with the blessing of God, I shall leave nothing undone to perform mine."

Thus closed this rather extraordinary conversation; after which Sir Robert betook himself home, to reflect upon the best means of performing his part of it, with what quickness and despatch, and with what success, our readers already know.

The old squire was one of those characters who never are so easily persuaded as when they do not fully comprehend the argument used to convince them. Whenever the squire found himself a little at fault, or confounded by either a difficult word or a hard sentence, he always took it for granted that there was something unusually profound and clever in the matter laid before him. Sir Robert knew this, and on that account played him off to a certain extent. He was too cunning, however, to darken any part of the main argument so as to prevent its drift from being fully understood, and thereby defeating his own purpose.

CHAPTER VIII.—A CONFLAGRATION—AN ESCAPE —AND AN ADVENTURE.

We have said that Sir Robert Whitecraft was anything but a popular man—and we might have added, that, unless among his own clique of bigots and persecutors, he was decidedly unpopular among Protestants in general. In a few days after the events of the night we have described, Reilly, by the advice of Mr. Brown's brother, an able and distinguished lawyer, gave up the possession of his immense farm, dwelling house, and offices to the landlord. In point of fact, this man had taken the farm for Reilly's father, in his own name, a step which many of the liberal and generous Protestants of that period were in the habit of taking, to protect the property for the Roman Catholics, from such rapacious scoundrels as Whitecraft, and others like him, who had accumulated the greater portion of their wealth and estates by the blackest and most iniquitous political profligacy and oppression. For about a month after the first night of the unsuccessful pursuit after Reilly, the whole country was overrun with military parties, and such miserable inefficient police as then existed. In the meantime, Reilly escaped every toil and snare that had been laid for him. Sir Robert Whitecraft, seeing that hitherto he had set them at defiance, resolved to glut his vengeance on his property, since he could not arrest himself. A description of his person had been, almost from the commencement of the proceedings, published in the *Hue-and-Cry*, and he had been now outlawed. As even this failed, Sir Robert, as we said, came with a numerous party of his myrmidons, bringing along with them a large number of horses, carts, and cars. The house at this time was in the possession only of a keeper, a poor, feeble man, with a wife and a numerous family of small children, the other servants having fled from the danger in which their connection with Reilly involved them. Sir Robert, however, very deliberately brought up his cars and other vehicles, and having dragged out all the most valuable parts of the furniture, piled it up, and had it conveyed to his own out-houses, where it was carefully stowed. This act, however, excited comparatively little attention, for such outrages were not infrequently committed by those who had, or at least who thought they had, the law in their own hands. It was now dusk, and the house had been gutted of all that had been most valuable in it—but the most brilliant part of the performance was yet to come. We mean no contemptible pun. The young man's dwelling-house and office-houses were ignited at the same moment by this man's military and other official minions, and in about twenty minutes they were all wrapped in one red, merciless mass of flame. The country people, on observing this fearful conflagration, flocked from all quarters, but a cordon of outposts was stationed at some distance around the premises, to prevent the peasantry from marking the chief actors in the nefarious outrage. Two gentlemen, however, approached, who, having given their names, were at once admitted to the burning premises. These men were Mr. Brown, the clergyman, and Mr. Hastings, the actual and legal proprietor of all that had been considered Reilly's property. Both of them observed that Sir Robert was the busiest man among them, and upon making inquiries from the party, they were informed that they acted by his orders, and that, moreover, he was himself the very first individual who had set fire to the premises. The clergyman made his way to Sir Robert, on whose villainous countenance he could read a dark and diabolical triumph.

(To be continued.)

We seldom meet with joy and delight by appointment, but unexpectedly they smile on us their sudden welcome round some old corner of life.—Miss Palmer.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued.)

Three long and weary years—oh! but they seemed three ages!—the young Hugh pined in the grated dungeons of that "Bermingham Tower," which still stands in Dublin Castle yard. How the fierce hot spirit of the impetuous northern youth chafed in this cruel captivity! He, accustomed daily to breathe the free air of his native hills in the pastimes of the chase, now gasped for breath in the close and fetid atmosphere of a squalid cell! He, the joy and the pride of an aged father—the strong hope of a thousand faithful clansmen—was now the helpless object of gaolers' insolence, neglect, and persecution! "Three years and three months," the old chroniclers tell us,—when hark! there is whispering furtively betimes as young Hugh and Art Kavanagh, and other of the captives meet on the stone stairs, or the narrow landing, by the warders' gracious courtesy. Yes; Art had a plan of escape. Escape! Oh! the thought sends the blood rushing hotly through the veins of Red Hugh. Escape! Home! Freedom on the Tyrconnell hills once more! O blessed, thrice blessed words!

It is even so. And now all is arranged, and the daring attempt waits but a night favorably dark and wild—which comes at last; and while the sentries shelter themselves from the pitiless sleet, the young fugitives, at peril of life or limb, are stealthily scaling or descending bastion and battlement, fosse and barbican. With beating hearts they pass the last sentry, and now through the city streets they grope their way southwards; for the nearest hand of succor is amidst the valleys of Wicklow. Theirs is a slow and toilsome progress; they know not the paths, and they must hide by day and fly as best they can in the night-time through wooded country. At length they cross the Three Rock Mountain, and look down upon Glencree. But alas! Young Hugh sinks down exhausted! Three years in a dungeon have cramped his limbs, and he is no longer the Hugh that bounded like a deer on the slopes of Glenvigh! His feet are torn and bleeding from sharp rock and piercing bramble; his strength is gone; he can no further fly. He exhorts his companions to speed onwards and save themselves, while he secretes himself in the copse and awaits succor if they can send it. Reluctantly, and only yielding to his urgent entreaties, they departed. A faithful servant, we are told, who had been in the secret of Hugh's escape, still remained with him, and repaired for succor to the house of Felim O'Tuhal, the beautiful site of whose residence is now called Powers-court. Felim was known to be a friend, though he dared not openly disclose the fact. He was too close to the seat of the English power, and was obliged to keep on terms with the Pale authorities. But now "the flight of the prisoners had created great excitement in Dublin, and numerous bands were despatched in pursuit of them." It was next to impossible—certainly full of danger—for the friendly O'Tuhal, with the English scouring-parties spread all over hill and vale, to bring in the exhausted and helpless fugitive from his hiding place, where nevertheless he must perish if not quickly reached. Sorrowfully and reluctantly Felim was forced to conclude that all hope of escape for young Hugh this time must be abandoned, and that the best course was to pretend to discover him in the copse, and to make a merit of giving him up to his pursuers. So, with a heart bursting with mingled rage, grief, and despair, Hugh found himself once more in the gripe of his savage foes. He was brought back to Dublin "loaded with heavy iron fetters," and flung into a narrower and stronger dungeon, to spend another year cursing the day that Norman foot had touched the Irish shore.

There he lay until Christmas Day, December 25, 1592, when, says the old chronicle, "it seemed to the Son of the Virgin time for him to escape." Henry and Art O'Neill, fellow-prisoners, were on this occasion companions of Hugh's flight. In fact the lord deputy, Fitzwilliam, a needy and corrupt creature, had taken a bribe from Hugh O'Neill to afford opportunity for the escape. Hugh of Dungannon had designs of his own in desiring the freedom of all three; for events to be noted further on had been occurring, and already he was, like a skilful statesman, preparing for future contingencies. He knew that the liberation of Red Hugh would give him an ally worth half Ireland, and he knew that rescuing the two O'Neills would leave the government without a "queen's O'Neill" to set up against him at a future day. Of this escape Haverty gives us the following account:—

"They descended by a rope through a sewer which opened into the Castle ditch; and leaving there the soiled