

did I take private opportunities of examining the man whose distant bow Desmond and myself had returned like the veriest strangers, and my friend, at least, was without suspicion. True, there was an increase in the rotundity of his figure; and an expression of most sanctimonious hypocrisy had been added to the stupid gravity of his face; black hair and whiskers had taken the place of the original red; but the voice, which had so frequently awoke my childish terror, and interrupted my boyish sports, was not to be mistaken; and before the cloth was removed, I felt convinced that the converted priest was no other than Dr. Sullivan.

During dinner he spoke little, and seemed to pay even less attention to all that passed around him, like one whose mind was either benumbed or abstracted; and when the wine began to circulate freely and the gentlemen were left to themselves, I could not help speculating on the deadening power of years; when the old man, who had always manifested a striking partiality for strong waters, gradually began to nod, first to one side, then to the other, and eventually dropped asleep, with his head upon the table, about the conclusion of the first bottle.

We had reached that point at which the then perilous, but all-engrossing subject of politics became the order of the day. Wine had warmed our hearts, and in the security supposed to exist "under the rose," public men and measures were discussed after a free and easy fashion; for Mr. Fitzmaurice had already left us, and the company were Liberals to a man, with the exception of his reverence, whose politics were by this time known or cared for only in the land of dreams. Mr. Dillon had forgotten his habitual prudence, and entered into conversation with Desmond, who seemed to know his ground, and rejoice in the opportunity of denouncing injustice in high places.

I had caught fire from some of his remarks, which called up recollections of recent and not easily forgotten scenes of government vengeance, and was expressing my own feelings, perhaps, with more of the fervour of youth than sound judgment might have warranted, when my words were arrested by a low voice whispering in my ear, "Have a care of what you say, sir: that chap forinst you pretinds he's sleepin' for no good!" and, glancing behind, I saw Mr. Dillon's old butler moving slowly from my chair.

None but myself had heard the warning, and instinctively I fixed my eyes on Dr. Donovan. He still appeared to be in profound sleep; but, on closer observation, I could perceive that the butler was correct, for his eyes were alert, and glancing from one speaker to another through the fingers that covered them. For some minutes I was puzzled. It was said my former teacher had been intended in his youth for the Catholic church, but some breach of discipline had raised a barrier in his way, and he had turned to the usual resource of school-keeping. What had been his after-vocations I never knew, but it was evident that he had now more employment on hands than that of his clerical character.

It was my first introduction to the system of espionage, then so terribly prevalent, and, combined with sundry recollections of his school day performances, it suggested an association of ideas regarding Dr. Donovan and my pocket-pistols, but that work was destined for another hand; and, in the meantime, I found some difficulty in communicating the intimation to the rest of the company, so as not to attract the attention of the would-be slumberer, who still snored on most industriously, while he watched our every motion from between his fingers.

Desmond was the first to understand my signs, but he talked on with a boldness that surprised me. On the rest they told with different effects; some became suddenly silent, others endeavoured to qualify their former speeches, and Mr. Dillon proposed to rejoin the ladies.

We accordingly adjourned to the drawing-room, and were shortly followed by the doctor, whom I heard the butler rousing with the observation, "God help them that has great head-work! shure it's no wonther that sleep overtakes thim in the best of company." But that siesta seemed to have recruited the reverend gentleman's powers of conversation, for he now prosed away incessantly, and grew particularly attentive to Desmond, who rather encouraged his advances; yet I felt relieved when the company broke up at an earlier hour than usual, the doctor and his pious patroness remaining to the very last.

On our way home, Desmond and I conversed much of the evening's discovery. I had been struck with my friend's fearless manner when it was made, but my astonishment was still greater to find that he regarded the *soi-disant* convert as a bloodhound on his track, and seemed to believe himself a marked man, who must fall, sooner or later, into some of the snares which surrounded him.

Dr. Donovan I very seldom encountered, though he still continued to preach, and the dowager to patronise him; yet a suspicious whisper had gone forth from Mr. Dillon's dining room, and the doctor did not now often dine out; yet, amid the daily increase of associates and acquaintances, growing popularity with the ladies,—oh, how magnified it was in letters to country friends!—and the special favour of Mr. Fitzmaurice bestowed on me, for the sake of the profession,—I charitably believe he knew no other divinity—one shadow still remained, for I was yet briefless, but destined not to

remain so, though my first employment came in a strange and very unexpected way.

About a month after my introduction, half the city and all Merrion Square were set in motion by a ball at the house of Mr. Fitzmaurice. It was given in honour of a distinguished relative, who stood still higher than himself in the legal department, and had lately augmented his honours by winning an English and a titled bride.

Geraldine had chosen a capital position, and was even magnificently dressed; by the way she was always dressed well, though in a style considered too rich and grave for her youthful appearance. But I was not alone in my lateness, for at the same moment, the lion and (with all deference, ladies) the lioness of the night advanced to make their compliments, and all eyes were turned on Mr. Copeland and Lady Sarah.

Her ladyship was, in manners and appearance, rather an every-day-looking person, with a few diamonds and a trifle of London starch, which contrasted not much to her advantage with the distinguished air and superior tone of Geraldine Fitzmaurice: but her fortune was said to have been £20,000.

Mr. Copeland was a tall, fine looking man, whose face told of prudence that could thread its way through the byways of political intrigue or worldly interest with a step which no impulse could hurry and no scruple retard. Moreover, he had been born and educated in Scotland; but the steadiest step at times will lose its balance: and though on the sober side of thirty, the flourishing of Mr. Copeland's bridal days was not yet over, of which he gave us an instance by pulling out his handkerchief rather "rampagiously" (pardon the Irishism), and I saw a small note, which came with it unperceived by the gentleman, drop at Geraldine's feet; the next moment that small foot was upon it, and nearer and nearer the lady drew the prize under her sheltering garments. As she sunk gracefully into her seat, and hoped that "Lady Sarah would be able to enjoy herself even in the wilderness which Dublin society must present to one who had left St. James's", her fan dropped, of course accidentally, as she spoke, and before I had time (now, readers, my gallantry was never suspected), Geraldine had picked it up herself, with the remark that she was learning to act her own cavalier by way of preparation for a tour in the north, which her uncle intended to make next season; but the note was taken up between her fingers and its scarce whiter ivory.

Never had Geraldine appeared to such advantage in doing the honours of her uncle's house; and, in the flow of her mirth, my thoughts reverted to Desmond.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE BACHELOR.

BY A LADY OF RANK.

The bachelor lonely, depressed:

No gentle one near him, no home to endear him;
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend, if no guest;
No children to climb up; 'twould fill all my rhyme up,
And take too much time up, to tell his despair;
Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him;

Bills paying, maids scouring, devouring his fare.
He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck button;
Shirts mangled to rags, drawers stringless at knee;
The cook to his grief, too, spoils pudding and beef, too:
With over-done, under-done—undone is he.

No son still a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter with pleasure, new joys to prepare;
But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens,
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.

He calls children apes, sir, (the fox and the grapes, sir),
And fain would he wed when his locks are like snow;
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out;
And maidens, deriding, cry—"No, my love, no!"
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow;
No hope in to-morrow, no sympathy spares;
And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up;
None closes his eyes up, he dies—and who cares?

POLITICS AND NEWS.

ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

It is impossible to regard the events now in progress in the South of Europe without some feelings of apprehension for the results. Greece is in open rebellion against the Government of Coletti, the wretched tool of France; and the policy so long pursued by M. Guizot, to render French influence predominant in Greece, will end, probably, in the overthrow of M. Coletti, and may not stop short of getting rid of the present incapable sovereign. In Switzerland we perceive no immediate solution of the rancorous dispute now raging amongst her distracted population. The Sonderbund, or Catholic League, is ready to fall upon the Federal cantons, and so great is the excitement that we expect each day that the parties will come to blows. The joint influence of the Allied Powers to compose this intestine quarrel seems hopeless, France having, according to all appearances, truckled to Austria in this affair, with a view to conciliate the favourable disposition of that power towards Louis Philippe's insane schemes after Spanish dominion. But it is in Italy where the flame seems

most ready to burst forth. The Austrians having, in violation of the treaty of Vienna, continued to occupy by their troops the city as well as the citadel of Ferrara, the reports put forth incessantly of their evacuation of the town being false rumours, merely to gain time and cover their ultimate designs; the Pope has ordered the arming of the civic guard, and has despatched an artillery officer to France to purchase 10,000 muskets. In the meantime, a report has been circulated at Paris which has caused great excitement. It is said that the British Government, having ascertained that an understanding exists between France and Austria, has ordered the English fleet to proceed to Ancona and land a couple of regiments drawn from the Ionian Islands. This step is, indeed, just the sort of brilliant exploit which Lord Palmerston would glory to achieve. France, after the example of her occupation of Ancona just subsequent to Louis Philippe's accession to the throne, could not raise a word of objection, and the liberal party, indeed the whole body of the people throughout France, would envy this glorious act on the part of England, whilst they could not refuse to applaud it. The disappearance of our fleet from the coast of Portugal, whence it proceeded to the Mediterranean, would thus be satisfactorily accounted for. A demonstration on the part of England would doubtless put an end at once to the Austrian encroachments, effectually support the Pope, and give France an opportunity of retracing the insidious policy she seems disposed to adopt.

The King of Prussia has proceeded on a visit to Italy. The sympathy displayed by the Germans in the Italian and Swiss disputes, which they think will eventually conduce to religious freedom in Germany, must naturally render it in affair of deep interest to King Frederick William, that the cause of civil and religious liberty should not be crushed in Italy. The King of Sardinia has, it is said, taken the same view as England respecting the encroachments of Austria, and has, together with the Princes of Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, joined in an alliance with Great Britain to resist Austrian aggression.

LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

The usual weekly meeting of the Association was held on Monday. Conciliation Hall was densely crowded, and amongst the gentlemen occupying places set apart for members of the general committee were several clergymen and dignitaries. J. Augustus O'Neil, Esq. took the chair.

The CHAIRMAN addressed the meeting on the subject of the Kildare election, and defended himself from the calumnies that had been uttered against him. He then gave several instances of the devoted conduct of the poorer electors to the cause of their country. Remarking on the conduct of Sir Gerald Aylmer, the Protestant coloniser, he said—I don't mean to speak of the Protestant religion otherwise than with great respect. I know something of that religion, for I was a Protestant myself, and the basis of it is the right of private judgment. Why does not Sir Gerald Aylmer, the Protestant coloniser, allow the right of private judgment to his tenants in voting? If in so important a matter as the salvation of his soul a man is to be left to his private judgment, how is it that he is not supposed to have intellect enough to discriminate between the different candidates who offer themselves at an election, and to decide for himself which of them is right and which wrong—which of them is the friend of Ireland and which is not? If a man have judgment and intellect enough to choose his religion out of the Bible, should he not have enough to enable him to vote at an election? Let any Protestant coloniser in Ireland who coerces his tenants answer that question.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL—I feel certain I but speak the sentiments of this Association—and I am sure the country will unanimously respond to these sentiments—when I declare that it was altogether unnecessary for Mr. O'Neill to enter into any defence whatever of his high character, against any of the foul calumnies which it was vainly sought to attach to it. (Loud cheers.) His character stood too high to need a vindication—such a triumphant vindication as he has given; and if he wanted anything to obtain the full and unqualified measure of our respect—which he did not—the bold, patriotic, and independent part which he took at the Kildare election has furnished it. (Cheers.) It is true that two days before he went to the poll, he was perfectly well aware of the fact that there was a majority against him, and that he could not be returned unless he had the Duke of Leinster enlisted in his favour—yet, he said, 'I don't care for myself—I will go to the contest, and I will test the county of Kildare.' (Loud cheers.) Other gentlemen in other parts of the country have nobly vindicated the cause of Repeal; but I must say that the battle of Repeal in Kildare, taking all the circumstances connected with it into consideration, was one of the most glorious that has been fought. (Cheers.) This system of calumny is most disreputable and wretched. And yet Whigs and Tories have given us examples of it. The moment Mr. M'Tavish came forward as a candidate for Dundalk a foul calumny was set on foot against him; aye, and that too from a high quarter, but owing to the indomitable spirit and patriotism of the men of Dundalk, Repeal succeeded. (Cheers.) But Whigs and Tories have not defeated Mr. O'Neill—he was defeated by the neglect of Liberals in not having attended to the registries. Mr. O'Neill has talked of resigning, but I trust that the people of Ireland will not