

THE

# IRISH ASSASSIN,

OR THE

## MISFORTUNES

OF THE

### FAMILY of O'DONNELL.

By HENRY VINCENT, Esq.



FALKIRK:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE

# IRISH ASSASSIN.

CHIT 20

DARK was the night, and bleak blew the wind, as the guilty O'Donnel, the mention of whose name instilled dread wherever it was heard, paced to and fro with cautious steps in the front of a splendid mansion, situate in Sackville Street, in the City of Dublin; a deathlike silence prevailed, and nought but the shrill sighings of the gale occurred to interrupt the gloomy broodings of his anguished mind. Approach! Approach! he cried in a voice of smothered rage, thou cursed villain, whose blasted machinations have for ever destroyed the fame and the family of my forefathers, and let the last existing branch of that once proud and distinguished clan finish the catalogue of his crimes, of which thou hast been the primary cause, by sheathing his trusty weapon in thy blackened heart, in which as been engendered all those hell born schemes of mischief that have made him the wretch he is!

At that moment, a person, whose outward appearance bespoke him of the middling order of life, approached, and ran quickly up the few stone steps that led to the hall-door, before which O'Donnel had been anxiously watching. He had lifted his hand to the knocker, and was about to give the accustomed rap, when he was seized by the sinewy arm of O'Donnel, who instantly plunged a poignard into his side, and exclaimed with savage exultation: "that, to thy heart, thou fiend of Hell, and by this," repeating his thrusts, "be the manes of murdered innocence appeased!" A hollow groan was the only sound that escaped the stranger, who fell senseless against the railings. O'Donnel contemplated his dreadful work for a few moments with a steady gaze,

and then directing his impious eyes towards Heaven, returned thanks for the opportunity given to him of perpetrating the horrid deed. The sound of voices within the house now filled his guilty bosom with alarm, and with the swiftness of lightning he flew towards the country.

Towards the latter end of the Summer of 1793, our hero arrived at his eighteenth year, a season when the heart of youth is most susceptible of the softer impressions. As he was riding one evening at this period, through the lands in the vicinity of his father's estate; oppressed by the heat, he entered under the refreshing shade of a neighbouring wood, which cloathed the sides of a steep mountain that reared its head before him.

The appearance of the spot was bewitchingly picturesque the verdure of the meadows, the grouping of the cattle, with here and there a cottage embosomed in the foliage of the wood, and the varying shrubs which climbed along the occasional rugged projections of the craig, all tended to heighten the beauty of the scene. The sombre shades of night were fast approaching, the setting Sun smiled with a farewell lustre on the summits of the hills, and the water of a neighbouring stream, which flowed slowly o'er its sandy bed, received a deeper gloom from the lengthening shadows of the mountains. The night closed in ere he could tear himself from the enchanting region, which he promised to visit once more on the ensuing morning.

The succeeding day was excessively hot, but as evening approached, nature again assumed her mellow colouring, and again did Arthur dwell with rapture on the scenes he had viewed with so much pleasure the night before. He entered the wood and pursued a path that ran in an oblique direction gently winding up the hill; it was soft as moss, and of a vivid green, and through many little openings in the wood, the crags, the adjacent village, and the meandering stream were seen to great advantage. He had not proceeded far, before a neat white cottage, built on a little level, on the side of a hill,

attracted his notice. There was an air of taste and simplicity in every thing around it, which excited his utmost curiosity with respect to its inhabitants, of whom, from the scene before him, he formed the most romantic ideas. It was placed in that situation, which, of all others, was the most picturesque; that is, its point of elevation was not too great for the landscape. From the bottom of a small lawn which spread before it, the wood gradually fell to the margin of the river, and a number of gigantic oaks covered the hill behind it nearly to the summit, a broken line of moss-hung crags however, still peeping beyond. Against the front of this cottage grew an old woodbine, whose branches, mingling with each other, crept round four neat sash windows, that glowed as fire from the reflection of the Sun. While he stood silently admiring the beauty of the scene, the door of the cottage was opened, and a young woman, clothed with elegant but artless taste, stepped out upon the green; on her arm there leant a man of very interesting figure, and rather stricken in years, who, after looking round him with an air of satisfaction, smiled with parental fondness on his fair companion, and gave to Heaven with cheerful piety, his grateful thanks for the blessing he enjoyed. Thus was Arthur situated, and having gratified his fancy with the scenery around, was about to return but no sooner did the two figures appear before him, than his best and sweetest feelings were called into action; the country assumed a more enchanting hue, the sun shed a mellow and more delicious tint, and every object seemed heightened with a pathetic glare. An intelligence the most expressive sat on the features of the young woman.—an intelligence so divine, so mild, so graceful, that Raphael might have studied it with rapture. She had on a gown of white cotton, and round her waist there was a green sash; her hair of a nut brown colour, hung down loosely upon her shoulder, and from her left arm depended a small basket. The person who leaned upon her right arm was dressed in a scarlet mili-

tary coat; his countenance was strongly marked martial, but at the same time mingled with much benignity; his forehead was bold and open, his eyes full and dark, his eye-brows black and thick, his nose aquiline, and his chin rather prominent; he had a staff in his hand, and, although apparently possessing vigour and health, he walked with difficulty from an injury in his left leg.

Arthur had till now remained concealed behind some trees, but stepping forward to continue the objects of his admiration in view, a favourite dog, who ran by their side, observed him, and beginning to bark with vehemence they turned round. He found himself discovered and advancing towards them, begged they would pardon his obtrusion, with that suavity and dignity of manners of which he was so capable. They smiled at his apology, and the old man with much good nature told him, he was welcome to his farm; it gave him pleasure, he said, to see he admired his situation, and added, if he could bear to saunter no faster than himself, he would shew him some parts well worth seeing, and which probably had escaped him.

An agreeable conversation soon took place, into which the amiable Maria, for such she was called, entered with the most frank and bewitching simplicity, speedily convincing our hero, that her heart and her understanding were as lovely as her form. As they chatted together the reserve natural to strangers wore off, and Arthur having expressed much satisfaction, mingled with some curiosity as to their mode of life, the old man with great affability told him his short but melancholy tale. His name (he said) was Farrell, and having at an early period of life chosen the profession of arms, by his assiduity and attention he soon recommended himself to the notice of his colonel, who rewarded him with promotion to a lieutenancy. Shortly after he married the daughter of a clergyman: his connubial joys were however but short, as his regiment was ordered to Germany in a few days; whither his too affectionate wife, who was then pregnant,

insisted on accompanying him. The army was soon ordered to the field, and ere long the dreadful confusion of war burst around them. Still, however, his wife followed him with persevering attention. One morning his regiment, with others, was ordered to Ostend, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his Maria, he marched with a palpitating heart to a scene of carnage and blood, from whence he was soon carried back to the camp in consequence of a wound he received in the left knee, by a musket ball.

The anguish of his amiable wife may well be conceived on his return, but resisting the feelings of nature, she soon exerted herself in preparing the necessary comforts for his unhappy situation. Those exertions were, however, too severe for her tender frame, already awakened by a succession of hardships. In a few days she became unwell, and was confined to her bed, where shortly after she was delivered of a daughter.

A few mornings after the birth of his daughter, when the health and strength of his consort seemed fast returning, he awoke, and called to her to know how she felt herself. To his first call he received no answer. he repeated his cries, but still a death-like silence prevailed. Alarmed at this unusual circumstance, he called aloud for a soldier's wife who attended his Maria. She soon entered, and by her master's desire, approached the bed of her mistress. But, Oh God! who can describe the sensations of the lieutenant, when, on the clothes being turned down, he observed his beloved Maria bathed in blood, and his infant daughter immersed in the purple stream! Notwithstanding his dangerous situation, he tottered from his bed, and then threw himself on the couch of her he adored; where, overcome by the horror of the scene, he became senseless. While in that situation, the cries of the attendant attracted some of the soldiery to the spot, who, on examining the body of Mrs Farreil, discovered, that, during the night, a random shot from the enemy had entered the tent, and with it came

the shaft of death to the unfortunate Maria, who lay asleep with her child in her arms. From the sleep of life, she sunk to that of eternity, and breathed no more! The infant Maria, who had been named after her mother was however unhurt, and was consigned to the care of a soldier's wife, who had buried her own child, and who became an affectionate foster-mother to her, tender charge.

The unfortunate lieutenant, on awaking to the horror of his situation; became almost distracted, and made several attempts to terminate his existence, but was happily prevented by his attendants. Some months now elapsed, during which, the wound in the knee assumed a favourable appearance, and in a short time he was again enabled to join the ranks. During the remainder of the campaign, he distinguished himself on several occasions, and finally received a captain's commission; shortly after which his regiment was ordered home. On his arrival in England, the wound in his knee again broke forth, and after in vain struggling against its obstinacy, he was obliged to retire from the service on half-pay; and having sought for a cheap but comfortable residence, he at length met with his present cottage, where, blessed with the dutiful and affectionate attention of his lovely Maria, nothing on this side the grave he thought could add to his content.

They had by this time reached the cottage, when Arthur would have taken his leave, but Farrell begged he would step in and grace his humble shed. He could not refuse; there was an air of gentleness and sincerity about him, that would not admit of a denial; he stepped therefore into a very neat little parlour, where, sitting down, the worthy host desired his daughter to bring some of the best wine; "if you can excuse," he said, "what an old soldier can afford, you are welcome." Arthur was much affected, and without a word involuntarily stretched out his hand, which Farrell seized with warmth—they were silent.

Miss Farrell entered—she smiled, and throwing her blue eyes upon Arthur, offered him wine. He took a glass—his hand trembled—he drank her health; it was he thought, the most delightful wine he had ever tasted—he praised her skill, and she blushed. “I am glad it pleases you,” she said. At this moment, turning round to speak to her father, the bright hilt of a sword which hung over the chimney-piece, attracted the attentinn of Arthur.

Farrell observed it, and rising from the chair took it down; he drew it from the scabbard; “this,” cried he, waving it round his head, “this, Sir, was once my only fortune—my only friend.—With this and much good service has it done me.—with this, I have known the day, when, shrinking from the lightening of its edge, the foes of Ireland have retired.”

The night was fine, the moon had arisen, and sweetly illumined the river and distant mountains; all, except the nightingale, was mute; and struck by a scene so accordant with his feelings; it was late ere he reached home, where his mother was anxiously awaiting his return.

After supper, he related to his affectionate parent the little adventure of the evening; and she, with the warmth usual to her on such occasions; participated in all the feelings of her son, and enamoured of the glowing picture he had drawn, she promised to visit Farrell and his amiable daughter on the ensuing morning.

During the whole night, Arthur could not divest himself of the idea of Maria, whose bewitching figure was constantly in his mind. He rose with the lark, and impatiently awaited the rising of his mother. He was soon called to breakfast, at which he scarcely eat a mouthful, and at eight o'clock the carriage was ordered, and Lady O'Donnel, accompanied by her son, were driven to the foot of the hill on which the cottge of Farrell stood, where they alighted and walked up the path which Arthur had taken the preceding night. They soon reached

the cottage, and found Farrell and his amiable daughter at breakfast, who rose with some marks of confusion at this unexpected visit; but soon recovering their wonted suavity, they welcomed their guests with genuine satisfaction.

Maria now busied herself in removing the breakfast things, and in a few minutes a general and animated conversation ensued. From the house they removed to the lawn; and from thence surveyed the surrounding prospect, with which Lady O'Donnel was infinitely delighted; and not less was she delighted with her host and his lovely daughter, in whose conversation she experienced the utmost satisfaction. She secretly resolved, however, to give them some substantial mark of her esteem, and for that purpose invited them to her house on the following day. The invitation was most gratefully accepted, and amongst those who felt particular pleasure on the occasion, Arthur was foremost.

On the next day Capt. Farrell and his daughter arrived at the great house, as it was called by the neighbouring peasantry; they were received at the gate by Arthur with the sincerest satisfaction, and on being conducted to the parlour they experienced from Lady O'Donnel, all that delicate and hospitable attention which formed a principal feature in her character. They amused themselves during the morning in exploring the beautiful and extensive grounds in the vicinity of the house; and after dinner, Arthur observing his mother and Capt. Farrell in close conversation, begged the favour of Miss Farrell's company to the garden, where he promised to shew her all the beauties, which were so richly and abundantly scattered in all directions; She willingly accepted the invitation, and in a few seconds they entered the garden. Arthur offered his arm to his fair companion, which she tremblingly accepted.

While examining one of the hot-houses, they were observed by M. Pherson, the steward, who approached and offered his services to explain the process attending

the culture of exotic plants. Arthur, however, desirous of being alone, in rather a haughty tone, told him his presence could be dispensed with.

M'Pherson made his bow and retired, but was so struck with the beauty of Maria, that, after having retreated to some distance, he stopped to admire her. Not being aware of who she was, he went among the servants to enquire, and at length ascertained from the footman, who had accompanied the carriage that conveyed Lady O'Donnel and her son to the cottage on the preceding day, that she was the daughter of Capt. Furrell, a poor half-pay officer, who had dined with his mistress on that day, and who was then in the drawing-room.

The suspicions of M'Pherson were now roused, and not approving of the apparent close intimacy between his young master and Maria, he returned to the garden in search of them, resolved to watch their actions. He soon traced the happy pair to a summer-house, whither they had retired from the heat of the sun.

At the moment M'Pherson, who secreted himself behind some shrubs, arrived, Arthur was holding the fair hand of Maria, and in an enraptured tone expressing the impression she had made on his heart.

Maria, a stranger to the wiley ways of the world, as freely confessed that she felt for him the affection of a sister. Arthur instantly caught her in his arms, and in an extatic embrace, vowed eternal love, and she made a reciprocal promise, and the mutual bond was sealed by a thousand innocent and endearing kisses. The enraptured pair now proceeded to the house, ignorant of the spy they had had on their actions, and each delighted with the assurance received from the other, looked forward with confidence to future bliss. On entering the drawing-room, tea was served up; and shortly after, Lady O'Donnel ordered her carriage to convey her humble but admired friends to their cottage. On the way home, Capt. Farrell informed Maria, that their benevo-

lent friend, had, in the most delicate and generous way, insisted on his acceptance of an annuity during life, of £.100 a-year. The gratitude of Maria at this unexpected information, knew no bounds; she shed tears of affection, and spoke in terms of enthusiasm of the family they had left, for whom she innocently observed, she entertained an affection almost as strong as for her father.

M'Pherson, after Arthur and Maria had left the garden, came from his hiding place, resolving in his own mind that the intentions or wishes of his young master should never be accomplished. This determination he adopted from a twofold reason: first because he knew it would be in direct opposition to the will of Sir Neale; and next, because he felt a desire for Maria himself, conceiving that her father, would accept with avidity, any proposition he should make. holding, as he did, a lucrative and advantageous situation, which his own dishonesty rendered doubly profitable.

In furtherance of this design, he went on the ensuing morning to the cottage, and having explained from whence he came, he was received by Capt. Farrell with the greatest cordiality.

Maria soon afterwards entered the room, and instantly recognized M'Pherson; who addressed her with great respect. There was something in his appearance not calculated to elicit respect, and she returned his civility with distant reserve. This however, did not deter him from his purpose; and having taken his departure for that time, he returned in a few days, and begged a private conversation with Capt. Farrell who readily complied with his wishes. The insidious Scot then opened his mind, and made propositions for the hand of Maria.

Capt. Farrell in answer, observed, that to the connection with Mr M'Pherson he had not the slightest objection; but, as he was resolved never to controul the inclinations of his daughter in the choice of a partner for life, he must refer all suitors to herself, and whatever was her determination, he would willingly accede to.

With this answer M'Pherson was obliged to be content, although he did not argue favourably of his success with Maria, whose secret attachment to Arthur he well knew.

To Maria, therefore, he directed his constant attention, bringing her presents of the most delicious fruits from the garden of Sir Neale, and using every other expedient in his power to gain her respect, but without success. He generally so timed his visits, as not to meet with Arthur, who became a constant attendant the cottage, and who, on being informed by Maria of the presumptuous intentions of M'Pherson, was outrageous, and could scarcely be prevented from sacrificing him of his anger.

Several months now elapsed, in which the passion of Arthur and Maria attained additional strength, and could scarcely be concealed in the presence of Lady O'Donnel on her occasional visits to the cottage.

While things were thus situated in Donegal, Sir Neale was advancing in his political career in Dublin with rapid steps; his talents attracted universal admiration, and at length raised him to the highest office under the viceroy, who entertained for him the most profound esteem. Although thus successful in his views, he did not neglect the interests of his son, for whom he at length procured a situation immediately under his own auspices. Of this circumstance he dispatched intimation to Lady O'Donnel, directing that Arthur should be sent without delay.

On the arrival of the packet containing this information, Lady O'Donnel felt peculiar pleasure, as she thought her beloved Arthur had now arrived at an age when he should know something of the world, and enter into that career which his father had followed with so much honour to himself and satisfaction to his superiors.

While reading her husband's letter Arthur entered—he had just left his Maria.

“Come, my Arthur,” said Lady O'Donnel, “I have good news for you, your father has procured for you a

situation in the castle, which I trust will be the first step towards that distinction I am convinced your talents and perseverance will acquire."

Had a clap of thunder rolled over the head of Arthur, he could not have been more alarmed than at this communication; "What!" said he to himself, "to leave my Maria, to quit all these innocent pleasures which I have so long enjoyed, and to embark in the troubled scenes of the political world, Oh God! how wretched is my fate!" "Still," continued he, "my father must be obeyed; his ambitious temper will never brook a refusal, and however inconsistent with my own inclinations, his will must be my law."

Having finished his soliloquy, during which his amiable mother regarded him with astonishment, he raised his head, and in a hurried tone, expressed his readiness to comply with his father's wishes. He then left the room and proceeded with a quick pace to impart the gloomy news to Maria, whose anguish exceeded all consolation for a considerable time.

To describe the wretchedness of Maria is beyond our powers; suffice it to say, her wretchedness went far beyond the bounds of common lamentation, and approached near distraction than the sorrow of sanity.

Arthur at length tore himself from her arms, and returned home to make preparations for his journey, which was to commence the ensuing morning at an early hour.

It would be needless to describe the delight felt by M. Pherson on receiving instructions to prepare the travelling equipage of Arthur; his hopes were renewed towards Maria, and he trusted by his own wily machinations at length to be able to gain the consummation of his wishes in that quarter.

At the dawn of day, Arthur after taking a most affectionate leave of his mother, set out for the capital, attended by a trusty servant, and in a few days reached his father's house, in Sackville Street, where he met a most welcome reception.

We must now pass over three years of our hero's life, during which he frequently visited the seat of his ancestors, and as frequently renewed his vows of fidelity to his Maria with redoubled argour, for whom his love grew more ardent, and in whose presence alone he enjoyed real happiness. During that period M'Pherson was continually urging his suit, but was invariably treated with indignation. Still, however, he did not despair, and felt a confident hope his purposes would yet be attained, from the knowledge he had of Sir Neale's ambitious views for his son.

Arthur had now arrived at the age of manhood, and began to think of some expedient to induce his father to agree to his connection with Maria. Several plans occurred to his mind, but they were all rejected as futile. While thus undetermined, one morning, towards the latter end of the summer of 1796, his father desired to have some private conversation with him, and after a pre-faratory address called his mind to the necessity of forming an alliance suitable to his rank, observing at the same time, that, from some hints thrown out by a nobleman of distinguished eminence, who had a lovely daughter, and with whom Arthur was well acquainted, he would be received as a welcome suitor. To this harangue, Arthur, from his confusion, could give no decisive answer, he stammered out his disinclination for a matrimonial connection at so early a period of his life, and hoped his father would give him time to consider of the proposition. Sir Neale laughed heartily at his son's modesty, as he termed it, and jokingly desired him to take care that a more successful candidate did not jockey him.

In a few weeks Arthur again returned to the country, and finding there was little chance of bringing his father to his terms, he came to the desperate resolution of privately marrying his Maria through the medium of a Roman Catholic Priest. Considerable difficulties arose in accomplishing this object; but, to the infinite delight

of our hero, that happy, happy hour arrived when he pressed the object of his adoration to his beating heart as his partner through the cares and vicissitudes of life.

Maria, for whom Lady O'Donnel felt a parental affection, became an almost constant visitant at the "great house," not unfrequently stopping there by the week together.

An event, however too soon occurred, which seemed as a sort of warning to the miseries which are to follow. One fine summer's evening, as the gentle Maria, was returning to her father's cottage, she had scarcely got out of sight of the wall of O'Donnel park, when she was met by M'Pherson, whose disorderly appearance evidently shewed he had been drinking. He came up to her, and in a brutal tone, asked whither she was going? "Home, Mr M'Pherson," said Maria, "rest you here then young lady," said he, "for I've got a few words to say to you." "It is getting late, Mr M'Pherson," returned Maria, "I must proceed home." "Ne'er you mind your hame, young lady," continued he, "we dinna part sae ensily, you mon gi'e me a kiss." Having said this he rudely caught her round the neck, and with his impious lips imprinted an odious kiss on her cheek. She was extremely alarmed, and struggled to get from his grasp. In vain, however, did she exert herself, he threw her on the ground, and thrusting his hand into her bosom began to take the most indecent liberties. She now could scarcely speak from terror, and in a smothered voice she begged him to desist. She used her utmost strength to get from his hold, but all in vain. She shrieked with violence, but alas! her cries were not heard. At length the villain succeeded in stopping her cries by holding her petticoat, which he had brutally raised, over her mouth, and was about to accomplish his vile intentions, when he was alarmed by the lifeless manner in which his unfortunate victim lay; he uncovered her face, and he feared he had murdered the unfortunate innocent. Too soon, however, his fears were removed, the colour returned to the cheeks

of Maria, and with it the fierce desires of the base M'Pherson. Again did he seize her in his accursed arms, and again did she repeat, though faintly, her struggles and her ejaculations for assistance—which, ere her infernal assaulter had triumphed, through the intervention of all-secing Providence, arrived on the spot, and at a moment when an instant's delay might have been fatal to the chastity of Maria, the villain received a blow from a cutlass, which deprived him of all sensation, and almost in the same instant the almost senseless innocent was raised to the affectionate arms of her parent, who having set out from the cottage to meet his beloved daughter, was alarmed by her first cries, and with as much speed as his lameness would permit, proceeded to her assistance which happily he was enabled to give in time to preserve unsullied, the only comfort of his existence. Most fortunately, his stick having been mislaid, he brought with him his trusty sword, on which he leaned to support his tottering frame, and which enabled him to bestow a deserved chastisement on the monster M'Pherson.

Conceiving he had killed the impious ruffian, he proceeded slowly on his way towards the cottage, with difficulty supporting Maria, who could not utter a word from agitation. He at length arrived at home, and consigned to the care of her foster-mother, who had always lived with him, his tender charge. On the ensuing morning Maria told her unhappy parent her little tale, and they together returned thanks to heaven for her happy escape; while Captain Farrell expressed his intention of going to Lady O'Donnel to inform her of the miscreant she had in her service.

We must now return to the villain M'Pherson, who soon recovered from the effects of the blow he had received, which was attended with no dangerous symptoms. On rising from the ground, he observed a small casket lying a few paces from him, which he picked up, and on examining its contents discovered the certificate of Arthur and Maria's marriage, together with their wedding

ring, and two or three notes written by Arthur, in which he addressed Maria as his wife. In a moment the diabolical mind of M'Pherson suggested a plot, which would revenge him on both Maria and his young master, and enabled him to leave Donegal, which he would be constrained to do. He proceeded directly home, and going by a private way to his own room, packed up all those valuables he had been enabled to collect during his service, which, beside many parloined, and lodged in a bank in Dublin, amounted to a very considerable sum. Having done this, he took horse and proceeded directly for the capital, taking with him the casket containing the proofs of Arthur's marriage. In two days and nights he reached the house of Sir Neale, to whom he introduced himself in the most abrupt manner, apologizing for his presence, by saying nothing but his regard for the family of the O'Donnels could induce him to come in person so great a distance. Without farther circumlocution he then placed in the hands of Sir Neale the casket which he had brought with him.

Sir Neale looked with astonishment at M'Pherson, then at the casket. "What," said he, "am I to understand from this?" "Open ye the casket," replied M'Pherson, "and you will be informed." Sir Neale opened the casket, and took from it the papers it contained. The first of those that he examined was a short note from Arthur to Maria, couched in the following terms:

DEAREST MARIA,  
 "The moments seem ages until I can again press to my heart my ever-adored wife. A few hours and I shall be with you. Oh! Maria, you know not how I love you. Scarcely can I exist but in your presence. I send this by Henry, lest you should think the time long ere I visit the cottage.  
 Adieu,  
 YOUR ARTHUR."

After his passion was over, he desired M'Pherson to give him an account of the circumstances which led to his son's marriage.

M'Pherson readily complied, reciting all the facts of the progressive passions of Arthur and Maria which came to his knowledge, and concluded by observing, that, as the parties had been married by a Roman Catholic Priest, they might be parted, such a junction not being deemed legal according to the laws of the Protestant Church.

Sir Neale listened to the maddening tale with dreadful sensations, and on its termination his rage knew no bounds. He cursed himself, his wife, his son, all the world, and seizing M'Pherson by the throat nearly strangled him, observing, that if he had done his duty by transmitting an account of the first interview between Arthur and Maria in the summer-house, all might have been well. "What do I say?" continued he; "all shall be well if I wash from the face of the earth, in their own gore, all those who have thus conspired to sully the blood of the O'Donnels." He then rang the bell, ordered his post-carriage, and drove towards Donegal.

Arthur was a short distance from town with a friend, but returning the next day, he learnt the arrival of M'Pherson, and the sudden departure of his father. At first he was alarmed lest any sudden illness of his revered mother had caused his father so abruptly to leave town; but then he conceived, if that was the case, some information on the subject would have been communicated to him. Racked with uncertainty, he endeavoured to find M'Pherson, but his searches were vain. His anxiety was however terminated by the arrival of a short letter from his faithful servant, Henry M'Guire to whom alone he entrusted the secret of his marriage with Maria, and to whose special care he recommended her when he last quitted Donegal, charging him to watch over her with the eye of a protector.

The letter was as follows:

Donegal, Sunday night.

My ever respected master, I have only time to exhort you to proceed hither without delay. The villain M'Pherson, after the most diabolical attempt to force my young mistress to his odious purposes, in which he was happily prevented by her father, has gone to Dublin, and informed Sir Neale of your marriage, who has arrived here in the most dreadful passion; he has locked your mother in the vault below the left wing, and your dear unfortunate wife, who was on a visit to her, he has treated with unparalleled brutality, turning her out of doors in a rainy night, and even striking her some severe blows in the heat of his anger. My poor lady is now at Murphy's cabin extremely ill, attended by her unhappy father, whose cottage was burned down last night. Come as swift as you can, as I fear my young mistress is in great danger, and raves continually of you. In haste,  
your devoted servant,

HENRY M'GUIRE.

When Arthur had received this agonizing letter he had just returned from riding. His agitation for some time was very great. At length he rang for a servant, whom he desired to get his horse to the door in a moment and to fix the travelling holsters with a brace of loaded pistols to the saddle, as he was going a long journey.

While the unhappy Arthur is winging his speed to the house of his forefather's, we will return to Sir Neale, who arrived at his estate on the afternoon of the third day, bloated with contending passions of injured pride, and inveterate hatred towards all who he conceived were privy to the conduct of his son. Amongst others included in the curses he was incessantly venting, his amiable wife was foremost. To her he attributed much of his supposed dishonour, and on her innocent head he determined to take the most signal revenge. On his entering the hall of the chateau, the first person he met

with was Lady O'Donnel, she was leaning on the arm of Maria, who was spending a few days with her adored benefactress. Without a moment's hesitation he seized the unfortunate Maria by the hair, dragged her round the hall, kicked her with the most execrable brutality, and acted like a mad man. His wretched victim soon became senseless, and on lady O'Donnel's flying to her assistance he dashed her from him with horrible execrations, and then fastening on his terrified wife, who could only ascribe the husband's conduct towards madness, he drew her towards a trap-door, which led to the cellars beneath the house, and opening it, threw her down the stairs and then following, lifted her lifeless body from the dark ground, and deposited it within a cell. Having done this, he returned to the hall at the moment when the exhausted Maria was returning to a sense of her wretchedness. Perceiving her rise from the cold flags he again ran to her, and with refinement of cruelty, he threw her out on the gravel walk in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, and shut the door with a thundering clap.

The worthy Captain Farrell was intertaining a few friends at the cottage. In the midst of their conviviality a knock at the door disturbed them. Captain Farrell arose and opened it; but, oh God! who can describe the horror of his feelings, when his lovely Maria fell into his arms drenched with rain and void of all sense. She was seized with the most dreadful fits, which quickly succeeded each other. Her agonized parent carried her to her apartment, where she continued in the most melancholy state, and at length the premature birth of a child unfolded her unhappy secret, and gave to the heart of Farrell a pang of which he never got the better.

Towards the close of the evening the shrieks of the servant girl attracted the attention of Farrell, he ran to ascertain the cause, and was soon woefully convinced of his eminent danger. The outhouses were all in one mass of flame. Swift as his enfeebled limbs would permit did he fly to the chamber of his daughter, and

wrapping her in a coverlid he carried her out upon the lawn. There did he return thanks to God for her escape. The people of the village alarmed at the sight, rushed to the hill to give them assistance, and amongst the foremost came Murphy. To see the situation of Maria was enough for him, he hastily conveyed her to his humble cabin, where he consigned her to the care of his wife.

Scarcely was a letter sent off to Arthur when the angel of death threw the shadow of his wings over the cabin of Murphy, and the eyes of the gentle, the murdered Maria, were closed in darkness eternal.

When Farrell's grief was somewhat abated he arose from the bed and exclaimed, "Farewell, my Maria, thou that were the solace of my age, farewell!"

On the third morning after the decease of the angelic Maria, the villagers were assembled on the green opposite poor Murphy's cabin, and on their faces dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. In the bed-room of the cabin was placed the coffin of Maria, and beside it knelt the unfortunate Farrell. It was then carried out upon the green, where half a dozen young women dressed in black supported it, whilst as many more walked two and two before, and the like number behind.

They entered the church, and the ceremony commenced. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Farrell. The service had proceeded a considerable way, and the corpse was made ready to be laid in the earth, when suddenly the folden doors of the church flew open, and a young man rushed vehemently in, exclaiming "Where is my Maria! I will see her once more! I come to die with thee, my love! Stand off ye inhuman wretches and give me way!" He then broke through the crowd, and seeing the coffin started some paces backwards. "Help me, she is murdered! my gentle love is murdered!" He became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty he was torn from it; but at length having liberated

himself he paused a moment, and muttering, "I will, 'tis fit it should be so" and darting furiously through the isle disappeared. He again entered dragging in Sir Neale O'Donnel. "Come on thou wretched author of my being.—come see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin, "Look" he said. "see where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! Oh, my deserted love! seest thee not how she supplicates thy mercy! Perdition! but I will be avenged!" Saying this he rushed from the church in a paroxysm of fury. Sir Neale in the meantime became the very picture of horror, and his teeth struck each other with dreadful violence. He looked first upon the coffin, then upon Farrell, and at length uttered an audible curse on all around him.

Scarce had he time to repeat his meditation when again his infuriated son rushed forward with the rapidity of the wind holding in each hand a horse pistol. "Now then," he roared. "Maria, I come, and in my train follows that monster to whom your wrongs and my miseries are attributable! Now pride where is thy triumph! now virtue where is thy reward! At that instant he aimed the deadly weapon at the heart of Sir Neale, who in the next was no more! murdered by the hand of his only son! In the same instant the dreadful parricide discharged the other pistol at his own head, but by the interposition of a friendly arm the barrel of the pistol was raised beyond its deadly level, and the wretched Arthur had not for that time the foul sin of suicide to add to that of the murder of the author of his being.

During this agonizing scene, all around were completely spell bound not a word escaped their lips, not a motion denoted their existance; but the moment Sir Neale bit his parent dust their senses returned, and with them a conviction of their own culpability in not having interposed their endeavour to prevent the catastrophe they had witnessed. With one accord they now

seized the frantic Arthur, and with the utmost difficulty dragged him from the church to the house of the clergyman of the parish, where he was bound with cords, and placed in a dark room in the upper story, until such time as measures should be taken for a legal investigation of the case.

In the morning the door was gently opened by one of the guards, but what was his astonishment to find his prisoner flown. An alarm was immediately given, but no traces of him were to be found, and whether he was alive or dead was equally uncertain.

No sooner had the events we have already recited taken place in Donnegal, than the news flew to Dublin, where the absence of Sir Neale had been generally observed. Amongst others who received this intelligence with satisfaction, M'Pherson was foremost. Nothing could be more grateful to his treacherous heart, as all fear of a discovery of his own nefarious practices were now at an end.

The impending hand of fate, however, hung over the devoted Arthur, and the all-seeing eye of Providence ordained that a parriicide should not thus calmly escape the punishment his crime so richly deserved. Every night while lying off St. George's quay on the River Liffey, Arthur used to steal ashore, armed with a poignard and from his contiguity to Sackville Street, he invariably directed his steps to that spot, in the hope of meeting the villain M'Pherson. While watching before the door, he heard a person ask for Mr M'Pherson, and received for answer from the servant, that he was out, but would return before one. This was sufficient for Arthur, and ere the morning dawned M'Pherson was no more. In the guilty confusion of the moment instead of returning to the vessel, Arthur flew towards the country, and here again the finger of fate seemed to guide him to his destruction.

The murder of M'Pherson was soon discovered by some passenger, who noticed him lying on the steps,

and gave the alarm. An inquiry was then made if any suspicious character was seen about the house, when a watchman said, he had observed a man dressed in a countryman's garb, looking about for several nights before. The hue and cry being raised, a person was detected going on board an American vessel, his clothes much stained with blood, and a poignard in his pocket. It is needless to say this was the guilty Arthur. He was taken before a Magistrate, to whom he confessed his rank and criminality. At first it was supposed by his friends, that, upon an investigation of the charges, it would be found they arose from insanity. This supposition was contravened by Arthur himself, who confessed his iniquities, and gloried in the murder of M'Pherson. The sessions of *oyer terminer* being then sitting, he was taken thither the next day, and arraigned for the murder of his father and M'Pherson, to which charges he pleaded guilty. The recorder began his last awful duty in pronouncing the sentence of the law, when the court were struck with horror, by a scene of the most heart-rending nature which was exhibited.

The dock in which the prisoners stood was surrounded by sharp iron pikes to prevent the escape of individuals. Within this stood Arthur patiently listening to the pathetic address of the judge; the attention of the court was fixed upon him, and all were astonished at the composure with which he listened to his doom. Suddenly the eyes of Arthur assumed a wildness, that at once evinced the agitation of his mind, and in an instant he dashed his temple against the surrounding pikes, two of which penetrated his skull, and terminated his unhappy existence! Thus ended the pride!—the glory!—and the misfortunes of the O'Donnells!

The worthy Captain Farrell did not long survive the death of his Maria; he died universally lamented, and was followed by the benedictions of all who knew him.

The number of M'Pherson was soon discovered by some persons who noticed him by the steps