculated Isabella; her faculties being, at this moment, wound up to an almost preternatural pitch of energy. "Give me the other pistol, Mr Onsley," said she. He handed it to her. She presented it to Forsythe's breast:—"Ruffian!" exclaimed she with incredible firmness, "swear this instant never again to molest me with your scandalous passion, or I shall send you to eternity with all your sins on your head!"

"Swear! infamous miscreant! swear instantly!" cried Onsley; "or, by all that is holy, if she does not shoot you I will!"



Forsythe would have shouted for help; but he recollected that all his domestics, except Matty, had gone after breakfast to the Den of the Castle, to assist in putting it in order for Isabella's residence. He had charged fire-arms in the house, but they were in another apartment; and his assailants seemed resolved to destroy him instantaneously if he did not comply with their demand. To this alternative he therefore yielded; and falling on his knees as he was ordered, swore solemnly the oath which Isabella dictated.

"Now, live and repent!" said she, "abandoned ruffian!" and followed by Onsley she left the house.

They had scarcely reached the outside, however, when Forsythe, disregarding his oath, ran to his armoury, seized a loaded blunder-buss, and following the fugitives, shot Onsley through the groin; and he fell.

"Victory, once more!" shouted Forsythe; "the treasure is again mine!" and he darted with the speed of a blood-hound after Isabella. Perceiving that he gained on her she turned round with her loaded pistol, and aimed at him; but observing where Onsley had fallen, and hearing his groans, her mind became bewildered; and that preternatural strength which had so lately supported her now vanished, and all the feebleness and terror of the helpless woman returned. She could not inflict upon any human being that death, the image of which she thus saw before her; and the same moment the weapon was presented it dropped from her nerveless grasp, and the next she fainted and sank to the earth.

Forsythe caught her in his arms, and stole from her insensible lips that kiss which she had so heroically defended from him, and which had thus cost him perjury to obtain. He then carried her into her apartment, where she again recovered to sensation and misery.

Forsythe, supposing that he had now overcome her resolution and spirit, and that he should have no further trouble with her opposition to his wishes, ordered Matty to attend strictly to her wants and comfort, and to soothe and console her as much as possible for that evening. He then left her, and did not again disturb her until the next day.

As he did not know the day that M<sup>r</sup> Manus might visit his house, he was desirous of having her removed to the "Den of the Castle," which was about the eighth part of a mile distant, lest, on ascertaining the true state of affairs he should carry her off with a force which it might be out of his power to resist. In this den, it being a place of concealment utterly unknown to any but Forsythe's own immediate dependants, he intended to secure her, until he could reconcile Munn to the steps he had taken; or, if he found that to be impossible, either to set him at defiance, or by a feigned story of her death induce him to abandon all inquiries after her. At all events, she was in his eyes too precious a jewel to be given up; and he determined to keep her in his possession, no matter what disasters should be the consequence.

His great object was to make her his wife, if possible, with her own consent; even if that consent should be extorted from her by violence; for, by so doing, he conceived that a reconciliation with her uncle would be the more easily effected. With the hope of procuring her voluntary consent, which, on every account was more desirable than one extorted from her, he resolved to try for a time the effects of kindness and flattery, together with an appearance of repentance for the vexations he had occasioned her.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN he visited her the next day, he completely assumed the hypocrite. He said he was heartily sorry for what had taken place; but that she must attribute it to the power of her fascinating beauty over his feelings, which

had caused him to forget every principle of propriety, morality, and religion, that he had hitherto revered; and that he hoped she would forgive him.

"Restore me to liberty, and all shall be forgiven," said she.

"I have had some thoughts of it," he replied; "but your beauty still infatuates me, and I cannot at once bring my mind to part with you. Lovely girl! I have prepared for you a more comfortable lodging than you now occupy. I wish you to remove there this evening. It is at no great distance. You shall want for no comfort I can procure for you, and I will write to your uncle to learn his pleasure how you are to be disposed of."

"Has my uncle," she inquired, "the slightest knowledge of your views respecting me?"

"I shall inform him of all, and will regulate my conduct by his orders."

"And may I ask what is become of Mr. Onsley?" said she: "Have you killed him?"

"No: thank God!" he exclaimed with an affectation of piety, "I have not that crime to answer for! I wounded him, indeed, in a fit of frenzy; but he is still living, and under the charge of careful hands, and is likely to do well."

"I rejoice at it," said she; "for he has a better heart than the most of his confederates; and, on account of his last generous attempt in my behalf, I can forgive him all the preceding injuries he has done me."

"Ah! I wish you would forgive me too, amiable girl! for, without thy forgiveness, I shall ever be miserable."

"Deserve it," said she, "by making such an atonement as he attempted, alas! unsuccessfully, to make, and you shall obtain it. The man who restores me to my friends, no matter what previous injury he may have done me, I shall ever look upon as my best benefactor."

"But I should then lose thee," said he, "thou apple of my eye! and I cannot consent to that, even though it should gain me thy blessing! But adieu, in the meantime, sweetest of women! In the evening I shall call to conduct thee to thy new habitation, where I trust thou mayest be prevailed on to look upon me in a more favourable light."

He withdrew, leaving Isabella in a state of mental anguish indescribably acute; for she plainly saw that he was resolved to prosecute his intentions respecting her in a manner that would combine both artifice and violence to secure their success. She looked on her new habitation, of which he had spoken in such commendatory terms, as only a stronger prison; and she thought that her only chance of escape was to become courageous and attempt it, ere she should be carried there and immured within its rocky walls.

For this purpose she examined the window of the room, which was a leaden one, and conceived that by extracting the nails, she might easily displace the glass without noise; after which, the only difficulty would be to get rid of some small iron bars which ran across the window, and the upright wooden bar which divided it into two parts, either of which would be too narrow to permit her passage.

The nails she easily extracted with her scissors, and also, after considerable exertion, drove out the iron bars; and was proceeding to attack the wooden one, when Matty entered.

"Ah! ah! Miss, what's this ye're aboot? Why, I believe ye're gane wud. What are you breakin' the window for?"

"Where is your father?" demanded Isabella, instead of giving a direct reply.

"Where is he? Why, I canna' tell. Oh! ay, it's likely he's gane to gie Ingles some directions aboot squire Onsley, wha's wounded, as you ken, and now lying in the Castle Cave."

"What! is that the place where I am to be taken?" inquired Isabella.

"No, no, Miss; the Cave's no the Den," replied Matty, though they're no far asunder; an' they say that, in auld times, there was a passage between them, that canna' noo be discovered.—But why break the window, Miss?"

"Is Archy or any one else in the house with you, Matty?" asked Isabella, still evading her sentinel's question.

"Troth, no," answered Matty impatiently: "Archy's just gane to kindle a fire in the Den, where they're to take you as soon as it gets dark.—But why break the window? You ha'ena' yet tauld me that."

"Nor shall I tell you?" said Isabella, with a tone of resolution, which, however, she instantly changed for one of entreaty, saying, "My dear Matty, I wish you to prepare me something for supper; an egg and a few fresh-baked cakes will do, if you can prepare them conveniently."

"Feggs, no," replied Matty: "I see what you want. You're a cunning lass: but I winna' part wi' you. If I did, 'faith I'm thinking you would soon be oot o' the window an' aff wi' yoursel'! It wasna' for naething that you brak' oot the glass."

"Then, Matty, you must give me that key out of your hand, or you and I shall try which is the stronger and swifter." While saying this, she snatched the key from Matty ere the latter was aware, and darted outside of the apartment, drawing the door swiftly after her, with the intention of locking Matty within. But, unfortunately, Matty was too strong for her, and pulled open the door before she could introduce the key. Isabella, trusting now to speed alone, threw down the key and ran with such fleetness that she would soon have left her pursuer out of sight and effected her escape, had not Forsythe himself unluckily appeared; and the fair fugitive fell once more into the hands of her tormentor.

"So, Madam," said he, "you wanted to run for it! But my good stars have not yet deserted me;—my treasure is not yet lost; and, 'faith I shall now secure it where it shall not so easily take wing and fly away."

Isabella burst into tears. This second, or rather third, disappointment in her attempts to escape, was almost too much for her fortitude to bear.

Regardless of her agony and tears, the enraged ruffian forced her along, half-carrying her towards the house. He then blew a horn, and Jasper, Ingles, and Archy, soon made their appearance.

"Ingles and Archy," said he, "come along, we must now introduce this lady into her new dwelling. It may perhaps be somewhat damp; but we can delay no longer. I hope, Archy, the fire is kindled?"

"Ay, it's blazing brawly," replied Archy.

"As for you, Jasper," said Forsythe, "go to the cavern, and wait on Onaley till morning! Now, my lady, for your new quarters!"

The unhappy Isabella, more dead than alive, was conveyed to the Den of the Castle,—a place the very name of which had inspired her with the most horrid ideas; and, on entering it, she looked on herself as entering a living tomb—a sepulchre in which all her prospects of earthly peace and comfort were to be for ever buried.

The entrance of this den could only be approached by a very narrow, rocky path, scarcely to be traced out by those well acquainted with its windings. Even when arrived at it, a stranger would find it difficult to discern it, on account of the vast quantity of brambles with which it was surrounded. At this time especially, the contrivance of Forsythe had rendered it, to those not in secret, quite undiscernible, by making it resemble a mossy bank. This was accomplished by simply fixing to its door a sufficient quantity of mossy sods, which disguised it so perfectly, that it could not be distinguished from the surrounding soil.

When this door opened, Isabella thought indeed that the earth was opening

to receive her; but, unfortunately, it was also receiving with her the man, to escape from whom she would have esteemed living inhumation a blessing. When it closed on her, she was in a dark, narrow, and rugged passage, so low as to prevent her from standing upright.

They advanced along a dark winding passage for eight or ten yards, which then gradually widened to the size of a small gloomy chamber, illuminated only by some rays of light issuing through the seams of a coarse deal partition at the further end.

Through a door in this partition Isabella was ushered into the apartment prepared for her. It was in size about nine feet by twelve; its roof and walls were of rugged rock; and its floor had been of the same, but was now overlaid with loose boards. Beneath the boards there was considerable dampness, owing to the rain entering by a chasm in the roof, which admitted the daylight, and in which Forsythe had now fixed in a very clumsy manner, a sort of glass window.

A rude chimney had also been just constructed, which allowed a vent through a lower part of this chasm for at least part of the smoke of a turf-fire which was now blazing briskly upon a paved hearth.

A tolerably comfortable bed occupied the side of the apartment fronting the fire: a small table and two or three chairs constituted the remaining furniture.

Forsythe having ordered Archy and Ingles to withdraw; "This," said he to his unhappy prisoner, "is to be your abode, until your uncle becomes reconciled to our marriage; that is, if he takes it into his head to dislike it—although I do not see any reason why he should. Onsley has withdrawn his claim, and even attempted, without his consent, to restore you to your Ballycarney friends. Do not be so inconsolable: it will be my whole study to please you, if you only consent to become my own."

"Your own! no, Sir: I need not repeat it—never, never; nor will my uncle ever consent to it. He had in an evil hour pledged his influence over me to Onsley; but as to you, Sir, what claim have you on either him or me?"

"The claim of present possession of your person, and of an unalterable resolution never to part with it," answered Forsythe. "If you yield not voluntarily in a few days, I have means of forcing you to my wishes you think not of. In the mean time, I shall give Archy charge concerning you. When you want anything, pull this cord, and it will give a signal which will bring some one into your presence, who will obey all your reasonable commands; but think not of liberty, until you are my wife, and your uncle the friend of our union. It will be useless for you to project any means of escape; the entrance to this rock-bound dwelling is well secured and well guarded, and absolutely impregnable to any force you can apply against it, even if there were no sentinel to resist you. And look at that rope!" he exclaimed, pointing to one which hung from a pulley in an angle of the room. "You inquired by what tremendous engine I can enforce your compliance. That rope forms part of it. I will now leave you till to-morrow; but again I request you to be contented. Refreshments shall be sent you; and if you want a few books to amuse you, command Archy, and he will bring them to you."

He retired without offering her any rudeness; and, soon afterwards, Archy entered to know her commands.

She was not, at first, inclined to give any; but, after reflecting a little, she asked if he could procure her a Bible?

"Why, Ma'am, I canna' weel say; I doobt na' my master has yin, though I believe he ne'er reads it. But it's a queer thing to ask for in this lanely Den: is there naethin' else ye wad like as weel?"

"Nothing in the world, Archy. It would please me much if you would procure me one."

"Weel, I'll try, Ma'am; but winna ye hae some supper?"

"I have occasion for none,—I feel no appetite."

"But ye maun eat, gin ye mean to lieve," observed her sagacious attendant: "an' 'faith, I'll fetch you something that wi' its very smell will gie ye an appetite."

So saying, he departed; and in the course of half-an-hour returned, bringing a Bible, and provisions for a comfortable meal. When he withdrew, she turned over the principal passages of consolation with which the Holy Book abounds, and which she remembered her grandfather had often and often recommended to his people when in distress. She read the sorrows of Job, and from his patience endeavoured to learn resignation; while, at the same time, his happy restoration to prosperity and joy inspired her with the hope that the same God who pitied him might yet pity her, and grant a similar termination to her afflictions. With this Divine volume under her pillow she retired to rest, and felt assured and easy, as if she were under the immediate protection of Heaven.

She had not been long risen the next morning, when Forsythe visited her.

"I have just this moment," said he, "received a letter from your uncle. I am cursedly sorry for it, as it calls me from you to hard service at a very interesting time; for I thought to have had our affair concluded to-night, and to have been happy in your lovely bosom. The curate has promised to attend: but fate interferes, and I must now postpone the business for twenty-four hours longer; and then for happiness in spite of fate! Your uncle expects to have a scuffle with your champion of Mr Clusky's Glen—Rosendale, and a party of his troops, and he calls for my assistance, and that of as many good Steel-Boys as I can muster for the occasion. I must go without fail; for, at present, I wish above all things, next to pleasing yourself, to please your uncle. Besides, I should not be loath to try what mettle that Rosendale is made of, for I shrewdly guess that he is a favourite of yours; and if I could but discover what has made him so, I might, perhaps, by imitating him, become so myself. I shall see you to-morrow, if my soul and body keep together till then. Have you any message for your uncle?"

"None, but that if he gives me back to my friends I shall for ever love and pray for him."

"He will give you to me first, I hope: and I shall be your most faithful and devoted friend. But adieu for to-day!—and forcibly seizing her hand, he violently kissed it and departed."

"Thank God!" thought she, "the monster is gone; and I shall have at least one day's quietness for the study of this Holy Book, and the committing of myself to the care of its great and gracious Author. But oh! it is Rosendale they are pursuing. May Heaven preserve him from their power! for they use it terribly."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

In the after-part of the evening day Forsythe again intruded on Isabella's solitude.

"Once more I behold you!" said he; "and I come with brilliant news for you. Your nettlesome bully, the terrible Major Rosendale is now in our hands, a prisoner as large as life; and his whole troop have been sent packing to the other world on Satan's business, for their impudence in attempting to disturb us in this."

"Rosendale in their hands!" thought she, "O God!" and she sat for some moments stupefied, without hearing another word of her tormentor's discourse. At length she fainted, and fell upon the bed.

Forsythe pulled the signal-cord already mentioned; and Archy appearing, he was despatched to bring Matty to Isabella's assistance. But before Matty's arrival she had recovered, and Forsythe, conceiving that it was necessary thoroughly to subdue her spirit before he could reduce her to his purposes, had resumed his highly-coloured narrative of the disasters at Mulloch Sandal. He dismissed Matty, and continued:—

"Some lucky ball either splintered or broke the arm of your champion; and, had it not been your uncle's pleasure to save him, I should have also broken his neck by a fling over the precipices of Shane's Hill: but mark me, madam, if your obstinacy provokes me too far, I shall yet send a leaden messenger through his brain. And there's another rival I must immediately get rid of. Onsley must die. Startle not, fair maiden!—this is your uncle's fault. He is as obstinate as yourself; and he swears that while Onsley lives none else shall ever wed you, if he can prevent it. This obstacle to my happiness must therefore be immediately removed."

So saying, he raised himself on a chair beside which the rope that he had formerly directed her attention to hung; and looking through an aperture in the rocky wall, through which it passed, he exclaimed—

"Damnation! the scoundrels have not yet fixed it." He then called to Archy.

"Go," said he, "tell Jasper and Ingles to do their duty instantly; for, by Heavens! I won't wait five minutes longer, if I should do it myself. Haste—and be back immediately."

Archy obeyed.

"And you, fair lady," said he to Isabella, "shall no longer trifle with me. The power of kindness has been tried with you in vain. I will now try that of terror; and if that fails, force shall do the business. Yes, by Heavens! you shall marry me, if I should scrow the very words out of your mouth to form the vow.—But now for the application of the engine!" said he, again looking through the aperture in the rock. "All is ready, I perceive; you shall now witness the uncontrollable powers of my resolution; and you shall henceforth learn to act as I prescribe; for you shall perceive that the fate which awaits opposition to my will is as certain as it is terrible."

Archy having returned. "Lend a hand here, my jolly boy!" cried his fierce employer: "we must give the miscreant a lift to the ceiling."

They pulled the rope for five or six feet into the apartment, and introducing it into an iron staple near the chimney, fixed it there.

"Ascend this chair, maiden," said Forsythe, "and look through that chasm, and tell me what thou seest."

Isabella was in no haste to obey.

"Ah! Sir, excuse me," said she; "I am unwell, and have no curiosity to look at your doings."

"By hell and fury! I must be obeyed! Archy, seize her, we shall force her to look."

Archy approached to catch her arm: "Stand off!" said she: "I will obey; but come not near me!"

She climbed the chair, cast one glance through the aperture, and terrible were its effects; she gave a fearful scream; and would have fallen from the chair lifeless on the floor had not Forsythe caught her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

She had seen, in a rude cavern beneath her, the body of Mr Onsley suspended by the neck from the end of a rope which her two gaolers had pulled

in her apartment, and shockingly convulsed with the last agonies of expiring life. No wonder she gave the scream of horror, and fainted on the spot. She had never imagined anything so dreadfully horrible as this spectacle; she had never conceived of a human being so desperately wicked, as to be capable of such a deed as she saw there committed by the ruffian who had at that moment the absolute control over her own fate.

It was a long time before she had recovered sufficient sensation to articulate. Forsythe had retired much perplexed; for he feared that he had indeed lost her by his own mismanagement.

"But no matter," he muttered as he departed: "lovely as she was, she was, perhaps, too obstinate for me to have ever reduced her to my wishes. I ought to have rifled her sweets while she possessed them."

When Archy, however, brought him information of her recovery, his delight scarcely knew bounds, and he hastened back to her prison; but he did not enter, for Matty, hearing his approach, met him at the door, and begged him not to come for that night into Isabella's presence, as the sight of him, under present circumstances, might drive her to absolute insanity.

"Pacify her as much as you can, Matty, and take care not to fret her to-night by too much contradiction, for I really wish much for her speedy recovery. I will call on her to-morrow, and have hopes that she will then be both pacified and submissive."

In the morning he accordingly waited on her; but her mind, in place of being submissive, as he expected, had recovered its energy, and she had renewed her resolution never to be his, no matter what earthly consequences might ensue.

"Well, Miss McManus," said he with great coolness as he entered, "I hope you have got over your last night's shock, and are now convinced that further opposition to my will and my power must be unavailing, since I will scruple to commit no deed, either virtuous, vicious, or humane that may serve to gain my wishes."

"I defy thy threats, barbarous man!" said she; "for I have an assurance within me that I never shall suffer pollution from thy hands. Know, monster! there is a Power more resistless than thine, and in His name I defy thee. All thy cunning, all that energy of which thou so much boastest cannot detain me within this rock a single moment beyond the time limited by His will; nor canst thou move a finger against me while he permits. Why should I, therefore fear thee, wretch! since thou art His enemy, and He will assuredly blast thy designs."

"Excellently preached, lady!" replied Forsythe. "But hear me; I have still means to resort to, that will be more terrible to thy feelings—that will melt thy obstinacy, or break thy heart. Wilt thou be mine at a word, I ask thee, or prepare to undergo the most terrible of thy trials?"

"The choice," she replied requires no deliberation. Try me as thou wilt, thine I never shall be! And to the God of all I commit my cause."

"Dost thou think," said he, "that I am a dastard like the wretch whom I hanged last night, to be frightened from my purpose by the slang of superstition, or the nonsensical gibberish of priestcraft! Commit thy cause to whom thou wilt, to me thou shalt commit thy person, and in thy arms I shall enjoy my paradise."

"Blasphemer!" said she, "pause and tremble. Ah! I can even pity thee, villain as thou art; for the fiery vengeance of an immortal God is flaming over thee. Ah! unless thou dost speedily repent, it will fall tremendously on thee, and thou shalt be melted in the furnace of everlasting misery!"

"Ill-tongued prophetess! cease thy lying soothsayings," he exclaimed with great bitterness; "or even thy beauty may be to thy person an insuffi-

cient protection from my vengeance. But I have vengeance in store, not against thy person, for it is lovely—but against thy mind, for it is hateful—which I shall hasten to inflict. Farewell for a space!”

So saying he forcibly caught her, and embracing her forehead with an almost convulsive violence, departed.

It was late that evening when he returned. “Lady,” said he, “I have now the means of shortly proving thy hellish predictions to be false. Didst thou not prophesy thy escape from my power? Didst thou not foretell that Heaven would blast my designs? I come now to announce that to-morrow night those designs shall be accomplished. Prepare, then, to pronounce the marriage-vow, or to live with a distracted brain and die of a broken heart.”

“I am prepared,” she replied, “not only to choose, but absolutely to welcome the latter alternative.”

“I came not now to argue with you,” said he; “but to gaze for a moment on your charms, and to forewarn you that your obduracy will be conquered, so that it shall not be said you were vanquished by surprise. Consider of it, therefore, in the interval, for I wish you to yield deliberately. Good night! It is the last night you shall bear the name of M’Manus.” And he withdrew.

Isabella spent the greater part of this night in the exercises of devotion. She felt a presentiment that there was some crisis about to take place in her fate, whether for deliverance or destruction she could not tell; but she knew that it was her duty to be earnest and busy in prayer with the God she adored. After reading a considerable portion of the Scriptures, she poured forth the supplications of her pious and afflicted soul to the Author of her being, the great God of compassion, the Friend of the friendless, and the Helper of the distressed.

She then sang several psalms and hymns, expressive of confidence in the Almighty Protector of virtue and innocence, and of pious resignation to the dispensation of His wise providence. It was on this occasion that she administered so much consolation and delight to Frederick Rosendale—who, without her knowledge, lay, as the reader already knows, bound in irons in the adjoining cavern.

When Forsythe entered the ensuing night, there was a broad expression of a malignant triumph visible in his countenance. He went directly to the aperture in the rock through which the rope passed.

“All is right!” said he. “Now, my love, for marriage or distraction! The curate waits with Matty at my house till we send for him. What say you? Will you marry a man who adores you, or will you permit a whirlwind of horror to drive you to madness and despair?”

“Hardened barbarian!” replied she; “how often have I answered that question? Any thing—torment, horror, or despair, or all combined,—I again answer, rather than unite my fate with thine.”

“Is that thy inflexible choice, lady?” said he. “Well, to the proof of it. Ascend once more that chair, and tell me what thou seest.”

“Why should I give myself useless pangs,” she replied, “by obeying thee?—I should no doubt see some other victim to thy barbarity.”

“No, Madam; thou art mistaken. If he becomes a victim it shall be to thy obduracy. Look, and see if thou wilt save him. If thou causest him to die—him who risked his life gallantly to save thee——”

“Whom dost thou speak of, barbarous man?” exclaimed she with great agitation.

“Look and see,” he replied coolly.

“Ah! monster, to what dost thou reduce me?” said she, ascending the chair. The next moment she exclaimed, “Oh! God of mercy! is it pos-



sible?" Then looking at her tormentor,—“What dost thou mean, inhuman savage, by this?"

“Tell me what thou hast seen?" he demanded.

“Ah! wherefore should I tell you?" said she, trembling with terror in every joint.

“I shall describe it for thee, then. Thou hast seen thy lover, and thy heart's beloved—for I know he is such—sitting at a table, with a lamp burning before him, pinioned and hand-cuffed, and the end of this rope fastened round his neck, expecting every moment that it will be drawn up, and himself sent to perdition by a swing at its end. Shall I pull it?"

“Ah! no—no—Sir!—I beg of thee to spare him."

“Well, thou knowest the condition. Shall I send for the curate?"

“Ah Sir!—no!—Oh! my God! I cannot tell what to do or what to say. I shall indeed go distracted. Oh! my brain!—my brain! my burning brain!" In uttering these exclamations, she paced rapidly up and down the apartment wringing her hands in all the violence of absolute frenzy.

“Speak! fair lady!" he again demanded, “shall I pull this rope?"

“Oh! no: for God's sake, no; have mercy! have mercy!"

“Well, then, shall I send for the curate?"

“No, no: do not murder him!—On my knees I beg of you—"

“No need for kneeling, Madam. Say, at once, will you be a wife or a murderer?"

“I never, never will murder him! I never will be a murderer!" she exclaimed incoherently, for her senses were almost departing.

“Well, then, my love, become my wife, and I will send for the curate."

“Your wife! no; but then you must not murder this young man. Oh! God! I shall die."

“This is madness, lady!" exclaimed Forsythe, with a malignant impatience. “Say either yes or no to save him; for, by Heavens! I shall not wait for another reply."

At this instant, as he was preparing to pull the rope, she rushed in a frenzied manner upon him, and snatched it out of his grasp. He soon, however, overcame her in the struggle which ensued; and, having the rope again in his possession, he made a sudden effort with his whole strength to draw it, when it gave way, and he fell back, uttering a most blasphemous exclamation, against one of the sides of the rude chimney which projected considerably from the wall. The next moment he had ascended the chair to ascertain the cause of this accident; when, to his utter consternation, he beheld two men busied in freeing Frederick from the cords and irons with which he had been bound.

“Treachery! treachery!—By heavens, 'tis a rescue!" he exclaimed; and he hastened out to sound his horn, and collect some of his banditti for an attack upon these assailants.

At the first sound of rescue, Isabella fell on her knees to adore God for this signal interposition of his mercy in her favour, and that of her lover. “O God!" she cried, “he was on the brink of perishing; and thou hast graciously snatched him back to life. Thou hast also saved me from a dreadful fate,—a horrible pollution. O God! O God! it is all Thy mercy!"

Her emotions of joy overpowered her: she could utter no more; but she burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of pious gratitude.

Here we shall leave her for a short time, that we may give an account of this providential and unexpected rescue by which Frederick Rosendale was snatched from the jaws of death, and restored to liberty.

## CHAPTER XL.

WHEN we last parted with Frederick Rosendale it will be remembered that he was in a very uncomfortable and forlorn situation, expecting in a few hours to meet with a violent termination to his earthly existence.

From a mere feeling of malignant revenge Forsythe had in the morning forbidden him the use of either food or drink; and had ordered Ingles, who was his sentinel, not in any shape to administer to his wants, nor so much as enter his presence, lest conversation might give him a momentary relief from his painful reflections.

This severity of persecution defeated itself, and was one link in the chain of causes which produced Frederick's release.

"It's hard an' useless too," thought Ingles, "to let the man, gin he were the Devil, gang to the ither world wi' a hungry belly. By Heavens! it's no Christian-like."

He had scarcely muttered this charitable observation, when Jasper came forward.

"I'm ordered no to visit the poor fellow within," said Ingles; "has Davy gi'en you the same directions?"

"No," replied Jasper: "I met him as I cam' up; but he spak' naethin' about the prisoner; only he said he intended to hae anither hanging job to do the nicht!"

"Then," observed Ingles, "the poor devil will be the better o' a dose or twa o' Glen-Arib, to keep up his spirits. But Davy tauld me to gi'e him neether meat nor drink. That's no' just civil, Jasper, when we're to send him sitch a lang journey as to Nick's country! But ye're no under orders; ye should gang in an' gi'e him something o' the comfortable to cheer him awec, while he's amang us."

In Jasper went, therefore, without making any reply.

Frederick's head reclined on the table; and he was in such profound meditation that he did not observe Jasper's approach.

"Major Rosendale!" said he. Frederick looked up, and beheld one of his jailors without his visor.

"Ha'e you ever seen me before?" asked the man.

"I cannot remember," said Frederick.

"It may be ye didna' notice me at Ballycarney meetin'-hoose; but I sat in the next pew to you but yin on the sacrament-day."

"Then you heard that affecting discourse which Mr. M'Culloch gave us that day; and yet you are in league with monsters of wickedness!"

"I grant, Sir, what you say's a' true; but I am bound to them by oaths; besides, I'm well supported by them. But, Sir, I would do ye a service noo, gin I could hide it frae Forsythe."

"Hide it from Forsythe!" repeated Frederick. "What can you fear from that villain? You can set him at defiance: he is already an outlaw."

"As to that, Sir, ye ken I'm an outlaw mysel'; and it wadna' be richt to betray Davy eether, for he has done me mony a guid turn."

"You are the best judge of your obligations to him," observed Frederick; "but no obligation ought to bind you to any man in a career of manifest guilt."

"Ye're maybe richt enouch in that matter," said Jasper; "but gin ye could tell me hoo I wad be safe in serving you noo, I wad fandy do it."

"Why, that can be very easily managed, Jasper. Put Forsythe and all his confederates at defiance: and as to your outlawry, should I, by your means recover my liberty, I promise to protect you from its consequences, and use all my influence to procure its reversal."

"Ay! but the Hearts o' Steel wad then ruin me an' my family!" said Jasper.

"I shall place both you and your family in comfort and competence, in a situation where their power cannot reach you."

"Then, Sir, I am your frien'," replied the man; "an' I may noo tell you my real name; for Jasper's only one I ha'e ta'en up, like some ither o' the Boys, to deceive folk: Moore is my name."

"What!" said Frederick, "are you the man for whose family Mr M'Culloch had such a regard?"

"The same, Sir! I'm the Ned Moore that yince was his gardener. But he kens I'm noo a Steel-Boy; an' I believe he canna regard me mair. It's na' safe for me noo to be at Ballacarne. I hae'na seen it syne Miss M'Manus was carried aff; but I ha'e heard that the guid auld minister is still frien'ly to my wife an weans, though I ha'e done him sae muckle mischief. But I maun tell you that I ha'e met wi' a frien' o' yours within this half hoor! He's on the search for you; an' he's a canny chiel, gin he wadna crack his jokes so freely on yin. But I was sae glad to see him, for he brought me news frae hame, that I amaist let oot the secret concerning you. He smells somethin' aboot you an' the young lady; an' I jist cam' to see gin ye wad forgie what's past, an' protect me frae hurt, should I help to set you free."

"I pledge my honour that I shall forgive you freely, and exert all my power to protect you; nay, I shall reward you liberally, provided you also assist in effecting the deliverance of Miss M'Manus."

"That's what your frien' insists on too; an' you may depend on me lepdin' a han' cheerfully, for he tells me my dochter Jenny is amaist wud syne she was ta'en aff."

"And who is this friend to whom I am so much beholden?" asked Frederick.

"It's your ain servant, as he ca's himsel', Rabin Rainey; an' he wad mak' you laugh gin you saw him just noo disguised like a lame beggar-man, for fear o' detection. I wadna ha'e ken'd him, had he no first soonded me, and then made himsel' known."

"Robin's a gallant fellow!" said Frederick; "and methinks if I were only now unbound and armed, with Robin by my side, and you also assisting us, we could fight our way to safety in spite of any opposition that we might encounter."

"Na, na," said Moore, "it wadna' answer just noo: there's Ingles at the door. I ken he canna' be won owre; an' I wadna like to ha'e him run through the body; an', unless we wad do sae, he wad gi'e an alarm that, at this hoor o' the day, wad bring at least half a score o' Steel-Men on us. I'll be on guard mysel' at six o'clock, and we'll then manage things mair snugly. Keep guid heart, in the mean time, Sir; for I dinna' think Davy intends you any harm till aboot nine: I ha'e heard as muckle. But ye maun ha'e somethin' to nourish ye, that ye may be strang gin we meet wi' enemies."

He accordingly furnished Frederick with a tolerable meal of bread, beef, and grog; which, in conjunction with the hope that now brightened within him of freedom both for his beloved and himself, greatly recruited the strength of both his mind and body.

Forsythe again visited his prisoner in the evening, and displayed his usual irascible and insulting temper.

He addressed him on the old topic of writing to his commander in behalf of Blair and his associates; but with the same want of success. He at length left him, after expressing his regret, in language suitable only for a fiend, that he could not prescribe a punishment for his soul with the same certainty he could for his body.

In passing Ingles at the door he ordered him to go immediately and fix

the rope securely about the prisoner's neck, so that it might be ready for the execution whenever he required it. Ingles obeyed.

"I'm come frien'," said he to Frederick as he entered, "to render you a piece o' service, which I hope you wanna tak' amiss. It's only to strip you o' your cambric cravat, and tie this hempen string roun' your thrapple in its place. Ye're no to be hung yet for an' hoor or twa; but ye ken it's no richt to ha'e everything to do just at the last."

While making these observations, he fixed the noose round Frederick's neck, who made no reply to his garrulity.

Forsythe had gone direct from Frederick's prison to Isabella's, and commenced the last scene between them, which has been described in the preceding chapter; and Ingles, almost immediately on coming to the entrance of the cavern, was relieved of his office of sentinel by Jasper, alias Ned Moore. Ingles had no sooner descended the hill, and disappeared from view, than Robin Rainey, in the ragged attire of a beggar, ascended at full speed, followed by an active young man, no other than our former acquaintance, Sam Hassan, the lover of Kitty Lowery. How Robin happened to enlist this young man in the service, we cannot stop to relate: we shall only mention that Kitty Lowery was somehow concerned in the matter.

"Lead in, Ned," said Rainey: "noo's the time! I ha'e a trusty frien' here, an' twa guid stoot sabres, an' a couple o' pistols; an' ye can find arms for the Major,—an', by the holy John Knox! we'll be a match for a score o' the blackguards, should they attack us."

In they accordingly hastened to relieve Frederick from his doleful situation.

"My G—d! they're hanging him already!" exclaimed Robin, as soon as he beheld Frederick's plight; and darting forward he seized the rope, and with one sweep of his formidable sabre cut it in two, at the very moment Forsythe made the sudden pull at it before mentioned.

In a minute Frederick was freed from his shackles, and supplied by Ned Moore with a sword and pistols.

"Lead the way, my brave boys! to 'Miss M'Manus's prison. The first who enters it shall be entitled to a hundred guineas!" cried Frederick.

In a trice they arrived there, and met with no opponent but Archy. He refused to admit them, and Moore did not exactly know the mode of opening the moss-covered door.

"Open it," cried Frederick, seizing Archy by the throat—"thou blasted reptile! or I shall fling thee over that precipice."

Unable to resist such a forcible species of persuasion, Archy, trembling for the consequence, complied; notwithstanding which, Robin Rainey performed what Frederick only threatened, and pitched the trembling sentinel down the hill with such effect, that he fractured a thigh and dislocated an arm by the fall.

An instant now brought Frederick into the presence of his beloved, where she lay weeping, as we left her in the last chapter.

"Miss M'Manus!" said he, "dearest maiden!—" His utterance for a moment failed, and he could say no more.

She saw him—she heard him; but her reply was not direct to his salutation; for she flung herself on her knees.

"Praise! praise to Thee, my God!" she exclaimed, but only with a half-audible voice. "Thou hast delivered him, and thou hast protected me! Oh! make me ever, ever thankful!"

"Thou too, art delivered as well as protected, sweet maiden!" said Frederick. "But haste thee, dearest lady, and fly from this unholy place, lest the enemy meet us ere thou art safe."

Supported on Frederick's arm, she left her prison, from which Moore led the way, and Rainey brought up the rear.

They had scarcely reached the bottom of the hill, when Forsythe, who had hastily assembled about half a dozen of Steel-Men, met them.

When Frederick perceived them he charged young Hassan with the care of Isabella, and, accompanied by Rainey and Moore, rushed forward on the enemy.

There was a large granite rock in the vicinity, behind which Hassan conducted his precious charge, with the view both of protecting her, and of assisting his friends if it were necessary. As it was clear moonlight Forsythe perceived this movement; and, ordering his men to attack Frederick and his followers, hastened with impetuous rapidity towards the rock, for the purpose of once more securing the prize he so much coveted.

Frederick perceived him, "Now for justice!" he exclaimed; and he rushed on him with such a velocity, sword in hand, that Forsythe, unable to withstand the shock, was overturned on the field, while Frederick's sword, descending upon his right shoulder as he fell, almost separated it from his body.

"With his foot upon his enemy's breast, and his sword drawn to thrust into his heart, "Monster! fiend!" he exclaimed: "beg thy life, or die!"

"Die I shall," returned Forsythe; "the wound thou hast given me is enough."

"I believe so," said Frederick: "then lie there, and repent of thy abominations ere thy soul goes to its destination!"—and he immediately flew to the assistance of his small party, who were engaged with twice their number of the Steel-Boys. Moore had just received a pistol-bullet in the left arm as Frederick came forward; but Rainey had shot one of his enemies through the heart, and wounded another so severely as to disable him from further action. Frederick's arrival therefore, decided the victory in their favour: for their unwounded enemies fled, and left them nothing to do but to make prisoners of the wounded. These were three in number; namely, Forsythe himself, Archy and Ingles.

But Frederick was too anxious to secure Isabella from danger to attend much to his prisoners. He merely ordered them to be bound, and carried to the cavern in which he had himself been confined, and there guarded by Rainey and Moore until the morning; when he proposed to meet them there with an escort sufficient to conduct them to the county gaol.

He then, accompanied by Hassan, conveyed Isabella in safety to the house of the latter, where she met with a kind and joyful reception from its worthy owners. He there left her; and having procured horses, rode, attended by Hassan, with all haste to Larne, which was about nine miles distant, for a military force. Having obtained twenty men, he lost no time in returning to his late prison, whence he forwarded Forsythe and his associates, under the care of the soldiers, to Carrickfergus. Frederick then, accompanied by Rainey, Moore, and Hassan, proceeded to the hospitable dwelling where he had Miss M'Manus, and where he found her waited on by Kitty Lowery, who had hastened with all the ardour of pure affection to welcome her to liberty. After a plenteous and joyous dinner, Frederick having procured a gig, attended by Rainey and Moore on horseback, well armed, drove his beauteous prize that afternoon to Ballycarney.

The joy of the venerable clergyman and his wife, on their Isabella being thus restored to them, need not be described; every reader of a feeling mind will be able to imagine it.

## CHAPTER XLI.

The power of the Hearts of Steel was now rapidly declining. The star of prosperity which had so lately shone with such splendour on their cause

was decidedly on the wane, and it soon set in utter darkness—never more to rise.

In the commencement of their career we have seen that they succeeded in securing impunity from the laws by intimidating the juries, but they had so egregiously abused that impunity that all ranks of men began at last to feel the necessity of putting a stop to their outrages by countenancing and supporting the tribunals in the discharge of their duty. The Government also exerted itself, by sending a large military force to the north, in order to protect the peaceable inhabitants, subdue the conspirators, and assist the civil power in the execution of the laws.

In consequence of these energetic measures one or two Steel-men had been already executed, several more were under sentence of death. It was not without reason, therefore, that Nathan Lowery foreboded the approaching ruin of the confederacy, and felt anxious to have his own safety provided for by securing Frederick's interest in his behalf.

Not many days after the preceding occurrences, the association received an irrecoverable blow, by the capture, at the same time, of both M'Manus and Douglas.

On being attacked at Glen-Arib by the military, Munn found means to give his confederates early notice of the circumstances, in expectation that they might hasten to his assistance with a force sufficient to drive off the enemy.

He wrote to Lowery, Forsythe, and Douglas, and sent verbal messages to several other influential Steel-Men. Of his letter to Lowery we have already given an extract, but this cautious keeper of the purse could lend him no succour. Forsythe, we have seen, had other objects in view at that time, and was even in a fit state of mind to have wished M'Manus at the Devil. He therefore paid no attention to the communication.

Douglas, however, desirous of returning the service M'Manus had done him by rescuing him from his captivity in Belfast, and aware of what importance the striking a successful blow would be to their declining cause, hastened to muster a force for his relief.

The troops by whom he was assailed consisted of about one hundred and thirty men, under the command of a Captain Russell, a man of great coolness and sagacity in military affairs.

The soldiers encamped on the sea-shore, within view of M'Manus' house; and as night came on, Russell, conceiving himself to be in an enemy's country, took the precaution of placing sentinels at various points, and permitting only one-third of his men to sleep at once.

On the other side of the water, a partizan of M'Manus possessed a large stone house, which the latter was desirous of occupying with a number of his men, as from it he could very conveniently annoy the troops, and effectually prevent their retreat southwards; while he meditated throwing them into confusion by a sudden sally, as soon as the moon should set, and it should become sufficiently dark for the purpose.

To execute this plan he despatched the owner of the house, who was named M'Fall, with a dozen of men, to ford the stream at some distance above the bridge, and out of view of the soldiers. But the attempt was unsuccessful; for it was not yet dark enough, and the Glen was too narrow to permit them to pass at a sufficient distance from the camp. They were therefore observed by the sentinels, and about twenty of the troops soon attacked them.

The firing informed M'Manus of what was going forward. In order to save M'Fall's party, he hastened at the head of his small force, with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets, against the troops; and a sanguinary action, conducted rather by fury than skill, instantly took place. But it was soon decided. The troops were more than twice the number of their assailants,

and were so far from being taken by surprise, that, by command of their officer, they awaited the attack coolly with arms in their hands. Every circumstance, therefore, rendered the conflict unequal between the parties; and, in a few minutes, two-thirds of the Steel-Men were stretched on the ground in the arms of death. Every one of the Steel-Men, including M'Manns himself, had fallen from their wounds. The field being searched, he, with ten others who still survived, was found and carried into the house. M'Fall and Dennis M'Clurkin were also among the wounded.

M'Manus was placed in bed, and his wounds examined. He had received a musket-ball in the right shoulder, and several bayonet-thrusts in other parts of his body. The ball was extracted; and in the morning he was judged to be capable of enduring the fatigue of journeying in a litter to Carrickfergus.

The troops had lost nearly thirty of their number in this expedition, but their victory was complete.

Having advanced as far as the old Druidical image, called Cloch-a-Stookan, they suddenly met the party which Douglas had hastily collected, and with which he was advancing with as much rapidity as possible to the assistance of M'Manus. It consisted of about two hundred of his partizans, tolerably well armed, but not under much discipline. Perceiving that M'Manus' party was already defeated, and his own not sufficiently powerful to cope with such a body of well-appointed troops on equal ground, Douglas resolved to keep his stand until he should compel Captain Russell either to attack, or march back to Glen-Arib.

Affairs, however, did not remain more than an hour in this posture, when Douglas was alarmed by the appearance of red uniforms approaching from the South. His party became panic-struck: they had no means of escape. A high and inaccessible precipice frowned over them on the west, a deep and horrible gulf yawned beneath them on the east, and the only passes to the north and south were occupied by their enemies in formidable force.

The reinforcement now advancing to the aid of Russell was under the command of a Captain Adams. It consisted of fifty foot-soldiers and twelve artillery-men, with two pieces of cannon. On perceiving the Steel-Men Captain Adams sent forward a flag, summoning them to surrender on pain of being instantly attacked.

Being only allowed fifteen minutes to deliberate, five or six, who acted as officers, speedily agreed on their answer; which was, that they would immediately lay down their arms, and come under any obligation or give any security that Captain Adams might demand, to keep the peace for the future, on condition that their persons and properties should not be molested for any past occurrence.

Adams, not knowing that they were hemmed in by Russell's party on the north, was inclined to give them terms, lest they might escape out of his hands. He therefore replied, "that such of the proclaimed leaders of the Hearts of Steel as were amongst them must be given up unconditionally; but that he would grant the terms required to all the others, except such as might be afterwards convicted of felonious acts, from the effects of which he neither could nor would grant them any promise of indemnity."

After a short consultation, these terms were accepted. Douglas and three or four others were made prisoners. While this ceremony was going forward a messenger was despatched to Russell, who immediately approached with his party, and assisted in its completion.

This was a stroke which cut up the daring confederacy of Steel-Boys almost by the root. Not only did it bring its two principal leaders—the men who were in fact the vital spirits of its existence—into the hands of the constituted authorities of the land, but it separated from its cause nearly

two hundred individuals, who had been hitherto its staunch supporters, and who were now glad to purchase impunity by defection.

The next day the military party which had done so much for the country arrived in Carrickfergus, and the captives were lodged in gaol. As their trials did not come on for some weeks we shall leave them in the mean time, and turn our attention to the affairs of Frederick Rosendale.

## CHAPTER XLII.

"THE hand of that God who never forsakes those who trust in Him has been conspicuously displayed in this extraordinary and happy deliverance!" said Mr. M'Culloch, as Frederick finished a brief recital of what he had undergone while he was a prisoner in the hands of the Hearts of Steel.

Isabella was present. She had also related her sufferings; and Frederick was much embarrassed to account for so much beauty and innocence being subjected to such calamities.

"I know," said he—"nay, I feel, that there is a just and gracious Providence that over-rules all events; but I confess, my reverend friend, that it appears to me incomprehensible how so much goodness was permitted to suffer such persecution and affliction for the gratification of villany."

They were conversing thus when Robert Rainey entered with intelligence that M'Manus, Douglas, and many others of the Hearts of Steel, had just passed under a strong escort on their way to the county gaol.

"Ah! my uncle," exclaimed Isabella; "he is caught at last. I fear, oh! I fear they will have no mercy on him."

"He is your uncle," said Frederick; "but as different from you in temper and disposition as Hell is from Heaven. Still he is your father's brother, and is not destitute of some dignified and generous feelings. I owe my life thrice to those feelings. Of this the dispensers of justice in the land must be informed. Be comforted, then, Miss M'Manus; for notwithstanding appearances are at present so unfavourable, he may eventually be saved, and may spend an old age of penitence and virtue."

"God of Mercy grant it!" she exclaimed.

Frederick now hastened after the escort, with the view of bespeaking good usage and accommodations for M'Manus. He soon overtook it.

"Captain Russell," said he, "you have one prisoner in your custody in whose fate I am much interested. M'Manus thrice saved my life when I was in the power of the Steel-Men: I trust this will be remembered to his advantage, and procure him good treatment."

"Assuredly, Major!" replied Russell: "whatever accommodations you desire shall be provided for him."

M'Manus overheard this conversation. He looked out from his litter, and addressed Frederick:—

"What!" said he, "am I still to be indebted to a Rosendale? Recall your interference, if you please, sir. It was not from friendship or generosity that I saved your life, but because you saved mine, and I scorned to be your debtor."

"Mr. M'Manus," replied Frederick, "it is not from any selfish wish to assume a triumphant position over you, but for your welfare, that I alleviate as much as possible the weight of your misfortunes. I can lay you under no obligation by any act of friendship now in my power; you have thrice paid what you owed me, and I am vastly in your debt."

M'Manus' proud spirit became considerably mollified by this address.

"If you were not a Rosendale," said he, "I could esteem you. But it is no matter: the contest must cease—I cannot strive longer against fate. The star of M'Manus is now fast fading, and will soon be extinguished for ever."



Rosendale is still to be triumphant! Why should I contend? Rosendale, wilt thou accept the hand of friendship from an old—a sworn enemy to thy name and race?"

Frederick caught at his extended hand, observing, "Why should you be so perseveringly my enemy? I wish for your friendship, and freely offer you mine."

"Alas, sir!" continued Munn, "that animosity is of long standing; it is a family legacy. But now I perceive it will be of no service to cherish it longer. The blood of that family will soon be dried up in the veins of every human being except a single female, and she, alas! is lost to our faith, and will probably soon become lost to our name."

Ah, Rosendale! a malignant fate has indeed shed its baleful influence over the house of M'Manus. True, too true, has been the prediction which I many a time cursed an old Scottish hag for singing at my father's fireside.

"M'Manus in Rosendale ever shall find  
An invincible foe, or a friend that is kind;  
And M'Manus from Rosendale's power may depend,  
As his sorrows began, so his sorrows shall end!"

"If it be reserved for me," replied Frederick, "to end your sorrows, as these lines portend, believe me, it shall be done from motives of real kindness, and not from vain glory, and I trust you will not consider any efforts I may make in your favour as placing you either in a state of dependence or obligation."

"The termination of my life alone shall terminate my sorrows," said M'Manus; "and to him who accomplishes the one the other shall be owing. But happen what will, I shall curse you no longer, although I cannot yet bring my mind to bless you! Tell my niece, for I know she is again in the preacher's mansion yonder—tell her that I am glad she is there; and, heretic as she is, I feel strongly inclined to bless her, and I hope that she will be blessed!"

"I shall tell her so!" replied Frederick, as he bade him good bye; for the cavalcade had begun again to move; and he returned to Mr. McCulloch's.

The next morning an express brought Frederick the following letter:—

"Rosendale House, Jan. —, 1767.

"DEAR SIR,

"It has become my painful task to inform you of the dangerous state of your brother's health. His complaint has gained rapidly on him for some weeks; and it is the opinion of his physicians, with which his Lordship himself was yesterday made acquainted, that he has not many days to live.

"He received the intelligence with fortitude, and expressed a desire that you should be immediately sent for, as it would give him great satisfaction to see you before his departure.

"Your mother's health is as good as usual; but her mind suffers much on account of his Lordship's situation.

"She also suffers greatly on your account. We have lately heard much of the boldness, strength, and ferocity, of that dangerous confederacy against which you have been ordered to lead your troops; and a rumour has even reached us, but we pray Heaven that it is incorrect, that the enterprise which you headed against them has been attended with the most disastrous results both to yourself and your party. It is stated that your men were all either slaughtered on the spot, or captured for the purpose of suffering a more deplorable fate. It is also mentioned that you are among the number of the latter unfortunate victims to the vengeance of an infuriated and merciless banditti, who, in this quarter of the country, are described as the veriest monsters of barbarity and wickedness that ever disgraced the human form.

"Under all these circumstances you will easily conceive what consolation and joy would be occasioned by your appearance amongst us. Lest our information should unfortunately prove correct, and this letter be, in conse-

quence, prevented from reaching you, I have accompanied it with one to the Governor of Carrickfergus, requesting from him particular intelligence concerning you.

"His Lordship has not heard the report of your capture; it has only, in fact, very lately reached us; and it has been thought unadvisable to embitter his last moments with thoughts which might only hasten their termination.

"This letter is sent by express, because, in our present state of anxiety, any delay which might be occasioned by the ordinary mode of conveyance would be of serious consequence. I have the honour to be, &c., H. CARLOW."

Robin Rainey was immediately summoned, and ordered to prepare hastily for a journey to the South. He withdrew to obey his directions, but was not many minutes absent when he returned with a letter in his hand.

"Sir," said he, "I was bade to gi'e you this by an 'acquaintance o' mine, an', I believe, o' your ain. The horses will be ready, Sir, in half an hoor; but I wad like to see a frien' aboot ten minutes, just to bid fareweel, gin ye ha'e nae objection: I'll then be ready to follow ye owre the kingdom."

"If your friend lives convenient, Robin, and all be ready for starting in an hour from this time, you may take the farewell you speak of; but remember I am in extreme haste, and must not be detained longer."

"You'll no' be detained, Sir, the twinklin' o' an e'e langer!" said Robin, as he made his bow and retired.

Frederick had by this time glanced over the letter Robin brought him. It required an immediate answer; but this, Frederick was too much agitated and too much hurried to give. He, however, handed the letter to Mr M'Culloch, with a request that he would reply to it in his name, assuring the writer that he would attend to his wishes as soon as some important domestic concerns should allow him leisure; and that in the interval, if any misfortune happened to him of the nature that he dreaded, he should give him immediate information of it, and he would promptly interfere in his behalf.

The reader may be here informed that this letter had been put into Rainey's hand by Roger Lowery. It had been written by his prudent father, Nathan, in consequence of his great solicitude to obtain, through Frederick's interest, an indemnity from the proper authorities for having been connected with the Hearts of Steel.

It may be mentioned here, lest it should be neglected elsewhere, that although Frederick could not at this juncture attend to Nathan's affairs he in the course of a few weeks had them settled to his entire satisfaction. In a short time afterwards Kitty Lowery became Mrs Hassan, and received on the occasion, a letter of congratulation and an appropriate present from Isabella.

What passed between Robin Rainey and the friend of whom he was so anxious to take farewell may be concisely related. This friend was no other than his sweetheart, Jenny Moore. She was seated at her father's fire-side, busily employed at her spinning-wheel when Robin entered. Her mother, was present; but, as no time was to be lost he boldly addressed her daughter:

"Jenny, wad ye speak twa or three words ben the hoose? I'm gaun on a journey, an' want yere ain ear awee."

Jenny blushed; but, on looking at her mother, she received an approving glance, arose and led Robin into an adjoining chamber.

"I'm gaun to leave ye, Jenny," said he, "for some time—I canna' tell hoo lang; an' though my master's in a great hurry, I could na' think o' gaun aff without coming to bid you fareweel, an' just to ask you for some keepsake, as a token o' yere esteem and constancy till I come baek.

"An' whar' are ye gaun, Rabin, in sitch haste? It's surely no' to hunt mair o' the Hearts o' Steel? I dinna' muckle like them expeditions o' the Major's; they're no safe—that he micht be already convinced o'."

"I dinna' think that it's on ony fechtin' trip we're gaun this time; for there's only oor twa sel's, I un'erstan', to tak' the road. I think he's for a jaunt up the country to see his frien's—though he wadna' gi'e me time to speer o' the journey. So ye need na' be fleyed, dear Jenny—for I'll come back safe an' soon' to ye, an' I trust we'll ha'e mony a lang an' happy day tgether. But there may be ither lads wantin' ye when I'm awa', Jenny; for I ken twa or three wad fain tak' up wi' ye, gin they durst. But I maun ha'e yere promise, that ye'll min' nane o' them in my absence; for gin I thought ye wad, it would gi'e me a sair heart."

"There'll nae yin speak to me in the way ye mean, I'll warrant ye, Rabin. An' gin ony should, ye ken weel enough, I'm no' so giddy as to min' them. But Rabin!" observed Jenny, "ye're gaun whar', nae doobt, ye'll see mony a bonnie lass, bonnier than e'er ye thought Jenny, an' then ye'll forget a' the promises an' fine professions o' love ye ha'e sae often made me."

"Forget you, my ain Jenny!" exclaimed Robin; "an' be fause to you! Na; sooner shall the sun forget to rise in the mornin' owre the Craig o' Ailsa, or the full moon to shine on Moulderslee Hill. A bonnier face attract me!—ay, Jenny, that it micht, gin I could see a bonnier yin! But that's impossible. Sae dinna fret; for I swear to ye that I never will nor can love anither half sae weel!"

But Robin's time was too limited to permit a prolongation of this precious interview. With a reluctant and heavy heart, he therefore gave his sorrowful Jenny the parting kiss, and hastened to attend his master. With Frederick the last twenty or thirty minutes had passed as rapidly as they had done with Robin; for they had passed much in the same manner,—namely, in the society of her, in comparison with whom he looked upon the whole world as void of interest or value.

He was booted, spurred, coated, and gloved, and altogether prepared for his departure, and all the time he was thus equipping himself, his mind was busily contriving how to procure five minutes in private of a parting interview with his beloved. Hero as he was, he did not on this occasion possess the same intrepidity which we have seen his servant Robin so gallantly and successfully exerting. But let poetical lovers talk of the cruelty of Fortune as they please, she often favours faithful ones beyond their expectations, and on this occasion she was propitious to Frederick Rosendale.

The old people had been called away on some domestic affair, and on opening the parlour door Frederick was delighted to find Isabella alone:—

"Miss M'Manus," said he, "I am come to bid you farewell. I hope, however, it is only for a short time. I must hasten to the deathbed of an only brother, and when the melancholy duty is performed I will return here, for it is only where you are that I can feel enjoyment in life. Oh! will you deign to spend a thought of tenderness on me in my absence?"

"Surely, Major Rosendale," she replied, "you cannot suppose me so destitute of gratitude as, after all you have done for me, to forget you, no matter how long the period or wide the space of our separation."

"Alas!" said Frederick, fervently, "if gratitude be all I can claim from you—if no tenderer feeling shall direct your thoughts towards me—unhappy indeed has been my errand to this world!—Oh, Miss M'Manus! you know well that I love you beyond all earthly objects, and my only hopes of happiness in life are built on the possibility that you may yet reciprocate my affection, that your gratitude may change into a sweeter—a more endearing feeling, and that with your free consent you may become my own. Oh, dearest of maidens! encourage this sweet hope by one kind expression—by one tender token,—that you will permit me to hold, in my absence, an interest in your heart warmer than can arise from mere gratitude!"

"Sir," she replied, "your rank and prospects in life forbid me to look on you in the light of a lover. Were we equal in these respects, and I inclined to fix my affections on any one, I confess I know none whom I would prefer to you. But, sir, it is a subject on which I do not wish to think, much less to converse, for I conceive it prudent to keep my heart as long as possible free from such impressions as it might possibly produce."

"Heaven be praised! then you allow me to hope," cried Frederick, "since nothing but rank and fortune interfere to forbid me! Rank and fortune! Miss M'Manus; ah! surely you do not suppose that I can for an instant value them in comparison with you! If they be the only obstacles to my happiness, I can soon rid myself of them—I can soon reduce myself to a mere competence, if it will gain your love; for, alas! without your love, of what avail would either rank or fortune be to me? Before I go, may I not beg that you will tenderly remember me in my absence?"

"Farewell, then," said she; "I will remember you! Ah! perhaps"—and she involuntarily heaved a sigh—"too tenderly!"

Frederick was enraptured. He seized the fair hand she had extended towards him, and kissed it so ardently, that she blushed, and hastily disengaged it from his grasp.

"Forgive me, my dear Isabella," said he somewhat embarrassed, "If I make one more request."

"What is it?" said she. "Ask it, and let us change the subject."

"Will you permit me to write to you?"

"You will, I suppose, correspond with my grandfather, which I think will be sufficient."

"Ah! cruel girl! you speak coolly. Will you not answer me if I write?"

"Unless my grandfather approves of it, I cannot."

"Your letters shall be enclosed in his. Then you will not object to them."

"I will acquaint him with their contents," said she, "and such reply as he sanctions, you shall receive."

At this moment Mr. M'Culloch entered the parlour, and Frederick had to remain content with the promises he had obtained. He indeed congratulated himself on the result of this interview, for he had derived from it a greater certainty of possessing an interest in her heart than he had ever before obtained.

As Robin Rainey was waiting at the gate with the horses Frederick at length bade farewell to his beloved and her venerable parents, and hastened off, followed by Robin, who, during the time he had waited, had frequently muttered—

"Gin I had thought the Major wad ha'e been sae langsome I micht ha'e had a ween mair kisses frae Jenny."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE evening of the next day brought Frederick to the avenue of tall elms which led to Rosendale House. His mother and sisters had been anxiously watching for him the whole day: they now espied him, and rushed forward to meet him. He was soon in their arms.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed his mother, as she enfolded him; he is still spared to me, and he will yet see his brother alive."

His arrival was cautiously announced to his Lordship, whose frame was too much wasted to bear the slightest shock of either joy or sorrow without injury.

"Let me see him!" said he; and his sunk eyes for an instant brightened with the glance of pleasure.

Frederick in a moment had his almost expiring brother by the hand. His ghastly, shrunk, and emaciated appearance greatly affected him.

"Frederick," said his Lordship, in a feeble interrupted voice, (for his breathing was very short and laborious,) "I am rejoiced to see you. But I shall not see you long. My struggle must be soon over. My physicians can do no more for me; they have resigned me to my fate. But I trust that the great Physician of souls will not forsake me; for, oh! He is more skilful to save than they are to cure. Mr. Carlow has given me much comfort and encouragement by his pious exhortations: reward him for my sake. Alas! I never enough appreciated the value of religion until death approached me. Now—now I feel how merciful God has been in revealing His gracious Gospel to us. Your mother and sisters will depend on you for protection. But you have a kind and generous heart, and I do not fear for them. I recommend them to you."

Here he became too feeble to speak audibly. His mourning relatives stood weeping over him; and after some minutes he directed his eyes towards them, with a consciousness that they felt acutely for his situation.

"May God bless you—bless you all!" said he; but he was unable to utter more; for the struggles of dissolution now commenced, and before many hours he was a corpse.

Soon after this event Frederick wrote to Mr. M'Culloch, and did not forget to make an enclosure to Isabella considerably longer than the envelope.

Isabella punctually replied, in a tolerably encouraging strain. His Lordship, therefore, had every reason to consider himself a favoured lover.

He had been about three weeks absent from his fair one when he received from the sheriff of the county of Antrim a subpoena, requiring his attendance on the tenth day from the date thereof at the Court-house in Carrickfergus, then and there to give evidence against certain outlaws and disturbers of the peace, charged with belonging to an illegal combination of men known by the name of the Hearts of Steel.

A day or two previous to his setting out in obedience to this peremptory call, he walked out with his friend Carlow towards the ancient castle of the M'Manuses, in order to take a sentimental look at the spot where the ancestors of Isabella had once resided in the full enjoyment of affluence, grandeur, pomp, and power.

On reaching the venerable edifice, he met with a genteel-looking elderly man, who seemed to be viewing the fabric with great interest and attention.

As they approached, the stranger respectfully saluted them, and mentioned that he had been just gratifying his curiosity and love of antiquity, by exploring the venerable structure before them.

Lord Rosendale, who was much struck with the appearance of the stranger, very politely gave him a concise history of the building, and pointed out every thing remarkable and striking about it to his observation. He then cordially invited him to visit the more modern structure of which he acknowledged himself to be the owner.

"You are Lord Rosendale, then?" said the stranger.

His Lordship bowed assent.

"Your kindness and urbanity, my Lord, are irresistible; I will accept your invitation. My name is Manson."

The party now withdrew to Rosendale House, where Mr Manson informed his Lordship that he was on his way to the North; and that he had a servant and horses in the adjoining town.

"I am to set out for that quarter myself the day after to-morrow,"

observed his Lordship: "if your business is not very urgent, I should be glad of your company; and, in the mean time, would take it as an additional favour if you would make this house your home."

"Your politeness lays me under much obligation, my Lord; and the business would be extremely urgent indeed which could induce me to decline such a flattering proposal. Two or three days' delay will occasion me no inconvenience; and I shall attend your Lordship's pleasure on this occasion."

This matter being settled to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, an extremely agreeable evening was spent at Rosendale House; and its noble owner and his guest became every hour more and more confirmed in their favourable impressions of each other.

"In early life," my Lord, "I enjoyed, for a short space, much felicity; but it was succeeded by a long period of extreme sorrow and affliction. I may inform you that I am a native of this island, and of its Northern province, which I wish now, after a long absence of nearly eighteen years, to visit. I fled from those scenes in the wildness of grief; for it was there I had become unfortunate; and in the season of my sorrows I only felt pain in beholding objects from which I had often drawn delight.

"My friends knew not to what part of the world I fled; nor did I, indeed, know myself where my flight should end. I took shipping in a Liverpool trader from Belfast, traversed England, and soon found myself in the crowded streets of its metropolis, a stranger, unknowing, unknown, and without recommendation. Its busy and various scenes, however, were of some service in diverting the melancholy which preyed upon me: and in the course of a few weeks I made some acquaintances; and, among others, a young Irishman named Connolly, who was my fellow-lodger. This young man was of extremely pleasing manners, and a good heart.

"He was preparing for a voyage to the East Indies, in the capacity of a cadet; and he had influence enough to procure me a similar situation.

"Shortly after our arrival at Calcutta, we were despatched along with the troops that formed the expedition against Tanjore. We had several skirmishes with the natives, which generally terminated so successfully on our side. On several occasions, however, our men paid dearly for such temerity; and among others myself and my friend Connolly suffered its consequences,—I was captured, and he was slain.

"It was in the evening. We had wandered to some distance from the camp, by the skirt of a beautiful grove of palm-trees. The first surgeon of the regiment was with us. He was a Scotchman, named Rutherford, and a man of considerable learning and great worldly sagacity; but, at the same time, of a convivial and friendly disposition. We were conversing in a careless desultory manner when a party of about twenty native troops rushed out of the wood and fiercely attacked us. We defended ourselves for some time successfully, and slew five or six of our assailants. But at length, Connolly being killed, and the surgeon and I both wounded, we thought proper to surrender; and were accordingly carried prisoners to the capital of the hostile Nabob's dominions.

"Here our barbarous enemies triumphed greatly over us, for they looked on our capture as an achievement of much importance; and, for about six weeks that we were in that place, they gratified their malicious exultation by carrying us every seventh day through their principal streets on a species of barrow."

"Our minds being inflamed by this usage, when our wounds had almost healed, we projected and nearly effected our escape. We burst from our keepers, and got out of the city; but we were unarmed and closely pursued, and in broad day, without means of concealment. We were consequently

retaken, and carried back to our prison; and the Nabob, fearing we might succeed in a second attempt for liberty, sent us off to the island of Ceylon, where we were sold as slaves to the King of Candia.

"For five long years we experienced all the hardships and miseries of our unfortunate situation. Our tasks were rendered the lighter by being performed in each other's society; and the hours of relaxation and reflection were prevented from becoming absolutely intolerable by the mutual encouragement and sympathy we derived from each other's conversation.

"In the beginning of our sixth year's captivity we were for the first time employed in fishing for pearls; and as we conceived this to be a less degrading occupation than the menial services we had hitherto performed we determined to exert ourselves, in order that our success might induce our masters to continue us in it.

"Our efforts surpassed our expectations; and our masters were so well pleased with our industry, that for more than three years this was almost the only employment assigned to us.

"The King of Candia, wishing to enjoy the pleasure of a sea-excursion, and at the same time to witness the exertions of his pearl-fishers, sailed in a small skiff, accompanied by several of his attendants, to the place where the divers were most numerous employed. As he was holding by a slender rope fixed to a mast at the prow of the vessel, intently gazing on the water, beneath which he beheld the adventurous men who were fanning the bottom of the deep to increase his wealth, the rope broke, and he fell overboard near the spot where I was then employed. I instantly perceived that some person had fallen from above, who, unless assisted, would inevitably be drowned. I hastened, therefore, to his relief; and with great difficulty and danger to myself dragged him to the shore. But sensation had fled ere we reached it; and you may easily imagine that both my terror and astonishment were great, when I found that it was the King who had thus died in my hands. Indeed, some of the barbarians were so unjust as to charge me with having intentionally kept him under water until life had become extinct, and threatened to immolate me on the spot. Others were more reasonable, however; and I was for the present preserved uninjured from the rage of my enemies.

"In the meantime, surgeon Rutherford was at my request sent for, that he might apply that skill which I assured them he possessed, to effect his Majesty's resuscitation. Being informed that the preservation of my life depended on the restoration of the king's, he, with much anxiety and perseverance, used every means that his art suggested, and had at length the felicity to behold his royal patient again breathing the vital air.

"The popular sentiments and feelings concerning me were now completely reversed. Instead of being absurdly looked upon as their sovereign's murderer, they acclaimed me as his deliverer from death, and as to Rutherford they were ready almost to worship him as one possessed of supernatural powers capable of raising the dead to life.

"The king's heart overflowed with gratitude to us. We were not only restored to liberty, but large rewards of both wealth and honours were conferred on us. Rutherford was made his family physician, and we were both raised to the highest situations of dignity and confidence his majesty could bestow.

"My friend Rutherford persuaded me to remit, in conjunction with him, at several intervals, a large amount of property to Europe. We selected the house of Van Diemer & Co., of Amsterdam for the purpose of receiving our remittances, on account of the high regard we had for their agent at Trincomalee, the principal Dutch station in Ceylon.

"We sailed for Amsterdam, and after a tedious passage arrived there about two months ago. We stayed there but a few weeks, for, having trans-

ferred our property to England we sailed for that country; and it is only about ten days since, in the British Metropolis, I bade farewell to my friend Rutherford, and hastened with an anxious heart to visit the land of my nativity. Ah! my lord, you may appreciate the value I place on your society, when, in order to enjoy it, I consented to postpone, for even a single day, my visit to that part of the country where I expect to meet with an object, the nearest and dearest in the world, after so long and eventful an absence."

"I can easily appreciate," said Rosendale, "the sacrifice you have made of your wishes to my accommodation, for I myself experience similar wishes. There are in the North beloved objects whom I too am extremely anxious to revisit."

His lordship's sisters bantered him good-naturedly on what they chose to call the candour of this confession, when, after some general conversation, the company separated for the night.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

WITH great joy and alacrity Robin Rainey prepared the next morning for his return to the North.

"Faith, my lord," said he in reply to some directions his lordship had given him, "it's glad news; I'll sune see the auld Glen again, an' Ballycarney church steeple, an' Mr. McCulloch's meetin'-hoose, an' yin—a bonnie lass—but I'll no name her, that I ha'e na' seen the like o' syne I cam up the country."

"What! Robin, you have left your heart with some pretty girl in the North?" said his lordship. "But that's quite natural; and if the fair nymph be willing I think we must have a wedding when we return. What is the damsel's name, Robin, if it be fair to ask?"

"Truth," replied Robin, "her name's baith fair to ask an' fair to answer ony day. But there'll be mair waddin's nor yin about Ballycarney or a' be owre, or I'm muckle mista'en. The name o' my lass is Jenny Moore, at your Lordship's service, syne ye maun hae't. Is't no' a bonnie name?"

"Jenny Moore!—Yes, I know her, Robin. It is a good enough name, and she is an extremely pretty girl. I approve of your taste, and hope soon to wish you happiness on obtaining such a fair partner for life."

"An' I wadna' like, my Lord, to be lang ahint you," answered Robin, "in returning the compliment, when ye get—"

"Hush!" said his Lordship; for Mr Manson now approached.

On arriving at Carrickfergus his Lordship informed Mr Manson that he wished to proceed about five miles further that evening, to the habitation of a much-valued friend. "If your impatience to see your relations," said he, "will permit you to accompany me, I shall introduce you to a worthy family, from whom you will receive a hearty welcome, and whose society, I am persuaded, will yield you pleasure."

"My relations live in this country," replied Mr Manson; "and I should gladly avail myself of your Lordship's invitation, did I not conceive it my duty to hasten immediately to their embraces. But I must in the meantime visit the prison; for you have, by the account you gave me of the Hearts of Steel, excited both my curiosity and my sympathy respecting some who have made a figure amongst them, and who are there confined."

"I will accompany you to the gaol this instant," said his Lordship; "for I wish to see how M'Manus is treated, and I am desirous of administering to him all the consolation in my power."

To the gaol therefore, they went without delay. They found that M'Manus



on account of Frederick's recommendation, had been treated with more indulgence than the other prisoners. Having received proper surgical attendance his wounds were in a rapid state of amendment. His confessor, Father O'Cassidy, had paid him a visit, and was now sitting with him.

"So, ho! Rosendale!" exclaimed M'Manus, as soon as he perceived Frederick; "so you are become a great man with a title and a great estate since I saw you. But, my Lord, do not think I grudge you your good fortune; I am only sorry you are a Rosendale, for I would curse the name if it were borne by any other person."

"Mr M'Manus," observed his Lordship, "I am sorry to perceive your mind still under the irritating influence of ancient animosity and prejudice."

At this moment Mr Manson gave a groan, which drew the attention of M'Manus towards him, for he had before scarcely observed him. He firmly fixed his eyes on him for a few seconds without speaking.

At length he asked, "My Lord, have you named this stranger to me?"

His Lordship confessed that he had neglected doing so. "His name is Manson," said he; "of which I should have before informed you, but for the sudden manner in which you accosted us on entering."

"Manson—Manson!" repeated Munn, without regarding Lord Rosendale's explanation; "Manson! why, I know no person of that name who resembles him; and yet I imagine I have seen him before. Ah! my Lord, you have brought an appearance before me that dissolves me into weakness: it is the appearance of my father when he was of my age."

"Of your father!" cried the stranger, "Yes, yes, I well may your brother resemble him. Oh, Edmund; oh! my brother! in what a situation do I find you!"

The brothers were now in each other's arms.

"Bernard! Bernard! my long-lost Bernard! art thou come to let me see thee before I die?" cried Munn. "It is enough—I am satisfied! Heaven is not altogether cruel! I shall now die with the happy certainty of leaving a M'Manus behind me—I shall not be the last of our race to quit a world of misfortune!"

"Ah, my brother!" replied Bernard, "your situation here as a malefactor, indeed, cuts me to the heart."

"Hast thou ever heard," interrupted Munn, looking keenly at his brother, "the lessons of Dermid M'Manus? Hast thou ever heard them, and canst thou love a Rosendale?"

"I have heard them, my brother," answered Bernard, "and I have grieved for the spirit that dictated them; but I acknowledge that until within these few days they had their weight also upon my mind."

"My conscience tells me, said Munn, "that the young nobleman now before us is a generous and gallant youth. I esteem him while I hate him. I esteem him from inclination, because of his virtues; but I hate him from duty, because of his descent. Have his fathers not robbed and ruined ours?" Is he not at this day rich from our poverty, and powerful from our weakness? Bernard! Bernard! how can we avoid hating him?"

"By the exercise of our reason," replied Bernard, "we can see him in a proper light, and shall be enabled to do justice to those virtues which even you acknowledge him to possess."

"My brother," replied Munn, after a moment's reflection, "I have not now long to live! The path of death is, however, greatly smoothed by seeing you. Do not, therefore, render it rougher by desiring me to relinquish any of those prejudices in the cherishing of which my soul has long enjoyed pleasure. Do not forbid me to hate Rosendale; for it has been the pleasure of my life to hate that name, and to avow hostility against all who bear it."

"But my brother," observed Bernard, "your hatred for his Lordship is not so inveterate as you imagine: I understand that you saved his life repeatedly."

I did so; and I can scarcely tell why I felt gratified by doing it. I wished to show him that even a despised M'Manus could lay one of the mighty Rosendales under an obligation."

During this recognition and conversation between the brothers, Lord Rosendale's feelings were extremely excited with sensations of pleasure. Here was the father of his beloved advocating his cause firmly and strenuously, with an avowed enemy:—and his Isabella would soon behold her long-lost father, and receive a parental embrace and a parental blessing; and from a parent whom he believed in all respects worthy of such a daughter. Amidst these delicious reflections and anticipations he did not give heed to the expressions of obstinate hatred towards himself, in which Munn so strongly and unreasonably persisted.

"Mr M'Manus," said he, advancing towards Munn, "I rejoice that you have found your brother; I hope that it is the first dawn of fortune's smiles in your favour; and that a bright day of prosperity yet awaits to cheer your decline of life, and heal all that soreness of mind which long-continued afflictions may have occasioned you."

"You compassionate me, my Lord," said Munn, "and hence you try to comfort me. I thank you! But I must frankly say, that as I expect no mercy, so I require no comfort! The pangs of death I disregard—even the manner of it gives me little or no concern."

Bernard now pressed his brother's hand. "I shall revisit you tomorrow," said he; "but I must now hasten to see my daughter; have you any message for her?"

"No, my brother: she was here yesterday with her grandfather; for she is a kind and affectionate girl. I then told her what my last request to her should be: I may tell it to you, that you may remind her of it. I earnestly wish her never to marry any man until he consents that all her male offspring shall bear the patronymic appellation of M'Manus in addition to their own."

"I will not quarrel with you for making such a request," returned Bernard, "although it is an odd one; because I know that the present state of your feelings causes you to look on such a matter as a thing of importance; but I must treat her with more delicacy than to urge it upon her, as it is an affair in which she is herself almost exclusively concerned. Farewell for the present! I trust all these things will be managed to your satisfaction."

Bernard and Lord Rosendale now impatiently hastened to visit the dearest object to their affections that the world contained.

"Mr M'Manus," said his Lordship, as they drove along, "your daughter is about to receive the most agreeable surprise that fortune can afford! Oh! how I rejoice that so much pleasure awaits her!"

Ah! my Lord it is to you that I owe my having at this day a daughter, who is, and I hope long will be, the solace and joy of my life. Oh that I could sufficiently compensate you for such service!"

"Mr M'Manus," replied his Lordship, "whatever I have done for your daughter has been amply compensated by the satisfaction of serving her. But I will not deny that there is a certain reward which will repay a thousand-fold any service I may have rendered. I love your daughter with a fervency of passion which, I believe, never man felt before for woman! Oh let her be mine! She will make me more indebted to you than if you bestowed upon me the mines of Golconda, or the treasures of Peru."

"My Lord, your proposal honours me and my child! I shall make

known to her my wishes respecting you ; but I must be candid in warning you that I shall use no authority over her inclinations ! If her heart is in your favour we shall all be happy ; if it is against you, I shall deplore the misfortune as much as yourself ; but I will not interfere to constrain her compliance with our wishes."

"I approve of such sentiments," replied the young lover ; "and I should be the last person on earth to countenance any constraint being laid on the inclinations of one in whose happiness I am so much interested. I however fondly hope, that when she shall be aware of my suit being approved of by her father she will listen to it with due attention, and in the end, perhaps, her heart as well as her hand may become mine ; for, oh ! unless I received both, no happiness could be my portion."

## CHAPTER XLV.

It had been agreed that Lord Rosendale should observe some caution in introducing her father to Isabella, lest the emotions of such a joyful surprise should occasion too violent an agitation in her mind.

"I have a stranger with me," said his Lordship to Mr M'Culloch, who met them at the gate, "with whom I wish to bring you acquainted when we are within doors."

Mr M'Culloch and the stranger bowed to each other, and they entered the sitting-parlour. It was some minutes, however, and long ones too in the estimation of Lord Rosendale, before Isabella appeared.

She came at length ; and was, if possible, more charming than ever in the eyes of her lover, who arose, and with a fluttering heart saluted her, as she extended her hand to him with a sweet smile, saying—

"You are welcome back to Ballycarney, my Lord !"

"I thank you, Miss M'Manus," he replied : "and now let me introduce to you the partner of my journey, who has lately come from abroad, and was extremely desirous of visiting you, having been formerly acquainted with some of your nearest relatives."

She advanced to give her hand to the stranger. That stranger's frame thrilled ; for it was the image of his Eliza when she first enraptured his young fancy, that now approached him. His emotions appeared in his countenance. She observed them ; and, as she courtesied to him, she felt a degree of respect, approaching to awe, that she had never before felt for any stranger.

"Sir, you are welcome," said she.—But she had no opportunity to say more in this dry style, for her father, unable longer to contain himself, had clasped her to his bosom, exclaiming—"Oh ! my child ! my daughter ! the daughter and the perfect image of my Eliza !"

These sounds at once awakened the recollection of Mr and Mrs M'Culloch, and they immediately recognised their long lost son-in-law in the person of the stranger.

"It is your father, my love !" cried Mrs M'Culloch to the astonished Isabella.

"My father !" she reiterated, "my own father at last ! Oh ! gracious God of Heaven ! is it really he."

Here she burst into tears, and concealing her face on his breast, sobbed aloud for joy.

Refreshments for the welcome travellers were now speedily procured.

The thousand things which each had now to tell the other it would be impossible to tell the world. But it is, perhaps, never the lot of human beings in this world to enjoy unmingled felicity. Highly rejoiced as our friends were on this happy evening, the uncertainty which hung over the fate of their near relative in prison, formed a cloud that darkened the brightness of fortune's prospects. His trial was expected to come on the next day; and it became the greatest object of their solicitude that every exertion consistent with honour should be made to save him from an ignominious death.

Lord Rosendale had promised to exert all his influence in his favour.

The next morning Mr M'Culloch, Bernard M'Manus, and Lord Rosendale proceeded to Carrickfergus. The judges had arrived the preceding evening.

Forsythe, Archy, and Whiteford, alias Ingles were the first tried, being included in one indictment, which charged them with being members of the unlawful confederacy, called the "Hearts of Steel," which had lately committed such dreadful atrocities in the country.

Lord Rosendale and Ned Moore, the latter of whom was admitted approver, were the two principal witnesses called in this case; and their testimony was, in the minds of the jury, sufficient to establish the charge against the prisoners, who were accordingly found "Guilty."

The Court then proceeded to the cases of Sampson Blair and Matthew Douglas, who were charged with being concerned in the murder of Clearfield, and with several other atrocities unnecessary to mention here. They were both convicted; but as during the course of the trial several witnesses testified that Douglas had often restrained the Steel-Boys from the commission of numerous barbarities and outrages of which they would otherwise have been guilty, he was recommended to mercy.

These cases having occupied the most of the first day, the trial of M'Manus and the other prisoners was postponed until the next. Death was the doom awarded against Forsythe, Whiteford, Archy, and Blair; and transportation for life to his Majesty's colony of Virginia was the sentence of Douglas.

The next day, Edmund M'Manus, Dennis M'Clurkin, and Nicholas M'Fall, were put upon their trials. The first was indicted for being an accomplice in the murder of Clearfield. M'Clurkin and M'Fall were charged with aiding and abetting the aforesaid Edmund M'Manus in the commission of divers of the above offences.

Ned Moore, Lord Rosendale, and Captain Russell, being the most material witnesses in this case, it is not necessary to acquaint the reader with either the names or testimony of the others.

Moore deposed that M'Manus was considered a leader of the confederacy, but inferior in authority to Douglas: that he was indeed present during the trial at which Clearfield had been condemned to suffer; but that he had defended Clearfield's cause on that occasion, and had made a long speech in his behalf; and, in general, that the most aggravated of the atrocities had been committed by Forsythe, Blair, Whiteford, and their party, without the knowledge of either Douglas or M'Manus, who were always opposed to the system of indiscriminate and private assassination and robbery which the others frequently pursued.

Lord Rosendale testified that he had met with M'Manus, when he encountered the Hearts of Steel, avowedly in the capacity of a leader of their association; but he was not aware of any particular act of wanton barbarity in which he was personally concerned, unless that of the destruction of the troops at Mulloch Sandal should be considered such. As to himself, on two different occasions he was entirely indebted to the prisoner for his life: the

first owing to his generous forbearance during the scuffle at M'Clusky's Glen, and the second owing to his special and peremptory directions after the defeat at Mulloch Sandal. He also believed that he was the person to whose magnanimous forbearance he owed his life on the night of the attack on Huntley's.

As to M'Clurkin and M'Fall Moore could only depose to the general fact that they were Steel-Men. He knew of no particular crime, in the commission of which they had been engaged. Lord Rosendale could say nothing either as to the guilt or innocence of these men; and Colonel Russell could only testify that he had found them among the party which M'Manus had employed in the defence of his property; and that he had captured them at the same time and on the same occasion with that prisoner.

The judge gave a very minute and accurate recapitulation of the evidence, and commented on it with great candour and fairness. He dwelt much upon Lord Rosendale's statement of M'Manus' forbearance and magnanimity. Still, to permit such a man as M'Manus to go unpunished would be dangerous lenity; and he conceived that enough had been proved to warrant the jury in finding a verdict against him; which, however, they might qualify according as the circumstances mentioned in his favour had made an impression on their minds.

"With respect to his two deluded followers, M'Clurkin and M'Fall, the one, it appeared, was his domestic, and the other, in at least a certain degree his dependant. They might, therefore, conceive that they were warranted by law to obey him, in defence of his property, when attacked by an armed force."

The jury, after a long consultation, returned a verdict against M'Manus of "Guilty of all the charges, except that of Murder;" and against his fellow-culprits of "Guilty of illegal combination only."

M'Manus was sentenced to the same fate as Douglas, namely, transportation for life.

The day after M'Manus' doom was pronounced Lord Rosendale set off in company with Isabella's father for Dublin. Here he exerted himself so strenuously for a mitigation of M'Manus' sentence that the Lord Lieutenant was induced to commute it into one year's imprisonment and a fine of one thousand pounds, exacting at the same time security to a large amount for his future good behaviour.

Bernard M'Manus immediately paid the fine by a draft on London; after which Lord Rosendale and he spent only one day at Rosendale House, and proceeded back to the North.

M'Manus, who had expected nothing but death, the sentence of transportation was not only an unlooked-for, but a highly displeasing substitute.

He was in a very unenviable temper of mind when his brother and Lord Rosendale visited him on their return from Dublin. The information they gave him of the alteration that had been procured in his sentence was, therefore, received by him with the most heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude.

"Then," said he, "my last breath shall yet be spent in Irish air! This is a reprieve from a fate far more intolerable than death."

Munn continuing for some minutes silently absorbed in deep reflection, his brother observed—"We will at this time no longer disturb your meditations, Edmund. Good evening! We must hasten to communicate to your niece the joy which our good news concerning you will afford her."

"Give her my blessing," said Munn, "and tell her I wish her long to enjoy more happiness than ever her unfortunate uncle deserved."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

THE doors of the hospitable mansion of the good pastor of Ballycarney were once more thrown open to, perhaps, the two most welcome visitors that could enter them; and Isabella, with pleasure sparkling in her bright eyes, gave a heartfelt reception of gladness to both a father and a lover. Her satisfaction, indeed, at this time experienced no drawback; for the amelioration in the destiny of her uncle, of which she was soon informed, left her nothing to fear for him. She was surrounded by the dearest objects she had on earth—her father, her grandfather, her grandmother, and shall we add? her lover; yes, her lover—whose suit she now, under the sanction of her father's judgment and her own feelings, no longer hesitated to encourage.

Lord Rosendale rose early the morning after his late arrival, and was enticed out by the beauty of the morning; but he had not rambled far before he was overtaken and accosted by Robin Rainey.

"You're welcome back again, my Lord!—It's a very fine mornin'."

"Ah, Robin! How do you do! How have you been since I saw you?"

"Richt brawly 'bethankit! I was ne'er happier in my life! But I ha'e guid news. I'm come to tell ye; for I thought it wadna be richt fair to marry a bonnie lass without first acqua'intin' yin's best frien' o' the circumstances."

"You are going to be married then, Robin, I am truly rejoiced at it, since you expect it will yield you such an increase of happiness."

"Ay! that it wull, my Lord!" cried Robin, rubbing his hands with ecstasy at the idea. "It will gi'e me armfu's o' joy—that it wull, I ken fu' brawly: an I'll wad a gill yere Lordship too would feel pleasure gin ye were gaun to marry a certain lady ye like as weel as I do Jenny Moore."

"Jenny Moore is to be the bride then?" answered his Lordship, without appearing to notice Robin's last remark. "I rejoice that you are to obtain such an intelligent, good-hearted young woman as she is said to be."

"Ay! an sae bonnie, an' sae weel-handed, an' sae guid-natured!" observed Robin, helping his Lordship 'to make out the list of Jenny's good qualities.

"Yes! Robin," returned his Lordship, "I believe she will make you a good wife. But when is the marriage to take place?"

"We only waited for your Lordship's return to set the day; for ye ken I wadna like to be married without your knowledge."

To be brief—the day of Robin's marriage was fixed. Lord Rosendale promised to attend the ceremony, and it was also to be honoured with Isabella's presence. When the appointed evening came, he accompanied his beloved, with her father and grandfather, across the fields to the house of the bride's father. The best of the three rooms it contained, had been cleanly washed out, and rendered tolerably genteel by a small assortment of new furniture which Ned Moore had provided for the occasion.

A very comfortable wedding-feast was prepared, of which about ten or twelve of the most intimate friends of the party partook: after which Mr. McCulloch bound Robin and his blushing bride together with a tie beyond the power of man to loosen: for "what Heaven has joined," said the "holy man" during the expressive prayer with which he concluded the important ceremony, "let no man put asunder!"

We shall now take our leave of Robin by stating that he and his spouse spent together a long and loving life unmarked with any incidents of par-

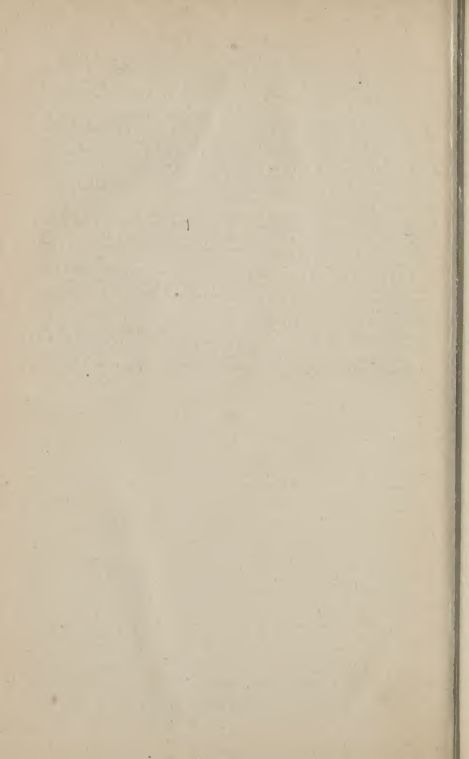
ticular importance, except the production of ten or twelve young Rainey's. To return to Lord Rosendale's affairs, he had lately become very anxious to be married; and had pressed the matter so closely and earnestly on Isabella that she at last consented to comply with his wishes on the first of May ensuing.

That day at length arrived; and Lord Rosendale became as happy as this world could make him. He had health, wealth, rank, reputation, and a beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished wife, dearer to him than the ruby drops that warmed his heart. Is there any thing more that can be desired for him? If there is, it must be what this lovely wife presented him with, in the following year, when a little fellow, who was named Bernard M'Manus Rosendale, came into this adventurous world, and crowned the felicity of his enraptured father.

The cognomen of M'Manus so much gratified the feelings of our old friend Munn, that immediately on his enlargement, which took place about the time of this propitious birth, he proceeded to Rosendale's House, where, taking the young M'Manus in his arms, he swore eternal amity with Lord Rosendale.

"Ah! thou art the man," said he, turning to his Lordship, "who hast been destined to raise up seed to the almost extinguished name of M'Manus! Through thee, the injuries we have sustained are healed, and the last patrimony of our ancestors restored to their offspring."

We have only to add that Munn spent the remainder of his days in the tenerated castle of his ancestors, which Lord Rosendale caused to be repaired and comfortably fitted up for his accommodation; and he kept a generous table in the true style of Irish hospitality, at which all wanderers of Milesian extraction were gladly welcomed and joyously entertained.





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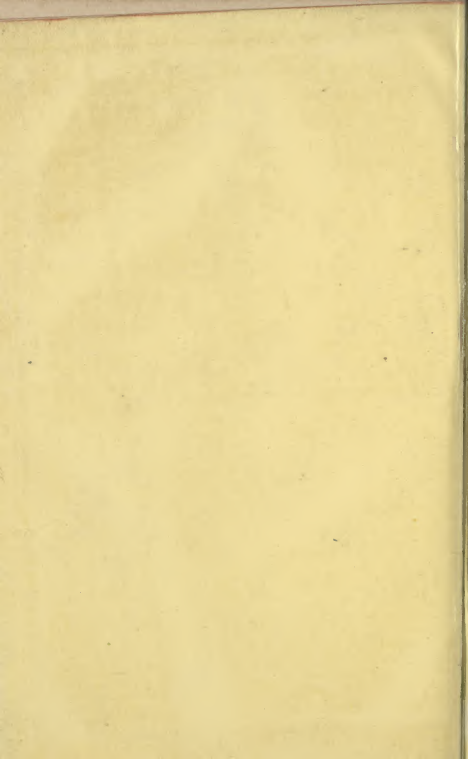
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