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CASTLE DALY:

THE

Story of an Irish Home Thirty Years Ago.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

"She should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her;
There are plenty * * * men you call such
I suppose * * * she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases,
And yet leave much as she found them;
But I'm not so, and she knew it,
When she fixed me glancing round them."
R. BROWNING.

Lesbia was an early visitor to Mrs. Daly's room the next morning with a bunch of violets from her own flower border, and the news spoken demurely, but with a little gleam of conscious mutual understanding creeping out from under her eyelashes. "I have persuaded John to consider this a sort of holiday. They are not going to ride to-day, or to look after anything. They are writing letters in John's study now, and reading newspapers, and soon we are going to walk. Ellen has promised to take us by a path she knows over the hills to a little lake where we shall get water-lilies out of the way of the cabins and miserable sights just for once. I thought it would do John good."

"And me," Mrs. Daly said, drawing the bright face down to her and kissing it: "you don't know how much good you are doing me."

Lesbia had managed to take Mrs. Daly's heart by storm, and get nearer to it than anybody had been known to do for years; the bystanders noticed the friendship with wonder, not having divined the secret sympathy that united the pair.

"Do you remember this day last year?" Lesbia asked Ellen, when the two girls were standing in the hall equipped for their walk, and waiting till the library door at which they had rapped several times in vain should open. "Can you tell me what we were all doing this day last year?"

"Of course I can, because it is Connor's birthday," said Ellen; "but I wonder you remember the day. I think you did not spend it with us."

"No, but I can tell you exactly what I was doing. You had invited me to sail with you in the afternoon and come back to dine. It was the first invitation to dine out I had ever had in my life, and oh, how proud I was of it. I dressed to go; and just as I was leaving the house one of Aunt Joseph's grand friends (the people she called grand, I mean) came in a carriage to ask her to drive, and my aunt ordered me to take my bonnet off and stay at home, because, as she would be away, I was wanted to look after the children. I spent the whole afternoon in picturing what you were all doing, and made myself miserable. At night I put a little cross in my almanac to mark the day, and as I wrote it I wondered whether I should be more or less unhappy when the same date came round again—whether anything particular would have happened to me. Did you ever do such a thing?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. I used to be happy to want to look forward."

"Well, it was seeing that little cross in my pocket-book determined me to make an expedition with you to-day. I thought it would be a charming answer to my last year's question. Nobody will order me to take off my bonnet and shut me up in the house this year. Dear Ellen, have I vexed you by talking of last year? I wish I had been more considerate."

Ellen passed her fingers lightly over her eyes, and then looked up smiling.

"No, I am not vexed; for a moment I thought how glad I should be if some one who used to give me orders could come through that door, or up those steps, as he has so often done when I have been standing here, and tell me to do—oh, anything for him! But, Babette, I am determined I will not spoil our walk by low spirit. I know you did not plan it just for the sake of making amends to yourself for last year's disappointment; you are as clever as other members of your family in making yourself out selfish when you are really kind. You wanted to secure mamma an easy day by keeping Pelham with us, and perhaps you thought too of gratifying me by honoring Connor's birthday. I have kept it ever since I can remember, by some pleasure expedition; and I may tell the poor boy, mayn't I, that he was not altogether forgotten this year at Castle Daly?"

"I don't know how it would be to tell him," said Lesbia, demurely. "Here, at last, come John and your brother. Now we may set out."

Ellen's resolution to enjoy the walk was put to a severe trial before they had taken many steps up the steep road. Mr. Thornley, who was walking by her side, turned to her, and remarked in a tone that was meant to be indifferent, but was really full of anxiety—

"You hear from your brother Connor frequently, I suppose?"

"I had a long letter a week ago," Ellen answered, as steadily as she could, while an uneasy vision of Connor detected in some imprudence in their own neighborhood filled her thoughts

"He writes from Dublin, of course?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why don't you turn my questions back on myself, by asking why I ask?"

"Because I feel sure if you want to tell me anything you will; and if you don't there's no use in my asking."

"What an opinion of my obstinacy you must have—quite erroneous, let me tell you. I hesitate to speak because I am afraid of alarming you needlessly, though I think I ought to give you a warning."

"Then please say anything you know of Connor at once."

"It is not important, though worth mentioning, perhaps. Some men were taken up by the police last night for being found out on the hills at a later hour than is allowed by the new Vagrancy Act, which is very strictly enforced in this district just now, and in the course of their examination this morning a good deal was brought out concerning two emissaries from the Dublin clubs, who have been holding secret meetings down here, and collecting the people on the hill sides for drill at night. One of the men, who was either very stupid, or who wanted to bolstribed to tell more, let drop your brother Connor's name. The other prisoners united in swearing that the two gentlemen they had gone out to meet were perfect strangers, who had never been seen by any one in these parts before; and there was an attempt at explanation or mystification by some of them volunteering the remark that one of the strange gentlemen was so like your father that maybe it was a spirit, and no gentleman at all, that had harangued them on the hill side. The police magistrate seemed satisfied, and so in fact was I; only when you are writing to your brother you may as well let him know how thorough the vigilance is in our neighborhood, and that his friends would be wise to withdraw while they can in safety, and carry on their play at preparations for rebellion elsewhere."

"Mr. Thornley, you should not have said that word 'play.'"

"Why not?"

"Don't you think that when people are miserable, and angered, and desperate, and told their death struggles are play, it is enough to goad them into terrible earnest? It is just those contemptuous sayings that do so much harm and sow more bitterness than actual wrong."

"I did not mean it for contempt. I am paying a tribute to Young Ireland's common sense when I call the threats her representatives are flinging about mere play. I cannot suppose them to be so mad and blind as to be in earnest. To dream of plunging the country into rebellion at such a crisis as this would be greater folly than one can conceive."

"We don't worship common sense as you do; and for my part I don't believe anything great was ever done except when that idol of yours was tossed away. It is always in crises of trouble, out of great depths, that deliverance comes."

"Yes; but what you are looking for would not be deliverance, it would be destruction."

"You don't know anything about it."

"I shall begin to think you are the 'Eva' or the 'Speranza' who write pathetic treason in the *Nation*."

"Don't sneer at them, please. I have read verses of theirs that I should indeed be proud to have written."

"For your brother Connor's sake, I am very sorry to hear you say this. I shall hardly blame him for any lengths he may go to now. It is enough to make any one a rebel to hear you talk. You should be careful."

"Can one be careful when one's heart is breaking? The very blackness of the night forces me to believe that there must be a dawn coming."

"And so there is; though perhaps you won't recognize it as such when it comes. There will come some good out of the present misery, you may be sure. It is good for the country that the surplus population is driven away, even by stress of famine, to seek more prosperous homes elsewhere, leaving the land to be made the best of."

"Desolated that is,—turned into wide, silent, sheep walks and great pasture fields, with only dumb cattle in them from sea to sea. Everywhere roofless villages and deserted homes, and only here and there a few companionless people who have lost all instinct of nationality, guarding riches that are not their own. *That* would be your *good*; but that is just the fate we Young Irelanders are resolved to make one stand against before it is quite too late—one struggle to keep Ireland and her people together."

"You might just as well put up your hands and try to stop the sun in the sky. A country can't exist by itself in these days; it must consent to become what the rest of the world wants it to be."

"I will never agree to that. I think a country is for the people who love it best to live and be happy in, in their own way."

"Then would you leave America to red Indians for hunting grounds and wigwams?"

"I shall not answer such an insulting question. We did not come out to quarrel, did we, Mr. Thornley? I thought it was to be for rest. We have climbed the hill while we have been arguing, and left Pelham and Lesbia far behind. Let us wait for them here at the top, for this is the view I want Lesbia to admire. Do you see my little lake—my water-lily preserve—down there, looking like a patch of blue sky that has dropped down and been caught and held fast by the hills? I am glad Lac-na-Weel wears his crown to-day; he looks so much grander covered. He might be any height up in the mist."

"Like Young Ireland's dreams, seen through the mist of eloquence you are wrapping them in. I don't so much wonder at people growing dreamy who live here, for there is glamour over everything. The very beauty of the land-scape is made of cloud effects, mist wreaths, and sunbeams. Through any other atmosphere it would be dreary enough, you must allow."

"If you will allow that, it is some credit to a country to know how to get loveliness, like this we are looking at, out of bare rocks and bog lands, and such hopes as we have out of despair."

"Yes if you could always be content with shadow instead of substance, and did not dash yourselves to pieces chasing one in mistake for the other."

"I think I like shadows best," said Ellen; "such shadows as those on the hills. I pity the people who have to leave them to live on some ugly, flat plain in America or Australia, let it be ever so substantial and fruitful."

There was a low stone wall skirting the pathway. Ellen seated herself on it as she spoke, and began to pluck the small ferns and stone crop that grew among the stones, letting them fall absently from her fingers as fast as she gathered them. She was feeling much alarm on Connor's account, and had made a brave effort to talk unconcernedly to conceal from her companion the shock his information had given her. And now she was glad to relax the strain and take a silent moment to argue away her tears. How glad she would be to know that Connor was safe in Dublin. She almost smiled at her own inconsistency as she confessed to herself that it was only the distant view of conspiracy and rebellion she could look at with toleration; when it came so near as to bring one's own friends into danger, then it wore quite another aspect. Mr. Thornley stood by her side, watching the changes in her face, which he thought revealed the coming and going of happy or sad thoughts through her mind as clearly as the mountain sides showed the passage of clouds across the sun, and owed, like them, its haunting beauty to the alternate lights and shadows. The leaves she let fall from her fingers brought back to his memory a passage from a tale of Madame Reybaud's, which he had overheard Lesbia reading aloud to Bride a few days before. It described a last interview between two lovers, where the girl, seated on the turf by her lover's side and telling him news that must separate them for ever, mechanically plucked and threw away as she spoke the blades of grass near her; and her lover, unseen by her, gathered them up as they fell from her fingers, to keep them for ever. He remembered how absurd and sentimental he had thought the picture, as he listened. How incredible it would have seemed to him, then, that he himself could ever be so infatuated as to value dead leaves because a particular hand had plucked them—a hand whose owner was certainly not occupied with any thought of him in her absence of mind. He had not come to that point yet. He was not coveting Ellen's fern leaves, he assured himself. Just then a little puff of wind blew one of the tiny fronds almost into his hand. He closed his fingers over it quickly, and slipped it hastily inside the cover of his pocket-book; for just then Ellen woke from her reverie and turned round to speak to him.

"Do you see that winding road skirting the foot of the hill, and the lame man plodding along it? He is singing as he goes, and as he passed below us a minute ago I caught a word or two of his song. Would you like to know what it is about?"

"Yes—he has a fine voice; I caught the sound before he was in sight, but I thought it was Irish he was singing."

"So it is; but I can give you an English version of the words. It is a long poem, much sung about here. The words he is at just now are—

"'Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot night and noon—
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournfull moon!
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen,
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen.

"'I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills;
Oh I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills.
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen;
To hear your sweet and sad complaints
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen.

"'Oh, the Earn shall run red
With redundance of blood;
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen.
The judgment hour must first be nigh
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen.'"

"A strangely fierce love-song! What does it mean?"

"It is the 'Roisin Dhu,' the black little Rose; and the black little Rose is Ireland, of course. The man singing it down there is Murdock Malachy, Anne O'Flaherty's servant; so you won't suspect him of being a sworn rebel. Cousin Anne has great influence, and does not allow her people to belong to secret societies, but she can't keep them from singing. You see, the Young Irelanders are not far wrong in thinking that the old love of country is strong still, and might any day burst into a blaze."

"So much the more careful should they be not to put a light to explosive forces that have power certainly to blow them and all who trust them to destruction, but can do nothing else."

"If you knew how I hate to hear you make such cold-blooded prophecies!"

"Perhaps I should not have courage to make them; the pain of vexing you for a moment might make me hold my tongue. But it would be selfish policy; you would have no reason to thank me for it by and by."

Ellen had an answer ready, but looking into Mr. Thornley's face she saw something there that made her pause and turn quickly away. "Lesbia is getting into difficulties on that last steep bit of the path," she said, "and Pelham is too ceremonious to be of much use. I will run down and help her."

Ellen's cheeks were still flushed, and her heart beating quickly, when she succeeded in landing Lesbia in safety on the summit of the hill; but she had not asked herself the cause of the sudden tumult into which her thoughts had been thrown by Mr. Thornley's words. She would not try to find out whether the feeling called up was pleasure or dismay, or only the unconscious sympathy which the sight of a grave face stirred by unexpectedly deep feeling could not fail to evoke. There were other questions that had to be answered first, and she fancied just at the moment that she could put this one so far away that it might never come to the surface to trouble her again.

In the difficult descent of the hill, the whole party kept together, Ellen pausing now and then to point out to Lesbia the chief landmarks of the scene spread out before them. The winding road that led to Good People's Hollow, the steep ravine at the foot of Lac-na-Weel, the principal peaks of the Green Joyce Hills and of the Grey Maam Turks, whence, in old times, the rival O'Flaherty and Joyce tribes swooped down to fight in the valleys.

"Like eagles on a carcase," Mr. Thornley put in, "tearing each other to pieces for the poor spoil of the bog-lands."

"No, for the fun of the scrimmage," said Ellen defiantly. "Poor, mean-spirited creatures they'd have been for ancestors if they did not like fighting better than digging."

"And you think you don't want England to govern you?"

But Lesbia was soon too much occupied with the perils of the path to care to look about or leave any of her helpers time for conversation, and when they reached the foot of the mountain she declared herself so shaken with her various falls, and so overcome with fatigue, as to be quite unable to continue the walk. The little lake that seen from the heights had appeared to be close under the hills, proved now to be at least a mile away, and Lesbia began to be plaintive over the impossibility of ever reaching it, or of climbing up the "horrible precipice" she had stumbled down, so as to return home again.

Ellen proposed that they should take the low road leading to the river, as Lesbia's heart failed her for further climbing, and suggested to Pelham that he had better walk on before as quickly as he could, to the boat-house at the head of the lake, and bring a boat up the river to meet them, and save them several miles of this longer route. Lesbia, seeing a regretful look on Pelham's face, was beginning to protest against breaking up the party, when Ellen surprised her by seizing her hand and giving it a hasty, mysterious squeeze.

"Yes, yes; you are very tired. Indeed, Pelham, you must go. We will rest here for half an hour, and then walk slowly on, to give you time to get to the head of the lake and back to the river landing-place before we reach it. But you had better set out at once."

When Pelham had left them, Ellen turned eagerly to Mr. Thornley.

"And now you will walk on to the lake, and get us some water-lilies, while we rest. It would be so very ignominious to go back empty-handed after coming so far. I could not bear to do such a thing."

"Just for once you might. I don't like to leave you and Lesbia alone in this solitary place."

"We are very comfortable. What could happen here to hurt us?"

"Some one might come and beg. Is not that the hood of a black cloak, showing above the stone wall, up there?"

"I see nothing but a red heifer's back."

"The cloak had disappeared this minute, but it was there."

"There may be a girl watching her heifer, but what then? Even Lesbia is inured to beggars by this time. And go back to Cousin Anne without the water-lilies, I will not. So, if you decline the walk, Mr. Thornley, I shall have to go myself."

"Suppose I don't find any lilies?"

"You must bring some leaves to show that you have really been there, or we won't speak to you."

"If I go, I shall make all the haste I can to get back again."

"There is no need. Pelham will be quite an hour walking to the lake, and we may as well wait here as at the landing place, and we had much rather be alone. Do go, Mr. Thornley."

"He has gone off in a huff," said Lesbia, as her brother walked away. "What did make you so determined, Ellen? You have frightened me, for I know you have a reason for wanting to be alone; you look so eager. What are you listening for now? I hear something—a voice singing down there. Oh I must call John to come back; I am frightened."

"No, dear Lesbia, don't. There's nothing to fear. I did want to get rid of your brother, I confess: Some one is waiting for me down there with whom I must speak a word or two alone. You may well look surprised. I will explain afterwards fully, and only say now that it's news of Connor I expect, and Anne O'Flaherty's servant, lame Murdock, who will bring it me."

"But I don't see him—there's no one near."

"Yes, listen. The voice singing seems to come from under the ground, but the place we are sitting on is really the roof of a cave that runs far into the hill. The opening is in the hollow, to the left of us, under the rock ledge. It was once used as a still, and a rough shed was built out from the mouth of the cave, but you can't see it, because it is hidden by those tall piles of turf. I can scramble down to it in five minutes, and shall soon be back again."

"But do you mean me to stay hear by myself?"

"Dear Babette, I would not ask it of you if it were not Connor's birthday. See, you will have me full in view till I reach the bottom of the hollow, then I shall disappear behind the turf-cutting for a few minutes; but if you put your mouth down to this crack in the ground and call very loud, I should hear you in the cave."

"And you will promise to tell me everything you see and hear when you come back?"

"If I can; and I'll be obliged to you all my life."

Lesbia had a spice of love of adventure and of mystery in her composition that over-ruled her timidity and induced her to consent. She felt like the heroine of one of her old foolish Whitecliffe dreams, when, after watching Ellen's disappearance under the hollow of the hill, she looked round on the solitary scene with a little thrill that had just enough fear to make it exciting. Pelham had passed quite out of sight, and John's figure had dwindled to a black spot in the green valley at her feet. Round her on all sides, were solitary hill slopes, overlooked by dark solemn mountain peaks. A large-winged bird was hovering high in the air over her head, whirling in great curves, and poising as if it were about to swoop down upon her. An eagle? Yes, it must be one of the eagles Ellen had told her of that had their eyry on Lac na-Weel, and swooped down for prey on the little islands in the lonely lakes. The thought made Lesbia's pulses beat wildly till a few rapid strokes of the wide wings took the black hovering body up, up, till it looked hardly bigger than a lark in the blue sky. Then she settled herself with her elbows on her knees and her chin between her hands, to wait and think, and forbid herself to grow frightened at her loneliness. She had a pleasant sense of self-importance to counteract the solemnity of the scene, which might otherwise have been oppressive, for had not one admirer just left her with a sufficient show of reluctance, and did not this adventure promise tidings of that other lover, who, at all events, professed devotion enough to satisfy anybody? Had she ever, in the old stocking-darning days at Whitecliffe—before she had ever seen anybody in particular, when the day-dreams were woven in and out to suit the fancies of the moment—invented any beginning of a story for herself more gratifying to self-love than this? Was she not now actually acting out her own longings? Babette heaved a great sigh as the question rose in her mind—a sigh that was a testimony to the pleasantness of the old dreams, and to the much paler colors in which reality was painted. Ah, yes; but though it had come, it was not what she thought it would be. She had not imagined it all round. The dream-people who loved her gratified her vanity, and that was all. They never puzzled her, or made her anxious, or by anything they said awoke in her heart that troublesome yearning sympathy so much nearer pain than joy, that she was ready to wish it away even while she watched for the words and the looks that brought it. In her dreams it would have been to the eager, outspoken, gay tempered lover she would have given her preference. She should never have imagined it of herself that her thoughts would turn back and back, not to the pleasant flattery of which she could always have as much as she pleased, but to a few puzzling, hesitating, grudgingly spoken words, brimful of feeling, which seemed always to call on her for a deeper response than she was ready to make. In real life she found it was not to be all taking; there was a troublesome call for giving which threatened to draw her out of her old self centered existence into a region of thought and emotion she had not meant to come near for a long time yet. Dreaming was much easier. Why could she not choose the flattering homage that put her back into shadow land, and did not offer or exact any troublesome amount of feeling on either side? Lesbia grew so absorbed in her self-debate, which did not really come in set phrases, but in vague suggestions, hard to catch and fix into any shape of words, that she did not perceive how long the time of Ellen's absence was. Neither did she notice that for some minutes past the red heifer's back had ceased to be the only conspicuous object behind the stone wall, being overtopped by a tall, awkward-looking figure, draped about the head with a black cloak, which, after regaring her deliberately for some time from behind that fortress, began gradually to draw into closer and closer neighborhood to herself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Oh to have lived like an Irish chief, when hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through:
And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do."—C. G. DUFFY.

The low singing which had attracted Ellen's attention had ceased by the time she had accomplished her descent into the hollow behind the hill, and come in view of the turf sued, whose green roof was so exactly like the ground above as to make its neighborhood unsuspected till seen from below. She had spoken the truth to Lesbia when she said she expected to find Murdock Malachy in the cave, for from the top of the hill she had observed that he did not follow the road to the hollow, and she had little doubt that this secret rendezvous in the hills was his real destination. But it was a more exciting hope than that of getting information of Connor's movements from him that induced her to get rid of her companions and venture on a visit to the mountain cave. She was on the look out for signals, and in the muffled sounds that seemed to come from the depth of the earth, she had caught a note or a song that used to be a watchword between herself and Connor when they played at brigands and rebels in their childish days. All was still, however, when she reached the door of the dilapidated cabin that covered the opening into cave, and she paused a moment, half afraid to enter. There were marks of men's footsteps—shoed feet—on the wet ground round the door, and a thin cloud of peat smoke was oozing through its crevices. There might be more than one or two people within—dare she knock?

Again the song broke out in a sweet rich voice and accent too refined for Murdock Malachy's.

Yes, it was Connor's signal. She knocked gently; there was a short delay as if some barricades were being removed; the door was opened a little way, and she heard Murdock's voice exclaiming joyfully, "It's Miss Eileen herself, sir," and then she stepped across the threshold, and Murdock shut the door quickly behind her. She found herself in a low shed, having at its end a dark chamber that ran for some distance under the hill. Light poured in dusky streaks from the crevices in the roof, and between the loose stones of which the walls were built, struggling with the smoke of the peat fire that burned dimly in the lower chamber and filled the place with a bewildering blue haze. In the centre was a table composed of two empty casks turned on end. A candle stuck in a hole of one cast a flickering light upon some papers with which the person who rose at the sound of Murdock's voice had been occupied. For a moment Ellen only saw a tall grey-coated figure and a head covered with a mass of sunny hair, that looked exactly like what she had expected to see; and she came forward holding out both hands.

"Connor, you naughty boy, why do you run such risks?"

And then, as the haze cleared and the figure approaching her passed under a streak of sunshine, she paused. It was not Connor.

"A great deal more like my father than either of his sons," the sentence of Connor's letter that had moved her so much when first read, flashed back into her mind, but not to win entire acquiescence. She saw the strong likeness, but this face on which the dusty sunshine fell had a look of fire and endurance about it—a mingling of sadness and eagerness; a possibility of strong, stern passion expressed in its marked lines, that gave it an altogether different character from the playful, satirical, indolent face of Dermot Daly. The two who had come so suddenly into each other's presence stood still in silence for a few seconds, not embarrassed, but each curiously and intently scanning the other—he, with eyes penetrating and kindly, that seemed to be taking her measure; and she, glancing up, half attracted and half awed, as she realized that this was the leader to whom Connor at least, and how many others, had given themselves up, the possible hero and deliverer in whom Connor devoutly believed.

"It's Miss Eileen herself, sir," Murdock put in, thinking from the silence that some further ceremony of introduction was due.

"My cousin, Ellen Daly, of whom, as 'Miss Eileen herself,' I have heard every day since I came here." the stranger said, putting out his hand, and Ellen gave hers, not wondering any longer, now she had seen the smile that altered the whole face as her name was spoken, either at Connor's description or at his infatuation. She had heard and read of heroes and leaders to follow the light of whose smile thousands were ready to face danger and death. Was this one of them? And what, in these terrible times, was he here to do?

"But where is Connor? I came here expecting to meet my brother," she said.

"Did you not meet him out on the hill? Murdock reported your neighborhood just now, and nothing would serve your brother but he must borrow a cloak of the old woman who is cooking our dinner in the cave there, and go up on the hill for the chance of getting a word with you in private. There is a secret way through the cave where the old still used to be, to a trap-door that opens behind a stone wall on the hill. He instructed me to sing a certain song at the end of ten minutes to warn him not to stay too long."

"Ah, the cunning of him!" Ellen could not help exclaiming. "How cleverly he has contrived to have his own way in spite of my warnings and entreaties. It was not me at all, it was my friend Miss Maynard he wanted to see. He knew I should follow that song, and so he should secure a word with her alone. I am afraid you have a fellow worker very difficult to keep in order, who is willing to imperil the gravest matters for any whim that crosses his mind."

"We know that sort well enough, but he is hearty, and troubled with neither doubts nor fears."

"Ah, that's because he does not think enough to have doubts."

"He does not think at all, that brother of yours; the better and happier he. The work we are engaged in needs either people who can think a long way on, far out of ordinary sight, or who do not think at all; and the non-thinkers are the best off, and can go most heartily into it. You see, I am speaking openly to you, taking you for one of the generous sisterhood who have thrown their lot with ours, and who make our hopes possible by believing them."

"I am not sure that I deserve such confidence," Ellen said, hesitatingly, while tears welled up into her eyes. "I am not one of the women who inspire such enterprises as yours. I can be miserable for Ireland, but that is all. It is not thinking at all with me, it is just feeling, and one cannot feel a long way on, so as to forget the present, and not count the cost. I am not brave enough to be one of the inspirers."

"Yes you are. I read one of your letters to your brother, and nothing ever moved me so deeply. If to know that the women of one's country are miserable for her degradation is not enough to make the men fight—if the tears of such as you are not enough, then there is nothing left to fight for. We shall never be a nation again; we are too dead for hope. But it is not so, we mean you to triumph for Ireland just as deeply as you have grieved."

He took her hand again as he spoke, and stooping down kissed the tips of her fingers. She was startled but not embarrassed; it was too clearly a homage to her feeling, and not to herself, rendered by one possessed by a single thought and quivering with every touch of emotion that answered to it, for there to be room for personal consciousness to come in.

She was anxious to end the interview, however, for Connor's rashness frightened her, and she dreaded Mr. Thornley's finding him with Lesbia.

"I wish Connor would come," she said; "I want to speak a word with him, though it will only to warn him against imprudence. Did you not say there was a shorter way of getting out on the hill-side than by climbing round the edge of the hollow?"

"Yes, if you can scramble up an old chimney. But here is your brother coming feet foremost among the peat sods. That is one of our ways of exit and entrance here. You see we don't scruple to let you into the secrets of the place."

(To be continued.)

FUNERALS, MARRIAGES, ETC.—Attention is called to the card of Coroner J. G. Roche, which we publish in our advertising columns. He will take charge of funerals and the embalming of bodies. Having been raised in the business and having studied it thoroughly, the Coroner never fails to give perfect satisfaction. He has carriages equal in all respects to any in the land, and employs none but experienced and polite drivers. His charges are invariably *low*. Call on him at 250 and 252 Magazine street.

For particulars regarding Electric Belts, address "Pulvermacher Galvanic Company," Cincinnati, Ohio.

WESTERN PRODUCE, LIQUORS, ETC.

JOHN T. GIBBONS & CO.,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN, CORNMEAL AND HAY,
57, 59, 61, 63...New Levee Street...57, 59, 61, 6
au12 77 1y Corner Poydras, New Orleans.

JOHN McCAFFREY,
DEALER IN
HAY, GRAIN, CORNMEAL, FLOUR,
ALL KINDS OF
Western Produce Constantly on Hand.
28 and 30.....Poydras Street.....28 and 30
Corner of Fulton,
au12 77 1y NEW ORLEANS.

GROCERS--COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

PETER ELIZARDI,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
TEAS, WINES AND LIQUORS,
Corner Burgundy and Mandeville Streets,
NEW ORLEANS.
Country orders promptly filled, and all goods delivered free of charge.
de30 77 1y

E. CONERY. E. CONERY, JR
E. CONERY & SON,
(Established in 1846.)
WHOLESALE GROCERS
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
Dealers in Western Produce,
CORNER OF CANAL AND DELTA STREETS
de23 77 1y NEW ORLEANS.

THOMAS MANGAN,
DEALER IN
CHOICE GROCERIES,
AND IN ALL KINDS OF COAL AND FIRE WOOD
No. 446 St. Charles St., corner of Polymnia,
NEW ORLEANS.
Wood and Coal Yard, No. 478 St. Charles street.
All orders promptly attended to, and goods delivered free of charge.
se1 6 77 1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

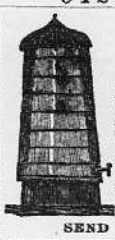
REMOVAL.
ALBERT G. BLANCHARD,
Civil Engineer and Deputy Surveyor,
Has removed his office and residence to
NO. 939 MAGAZINE STREET,
corner of Delachaise street, one square above Louisiana Avenue.
His down-town office is in the Mechanics' Exchange, under the St. Charles Hotel—address Box 81.
Lines and levels given in any part of the city. Plans and estimates to order. jy7 1m

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE, MR. T. A. MADDEN has an interest in my business; style of firm—
H. T. LAWLER & CO.
July 1, 1878. H. T. LAWLER.
jy7 1m

J. H. KELLER,
MANUFACTURER OF

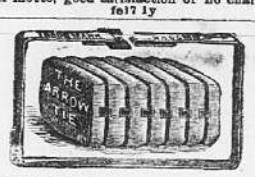
ALL KINDS OF LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAP
AND
KELLER'S FAMOUS CARBOLIC SOAP
je30 1y For Cleansing and Disinfecting Purposes.

P. A. MURRAY,
CISTERN MAKER,



No. 191 Magazine Street.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
A lot of Cypress CISTERNS, from 1000 to 20,000 gallons capacity, made of the best material and workmanship, kept constantly on hand, and for sale at PRICES CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.
Highest Premiums awarded at the two last Louisiana State Fairs, and at the Southern States Agricultural and Industrial Exposition of 1876.
All kinds of Cisterns made and repaired.
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS ap7 78 1y

P. CALLERY. T. CAREY. C. PEPER.
CALLERY & CO.,
PELICAN ODORLESS APPARATUS
For Emptying Vaults.
WORK DONE CLEAN AND NEAT—CHARGES REASONABLE.
Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cementing Vaults. Orders left at any of the following places will receive prompt attention:
28.....Commercial Place.....28
Between Camp and St. Charles streets,
226.....Josephine Street.....296
Between Constance and Magazine,
87 FRENCHMEN STREET, Third District,
Box 57 Mechanics' Exchange, under St. Charles Hotel.
Price Lists can be seen at any of the above places.
Our motto, good satisfaction or no charge.
fe17 1y



OFFICE OF THE
AMERICAN COTTON TIE CO.,
LIMITED.
60.....Carondelet Street.....60
NEW ORLEANS.
IMPORTANT SPECIAL NOTICE.
The AMERICAN COTTON TIE COMPANY (LIMITED) having fixed the price of the celebrated
ARROW COTTON TIE
at $2 50 per bundle, less 2½ per cent discount for cash, the General Agents hereby authorize their Sub-Agents in this city (dealers in Baling Stuffs) to sell to and contract with Factors and Country Merchants for future delivery on the above-named price and terms, in quantities, from time to time, as may be required, settlements being made on delivery.
The Company having a large stock now on hand, and having contracted for an abundant supply to meet the entire demand for Cotton Ties throughout the Cotton States, the celebrated ARROW TIE will be placed upon the market generally, and sold by their numerous Agents at the price and terms above stated, it being the object and purpose of the Company to merit the continued patronage of the planting community.
R. W. RAYNE & CO.,
an19 77 1y GENERAL AGENTS.

PARAGON
ODORLESS
EXCAVATING APPARATUS.
SCHINDLER & CO., Proprietors,
60.....Exchange Alley.....60
Work done thoroughly and at reasonable rates. Only first-class Apparatus used. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. no11 77 1y

JOHN G. ROCHE,
250 and 252.....Magazine Street.....250 and 252
Near Delord.
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.
All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention at moderate rates.
CARRIAGES TO HIRE. se30 78 1y

ANDREW LEO,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
OFFICE AND SHOP,
459 Magazine Street, near Race.
All orders left there or at Box 94 Mechanics' and Dealers' Exchange, Gravier and St. Charles streets, will be, as usual, promptly attended to. no4tf

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment, address E. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Sent to Agents. Address, A. COWAN & CO., Chicago. oc21 77 1y

GRAND OPENING
OF THE
Largest Stock
EVER EXHIBITED IN NEW ORLEANS
OF
MEN'S, YOUTHS AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
AT
Nos. 81 and 83 Canal st.
From this day, I will close out my Entire Stock of Ready-Made CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS and HATS at
LOWEST PRICES EVER SOLD
IN NEW ORLEANS.
LEON GODCHAUX.
de23 6m