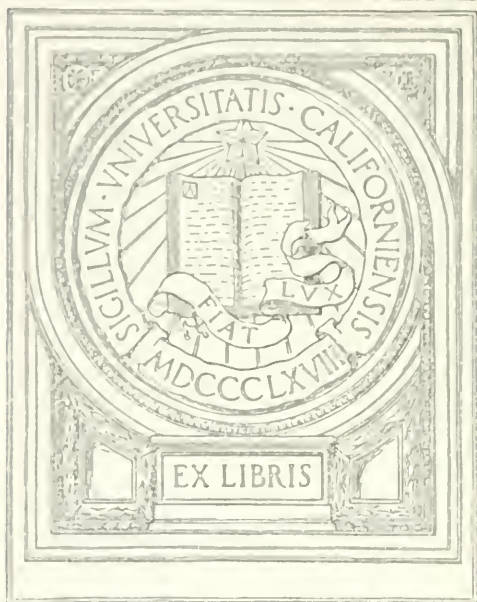




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Etched by W. H. W. Bicknell from Drawings by Samuel Lower

He Would be a Gentleman

or,

Treasure Trove.

CHAPTER XXIII

A TAP AT MRS. BANKS'S DOOR

NOT many days after Finch's arrival in London, rumour, with her thousand tongues, began to whisper alarm to the timid, and hope to the disaffected. Rambling reports reached the capital of a descent upon Scotland, and at last it was beyond doubt that Charles Edward was landed. It was true, the adventurous prince had dared to do this with seven devoted men, trusting to the well-known attachment of the Highlanders to his cause for further support; but the horror-mongers of London had strengthened him with a French army of ten thousand men, and the old women were in hourly dread of the capital being sacked by the wild Highlanders. The town was in a ferment. The proclamation, warning the Papists not to come within ten miles of London, was posted up afresh in all the public places — the guards were doubled — the corporations met and voted addresses, assuring the king of the attachment and unshaken loyalty of his good city of London, though these addresses were not passed without opposition, some being found stout enough to dispute that England had no right to prefer the existing government to any other, unless they would promise a redress of grievances, curtailment of expenses, and consequent reduction of taxes rendered necessary by the king's passion for foreign wars, and desire to aggrandise his Hanoverian subjects at England's expense — "Where is he now, for instance?"

exclaimed Alderman Heathcote, in the common council. "He is at Hanover, this moment, which he seems to think more of than his goodly kingdom of England, invaded during his absence. Why is he not on the spot to guard his throne and people?"

"As for his people," exclaimed a second, "he does not concern himself much about them — however danger to his throne may alarm him."

"Let him look to it, or he may lose it," said Alderman Heathcote.

"Order! order!" was loudly exclaimed by the loyalists.

"Take down his words!" cried a hanger on of the court party.

"Do!" cried the alderman — "Few words uttered here are worth taking down; they make a pleasant variety. I am an Englishman, and love my liberties; and I do not see any difference in being under the evil dominion of a Guelph or a Stuart. We are taxed for the benefit of foreigners — the interests of England are sacrificed to the interests of Hanover. Are the many to be sacrificed for the few? The navy is going to ruin, though the only force we can depend on. Where is our army? Abroad, to fight the battles of strangers; our petted army is reduced, year after year, in numbers, in wasteful, useless, and costly campaigns. Dettingen and Fontenoi are wet with English blood; the one a worthless victory, the other a disastrous defeat. On whom are we to depend for the safety of our own shores? On Dutch and Hanoverians? In the good old days of England's glory, Englishmen had hands to defend their own heads, and needed not the aid of foreigners. Who decided the battle against us at Fontenoi? The Irish Brigade. Why should we deprive ourselves of the natural aid of such brave brotherhood?"

"They are Papists, and not to be trusted," said Finch's friend, the liberal Mr. Spiggles.

“But the government refuses to trust even the Irish Protestants,” returned the alderman.

“No, no!” cried the court party.

“I repeat it,” cried Heathcote. “The Earl of Kildare offered to raise a regiment, *at his own expense*, to support the government, and was told the king did not need his services;¹ while English lords who offer and are allowed to raise regiments, demand also that they shall be put on the government establishment, like the rest of the army—there’s a contrast for you! Our government refuses the loyal Irish earl’s disinterested offer, while it accepts the bargain-and-sale loyalty of your English Whig lords. Not one of them has offered to raise a regiment *gratis*.”

“The Archbishop of York,” replied one of the court party, “has organised a body of armed men without asking government money.”

“Yes,” said Heathcote, “and put himself at their head.”

Loud cries of “Bravo!” and “Hear, hear!” resounded in the hall.

“Yes,” said Heathcote, “you cry, Bravo! when your own prelate puts himself at the head of a warlike movement; but how often have I heard my Protestant brethren blame a Romish prelate for the same act! Why do you praise the act in one churchman that you blame in another? Because you rave under the influence of a Popish fever.”

Thus spoke the independent alderman, and many were of his opinion, though the pressing emergency of the times prevented their outspeaking; and the clamour of the court party carried the address with very big words. But it is easy to be courageous and talk boldly on the side of “the powers that be.”

With all this show, however, of the court party, they were, in truth, uneasy at the signs of the times—there

¹ Pict. Hist. Eng.

was an apparent apathy in those who did not oppose them, as if they did not much care which side won. It was said at the time by one whose words were worthy of noting, "We wait to know to which of the lion's paws we are to fall." Another, a member of the administration, writes, "We are for the first comer;" and asserts that five thousand regular troops would then have decided the affair without a battle, so unprepared was the government, and so disaffected the people. These apprehensions, therefore, produced extraordinary measures. The rich merchants subscribed a sum of 250,000*l.* for the support of additional troops; and the more rich, who always dread political changes, were, in self-defence, obliged to enter into a further subscription for the support of the Bank of England, for public credit was shaken, and a run on the bank had already begun. Great vigilance was exercised for the security of the city; guards were everywhere doubled; the Tower was watched with a caution almost ridiculous; the city called out the train-bands, and watch and ward was kept night and day; the city gates were shut at ten o'clock at night, and not reopened again until six in the morning. The proprietors of public places of entertainment, such as jelly-houses,¹ taverns, and the like, were ordered to beware what persons they harboured, and were restricted in their hours; and all suspicious-looking persons were taken up in the street, without anything more than their looks against them. It was at this period of distrust and excitement, that, one night, some time after Mrs. Banks had closed her house, a cautious tap was heard at the door, which at such a time she dreaded to open, for spies were about, endeavouring to entrap the unwary into opening their doors by some specious story, and then giving them up for a fine to the authorities, which fine was pocketed by the informer. Mrs. Banks would not open the door, yet still the knock was repeated;

¹ Favourite places of resort at the time.

and if caution and solicitation were ever expressed in such a mode, the present tapping at the door was a case in point. To Phaidrig's fine ear it pleaded so powerfully, that he begged to be allowed to go to the door and endeavour to find out who sought admittance.

"Don't be afeerd — I'll make no mistake," said the piper; "none but a friend shall get in."

He went to the door and addressed a word to the person outside, who answered. — The first word of response was enough for Phaidrig — the bolt was drawn, the door hastily opened, a person admitted, and the door as quickly shut. Finch, who was in a back parlour with Mrs. Banks, heard the voice of Phaidrig in great delight in the dark hall, through which he led the belated guest to the apartment, and both landlady and Finch were startled with astonishment when, in the person of the new comer, they beheld Ned. With what wondering and hearty welcome did they receive the man who was supposed to be a prisoner in France, who absolutely reeled under the sudden rush of questions which assailed him, as to the manner of his escape. When "one at a time" was content to be answered, he replied that the story was too long and intricate to be entered into at that moment, and that he would reserve for Finch's ear on the morrow the entire account of his adventures in France. For the present, they must be content to know that, obtaining his liberty, he trusted to a fishing-boat for the means of crossing the channel; that, under cover of night, he had landed unobserved, and had made his way up to London without difficulty, and did not know, until reaching the city, the risks a stranger ran after nightfall of becoming the prey of the watch, and that he had had a narrow escape of being picked up by these worthies, into whose hands he must have fallen, but for the timely opening of the door. Mrs. Banks, like a "sensible woman," saw, after some time, she was one too many, so, leaving plenty of creature-comforts for

their benefit, she took her leave, and left the three men to discuss among themselves that which her natural quickness told her they did not choose her to be a party to. As soon as she retired, Ned confided to his companions the part he had undertaken as regarded the Pretender, and declared his intention of proceeding immediately to Scotland. Phaidrig recommended him to communicate with certain influential persons in London he could mention, before he started, as he would be all the welcomer at head quarters for being the bearer of confidential intelligence. Finch coincided in this opinion, and Ned agreed to wait for an interview with the Lords Barrymore and Bolingbroke, which Phaidrig promised him the day following. They continued to discuss the exciting topics of that momentous time with an energy and interest sharpened by the sense of personal danger which attended those who had determined to engage in the struggle, and they did not separate until the pale dawn, breaking through the chinks of the window-shutters, told them how heedless they had been of the passing hours.

At all times the light of returning day seems to look reproachfully on those who have passed in watching, the hours which Nature intended for rest; and the pure dawn shames the dull glare of the far-spent candle which burns near the socket, itself worn out by over-taxed employment; but when such hours have been spent in secret and dangerous conclave, the vigil keeper starts at the dawn with something like a sense of detection, and hurries to the bed which the fever of excitement robs of its accustomed repose.

Thus felt Finch and Edward, who each took a candle and withdrew to their chambers; while Phaidrig, unconcerned, found his way to his pallet, unchided by the light he had never enjoyed. The blind man, for once, was blessed in his darkness.

The next day, an unreserved communication was made

by Ned to Finch of the entire of his adventures since they parted, and the romantic meeting of the uncle and nephew startled the skipper not a little ; though, as Ned guessed, he laughed heartily at the notion of a man committing a spoliation of himself, as our hero had done, and, so far from being angry at the successful trick of the concealed gold, was delighted that so much had been got "out of the fire," and told Ned of the additional sum he would have in his share of the plunder the privateer secured.

"But the old gentleman, your uncle," said Finch — "what has become of him ?"

Ned told his friend that it would have been too great a risk for the old man to run, to dare the chance of a debarkation from a French fishing-boat on the English shore ; that, therefore, he had proceeded to Spain, where he hoped, in families of some of his mercantile correspondents, to find friends, which he could not expect in France, where he was an utter stranger, and whose language he could not speak ; and that it was agreed, on their parting, should Prince Charles be successful, and a consequent peace with Spain ensue, the old man should return to Ireland ; while, in case of a reverse, Ned should seek an asylum in Spain.

After being engaged in the exchange of this mutual confidence for some time, they were interrupted by the entrance of Phaidrig, who came to conduct Edward to the interview he promised him ; whereupon the friends parted for the present, and agreed to meet again in the evening, for Finch, as Ned had avowed his determination to set out for the North the next day, pledged him to join in one merry bout before their parting.

How one in Phaidrig's station could obtain the confidence of men of rank, and be so trusted in dangerous affairs, may seem, at first, startling ; but let it be remembered that the old saying, "Distress makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," peculiarly applied

to all associations of a revolutionary character. In such movements, the highest may have their most confidential agents amongst the lowest, as under that unflattering denomination we generally class the poor, though, to their honour be it spoken, experience proves that the betrayal of companions in such dangerous enterprises has rarely been chargeable to them, though their betters (so called) have not been above temptation. Ned sought not to know the sources of Phaidrig's influence, but certain it was, that confidence was not only reposed in him, but that his word was taken for the faith of another; for after driving a few miles to a house in the neighbourhood of the Thames, Edward, on the piper's introduction, was admitted to an audience with the Lords Bolingbroke and Barrymore, and many communications of great trust and importance were made between them touching the interest of the Stuart cause. Edward was urged to speed on his northern journey, and the most earnest desire expressed for the immediate descent of the prince and his adherents upon London, as, in the present unprepared state of the government, with a scanty exchequer, a shaken public credit, a want of troops, and a wide-spread disaffection, the triumph of their progress would be certain. In the course of the conference, which was long, extensive promises of aid were advanced, and numerous names and places, and plans of co-operation were read to be communicated to the prince.

Ned suggested that when so much had to be communicated it were best to commit all to writing; but the noblemen started the objection of papers being dangerous instruments in the hands of enemies, in case the bearer of them should be arrested. Phaidrig here smoothed all difficulties, by assuring them that his memory was "as good as writing any day," and that anything repeated twice in his hearing would be retained with accuracy.

He gave evidence of this on the spot, by repeating, word for word, the contents of a document read to him,

and having proved himself so unfailing a register, the desired communications were confided to the tenacity of the piper's recollection.

"It is all here now," said Phaidrig, raising his hand to his forehead — "here, in my brain; and search-warrants would n't find it, though the seekers should blow out the brains that hold it."

"I don't think killing men is the best way to make them speak," said Lord Bolingbroke, smiling, as he noticed the bull Phaidrig had made.

"Oh, my lord, remember I'm a musicianer, and most of *them* make no noise till they're dead."

"Well answered, Phaidrig," said Lord Barrymore; "and then their strains live in glory."

"Faix, then," returned Phaidrig, "that's more than them that made the strains ever did, for you know, my lord, what 'piper's pay' is — 'more kicks than half-pence.'"

After a few more words of good humoured railery with Phaidrig, he and Ned were dismissed with a parting injunction to make all haste to Scotland, and our hero almost wished he had not promised to spend the evening with Finch, for, though the day was far spent, still some miles might have been accomplished before night. Phaidrig comforted him, however, with that good old Celtic assurance which is made to reconcile so many Irish calamities, "maybe 't is all for the best," and held out the prospect of an early start on the morrow, and a long day's journey.

On returning to town, Ned found Finch awaiting him at the tavern, and, having deposited Phaidrig safely at home, the two friends sallied forth to spend a jolly evening as they agreed. They first sauntered into one of the principal coffee-houses, the resort of the bloods and wits of the day, expecting to hear something piquant on the existing state of affairs; but there was little of a political nature handled; it seemed as if men were indif-

ferent about Hanoverian interests, and of course, no word implying favour to the other party would be uttered in a promiscuous company. The coffee-house not proving so attractive as they hoped, Finch proposed a visit to Vauxhall, and they strolled down to the river's side, where they engaged a boat. As they stepped aboard, the waterman, touching his hat, hoped they would not object to "the young woman," pointing as he spoke to a girl who was sitting in the bow, indicating grief by her attitude, and whose eyes betrayed recent tears. Having pushed from the wharf, and being fairly engaged in pulling, the waterman commenced explaining the cause of the woman's presence.

"She's my sister, you see, your honours, and in trouble because her husband is a sojer, and is marched away to-day to Scotland to join the army, and she's in such grief, that I did n't like leaving her at home alone for fear she'd make away with hersel'."

"Oh, don't 'e, Tom, don't 'e," said the girl, in an under tone.

"Why, you said you would, you know," answered Tom over his shoulder. "Well, your honours, as I was telling of ye, I thought it better to bring her out with me here to keep her company, for you see she's not long married — there's where it is, and is a fretting more nor reasonable for a raff of a sojer, 'cause she's not tired of him yet."

"Now don't 'e, Tom," said the girl again.

"Why you know it's true, and it was agin my will that you ever had un, and you can't say no to that. But it's nat'ral, as your honours know, at the same time, she'd be sorry."

"Of course," said Ned. — "Have many soldiers marched?"

"Lor, no, Sir, there's where it is, just a handful, and they've no chance, and they say them Highlanders be mortal vicious. I hear they eat their enemies sometimes."

"Ah, don't 'e, Tom!" cried the girl piteously.

"Why, how can I help if they do?" said the strangely good-natured brother; "besides, if they do kill un, you know my partner Dick will have 'e, and well for 'e if it was so before; a waterman's better than a sojer."

"S' help me God, Tom!" exclaimed the girl, somewhat roused, "I'll throw myself out o' boat and drown, if 'e don't ha' done."

"Better not!" said Tom, "water's deep here, and I can't stop t' save you, for the ge'men's in a hurry."

"Who commands the troops?" said Ned.

"Oh, some o' them outlandish chaps; we ha' nothing but outlandish chaps now in all good places. It's well for watermen theirs is hard work, or I s'pose we'd be druv off the river."

"But of course you wish the king's cause well?" said Finch.

"To be sure I do, Sir, as in duty bound; not that it makes any difference to the likes o' me, for whoever is uppermost, they'll want boats on the river, and there won't be a tide more or less in the Thames, and so I say, on all such matters, it's no affair o' mine, but God's above all, and them's my principles, Sir."

"Excellent principles," cried Finch; "and becoming a Christian."

"Oh, I am a Christian," said the waterman, "that I am, and would n't be nothing else. I have no chalks up agin me at the tap; no, no! and loves my fellow creaturs — all, 'cept the Hanoverians — and as they are so plenty in all other places in England, I do wish, I will say, that some o' them as could n't swim, were in the middle of the Thames, without a boat under them, and a strong ebb tide a-running."

"You think that would be good for the country?" said Finch.

"Sure of it," said the waterman; "only the river would be dirtier with them."

As they rowed up towards Vauxhall they found in the course of their chat with the waterman, that not only he was no lover of "the Hanoverians," but gathered from his conversation that there was no great affection for them throughout his class: and this, together with learning the popular impression, that there were not sufficient troops for defence, was good intelligence for Ned to have picked up, and, in thankfulness for the same, when they arrived at their destination, he gave an extra sixpence to Tom.

The gardens were not as gay as usual — not for the want of the ordinary routine of entertainments; these went on as ever; but there seemed wanting that air of careless cheerfulness which characterises such public places. The fact is, the body politic like the human body, is not fit for enjoyment when something not easy of digestion lies in the system, and impending events of an important and dangerous nature, however much people may affect to be unconcerned about them, partake of this character, and the public mind is not attuned to mirth. The bold may bluster, and the silly vent the empty laugh, but even with them, amidst the swagger of the one, and the folly of the other, the spirit of the momentous hour will sometimes assert her sway, and bring all within her power.

Thus it was at Vauxhall; the rope-dancer did not bound an inch lower than usual, the singers were as great favourites as ever, and sung as favourite songs; the fireworks burnt as brightly, and people paid as much for invisible slices of ham as usual; but still there was an indescribable dulness about it, which so affected Finch and Ned, that they left it long before the accustomed time. Engaging a hackney coach, they were driven to the suburbs of the town, and there they alighted to pursue the remainder of their way on foot. As they were passing through a narrow and ill-lighted street, they encountered a person just under the rays of one of the few

lamps, and the imperfect light sufficiently revealed to Finch the person of Spiggles, shambling along as fast as he could, but Finch intercepted him, and, tempted by the opportunity of giving Spiggles a fright, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and said he was delighted at the pleasure of the meeting. Spiggles trembled from head to foot, and begged to be released, pleading his desire for haste, and the lateness of the hour.

“Tut, tut, man,” exclaimed Finch. “Old friends must not part so; I want a few words with you, and you *must* stop:” and he jammed him against the wall at the words, while the wretched miser shuddered, fear depriving him of the power of calling for the watch, which he would have done if he could. Finch upbraided him with his want of gratitude, and reminded him of his refusal to lend him a small sum.

Spiggles, dreading violence, protested he had no money about him.

“Miserable niggard!” cried Finch, “do you think I want to rob you? No, no, others will save me that trouble, for I *do* rejoice to think how you will be plundered by the Highlanders when the city is sacked, which it will be in a day or two. The clans are close upon you. I rejoice how you will be fleeced — how your ill-gotten gold will be rummaged.” Spiggles groaned at the thought, and trembled while Finch ordered Ned to take the old sinner under the other arm, and walk him along with them. Spiggles would have refused, but was unable, and borne by Finch on one side, and Ned on the other, he shambling on between them, while continued volleys of threats, plunder, Highlanders, and throat-cutting were poured into his ears on both sides. This jumble of horrors, which the two friends made as terrible as they could for the benefit of Spiggles, being spoken rather loudly to increase the effect, was overheard by a party of the watch which chanced to be unseen in a dark entrance; the party passed, and the guardians of

the night followed stealthily, and hearing what they believed to be "flat treason," they fell suddenly on the trio, and having secured them, took them off to the round-house.

They were charged before the constable of the night with uttering of treasonable language, and as persons of evil intent, and were ordered to be locked up for the night. Spiggles protested that he was a peaceful and worshipful man, a man of substance and good repute in the city, and that a round-house was no place for him to spend the night with rogues and vagabonds.

"Rogues and vagabonds, indeed!" exclaimed a virago, in a fury, who had been just committed, but not yet locked up. She rushed at Spiggles and boxed his ears, calling him all sorts of foul names, and belabouring him, until she was laid hold of by the constables, and dragged away. Finch uttered not a word in defence, and Ned, by his advice, also maintained silence. To all the appeals of Spiggles, who said the gentlemen in whose company he was walking could explain it all, Finch only shook his head, throwing doubt more and more on the miser, whose ill-favoured aspect, further disfigured by fear, was anything but prepossessing.

Before being locked up, the parties were secretly informed by a watchman, that a message could be carried to their friends, if they were willing to pay for it. On enquiring the price, half-a-guinea was named, which Finch readily gave, and sent to Mrs. Banks, requesting her presence early in the morning. Spiggles of course refused to pay so much, and was content to wait till the magistrate should order a messenger to go for any person to whom it might be necessary to refer. This saving of half-a-guinea, by depriving him of evidence at the moment of need, laid him open to loss, through a device of the skipper's.

As for passing a night in durance, Finch thought nothing about it, as it was not the first time; nor would

Ned, but for the delay it occasioned. Finch whispered him not to make himself uneasy, as he would manage their speedy liberation, and hoped to make Spiggles pay dearly for the frolic; and, afterwards, in some private words with the miser, he threatened, that if in his defence he cast the smallest blame on him for the affair over night, he would make certain disclosures respecting him that would cost him dearly. Spiggles, knowing he was in Finch's power, and supposing him to be in desperate circumstances, promised to cast no imputation on him, and the skipper then insisted, in assurance of his good intentions, he must permit him to make their common defence in the morning, and that he would get them out of it bravely. Spiggles was forced to consent to these conditions, and then groped his way to a corner. The prisoners were all huddled together in utter darkness; those who could find a seat, sitting, others stretched on the floor, whose curses were evoked as some lively gentleman danced over them. Some were moaning and crying, while others were laughing at the jokes cracked on the misfortunes of their fellow-prisoners. Spiggles had sunk into a melancholy trance, when he was roused by a shrill female voice exclaiming near him, "I wish I could clap my claw on the old rascal, that said rogues and vagabonds. Come out if you're a man!" shouted the virago, "and I'll fight you in the dark for a dollar!"

Spiggles sneaked as far away as he could, and when the morning peeped into the cell, he shrunk behind Finch for concealment and protection.

Mrs. Banks, as soon as admittance could be obtained, was in attendance to render Finch what assistance he needed. He merely desired her to go to the ship-agent who transacted the affairs of the privateer in London, and request his attendance before Sir Thomas de Veil. This was done; and when Finch, Ned, and Spiggles, were charged, and called on for their defence, the skipper became spokesman.

He admitted that they had been speaking in the street of an attack on London, and of Highlanders, and cutting throats, but that it was only in dread of it they spoke, not in hope.

Here the watch deposed that they spoke as if with knowledge of the movements of the rebels.

"Ha! ha!" said Sir Thomas, "knowledge? — what say you to that?"

"Please your worship, such knowledge as we all have from report, no more."

"But they spoke fierce and loud your worship," interposed the watch, "like suspicious persons."

"Now, your worship," said Finch, "does it not stand to reason that persons to be suspected would be the last to speak loud, but would, on the contrary, be secret and silent? Speak loud, indeed! Well might this worthy and wealthy gentleman speak loud in the fear of his riches being swept away by these wild Highlanders; and the best proof your worship can have of his loyalty is, that he was going to Garraway's yesterday to subscribe to the merchants' fund for raising troops, but was prevented by urgent business."

"It is true, so help me God!" said Spiggles.

"But as he intends doing it to-day," continued Finch, "and it would be troublesome to send to the city to obtain proof of his respectability, the shortest way to evince his loyalty is to hand your worship his cheque for two hundred pounds, to be forwarded to Garraway's."

The miser gasped, as if he would have spoken, but Finch, fixing his eye on him with a meaning he could not mistake, said, "Do you wish I should say any more?"

Spiggles quailed under the threatening glance; and supplied by Sir Thomas at once with pen, ink, and paper, he wrote the cheque with an agony little short of the bitterness of death.

"As for myself and my young friend here, so far

from being favourers of the Pretender, we have been privateering against the ships of France and Spain, and that does not look like disloyalty."

The ship-agent came forward in proof of his words; Finch and Ned were at once discharged, and left the office in company with Spiggles, who looked more dead than alive at the loss of his money.

"A word in your ear," said Finch, taking the miser under his arm, and walking apart with him—"Now I have had a sweet bit of revenge on you for your cold-hearted ingratitude to me; I would not wring money out of you for my own purposes—I would scorn it,—but as you were base enough to refuse me a loan, which should all have been returned, I rejoice in having plucked you of a couple of hundreds, which you will never see again; and in case you ever meet in the course of your worthless life another servant as useful and faithful as I have been, use him better than you did me, and remember Finch and the two hundred. And now farewell—I've done with you—I wish you a good appetite for your breakfast; don't eat eggs, nor fried ham; don't be extravagant, try and make up in saving the loss of this morning—perhaps your high character for loyalty may throw something in your way—eh, skinflint?—but I think your loyalty is the dearest bargain you have been let in for, for some time. Good-bye,—remember Finch and the round-house!"

So saying, he turned the old wretch adrift, and went off in an opposite direction with Ned and the agent, while the steps of Spiggles were tracked by a secret agent of the police, despatched after him by Sir Thomas de Veil, that he might be traced in case the cheque should turn out a hoax. But the document was proved true in another hour, and the money of Spiggles was converted to public uses—the first of his that ever found its way into so good a channel.

Through Finch's influence, the agent advanced Ned

a hundred guineas on account of his prize-money, and after a hasty breakfast and a hearty farewell to the skipper, he started on his journey, accompanied by Phaidrig, who did not leave the tavern without some applications of the corner of Mrs. Banks's apron to her eye.

CHAPTER XXIV

A LIBERAL LORD-LIEUTENANT

WHEN the young Pretender embarked in the daring enterprise of regaining the throne of his fathers by force of arms, one of the elements of success on which he counted was an immediate rising in Ireland so soon as it should be known his banner was unfurled in Scotland. But it so happened, that the one particular year he selected was the only one for many before or after in which Ireland would not have joined in the rebellion.

The cause of this absence of disaffection in Ireland, while there was anything but a well-grounded loyalty in England and downright revolt in Scotland, was attributable to one man — that man was Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, chiefly known in England for his trifling letters to his son, but remembered in Ireland by all readers of her history as the most enlightened, benevolent, and successful of her viceroys. On assuming the reins of government in that oppressed and distracted country, he declared that he would be influenced by no dictation of minor personages *there*, but would “judge and govern himself.”¹ Acting firmly on this resolution, he discarded the counsels of severity and injustice under which the great mass of the Roman Catholic people of Ireland had been suffering, he administered the laws in the spirit of justice, and he won the confidence of the nation, — a confidence not only won but maintained

¹ *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*. Report of Rowley Lascelles.

during a period of peculiar peril to the British crown. He is thus spoken of by an historian not particularly favourable to popular Irish interests.¹ "The short administration of Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was a kind of phenomenon in Irish history. This highly accomplished, liberal, and judicious nobleman, to whose character such injustice accrues from the posthumous publication of his letters, intended for a peculiar purpose, by no means for general advice, was appointed at a dangerous juncture, when, in the midst of an unsuccessful war against France and Spain, an alarming rebellion had been raised in Scotland in favour of Charles Edward Stuart, son of the Pretender. Vested with ample powers, this viceroy acted from his own judgment, uninfluenced by the counsels of those who, *to prevent an imaginary, might have excited a real rebellion* by violent measures against Catholics, the bulk of the nation. He discountenanced all party distinctions." In another history he is spoken of as governing Ireland "with rare ability, and a most rare liberality."²

After all, the successful government of Ireland at this momentous period is less attributable to ability, than to a pure spirit of justice, — a gift much rarer in statesmen than talent. Actuated by this spirit, he received no tale on the *ipse dixit* of the tale-bearer — he would have proof. Alarmists were peculiarly odious to him; he sometimes got rid of them playfully, as in one case when a person of importance assured him the "Papists were dangerous," he replied, he never had seen but one, and that was Miss ——, a particularly lovely woman.

This lady, as well as many other Catholics, won by Lord Chesterfield's liberal policy, flocked to the castle and graced the viceregal court with an accession of charms to which it had long been a stranger. The

¹ Hist. Irel. Rev. James Gordon, Rector of Killegny, in the diocese of Ferns, and of Cannaway, in the diocese of Cork.

² Pict. Hist. Eng.

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particular beauty in question was so delighted by Lord Chesterfield's noble conduct, that on some public occasion, to mark how thoroughly she could overcome political prejudice, she wore a breast-knot of orange-ribbon; the earl, pleased at the incident, requested St. Leger (afterwards Lord Doneraile), celebrated for his wit, to say something handsome to her on the occasion, whereupon St. Leger composed the following, not generally known, *impromptu*:—

“ Say, little Tory, why this jest,
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
Since the same breast, uncovered, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose! ”

An alarmist one day asked him, in a very mysterious manner, if he knew that his state-coachman went to mass: “ I don't care,” replied the earl, “ so long as he don't drive *me* there.”

But when the landing of the Pretender, and the raising of his standard in Scotland, were announced, the alarmists became bolder, and besieged the liberal lord-lieutenant with tales of terror; he had no peace of his life; he was continually baited with buggaboos fabricated in the heated imaginations of partisans, whom he was unwilling to dismiss unheard, and whose cure he hoped to effect by a courageous incredulity.

The rumour of a Popish plot soon brought down upon him one alarmist after another, who all were much discomfited at the coolness with which he received their reports. The first, one morning, was Alderman Watson, who arrived while his excellency was at breakfast, and, sending in his name with an importunate assurance that he had intelligence to communicate which was of the deepest interest to the state, was immediately admitted.

There was a striking contrast between the ease of the accomplished Lord Chesterfield and the fussy embarrassment of the alderman. The cool and accom-

plished courtier almost felt hot to look on the flushed face of the civic dignitary, who was mopping it with a snuffy pocket handkerchief, while he assured the lord-lieutenant he had come in a great hurry.

"That is manifest, Mister Alderman," returned my lord; "and may I ask the cause of all this hurry?"

"I have it, your excellency, on undoubted authority —"

"I beg your pardon, Mister Alderman," returned Chesterfield, smiling; "but I cannot help telling you that all the wild reports I hear are universally accompanied with the same assurance."

"On undoubted authority, your excellency. — I have it from the fountain-head —"

"Whose head, do you say?"

"The fountain-head, my lord," said the alderman, betraying some displeasure.

"Oh — I beg your pardon," said the viceroy, with provoking suavity; "pray proceed."

"I came to tell your excellency that there is a plot — a Popish plot —"

Here he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mr. Gardner, the vice-treasurer, who, in great perturbation, and scarcely observing the common courtesies of salutation in his hurry, exclaimed, "My lord, the Papists of Connaught are to rise this day!"

"That's the very plot I came to tell you, my lord," said the alderman; "remember, I came first to give the alarm."

To this intended "alarm" of the alderman, Lord Chesterfield's calmness was intensely provoking. — Taking his watch carelessly from his pocket, he replied, "It is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise."¹

"I see, my lord, you make little of my information," said Gardner.

"My good Sir," said Chesterfield, "I cannot make it

¹ *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*. Report of Rowley Lascelles.

less than it comes from your own mouth. You offer a most startling piece of rumour, without any name, place, or time, direct fact or corroborative evidence of any sort, — you make a naked assertion — assuring me it is on ‘undoubted authority,’ and from the ‘fountain-head.’ — Would to Heaven these feverish loyalists had heads like the fountains — cooler and clearer.”

“Your excellency must allow me to say, that loyal men might expect to meet more encouragement in the head of the government,” said the alderman.

“That is a very smart saying of yours, indeed, Mister Alderman; but you will allow me to say that you corporation gentlemen seem to have a very strange notion about loyalty. You are devoted to government as long as government does all you wish, and believes all you say, and will back you through thick and thin; but the moment government entertains a view superior to that — ventures to look beyond the bigoted boundaries to which your illiberality confines you, your loyalty is of a very doubtful character; for, in short, the self-made charter of your loyalty is simply this — ‘as long as the government lets us do what we like, we will support the government.’”

The alderman protested he was the most loyal man in the world.

“I am so wearied with these eternal tales of plots and risings,” continued Lord Chesterfield, “that I am in the condition of the shepherd in the fable, to whom the idle boy called ‘wolf,’ so often, that I know not when to believe the cry; therefore I am obliged to depend on my own sources of information — and allow me to assure you I have them, Mister Alderman, and can depend upon them; and have also the means of repressing any rebellious movement that may be attempted, but of which I have not at this moment the slightest apprehension.”

“May divine Providence grant,” said the alderman, piously, “that your excellency’s confidence in the pres-

ent deceptive calm be not ill-placed; for what should we do in case of a rising at this moment, when your excellency has sent away so much of the army to reinforce his majesty in Scotland?"¹

"I have as much military force as shall be wanted while *I* am here," said Lord Chesterfield, smiling.

"It is fortunate, my lord, that the city has done its duty in furnishing forth the militia. And further, my lord, we have offered a reward of six thousand pounds for the head either of the Pretender or any of his sons — *dead or alive.*"²

"I should be sorry to interfere, Sir," returned the sarcastic lord, "with the bargains of the corporation, however injudicious I think them: for, in my opinion, the heads of all three are not worth the money."

An official now entered to inform his excellency that Governor Eyre sought an audience. Hereupon the disappointed and indignant Alderman Watson retired, and the governor of Galway was introduced.

Eyre was a fierce old soldier, whose only notions of law or government were derived from a drum-head court-martial, or the rule of a regiment, and his horror of "Popery" was as absurd as that which a child entertains of a "buggaboos." Frequent written communications

¹ Rev. James Gordon's Hist. Ireland.

There is a singular resemblance between Lord Chesterfield in 1745 and Lord Normanby nearly a hundred years later. Both men of fashion, suddenly grappling with a difficult government, and elevating their reputations by the largeness of their policy. Both essentially exclusive — the men of a *coterie* in private life, were nobly above such influence in dealing with public affairs. — They legislated not for the few, but the many. Both inspired with a sense of justice to, and confidence in the people, found ready obedience to the former, while the latter was never abused. They were the only viceroys who could spare troops out of Ireland. It is to be regretted, there was a lapse of almost a century between two such governments: "Like angels' visits, few and far between."

² Gent. Mag.

he had made to the lord-lieutenant¹ were not treated with as much consideration as he thought they merited, and he, therefore, went up to Dublin to make his representations in person. The courteousness of his reception by the polished lord softened the asperity of temper with which he entered the presence; and though he came prepared to throw shot and shell, he was forced to exchange salutes.

He entered on his business, therefore, with calmness and precision; but as he was disturbed in the course of his representations by some searching question of the viceroy, his irritability was roused, and he began to warm thoroughly to the subject of his complaint. Like all other complaints of the time, the blame for every misfortune was laid at the door of the poor and powerless Roman Catholics. According to Governor Eyre, the safety of Galway was not worth a day's purchase; and after detailing anticipated horrors enough for a dozen of the darkest romances, he besought the lord-lieutenant to grant him additional powers to keep down the "Papists."

"My dear Governor," said Chesterfield, in his blandest manner, "I do not think my views concerning the 'Papists,' as you call them, and yours, can ever agree."

"Do you not grant they are very daring, my lord, to assemble and celebrate mass, in defiance of the law?"

"Governor, people will say their prayers in spite of us; and I cannot wonder they would rather worship God than man. It is we who are wrong in making laws which it is impossible to enforce. It was but the other day an old house in a secluded street fell down from the overcrowded state of one of its rooms, where the mass was celebrated, and many broken limbs were the consequence."²

"I hope, my lord, the offenders will be prosecuted. It may prevent a recurrence of the crime."

¹ Hardiman's Galway.

² Lascelles' Report.

"I am not sure that a prosecution would save old houses from falling, Governor—but I have recommended to the king and his ministers a way to prevent a recurrence of such an accident."

"May I beg to ask it, your excellency?"

"It is to permit the Catholics to build chapels, and worship in public."¹

The governor was thunderstruck. "And would you tolerate the celebration of the mass?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly," said Lord Chesterfield. "It is wisest to tolerate what we cannot prevent; the laws that can be defied or defeated are soon despised—good laws never are."

"Would you trust them, my lord, when they are ever ready to enlist in the armies of our enemies?"

"I have a cure for that, too," said Lord Chesterfield; "I would enlist them in our own."

"Our own!" echoed the governor, in amazement.

"Yes; the Irish are essentially a military people: and it is much better to have them fighting for us than against us—for fight they will. You know I have used strong measures to repress foreign enlistments; I have issued a proclamation offering a reward of a thousand pounds for the discovery of anyone who enlists a British subject for foreign service²—yet what has it done?—Let Fontenoi answer: 'The Irish Brigade is stronger than ever.'"

"But how could we trust these pestilent Papists, my lord—who have poisoned the springs all round London to sicken the cattle, and kill the loyal Protestants with foul meat?"³

"So you believe that vulgar rumour, do you?—Let me assure you that the London physicians all declare the disease of the cattle to be an infection imported from Holland. What do you think of that, Governor?"

¹ Lascelles' Report.

² Gent. Mag.

³ Pict. Hist. England.

— Holland! — from our allies! But I fear the Dutch murrain will stick to us closer than the Dutch cavalry at Fontenoi. *Their cows are more fatal than their horse!*"¹

"Would, my lord, that you had seen the swagger of the Galway merchants the other day, when they fancied that some large ships, descried off the coast, were Spanish men-of-war come to help them!"

"I heard of no such armament, Governor."

"No, please your excellency — they were not Spanish ships, only a portion of the East-India fleet driven up hither by stress of weather, but the Papists thought they were Spanish, and rejoiced accordingly."²

"Are you sure, Governor, they did not rejoice at the thought of there being East-India ships coming once more to trade to their harbours? For I have had many petitions from the same merchants, setting forth that the exorbitant port-dues, levied by the corporation of Galway, have ruined their trade, and caused a once flourishing port to be deserted."³

The governor here entered into an explanation with his lordship, setting forth, that it was necessary for the protection of Protestant interests that the members of the corporation should be protected by certain privileges and immunities, and that many of these imposts were to be avoided if ships were cleared or entered belonging to members of the corporation.

"Notwithstanding which," returned Lord Chesterfield, "if I am informed aright, the trade has not increased under such protection to one class of the townsmen — not even amongst those it was meant to benefit."

The governor was obliged to admit this was true.

"And surely you cannot think it beneficial, Governor, that the commerce of a port should be limited? — Com-

¹ The Dutch cavalry showed no fight at Fontenoi.

² Hardiman's Galway.

³ Hardiman.

merce breeds wealth, and I cannot see any good to be derived from making a country poor."

"I have written to the East-India Company myself," said Eyre, "requesting them to recommend their ships to trade with the loyal Protestant merchants of our town."¹

"I cannot help thinking your efforts would be better bestowed, Governor, in urging the corporation to relax their heavy imposts against their fellow-subjects, and let trade take care of itself. In a few years more your port will be ruined, otherwise. I am informed, that so late as seven years ago, fifteen ships belonged to the port, and traded on the high seas, but the grinding exactions so discourage the merchants, that they are dwindling away year by year, and the prosperity of the town is manifestly impaired."

"The town is going to decay in many ways, my lord, I grieve to say. In one point, most material to me, who have its safe holding in trust; the walls and fortifications are in a dilapidated state, and in many places holes are absolutely broken through by the audacious smugglers, who, under cover of night, introduce their goods to avoid paying the dues,² and I hope government will look to the repairs, or I cannot answer for the town's safety in case of a rising of the O's and Macs in the neighbouring highlands of Iar Connaught."

"Well, Governor, you have certainly made an ample admission in favour of all I have been saying. The exorbitant tolls which ruin fair trade, produce smuggling. The honest merchant is wronged—rogues and vagabonds prosper instead. In despite of you they make holes

¹ Hardiman.

² I cannot resist quoting a phrase from the recently published letters of Sir James Brook (ten years later than this passage of mine). Speaking of the bad government of the Dutch over the Malay States, he says, "It will be conceded that oppression and prosperity cannot co-exist." — *Author, 2nd edition.*

through your city walls, rendering the king's defences unsafe, and then you call upon government to repair the damage which the blind injustice of your corporation has produced. The town's defences I shall issue immediate orders to the proper officers to look after—for the safety of no part of the kingdom which my sovereign has entrusted to my care shall be neglected—but at the same time I will address a recommendation to the corporation of Galway to relax their illiberal code of laws; for be assured, Governor, it is far from pleasing to his majesty that one portion of his subjects should be sacrificed to the interests of another, or that any should be oppressed. I should think it manifest to any capacity, that if you let people lead quiet lives, and accumulate wealth, the preservation of their own comforts will be the best guarantee for their preserving public tranquillity; while if you oppress and impoverish them,¹ you cannot wonder they should wish to throw off your yoke. In my experience of the people of Ireland, since I have been their governor, I have found them a generous and warm-hearted people, sensitive alike to kindness and confidence, or severity and distrust,—easily led by the one, or provoked by the other. I have tried the former, much the easier and more gracious mode of rule, and have found it succeed to admiration; and I am proud to believe, notwithstanding all the tales of the alarmists, that in spite of the contagious example of rebellion in Scotland, the disease will not spread into Ireland while a liberal course of policy is pursued towards her people.”

The governor, finding Lord Chesterfield impervious to alarms, withdrew, and returned to Galway, with no very pleasing intelligence for the corporation, who did not include Lord Chesterfield's health in the “loyal” toast of their festive board, and who paid no attention to his remonstrance against their excessive imposts, which, as he predicted, ultimately ruined their town. So rapid

¹ Hardiman.

was the progress of decay, that instead of fifteen ships belonging to the port and engaged in trading, only three had owners ere long, and of these only one traded in 1761, and one other in 1762.¹ So much for municipal monopoly. But these local plague-spots in various parts of Ireland were prevented from working a fatal result, in consequence of the general excellence of Lord Chesterfield's administration; for the confidence and good-will inspired by his liberal course of policy awakened in the people the hope of better days for the future; and though some enthusiastic Jacobites endeavoured to organise a rising, they found it impossible, and were fain to join the adherents of the young Pretender in Scotland.

¹ Com. Jour. vol. viii.

CHAPTER XXV

RAISING THE STANDARD AT GLENFINNIN

ANXIOUS was the watch kept on board the "Doutelle" when she parted from her consort, the "Elizabeth." Deprived of that protection, her own guns were too few and light of metal to dare an encounter, and all she had to rely on for the safety of the precious freight she bore was her speed. This she was obliged to exercise more than once: and when closing with the Scottish coast she was chased for many hours by a British cruiser, whose swiftness put the sailing qualities of the French brig to a severe trial. Indeed, at one time it seemed impossible to avoid an action, but a sudden change in the wind gave the "Doutelle" an advantage in a point of sailing, and soon distancing her pursuer, she doubled a headland of one of the islands abounding on the western coast of North Britain, and dropped her anchor under its shelter. An eagle at the moment swept down from the rocky heights of the island, and wheeled in majestic flight over the "Doutelle."

"Behold, my prince!" exclaimed old Tullibardine, "the king of birds has come to welcome you to Scotland."

It was reckoned a good omen, and Charles landed, but his rank was not revealed to the islanders. He whom he hoped to find, Clanronald, was absent, therefore the "Doutelle" weighed anchor and stood over to the main land, whither the chieftain had gone. The following day, in obedience to a summons from the prince,

Clanronald repaired on board the brig, attended by several of his clan, and Kinlock Moidart bore him company.

The chieftains were sadly disappointed to find but one small and lightly armed vessel, where they hoped to have seen men-of-war and a supply of regular troops, and told the prince that without such aid a rising would be madness — a hopeless adventure in which they would not join. Charles urged them by every artful appeal he could summon to his aid — their hitherto unfailing affection to his house — their promises, from which the honour of a Highland chieftain never yet flinched — their proverbial bravery, which no odds could daunt; all these stimulants were applied to the excitable Celts, but as yet in vain, and both parties grew louder in argument and answer as they paced rapidly up and down the deck. Ellen was reclining under an awning spread above the after-part of the vessel, sheltering from the noon-day heat, while her father and the rest of the adventurers kept aloof in a group, the prince still engaged with the chieftains. How her heart beat as she watched the expression of *their* faces and that of Charles. She could see the conference was not satisfactory, and she felt for the humiliating position of a prince suing to a subject and suing in vain. At this moment she observed a young Highlander, who had taken no part in the debate, but who, as he caught the meaning of it, seemed suddenly enlightened as to the real rank of the person who was engaged with the chieftains, and became deeply interested. It was Ronald, the younger brother of Kinlock Moidart, who had no idea of the objects of visiting the "Doutelle" He had been leaning listlessly against the bulwark of the ship, seemingly careless of everything but his picturesque costume, which in every point was perfect. Completely armed, he seemed the very model of a Highland warrior; and as he caught the import of the prince's words, his former listlessness was turned into eager watchfulness — his glistening eyes followed the

parleying party backwards and forwards. Ellen could see his colour come and go, his lips become compressed with the energy of high resolve, his hand fitfully grasp the hilt of his broad-sword and his whole figure heave with the tumult of emotion. It was at this moment the prince passed over to Ellen, as if he had spent all his arguments in vain, while the two chieftains turned on the heel and paced the deck back again.

“Pardon me, your highness,” said Ellen, in an under tone, “but pray look at that young Highlander, whose eyes are so enthusiastically bent upon you.”

The prince looked and saw that he had won the young man’s very soul, and suddenly approaching him, he exclaimed, “You at least will assist me.”

“I will, I will!” cried Ronald; “though no other man in the Highlands shall draw a sword, I will die for you!” In the wild emotion of the moment he suited the action to the word; snatching his bright claymore from the sheath, the steel flashed in the sunbeam, as he waved it above his head, and uttered the wild shout of the Celt.

The enthusiasm was infectious; the hearts of sterner men were moved by the impetuous youth; there was not a sword remained in its scabbard, and the clash of steel, and the war cry of the MacDonalds, startled the silence of the smooth bay with a wild clangour, that was sweeter music to Charles’s ear than ever he had heard in the palaces of kings.

Assured by the adhesion of these bold few, he landed, and messages were despatched to every hill and glen to tell that Charles Stuart had come to fight for the throne of his fathers. Lochiel was the first to obey the summons of his prince, but he came to dissuade, not to encourage him. He, unconscious of the scene that had fired the MacDonalds, represented the madness of attempting a rising without aid from abroad, and recommended him to re-embark.

“No,” said Charles, “as soon as I land what stores yet remain to me on board the brig, she shall return to France, and thus will I cut myself off from all retreat; for I have come determined to conquer or to perish. In a few days, with the few friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince.”

The blood of the “gentle Lochiel” curdled at his heart at these bitter words, and his prudent resolutions were forgotten when his honour was impeached, and his courage doubted.

“My prince!” he exclaimed with warmth, “whatever be your fate, be the same fate mine, and the fate of all over whom nature or fortune hath given me power. I will love and serve you while I have life, and follow you to the death!”

Preparation for a general rising was now rapidly made through the Highlands. Glenfinnin was named as the point of general rendezvous, where the Jacobite clans might assemble in detail, until their congregated force was sufficient to make a descent on the lowlands. The glen was admirably suited for this purpose — a deep and narrow valley, with a river running through it; steep mountains guarding it on both sides; while at either end it was shut in by a lake, thus preventing surprise from enemies, and rendering cavalry utterly useless.

With his few immediate followers the prince set out for the glen; on reaching the shores of the lake, a shrill whistle from their Highland guide called some wild gillies to their aid, a couple of small boats were brought forth from the concealment of some deep rocky creeks and low underwood, and launched upon the calm dark waters. About midway across the lake, the valley became gradually visible, like a deep rent in the mountains, presenting the picture of security. On landing at the opposite shore, the party sought the hovel of a shepherd, the only

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house within sight, and there leaving Ellen to rest, for the journey had been somewhat fatiguing, the prince and his little band sauntered about the valley awaiting the arrival of the clans. For some hours not a sound disturbed the silence of the glen, and its savage grandeur and oppressive loneliness began to impart a tone of melancholy to Charles, who had never till now beheld the wild and solemn majesty of our northern hills. But that which made him sad, gave delight to Lynch, and Kirwan, and Sullivan (the prince's prime favourite, who was his companion in all his subsequent perils and wanderings). They saw in these bold hills and wild glens the counterpart of their own dear western mountains of Ireland; and after the dead levels of Flanders, and the tame champagnes of France, on which their eyes so long had rested, the sight of cliff, and fell, and torrent, brought the features of home to their hearts, and the memory of early days, — when in boyhood they followed their careless mountain sports, and dreamt not, in that happy time, of future exile from their native land, a return to which was risking death.

Oh, happy boyhood! which sees no joy nor sorrow, but that of the day in which it breathes; or whose future, whenever it dares to speculate, seldom extends beyond a week. Whose highest enjoyments are in the whistling whirl of the rod and line across the lively stream, the sharp ring of the fowling-piece, and the *whir* of the flying covey, the neigh of the impatient steed, anticipating, in the warning tongue of the hound, the start of the game and the headlong chase. Happy boyhood! which cannot believe, however wisely preached, that days will come when such joys shall be as nothing; that the mind shall create for itself a world within more attractive than the external; that the questions of civil right and public good shall supersede all private considerations; that the present shall display its attractions in vain against the interest which the past

affords in its historic lessons, and the future in its political hopes.

To our daring adventurers, the mountains revived such images of their boyish sports; these mountains that were now to become the theatre of their manhood's sterner game. The stream was valued not for its bounding fish, but as it might strengthen a position; the gun was now to threaten men, not birds; and the neigh of the steed was to be roused, not by the bay of the hound, but the blast of the war trumpet.

The old Lord Tullibardine continued near the prince, but he became reserved, even to this gallant and faithful adherent of his house, and sat apart upon a rock seemingly overcast with saddening thoughts, and at length leaning his head upon his hands as if in dark communion with himself. Did the spirit of divination which gifts the children of these misty hills then hover over him? Did he see the "rally and the rout" of Dark Culloden? Did he see the royal Stuart forced to hide his manhood in a female garb, to wander, hunted like a wolf, to shelter in a savage cave, and herd with robbers?

But soon the visions of the prince, whatever they were, vanished, like the mist of the morn before the sunbeam; he was startled from his trance by a wild peculiar sound which broke the solemn stillness of the glen. It was the pibroch of the Camerons.

Old Tullibardine waved his bonnet in the air, and his practised eye caught the first glimpse of the clan as its vanward men passed the crest of the hill, and might be seen glancing here and there through rocks and heather, with which their tartans blended, that none but the initiated could mark their progress. He pointed them out to the prince, who, after some time, could discern them, while louder and louder rang the pibroch, startling from the cliffs the eagles, which boldly came forth and answered with their shout the war-strain, as if they challenged those intruders on their solitary domain.

And now the clan became more visible, they had defiled into a mountain-gulley, and came pouring onward, — a rush of living men down the path of a winter-torrent. On reaching the valley they formed in two lines, each line three deep, and advanced in good order to where Charles Edward and his little staff were awaiting them. Lochiel was at their head, and when he brought them to a halt before the prince, the first rank opened, and discovered, between the two lines, a small detachment of English soldiers and their officers, prisoners.

“Behold, your highness !” said Lochiel, — “the first blow is already struck, a party of my clan yesterday intercepted a detachment of the red coats and beat them without the loss of a man on our side.¹ So far the game is well begun.”

“Your conquest would not have been so easy, Sir,” said the English officer, “but for the nature of the ground, and your peculiar mode of fighting.”

“As for that,” said Lochiel, “we fight in the way we best understand, and though it may not be according to your notion of tactics, you cannot deny you were beaten.”

“Sir,” said the prince to the officer, with his peculiar courtesy of manner, “I at once liberate you on your parole. Rest here for the present after your fatigue, and be my guest for this evening ; on the morrow you may return to General Cope, and tell him I shall soon give him battle.”

The prince was surprised to find the greater part of the clansmen carrying guns, and enquired of Lochiel how that came to pass, while a strict parliamentary act had disarmed the Highlands.

Lochiel laughed, and said the Highlanders had been *nominally* deprived of arms by a stringent law : “But,” said the acute mountaineer, “the sharper the law the sharper the people.” He went on to say that extreme laws were the easiest evaded : “Fools may give up their

¹ Fact.

arms," said he, "but wise men keep them." And he protested, that however cunning and vigilant the officers of the government might be, he defied them to discover arms amongst a bold and acute people, who were determined not to give them up. "Those who hide can find," said Lochiel; "and signs by it," he added, pointing to his clan; for, despite of the Arms Bill, he had brought six hundred out of his eight, armed at a short notice.¹

Then turning to Tullibardine the prince exclaimed, "Raise my standard, my lord!" The nobleman received it from Ellen, whose own hands had worked it; and as the silken folds of mingled white, blue, and red were unfurled, and lifted upwards in the breeze that flaunted the colours gaily about, a deafening shout arose from eight hundred stalwart mountaineers, that made the echoes of Glenfinnin ring again, and once more disturbed the eagle in his eyrie.

How proudly beat Ellen's heart, as leaning on her father's arm she saw the ensign of her king displayed, and heard it recognised in loyal shouts, while his royal proclamation was read beneath it. And yet a shudder crossed her woman-heart as she thought that the gay

¹ "By an act of the first of the late King (George I.), intituled, 'For the more effectually securing the peace of the Highlands,' the whole Highlands, without distinction, were disarmed, and for ever forbid to use or bear arms, under penalties. This act has been found, by experience, to work the quite contrary effect from what was intended by it; and, in reality, it proves a measure for more effectually disturbing the peace of the Highlands and the rest of the kingdom. For, at the time appointed for the disarming act, all the dutiful and well-affected clans truly submitted to the Act of Parliament, and gave up their arms, so that they are now completely disarmed; but the disaffected clans either concealed their arms at first, or have provided themselves since with other arms. The fatal effects of this difference at the time of a rebellious insurrection must be very obvious; and are, by us in this country, felt at this hour." — *Letter of Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, Justice-Clerk to the Marquess Tweeddale, Secretary of State for Scotland.*

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and silken work of woman's hand, in peaceful hour, should muster the hands of men around it in deadly fight, — that the banner which had been her favourite occupation and companion in the quiet convent of Bruges and the luxurious boudoir of Paris, should float for the future amidst the thunder of the battle and the hardships of war.

How rapt in admiration was Kirwan, as he marked the enthusiastic gaze of the beautiful girl upon the standard. He fancied he divined her thoughts, and approaching her, whispered gently, — “Ellen, while within reach of my sword he will be a bold foe that plucks that standard down.” And in saying this the lover thought less of his loyalty to his king than his devotion to the work of his mistress's hands.

A marble column marks the spot where that ill-fated banner was raised; even now we may stand where the enthusiast Lynch and his gentle daughter, the devoted lover, the loyal Lochiel, the faithful Sullivan, and the ambitious prince, then stood, and trusted in hopes that were doomed to be blighted.

Yet why mark with a column that spot of blighted hopes! — Alas! there is no spot on earth which might not thus be celebrated, save that spot where we kneel and pray in the hope of the Christian — the only hope that deceiveth not!

CHAPTER XXVI

NED AND PHAIDRIG DELIVER THEIR MESSAGE

AFTER the reading of the proclamation the Highlanders were dismissed from their parade, and occupied themselves in preparing for a feast; gathering what would suit for fuel in the glen, they lit fires, and cooking commenced, in which they were assisted by many of their women, who came dropping in at the rear of the clan, carrying loads of provisions and kegs of whiskey. Long wattles were placed in the ground, and small arcades of successive arches formed, over which blankets were thrown to make shelter for the women and children, for even children were among them, while shorter sticks, tending in the form of a cone, and thatched with fern plucked by the boys and girls among the rocks, made a more primitive retreat, and the valley soon assumed the air of an encampment. The shepherd's hut served for the accommodation of Ellen; for though it was intended for the prince, as the best shelter the place afforded, he, with a courtly gallantry, refused to take it when a lady was in his "little court," as he playfully called it, and the hut therefore was allotted to Ellen, and, as a point of nice punctilio, to her father.

"As for myself," said the prince, "I shall sleep, like the brave fellows who come to fight for me, on the heather in my plaid;" for Charles, to flatter the nationality of the Highlanders, had assumed the tartan, and, as he said himself, in the parlance of Italy, to which he was most accustomed, "to lie *al fresco* was no great penalty in the month of August."

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As the evening advanced, other forces poured into the valley. Again the echoes of Glenfinnin were waked by the pibrochs of MacDonald and MacLeod, and upwards of four hundred devoted men strengthened the force of the prince, who greeted his adherents as they arrived.

And now the wild feast was spread. Charles and his little staff and the chieftains were stationed on a gently rising knoll, which served as a sort of natural "dais," whence they might be seen by all the clansmen who were huddled around without much attention to order. Game of various sorts served for viands; and while some claret was thoughtfully brought by Lochiel for the prince, who might not like their stronger mountain beverage, whiskey was the favourite liquor of the evening. When all the eatables were disposed of, Lochiel rose and addressed the assembled clans in a speech quite unintelligible to him whom it praised and meant to serve, for the prince did not understand a word of Erse (though his Irish adherents could gather most of the meaning,) but, judging from the effect it produced, it was spirit-stirring in the extreme, for the Highlanders yelled in delight as he proceeded, and quaffed their brimming cups to the last drop, as the chieftain wound up his speech with the toast of "*Deochs laint an Reogh!*"¹

The pipers struck up the tune of "The king shall have his own again;" and as the mountaineers warmed to the spirit of the scene, the music had an electric effect upon them, and up they jumped and began dancing. Those who could get women to join them, all the better, but the absence of the gentle sex was no bar to the merriment, for the men pranced away amongst each other with as much seeming glee as if each had the "bonniest lassie" in all Scotland for his partner.

The chieftains were not exempted from the exercise, for two of the women coming up and dropping courtesies to Lochiel and MacDonald, challenged them to

¹ God save the King.

the dance.¹ Forth stepped the chieftains as ready for the front of the festival as the front of the battle. The prince, full of that "condescension" for which great people are so famous when they have a point to carry, wished to join in the common revelry, and offered his hand to Ellen if they would play a cotillon, but the Highland pipers knew no such outlandish stuff. Lynch seeing the prince's desire that all about him should make general cause in the mirthful spirit of the hour, said his daughter would dance a jig with "any comer" if there was a piper present who would play one.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed a voice, not unknown to Lynch. "'Faith, then, it's I will play the jig for the masther!"

Lynch turned to the spot whence the voice came, and beheld, to his astonishment, Phaidrig-na-pib led up to him by Ned.

"Here's the music, Sir," cried Ned to the captain; "and may I," he said, with all the humility and devotion he could impart to his voice, "have the honour of leading Miss Lynch to the dance?"

Ellen uttered an exclamation of surprise at sight of Ned, and eagerly asked what extraordinary chance had thrown him there. He told her he would explain all to her when the dance was over, and Phaidrig, losing no time "for the honour of Ireland," in lilting up the very merriest of his jigs, Ned and Ellen set to, and won rapturous applause from the surrounding lookers on. Ellen had that sound spirit of nationality, unfailingly allied to good sense, which made her not slight, even if she did not love, any customs of her native country. She could tread the stately minuet or lively cotillon with courtly grace, but equally well could she bound through the

¹ This custom exists still, I believe, in Scotland, but certainly in Ireland, at harvest-homes and such festivals, where the highest gentleman would be considered recreant who would refuse the "challenge" of a peasant girl.

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tricksy steps of the merry jig; and the arm a-kimbo, and the

“Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,”

so peculiarly belonging to that flirty dance, were never more attractive than in the person of Ellen Lynch.

Now Ned could dance a jig right well too, and with the readiness of an Irishman he seized the occasion of showing off his good point, while he secured at the same time what he considered the highest honour on earth. All his exertions were called forth by the sight of the beautiful girl, whose graceful action, even to one who was not already in love with her, might have made him so; and whether it was the peculiar occasion, the presence of the prince, or the honour of her country, it is impossible to say, but Ellen certainly danced uncommonly well; in short, she seemed to “take share of the jig” with all her heart.

The bystanders cheered the dance amazingly, and the point of honour of “who should give in first,” was made more precious every minute. Ellen strove hard to “dance her man down,” but Ned would not be beaten, and when, breathless and panting, his flushed and exhausted partner almost dropped with fatigue, Ned tripped forward with the air of a true cavalier, and supporting his lovely burden firmly yet delicately in his arms, he led her, amidst loud applause, to a gentle slope, and seated her on a bunch of heather with as much ceremony as though it had been a velvet chair. As he retired, after thanking her for the honour of her hand, and receiving in return a gracious glance of her sweet eyes, he met the gaze of Kirwan, looking thunder.

Whether it was that the fitful light of the fires imparted an unusual flashing to the eye, and that the ruddy light tinged his glance with an *outward* glare rather than it burned from a fire *within*, Ned could not at the instant determine, but he felt it was the most

repulsive look he ever encountered:—the more so, as Kirwan's aspect was generally good-humoured;—handsome though he was, it was the expression of cheerful good-nature which rendered his countenance so prepossessing, and over such the shade of evil passions makes its most startling impress. Kirwan, for the moment, looked almost fiendish, and at the instant felt an agony of soul he had never before experienced; for as the eyes of the rivals met, there was in Ned's look a joy so bright, a something more akin to the skies than the earth, so expressive of unlooked-for joy, of hope realised, that its brightness shot infinitely more of anguish to the soul of Kirwan, than *his* lowering aspect did of regret to Ned, in this passing encounter of their eyes. That glance was but instantaneous, and yet in that one moment those men felt that they were for ever and for aye, deep, deadly, irreconcilable foes.

This was the more painful, because both had rather desired to be friends. Ned, for Lynch's sake, would scrupulously have avoided a quarrel with Kirwan; and he, on the other hand, could not forget that to Edward's hand he owed his life, when he missed his footing in springing on board the "Seagull" in the storm. He would have given the world not to be thus indebted. To owe a favour to the man you hate is indeed terrible, and Kirwan all on a sudden thoroughly hated our hero, for until that moment he had never dreamt of him as a rival; but there was an indefinable something about Ellen's dancing which made Kirwan's heart sink within him. It is true, he had never been received as Ellen's recognised suitor; a long and attached friendship was the highest claim he ever held to be so much in her society; and though Lynch would have been glad of Kirwan's alliance by marriage, Ellen's bearing towards him, while replete with friendliness and confidence, could never for a moment be mistaken for love.

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This, however, Kirwan hoped by long devotion to achieve at last; but, though the smiles of the gentle sex were no strangers to him, though a general favourite with the fair, and often envied for his ready access to their good graces, he felt that he had not made impression on Ellen's heart, though he was conscious of her utmost esteem. Can it be wondered at, then, that thus suddenly discovering a rival in a man he was inclined to consider, if not quite an adventurer, at least much his inferior in rank, he should look upon him with peculiar aversion; that the hopes he had been long building up being thus suddenly overthrown, should as suddenly engender hatred for the author of his disappointment?

Conscious that his aspect might betray the emotions which struggled within, he turned away from the group, and walked apart for some time. On his return he had no greater reason to be satisfied, for though Ned was not in the neighbourhood of Ellen, he saw him closely engaged in conversation with Tullibardine, Lynch, and the principal men of the party, and even with the prince himself; and this argued an importance in his position which afforded fresh cause of uneasiness, for whatever made him useful to "the cause," would give him interest in the eyes not only of Ellen, but of her father.

It was immediately after the dance, when Kirwan had walked away, that Lynch enquired of Ned how he came to make so sudden and unexpected an appearance in the glen. Ned gave a brief sketch of his adventurous measures to join the expedition, but with great tact dismissed personal affairs, as soon as possible, and entered upon the subject of the secret Jacobite interests as entrusted to him by Lord Barrymore; whereupon Lynch praised him much for his zeal and activity, and led him at once to the prince; who, on learning the importance of what Ned had to communicate, retired with him and his principal adherents to a neighbouring hillock, and received, with the aid of Phaidrig's memory, such detailed ac-

counts of the assistance they might expect in England, that the hearts of the adventurers, exulting in the hopes before them, opened in welcome to the bearer of the glad tidings, and Ned found himself suddenly a person of some consideration. The prince repeatedly addressed him, and at the conclusion of the conference praised him for his zeal, courage, and activity; and when the party separated to throw themselves on their beds of heather, Lynch had some more parting words with Ned as they walked together towards the hut whither Ellen had already retired. As they parted at the door, Lynch told his young friend he must find the best bed he could for himself on the heather, to which Ned replied that to one who had often kept the middle watch in a gale, a heather bed in August was luxury.

But Ned did not feel himself inclined for immediate repose; for although he had walked many a weary mountain mile that day, the excitement of the evening countervailed the natural desire for rest. His meeting with Ellen, and her gracious bearing towards him, raised hopes which Lynch's manner and the prince's condescension were calculated to heighten, and which Ned had no wish to drown in slumber for the present, so he sauntered up the glen which was fast sinking into quiet. The whiskey had done its duty; the Highlanders were stretched in drunken sleep beside their watch-fires, already beginning to burn low, whose dull red light, as it glinted upon some overhanging rock, contrasted in picturesque relief to the pale light of the moon, which now illumined the silent depths of the valley.

It was the very region of romance; and in such a region Edward might well indulge his own. Oh, what living, real romance was there! A prince had come to claim a crown, and with a daring few had commenced the bold adventure. Those faithful few, forgetful of all other ties, the dearest and most real nature knows, clung to that ideal one which from boyhood upward had

held a secret, and therefore precious place in their enthusiastic hearts — the tie of loyalty. They, in turn, had their followers, educated in the blind but affectionate and generous motive to follow the fortune of their chief, whithersoever it might lead; and here were prince, and chieftains, and clansmen, all sunk alike into the forgetfulness of slumber; slumber on the edge of doom! even that royal head, which now, resting on wild heather, might in a few eventful days lie beneath the palace canopy or on the scaffold's block, forgot itself in sleep. The ambitious prince — the devoted adherent — the reckless clansmen — all could sleep, but the travel-tired lover could not repose. No. Nought can disturb the heart like love — nought else so chase the soul of rest. Kingcraft and loyalty are of the world's making; but love is of nature's creation, and therefore more absorbing in its influence.

Edward had a confused consciousness of all this around and passing within him, though he could not have defined his sensations in words; but he apostrophised the name of his mistress, asking himself why he alone should be waking in that valley, as he walked amidst the sleepers. He looked towards the hut which sheltered Ellen, and approached it with the pleasing notion of making his couch where she rested.

As he brushed briskly through the heather in the eagerness of the fond idea, the rustling attracted somebody already in the neighbourhood of the hut, who raising himself on his arm from his recumbent position, demanded, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Ned, still advancing.

The challenger sprung to his feet and confronted him; and Ned beheld in the person who barred his path, Kirwan.

The moonlight perfectly revealed both the men to each other, and neither spoke for some time, but stood gazing silently on each other. Kirwan's visage was sad and pale, and it seemed as if he made an effort to be

calm. At length he asked some vague question, to which Edward returned as vague a reply; and after the interchange of some broken sentences they seemed as much perplexed how to part as they were startled by their meeting. Each knew the other's motive for being there, as well as if the motive had been his own, yet dared not hint at such a knowledge. Each knew the working of the other's heart, as well as if he were inside it, yet tried to appear as indifferent as if they had not a heart between them. Both the men at that moment would have gladly seized each other by the throat, and struggled to the death, or gashed each other with their swords, yet were forced to assume the formalities of acquaintanceship; and when they stumbled on an excuse for parting, mutually uttered a hurried "good-night," while they wished each other at the d——l.

The following day was full of bustle and activity. An early council of war was called to consider the propriety of an immediate march to the south, but Lochiel and the other chieftains recommended the delay of one day more at Glenfinnin for the reception of small straggling parties of Highlanders which might be expected, and would be disheartened, or perhaps turn back if they found no friends awaiting them in the glen. This being decided on, the remainder of the day was given up to amusement. Athletic sports were engaged in by the mountaineers for the entertainment of the prince, while Ellen and a few who loved the picturesque, made a little party to explore the beauties of the glen. It was after the fatigue of a steep ascent which they had made in their excursion, that the little basket of refreshment was opened, and their simple repast spread in a pretty sheltered nook of the hills, where a rivulet, crystal-bright, bounding down the rocks, offered ready beverage to the party. Here it was that Ellen called upon Ned to tell her of his adventures since they had parted at sea, and by what extraordinary means he had contrived to follow

them. This he did in more detailed form than the night before to her father, but still without making himself offensively prominent in the story; and all listened with pleasure to the adventurous little history — his contriving to get away from France, his fishing-boat passage of the channel, his secret landing in England, escapes in London, and northern journey, which latterly became dangerous, from the suspicion of the authorities in the lowland towns attaching to all southern travellers to the north. All the incidental questions that were asked him in the course of his narrative were answered with so much clearness and good sense, that he obtained consideration among his hearers.

Kirwan was not among these; his duties obliging him to remain in the camp, much to his chagrin, as he saw Ellen departing with Ned in her train. As for Ned, it was the happiest day of his life. The beautiful girl he adored listened with pleasure to the recital of his adventures, and there was a nameless charm in her manner towards him which gave him joy for the present and hope for the future. How lovely did she seem in his eyes, as she reclined in that little rocky dell upon the short aromatic grass, where the tiny flowers had crept for shelter. Her fairy foot was playing with a hare-bell which lay close beside it, and Ned would have given the world for the painter's power at that moment to record the beauty of its arched instep and rounded ankle.

Young Ronald MacDonald was of the party, albeit not insensible to Ellen's beauty, and she called on the young chieftain to arouse them from their too luxurious quiet by one of those spirit-stirring songs with which he was wont to gladden the hearts of the king's friends: one of those strains whose fiery poetry roused men to action, and outlives the cause by which they were inspired.

The young chieftain poured forth his very heart in

the song, which well suited the genius of the place, and as he arrived at its burden, —

“ Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
You're a' the welcomer airly,”

every voice joined in the chorus, and felt the aptness of the strain, for the heather was around them, and they were “a' the welcomer airly,” — they were the first of the adherents.

Ellen's foot had kept beating time to the melody, and Ronald remarked that if she kept time so well he was sure she could sing, and that hers truly was the land of song.

She obeyed the call, and sang that exquisitely plaintive melody called “Limerick's Lamentation,” which touched the heart of every hearer; and when it was concluded, Ronald made her promise she would teach it to him, as it was one of the loveliest airs he had ever heard. “But it is *so* sad,” he added.

“And well it may be,” said Ellen. “It was written to commemorate the expatriation of us poor Irish after the violation of the treaty of Limerick, and hence its name.”

“I will learn it,” said Ronald. And so he did, and the air became afterwards a great favourite in Scotland, where it is now known under the name of “Farewell to Lochaber,” for the beauty of the strain caught the ear and waked the genius of Burns.

Ned was now called on to contribute to the harmony of the party, and said he would attempt a variety in the style of the song he should give. The others treated of war and exile; he should deal with a softer subject, which was the unfailing contrast to war in the hands of the poets.

“Aye — love!” said Ronald: “you lowlanders are always thinking of sighing and whining after your lady's

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apron string. Oh! the mountains for me, which brace a man's nerves to bolder strains!"

"Softly," said Ned: "in the first place I am not a lowlander, — I came from the region of mountain and lake as well as yourself, and I never heard it objected to a warrior that he could play the lover also. Nay, my love-song even shall not treat of the valley, but hold forth the fitness of the mountain for tender recollections as well as warlike achievements. Why should we not

'Come thro' the heather'

at the behest of a lady as well as of a king?" and he bowed low to Ellen as he spoke, and then began: —

THE MOUNTAIN DEW

I

By yon mountain, tipp'd with cloud,
By the torrent foaming loud,
By the dingle where the purple bells of heather grew,
Where the Alpine flow'rs are hid,
And where bounds the nimble kid —

There we've wander'd both together through the mountain dew!
With what delight in summer's night we trod the twilight gloom,
The air so full of fragrance from the flow'rs so full of bloom,
And our hearts so full of joy — for aught else there was no room,
As we wander'd both together through the mountain dew!

II

Those sparkling gems that rest
On the mountain's flow'ry breast,
Are like the joys we number — they are bright and few,
For a while to earth are given,
And are call'd again to heaven,
When the spirit of the morning steals the mountain dew.
But memory, angelic, makes a heaven on earth for men,
Here rosy light recalleth bright the dew-drops back again;
The warmth of love exhales them from that well-remember'd glen,
Where we wander'd both together through the mountain dew.

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Even the fiery Ronald admitted that a song not unworthy of the mountain might be sung to a softer theme than war, and one after another of the party gave some snatch of —

“ Music wedded to immortal verse,”

and right pleasantly passed the day, until the shadows warned them it was time to return and join the evening feast, which the prince was to hold again in Glenfinnin. As they descended to the valley, Ned seized many an opportunity of tendering his services to Ellen, whose beautiful hand was often within his, as he steadied her footstep round some precipitous ledge, or afforded her support as she sprang from some overhanging rock, too high to dare a leap from, without such aid. Happy, happy Ned! — he would have wished the descent to be interminable, but such sweet moments must come to an end, and he found himself too soon at the mountain-foot, where preparation for festivity was in active progression.

It was not long till the feast was spread, and the prince and his adherents (much increased in number by fresh arrivals) re-enacted the scene of the former evening. Again to the king's health did Glenfinnin resound; again shrieked the pipes in wild music; again the fantastic dance beat the ground — but there was no jig. Ellen, pleading fatigue, had retired early, so the jealous glances of the rivals were spared, as well as their moonlight walk and meeting of the preceding night; and if Kirwan did not sleep soundly, Ned certainly did.

CHAPTER XXVII

OUR HERO AND HIS RIVAL UNDER ARREST

THE following morning, at an early hour, the forces of Charles Edward started on their southern route, and the house of the "gentle Lochiel" was their next appointed halting-place.

Now, while the Highlanders are on their march, it may be as well for the author to beckon his kind companion, the reader, into a by-path, and have a few confidential words with him about the march of his story. Let him (the reader) not be afraid that he is about to be dragged through the high road of history, with which he is as well, if not better acquainted than the author himself. The story of the adventurous prince is too well known by the world in general, to afford rational hope to an author that any fresh research or "new dresses, scenery, and decorations," of his, could invest that romantic drama with a fresh interest. Therefore, once for all, let it be understood that no more of the history of this period will be touched upon than properly belongs to the affairs of the persons connected with our story. In touching on the immediate time and place of such startling historic events, it cannot be forgotten that the greatest novelist of any age or country has made the theme his own, and that while the course of the present tale lies through such beaten ground, the author feels like a trespasser, pursuing his game over a manor that must be ever well preserved in the grateful memories of admiring millions. Therefore, with what speed he may,

he will hasten his course, nor venture one step he can avoid in a region it were literary sacrilege to profane.

And now, so much being said, let us join the general march, and halt with the Highlanders and the "gentle Lochiel."

The gathering of the clans was increased at the home of the gallant chieftain. MacDonald of Glenco, Stuart of Appin, and the younger Glengarry, joined their forces to those already assembled; and though, despite the Arms Bill, they were wonderfully provided with offensive weapons, nevertheless, some hundreds were wanting in that essential point of war, and a council was held to deliberate on the best mode of remedying the deficiency.

After the council had broken up, the theme of its deliberation continued to be the subject of conversation among the leaders, and repeatedly regret was expressed that the prince had come so ill provided with arms. Tullibardine, Lynch, and others of the prince's immediate followers, reminded the chieftains that it was not from lack of foresight such a want was experienced, but that the fortune of war had interrupted that most necessary supply — the ship bearing the military stores having been intercepted.

Kirwan could not resist this opportunity of saying something to annoy Ned, and though his better nature pointed out to him at the instant he spoke, the unkindness and injustice of his words, the demon of jealousy would not let him be silent, but goaded him on to wound in any way he could.

"Yes," said he, "if those on board the 'Elizabeth' had only done their duty, and fought their ship becomingly, we should now have plenty of arms and ammunition."

Ned, in the peculiar relation he stood with Kirwan, was quite as ready to take, as the other to give, offence, and instantly retorted, "If the 'Doutelle' had not deserted the 'Elizabeth' ——"

"Deserted!" interrupted Kirwan captiously; "you

forget his highness was on board — too precious a freight to endanger; besides, what could a light-armed brig do against a fifty-gun ship? while the ‘Elizabeth,’ carrying sixty-seven, should have been able to beat an inferior adversary.”

“The ‘Elizabeth,’” said Ned, “was an old and inefficient ship, while the ‘Lion’ was perfect in all respects; and I feel myself bound to bear testimony to the gallantry of the captain and crew of the Frenchman. No ship could be better fought.”

“Very possibly,” said Kirwan, superciliously, “I only mean to say it was a pity she was beaten.”

“She was not beaten,” replied Ned, warmly. “It was a drawn battle, and a bitter and bloody one too; there was not a stick left standing in either ship.”

“We have lost our arms, however,” returned Kirwan.

“If the ‘Doutelle’ had used her guns,” said Ned, “we should not want arms; not only the ‘Elizabeth,’ but the ‘Lion’ too, as our prize, would have been here.”

“Oh,” said Kirwan, “it’s easy to talk of what would have been. I speak of what happened. *Your* ship was driven back.”

“If you talk of *my* ship,” said Ned, “I must talk of *yours* — and I should rather be on board the ship that fought, than the ship that ran away.”

“Ran away!” echoed Kirwan, furiously. “What do you mean?” and he laid his hand on his sword.

“Peace! peace!” cried Lynch, authoritatively, and restraining Kirwan’s arm. “Gentlemen, this is an unseemly and uncalled-for altercation. We are too few to quarrel among ourselves — let our swords be drawn on our enemies, not on each other. I make it a personal request to each that not a word further pass between you. — I am sure no offence was meant on either side.”

A general exclamation of “certainly not,” arose among the chieftains, though some suspected there might have been; and Lynch was quite sure that there was,

and grieved to think upon the cause, and not wishing to trust the men longer in each other's company, passed his arm through Kirwan's, and withdrew from the group, which by common consent dispersed immediately afterwards.

Ned's temper, though ruffled, soon recovered its tone, from the consciousness that he had repelled any affront that was meant, and maintained his position; and during the evening, in the house of the Highland chief, he renewed his opportunities of speaking with Ellen, undeterred by Kirwan's lowering brow, which, despite his efforts to the contrary, betrayed his inward feelings.

The next day, too, while pursuing their route to Blair Castle, the seat of old Lord Tullibardine, he often walked by Ellen's bridle-rein, as she sat her rough Highland pony, down the steep declivities of the mountain road; and though often obliged to give place to Kirwan, equally arduous in his attention, yet Ned made a good fight for the place of honour, and lost no opportunity of being near the lady of his heart.

This struggle for the post of "groom in waiting" between the rivals, was not unobserved by Lynch, who would gladly have prevented it by assuming the place himself, but that his presence was demanded in front, beside the prince, who was in close converse with him on the subject of the expected share Ireland would take in the insurrectionary movements, while Tullibardine was called on for his counsel.

The old lord, who had been actively engaged in the conference, soon became abstracted, and seemed scarcely to hear a word that was addressed to him. This absence of mind was accounted for to the prince, by one of the chieftains, who told him they were approaching Blair Athol, and that Tullibardine's heart was full at the thought of nearing his old halls after so long an absence. It was even so. Thirty years had elapsed since the heroic old man had been in his native land, whence the

same cause had procured his exile that now induced his return, and his countenance betrayed the varying emotions that stirred his soul, as he drew near the castle.

As they topped an acclivity, the turn of a sharp angle in the road revealed to the old lord his ancestral towers; first clear and distinct, but soon dim and uncertain, for he saw them through the mist of affection which his heart sent up before his eyes, as he looked on the home of his childhood. Other emotions there were, too, as well as those of affection. This staunch adherent of his king had received the father of the present prince in those very halls; then, on an enterprise like the present, had proved his fidelity, and forfeited his estates; and now was returned, after more than a quarter of a century of exile, to risk all he had remaining — his life — in the same desperate cause.

Ashamed to have witnesses to his emotion, the old man hastened onward, upon the pretence of being ready to receive the prince at the castle. When he reached the portal there was a reception awaiting himself. Some old adherents of the house who yet survived the ravages of time, and the still more actively depopulating measures of the law, after “the fifteen,” were ready to receive him at the gate, and hailed him as the “Duke of Athol,” the title held by his Whig brother (or the “fau’sè laird,” as the people called him,) by way of reward for his adhesion to the Guelphic interest.

One fine old man in particular, whose white hairs proclaimed age, and on whose face a scar indicated warlike service, was foremost in welcome: calling down blessings on the head of the old lord, he ran before him into the castle, shouting, “It’s a’ your ain again! — a’ your ain!”

But Tullibardine did not follow. His prince being close at hand, he awaited his arrival at the portal, where he received him with loyal welcome as he alighted, and prayed him to enter his castle, which he considered less

his own than his king's. He stood uncovered as he spoke, and when he had finished his short but devoted speech, he threw his bonnet in the air, as a signal to the surrounding retainers, whose answering shouts made the walls of Blair Athol ring again, as the prince entered its gates.

Much confusion was apparent in the interior appointments, owing to the sudden departure of its recent occupant; the open doors of closets and cupboards with emptied shelves, papers scattered about, and remnants of valueless utensils, showed that documents of any value and all the plate had been removed. Old Tullibardine, after ransacking every corner of his castle, came back laughing to the prince, swearing "the loon had not left as much as a silver spoon in the house." Rejoicing, however, that the cellar could not be emptied at a short notice, the brave old gentleman set about getting up a feast directly, and all the resources the neighbourhood could furnish were put in requisition for the purpose. In the meanwhile the prince was conducted by his host through the castle, much of which had been modernised, to the great grief of Tullibardine, who regretted each innovation, which made his castle look less like what it was when he had left it. On entering the garden his surprise was still greater, to find additions to a considerable extent had been made in this department, even to the luxury of green and hothouses, and the culture of foreign fruits. It was at Blair Athol Charles Edward first tasted pine-apples, which the banquet of that festal day furnished. A wild and singular banquet it was—the dishes were of a sufficiently substantial character for the old baronial times; the exigencies of the hour precluded the possibility of carefully cooking anything; while the produce of the gardens and the cellars bespoke modern refinement, and were fit for the board of a king; but even here the absence of all suitable accessories was ludicrous. The commonest ware, and not much of that, bore costly

delicacies ; and the choicest wines were quaffed from horn cups. But still right joyous was that wild banquet, and the ancient hall of Blair Athol rang through the night with loud merriment, till dawn surprised some of the carousers at their potations, and the hoarse exhausted song of the reveller was but a prelude to the clear, outgushing melody of the lark.

That morning melody had wakened Ellen from her slumbers, which had been deep and refreshing, far removed from the riot of the hall ; and she arose to enjoy the early fragrance of the gardens she saw sparkling in dew beneath her window. To rove through a garden was at all times to Ellen an exquisite pleasure, and she found in that of Blair Athol much to admire. It seemed as if great care had been bestowed on this department of the establishment, and in her walk among its flowers the morning passed swiftly away. As the day advanced, stragglers running to and fro indicated the stir of life again about the castle, and the old lord himself was soon after seen making his appearance upon a grassy slope, that led from the house to the garden. As in this neighbourhood there was a beautiful bed of flowers, Ellen hastened thither, doubting not she should find him, but on reaching the spot she stood alone amidst its bloom and its fragrance ; she raised her voice and called on him by name, but no answer was returned, and then, stepping into one of the neighbouring walks, she commenced a search. At length she caught a glimpse of him through an opening in an old hedge, whose antiquity showed it to be an original boundary of the garden, and she followed to keep him company. As she approached, she observed him looking attentively upon the trunk of an ancient tree, beside which an old but flourishing bush of white rose was growing, and he had just taken a knife from his pocket as if to cut some memento on the bark, which already bore the rough seams of some former carving.

On being addressed by Ellen, the old gentleman turned round and saluted her courteously, while she enquired how he could choose to ramble in that grass-grown and neglected place, while so beautiful a garden lay so near.

“My dear child,” he said, “this *was* the garden. Yonder is the doing of my Whig brother, who loves new kings and new fashions better than I. *This* is the place where I stole apples as a boy, and I would not give this neglected, grass-grown spot, for ten times the ‘beautifications’ that have been made at the other side of that hedge. Do you see that old tree? I have climbed it when it and I were younger, to the terror of my poor mother. It bears a memento, too, of my hand in manhood — look here!” and he pointed out to her, as he spoke, the initials of his name, and the date, 1715, carved in the bark.

“In that year,” he said, “I fought for the royal house which now I fight for. In that year I planted that white rose, the emblem of our cause, beside that tree; and now I return, after thirty years of exile, and the tree still stands, and the rose still flourishes; good omen of success! And do you wonder I love this old garden better than the new one? No! I see you don’t, by your glistening eyes! And now I am going to carve my name and 1745 on that same old tree, whose bark shall bear the record that Tullibardine was ever loyal to his king. Yes! that tree and I are older and weaker than we were when I played among its branches. I am too old to climb, and it too weak to bear; but still, though shaken by time, we are unchanged in nature. As well might that tree assume another foliage as I become a Whig. As well might it desert its roots, as I desert the cause of Charles Stuart.” Ellen’s heart swelled at the enthusiasm of the old man, who began carving his memorial on the tree, while she commenced a careful selection of the choicest neighbouring roses, as

a welcome tribute to the prince, saying she was certain the flowers would be doubly welcome when he heard the history of the tree from which they had been gathered.

Having culled her bunch of roses, Ellen sauntered up and down the old garden, waiting till Tullibardine had finished his carving on the tree, that he might bear her company ; and as she approached the hedge, she fancied her name was spoken at the other side of it. She paused and listened, and distinctly heard her name repeated, and by a voice which she recognised for Kirwan's. A reply was returned, but the intervention of the fence prevented her from hearing sufficiently well to know who spoke, though she rather imagined it was Ned. She caught the sound of Kirwan's voice again, and in a higher tone, which seemed to produce a louder reply than before, at once identifying Edward as the speaker. There was a peculiar tone in the conversation, indistinct as it was, that could not be mistaken for friendliness, and a suspicion flashed across Ellen's mind as to its nature, which, while it made her heart tremble, also piqued her curiosity, and approaching still closer to the hedge, she listened breathlessly for the next word.

Now Ellen, though the soul of honour, and the last in the world who would wilfully play the eavesdropper, could not resist this temptation. But who could blame a woman for listening under such circumstances ? Hearing her own name mentioned, and that in an angry tone, between two persons whom she knew were her admirers, and trembling for what the result might be — perhaps a deadly quarrel, which it would be her duty to prevent. She stood in a state of perfect fascination, as the conversation proceeded, and the speakers having drawn nearer, she could gather much of what was said. Kirwan's tone was haughty and intemperate ; Edward's, though indignant, more under restraint. She heard Kirwan calling Edward to account for his over assiduous manner to herself, which Edward defended as being per-

factly within the limit of homage which any gentleman may offer to a lady. This Kirwan denied, and a good deal of what followed was lost ; but it seemed a hurried discussion of how far attentions might go without being construed into meaning anything, and Kirwan seemed to assume to himself the right of questioning any approaches to Miss Lynch, an intervention which Ned did not seem at all inclined to give way to. Something offensive followed, implying that Edward was not entitled to look so high. This was followed by an enthusiastic outbreak on Edward's part, not in assertion of his own deserts, but asking Kirwan who *was* worthy of so "divine a creature." Words ran higher every moment, and, at last, in a very violent tone, Kirwan called upon his rival to abandon all pretensions to Miss Lynch's notice, and desist from further "intrusion upon that lady." Ned replied with excellent temper, that when that lady's manner made him feel his attentions were intrusive, he should retire, but that he would not receive dismissal from other hands. Kirwan, in still stronger language, insisted on his renouncing all pretension to her society, on the spot. Ned very shortly and indignantly gave a plump refusal and Ellen heard some enthusiastic expression about laying down his life a thousand times for her. She then heard Kirwan say, with terrible distinctness, "One of the thousand will do for me, Sir—draw!"

The next instant she heard the clink of swords, and, uttering a piercing scream, she sprang to the entrance through the fence, and ran into the garden, where she beheld the two young men engaged in deadly encounter, and rushed between them. At her presence they dropped the points of their swords, while Tullibardine made his appearance suddenly, startled by Ellen's cries, and following her footsteps rapidly. She, pale as death, looked silently at the combatants, who stood mute and abashed before her, while the old lord, with stern dignity, reproved

them for the outrage they had committed, reminding them that while the prince honoured the castle with his presence, it became a palace, within whose precincts to draw a sword was punishable with death.

“Surrender your swords to me, Sirs,” said Tullibardine.

The young men obeyed.

“You are both under arrest, Sirs; and I desire you instantly to walk before me to the castle, where you shall be confined till a court-martial be called.”

“My lord,” said Ned, “I only beg to assure you that I was ignorant of the law it seems I have broken.”

“Then, Sir, ’t is well if you do not learn an over-dear lesson,” answered Tullibardine, sternly. “Go before me, gentlemen,” he added.

“Oh, my lord!” exclaimed Ellen, whose heart sank at the name of a court-martial, “for Heaven’s sake pardon the thoughtlessness of these gentlemen, who, I am sure, quite forgot the neighbourhood of the prince, and are therefore unintentional offenders.”

“It is quite clear they *did* forget, Miss Lynch, and so do you seem to forget what is due to your prince, interceding for such bold offenders.”

Ellen had never heard the old man speak so harshly before, and hung her head to conceal the tears which his reproof had caused, and with a heavy heart followed him to the castle, whither he advanced, marching his prisoners before him. On reaching the hall he sent for two armed Highlanders, and giving directions to a servant to place Kirwan and Ned within the strong rooms of the old turret, desired the Highlanders to keep watch at the door of each chamber.

The prisoners were marched off immediately, and Tullibardine returned to the garden, whither Ellen followed, notwithstanding the rebuff she had already received, to endeavour to soften the anger of the punctilious old nobleman: but she found him inexorable; all the arguments she urged in favour of the prisoners were in

vain. Most fitly she suggested the wisdom of not weakening their small force by the bad example of letting a quarrel in their own little band be a subject of enquiry and punishment, while there was a common enemy to be fought; — that at such a moment, unanimity among themselves was of more consequence than the observance of court etiquette; — and that the probable ignorance of both, certainly of one of the party, of the nature of the offence they committed, ought to be mercifully taken into consideration. But to all these sensible observations the old courtier was deaf. In his view everything was less important than the respect due to royalty, and the argument advanced, of the prince standing in need of friends at the immediate moment, only made him more indignant with the offenders.

“When our prince is here,” he said, “almost at the mercy of his lieges to restore him to power, it more behoves us that he shall not have his royal dignity despised nor abated one jot; his very weakness, in this case, makes his strength; for what is wanting to him in real power must be made up to him by the homage of loyal and true hearts; and though he might not, at the present moment, be able or willing to assert his dignity and privileges to the fullest, it is the duty of his servants to see that they be not infringed; and in my eyes, Miss Lynch, an offence against our ill-provided prince, our royal master’s *alter ego*, in this humble Highland dwelling, is as great an offence as if committed against the potent Louis in the *Tuileries*.”

Ellen assured him she was not insensible to the loyal spirit in which he spoke; it was only in a prudential point of view she urged him to be merciful and say nothing about it; and that if the secret lay with the parties already in possession of it, there was no fear of the affair reaching the prince’s ears; “and then, my lord,” said she, enforcing her argument with one of her

sweetest smiles, "you remember how truly and beautifully the poet says,

'He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.'"

But Ellen's smiles and quotations were in vain. She might have smiled her life out, and exhausted a whole library without moving Tullibardine. He returned a stern look in exchange for Ellen's smile, and said, —

"Miss Lynch, the poet there speaks of a purse; and would you place money on a level with the dignity of the crown?"

"At least, my dear Sir," answered Ellen, still trying to force him out of his severity by playfulness, "you will acknowledge they are both gold."

"Or silver, Miss Lynch," returned my lord, with chilling severity, "as the case may be. Miss Lynch, the subject is not one to treat with levity, and in one devoted to your king, as I know you are, I am surprised to observe the temper in which you discuss this subject. An offence punishable with death — death, Miss Lynch, is committed in my garden, and I am not to see the offender punished, forsooth, because you can quote poetry!"

"This is unjust, my lord. In devotion to my king I will yield to no one, and I only appealed to your prudence and mercy to induce you to overlook what is, after all, but a breach of etiquette, too heavily punishable to make it Christian-like to prosecute."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Tullibardine, getting very angry. "So, Mademoiselle, you first spout poetry and then preach Christianity to me, to make me forget the honour of my prince; but you shall learn, Mademoiselle, that old men are not to be moved from their duty by love-sick young ladies."

Ellen felt the phrase "love-sick" severely, and replied with spirit to Tullibardine: "My lord, since you

so mistake my motives, I shall take my leave ;” and, making a low courtesy, retired with dignity ; but when she was sheltered from the stern old man’s view, tears sprang to her eyes, and she cried with pure vexation that the state of her heart should be suspected.

Of this, I believe, a woman is more jealous than a miser of his gold.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ELLEN TAKES PHAIDRIG INTO CONFIDENCE

THE parting words of the old lord presented to Ellen a new aspect of the affairs of the morning. Hitherto her views and motives regarded the interests of others : now they assumed a selfish form — a rare occurrence with her. The sternness of Tullibardine's manner left no doubt on her mind that he would bring the offenders to punishment, and the stinging phrase "love-sick" conjured up a host of hateful imaginings as to the facts that would come out in the course of the examination. The cause of quarrel would naturally become a matter of question, and therefore her name would inevitably be mixed up in the transaction, and in a way of all others most grievous to a lady ; for where is the woman of right feeling who would not shudder at being supposed the cause of a duel ? Such were her thoughts as she wended her way to the castle, and sought her chamber ; her pretty notion of presenting the roses to the prince being abandoned in the serious considerations of the hour. She began to hope that perhaps neither of the gentlemen engaged would confess what was the cause of their quarrel, but that hope was abandoned in the speedily-following belief, that on so serious a matter they must waive all delicacy, and answer every question asked. Nay, as she was present, perhaps she herself might be called on to declare all she knew about the matter, and then, "what *would* become of her ?" To stand the gaze of a court of enquiry, and be forced by her own word of mouth to declare how important a

share she had in the transaction — it was too dreadful, and she wrung her hands in very bitterness of grief, pacing up and down the chamber, exclaiming in an under breath, “What is to be done?” Poor Ellen! she was in sad perturbation, and was long undecided what steps to pursue: — whether to let things take their course, or speak to her father, and telling him all she knew about it, seek his counsel. Yes — she *would* tell her father, and her hand was on the lock of the door to open it, and go forth to seek him, when the project was abandoned on second thoughts.

She had serious objection to speak to Lynch on the subject, for she dreaded his blame. He had made it sufficiently intelligible to Ellen, that a union with Kirwan would please him, and he might, perchance, say, that had she thought more of his wishes, and accepted one so worthy in every way, this could not have occurred. Then again, the quarrel implied that the advances of some one else must have been sufficiently apparent to arouse the anger of her former suitor, and therefore there must be a long talk about love affairs, which to Ellen Lynch was the most hateful thing in the world, and that determined her to say nothing to her father. Such a dislike ever belongs to minds of refinement and imagination. Those of grosser clay may discourse in common of such engagements, and see nothing more in treating of them than of others. To love (if ever they do — and to marry, which they do if they can), is nothing more in their eyes than a worldly concern, which they would as soon discuss as any other matter; but to a sensitive nature there is something beyond earthliness in all that belongs to love. It is held too sacred a theme to be the common talk of the world — too precious to be approached by everybody — the very hoard of the heart, guarded with a miser’s care, and bolts and bars are put upon it that none may pass but the one who is lawful partner

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in it. So strongly does this feeling imbue sensitive natures, that they have a repugnance even to the imputation of a love which they bear not. Its very name touches a chord in their souls, which the finger of the jester may not approach. It is then —

“ Like sweet bells jangled out of tune.”

To produce harmony, one chosen hand alone can wake it, and then it doth

“ Discourse most eloquent music.”

When Ellen had abandoned the thought of speaking to her father, she next entertained the idea of seeking the prince, and interceding for the prisoners at his feet; but here again she dreaded her motive might be questioned, and shrank from the attempt. What, then, was to be done? She saw nothing could free her from her embarrassment but the liberation and flight of the prisoners; and this idea took final and firm possession of her mind, and towards its achievement all the resources of her invention were called into action.

To reconnoitre the turret where they were confined was her first object, and this she undertook on the instant. She thought it likely the prisoners would be looking towards the window, if window there was in their place of durance; and she had not the least doubt that if she made her appearance before them, the gentlemen would not be unlikely to approach the casement to look at her. She put her scheme in practice and it answered admirably; both her admirers rushed to the windows, as she paced the grass plat in its vicinity, and she was glad to find that those casements lay on different angles of the turret, so that communications might be held with one without being under the observation of the other. Satisfied of this fact, she summoned Phaidrig to her presence, determining to make him her confidant, and seek strength in his advice.

All the objections she entertained to speak to others on the subject vanished as regarded Phaidrig; he was an attached adherent of her family, loved her to devotion, and, as an inferior, would feel the confidence reposed in him an honour, binding him to respect and silence, which an equal might not observe.

“Phaidrig,” said Ellen, as he entered her presence, “I have sent for you to have a confidential word with you about something.”

“Oh yis, Miss, — I guessed you ’d be troubled about it.”

“You know, then, what I allude to?”

“To be sure I do,” said Phaidrig, who wished, with that delicate address belonging to the Irish people, to spare her the awkwardness of opening the subject, therefore dashed into it himself; his natural perception leading him at once to the right conclusion as to what that subject was: — “you mane the scrimmage in the garden, this morning?”

“Yes, Phaidrig.”

“I thought so. Indeed it is a crooked turn the thing has taken, Miss Ellen.”

“’T is most painful, Phaidrig.”

“Sure, then, it’s a quare counthry,” said the piper, “where they would n’t let gentlemen have their quarrel out their own way.”

“’T is not for their quarrelling, Phaidrig, — it is for drawing their swords so near the presence of the king.”

“Musha then, but the ways o’ the world is quare! Here’s half the swords in Scotland goin’ to be dhrawn in the king’s cause, and out o’ them all you must n’t draw one in your own.”

“Not just *that*, Phaidrig: it is drawing the sword within the forbidden limit, is the offence — so near the king’s presence, you understand.”

“Arrah, Miss Ellen, you have too much *sense* not to see that is *nonsense*. Sure you may flourish your

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sword under a king's nose, so near that you've a chance of cuttin' it off, as long as it's in a battle — and you're a hero for that. But if you are some perches out of his sight, and stone walls betune you and him, you must keep your blade in good behaviour. Isn't that rank nonsense, Miss Ellen?"

"You must remember the respect due to the prince, Phaidrig."

"Faix, the man who would n't respect himself first, and back his own quarrel, would have but little respect for a prince, or be little likely to stand up for his cause. But to come back to the story, as I said afore — it's a crooked turn, and how can we make it sthrait? — for that's the matther."

"Could we not help them to escape from confinement?"

"I dar say," said Phaidrig, "with a little head-work. But is the danger so great as to require it?"

"The offence is punishable with death."

"Death! — oh murther! — Tut, tut, Miss Ellen, they would n't kill them for that — don't think it."

"The old lord is desperate about it."

"Yes — I dar say — he's a bitther owld pill. But the prince himself, Miss, would n't hear of it! he'd just maybe give them a reprimand when he made an enquiry into the thing — and ——"

"That," interrupted Ellen, "is the thing of all others I wish to avoid — enquiry. I would not, for the world, have the cause of this quarrel made a talk of. You are an old, an attached follower, Phaidrig, — faithful and kind; and I don't hesitate to tell *you*, that —" But she did hesitate. "In short," she continued, "to be candid with you — I mean that sometimes gentlemen will — will ——"

"Will fight about a lady," said Phaidrig, silyly.

The words called a blush to Ellen's cheek, but its pain was spared by the blindness of her companion.

“You are right, Phaidrig,” she said; “but though *you* know that, I would not wish the world to know it.”

“Faix then they ’ll make a sharp guess at it, Miss.”

“Do you think so?”

“Sartinly.”

“Why gentlemen may fight about many things.”

“Yes, Miss Ellen, after dinner. When the wine is in and the wit is out, a hot word will sometimes breed a quarrel; but when gentlemen, in the cool o’ the morning, go seriously to work, it’s mostly a lady at the bottom of it.”

“Do you know, then, the people here are aware of the cause of the duel this morning?”

“No — I don’t know it — but I suppose they are not fools, and have their eyes and ears as well as other people: so, as far as that goes, take no trouble about it, for I’ll go bail they are up to it.”

“Well, let them!” said Ellen, pettishly. “Let them suspect what they like, so long as there is no examination — no words about it.”

“Ah! — there it is!” said Phaidrig, “that ’s the way o’ the world all over. It’s not the *thing* we care so much for, as the *thing being talked of*. But why would you care, Miss Nelly, *alanna*: sure what’s the shame of your being beloved by two brave gentlemen? — for indeed they are brave. The one loves the flowers you tread on, and the other the ground they grow out of; the one is an old friend, the growth of family connection; the other a newer one, turned up by chance in an hour of trial — and well he behaved in it, and since that same, I hear, was near you in throuble again. Kierawaun is good owld Galway blood, and Fitzgarl is a good name, no denying it, though he may not know just the branch he belongs to — but I’d be book-sworn the good dthrop is in him, for he gives his money, and keeps his word like a gentleman; Mither Kierawaun will have a purty little estate one o’ these days, and Mither Fitzgarl has a

rich uncle at his back ; throth, I could n't make a pin's choice between them ; it's only yourself could do it, Miss Nelly ; and indeed I would if I was you, and settle the dispute out of hand."

"Ah, as cunning as you are, Phaidrig," said Ellen, laughing (for confidences with inferiors in rank are made easier by mirth,) — "cunning as you think yourself, you sha'n't find me out. Besides, my good Phaidrig, remember these are not times for wedding — the king's cause before ours."

"*Lanna machree!*" said Phaidrig, tenderly, "the cause of nature is before the cause of kings, — there is no jewel in the king's crown worth the pure love of a pure heart."

Ellen was touched with the truth of the saying, but still trying to laugh, told Phaidrig he was getting poetical.

"Miss Ellen, I can't help it, sometimes. Sure, when the truth is strong in us it will come up, like a spring, bright and bursting, and flow out of us, whether we will or no."

"Well, Phaidrig, all the poetry in the world won't get our friends out of their confinement — we must consider how that is to be done."

"Then you are still for their escape?"

"I would prefer it."

"Then your will is my pleasure, Miss, and I'll do all I can for you."

Ellen told the piper how the prisoners were situated ; upon which he said a rope was all they wanted for their purpose, by which the prisoners could lower themselves from their windows.

Ellen questioned the danger of such a mode of descent from such a height.

"Tut!" exclaimed Phaidrig, "you forget Mither Fitzgarl is used to the sea, and a rope is as good as a flight o' stairs to him."

"True," said Ellen, quite satisfied with the remark, and made no further observation. But this incident, slight as it was, furnished the acuteness of the blind man with a clue to her feelings.

To give notice to the prisoners of the intended efforts in their favour was the next object, and this, Phaidrig promised to effect by means of his pipes. Led by Ellen to the part of the turret which fortunately for them lay at a remote angle of the building, she desired the piper to play the "Cuckoo's Nest," as that, she knew, would attract Edward's attention. Phaidrig wanted to know why that air would produce that effect, to which Ellen replied, that much as he knew, he must be content not to be in all her secrets, and cunning as he was, she defied him to find that out. The fact was, the "Cuckoo's Nest" was the melody to which Ned had sung his song at Glenfinnin, and the moment Phaidrig played it, Ned appeared at the window. What was his delight to see Ellen wave her hand to him, and point to Phaidrig's pipes, as much as to say, "observe what he plays." She waited no longer than to tell Phaidrig Ned was listening, but her momentary presence was enough to enchant the captive. The signal she had chosen to give him, too, was the air of the song he had sung to her, and his heart beat with transport. Phaidrig next played "*The Twisting of the Rope*;" next in succession, "*The Foggy Dew*," and then "*Yourself along with Me*," after which he retired.

This language of music Ned thus translated — "by the assistance of a rope he was to effect his escape in the evening, when Phaidrig should call him." He was watchful now for every passing circumstance; no light or sound escaped him, as he held careful watch at the window. It was some hours, however, before anything worthy of observation occurred; but then he saw he had rightly read Phaidrig's warning, for a rope was lowered opposite his window, and he lost not a moment in draw-

ing it rapidly into his room. He coiled it up, sailor fashion, and was looking about the chamber, which was very bare of furniture, to see where he might stow it away to escape observation in case his room might be visited, when he heard a foot outside the door, and the key turned in the lock.

CHAPTER XXIX

AN APPARENT MYSTERY EXPLAINED

HOW the rope was lowered to Ned, lest it might be a mystery to the reader, or supposed to be the work of some "sweet little cherub" that was "sitting aloft" on the roof of the castle, we shall explain; for all supernatural agencies we beg to disclaim in this our truest of histories, which treats but of human affairs throughout. Phaidrig having promised to supply the rope "somehow or other," Ellen carefully reconnoitred the turret, and found, by reckoning its battlements, exactly the points where the windows lay; and as she had ascended that very turret the day before, in company with Tullibardine, who wished to show her a fine view from the platform on its top, there was no difficulty in her ascending the tower again for the same supposed reason, and under the folds of a cloak it was easy to conceal the coil of rope, and thus, without the slightest suspicion attaching to her act, she was enabled to supply the necessary means of flight to her captive friend, though it must be confessed fortune presented an embarrassment in the time of its arrival which was most inopportune.

In a castle under regular "watch and ward," all these plottings and schemes of deliverance would not have been so easy of design and execution; but, with the irregular nature of the armed forces about it, it was no such difficult matter. The superiors in command were engaged in council most of the day contriving their campaign; and as for the Highlanders, they were straggling idly about the hills, or enjoying the rest the halt

afforded, or cooking their dinners, or, in short, doing anything but taking care of the castle; which, after all, there was no necessity for guarding, save for the two prisoners, who were too unimportant to excite a care; for the prince was in the midst of devoted followers, no enemy was within scores of miles, and why should the Highlanders “fash” themselves about regular military order?

Ellen had kept close to her chamber all day, save at such times as she stole abroad in furtherance of her own peculiar plans. This she did to avoid the chance of encountering any question, or being engaged in any conversation on the business of the morning, and it was not until late in the day she had a visit from her father, whose services had been in constant requisition for some previous hours in the council. She feared he would make some mention of the morning's adventure, but in this she happily deceived herself. Lynch was equally annoyed at the circumstance with his daughter, and knowing besides how painful it would be to her, abstained from any allusion to the subject. It had already given him sufficient pain; he had endeavoured to dissuade Tullibardine from following the matter up in the spirit of indignation which he first evinced on the subject, but in vain. The old punctilious courtier was resolute on punishment, therefore Lynch dropped the subject as soon as he could with him, and depended on the graciousness of the prince for a more sensible and merciful termination of the business. After a brief visit, Lynch left Ellen to the solitude of her chamber, while he went to join the feast in the hall.

CHAPTER XXX

NATURAL DISINCLINATION TO FLIGHT

IN the meantime how fared it with Ned in his prison-chamber? We left him rather in a dilemma. Fortune is a capricious sort of dame, often behaving like the ill-natured cow, who when she has given plenty of milk, kicks down the pail, and Ned trembled for the fate of his rope which the slippery lady had sent him. By "slippery lady," we by no means intend Ellen. Heaven forefend we should give so ungracious a title to a heroine. Oh, no! — we mean to indicate Fortune by that epithet, and as no one has ever accused her of being over steady, our conscience is free from reproach; *we* have not been the first to take away her character, and we call her slippery without remorse; whereas a young lady's being so, particularly when she was on the roof of a house, where a slip would be a serious matter, would endanger not only her good name but her neck.

But to return to Ned and his rope. When he heard the key turned in the door, standing with the aforesaid rope in his hand, whereon depended his hope of liberty, he thought all was lost; but, as in desperate emergencies, thought, stimulated by the spur of necessity or danger, sometimes suggests a sudden measure of escape, so, on the present occasion, she stood Ned's friend. In an instant he laid down the coil of rope close to the hinged side of the door, which on being opened, screened the object it was so important to hide, thus making the means of discovery also the means of concealment. A servant entered, bearing some refresh-

ment, which having deposited on a little rickety table, the only one in the room, he asked, civilly, if there was anything else Ned required: and Ned, only wanting his absence, got rid of him as fast as he could, and the door being once again closed, and the rope safe, it was crammed immediately up the chimney, until its services should be required at the time of "the foggy dew."

The long-wished-for hour at length arrived, and when the evening shades began to gather on the hills, and the revel without and within the castle had unfitted all for guardianship, Ellen and Phaidrig stole forth, and at the turret's base gave the pipe-signal. Ellen watched the window anxiously, which soon was opened, — she perceived Edward emerging from the casement and prepare to descend — she trembled with anxiety as she looked at the fearful height, and was forced to lean on Phaidrig for support. It was too dusky to distinguish the rope, and when Edward's hand let go the window-sill where he had steadied his weight before he had committed himself to the rope, to avoid oscillation as much as possible, and that Ellen saw him swinging in middle air, she shut her eyes and held them closed until Edward's voice close beside her assured her of his safety.

"Dear Miss Lynch!" he said, "how shall I thank you for this kind interest in my fortunes?"

"I do not forget," said Ellen, "how much I owe to you. On the score of obligation I am still in your debt."

"No, no!" returned Edward, "the pleasure of serving you is sufficient reward for the service: but this present escape of mine — to what is it to lead?"

"To freedom, of course," said Ellen. "You must fly this place immediately, and escape the consequences of this morning's rashness."

"To me it seems," returned Ned, "that to break my arrest is a greater offence than the one for which I was confined. I have no desire to fly from trial; —

but perhaps my kind friend Phaidrig here can explain the matter?"

"Not a bit," said Phaidrig; "it's all her own ordhering, and so let her explain it herself. Just walk off a bit there with the young mistriss, Masther Ned, out of my hearing, and you can say what you like to each other."

The obvious hint in the piper's speech did not escape Ned, who lost not an instant in seizing Ellen's hand and pressing it tenderly, at the same moment leading her away; but she resisted gently, and said, in a flurried manner, to Phaidrig, that she had no secrets to communicate.

"Tut, tut, tut, Miss Nelly, don't vex me," exclaimed Phaidrig; "go off there and talk your little talk together, or by this and that I'll make a screech on the pipes that will bring the whole castle about your ears, I will!"

"Phaidrig?" exclaimed Ellen, in a tone expressive of wonder, and implying command.

"I'm in airnest, Miss Nelly, and you know I'm wicked when I'm in airnest. Go off and talk, I tell you."

"You surprise me, Phaidrig."

"Faix then I'll *astonish* you if you don't go." Filling the air-bag of his pipes with some rapid strokes of the bellows as he spoke, he laid his hand upon the chanter, and raised it in menace. "Be off, Miss Nelly, you little stubborn thing, or I'll blow — I will, by St. Patrick!"

Ned, adding his entreaties to Phaidrig's menaces, and enforcing his request by drawing Ellen's arm within his own and pressing it gently to his heart, whispered low in her ear, "Pray come."

He then led her, unresisting and in silence, some twenty paces apart. Both their hearts were beating rapidly, for Phaidrig's words had prepared Ned to speak and Ellen to hear what neither had contemplated in this meeting.

Edward was the first to find his tongue; he prayed her to tell him her reasons for wishing his flight.

She answered — her fears for his safety — and assured him Lord Tullibardine was bent on the extreme punishment.

“Fear not for my life,” said Ned; “even if the severe discipline of the old lord urged him to the uttermost, the affair must ultimately rest at the prince’s option, and I will never believe he would, under present circumstances, permit matters to be carried to extremity; and I am so blameless in the occurrence of this morning, that I have no dread of standing my trial for it.”

“No, no! — No trial,” said Ellen, “for my sake, no trial!”

“I see, by your objection, you know the cause of the quarrel, and can feel your motives for suppressing all question about it; but let me assure you, I am guiltless of involving a lady’s name so unpleasantly.”

“I believe you,” said Ellen.

“I was called upon at the sword’s point to renounce all claim to you — you, who are all my hope in this world. Yes, Miss Lynch, yes; let me once for all avow, that without you, this life is valueless, and I am careless how soon I lose it, unless it may be dedicated to your worship — service is a cold word — Oh, Ellen! you are my worship, my adoration!”

It was the first time he had ever called her Ellen, and he was startled at the sound himself. “Pardon me,” he exclaimed, “for the liberty my tongue has taken with your sweet name!”

“Oh, don’t talk of ceremony with me,” said Ellen. “So tried a friend as you is more than deserving of so small a familiarity.”

“Bless you!” exclaimed Ned, venturing to raise her hand to his lips, and imprinting on it a devoted kiss.

Ellen withdrew her hand suddenly.

“Be not offended, Ellen. This night must make me

hope or despair for the future. In the first place, let me tell you, your father is aware of my love for you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, on leaving Nantes, my uncle avowed it to him, and offered to make all his fortune ours if he would consent to our union. Your father did not refuse — he only made me promise not to address you as a lover until this expedition was over, and candidly avowed he had intended another union for you. — I guessed it was Mr. Kirwan. Think then with what heavy heart I saw you leave France in his company — led to the boat by his very hand — his companion on board the same ship. Think what bitterness was added to defeat, when, after the furious action we had sustained, *my* ship was driven back, while *his* proceeded in safety, bearing off all I prized in the world, giving to my rival the advantage of such fearful odds, that the chance was he should rob me of that treasure for whose sake I had engaged in the desperate fortunes of Prince Charles. Oh! did you but know the risks, and trials, and difficulties, I encountered to get back from France to England; — the additional dangers that beset me there in holding communication with the disaffected in the midst of jealous and watchful guardians of the law. Did you but know the obstacles which had to be overcome in following here with speed — the sleepless nights I gave to travelling, that I might once more be near you. Oh! when I tell you all this, — done for your sake, — and that you remember I kept my promise to your father, and did not plead my love, you must give me credit for forbearance. But now forbearance were folly. The time absolves me — I may — I must speak, and I ask you at once to be mine! — Yes, adored one, if I am to fly, be you the partner of my flight; my uncle will receive us with open arms — fortune is before us — leave these scenes of danger and coming war, for peace, and security, and love!"

“Your ardour hurries you strangely away,” said Ellen, laughing; “you must think women made of very yielding materials, to suppose that the moment a man names marriage, they are ready to jump into his proposal, and a post-chaise at the same time. Oh, Mister Fitzgerald! is that your opinion of the sex? — those divinities you so much adore!”

Ned felt very foolish at this sudden parry of Ellen, which left him open to her ridicule, and even through the gloom he could perceive the mirthful malice which twinkled in her eye, as she thus suddenly cut him off in his heroics.

Ned was all penitence in a moment for his presumption, begged her to consider the urgent circumstances which betrayed him; prayed her not to laugh at his folly; protested that no one could have a higher opinion of the sex, but as for their being all divinities, he vowed he never said any such thing, and swore she was the only divinity of them all.

“Of course,” said Ellen, “of course!” laughing heartily, while poor Ned stamped with downright vexation, and prayed her not to laugh at him.

“One comfort the poor women have,” added Ellen, “is, that each one is a divinity to somebody, for a little while, at all events. Grecian, Roman, and Snub have their various worshippers. But now, to be serious, and return to the business of the night —— you must fly.”

“Suppose I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty,” said Ned.

“Or suppose that you refuse *me* so small a request,” returned Ellen reproachfully —

“No, no!” exclaimed Edward passionately, “I can refuse you nothing; — for your sake I would —”

“Well, then,” said Ellen, with peculiar sweetness, “for *my* sake.”

There was an expression in that one little word “my,” which went to Ned’s very heart, and dropped balm

there; it had that peculiar eloquence especially belonging to women, which may be called *the eloquence of tone*, in which they are so excelling, that the ear must be dull indeed which cannot interpret the melodious meaning.

"You will go now," continued Ellen, "now that I desire it."

"To do your bidding in all things is the dearest pleasure of my life," said Ned; "your first bidding I will obey, but before I go, let your second bidding be, to bid me hope."

"Have you no cause, then, to hope already?" said Ellen, with mingled sweetness and reproachfulness.

"Yes, yes, I have indeed!" said Ned; "but pardon, if, before I leave you, I would wish to hear——"

Ere he could finish the sentence, the alarm bell of the castle rang out fiercely, startling the soft silence through which their own whispers were audible, and Ellen, uttering a faint cry of terror, exclaimed they were discovered, and besought Edward to instant flight.

"Say you love me, then!" he cried, "before I go."

The sudden alarm, added to her previous excitement, had so overcome Ellen that, breathing a faint sigh, she sank into Edward's arms. He pressed her to his heart, and kissed her, but found she was quite insensible—she had fainted. He bore her hastily in his arms to where Phaidrig had been left waiting, and, followed by the piper, sought for the present a shelter from discovery in one of the shadiest spots of the garden, while the alarm bell still kept up its discordant clangour, calling the inmates of the castle to be "up and doing." It was a sound to make the hearts of fugitives tremble.

CHAPTER XXXI

NED DESPATCHED ON A SPECIAL SERVICE

ELLEN, on recovering her consciousness, found herself lying on a grassy slope, her head resting on Phaidrig's lap, and Edward kneeling beside her, bathing her temples—a handkerchief swept across the dewy grass supplying the cooling drops. The alarum bell was still ringing, and instantly recalled her to a sense of passing events.

"*You* still here?" she exclaimed, clasping Edward's hand; "for Heaven's sake fly!"

"Let me see you quite recovered first," he answered.

"I am, now," she said, springing to her feet with surprising energy—"fly, I beseech you!"

"Do, Masther Ned," said Phaidrig, "I will take care of Miss Nelly."

"Will you not say, then, before I go," said Edward, in a lower tone to Ellen—

"Hush!" she said, enforcing her word by laying her hand on Edward's breast, and unwilling he should pursue his question within the hearing of a third person.

"I know the question you would ask, and to save time, now so precious, will answer it without your speaking further. I say *yes*—I *do*—I *will*!"

"Bless you!" cried Edward, raising her hand unresistingly to his lips.

"Go now!" she said, "I tremble for your safety!—and see, what light is that flickering about the castle?—they have lit torches, and are coming to search the garden, perhaps.—Fly, fly!"

“Farewell, then!” said Edward, relinquishing her hand, “we must trust to chance for our next meeting.”

“You shall hear of us soon,” said Phaidrig, “we are to march to Perth to-morrow, and on the main bridge of that town you’ll find me at night-fall; — off with you, now!”

Edward obeyed; and, as he passed by the old hedge, recognised the scene of his encounter in the morning. So far from regretting it, he blessed the incident whose consequences had revealed to him the precious secret that to him was worth all the world. He cleared the fence at one bound, and commenced his night-march to the southward cheerily. Nor staff, nor scrip, nor guide, had he; but love supplied the place of all. He faltered not—he hungered not—he found his path with readiness; for he was loved. This delicious consciousness gave him a might unknown before, to conquer all difficulties, to live through all dangers, for the sake of the bright reward before him: for now he knew that Ellen should one day be his own.

All through that live-long night did Edward pursue his journey. It was long and toilsome; and when the next day he reached the town of Perth, he gladly entered the first inn which presented itself, and sought the rest and refreshment he so much needed. The table was soon spread with substantial viands, and Ned, after his long fast, fell to with a hearty will, that did ample justice to the good things of “mine host.” While thus engaged, he had a word now and then with the bare-footed “hizzie,” who was running in and out of the room ever and anon, and he found the fame of “Bonnie Prince Charlie’s” gathering had gone abroad—that the government authorities were already alarmed at his approach—while the people, if he might judge from the *eye* of the attendant girl, were ready to receive him with open arms, though her Scotch prudence kept her tongue under proper control; and her expressions were,

at the most, but ambiguous, though sufficient to satisfy Ned that he had not fallen into the enemy's camp; so, having despatched his hearty meal, he thought the best thing he could do was to keep quiet within his hostel until his friends should arrive; and as the quietest place therein was bed, and the welcomest also, Ned desired to be accommodated with a sleeping-room, and leaving orders to be called in the evening, gave himself up to the luxury of a sound sleep.

He was, therefore, quite refreshed by sunset, when a hearty shake from the "hizzie" warned him it was time to rise.

His waking glance met the broad grin of the lass, who told him, with evident glee, that the prince, and his Highland forces, were in the town, and that she thought the folk were "a' gane clean wud wi' joy!"

If in the morning it behoved Ned to keep out of sight of the prince's enemies, in the evening it was equally necessary not to be recognised by his friends; therefore, he waited till darkness rendered his appearance in the streets less dangerous, and enquiring his way to the main bridge, he hastened to seek Phaidrig.

The faithful piper, true to his appointment, was already there, and met Ned with hearty welcome, desiring a boy, who had been his guide, to remain on the bridge till he returned. He took Ned's arm, and retiring to a less frequented place, told him how all fared at the castle since he had left it.

"After all," said Phaidrig, "the alarm was n't about your escape at all, but some sheds, nigh hand the castle, wor set afire by some o' them drunken thieves o' Highlanders, in their wild faisting and divilment, and a purty bonfire they made, in throth. And, as it happens, it would have been betther if you had stayed where you wor, for the young misthriss, you see —"

"I hope no unpleasant consequence has ensued to her," interrupted Ned.

“Aisy, aisy,” said Phaidrig, “how you fly off at the sound of her name, *agra*; I was only going to tell you that the young mistriss was out in her guess about the throuble you wor in; and your life was n’t in danger all the time, as big and bowld as the ould lord talked about it.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Ned, in delight; “then I need not fly — I may still remain near her.”

“Ow! ow!” cried Phaidrig, “not so fast, Mather Ned; don’t hurry me, and you’ll hear all in good time. You see, the prince would n’t hear at all, at all, about two gentlemen being killed on his account, and so he towld the mather — Captain Lynch, I mane; but the owld lord was in such a fume and a fluster, that he was let to *plaze himself* with the bit of imprisonment, and all that; and it was not until the next mornin’ that the prince sends for him, and tells him he makes a particular request of him to say no more about it, and just to be contint with the confinement of the gentlemen, and a bit of a reprimand. So, when old Tully-bo goes to let them out, you may suppose, Mather Ned, one o’ them was missin’; and I lave you to guess who that was; and, my jewel, cart-ropes would n’t howld owld Tully-bully, he was in such a rage at his arrest being held in contimpt, and the prison broke! — and off he goes to his highness, and says, that as he bowed to the prince’s pleasure in allowing such offenders to get off so aisy, he hopes the prince will stand by him, in turn, and not see an owld and faithful servant so abused and held in contimpt, as for the prisoner to *dar* for to go out of his power; and so, the end of it was, to patch up the owld fool’s honour, it was agreed, that if Mистер Kierawaun was to be pardoned, Mистер Fitzjarl must be punished if ever he is cotch for breaking his arrest; and there it is just for you, the length and the breadth of it.”

“How unfortunate!” said Ned.

“Thru for you!” said Phaidrig, “you know I

always remarked you had a great knack for gettin' into throuble."

"So, all Miss Lynch's care for me has only exiled me from her presence!"

"Just what she says herself," said Phaidrig — "throth, she's in sore throuble, and blames herself for not having spoken to her father about it, for he was in the prince's confidence all the time, and could have towld her how 't would be; and she is angry with herself for her breach of confidence to the father, and thinks this is a sort of punishment on her for it."

"Poor dear young lady!" exclaimed Ned; "and is the captain conscious of her share in this adventure?"

"Not a word has passed about it, but the masher is too cute not to see how it is."

"And do you think he is angry?"

"Not a bit. — Of the two, I think he's rather plazed."

"Why?" said Ned.

"Because it puts you out o' the way, and leaves the field open —"

"To Kirwan!" interrupted Ned, anxiously. "True; true; he will be near her."

"The divil a much good that will do him, I think," said Phaidrig.

"Do you think so, my kind, good Phaidrig?" exclaimed Ned, eagerly.

"To be sure I think so. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Oh, Phaidrig, to be absent, and know that a rival is near the woman you adore."

"But if you know the woman cares more for you than him," said Phaidrig.

"May not his presence enable him to turn the scale?" answered Ned.

"Yes," said Phaidrig; "but it is to turn it more in your favour. I tell you, Masher Ned, if a woman has

once got the real liking in her heart for a man, I'm thinking absence is often the best friend he has; for he is always remembered in the best colours, while the one that is thrying to throw him over is showing himself up, maybe, in the worst. When lovers are together they sometimes will have a little scrimmage now and then; when they are absent there is no unkindness between them. I hear them say, how soft and inviting the mountains look far away; while I know myself how rugged and rocky they are when you are upon them. And is n't it so with the best of friends? they sometimes break their shins over each other when they are together. When we like people, we like in the lump; just as the mountain can only be seen in the distance, the little faults, like rough places, are not persaved far off, it is only when we are near we find them out."

"Perhaps it is so," said Ned. "At least you are a kind fellow, Phaidrig, to endeavour to make me think so, in the absence to which I am doomed: though when a blind man talks of the visual beauties of nature, to illustrate his argument, it might shake one's faith in the soundness of his judgment."

"Is n't love blind?" said Phaidrig, with a chuckle; "and who so good as a blind man to know his ways? Remember the owld saying 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' I tell you, Masther Ned, the lover remembered at a distance is seen, like the distant mountain, to advantage; for what is memory but the *sight of the heart*?"

"True, Phaidrig; 't is a good name for it."

"And in that sight I am as sthrong as any man," said the piper. "Oh, don't I see my darlin' dog, my bowld Turlough, as plain as if he was here, while I miss him sore."

"Your dog!" exclaimed Ned, astonished and half indignant that a brute should be named as a subject for fond memories at the same time as his mistress.

"Ay, my dog; and why not? as trusty a friend as

ever man had, bowld and faithful, and as knowledgable as a Christian a'most; all he wants is the speech to make him far above many a score, ay, hundreds of men I have known in my time: and when them divils o' sailors took me away, poor Turlough was on shore, and it's less for my own want of him I grieve, than for the fret that will be on himself while I'm away — poor fellow, he'll pine afther me, I'm afeard."

Notwithstanding Phaidrig's affectionate consideration of Turlough, Ned still disrelished the juxta-position of a dog and a lady, and assuring Phaidrig that he had every confidence in the merits of his canine friend, still he would rather he'd change the subject, and return to Miss Lynch.

"To be sure," said Phaidrig. "Every one for his own; you're for Miss Nelly, and I'm for Turlough. Though, let me tell you, I love Miss Nelly as well as ever you did, though afther a different fashion, and would lay down my life for her, or the masher either. Don't I know all about them as well as they know it themselves? and she, when she was a *dawnshee* thing, afther losing the mother — ah, that was the sad day for the masher, and he was a different man ever since; and she, the darlin', as good as goold ever and always, and, of late times, goin' here and there, through hardship and danger, with the captain at home and abroad. Oh, there's not the like of her in a million!"

"Now, Phaidrig, there is one question I would ask you," said Ned, "since you talk of knowing the captain so well. When first I saw him at Galway I thought he was a foreigner, and ——"

"Yis, yis," said Phaidrig, quickly, "I hear tell he does look foreign: but sure no wondher, his mother was Spanish: besides, he has been abroad so much himself, it might give him the foreign air."

"But what I was going to ask you was about his real rank, for the second time I saw him was in Hamburg,

and there he went by the name and title of Count Nellinski."

"Yis, yis," said Phaidrig, "I know he has gone by different names in different places, when engaged in stirring up interest for the prince; and '*the count*' passed off well in Jarmany, and gave a high colour to the thing in some places, and made it not so aisy to trace him; though as for *that* name you spake of—Nellinski, I mane, sure it's nothing but his own and his daughter's put before it."

"How's that?" said Ned.

"Don't you know that the Irish people, in their own tongue, call Lynch *Linski*? and put *Nell* before that, and there it's for you, chapter and verse, as plain as A, B, C."

"So it is," said Ned; "that never struck me before. Then he is really only Captain Lynch?"

"Divil a more."

"And not noble?"

"Except in his nature; and not a complater gentleman ever stepped in shoe leather. A little *high* betimes, may be, and given to admire the *owld blood*, and that's one reason he favours Mither Kierawaun; he would like that family connection."

"But you think that *she* —" said Ned.

"Likes him well, as a friend, but the love never was in it; though he tried hard for it, and I'm sure loves the ground she walks on, poor fellow: but it's no use. Och, a woman's heart is a quare thing!"

"And now, Phaidrig, I am going to ask you another question; how comes it that you seem to favour my cause, though you were a staunch adherent of Mister Kirwan long before you knew me?"

"I'll tell you then: it's not that I value Mither Kierawaun a *thraneen*¹ less, but that the love I bear Miss Nelly would make me go through fire and wather

¹ A blade of grass.

to sarve or to plaze her; and I have often thought how hard her place is, going about the world in danger and hardship with the mather, and how much betther it would be she was married and settled. And that same the father would like himself, — and threw the Kiera-waun in her way always to bring it about, but it would never do. For, gentleman as he is, as I said before, the love never was in it. And I found out the other day, by a sthray word or two of hers, that you were near her heart; and do you know, now, I always had a notion from the first that she liked you.”

“Do you mean to say, from our first meeting?”

“Yes, indeed, that same night in Galway. Oh, faix, you did good sarvice that night; without your help that night the mather would have been taken, and as sure as he was, he ’d ha’ been hanged, for it ‘went out on him’ that he was working hard in enlisting for ‘the Brigade,’ and stirring up the counthry for the ‘owld cause,’ and they were ‘hot on him.’”

“Oh, blessed chance!” exclaimed Ned, “since it won me her love.”

“I don’t say ‘love’ exactly,” said Phaidrig; “but *favour* you won, no doubt, that night in her eyes; she liked the bowldness of you; the mather, too, praised your spirit, and often I heerd her afther that night, when we were hiding in the hills of *iar Con-naught*, wishing she could know you were safe, and had not got into trouble on her and her father’s account. Somehow I thought, by the way she spoke, that in the little sight she had of you, you plazed her, or she would n’t be so busy in thinking about a young blade getting into a scrape for a sthreet row. Well; — then they escaped out of Ireland; and the next I heerd of you and her was from yourself, when we travelled up here together to Scotland; and it was plain to me, from the way you spoke, that you wor over head and ears in love with her. So, the first opportunity she gave me, I

thought the best thing I could do was to make you both understand one another, for, as I said before, the darling girl is in a sore position, and the sooner she is out of it the better."

"Oh, Phaidrig," said Ned, "as you have done so much for me, could you not urge her to fly with me at once, and end all difficulties?"

"I know she would not hear of it," said Phaidrig. "She is too fond of her father to leave him, and nothing will make him desert the king's cause. No; your plan is to help the cause as much as you can, either down in England or over in France, and that will find you fresh favour, in her eyes, and win over the father to you — for there is where the difficulty lies. I towld you he is very high betimes, and given to the owld families and big names."

"Well," said Ned, "Fitzgerald is a good name."

"*Wow, ow, ow*, Masther Ned," said Phaidrig, sllily, "that won't do for me."

"What do you mean?" said Ned, startled unexpectedly by the form and manner of Phaidrig's answer; for he had borne his adopted name unquestioned so long, that he began to think it his own, and he repeated to the piper, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, Masther Ned, Fitzjarl is a good name — but you know ——"

"What?" said Ned, anxiously.

"That it's not your own."

Ned felt confoundedly puzzled; but wishing to make as good a fight as he could on such tender ground, he retreated from assertion by turning querist, and demanded of the piper if Fitzgerald was not his name, what other name was.

Phaidrig at once replied by returning the hated patronymic — "Corkery."

Ned felt terribly abashed, and, on recovering himself sufficiently from his surprise and chagrin, asked, with an

exclamation of wonder at Phaidrig's sagacity, how the deuce he found that out.

"Aisy enough, 'faith," said the piper.

"You 're a deep fellow, Phaidrig."

"Pheugh!" ejaculated the blind man, "There 's no depth in that."

"Then how, in Heaven's name, did you discover it?"

"Do you forget the fisherman in the Cladagh?"

"Ah! now I see!" exclaimed Ned, "he carried a letter to my father."

"The very thing," said Phaidrig.

"What a fool I was to forget that!" said Ned, stamping with vexation.

"Aisy, aisyy," said Phaidrig, "don't put yourself in a passion; and mind, Masther Ned, you 're as good in my estimation as if you came from the earls of Kildare or the knights of Kerry, for you have the *rale* right feeling and behaviour of a bowld brave gentleman, and a king could have no more."

"Does *she* know this?" asked Ned, careless of the piper's concluding laudatory words.

"Not a taste of it," said Phaidrig.

"Nor her father?"

"No. — They went out of Ireland soon after that night; and it was not until I went back to the Cladagh I knew it. And, as I tell you, you are as good in my eyes as if you were Fitzjarl in airnest; only, if you go to talk with the captain about the *blood*, you see, Fitzjarl is too good a name not to be able to tell something about where it came from."

"What a fool I have been!" said Ned, despondingly.

"Don't fret," said Phaidrig; "I know very well what put you on this. You have a feeling above your station, Masther Ned, and that 's always troublesome; and you did n't like the name of Corkery — 't was n't *ginteel*—no offence, Masther Ned."

"No, no, Phaidrig, you 're a good kind fellow, and

a clever fellow — you know me as well as I know myself.”

“Betther, maybe,” said Phaidrig; “for I know those you come from. Your mother came of a good family; reduced they wor, like many a good family in poor Ireland, but her blood was gentle, I tell you; and the ‘good dhrop’ was in her from both father’s and mother’s side.”

“Indeed!” said Ned, delighted. “Then I have good blood in my veins; — how do you know this?”

“Oh, by a way of my own,” said Phaidrig; “but we have no time to talk about that now. Only remember, the less you get into a ‘tangle’ with the masther about the *name*, the betther; and Miss Nelly advises, and I think she’s right, that you should do some special sarvice in the good cause, and make yourself stand so high as a servant of the prince, that you may come back here soon and defy owld Tully-bully.”

“Does she suggest any such service?” said Ned. “I will gladly do anything at her bidding.”

“Fairly spoken, Masther Ned; and now a last word more with you. Meet me here to-morrow night again. Keep close in the manetime, though; for, by the powers, if Tully-bully lays hands on you he’ll mark you. Meet me here I say again, to-morrow night, and I’ll have more news for you.”

“Remember,” said Ned, “there is nothing too difficult or desperate for me to undertake.”

“I know it,” said Phaidrig — “good-night.”

“Phaidrig,” said Ned, hesitating — “before we part, tell me truly — are you certain she does not know my name is Corkery?”

Phaidrig burst into a fit of laughter, which he could not repress for some time, while Ned besought him to desist, strongly deprecating his merriment.

“Oh, it’s grate fun!” said Phaidrig, when he recovered his breath; “sure poor human pride is a quare

thing. Here's a brave fellow, that all the dangers in the world could n't dant, and he thrimbles at the sound of a name! But don't be afeard, I'll not sell the pass on you — good-night — good-night."

Ned having reconducted Phaidrig to the bridge, where the boy was waiting, shook his hand heartily, and they separated until the following evening, when Ned, at the appointed hour, was there again, and soon joined by the piper. He, desiring the boy, who was his guide, to "go to *where he knew*," seized Ned's arm, and followed, whispering to him that he was taking him to "Miss Nelly;" on hearing which, Ned started off at such a pace, that the blind man nearly lost his footing in attempting to keep up with him, remarking, that if "a spur in the head was worth two in the heel," a spur in the heart was still better. After threading some narrow streets, the boy stopped before a door, which was opened without knocking, on Phaidrig's whistling a few bars of the air called "Open the door softly."

Softly and quietly they entered, too, a gleam from an open apartment at the end of the hall giving sufficient light to indicate the passage, and, in another instant, Ned stood in the presence of Ellen, seated at a table whereon were materials for writing. She laid down her pen as he entered, and extended her hand, which he pressed fondly, and continued to hold, as he gazed on her face, which was paler and more thoughtful than ordinary. They were silent for some time; at length, Ellen, with hesitation, said —

"I fear you will think my conduct of last night deficient in proper reserve; but —"

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Ned, "do not attribute to me so unworthy a thought of you — you, who are my —"

"No more!" said Ellen; "a truce to all high-flown speech."

Ned still held her hand, and said, "Do you remember

you presented this little hand to me the first night I met you?"

"Did I?" said Ellen, casting down her eyes, while something like a smile of consciousness played on her lip.

"Yes," said Ned. "To remember the touch of that fairy hand was my greatest pleasure for many and many a day, till chance threw in my way a more tangible remembrancer. Do you know what that is?" he said, laying down before her on the table a shrivelled up shapeless thing, impossible to recognise — "That," said Ned, "once bore in its delicate shapeliness a faint resemblance of this fair hand — for it was your glove."

"And where could you get my glove?" said Ellen in surprise.

"In Hamburg."

"I never saw you in Hamburg!"

"No, but I saw you; you were stopping at the *Kaiser-hoff* there."

"Yes."

"I went to see you there — you were gone. I asked to see even the room which you inhabited, and there I found this glove, and made a prize of it; and it was often the companion of many a meditative and hopeless hour. It was the only thing I saved when I was shipwrecked. Amidst the horrors of the fiercest tempest I ever witnessed, I thought of that little glove, and could not bear to lose it. I secured it next my heart before I jumped into the sea; and the death-struggling swim for my life has made it what you see, shrunk and shapeless, but still precious to me;" and he kissed, and replaced it in his bosom. "Do you not remember, at the farewell supper of the prince at Nantes, when the song of 'The hand and glove' was sung, I told you I had got the glove *already!*"

"I remember," said Ellen, "though I could not understand it then."

“The song,” said Edward, “prophesied, that he who won the glove, should win the hand — and here it is !” he said fervently, as he raised it to his lips, “it is — at least, it *will be* mine !”

Ellen looked at him thoughtfully, and said, “Dark days, and dangers, and difficulties, are yet before us. Be it enough to know that you are esteemed — and now, no word more of romance, but listen. That sealed packet on the table is to be entrusted to your care ; it is from our prince to Louis of France. It behoves us that the king should know how far, beyond all hope, our cause already prospers, and that he should be urged to lend a helping hand in good time to raise a brother monarch to a rightful throne. When I found that you must absent yourself for a time, it struck me you could not better employ yourself than in being the messenger to render such good service — service that will win you honour, and for which your former pursuits peculiarly fit you ; and I, therefore, undertook to promise the prince that I would procure a messenger on whom he could depend. He did me the honour to confide in my judgment and prudence in the selection of that messenger, and, without further question, entrusted me with this packet. I found I did not count myself higher in the prince’s confidence than I stood ; and I’m sure I did not make an empty boast when I promised to find the messenger.” She smiled sweetly on Edward, as she spoke ; and he was profuse in assurances that, to do her behest, was the dearest pleasure of his life, and in thanks for the honour she had procured him.

But while he was talking about “devotion,” and “honour,” it suddenly occurred to him that he was quite without the proper means of prosecuting so important and difficult a service. He had neither horse, nor arms, nor money ; for, by this time, Ned’s purse had run low, and an oppressive feeling of shamefacedness came over him, to confess this to his “ladye love.”

"This letter," she said, as she folded and sealed what she had been writing as Ned came into her presence, "is to one you already know, the good Father Flaherty, who will give you his aid in Paris. And these," she added, as she put some documents into an unsealed envelope, "will give you facility wherever you land in the French dominions; and now the last word is *speed*."

Ned wished to tell how he was circumstanced, but could not get out a word.

"You must start early to-morrow," said Ellen.

"Certainly," answered Ned; though he did not know how.

"As for the means ——"

"Are you already provided then?"

"I can't exactly say I am, but ——"

"But what?" said Ellen.

"Oh, to talk to a lady about money is so horrid!" said Ned, growing quite scarlet.

"To be sure, the *bashfulness* of an Irishman is the strangest thing in the world!" said Ellen, smiling. "He could not ask a lady for some few gold pieces, though he has little hesitation in asking for her heart. Is it less valuable I wonder!" said Ellen, mischievously.

Ned gave a groan of denial, and said she must admit talking about money matters to a lady was awkward.

"Not when it concerns a commission which she herself originates," said Ellen. "But make yourself easy on that point—I have provided all; thanks to the prince."

"The prince!" said Ned in wonder; "I heard he had not a *Louis d'or* left."

"Not yesterday," said Ellen; "but the public money of Perth was seized to-day, and here is some of it." She laid a tolerably well-stocked purse on the table as she spoke; and going to an old cabinet in the corner of the chamber, produced a handsome pair of pistols, and a sword, telling Edward, at the same time, a horse should

be at his service in the morning. "And now," said she, in a voice somewhat low and tremulous, "farewell — and Heaven speed you!"

Edward having secured his packets, buckled on the rapier, and placed the pistols in his belt, pressed to his heart the fairy hand which was presented to him, and would have spoken; but words were difficult, where so many thoughts were struggling for utterance. When and where might they meet again, when both were involved in adventures so doubtful and perilous! At such a time the deeper emotions of the heart are better looked than spoken; and after gazing steadfastly upon Ellen for some seconds, he suddenly drew her to his heart, and after a fervent and silent embrace, hurried from her presence.

CHAPTER XXXII

AN UNEQUAL CONTEST

WHEN the rumour first went abroad that the young Pretender had landed, travelling was sufficiently dangerous to those who were interested in his cause; but now that it was known he was advancing on the capital of Scotland, the authorities were doubly vigilant, and kept a still sharper eye on all suspicious persons; and all those whom government influence could induce to play the spy, or entrap the friends of the Jacobite cause, were on the alert to get the promised reward for securing and giving up the disaffected. In numerous instances innocent persons at this time were involved in trouble, and sometimes in danger; how much more, then, did hazard attend the movements of the real adherents of the Stuarts, the moment they got beyond the circle which the prince's armed power rendered secure, or while they were yet beyond and sought to join his ranks. To cut off all communication of aid from the Lowlands to the insurgents, or of intelligence from the Highlands of the northern successes already achieved, was of importance to the government, and hence the Forth and all the roads leading to it were sharply watched, and bribery employed in some of the small houses of accommodation by the way side, to engage their owners against the Jacobite cause.

Thus circumstanced was the house where Ned stopped to bait his horse after a hard ride. It was in a neighbourhood where certain flying reports had aroused the sus-

pitions of government touching the intentions of the Drummonds, and a sharp look-out was kept there, so that, as fate would have it, it was the most unlucky place Ned could have put his head into; but, as Phaidrig always said, "he had a knack of getting into scrapes." A rough, short, shock-headed fellow, in a kilt, who was landlord, answered to the summons of our traveller, and took his horse to lead to the stable, while Ned entered the house and ordered a mouthful for himself while the nag should be feeding, for he had left Perth at an early hour, and had tasted nothing since. The larder of this roadside hostel was not particularly extensive, as, indeed, one might infer from its outward appearance, and the homely fare Ned was promised was not of a nature to require much cooking, therefore was Ned rather surprised at the length of time he was allowed to fast, and to every enquiry he made, the assurance was so often given, it would be "ready immediately," that he began to suppose he should not get anything, and had made up his mind to take the road without tasting the delicacies of "mine host," when his horse had been accommodated: for Ned was one of those good tempered fellows who took things pretty much as they came, and, on the present occasion, as "getting on" was his principal object, he cared less for his own comfort than that of the beast, on whose good service so much depended. When, on asking again, he received the same answer of "ready immediately," he said he would not take anything, but proceed the moment his horse was fed, and that they need not take any further trouble about his repast.

To this the host replied, he was sure Ned was too much of a gentleman to order a dinner and not stay to eat it — it would be using a host hard to do the like. He was sure "his honour would stay."

There seemed to Ned something more in this than what lay on the surface. It struck him there was an intention existing here to delay him, and, this suspicion

once aroused, he regarded all that passed since he had alighted through that medium, and felt a sudden distrust of the people about him. He determined to leave the house at once, and with this view went to the stable to mount directly; but what was his surprise and increased uneasiness, to be unable to find his horse anywhere.

He called the host, who, in answer to Ned's enquiry after his horse, answered that he had sent off a boy with him to a neighbouring "burn" to drink.

Ned saw the landlord was telling a falsehood as he spoke, but, feigning credence, he returned to the house with affected indifference, though filled with serious alarm. After a few minutes' consideration, his resolve was taken to leave the place at once on foot, and take chance for his escape, rather than remain among enemies. But to do this he must revisit the stable, for there, in the panel of his saddle, his despatches for France were concealed, for greater security.

Having seen the landlord re-enter the house, Ned returned to the shed, by complaisance called a stable, and soon had his knife at work in ripping his papers from his saddle; but quick and cunning as he was, the astute Scot was a match for him; for, before he had completed his work, in ran the landlord after him, and just caught him in the act of pulling the papers from their place of concealment.

"Hegh!" he exclaimed, "that's a rare pouch ye ha' got for yer honour's letters. I doubt they're unco precious or ye wad na hide them i' your saddle."

"What is it to you where I have my letters?" said Ned, very angry.

"Dinna fash, mon, dinna fash, I dinna want to read them! I can mak a guess o' the contents!" said the fellow with a grin.

"Can you make a guess of the contents of this?" said Ned fiercely, as he drew a pistol from his pocket,



Reckoning with the Host.



and springing between the landlord and the door, presented it at his over-curious host.

“Hegh! ye wad na commit murder,” he shouted, in alarm, as he held his hands between his head and the levelled weapon.

“I would think very little of shooting a treacherous rascal like you,” said Ned. “Tell me where you have concealed my horse, scoundrel!”

He swore it was gone to be watered, and swore so loudly, that Ned saw it was to attract attention from the house. “Don’t talk so loud,” said Ned, in a very significant under tone, “I am not deaf. If you want the house to be *really* alarmed, the report of my pistol will do it most effectually; and if you make any more noise, that report is the next thing — *and the last thing* — you shall hear.”

There was a certain earnestness in the way this was said that carried belief with it, and reduced the landlord to obedience. Ned taking a piece of rope that hung from a ring in the wall, made a running noose in a moment, and desired his prisoner to put it over his shoulders. There was a refusal to comply at first, but the levelled pistol again procured submission, and when compliance was made, Ned, by a sudden jerk, had the landlord’s arms pinioned to his side, in another instant he sprang behind him, and his nautical experience had made him so conversant with knots and nooses of all kinds, that the treacherous landlord was bound hand and foot and laid on his back, in little more than the time it has taken to relate it. A small wisp of straw, placed across his mouth and tied down with a handkerchief, prevented his making any outcry, and Ned was about leaving the shed and making the best of his way from so inauspicious a spot, when the clatter of horses’ feet startled him; and as he saw four horsemen trot into the yard he gave himself up for lost, supposing them to be the authorities to whom it was intended he should fall a victim. Never-

theless, he determined to present a bold front, and, if the worst came to the worst, sell his life dearly. Notwithstanding the desperate circumstances in which he supposed himself to be placed, he was perfectly collected; for his was that determined courage which bestows self-possession in the hour of danger; therefore he calmly, though intently, observed the motions of the horsemen. Three of them alighted, giving their nags to the care of the fourth, who, though not in livery, seemed to be a servant. The dismounted men entered the house, and as the face of the attendant was turned towards Edward, he had an opportunity of observing it carefully, and it struck him he had seen it somewhere before. Memory suddenly came to his aid. It was on the race course of Galway he had met him, on that eventful day when his heart became enslaved by the fair unknown one. It was in attendance on her and her father this very man had been riding; it was not likely, therefore, he was in connection with the enemies of the Stuart cause. Ned at once approached the servant, and addressed him, noticing the great beauty of the horse he held.

To this the servant returned a brief assent, but did not seem inclined to enter into conversation.

“I think I have seen your face before,” said Ned.

“You could not very well see it behind, Sir,” he answered; Ned recognising, in the quibble, as well as the accent, a countryman.

“Were you ever at the Galway races?”

“It would be hard for me to remember all the races I have been at,” said the other, evasively.

“If I don’t very much mistake,” said Ned, “‘of all the birds in the air, and all the fish in the sea,’ you love the *blackbird*.”

The man made no answer, but returned a searching look.

“If so,” pursued Ned, “‘war hawk!’ don’t be afraid of me. You were riding behind Captain Lynch at Galway.”

“Are the captain and you *great*,¹ Sir?”

“Fast friends,” said Ned, “and in the same cause.”

“He’s very great with my master,” said the servant.

“May I beg the favour of his name?”

“Colonel Kelly, Sir.”

“Of Roscommon?”

“The same, Sir.”

“Then I must speak with him,” said Ned, entering the house, and proceeding at once to the little parlour where the colonel was seated in company with Drummond, afterwards created Duke of Perth by James, but contemptuously characterised by the bitter Horace Walpole, as the “horse-racing boy,” which title sufficiently accounts for the gallant steed Ned noticed.

Apologising for his apparent intrusion, Ned told the gentlemen the suspicions he entertained of the house, relating the manner in which he had been served, and the measures he adopted respecting the landlord; “and, as I have reason to believe,” said he, “that your political opinions are the same as mine, I thought it my duty to warn you.”

“Then we had better mount and be off at once,” said a third party, whose name was unknown to Ned.

“You forget,” said Kelly, “this gentleman has lost his horse and cannot go, and ’t would be ungenerous to leave him in jeopardy, after his friendly warning to us.”

“Perhaps a good horse-whipping to the landlord would procure speedy restitution of the nag,” said Drummond — “we’ll see.” He left the room as he spoke, followed by the whole party; but, as he emerged from the house, he suddenly paused, and cast a quick glance down the road, as if some object in the distance attracted his attention. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked keenly for a few seconds, and exclaimed, “There are the red-coats!”

All now looked in the direction he indicated; and,

¹ Very intimate.

winding down a path that led to a hollow, about a mile distant, a party of dragoons was visible.

"We must fly instantly," said the nameless gentleman, putting his foot in the stirrup at the words.

Drummond uttered a strong negative to this, and laid his hand on the shoulder of his precipitate friend.

"If we fly now," said he, "the loons will see us going up the next hill, and our apparent flight will encourage them to follow; and though we might outstrip them, and effect an immediate escape, it would not be safe to ride through the next town with dragoons at our heels — no; we must beat them."

"Desperate odds," replied the other.

"Not with such as those," said Drummond; "Gardiner gives them more prayers than drill; and you'll see how ill they can take cold steel and lead."

"Lead?" returned Kelly, "you forgot they are used to Gardiner's sermons" — the devil-may-care colonel joking in the moment of danger.

"We'll preach to them after another fashion," said Drummond.

"Then we had better lose no time in getting our text ready," replied Kelly.

Their arrangements were soon made. A hole was knocked through the shutter of a window which flanked the door; all the shutters were then barred, and all the pistols of the party given to Kelly's servant, to be fired in rapid succession, when the house should be summoned, so that the dragoons might entertain the belief that several were within to make defence, while the gentlemen should remain mounted, with drawn swords, concealed behind the shed and a peat-stack, and make a charge on the troopers at a proper time. The landlord was dragged into the inn, bound as he was, lest the entrance of the soldiers into the shed might put them on their guard, while the women were taken from the house that they should not unbind him, and join in over-

powering the solitary man within, who, as his master told him, was to be "an entire garrison in his own person."

Mick (the servant) having barricaded the door, the gentlemen mounted, and took their post behind the peat-stack, where the women were also concealed under their surveillance. They were barely ready in these their preparations, when the distant tramp and clatter of the troopers were heard, and soon they wheeled into the yard, and the word "halt," brought them to a stand before the inn.

The officer in command called "house!" but no reply was returned. He repeated the summons with as little effect; whereupon he ordered a couple of dragoons to dismount, and force the door open with the butt end of their carbines.

This was the signal for the "garrison" to commence hostilities. — Mick delivered two shots, so well directed, that a couple of saddles were emptied, and three more galling fires flashing from the loop-hole in rapid succession, simulated a well-armed force more than prepared for the favour of this military visit. — At the same moment Drummond, pointing to the women, exclaimed with an oath, "Now we'll cut these jades' throats!" and affected to put his menace into execution. The women set up a terrific screech, which was all Drummond wanted, and which he knew the dragoons would mistake for the shrill shout of an onslaught of Highlanders. The four men joined a wild "halloo!" to the women's yell, and rushing sword in hand on the rear of the dragoons, filled them with such terror, that they fled, panic stricken, and never drew rein till they reached the next town, filling it with alarm at the awful account they gave of a numerous detachment they encountered — of being betrayed into an ambuscade by a rascally landlord, who had been bribed into their interest, as was believed, but who had thus sold them to their

enemies; and the aforesaid "rascally landlord" afterwards suffered severely for the consequences of this occurrence; for nothing could clear him in the opinion of those whose gold he had taken. It may seem incredible that a troop of horse should thus be beaten by five men: but the subsequent events of 1745 exhibited still more glaring instances of the miserable cowardice of Gardiner's dragoons.¹

The field being won, "the garrison" was ordered to open the gates, and out walked Mick with a cocked pistol, demanding from the dismounted dragoons, who could not run away, their carbines, which they gave up.

Mick then marched them before him into the house, and shut them up in durance.

He then gratified himself by a little exercise with a stirrup-leather on the landlord, between every three or four whacks giving him moral advice as to his future conduct respecting what Mick called "tricks upon travellers."

"This is a good day's work," said Ned, "four horses, accoutrements and arms — articles the prince stands most in need of. One of the horses, however, I must take in default of my own lost one."

"Better take mine," said Drummond. "You need a sound steed on the enterprise you tell me you have undertaken; and here is one that will never fail you."

He dismounted and handed the rein to Ned, who hesitated for a moment to accept so valuable a gift. "Tut, man," said Drummond, "but for you all our lives might

¹ At Frew they permitted Charles's force to pass the ford without the slightest opposition, the first splash of the Highlanders in the Forth being the signal for their headlong flight. At Colt bridge they ran again, the affair being jocularly known to this day as "the canter of Colt Brigg." At Prestonpans their disgrace was completed. Their colonel could not induce them to charge. He died on the field, while they fled without striking a blow, and, with General Cope at their head, never cried stop until they reached Coldstream that very night — a distance of upwards of fifty miles — a pretty good run.

have been lost — this is but a small return ; besides, 't is for the good of the noble cause in which we are all engaged. Take him — if pursued, there is not a horse in Scotland can catch him, and there is no leap you can turn him to he will refuse. And now one word more before you go. It will be about evening when you reach Stirling, and I would counsel you to let the sun be well down before you cross the bridge, for it is right under the castle, and 'the Lion,' as the old keep is called, has sharp eyes, and claws too — so keep clear of them. Cross the bridge in the dark, and get through the city as soon as may be, and leave the stronghold some miles behind you before you sleep."

Ned promised to attend to the caution, and having got back his pistols, reloaded them, mounted his mettled horse, and was about to leave, when he paused and requested Colonel Kelly, when he should see Captain Lynch, to tell him he had met his daughter's messenger, and that he was so far well on his way.

"Is there anything more *I* can do for you?" said Drummond. "Favour me with your name, and for your good service this day call upon me at any time, and I will not fail you."

"Sir," said Ned, "since you think so well of my poor services, perhaps you will tell the prince that Captain Fitzgerald, of his highness's first regiment, had it in his power to be useful."

"I will," said Drummond, "and more than *that*."

"I fear, Sir, you are inclined to overrate my doings," said Ned modestly ; "but if ever you chance to speak of me to Lord Tullibardine," he added, while a waggish expression played across his face — "I don't care how highly you praise me."

"Ho, ho," returned Drummond, smiling. "Some fun, I see — well, let me alone for helping a joke. I will play your trumpeter to the skies the first time old Tullibardine falls in my way."

“Do; and you’ll see how fond he is of me!” said Ned, laughing, and putting spurs to his steed, which answered the summons something in the way an arrow responds to the twang of the bowstring.

“That’s a mettlesome, sporting fellow,” said Drummond, looking down the road after him; “how well he sits his horse!”

At such a pace Ned was soon out of sight, when his friends at the inn set about completing their work. The landlord, for the treacherous part he played Ned, was threatened with hanging, a punishment only remitted at the prayers of the women, who were then set at liberty, and told they might release their master, which they had some trouble in doing, not understanding the mysteries of the scientific knots in which Ned had bound him.

It was at first intended to leave the dragoons at the inn; but as the horses were an object, and it might look suspicious to see them led by gentlemen, it was determined to make the dragoons mount and accompany them, while O’Kelly’s servant could ride one of the beasts and lead the other.

The charges of the carbines being drawn, the inoffensive weapons were returned to the troopers, who were made to appear like a guard of honour to the gentlemen. They, making a *détour* to avoid a neighbouring town, where they apprehended the presence of the military, soon struck into a road which lay towards their friends, and thus the dragoons, seemingly protectors, were led captives into Perth by the dashing Drummond, who made a creditable entry into the Jacobite lines, not only bringing the service of his own sword to the cause, but horses, arms, and prisoners.

It was evening when Ned approached Stirling Castle, that most beautiful of embattled structures. The golden tints of sunset lit up its sculptured richness into bright relief; moulding, dripstone, corbel and mullion caught

the glowing light ; the fretted windows flashed back the red rays, till old Stirling glittered more like a castle of fairy tale than a creation of this world. If all the beauty of its interior structure could not be seen by Ned from the road below, still there was enough to charm his eye ; the very cliff whereon it is seated spires up so nobly, the guardian castle crowns its height so fitly, and when, as at that hour, its embattled wall and every "coign of vantage" glows in the flattering light of an autumnal sunset, where is the traveller who would not pause to gaze on Stirling Castle ?

Thus paused Ned, according to order ; but without such order, thus would he have paused to feast his eye with the picturesque enchantment of the scene. He waited till the glowing towers had faded into gray, and shadow and mist were spreading below, before he dared to pass the Forth. When assured the keenest eye of "the Lion" could not detect him, he dashed across the long and narrow bridge, and the stony streets of the royal city rang to the hoofs of his mettled charger, which soon bore him beyond the "stronghold," as Drummond recommended, and he passed on many a mile before he slept. The next morning, at an early hour, he was on the road, and travelled that live-long day ; the gallant horse behaved well, and enabled his rider to sleep at the foot of the Cheviots that night. The next day he pushed on for Tynemouth, where, in his smuggling days, he had made an acquaintance who could serve his turn on the present occasion. His friend was propitious. The horse was sold, and Ned's purse considerably strengthened in consequence, which enabled him all the sooner to get a cast over the herring-pond, by the good price he offered for that friendly office. In fine, Ned used such diligence in the prosecution of his journey, that in ten days after his quitting Perth he arrived at Paris.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE DYING ACTRESS

ON Ned's arrival, he repaired to the quarters of the worthy Father Flaherty, on whose good offices, being already indebted to them for getting him out of Bruges, he was to depend for getting him on in Paris. The father was not at home, but, as Ned was given to understand, attending a sick call. — Ned said he would wait his return.

Though we should be sorry to intrude upon our readers an account of all the sick calls of Father Flaherty, yet we think they have a right to know something of this. It was not to one of his regular communicants the priest was summoned to administer the last consolations of religion ; he did not even know her name ; the messenger said a carriage was in waiting to bear him to the lady who besought his offices, and the priest hastened to fulfil the request.

A beautiful woman lay within the chamber he was invited to enter : sickness had not wasted her noble form, for the attack under which she was sinking was sudden, and the approach of death did not mar the fine cast of her countenance, whose paleness only indicated retreating life ; and what the eye had lost in fire, was more than compensated by the shadowy thoughtfulness which filled it, and became the pallor better than a brighter look. With a low, sweet voice she addressed the priest, and giving him an open letter, asked him, "Did he recognise the handwriting?"

The father knew it at once for Ellen Lynch's.

"You see to whom it is written," said the lady.

He referred to the address, and found the direction was to "*Mademoiselle Le Couvreur*;" and then turned his eyes at once from the letter to the lady.

She told him she was at her last hour, and besought his sacred offices ere she should depart — that she knew her profession excluded her from the benefit of holy rites, but now the tragic scene of fiction, and sadder tragedy of real life, being both over with her, she hoped his gentle heart would have pity on a dying woman and repentant sinner, and that he would not refuse her the last rites of the church.

The father knew of the guardianship Adrienne had thrown over Ellen, and the remembrance of that goodness inclined his heart more readily to melt at the prayer addressed to him; and not being of the regular clergy of Paris, and hence, free from diocesan authority, he was free to obey the dictates of his benevolent nature, and conceded the dying Adrienne's request.

She expressed a fervent gratitude, and asked him to give her back the letter: on receiving it, she said it was a consolation to her in these her last moments, for it contained thanks from that "angelic girl," as she called her, for being preserved from ruin, and as being thus an evidence of the best act of her life, was therefore a comfort to her in death; and with these words she held the letter to her heart.

"And now, father," said Adrienne, "for thy office — brief and imperfect as it must be, for I cannot do all the laws of the church require. You will ask me to repent, and with contrite heart promise to lead a regenerate life for the future. I *do* acknowledge my sinfulness — and with contrite heart; but as for the regenerate life, it would be a mockery," said the noble-hearted woman, "to affect a good intention and talk of a future that I know exists not for me in this life. It is to the

next alone I can look, and for that next, oh, father, prepare and cheer me with the holy words of promise."

The kind-hearted Irishman, deeply touched by her words, with as little of form as might be, was content to receive a "general confession," which therefore needed not privacy, and her weeping attendant stood by while she was shrived.

A brighter and more composed expression beamed on the face of Adrienne; and, as the priest knelt and prayed beside her, and administered the last office, her fading eye was raised devotionally to heaven, while she still held Ellen's letter to her heart, together with the rose she plucked and divided with her at parting. The sacred duty of the priest being ended, he rose from his knees, and sat beside the bed, and spoke of comfort to her.

"Father," she said, "I die happy; and when your own spirit shall be passing away, the remembrance of this goodness you have shown an erring woman, perhaps, will be a comfort to you as this letter is to me. Marguerite," she said to her attendant, who wept silently beside the bed, "let this letter, and this flower, be buried with me—place them over my heart:—it will soon cease to beat."

The attendant, struggling with her sobs, besought the priest to obtain permission for her mistress to lie in consecrated ground; but her mistress interrupted her by saying, she knew that was impossible.

"But it matters not," said Adrienne, "there is a spot I would rather rest in than in *Notre Dame*; it is the parterre before my country house—there, on the spot I parted from *her*—by the rose-tree, Marguerite—there it was I felt and said, as her sweet eyes beamed with gratitude, that I could fancy a seraph had for once looked kindly on me; and there let me lie. I think I see her angelic look now—now.—Marguerite—your hand—I am dying—farewell. Father—God bless you for your charity—I die happy!"

She spoke no more ; the voice of Adrienne was silent for ever, and in a few minutes her noble heart was pulseless ; yet the lifeless hand still held the rose — that treasured memento of her happiest hour.

The father knelt beside her bed, and prayed for her passing spirit. His oraison concluded, he arose, and stepped, with silent tread, from the chamber. — Why do we step so softly near the dead ? We need not fear to break their sleep. Alas ! we cannot wake them !

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE END OF CONTINUED ANXIETY

THE task is wearisome to wait on men in office, and seek the favours of a government for a foreign state. Edward found this to his cost. With what weariness of body and vexation of spirit did he lie down, night after night, fatigued with profitless days of labour. There was an eternity of promises on the part of the French executive; they dealt largely in the future tense, but it was impossible to screw them to the present. It was always "We will."

The first account of Charles Edward's success was received with considerable distrust, as liable to the high colouring of interested partisans; but soon after Ned's arrival the news of the battle of Prestonpans was received on undoubted authority, and then the friends of the Stuarts, in Paris, were loud in exclaiming the time had arrived to strike. But still the French government was in no hurry. If, in the former case, it would be imprudent to build hopes of success upon such questionable information, in the latter they were inclined to trust the prince would be the architect of his own fortune without their aid; the secret motive in both instances being their own, rather than the Stuart interest. Whatever embarrassed England was gain to them; or, to use a phrase then in fashion, and which continued so down to the time of Buonaparte, "whatever made a diversion in favour of France" was enough. Later accounts brought intelligence of Edinburgh being in quiet occupation of the prince — next came news of his

advance into England — the French cabinet pleased to consider the game won. Some trifling aid was now given; a few troops, and many officers of the Irish Brigade, were allowed to volunteer in the cause, and scramble over to Scotland in wretched transports; but nothing like effective assistance arrived at the right moment. Ten thousand men from France would have settled the question in the first instance. But no — they dallied — George had withdrawn his English troops and several thousands of his allies from the Low Countries, to defend his throne at home, and left France to reap her military harvest of success in the Netherlands, — and this was enough for France — the “diversion” was made, and Charles Edward was left to do as best he might. All through this time how earnestly did Ned exert himself — but in vain. He lived in one continued fever of excitement; he was scarcely sane.

But now a change came over the fortunes of the prince — the untoward retreat from Derby was heard of, and then France thought it necessary to keep up “the diversion” a little longer, and some money and arms were forwarded; but still the cry of the Stuarts’ friends was for men — “Send an army,” they said.

At length something like such a movement was intimated, and Father Flaherty and Ned were in the beginning, middle, and end of all sorts of machinations; and finally an order was given to Edward to start for the Low Countries, where he was commissioned to communicate with the chiefs of brigade in all matters of information or assistance they should claim at his hands in connection with an expedition to Scotland; and Ned, in a delirium of joy, set out on his mission, accompanied by Father Flaherty, than whom a stauncher adherent of the Stuarts did not exist. They travelled day and night, until they found themselves in Flanders, where they undertook immediate communication with the military chiefs, who questioned much, and referred again and

again to the capital for fresh instructions, but still no active measures were taken.

And now, news of the battle of Falkirk had arrived; — still the prince, weakened as he was, had beaten his enemies, and Ned besought a timely aid — but it was not granted, and the chill of delay was working discouragement to the cause in all quarters. And now the Duke of Cumberland, and his foreign brigades, had advanced on Scotland. The prince could no longer hold Edinburgh — he fell back on the Highlands. — The star of Charles Edward had set!

A fever had been in Ned's blood for months. Excitement on excitement had prevented it from being manifested in the shape of downright malady. It might be said one fever had driven another out, and preserved him from disease. As long as the chance of achieving good by his exertions was before him, he kept up; but when he could do no more, the poison which had found vent in action became malignant, and a fierce fever set in.

Fortunately the worthy Father Flaherty was in his company when it first made its appearance, and he hastened to have him conveyed to Bruges, where he got him put to bed; but not till he was in a state of high delirium.

For weeks poor Ned lay in fever, quite despaired of. He raved alternately of love and war. Now he was boarding a ship; anon he was calling on Ellen, in plaintive terms, to come and release him from prison. Sometimes he fancied he was travelling with speed to Paris, would grasp the pillow suddenly and feel it, and saying "all was right," put it under his head with much care. One day, however, when the nurse who attended him left the room for a moment, as he sank exhausted into a doze, he suddenly started up, and getting out of bed laid hold of a knife, and on the nurse's return she found he had ripped open the pillow, the feathers were flying about

the room, and he chasing them up and down, swearing all the time his letters had been stolen, and that he would shoot the landlord. Father Flaherty entering at the moment to enquire how the patient got on, Ned fell on him, accusing him of being the villain who had stolen his letters, beating him with the pillow-case, and feathering the father's black garments in a most absurd manner. The priest ran out and shut the door, and "raised the house" to help him to restore himself to a respectable appearance.

"I dar' n't show myself in the street in this fashion," says the father, "sure man, woman, and child would be afther me; and I with a sick call on me and can't go out in this figure. Maybe, nurse, you could get another brush — the devil sweep him — with his pillow. God forgi' me! the poor mannyac! Lord, look down on me! — *down*, indeed; 'faith, I'm as downy as a swan, or rather a goose, I may say. Hurry, hurry! pick me, brush away! *musha*, I'll never be clane. I dar' n't appear in this figure in the streets, they are so fond of scandal here; and, indeed, I could not blame them if they said it. Sure, if I was rowl'd in a bed I could n't be worse."

Thus went on the father for half-an-hour, while half a dozen people were trying to restore him to his sable state, which, by dint of great labour, they did at last, and then the father was hastening on his mission — his "sick call." But here, after all his annoyance, the gentle spirit of the worthy man displayed itself.

"Stop," he said, "I forgot, the poor boy is raving about letters; we must try and soothe him."

He got some papers, and made up a packet, which he sealed, and was returning to the chamber to give it to Ned, when, as he reached the door, he paused, and exclaimed, "By the powers, maybe he'd feather me again — ow, ow! that would never do. — Here, jewel," said he, handing the paper to the nurse, "take it to the cray-

ture, and comfort him ;” and away went the simple and benevolent priest.

The nurse on re-entering the chamber found her patient still greatly excited on the subject of his lost letters ; but when she handed the packet to him, he became calm at once, returned to bed, placed the packet carefully under his head, and fell into a profound sleep.

Perhaps that little thoughtful act of kindness which the priest exercised was the saving of Ned’s life ; it may have been the means of procuring immediate repose at the critical moment. Ned slept for eight-and-forty hours, and awoke free from fever.

As it usually happens in such cases, he was quite unconscious of all that had occurred. The bed and room were strange to him — the view from the window was not familiar — where was he ? As this question was suggested in his mind, he heard a peal of bells, and the well-remembered strain gave him the answer. He knew he was in Bruges ; that sweet chime —

“ Most musical — most melancholy — ”

recalled the memory of Ellen, and, with her, link by link, the chain of circumstances was remembered, until the hour he fell sick. Here the chain was broken — what had brought him there ? He stretched forth his hand to draw the curtain of his bed, and the trifling action seemed an exertion. His hand, too, was emaciated — the truth dawned upon him — he had been ill.

His nurse now entered the room softly, but finding him awake, went briskly up to the bed smiling, and congratulated him on his recovery. It was Ernestine, Ned’s friend on a former occasion ; he recognised her, and asked many questions, but she told him he must be quiet, and giving him a drink, which he took eagerly, left him. He soon fell into that soft, momentary slumber which convalescents enjoy, during which he dreamt of Ellen. He fancied they were in the Highlands, that

he was helping her to climb the heather-crowned cliffs ; his arm was round her waist to support her, until they gained the summit ; then they sat down together, saying sweet things. He lay at her feet, admiring the graceful outline of her reclining figure. She looked so kindly on him, and so lovely — oh, so *very* lovely ! He opened his eyes, and, instead of the form his vision pictured, there was fat Madame Ghabbelkramme, squatted beside the bed.

He shut his eyes again, with a feeling of disgust.

“ Ha — you be goot agen now ! ” said she, “ bote you foss ferra bat.”

Ned made no answer.

“ Me clat for dis ; fen youn bien goot, me bin clat ; and fen youn bin gooter, me bin clatter, clatter, clatter ! ”

“ Clatter, clatter, with a vengeance ! ” said Father Flaherty, who entered in good time to save Ned from the old harridan’s persecution ; “ Madame, what brought you here at all ? ”

“ Min come to ’muse him.”

“ Pretty amusement you are,” said the priest.

“ Ya, Vader Flart, you know me ver grabble ” (agreeable she would have said).

“ D—l grabble you,” said Father Flaherty, losing all patience, “ go out o’ this, and don’t be disturbing the boy.”

“ Vader Flart, you bin always bat mans to me.”

“ Go down stairs, and don’t make any more noise here,” said the father, disregarding her displeasure : “ you ’d bother a rookery so you would.” With these words he made her leave the room, she almost crying with vexation, ejaculating all the way down stairs, “ bat mans — Vader Flart — bat mans ! ”

“ What did you let that old bother up here for ? ” said the father to Ernestine, who came running up stairs.

Ernestine said the old woman had taken advantage of

her back being turned, and made her way to the young gentleman.

“Ay, indeed — the young gentleman,” echoed the priest — “you just said it. The young gentleman — bad luck to her, the ugly fat old divil! she is as great a fool about the young gentleman as if she was eighteen years instead of eighteen stone — my heavy hathred to her! — And now, Ned, my poor fellow, how goes it with you — you’re wake, I suppose?”

Ned gave a faint smile, as an answer to the question.

“Never mind that,” said the priest, “now that you’re well, we’ll soon get up the strength; we’ll give you the jelly, and the fish, and the soup, and the nice white mate, and the dhrop o’ claret. Whoo! — by the powers, we’ll make you live like a fighting-cock!”

CHAPTER XXXV

FROM UNCERTAINTY TO DESPAIR

FATHER FLAHERTY'S prophecy was fulfilled. Ned gathered strength fast, even against the depressing influence of the evil tidings that soon came pouring in from Scotland. At last the tragic drama was brought to a conclusion on the fatal field of Culloden, and all that could now be done was to let friendly ships hover about the Scottish coast to pick up any stragglers who might escape the vengeance of the savage soldiery, stimulated to the most sanguinary and revolting excesses by the "butcher"¹ who commanded them — the atrocious Duke of Cumberland, — whose memory is still execrated in the hills and valleys he drenched with blood — not the hot blood of battle, — but the cold blood shed in ravening vengeance afterwards. Not even the blood of men would satisfy: women and children were given up to carnage and to indignities still worse than death. Nor age, nor sex, nor rank, was regarded. Every excess that could shock humanity was in open practice every day; — a licentious soldiery, foreign and domestic, was let loose to do their worst — and not only to do it with impunity, but to win favour for their atrocities in the eyes of their merciless leader.

¹ "He left behind him in Scotland the name of *the Butcher*, and the people of England, disgusted sooner than any other with cruelty, confirmed this title to the hero of Culloden." — *Pict. Hist. Eng.*

"It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, 'then let it be of butchers.'" — *Horace Walpole.*

The instant his strength permitted, Ned embarked in a French vessel employed in the charitable act of hovering about Scotland, and affording refuge to the fugitives who could escape their hunters. In this duty, as he heard from time to time, from the lips of eye-witnesses, the recitals of blood and depravity in course of constant commission, how his heart was torn — how his imagination heaped horror on horror that might have befallen those who were so dear to him! Had Lynch fallen a victim to the cold-blooded carnage? Or was Ellen? — Oh, horror! — to think of her was to be driven to the verge of madness. The exertions he made to get off fugitives from the land were prodigious. There was no risk he did not run with the boats, whenever tidings were heard of parties hanging about the shore for escape, in the hope that Ellen might be among them, but in vain: refugees crowded to the vessel, yet still had Ned to endure the agonies of suspense. The captain finding his ship so full, proposed running to the Flemish coast, landing the unfortunates, and returning again to the service of humanity; but Ned prevailed on him to wait another day; intelligence was had of some fugitives who proposed attempting their escape on board the Frenchman the next night, and as a lady was reported to be amongst them, Ned would not give up the chance of finding in her his beloved Ellen.

The point being ascertained where the attempt would be made, the vessel ran in under the land when it was dark, and Ned, with a boat well armed, pushed off. The signal-light was seen to glimmer on the shore; with muffled oars they pulled silently into an inlet, and the hunted adherents of the ill-fated Stuarts came from their hiding-places among the rocks. Foremost of the party was a wounded man, supported by two companions towards the boat, and passed along by the assistance of the sailors to the stern sheets, where Ned had charge of the helm; but how was he startled, when, in extending his

hand to the wounded stranger, and placing him beside him, he recognised in his pale and haggard face the features of Kirwan!

Ned's heart bounded with expectancy! From Kirwan's presence he was certain the reported lady of the party would turn out to be Ellen; but as yet no lady appeared, though several persons had entered the boat.

"Push off now," said the last who embarked.

"Avast!" said Ned, who turned to Kirwan, and asked in a voice which quivered with anxiety, "Is not Miss Lynch of your party?"

"Yesterday," replied Kirwan, faintly, and manifestly speaking with difficulty, "yesterday she was — but — but —"

"But what?" cried Ned, "answer — for God's sake, answer!"

The answer was, the heavy fall of Kirwan's lifeless corse upon Edward's breast.

Oh! fearful break that death hath made in the sentence! "yesterday she was — but —"

An appalling array of possibilities respecting Ellen, rushed through Ned's brain, and he sank backwards, insensible as the corse under which he fell.

Immediate assistance was offered; but the kindly offices were suddenly disturbed by the approaching clatter of horses' feet, and the clank of arms, showing too plainly, that the dragoons were upon them, and no time was lost in shoving the boat from the shore and pulling vigorously out to sea; not, however, before the troop had time to send a volley after the fugitives: but darkness favouring their retreat, the fire was ineffective, while, the flash of the guns from the beach betraying the position of the pursuers, the arms of the boat were employed with more effect in returning the compliment, while the soldiers' fire could not produce the same fatal result to them, as the boat was shifting her position every moment. The well-plied oars, however, soon placed

the enemies out of each other's range, and the speed, urged by danger in the first instance, was now continued for humanity's sake, as they wished to reach the vessel as soon as possible, to obtain the needful assistance for Ned, who still lay insensible in the bottom of the boat, a faint breathing being the only indication of life he retained. Consciousness soon returned, however, under the restoratives employed when he was placed aboard, and he began to gaze wildly round the cabin, whither he had been borne. After asking a few incoherent questions, he became fully sensible of all that had taken place, and enquired if Kirwan were dead or had only fainted from loss of blood. On being answered that he was dead, he exclaimed, "Then I shall never know her fate," and hid his face in his hands. It was with much persuasion he was prevailed on to go to his berth; but he could not sleep. All through the night he thought of nothing but scenes of outrage, and when, towards morning, exhausted with mental anguish, he sank into a doze, it was only to dream of darker horrors. He rose, with haggard cheek and sunken eye, and ascended to the deck, where, at so early an hour none but those doing the duty of the ship were present, therefore he might pursue his melancholy train of thought undisturbed. On casting a look astern, the Scottish shore was no longer visible, and a glance at the compass showed him they were running down for the Flemish coast. On exchanging a few words with the officer of the watch, he learned that the body of Kirwan had been committed to the deep at midnight; and it just flashed upon Ned's memory that two years before, in that very sea, he had snatched him from the watery grave to which he was now consigned: and there seemed to him a singular fatality in this coincidence. "He has been strangely mixed up," thought Ned, "in all that has influenced my destiny. He was with *her* the first night we met, and he died with her name upon his lips. He was my rival

through life—in death, his broken answer is agony. The rivalry I have outlived, — but does the prize for which we contended still exist?” He groaned in mental anguish at the question, and turned from the lieutenant to pursue his walk in silence. The captain soon after came on deck, and handed some papers, found on Kirwan’s person, to Ned, as he seemed the one who knew most of the deceased. Ned anxiously opened them, hoping he might discover some clue to Kirwan’s recent movements, and thence be more able to infer something of Ellen’s fate; as, from his last words, it was clear he had borne her company but the day before he died. The first document was a commission in the Irish Brigade; but, on the fold of a letter within it, Edward recognised Ellen’s handwriting, and eagerly opened the paper. He paused for an instant, the internal monitor — honour — suggesting the question if he were justified in reading it; but the circumstances of uncertainty in which he was placed, satisfied his conscience that he committed no violation of propriety by the act, and he read: —

“ You complain of my recent coldness, and appeal to our long friendship in your behalf, claiming, on that score, a gentler consideration at my hands. — Had you been content with me as a friend, you should have ever found me the same — unchanged and unchangeable. Even when taking the extreme advantage of the position in which my father’s favour placed you, you urged me by a question always painful to both of us, I never denied you the friendship beyond which I could not go; nay, I pardoned even importunity, and abated not my regard: but when you assumed the right to question others on the subject of their esteem for me, you committed an offence which you cannot wonder I feel deeply.

“ To tell you all the pain I have endured at my name

being made the subject of a brawl, would be to tire you with a repetition of my own daily suffering. The circumstances under which it occurred, and the high personage offended by it, have made it a matter of provoking notoriety; such affairs as these tend to lessen the respect which the unobtrusiveness, properly belonging to maidenhood, is sure to maintain, and which, till now, I have never forfeited. I fancy I hear myself pointed out for observation, as ‘*the girl the two fellows fought about,*’ and shrink at the impertinent glances of the hot-headed mad-caps who are about us. Oh! how could you respect me so little as to reduce me to this?

“Nevertheless, I forgive you, — for my father’s sake, and the sake of old friendship; but, remember, it is friendship *only*. Ask me no more questions of *any sort*, — if you do, even the friendship which I still bear you must cease. For the future let there be kindness, but, also, silence between us on one point. You understand me, and ought to know me well enough to be certain I will hold to my resolution. Once and for all, remember — we are *friends*; how long we remain so depends upon yourself. ELLEN.”

Oh! woman, woman, how tyrannous is the dominion of a deep love for thee, over the heart of man! — we see it here in the case even of a rejected lover. — Poor fellow — these lines of the loved one, though they condemned him to despair, he could not part with.

Ned now opened the second paper; let the reader judge how his heart sank when he read it.

“DEAR KIRWAN,

“We will meet you at the pass to-morrow, and run the risk of reaching the coast; better anything than this uncertainty of concealment. One thought alone oppresses me, too painful to speak of, even to you — almost too terrible to think of myself — therefore I write

my wish before we meet. In case of attack from the military, our party will fight to the death, of course, and Ellen must be under your especial care. For this purpose, I enjoin you to keep where there is least of danger during the fight. If we prosper (which God grant!) it is well; if not, (and the Divine will be done!) my lovely girl must not survive defeat. To your hand, then, I entrust this last and dreadful act of friendship; as I would have given her to you for life, so do I for death, if needful — the more difficult trust to discharge. But I enjoin you, by every tie of honour and humanity, set her pure spirit free. Were there no other hand to do it, I would emulate Virginius; but you will spare me so fearful a task: I know you will. God help us, we live in fearful times, when a father thinks it virtue to contemplate the death of his own beloved child — and, oh, how I love her! — I cannot venture to write another word.

“Remember — I depend on you.

“MARTIN LYNCH.”

These dreadful lines scarcely left a hope. The father's terrible injunction to Kirwan, in case of disaster, stood fearfully prominent to the coldest conjecture: what must the heated imagination of a lover have conjured up? Defeat was the signal for Ellen's death — and that defeat had ensued, Kirwan's wounds were but too palpable evidence. Ned burst forth into a passion of grief, which he found it impossible to control, and gave himself up to utter despair.

In the meantime the vessel neared Ostend; the fugitives who had escaped the slaughter debarked, and the ship prepared to return to the Scottish coast, further to pursue the work of charity in which she had been engaged. The captain proposed to Edward to continue in this service, suggesting, that he might yet recover his apparently lost friends, and that, even in case of failure,

the mere occupation would be beneficial to him; but Edward refused ever again to approach the land which had proved so fatal to his hopes (for he had given himself up to the conviction that Ellen had perished); and, taking a sad farewell of the ship and his companions, he returned to Bruges, and sought his old friend, Father Flaherty.

CHAPTER XXXVI

NED MAKES A COMMOTION ON THE GALWAY EXCHANGE

DISASTER having so scattered the principal personages of our tale, the reader must pardon a scrambling chapter or two in which the loose threads of the story will be caught up, rather than any attempt made to perfect the web of our history: the detail which that would lead to, both as to the persons concerned and the times and places in which the events befel, would be painful, and the painful is an ingredient which the novelist should use sparingly, as a good cook should use pepper.

First, as to our hero. The meeting between him and Father Flaherty was full of sadness — not merely of commiseration on the father's part; for he loved Ellen earnestly, so there was communion of sorrow between them. But the good priest's sense of humble submission to the Divine will, gave strength to his words as he taught Edward to submit. His consciousness of an overruling Providence to guard, and mercy to spare, made him eloquent to induce his young friend to trust. And Edward derived such consolation from his words that his grief, though not less, became more tolerable.

But while the father exhorted his young friend to hope, his manner showed that the reed on which he would have another lean was too slender to support himself: — poor Father Flaherty! he was too simple to impose upon a child. It was too plain he thought all hope was past; and Ned, when alone, would repeat to him-

self, "Though he bids me hope, he thinks she is dead." Then would he fall into a reverie, and ask, "Could it so be? Was she indeed no more? The beautiful and bright, in an instant snatched away—the object and motive of his life—that for which he had dared, and hoped, and struggled, and achieved so much—vanished like a dream? Could he be doomed to so wretched a fate?" His soul shrunk from the bitter belief, and the faintest glimmer of hope would be welcome to his darkness:—*she might yet live.* Then would he pursue *that* phantom, created of his wishes, till his exhausted heart sank in the fruitless chase, and his reverie would end, as it had begun, with the melancholy phrase "She is dead!"

In a short time, however, tidings reached the Netherlands that revived hope even in poor Ned's heart. It was reported that many fugitives had escaped to Ireland, and he determined at once to go there and endeavour to solve the uncertainty that was sapping the sources of his life. He informed his kind friend the priest of his intention, who pronounced in favour of the movement, declaring Ned "should lave no stone unturned until he rooted out the mystery:"—be it known, all this time, that Father Flaherty thought less of the chance than even Ned, but he kept that to himself, for, as he thought, if it would do no other good, it would "give the poor boy something to do," and thus conduce to that special cure for melancholy known in Ireland under the expressive title of "divarting the grief."

So Ned went to Ireland, and of course he found very strange things going on there:—there must be something in the air of Ireland to make everybody, even the sensible English, cut strange capers in that land of unrest.

It may be received as an axiom, that if a nation be tranquil under its rulers, that is all the rulers might require. Well—Ireland was so quiet under the rule of

Lord Chesterfield's vice-royalty, that he spared all the army out of Ireland to quell the rebellion in Scotland. But the moment the rebellion in Scotland was quelled, England withdrew the pacific Chesterfield and sent back the army to Ireland.

Now, the existence of a standing army in a country would naturally be considered to imply the existence also of some important object that could not be achieved without it — some point of statesmanship that could only be carried at the point of the bayonet. But no such object then existed in Ireland; the power thus given was wielded by a few unwise people in the support of some cruel practices, and many silly ones.

Among the former was the amusement of priest-hunting, which, in a country abounding with hares, seems rather a mistake. Among the latter, one may suffice as a specimen. It was not permitted in Galway that a Roman Catholic merchant should wear his hat on 'Change. Only fancy a standing army for the mighty purpose of enforcing the cry of "Hats off!" We can only laugh at the absurdity now, but the matter turned out to be more than a joke for Ned. It fell out thus:—

He went to Ireland in search of his beloved Ellen; he knew that she and her father, if in Ireland, would be sheltering in the mountain wilds of Iar Connaught, and as his road lay near Galway, he thought he might as well go and see his old father, of whom he had taken such sudden and disrespectful leave, and ask his forgiveness; for when we are smitten hard by trouble ourselves, we are more inclined to think of the trouble we have given to others. Misfortune is the mother of repentance.

It was in this spirit Ned entered the walls of his native town, some years after he had fled from it, in consequence of the memorable night adventure that was the beginning of his romantic fortunes; and his subse-

quent life of independence and daring, and intercourse with the wide world, was not calculated to increase his respect for the small magnates of the secluded spot he returned to; in fact, Ned never thought of the matter at all, and had utterly forgotten all about the wonderful dignity of such little great people; and the incident we are about to record, instead of awakening his memory and his respect, only roused his indignation.

As he was going to his father's house, who should cross the street by the corner Ned was approaching, but old Denis himself. Ned's first impulse was to follow, and at once speak to him; but on second thoughts he paused. "I cannot, nor ought I to embrace him until I have asked his pardon," said Ned to himself; "and as the street will not do for that, I had better wait till I see him at home." He followed, however, at a distance, and watched the old man as he plodded onwards towards the Exchange. He was a good deal altered since his son had seen him last. His hair had grown gray, and he had become more bent; his step, too, was slower, and less steady, and his whole aspect had a subdued air about it, which spoke of suffering. The unpleasant question suggested itself to Ned, "If he had any part in producing this;" and his heart smote him, and an inward promise was made that he would endeavour to make amends in the future for the past.

Just then a burly, swaggering person, with a large gold-headed cane and a laced coat, going the same road as old Corkery, brushed rudely by him, and made the old man stagger against the wall.

"What an insolent ruffian," thought Ned, "to shove against an old man in that manner. I'd like to kick him."

The old man against whom the offence was committed seemed to take the affair as a matter of course, and plodded on as if nothing had happened. Indeed, so lost was he in some melancholy musings respecting the



The Exchange



sad condition in which old age had overtaken him, without one of his own blood to aid him, that he forgot even the business of the Exchange, whither he was proceeding; and this state of absence continued even after he had entered that place

“Where merchants most do congregate;”

for he had forgotten to take off his hat.

He did not wait long, however, without some one “refreshing his memory;” for the identical swaggering gentleman with the gold-headed cane came up to him, and, with a fanciful flourish of the aforesaid cane, knocked off old Corkery’s hat.

Ned, who had followed his father, arrived just in time to witness the act. The same bully who had shoved the old man against the wall had committed a fresh and grosser offence; and instantly the indignant son rushed upon him, and, shouting forth the words, “Insolent scoundrel!” he struck his clenched fist into the face of the offender, and upset laced coat, hat, wig, and dignitary (for he was one of the great men of the corporation), and the uproar that arose on his fall baffles description.

Several ran to the assistance of the fallen corporator, while others attempted to lay hold of Ned, amidst cries of “Down with him!” “Seize him!” but he, whose thews and sinews were braced by hardy service, knocked down the lumbering merchants “like nine-pins,” and strewed the pavement of the Exchange with wigs and cocked hats; but, observing the approach of some liveried gentlemen, carrying long poles of office, Ned saw further fight was impossible, so he turned to the right about and showed them a fast pair of heels for it. The hue and cry was raised after him — a regular “Phillilew!” but, intimate as he was with every lane and alley of the town, he left his pursuers far behind him, and soon had perfect choice to go unobserved whither he

would. At first he thought of his father's house; but it was likely that would be searched: for Ned by this time remembered where he was, and the consequences attendant on his act. He turned in an opposite direction, therefore, and walked smartly into the fish-market, where, by the quay side, he could find some boat to take him over to the *Cladagh*, that sure sanctuary for any gentleman in his circumstances.

After Ned's disappearance, the question of "Who is he?" ran round the Exchange, but nobody knew — nobody but one — and he, of course, would not. This was his father, who, in the first glance he caught of him, knew his boy, improved in appearance though he was, almost beyond recognition. The blusterers crowded round old Corkery, and desired him to tell who the scoundrel was who dared to raise his hand against a Protestant gentleman, but the father pleaded ignorance.

"You're a lying old crawthumper!" cried one.

"Not a one o' me knows, indeed, gentlemen," said Corkery.

"I'd make him tell!" cried another; "I'd give him some holy water under the pump."

"Sure, you are all witness I made no complaint when my hat was knocked off."

"Curse your impudence!" exclaimed a third speaker. "Complaint indeed! What right have you to complain? Of course it was knocked off, when you dared to show your face here with your hat on."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen — I quite forgot — my poor owld head was thinking of one thing or another, and it was a forget, and nothing else, that kept the hat on me."

The affair at last came to a conclusion by the arrival of the mayor, who reprimanded Corkery bitterly for his "outrageous conduct," as he was pleased to call it, in causing a riot and breach of the peace on the high

He Would be a Gentleman 423

'Change of the ancient and loyal town of Galway, by a gross and daring violation of its laws and privileges.

Poor old Denis took his bullying quietly, and got off 'Change as fast as he could, amidst scowls and growls, and sought his home, trembling for the fate of Ned, in case he should be taken.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN HIDING WITH A FRIENDLY FISHERMAN

NED, in the meantime, had made his way over the river, and went to the cottage of the fisherman, where Lynch had sheltered on that eventful night which witnessed the initiatory step of Ned into the regions of romance. The fisherman was not at home; but his wife, who was mending a net at the door, told Edward she soon expected his return, and, Ned proposing to wait for him, the woman rose, and inviting our hero to enter, dusted a rude chair with her apron, and requested him to be seated. A fine little boy was tying a piece of rag on a skewer, which he had stuck into a flat piece of wood, the whole representing boat, mast, and sail to his juvenile fancy; the toy of the child indicating the future occupation of the man. The little fisherman in embryo paused in his work on the entrance of the stranger, whom he eyed with a furtive sidelong glance under his little brow.

The mother resumed her work at the door, but soon laid it down and went away. She turned into a neighbour's cottage and asked her, — would she “just run up to the corner, and watch for her husband coming home, and give him the ‘hard word’ that there was a strange gentleman waiting for him at home; for sure there was no knowing whether he would like to see him or not — because they were *quare* times, and *bard* times.” After this precaution she returned to the door and resumed her work. In a few minutes one neighbour after another came up to where she sat, and looked keenly into the house at Ned while they spoke to the mistress, and hav-

ing reconnoitred, passed on. Ned knew too much of the habits of the people not to see he was an object of observation, if not of suspicion; but, aware that to betray such a knowledge on his part would be to confirm their bad opinion of him, he waited his opportunity for letting them understand him. This occurred ere long, for a large-boned, dark-browed man soon came up to the door, and, after giving the civil word to the woman of the house, strode into it, with the words, "God save all here!"

Ned frankly returned the accustomed response of "God save you kindly!" at which the aspect of the man became softened, and, after exchanging a few words with Ned, he walked out again.

At last the man of the house himself returned and Ned rose to meet him. The fisherman did not recognise him, but a few words from Ned recalled him to his memory. On the mention of Lynch's name, the fisherman cast a searching look at his unbidden guest, and said, in an under tone, "Arrah, then, do you know where the captain is?"

"No," said Ned, eagerly; "do you?"

"Me!" said the man, as if he wondered how any one could ask him the question. "Musha! how would I know?"

Ned made no observation; but it struck him there was something in the fisherman's manner that indicated the knowledge he disclaimed. Eager as he was for knowledge on that point, however, he wisely forbore to urge it, well knowing it would be of no use, and fearing it might damage what little interest he might have in that quarter, and which he needed to employ. Leaving, therefore, the matter as it stood, he related his adventure on the Exchange, and for the second time requested the fisherman's good offices in going to his father, and telling him where he was; adding, that, as it might be unwise for Ned to go into the town, he hoped his father would come over to the *Cladagh*.

The message was carried, as Ned wished; and an hour did not elapse until he had the satisfaction of receiving the old man's welcome and blessing. As for all the pardon he expected he should have to ask, his father cut it short. He admitted Ned had behaved like an "undutiful young blackguard," but he hoped he knew better now; and "'pon his soul, he was mighty well grown, so he was." The fact was, old Corkery felt proud of the handsome person of his son; and, though he was rather uneasy as to the consequences of the affair of the Exchange, yet in his heart he could not help liking Ned the better for knocking down the bully who had insulted him.

The fisherman and his wife had the politeness to make a clear house of it; and father and son being left together, an account of Ned's adventures since he quitted Galway filled old Corkery with immeasurable wonder; but most of all he wondered how Ned could have the assurance to make love to a *rале lady*. At this brightest and darkest portion of the story, Ned was much excited, and candidly told his father that the chance of finding her, in case she had escaped the Highland massacre, was his chief business in Galway.

"Faix, then, she has as great a chance of being massacr'd in Galway, I can tell you, as in Scotland; for they are hot afther any one they suspect of having anything to do with the rising; and the divil a much they scruple doing anything. As for you, Ned, what with your smuggling, and privateering, and having to do with the rebels, there's as much on your head as would hang fifty, and I advise you to lave Galway 'while your shoes is good.'"

"Not until I have sought for her?"

"Very well,—you'll have your own way I see. But, if I was you I'd make off to Spain as hard as I could to the uncle.—Wow—ow!—and there's more of the wondher!—Who'd think of brother Jerry turn-

ing out a great Spanish lord? — Faix, I'd like to go to Spain myself and see him, only maybe he would n't speak to a body now that he's so grate a man."

"Ah, Sir, you little know my uncle!"

"To be sure I do, when I never see him since he was a boy."

"He has a noble heart."

"And plenty of money, you say. Faix, that's where I'd go, Ned."

"Surely, Sir," said Ned, somewhat excited, "you would not have me desert——"

"Oh, the young lady, you mane. 'Pon my word, Ned—not that I wish to make you onaisy, or wound your feelin's, but I think that your lady is in '*kingdom come*.'"

Ned buried his face in his hands, and sighed heavily. His father's bluntness was revolting, and the conversation after this slackened considerably. The little there was of it treated of immediate affairs; for Ned seemed to shut himself up, as it were, respecting the past, and his father urged him to remove, for the present, from the neighbourhood of the town, however he might be determined to remain in the country; for he assured him the affair of the Exchange had produced a strong sensation in the high places of Galway, and that if he should fall into the hands of those in power, it might be as much as his life was worth.

"My life?" returned Ned, with an incredulous smile. "What?—for knocking a man down? No, no,—there's no law for that."

"Who said there was?—that is, no regular law. But, God help your head! it is little they care for any law but what they have power to do themselves."

"Come, come, father. I know they are arbitrary enough, but I cannot believe my life is in danger."

"Can't you, indeed?—Oh,—your sarvant, Sir,—maybe not. See now, Ned.—You have come back

from furrin parts, and may know a great dale more nor me about imperors, and sultans, and the kings o' Bohaymi, and all to that — and about ginteel manners, and counts, and countisses — *and indeed I hope the young woman's alive*, — but in regard to a knowledge of the town o' Galway I'll give in to no man; and I tell you my owld heart would grieve to see you in the power o' the high people o' Galway this night. God help your head! it's little you know of it. It was bad enough when you left it, but it was a paradise on earth compared to what it is now. We could go to mass then, in a sly way with a little care, — but now — oh jewel! — by me sowl it's dangerous to tell your beads beside your own bed for fear the bedpost would inform on you. It's little you know what Galway is come to. The wind of a word is enough to condemn a man, much less knocking down one o' *themselves*. Your life is not worth a straw, my buck, inside Galway gates, and that's a thruth. They'd hang you as soon as look at you, and no one to call them to account for it after."

Thus went on old Corkery, giving, in his own quaint, disjointed way, a melancholy account of the times. Edward listened heedlessly, as far as he himself was concerned, but grieved to hear that the place of refuge, where he fancied his darling Ellen might have escaped, was scarcely less dangerous than the den of murder in Scotland. But the recital rather stimulated than depressed him; he *would* remain, and seek for tidings of his beloved one, in defiance of danger. But it was clear, from what his father said, that he must quit the neighbourhood of Galway, and the fisherman was then summoned to take part in their council. He suggested that the readiest mode of putting a good distance between Ned and the town, suddenly and safely, would be to row up the river and cross Lough Corrib, on whose opposite shore he would be perfectly beyond the chance of recognition or reach of capture. For this manœuvre the fisherman prepared by

going above bridge, and borrowing from a friend on the wood quay a small boat, which he rowed to a convenient spot beyond the reach of observation from any of the ramparts or batteries; and securing the boat to the bank, under the shelter of some flaggers, he returned to the cottage, whence, at nightfall, Ned and he left the *Cladagh*, and making a *détour* to escape all chance of observation from any of the guards of the gates, the boat was reached in safety, and they embarked. Lustily they pulled at their oars, and headed well against the rapid stream; the towers of Menlo and the castle of the Red Earl were passed, looming darkly over the waters. Soon after, as the stream widened, they lost sight gradually of the banks, and the broad waters of the lonely Corrib opened before them. The ripple on the boat's side and the measured stroke of the oar were the only sounds that broke the silence, save when a brief question and answer were exchanged between Ned and his companion. After pulling vigorously for about an hour, they approached the eastern shore, and crept along it towards the northward until a small creek offered a landing-place, and they jumped to the bank, and made fast the boat. The ruins of a small castle were on one side of the creek, and of an ancient church on the other. To the former the fisherman led the way, and said he supposed Ned knew where he was now.

"No," said Ned; "I have never been on this side of the lake before. What castle is this?"

"Aughnadoon, your honour. It's right a gentleman should know the house he sleeps in, for it's here you must sleep to-night, barrin' you know the road to some village or town nigh hand."

"That I don't," said Ned.

"Then you had better wait till morning will give you the use of your eyes; so shut them up in the mane time here, till you want them." He entered the castle as he spoke, followed by Ned, who groped his way after

him. The fisherman threw down a couple of large boat coats, telling Ned these were the only feather-beds the castle could boast of; "for you persaive," added he, with a chuckle, "that they keep open house here for want of a hall door." Ned assured him he knew what it was to lie hard betimes, and he would not find him a discontented guest in the halls of Aughnadoon.

"If you're particular," said the fellow, "you can put a lump of a stone undher your head for a pillow."

"Thank you," said Ned, "I am not fond of luxury."

"Long life to you!" said the fisherman; "you have got what is betther than beds and pillows and all the luxuries of the world — you have a merry heart."

"Not very merry, if you knew but all," said Ned.

"Well, you're not afraid to look danger, or hardship, or sorrow in the face, and that's the right sort," said the fisherman. "I hope you'll sleep, Sir. Good-night, and God be with you." He lay down, and soon his heavy breathing told Ned he was fast asleep; and ere long *he* slumbered as soundly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A STARTLING APPARITION

MORNING had not long dawned on the Castle of Aughnadoon when Ned and the friendly fisherman woke from their slumbers, the nature of their beds not being calculated to induce over sleeping. The fisherman remarked that he feared, from Ned's appearance, his resting-place had not agreed with him; the fact was, that the influence of painful dreams produced a mental depression upon Ned, against which he could not contend. The visions of the night had conjured up forms and words fearfully real and of woful import; and though he endeavoured to account for this nightly visiting of fancy as the consequence of the conversation held with his father on the preceding evening, still he could not shake off the influence which dreams, despite the best efforts of waking reason, will sometimes impose upon us. He thought that Ellen had appeared to him, telling him she was dead, that she had lovingly remembered him in the hour of death, and visited him thus to relieve him from the rack of uncertainty in which he lived — that she was at rest and happy, and therefore he should grieve no more. The dream was so vivid that he started from his sleep, and, even when wide awake, was still calling upon her name.

It was under this strong mental impression that his brow was saddened, and his cheek so pale, as to induce the remark of his companion, who, immediately after rising, busied himself in preparing breakfast. Unfolding a piece of sailcloth, he drew forth some dried fish, a loaf

of coarse bread, and a mug. Spreading the sailcloth over a large stone, it served for a table-cloth, and having laid the bread and fish upon it he went to the lake and filled his mug, and called upon Ned, on his return, to partake of the fare, for whose humbleness he apologised. Ned thanked him for his kind thoughtfulness in providing any refreshment whatsoever, and partook of it rather to gratify the fisherman than his own hunger, for, in truth, he felt little inclined to the meal, and ate so sparingly, that his host said he feared such hard fare was unwelcome to a young gentleman.

The repast being ended, Ned enquired the "lie of the country," and what were the neighbouring towns, and his guide pointed out to him all he required. "Right before you," said he, "is Headford — Shrule a little on the left of it. Tuam you can go to by crossing the country over there; and up to the north lies Cong — or you can make over by Ross Abbey, toward Lough Mask, and so on to Ballinrobe."

"Well, you have given me choice enough," said Ned, "so I may as well start at once, and let you go back to Galway. And now, my friend, here's a trifle in return for the service you have done me."

"Tut, tut, Sir, — do you think I'd take money from you?"

"And why not? I have taken you from your occupation, and you should be paid for it."

"Why if you came to me a pleasuring, Sir, and wanted my boat on the lough, or my hooker on the bay, then, well and good, you might pay me; but when a gentleman in trouble comes to my house and puts his trust in me, then all must be done in honour, and the stain of lucre must n't be on it."

"I will not offend you then," said Ned, returning the money into his purse, well knowing the high spirit of the humbler classes of his countrymen, "and I hope you pardon me for the offer; and since what you have done

for me is not to be a paid service, but one of friendship, give me your hand before I say good-bye."

He shook the outstretched palm of the gratified fisherman heartily, and, leaving the castle, they walked down to the boat, which soon was bearing the honest fellow of the *Cladagh* back to Galway. Ned stood on the beach looking after him, and thought how rare, in any other country, is the noble spirit found among the Irish people, whom poverty cannot teach to be mean or sordid, nor oppression grind into brutality. No!—despite all their sufferings, there is a generous blood amongst them that remains untainted.

Ned, as the boat lessened into distance, turned from the shore, and struck across the country. He had not made up his mind whither he would go, but the day was before him, and he had time enough to choose; so pushing over towards the blue line of hills that bound Lough Mask, he wended his way, filled with melancholy thoughts, which the stillness and desolation through which he passed were not calculated to dispel. He did not meet a human being, and, save the cry of wild birds that sometimes swept above his head towards the long waste of Corrib's waters, stretching far away to the dark high mountains in the north-west, he did not hear a sound. A more lonely walk could not be taken, and the unbroken monotony of the stony flats over which he passed was wearisome. It was a relief to his eye, when, after some hours, he saw the ruins of an abbey rising in the distance, and to this point he bent his steps. On reaching it he could not help noticing much of architectural beauty that was attached to the spot; and he wandered about the ruins for some time, insensibly attracted by their picturesque-ness. Many tombs were within, as well as without; some whose elaborate sculpture showed the place had once been of importance. Many of these bore inscriptions, and he employed himself in that occupation, so common under such circumstances, of reading these

records of the dead. The scene, and his immediate occupation, were in singular accordance with his frame of mind and the spirit of his last night's dream. He was amongst graves, and he sat down and mused, and his musings were very sad. His eye rested on a mural tablet of black marble, richly ornamented, whose ancient letters still bore, in their antique cutting, remains of former gilding.

After a curiously scrolled *Orate*, followed the name of her to whose memory the tablet was inscribed, with an elaborate statement of whose wife she had been, his titles and possessions; next, of her own family descent; and, lastly, her beauties and virtues were recorded in these quaint words —

Well favoured of Bodye butte more beautifulle of
 Soule . ye Caskette of ye Fleshe bath byne
 Stole by Dethe . ye bryghte Jewelle yt
 Contayned bathe byne covettede bye ye
 Lorde of Hostes for ye Tresoirie of Heavyn.

The description was one that suited Ellen Lynch — “well favoured of body, but more beautiful of soul;” and Edward thought of her as he read it, and then he pursued the thought “had death stolen the casket of *that* bright jewel, too?” His eyes were yet fixed on the tablet while thus he thought, and as he saw its mouldings fallen away; its emblazonry defaced, its gilding tarnished, and the very sanctuary, where it had been placed, open to the rude visitings of the elements, a sickening feeling of the nothingness of all human things came over him. In truth, the scene was a sad one; the tomb, with its broken tracery and faded gilding, was a mockery to the words it bore. This lady of beauty and worth — this rare piece of mortality, “coveted by Heaven,” was utterly forgotten, as if she had never existed. He who loved her and raised this tomb, all that cared for her memory, had passed away; the

consecrated temple, where her remains were laid with honour, was a ruin; and the very faith in which she died, then in its "pride and power" was trampled in the dust — dared not show its head in the land covered with its fanes; and which, having preached life eternal to others, it was now present death to avow.

Edward quitted his seat before the tomb, and paced slowly across the chancel, thoroughly saddened in spirit, subdued to the lowest key-note of melancholy, when, as he was about to pass through a shattered porch, he saw a figure, darkly draped, slowly rising from a tomb, and stood riveted to the ground struck with amazement, his eyes fixed on the apparition, and almost doubting the evidence of his own senses, thinking an overheated imagination might deceive him. But no — it moved — it rose still higher from the grave — he staggered among some rubbish against the archway which he grasped for support — the apparition turned its head — and, oh Heavens! what words could tell his sensations, when he saw the pale features of Ellen Lynch! — A wild, half-suffocated exclamation escaped his lips, and he sank senseless to the earth.

It was some time before returning consciousness restored Ned to action. When he awoke from his trance all was lone and silent; nor sight nor sound was there to startle his living senses, as, awe-struck, he cast timid glances around, and listened with painful eagerness. His own embarrassed breathing was all he heard, and that almost frightened him. After some effort he was enabled to gain his feet, but his knees trembled, and it was by an extraordinary effort he succeeded in getting clear of the abbey walls, and, without once looking behind him, he made what speed he might from the precincts of a spot where he witnessed a sight so appalling; and, when his strength permitted, (and it increased with increasing distance from the point of terror,) he ran till he gained a road, and the sight of a beaten track

was most welcome, as associating ideas of human beings and things of this world. He pushed on rapidly, the body keeping pace with the wild rush of strange thoughts that coursed through his brain. How he would have welcomed the sight of a fellow-creature to bear him company, were he the poorest beggar in Galway! but miles were passed without his seeing any one, a chilling loneliness was the characteristic of the entire country he passed through. On gaining a slight elevation, on whose summit he perceived that from the road, descending immediately at the other side, he should be shut out from the view of the country he had passed, he could not resist looking back towards the abbey—the first time he had dared to do so. He saw it standing, in stern solitude, in the dreary flat he had crossed; it seemed the very place to be haunted by mysterious terrors, and he shuddered to remember what he had witnessed within its walls. He turned and descended the acclivity, and pursued the road before him, a prey to superstitious wonder and sad thoughts; and, after journeying for a couple of hours, it was a relief to him to see a town in the distance before him. He supposed it to be Tuam, and on reaching it, found his conjecture to be right, as he enquired from a woman the way to the nearest inn.

“Faix, there’s not so many o’ them, but you may find out when you turn into the High Sthreet,” said the woman, pointing the way, which Ned pursuing, a large sign, swinging from a scrolled iron bracket in front of a stragglng whitewashed building, indicated where the traveller might find accommodation. As Ned was approaching the house, a man alighted at the door and entered, and, from the glimpse he caught, he fancied he should know him. He hurried to the inn, followed the horseman to the parlour, and exclaimed on seeing him, “Finch, by all that’s wonderful!”

CHAPTER XXXIX

HUDSON FINCH RELATES HIS ADVENTURES

THE surprise of Ned and Finch was mutual at this unexpected rencontre; and rapid enquiries passed between them touching the why and wherefore of their meeting in that remote spot.

“I am right glad to see you, Ned, my lad,” said Finch, “not only for the regard I bear you, but for my own especial good; for of all the men in the world you are the one for my purpose at this moment. I say, how’s the lady?”

Ned grew ghastly pale at the question.

“Hillo, how ill you look, — nothing wrong I hope. Ned, my lad, pardon me if I have asked an awkward question; women are queer creatures, but I thought that was all right.”

Ned still continued silent and looking miserable.

“Come, come!” said Finch, slapping him on the shoulder; “don’t be so downhearted about it. There’s as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, if she has proved false.”

“False!” said Ned, reproachfully. “No, no, Finch; there was no falsehood in her nature, — she was an angel!”

“Then what the deuce is the matter?” returned Finch.

“She’s dead,” replied Edward.

“Dead!” exclaimed Finch, in utter amazement.

“Then that confounded piper told me a lie!”

“What piper?” said Ned, eagerly.

“That Phaidrig fellow.”

“What — Phaidrig-na-pib?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“Yesterday.”

“Then she *is* alive!” exclaimed Ned, nearly convulsed with emotion.

“Why, Ned, what’s all this? — first dead, and then alive. Are you in your senses, lad?”

“Scarcely, indeed, Finch. I’m half mad, and no wonder. I have been on the rack of uncertainty so long that my poor head is bewildered, my brain is Bedlam.”

“Softly, Ned, softly,” said Finch, kindly.

“But of Phaidrig, — tell me, Finch, where did you see him? — Whatever *he* says is true, — *he* must know.”

“I saw him in Athlone, two days ago.”

“I would give the world to find him! — Was he stopping in Athlone?”

“That’s more than I can tell. I saw him in the street, and spoke to him. Asked after you first, and he said you were in France; then after the lady, and he said she was well. I enquired were you married yet — he shook his head; and on my attempting some further questions, said, in his own significant way, ‘the less was said about people in these times the better;’ and altogether felt disinclined to pursue conversation when he found *I* knew nothing about *you*.”

“But he said *she* was well?”

“Decidedly.”

“Thank God!” said Ned, fervently.

“But wherefore did you imagine she was dead?”

“It would take too long to tell you now. Strong presumptive evidence and my own terrible imaginings convinced me: but Phaidrig must know the truth, and I will seek him.”

“Remember, it is two days since I saw him in

Athlone ; and it will cost you two days to reach it : and after that space of time is it likely you will find one of so erratic a life ? ”

“ A piper is a traceable person , ” said Ned .

“ Yes , if they would let you trace him , ” said Finch ; “ but all I can say is , that since I have come into the country I never was in a place where you can get so little information . I have heard much of the intelligence of the Irish , but in my experience everybody seems anxious to impress you with the belief that he knows nothing . ”

“ Oppression has taught them the use of equivocation , ” said Ned . “ I can imagine their not giving a straight answer to an Englishman ; but *I* would get the truth out of them . ”

“ Well , you know your own countrymen best . Perhaps it *is* oppression has done it . On *that* score , I , as an Englishman , can bear witness that so wretched a state of things I never saw . If you have not some one to stand godfather for you as to who you are and what you are doing , and where you are going , you are suspected and bullied by the upper ranks , — as badly off as a man without a passport abroad ; while among the lower , there seems so wide-spread a distrust , that it is difficult to get an answer on any subject . ”

“ You are certain Phaidrig said *she* was alive , ” interrupted Ned , heedless of Finch’s observations .

“ Certain . ”

“ Then I don’t care about anything else , ” said Ned . “ I ’ll start for Athlone at once , and get on Phaidrig’s track . ”

“ And I must bear you company , lad ; for I am engaged on a venture in which I will secure your co-operation , now that I have you ; and though a trip to Athlone will turn my back on the point I want to reach , yet your object is a more pressing one than mine , and I will wait your convenience . ”

“You may assist me, too, perhaps,” said Ned. “At all events your company will be most welcome. A lively fellow like you is a treasure to a poor devil like me, who has been grieved nearly to death.”

“I have had my own share of grievances, too, I can tell you,” replied Finch. “I have been in troubled waters since I saw you.”

“I notice you don’t look quite so smooth and spruce as usual.”

“No, i’ faith. The world has used me scurvily o’ late, Ned, as you shall hear;” and Finch thus commenced a recital of his adventures since his separation from his friend.

“You left me in London, Ned, full of joy for past luck, and high in hope of more. While I was waiting for our prizes being turned into cash and ready for delivery by the prize-agent, I dashed away in pursuit of town pleasure, as you know is my wont, and ran my purse pretty low. Well, I went to the agent for a supply of rhino for immediate use, but the scurvy rascal said it was irregular until the accounts were made out, at which time I should have all my money at once. I stormed and swore at the rascal, but it was no use; he stuck to his text that it was irregular, and he would not do it.”

“Why, he advanced me a hundred pieces,” said Ned, “at your request.”

“Yes, and glad I am you had the luck to get them, for ’t is more than anybody else got out of him.”

“What! — no return from your prize?”

“Not a rap, except the coined treasure, which had been at once divided amongst ourselves; but the cobs of gold, and silver bars, and the chests of the plate from the Spaniard, and the price of the brig and her cargo, which we picked up coming home, all were swallowed by that land shark prize-agent. I went the day after he refused me, to remonstrate, and to threaten

He Would be a Gentleman 441

I would certainly expose this unusual shabbiness on his part, and take good care it should be known wherever I could trumpet it, and that he might find his agencies not so plenty if that was the way he used the free-hearted lads of the ocean. In short, I had made up a fine speech on the occasion, Ned, fit for a member of parliament in the Opposition, when, judge of my astonishment on walking up to his house to find it shut."

"Had he failed then?"

"Smashed, Ned; scuttled, filled, and went down; sunk with all our treasure aboard, lad. The rascal had been insolvent for a long while, but contrived to keep his head above water until such time as he could make a good haul, and be off with it; and we had the luck of it, Ned. Yes, the rascal pouched the bulk of our prizes, and made a clean start of it, and we never could trace his retreat."

"This was hard, indeed, Finch."

"The shabby scoundrel, to leave me on the flags of London, without even a rouleau in my pocket; if he had even given the hundred I asked him for—but without a guinea—'t was hard, Master Ned. Lord, how I cursed him! Well, Sir, when the thing got wind, a mob of sailors, toward the end of the day, got round the house, and the wicked speeches they passed one through the other acted like fire on gunpowder, and a pretty explosion it made at last. They determined to gut the house, and to it they set, and were not long about it either. Smash went the windows, which, though well barricaded, were no more than cobwebs before the Jacks. Bang! scramble they went through them, just as if they were boarding a ship—such boarding was never seen in that lodging before—and, in two minutes after they were in, out came—flying—tables and chairs, beds, sofas, looking-glasses, and lustres. 'Heavo-o!' was the word from above: 'Take care of

your hats,' they cried to the crowd below, which, at a respectful distance, cheered the work of destruction, and raised shout upon shout as the pile of demolished furniture increased in the street. At last they began to pull the house to pieces; the sashes were demolished, window-shutters and doors dragged from their hinges, and smashed into splinters; and, when all had been demolished that was breakable, they came marching out with bedposts in their hands, waving the curtains, like so many banners, in triumph, and shouting like thunder. Just then the authorities arrived, in time to see they were too late, and attempted to arrest the rioters; but you may suppose what a chance they had against the tars armed with bedposts. They soon cleared the streets of the constables, to the infinite delight, and amidst the acclamations, of the populace. Well, that was small satisfaction to me, with all my money gone. I must set to work and make more, and a wild thing I did, Ned, very soon. Somehow, talking with you, and seeing the cursed illiberal things they were doing at head quarters, gave me a great disgust to those Hanoverian rats, and, by Jove! I thought I would make some money for myself, and do the young Pretender a good turn too—and what do you think I did, Ned?"

"How should I know?"

"I'll tell you then. You know there were many seizures of arms made by government, and these cases and casks of arms were stowed away in some old warehouses on the river-side. Now what did I do, think you, but compass the getting hold of these arms, and shipping them off to Scotland, where I knew the insurgents would be right glad to buy them up—a good speculation—eh, Ned?"

"But a dangerous trick."

"Not at all. Never dreaming of such an attempt, the authorities took no particular care of these stores, so I

stated the plan to some wild dogs I knew down on the river, and a small craft was got ready for the venture, and lay just below Greenwich, in a quiet part of the stream. We then got a lighter barge, and having prepared ourselves with ladders and boring materials fit for effecting an entrance to the store, chose a dark night and a favouring tide for our feat; and with most perfect ease, and free from interruption, we transferred a large quantity of arms from the store to the lighter, and dropped down with the tide to our cutter below Greenwich, where we shipped our dangerous cargo; and then it was slip cable, up gaff, and away. At dawn we were passing Gravesend, and we were at sea before the trick we played ashore was discovered. An English craft, and under our own colours, we held our course uninterrupted without the smallest suspicion from the cruisers and privateers that swarmed in the channel, and got on right well until we approached the Scottish coast; but there our movements were suspected, and we were chased by a king's ship, and run ashore. We had barely time to avoid being nabbed by his majesty's blue jackets, who got into their boats and seized the cutter, and most likely would have pursued us, but that it was nightfall, and a chase would have been hopeless. In half an hour after we saw our cutter blazing away at a furious rate, and that was the result of our adventure so far."

"A bad ending, Finch."

"Not ended yet. — The cutter being seized, and her name known, would lead to a discovery of the persons engaged in this affair, so London was no place to go back to, and Scotland was not a handy place to stay in neither, as we could not give a good account of ourselves, and 'look sharp' was the word among King George's friends; so, hearing that they were fitting out some privateers in Dublin, we thought it best to make our way to Ireland, and volunteer for a fighting ship again."

“I wonder you left it off, when your first cruise had been so successful.”

“’T was all very well at first, Ned, but there were soon too many privateers; besides which, the king’s ships were thicker on the sea, and left less for privateers to take. Well, to return to my story. To Dublin I repaired, and there —”

“Hold, Finch!” said Ned, abruptly arresting the narrative.

“What now?”

“Did not Phaidrig’s manner imply that Lynch was in trouble?”

“Most decidedly — it looked very like as if the captain was playing least in sight.”

“Then it was *herself* I saw!” exclaimed Ned, starting up and pacing the room. “Oh, what a fool I have been through superstitious terror!”

“How is that?”

“Finch, I am ashamed of myself, and you will laugh at me. But indeed the circumstances were so appalling — the time — my frame of mind — that ——”

“Hollo!” cried Finch; “what *is* it you’re talking of?”

“In short,” cried Ned, “I thought I saw her ghost.”

“Her ghost?” echoed Finch, in amazement.

“Yes,” said Ned, who then related his adventure in the abbey.

“I own it was enough to shake one’s nerves,” said his friend.

“Oh, to what miserable straits they have been reduced,” cried Ned, “when a noisome vault under a ruin is their hiding-place. She who had graced a court, forced to shelter in a grave-yard. — Oh, horrible!”

“Is it not strange she did not recognise you?”

“I know I uttered an exclamation of terror when I saw her, and she, most likely, at the sound of human

voice so near their hiding-place, was influenced by fear, more justifiable than mine, and retreated."

"Then, when you recovered from your swoon, you did not attempt to solve the mystery."

"No; I confess I fled in horror. But now I will not lose a moment in returning to the place. Heaven grant I may find her!"

"That is not likely, my friend. They would scarcely remain after what you tell me."

"True," said Ned, sadly. "Oh, what a coward idiot I have been! When I might have clasped her to my heart! When I might have joined her, never to be separated! But I waste time in words. To horse — to horse, Finch!"

They were both soon mounted, and rode at a rapid pace to the abbey. Ned was hastening to the spot where he had seen Ellen appear, when Finch warned him not to enter too suddenly. "You may produce alarm," said he; "or, maybe, get a pistol shot. Give some signal of a friend being here."

Edward called upon her name, at the mouth of the tomb, but no answer was returned. Finch and he then descended, and, through what had once been a charnel vault, an opening was made to a sort of crypt, beneath the abbey. It was dimly lighted from narrow loopholes a little above the ground; some rude seats, and a plank resting on stones, by way of table, indicated that it had served for a habitation, and the yet warm ashes of a turf fire showed it had not been long deserted.

CHAPTER XL

TWO TREASURE-SEEKERS

THE evidence which the vault afforded of being recently inhabited, coupled with the few words which Finch had exchanged with Phaidrig, having satisfied Ned that Ellen was living — that it was herself, and not a spectral appearance he had witnessed — his mind was relieved from the harassing doubt which so long had preyed upon it; but with that craving of the human heart for the possession of its whole enjoyment, never contented with an instalment, he now was beset with a desire to see the living object of his wishes, almost as distracting as his former uncertainty. In the morning he would have been content if anyone could have assured him Ellen was in existence; but having, in the course of pursuit, satisfied himself she was so, the spirit of the chase was still warm, and he felt disappointment at being checked at the point so near the completion of his happiness. He examined every crevice and cranny of the vault with vexatious impatience; repeatedly he placed his hand over the decaying embers of the fire, and ventured to calculate by the heat how long it was since it had been fed. He stood in the midst of the vault, and looked around him as if he would have questioned the very stones, to tell him of those whom they had lately sheltered; and, thrown helplessly back upon his disappointed desires, he turned to Finch a dejected look and asked what was to be done.

Finch, whose tact and experience told him there was no use in trying to persuade a lover to be reasonable, had

looked on patiently at all Ned had been doing in the vault, and had not made one word of comment; but, when he was appealed to for his opinion, he said he did not see any use in staying there, and recommended a return to the town.

Ned, after some little more lingering in the place where his beloved one had been, complied; and as they retraced their road to their inn, nothing was spoken of but the possibility of discovering her retreat, and plan after plan was suggested by both for putting in train a likely course of enquiry. Ned reverted, after all, to his first suggestion of finding Phaidrig, who would certainly be possessed of any secret connected with Lynch and his daughter; and Finch, not seeing anything better to be done, agreed to go back as far as Athlone, where the piper had last been seen, and try to get on his trail, and hunt him up.

The day was now far spent; it was evening when they regained their inn at Tuam, and they retired early to rest, that they might be the better prepared for an early start and a long journey on the morrow. At dawn they were mounted, and nothing of particular interest occurred for two days, during which they made what haste they might for the shore of the Shannon. On the evening of the second, they crossed the long bridge which leads over the ample river to that old town of so much historic interest, and the scene of many a well-fought day; and having secured a lodging for the night in their hostel, they sallied forth, before they retired to rest, to commence the enquiry for which they had travelled so many weary miles; and success so far crowned Ned's efforts, that he ascertained the road Phaidrig took on leaving the town, and Finch rejoiced it was to the west, for in that direction he wished to journey. So far both were pleased, and sat down to their supper with more contentment than hitherto; and once fairly put on the track of the piper, Ned's spirits rallied, and then, for

the first time, he enquired of Finch the particulars of the circumstance which had made him a traveller in these western wilds, and which led to a meeting in which he so much rejoiced.

“The case was this,” said Finch. “When I had cut and run from Scotland, and made my way to Dublin, one day, as I was strolling about, looking at whatever was to be seen in the city, I saw, lying beside the Custom-house, a knowing-looking craft that I thought I should not be unacquainted with. On enquiry, I found it was a smuggler, which had been recently seized, whose crew were thrown into prison until their trial should come on; and, as I calculated the commander of the craft was an old acquaintance, I could not resist the temptation of paying him a visit in prison.”

“Under your peculiar circumstances, that was not over wise,” said Ned.

“True,” said Finch; — “and yet, when you say ‘not over wise,’ it is not *that* exactly, either. You and I, Ned, and those who, like us, have known adventure, often do rash things, not from want of wisdom, but from carelessness of consequences, which becomes, at last, so habitual, that we do with our eyes open things that people in ordinary might fairly set down to want of perception rather than want of fear. And, after all, I don’t know if we are much worse off, in the long run, than the most cautious. Your cautious fellow is nibbling away, bit by bit, his enjoyment, in calculating how far he may go, while your boldface attempts whatever comes in his way by assault, and takes his chance for success or defeat. They say a ‘brave man dies but once; the coward dies every day;’ and so it is possible your cautious gentleman endures more mental torment in imagining the many predicaments he is to avoid, than the headlong fellow who falls into his one scrape, and pays the penalty of it.”

“It is not impossible,” said Ned; “at least, you have

made out a very plausible case for rashness, and, unlike many, your practice coincides with your preaching. But now to your fact. You visited your friend in prison?"

"I did, and, as he was suffering from a wound, he was in the sick ward. As I passed along between the rows of beds with which it was crowded, a pair of dark and anxious eyes were cast upon me from beneath the coverlid of one of those couches of double misery — the bondage of a prison, and the thralldom of sickness. Oh, what a wretchedness to be reduced to! — though perhaps, after all, it may be a relief. The poor devil has a chance of release, — death may become head-turnkey, and set him free!"

"You are getting too discursive and eloquent, Finch," said Ned, smiling.

"Ah, Ned, by Jove you would not smile had you witnessed what I saw. That sick ward, — Lord, I shall never forget it! — I think, were I its inmate, I should go mad. But those eyes I was telling you of ——"

"Well."

"I passed on, and went to the upper end, where my respectable acquaintance, the smuggler, lay; and after I had a few words with him, an attendant of the ward addressed me, saying one of the patients wished to speak with me. I followed him, and he led me to that bed whence those anxious eyes had gleamed out upon me. The sick man was a Spaniard, one whom I had met in a foreign port; he recognised me as I passed his bed, and in his dying need was fain to entrust to me, a casual acquaintance, a secret of which it required a trusty friend to be the depository. To the end of my life I shall never forget the anxious look of that haggard face, as he confided to me his tale, and enjoined me, by hopes of the blessings, or fears of the curses of a dying man, to be true to my trust."

"What was it?" said Ned, grown anxious by the romantic nature of Finch's preamble.

“Briefly this,” said Finch. “His ship was wrecked on the western coast; a large amount of treasure was saved, and, to preserve it, was buried close to the shore, after which the survivors of the crew gave themselves up as prisoners, the Spanish captain intending, whenever peace should procure him his liberty, to raise his treasure, and return to Spain. As prisoners of war, they were forwarded to Dublin, where he fell sick from injuries sustained in the wreck, of which he was dying when he spoke to me. It was the fear this money should be lost to his family which gave that painfully-anxious look to his countenance. As soon as I promised to undertake the trust he became calmer, and I had the satisfaction of smoothing that dying stranger’s pillow. He was liberal, too, in the condition he made with me, giving me one-third of the treasure as the price of conveying the remainder to his family in Spain.”

“That was but fair,” said Ned; “for it is a task of difficulty, danger, and anxiety.”

“Greater than I thought, Ned; for I did not know the state Ireland is in, and without the aid of an Irishman, I am certain I could never achieve it; and of all Irishmen, you are the man for my turn, and I thank Heaven for having thrown you in my way.”

“I will do my best for you.”

“For though I am not superstitious in my nature, I confess I should not like to be under the fearful vengeance with which that dying man vowed his spirit would pursue me were I false to, or neglectful of, my trust. ’Pon my soul, Ned, I almost shudder when I remember that man’s dying bed: — the anxious thoughts of his far-distant home and wife and children, and his only hope of their being placed beyond want resting on a comparative stranger, whom he sought to bind by alternate hopes and fears to the interests of those who were so near to his heart when its last pulses were beating. Oh! ’t was a fearful scene.”

“One I should not like to have been engaged in,” said Ned.

“And which I regret,” said Finch. “But I could not resist those dying entreaties.”

“Which, with all your good intentions, you may not be able to fulfil. Fancy the difficulty of finding a given spot such as you seek, however accurately described.”

“So far, I am as well provided as any man but he who buried it could be. The place is laid down for me by the points of the compass, and with bearings that can scarcely fail to discover it.”

“But, on such a coast, how difficult, abounding as it does with bay, creek, and inlet, so similar in detail, however varied in their general form; cliffs and rocks are hard to be distinguished from each other, and the sea in one night might alter the features of the place so as to render it untraceable.”

“All true, Ned; but I have a landmark more distinguishable than any you have named, — a castle, on the shores of a bay, and in the neighbourhood of mountains and headlands that furnish such bearings as the storms of centuries could not destroy.”

“If buried in a castle, take care some one is not before you in lifting your treasure, for the peasantry here have such a general faith that the ruins of antiquity are full of hidden money, they are everlastingly digging in such places.”

“Well, ’t is not *in* — but outside the castle mine is buried; so the fears you would waken may slumber, and you sha’n’t frighten me, Ned. But come, we have talked enough of this, — let’s to bed. We will take the road together for the west to-morrow, each in search of his treasure.”

“Ah, what’s your treasure to mine,” said Ned, with a lover’s enthusiasm.

“There’s great similarity between them,” returned Finch.

“How?”

“Mine is buried; so was yours:—was n’t she in a tomb?”

“Yes, but, thank Heaven, though entombed, alive.”

“Not a ghost *yet*, Ned, — eh?” said Finch, laughing at him.

“Don’t be too sure you would n’t have been frightened yourself, Finch.”

“Then there’s another point of resemblance. I have to take my treasure to Spain: I fancy you would like to bear yours to the same place?”

“That I would,” said Ned, “safe out of this unhappy country!”

“Then go a-head, lad! To-morrow we’ll make sail together in chase, and good luck to us!”

CHAPTER XLI

A CHASE ON LOUGH CORRIB

THE country through which the road of our travelers lay on the following morning, is, perhaps, the most unpicturesque in all Ireland. Except the Shannon, which is, throughout its long course, always fine, there is little even now, for many a weary mile, but dead uncultivated flats, presenting nothing to interest the wayfarer in his daily toil, and making the road seem twice its real length, not to speak of our longer Irish miles. There is little to indicate, as you look across the Shannon, that anything in the shape of temptation lies beyond the monotonous level before you : no one could suppose that such charms as those which abound in the western highlands of Ireland lie beyond these forbidding flats, which, duenna-like, scowl upon you but to scare you away from beauty. Over this road had Finch to travel, retracing two days' journey, at no time a pleasant thing unless you have a very charming companion, but particularly objectionable when the road is such as we have described. It is nearly as bad as eating one's words, to swallow such miles over again. So Finch thought, and could not forbear telling Ned it was unfortunate they did not know, the day before, the course Phaidrig had taken, which would have spared them such annoyance ; but Ned, who knew the scenery of the west, told his friend to be patient, and a few days would reward him in the display of natural beauty, in which the Atlantic side of Ireland abounds.

For some days they pursued the road to the westward,

picking up intelligence here and there about Phaidrig, whom they traced farther and farther in the same direction at each remove. They crossed the borders of Galway, and entered Mayo, and found themselves, the succeeding evening, in Ballinrobe, where the piper had been the day before, and left, still pursuing, however, a westerly course. Ned and Finch pushed onward on his trail, and soon Finch admitted the truth of all his friend said respecting the beauty of the country, when the bold yet graceful forms of the mountains which bound Lough Mask burst on his view, with the fair expanse of waters they embrace, its woods sweeping down to the indented shore, and its picturesque old castle crowning a commanding height above the lake. It was truly a lovely scene, and Finch paid it the tribute of the warmest admiration.

“What a lovely country!” exclaimed he.

“Yet how wretched!” returned the native, who knew it. “Its natural resources are great, yet it is poor and powerless under a fearful misrule. When will it end?”

“Not in our time,” returned Finch. “But I feel I am prophetic in saying that half a century will produce a mighty change over the face of all Europe, and in the general emancipation of mankind from despotism, Ireland must have a share.”

We will not pursue the political discussion that ensued between the two friends as they rode along, but thus they continued to converse of the miserable condition of the fine country through which they passed, until another charming view opened upon them. A large mass of picturesque ruins appeared, seated on the banks of an exquisitely beautiful river, whose clear and rapid waters swept round the base of the mouldering walls, reflecting arch and gable and pointed window on its limpid surface, and gushing over an ancient weir, which had been constructed close beside the abbey, that its original in-

mates might not have far to go for their salmon. Of a verity the fast days of Cong in the olden time must have been the feasts of the year, with such fish as its river could furnish; but as our travellers saw it, there were neither feasts nor fasts; its walls were desolate, and its beautiful sculpture falling to decay. A few miserable hovels were scattered up and down, the best amongst them being a small inn — here, while our travellers paused to bait their horses, they strolled into the ruins, having the proprietor of the little hostelry for their *cicerone*, who pointed out the objects most worthy of attention, and dwelt with considerable pride on the fact that Roderick O'Connor, Ireland's last king, was interred there. Having touched on this, he launched forth enthusiastically in praise of the ill-fated Roderick, enumerating his heroic deeds in the gallant stand he made against the invader, cursing the treachery that betrayed him, and mourning his untimely fall. But still there was more of triumph than mourning in the tone of the peasant; and while his eye gleamed as he spoke of the glories of the past, Finch looked on with a quiet smile.

Ned, observing it, addressed him. "You think it odd," he said, "that this poor fellow, in the midst of want, and in a land of wretchedness, bowed down by oppression, talks of bygone glories as familiar things."

"By no means," replied Finch. "It is because the present is so wretched that these people refer to the past, and under the pressure of reality fly to whatever flatters the imagination."

But, quitting the affairs of Ireland, they turned to the consideration of their own; and after consulting with their host on the point they wished to reach, he recommended them to leave their horses with him, and push across Lough Corrib, whereby the pass of Mam Turc would be reached with more ease and speed. Acting on his advice, they procured a boat of very rough construction, and a boatman to match, and Ned was once more

on the waters of Corrib. As they stretched away towards the head of the lake a small island lay upon their left; as they passed the boatman bowed his head reverentially.

Finch, noticing the action, enquired the cause.

“Sure an’ is n’t that *Inch a Guila*, your honour, where there is the remains of a church that St. Patrick built himself, and called afther his own name, *Tempul Phaidrig*, and no one hereabouts ever passes that blessed spot without bowin’ the head to it.”

Finch drew from his pocket a small telescope, and directing his view to the island, observed some ruins; the only ascertainable form amongst them being a little Roman arch, which stood out in distinct relief against the sky.

As they passed along, the boatman had legend and tradition of many a spot in the neighbourhood, and bid them “just wait a bit till they came to the upper lake, where *Caistla na Kirka*, or the Hen’s Castle, stood; and it was called the Hen’s Castle because a mother, in the ould times, built that same in the middle of the lake, to keep her boy beyant the grab of a wicked uncle that wanted to lay howlt of him.”

“Like the children in the wood,” said Finch.

“Not a bit like it,” said the man; “for the divil a bit o’ wood is on that same rock, only stone, and not much of that same.”

“You give but a poor account of the lady’s territory.”

“And great territory she was in, sure enough; and no wondher she was frekened, with that thievin’ uncle afther the babby.”

The lake now began to narrow, bounded on each side by hills of considerable height and beautiful form, increasing in Alpine character as the boat advanced; while farther still in the distance the water seemed bounded by a mass of mountains, forming a perfect labyrinth of beautiful forms, as their outlines interlaced one with another, and peak after peak spired into the clouds.

The scene was of that surpassing beauty which imposes silence on the beholder, and mutely Finch and Ned cast their eyes around them, the exclamation only of "How beautiful!" escaping at intervals; for Ned had never seen this portion of the lake before, and was in no less admiring wonder than his friend. From time to time they asked the boatman to rest on his oars that they might dwell on some fresh-opened point of view, which became more and more lovely as they advanced. The autumn had shed her varied tints on the scene; and the long wild grass, the ferns, and the heather, which clad the hills on either side, were enriched by the contrast of grand masses of limestone rock, which seemed to form the framework of the structure whereon all this enrichment had been wrought; and the blue tint of that labyrinth of hills, still in the distance, made the golden hues of the foreground more vivid. Finch thought nothing could surpass in beauty what he had already seen, but there was a crowning loveliness yet in store. Where the lake seemed to terminate, up rose from its tranquil bosom a conical hill of considerable height, crowned at its summit, and fringed to its very edge, with clustering woods of oaks, whose sturdier forms and thicker foliage were occasionally relieved by the graceful line and silvery glitter, and waving sprays of the bright-barked birch.

It was a view to surfeit one with loveliness — to make one gaze

"Till the sense aches;" —

and it was with such a feeling Finch declared it the most beautiful scene he had ever beheld. And now they approached the base of the wood-crowned hill, whose leafy beauty was multiplied by reflection in the calm waters at its feet — and here a fresh surprise was in reserve. A narrow passage between this wooded hill and an adjacent overhanging height formed an inlet to the

upper lake, whose stern grandeur was startling — in such sudden contrast to the softness of the recent view. The inlet was passed, and a region of desolate loneliness struck a chill to the heart. Stark sterility was there, and a silence that was oppressive; the scene would have been repellent but for the noble outline of the overhanging mountains, which blended beauty with awe in a singular degree; but awe predominated. A vast sheet of dark deep water lay imprisoned within these giant hills; and, standing in the midst, was a small castle perched on a rock barely above the water's edge, and merely affording foundation for the building. It was *Caistla na Kirka*. The thought was painful, that any one could have been so driven by fear as to

“ Dwell in that desolate place; ”

for, truly, to continue the poet's words, who so dwelt might have said,

“ I am out of humanity's reach. ”

The only living thing, whose dwelling it might legitimately be, was the eagle, that solitary lord of mountain wilds, who, in the true spirit of a marauder, seeks the valley and the plain but for plunder, and makes his home in the hills.

The place might be deemed the very sanctuary of Silence; so much so, that it appeared a sort of sacrilege to disturb its waters with the oar. The very boatman, the uncultured hind, relaxed his vigour, and pulled more gently.

While thus they glided over the dark waters, a boat suddenly shot out from the castellated rock, and pulled up the lake in advance of our travellers. The circumstance attracted the attention of all, and it seemed the boat ahead was urged with considerable speed, so much so, as to suggest the notion of escape. Finch at once

made use of his telescope, and the fugitives seemed to be a male and female peasant: but, as he observed more intently, it struck him that, in these apparent peasants, he discovered the features of Lynch and Ellen.

“What do you make them out?” said Ned.

“Look,” replied Finch, handing him the glass.

In an instant, there was a shout of surprise from Ned, who exclaimed, “’T is she! ’t is she! — Give way there! — pull for your life!” He stood up in the boat, waved his hat, and shouted at the top of his voice, but this only seemed to urge the headmost boat to greater speed.

“Let us take the oars, Finch!” exclaimed Ned, suiting the action to the word, and seizing one of them. Finch followed his example, and the boatman was relieved of his toil by the powerful hands that now made the frail boat tremble under their strokes, and bound through the water. The effort on board the chase seemed also to increase; fast flashed the water around her, but still the rearward boat was gaining. Ned was in a state of painful excitement. “They fear us, manifestly,” he said; “but if we could only gain upon them sufficiently to let them see us, what happiness it would be for all parties! Pull, Finch! — pull for your life, man!”

“By dad, you ’ll pull the side out of her betune you, if you pull any sthronger!” said the boatman; and indeed the crazy craft strained and shook under each stroke of the oars, and seemed likely to fulfil the boatman’s prophecy — but still the rowers relaxed not.

Thus, for about half an hour, the chase continued, when the boat of the fugitives suddenly doubled round some rocks at the upper end of the lake, and disappeared. Ned’s excitement increased at losing sight of her, and he employed greater exertion himself, and urged his friend to the same, amidst exclamations of disappointment, fear, and hope. The lapse of time was short between the doubling of the boats round the point.

That in pursuit came rushing to the shore, and ran high upon it with her own force. Out jumped Ned — but the poor fellow had the mortification of seeing, a few paces further on, pulled ashore, under the shelter of an overhanging rock, the boat that had contained his treasure, lying empty. Ned was almost frantic, and enacted those absurdities which men will be guilty of under great excitement; he stamped, and ground his teeth, and tore his hair: and, clenching his uplifted hand, and casting a look of bitter vexation upon the deserted boat, swore, in no very measured terms, that — “it was too bad!”

CHAPTER XLII

THE FUGITIVES

WHILE Ned was lamenting his hard fate, Lynch and his daughter were making their utmost endeavours to ascend the mountain side by a steep and rugged path, known but to few, leading to a deep and not very perceptible ravine, where a small crevice in the cliff afforded temporary concealment; which, having reached, they sat down to recover breath after their toilsome and rapid run. Neither could speak for some minutes; Lynch was the first to break the silence.

“Nell,” he said — and the affection which beamed in his eye was the more touching from the sadness with which it was blended — “this is a hard life for you, my girl; would to God you were anywhere else!”

“Thank God, I am here!” was the answer, as she grasped his hand, and pressed it to her heart. “Do you think I could be happy away from you? — the anxiety and uncertainty I should then endure would be worse than the toil and privation we sometimes are forced to undergo together.”

“You are a brave girl, Nell, and Heaven will reward you some day, I trust, for all your heroic and tender devotion; but if this lasts much longer I fear you will sink under it — and then what should I do without you?”

“Indeed, father, I never felt better in health in all my life; I often remember that beautiful phrase — ‘The Lord tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,’ — and I feel as if I had preternatural power bestowed

upon me to sustain me through our trials, which, with God's help, will soon be over, I trust."

"Amen! But I am so beset, my girl — watched so narrowly, and hunted so closely, that it is hard indeed to avoid the toils. Driven the other day from the abbey, and now, when I thought we might reckon on quiet for a few days in that lonely lake, again disturbed. I may soon be driven to sword and pistol for personal defence, and in that case your presence would but embarrass me. Would to Heaven you were in a place of safety!"

"Think of anything, dear father, but a separation! Even if you commanded, I think, in that case, I should be disobedient, and would not leave you — I say, I would not — I had better say, *could* not!" And she wound her arm gently round the soldier's neck.

A slight quivering of his lip was the only evidence of Lynch's emotion, which was deep nevertheless.

"Darling Nell, you must lie down and sleep; you need to be fresh for the long walk we must take to-night."

"Indeed, father, I need it not."

"Nell, this is not *separation*; you must obey me. I insist on your sleeping."

"I have taken that walk before, father, and think nothing of it."

"Nell, you'll make me angry!"

There was a tone in his voice, which Ellen understood so well, that she made no further remonstrance. The truth was, she did want rest, but liked not the idea of her father being left to his own gloomy thoughts; for her principal object in being with him was to endeavour to divert the melancholy which began to settle on him. Now, however, in obedience to his will, she went forth, and plucked the long, seared grass, and fern, and heather, which grew at the entrance of their rocky hiding-place, and, spreading this simple provision at the

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inmost corner of the narrow nook, she drew the large blue cloak of the peasant garb, in which she was disguised, around her — and she who had been used to the downy couches of Paris, lay down patiently on this humble bed. She could not sleep for some time, but, to please her father, pretended to do so. This feigning, made for so amiable a purpose, soon induced the reality; and the father found alleviation of his troubles in kneeling beside his sleeping girl, in prayer.

CHAPTER XLIII

TURLOUGH RECOGNISES A FRIEND

NED, after looking up and down in the neighbourhood of the boat, was fain to give up the chase as lost, and yielded, perforce, to the advice of Finch, to continue their course to the landing, which would place them on the path to the pass of Mam Turc. Once more they pushed off on the lake, and half an hour brought them to the end of their water journey, where, after ample directions were given by the boatman for pursuing the right road, he assured them the natural formation of the pass would sufficiently "direct them without any direction at all;" and after losing full ten minutes on this profitless harangue, Ned and his friend started on the double pursuit of the piper, if he should fall in their way, or the treasure, if they got nearer to that before they met with Phaidrig. After they had toiled over a precipitous mountain, for three or four hours, and the shadows of evening were overtaking them without any visible shelter for the night within view, though they had already achieved more than the distance at which the boatman promised them some shepherd's huts; when, in fact, they began to feel rather uncomfortable at the prospect of passing the night in an unknown mountain region, with nothing over their heads but the "canopy of heaven" (which, though beautifully spangled, is none of the warmest in the nights of autumn,) just then their attention was attracted by the approach of a dog, which came running towards them at speed, and made a circuit round them

sniffing in that peculiar manner by which the animal makes his acquaintances, and retains a recollection of them. He sniffed first at Finch, and then at Ned; but, in the latter case, one sniff was not enough — he repeated the action again and again, and uttered an impatient whine, which spoke as plainly as dog could speak — “Bless my heart, where have I met you before?”

“The dog knows you,” said Finch.

“It seems so,” said Ned; “and yet I do not remember him.”

A louder yelp escaped the animal.

“You see, he takes no notice of me,” said Finch. “You are his object of recognition: if his master be near, you are closer to a friend than you think.”

“It might be an enemy,” said Ned. “How are we to know he is the dog of a friend?”

“Like master, like dog,” said Finch; “and that dog entertains amity.”

The dog gave two or three snorts, as if to clear his ducts of scent of all impression they had already imbibed, took a fresh sniff at Ned, and a short bark followed.

“By Jove!” exclaimed Ned, on sudden recollection, — “Could it be the piper’s dog?”

“That would be luck indeed!” said Finch.

“I’ll ascertain in a moment,” said Ned. “I remember his name was —— Confound it! — why can’t I remember? His name was —— What the deuce is this he was called?”

Finch came to his aid, and ran through a bead-roll of dog’s names, to which Ned as constantly returned “No.”

“Cæsar?”

“No.”

“Buffer?”

“No.”

“Pompey?”

“No.”

“Prince?”

“No — none of those common names — and yet it was the name of an Irish prince, too, I remember — one of the O’Connors!”

“Paddy?” said Finch, with a smile.

“Confound you!” returned Ned; though he could not help joining in the laugh! “what a name for a prince! — Paddy O’Connor — Stop — I have it!” cried Ned, clapping his hands — “‘*Turlough!*’ — that’s the name!”

The moment the word escaped his lips the dog bounded towards him, and testified extreme joy; while Ned, still calling him by his name, with all the usual praises of “good fellow,” and so forth, almost hugged him with delight. “Yes, Finch!” he exclaimed, “Phaidrig cannot be far off.” Then, turning to the dog, he ran through several sporting phrases, such as, “Where is he, boy? — To him, lad! — Phaidrig, Phaidrig! — Where is he? — Find him out, boy!”

The intelligent brute seemed to understand his meaning perfectly, answering his calls by expressive looks and short barks — bounding forward in advance, then turning round, wagging his tail, and barking, as much as to say — “Follow me!” The travellers accepted his invitation; and, while they followed, Ned expatiated on the extraordinary intelligence of this animal. “He only saw me once before,” said he; “and that some years ago; but the occasion was a remarkable one, certainly.”

“And yet you did not remember him,” said Finch.

“That may be readily accounted for,” replied Ned, “by its having been night when we met; and sight fails in the dark, though scent does not.”

“Showing the superior power of that faculty, in some cases,” returned Finch; “though we speak so contemptuously of people being led by the nose.”

While thus they conversed, lauding *Turlough’s* intelli-

gence, he, like a modest dog, held his tongue; for the moment he found himself followed he went on silently. Suddenly they lost sight of him, but pushed on nevertheless, fancying he had passed some turn in advance. At this moment they were engaged in a narrow defile, with a wall-like barrier of rock on each side, so perfectly inaccessible as to call forth the notice of the travellers upon its qualities for defence. They turned an angle in the path, but they could not see the dog before them; at that moment, however, they heard his voice, and the next instant he came running after, headed them, and barked, as if to turn them back. They paused, and *Turlough* retraced his road, and stopping before a large mass of rock, shivered as if with lightning, he entered one of the crevices, whence a small rill was trickling. They followed, and soon began to ascend a little water-course, and ere long the sound of a large stream was heard. Still onward plashed *Turlough* through the water, which it soon appeared was but a small escapement from a mountain stream, which the dog soon after crossed, clambered up the opposite side, and stood on the summit, barking his invitation to his friends below. They were obliged to strip off their shoes and stockings before they could follow; and wading the stream, whose slippery bottom of smooth round stones needed careful treading, they got safely over, clambered the opposite bank, and continued to ascend a sharp acclivity, partly morass, or, where the ground was firm, covered with long grass, so slippery, from the constant drainage of the hill, as to render ascent a work of labour. At length a small tableland was gained, crowned by a noble group of rocks, which bore a fortress-like aspect, and to this place the dog ran at his utmost speed, sprang up its side, and disappeared, though his bark could be heard when he was no longer visible. Ned and Finch continued their course towards the rocks, but before they had reached their base they perceived two figures on the summit, one

of whom was Phaidrig. Ned shouted with delight at sight of him, and called on his name blithely; the piper clapped his hands for joy, *Turlough*, barking, rushed down the rocks and jumped round Ned, while Phaidrig was hastening towards him, assisted by his companion, and, when within reach of Ned, the warm-hearted piper could not resist, in the impulse of his joy, hugging Ned to his heart, while he poured out blessings on the happy minute that brought him back, mingling his pious ejaculations with a wild "*hurroo*," and a fantastic caper now and then.

"Musha, but you 're welkin! — hurroo! — What the divil kep' you so long away? — the Lord be praised for his mercies, — sure I knew you 'd turn up some day; — and won't *she* be glad of it, the darlin'. Oh, murther, Master Ned, but I 'm the happy blackguard this minit! — hurroo! Only it's too late, I'd be off and bring you there: but wait till to-morrow; — we'll rise with the lark, go as sthrait as the crow, take the wather like a duck, see the fair swan, and then you may coo like the dove. Hurroo! — Where 's my pipes? By Jakers, I'll play this night till I split the bag! And how are you, Captain Finch?"

"How do you know I 'm here?"

"Don't I hear you laughing at me? — Laugh away — my heart is as full as a barn with joy, and by the powers we'll thrash it out to-night. Come in wid you, — I suppose you are tired and hungry, — come in. And how did you find me out?"

"We've been tracing you from place to place for many days," said Ned, "but at last had the good fortune to meet *Turlough*, and he remembered me, and led us here."

"Signs on him!" said Phaidrig. "*Turlough*, *ma bouchal*, come to me!" The dog sprang to him, and Phaidrig stooping, patted his head, while the dog licked his face. Don't be shocked, ladies, at the coarseness of

this fact; it is an author's business to tell truth. "*Turlough*, my jewel, you've more gumption than a counsellor, and a better heart than most o' them. Hurroo! — Come in, and have something to ate, and make haste, or there will be none left," and he dragged Ned along.

"But how came *Turlough* to be so far away from you?" enquired Ned.

"For the rayson I want you to come in, — because we're short of ateables, though the dhrink is plenty; and so I towld *Turlough* to go and pick up a bit for himself, and it was maraudin' about he was, lookin' for a rabbit or a hare when he seen you; but the sensible craythur, he knew betther than go huntin' and lave his friends on the road. Where is he?"

"He's gone off now," said Phaidrig's comrade of the rock.

"See that;" said Phaidrig. "Now that he has done his duty to others he thinks of himself. Oh, I wish all the Christians was like him! Come in, — come in now, Masther Ned, — and you, too, Captain Finch, are heartily welcome."

With these words Finch and Ned were conducted up the pile of rocks, and when near the summit an ample opening downwards appeared, into which they descended; this natural chasm, spanned across with boughs of birch and thatched with heather, forming a rude but not uncomfortable habitation.

It was a wildly picturesque retreat. In the recesses of the cave arms were piled, which the flickering light of a turf fire brought out in bright touches, sparkling through the shadowy depth with a Rembrandtish piquancy. Trophies and implements of the chase were suspended from the roof, or rested here and there along the sides of the cavern. Feathers and skins of bird and beast made a motley sort of tapestry, which hung fantastically around, and gave a barbaric air to the place, which some of the costumes of the inmates tended to increase. The

fur of the hare contributed caps and waistcoats to not a few, and other cuts and materials of costume would have astonished a fashionable tailor.

Some eight or ten persons were just beginning a meal, in a remarkably unceremonious fashion. A jutting rock of tabular form served for about five of them to "cut their mutton" on, while the remainder sat where they could, and rested their trenchers on their knees. The former rejoiced in the lofty title of the "board of green cloth," being covered with a rude matting of fresh rushes, while the stragglers were named "the boys of the side table." One in a faded uniform was called "cook," and was engaged in serving out broth from an iron pot, his ladle being formed of a large scallop shell, tied on the end of a peeled hazel twig.

The party who conducted the new comers called a halt to those within. "I say, lads, here are two hungry recruits come to join our mess, and, as the commons are short, start fair."

Finch and Ned were received with a merry welcome, and seats at the board of green cloth were given up to the visitors, with an expression of regret that they chanced to call when the larder was so ill provided.

Ned requested they would make no apologies, and reminded them it was Friday, on which day it was fit to fast.

"And pretty Catholics you find us here," said one of the party, "eating meat nevertheless."

"Hold your tongue, Donovan!" replied the cook, helping the broth. "I'll swear that this is fasting fare; for whatever comes out of a scallop shell must be fish. Is n't that good theology?"

"The doctors of the *Sorbonne* could not make better," said one of the boys of the side table.

"Could n't make better?" repeated the cook. "Is it the theology or the broth you mean?"

"Both," replied the other.

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“Good boy, Dillon!” said the cook. “Hold out your pannikin, and I’ll help you for that.”

Dillon obeyed: and as the cook ladled him his portion, he said, “There’s some theology for you!”

“I wish there was a little more meat in it,” said Dillon.

“That would be divinity,” returned the cook, — “you confuse your terms, Master Dillon.— Allow me, Sir,” he said, addressing Finch, “to help you to some of this infusion; I think I can fish you up a bit of solid, — observe, I said *fish*.”

“Thank you, Sir,” replied Finch, “but I have no scruple of conscience on the subject, as I happen to be a Protestant.”

“A Protestant!” exclaimed the cook. “Oh, then, Sir,” said he, with an air of burlesque politeness, “pray take the ladle and *help yourself*, for that’s the Protestant fashion in Ireland.”

Finch heartily joined in the laugh which the comicality of the rejoinder excited, while he admired the address of the man who could utter so bitter a sarcasm without giving offence; for the tact and good humour with which it was done rendered it innoxious, — the point only tickled, it did not sting.

“I think it is time you stopped your mouth,” said one of his comrades, when the laughter subsided.

“Faith, I think so too,” replied he, helping himself. “I’ll stop my mouth like the rest o’ ye.”

Thus they went on, cracking their jokes about the slenderness of their meal and poverty of their accommodation. Many a sumptuous board had not such mirth and wit about it; and all this occurring in a wild mountain hiding-place, amongst a set of men whose lives were in daily jeopardy, struck Finch with surprise and admiration. They talked of such and such a hunt; reminiscences were made, such as “The time I was living at the Hall,” — “The night of Lady Lucy’s rout,” —

“When the prince went to the opera,” — “The day we dined with the marshal,” — all these things were remembered in their present privation without an apparent regret: they seemed to be just as merry, as light, and bold-hearted, as if their hunts and halls, and Lady Lucys and marshals, were theirs as much as ever. They took their present condition as a part of life’s drama they must go through, with as much *nonchalance* as an actor assumes the character of a king or an outcast on the stage, and leaves it off when the curtain is down. Just so these daring fellows looked forward to getting their own again, and resuming their proper place in society; but in the meantime were just as jolly as ever. Many of them were fugitives from Scotland, after the fatal day of Culloden; but though the cause they loved was at a low ebb for the present, they hoped for fresh aid from France and Spain, and were willing to “bide their time” in their present difficulties.

The cook’s functions having ceased, another comrade, under the title of “cellarman,” was called upon; and his department was in a more palmy state than that of his brother officer. A keg of whisky — the right “mountain dew” — was placed in the midst; the brotherhood gathered round, and basking in the blaze of a turf fire, which gave, at once, light and warmth to the cave, the theological cook recommended a dram after their fish.

The cellarman requested he would confine himself to his own business, and not interfere with his department; and indulged in some sportive exposition of the intimate relation between soul and spirit as he served a dram to each of the party.

“By-the-bye,” said Finch, “I am surprised that there should be any want for fish, in reality, here. I should have expected there was salmon in plenty.”

“Oh, the salmon is plenty enough, Sir,” replied the cook; “the matter is, to catch it; and we have only one fisherman amongst us — Master Blake over there is our Izaak Walton, and he came home empty handed.”

"I had but little luck to-day, I own," said Blake.

"Little luck!" repeated he of the ladle; "your fisherman's language always needs translation — and 'little luck' means 'no fish!'"

"They would not rise!" said Blake.

"As for rising — they are waiting for the Spaniards, maybe, to do *that*, like ourselves: — try a Spanish fly next time, Blake."

"That would be a blister!" said the fisherman.

"Well, a blister rises — maybe 't would rise the salmon — and that's more than you can do."

A laugh rewarded the cook for this successful hit at the angler, who took it most good-humouredly, and only threw back a sportive "Bad luck to you!" — with wishing him "a blister on his tongue."

"Tongues are only blistered when people tell lies — and that's truth I told now."

"He has you again, Blake!" was the cry.

"Come, Ffrench," said Blake — for Ffrench was the name of the temporary head of the culinary department — "if I can't always rise a salmon, you can always raise the song; and, better than the fish, your songs are always in season."

"Songs are not unlike fishes," replied Ffrench. "A song is the spawn of a poet; and, when healthy, a thing of life and feeling, that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world! Here is one, that all Ireland, at least, will heartily digest."

FAG AN BEALACH¹

I

Fill the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most:

¹ Pronounced, *Faug a Bolla*, meaning, "leave the road," or "clear the way."

As yet 't is but a notion
 We dare not name ;
 But soon o'er land and ocean
 'T will fly with fame !
 Then give the game before us
 One view holla,
 Hip! hurra! in chorus,
 FAG AN BEALACH!

II

We our hearts can fling, boys,
 O'er this notion,
 As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
 Dips the ocean.
 'T is too deep for words, boys,
 The thought we know —
 So, like the ocean-bird, boys,
 We touch and go :
 For dangers deep, surrounding
 Our hopes might swallow ;
 So, through the tempest bounding,
 FAG AN BEALACH!

III

This thought with glory rife, boys,
 Did brooding dwell,
 Till time did give it life, boys,
 To break the shell :
 'T is in our hearts yet lying,
 An unfledg'd thing ;
 But soon, an eaglet flying,
 'T will take the wing!
 For 't is no timeling frail, boys —
 No summer swallow —
 'T will live through winter's gale, boys,
 FAG AN BEALACH!

IV

Lawyers may indict us
 By crooked laws,
 Soldiers strive to fright us
 From country's cause ;
 But we will sustain it

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Living — dying —
Point of law or bay'net
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle —
Drums are hollow:
So is lawyer's prattle —
FAG AN BEALACH!

v

Better early graves, boys —
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
When they're hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it —
Better *bite* the dust, boys,
Than to *kiss* it!
For, dust to dust, at last boys,
Death *will* swallow —
Hark! — the trumpet's blast, boys,
FAG AN BEALACH!

The song was received with rapture, and the chorus went with a shout. The innuendo of the early verses pleased every man, who translated it to his own taste; — the very cause why innuendo is always so successful in pleasing or annoying; — the individual imagination of every hearer does more than the most elaborate endeavours of the poet could achieve.

Even after the song was ended, the men were humming snatches of it, and the refrain of "*Fag an Bealach*" was echoed from mouth to mouth. The theme stirred their blood, and Phaidrig was called on to play the "Blackbird" in his tip-top style.

It was an unusual thing for Phaidrig to be left so long idle; one cause of it, perhaps, was that he kept in the background, engaged with Ned in earnest discourse about Ellen, while the rest were employed on more stormy subjects; but, once being enlisted in the business of the evening (and after *Fag an Bealach*), he knew they

would make a roaring night of it, so giving Ned a hint "to take care of his head," which Ned took occasion to repeat to Finch, Phaidrig "yoked" his pipes, and there was no patriotic strain on record which was left uncalled for.

Meanwhile the cellarman's keg was getting lighter every moment, and, along with it, the heads of the company, till at last there was such an exuberance of patriotism, that several gentlemen were singing different songs at the same time; while Phaidrig, under the especial patronage of Ffrench, was lilting particularly wicked tunes above them all.

At last, the noise, by degrees, died off; the dry lairs of fern and heather, which surrounded the cave, were occupied by those who were able to find their way to them, and the silence of sleep succeeded the loud wassail which had startled the night wind as it swept the summit of that lonely mountain.

CHAPTER XLIV

NED FINDS HIS TREASURE

THE next morning the guests of the mountain retreat bade adieu to their entertainers, and started under Phaidrig's guidance. On the road the piper had been put into possession of the business which brought Finch to the west, and arranged, in consequence, a double plan of action. He promised Finch a guide, who should lead him to a certain point in the neighbourhood where his venture lay, promising that he and Ned would join him after having seen Ellen. Their mountain track was beguiled of its length and toil by the interchange of intelligence between Ned and the piper respecting the various fortunes which had befallen Lynch and his daughter in Scotland, and Ned in his pursuit of them. Those of the former were of painful interest; their numerous hairbreadth escapes — their wanderings, concealments, privations, and final escape from Scotland, formed a romance of more terrible reality than was ever conjured up by fiction; and their subsequent sufferings in Ireland were not less deplorable, though of a more monotonous character; — it was an unbroken series of anxious watchings and hidings to escape detection; for Lynch had rendered himself so obnoxious to the authorities, by the extent and frequency of his former enlistments in Ireland, and subsequent endeavours to foment a rising in the young Pretender's favour, that a large reward was offered for his apprehension; but the cupidity of meaner enemies, thus excited, he had less cause to dread than the personal rancour entertained by some,

high in power, who were straining every nerve to discover and arrest him.

"Why does he not fly the country?" said Ned, "instead of living within this circle of entrapment you describe."

"That's no such aisy matter," said Phaidrig. "All the passes out o' Galway are watched; and as for getting off by the coast, it is so lined with cruisers, that it would be madness to attempt it, unless one had some fast boat that could go like the wind; and you know we could get nothing here but a heavy fishing boat."

"Wait till I have a talk with the captain," said Ned. "I think I see a way of stealing a march on the enemy."

"Musha, how?"

"If we could get him further down to the south, where he does not enjoy so dangerous a celebrity, an escape might be managed thence."

"Ay, there's the matther! — but how to get out of Galway is the murther — for every pass in it is watched!"

"My plan is this," said Ned: "let a boat be in readiness on the west bank of the Shannon at a given place; we must get a first-rate horse for the captain; in one night he could cross the county, get on board, and drop down the river to Limerick, where an embarkation on board some ship bound to an English port could be effected; and once safe in England, I'll engage to manage a fitting to France — that's a road I know well. What think you, Finch?"

"It looks well; but I don't know the nature of the country on the river."

"It is admirably suited to the purpose — sufficiently wide to give the opportunity, in case of being threatened from the shore, to take the choice of either bank for a landing; and pursuit by water need not be dreaded, for boats are far from plenty on the river."

"I think you hit it off well," said Phaidrig. "We'll

talk to the masther about it ; and now, Captain Finch, we must soon part company ; you ought to be seeing some huts soon, forninst you, high up a little to the right."

Ned and Finch on looking in the direction indicated, saw some smoke rising from a little dingle in the hill-side ; and there Phaidrig told them lived the guide to whose care he intended to confide the captain. Half an hour brought them to the hut ; the goat-herd undertook the trust requested ; a place was appointed for their reunion in a few days, and the friends separated.

As Ned and Phaidrig now pursued their journey, they could talk uninterruptedly of Ellen, and she, therefore, formed the theme of their discourse for some hours, as they bent their way back again towards Corrib's upper lake. Ned enquired of the piper how he could tell where Lynch had retreated after leaving the castle. Phaidrig, with a chuckle, answered, " By a way of my own — aisy enough when you see it."

" But you are going back now direct for the place you have left ? "

" Ay, I must first go there, before I can tell where they are. You'll see all about it soon."

As Phaidrig said, the means were simple enough whereby he ascertained the course the fugitives had pursued. On reaching the spot where Ned and Ellen landed, the boats were still lying there ; on hearing this, Phaidrig said Lynch must have considered himself closely pressed, or he would have placed the boat in its regular secret haven. " But now to find out where they are gone ! " Saying which, he groped for a fissure in the rock, and putting in his arm to its utmost length, drew forth a little twig of birch. Phaidrig held out the branch in a theatrical manner before him, and assuming an air of great importance, uttered, in a measured, pompous manner, the following words, which he addressed to the stick : —

“I command you, upon the vartue of your oath, to tell me where thim you know is gone!” He then applied the stick to his ear, and gave a nod of satisfaction, and told Ned it was all right; that Lynch and Ellen were about five hours’ journey out of that spot.

Ned laughed at this piece of mock magic, in which the piper’s sportive humour had indulged, acknowledging his trick was a good one, and the means of communication simple indeed.

“Simple enough,” said Phaidrig, presenting the twig to Ned; “look at that — do you see anything on it?”

“Yes, several small nicks.”

“Count them.”

“Seven.”

“That ’s the whole art and mystery of it,” said Phaidrig. “You persave that manes they are gone to Number Seven. There are many hiding-places throughout these mountains, such as you saw last night, where some hundreds of people are concealed, and they are all numbered. The numbers are got off by heart, like A, B, C, by these gentlemen in throuble and their followers. The principal leaders have each some sign of their own to distinguish them. This twig, you see, has a forked end to it, — that ’s Lynch’s sign. There are other signals in there.” He pulled forth a straight stick, notched as the other; a twig twisted into a ring, and marked; a bunch of five twigs, tied together with a piece of grass. “Now all these show that certain men have been hiding in the castle yondher, and have gone to each of these different coverts. That twisted twig is O’Kelly, — the straight one Burke, — the bunch is D’Arcy. — So I could tell where all o’ them went after leaving this, and so from place to place follow them.”

“But suppose,” enquired Ned, “that Lynch had landed on the other side of the lake, how could he have made his signal?”

“There is another signal rock at the other side.”

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“But how can you tell if they have left long ago or lately?”

“By the freshness of the cut. You see the sticks are all cut at the end. Now Lynch’s is fresh, O’Kelly’s is lying here some time, Burke’s is an owld date — quite dry, you see.” He handed them to Ned as he spoke, he himself telling by touch and smell what Ned’s eyes convinced him to be true.

“Cleverly contrived,” he said.

“And so simple,” said the piper. “A notch on a stick is as readable to a blind man as to them who see: and up and down through these mountains there are signal rocks appointed to each hiding-place for putting the sticks in. We call them our post-offices.”

“A good name, Phaidrig.”

“But stop, — we must n’t rob the mail,” said the piper; and he restored all the sticks to the crevice in the rock, after which they left the place, and pushed on for Number Seven.

“You will see one of the queerest divils you ever see,” said Phaidrig, “to-night. He’s a sturdy owld chap, that always lives in the saycret place the masher is gone to, and there’s but one tune in the world he cares for, and my heart is broke playing it to him whenever he lays howld o’ me.”

“It is to be hoped the tune is a pretty one.”

“Not it, in troth, — it’s only that quare thing, *Ree Raw*, I suppose you know it?”

“I do. It is a sort of half drony, half iilting, monotonous thing,” and Ned commenced whistling.

“That’s it,” said Phaidrig. “That’s a nice thing to play for hours together.”

“For hours!” echoed Ned.

“Ay, ’faith. He would not let me eat, drink, nor sleep, if he could help it, but keep me evermore blowing away at that *Ree Raw*.”

They had been walking for about three hours, when

they reached some very broken ground, where the blind man's footing seemed more insecure than usual. "I wish I could get on faster for your sake, Masther Ned. I know you are burning with impatience to see the darlin' lady; and no wondher, and right glad she'll be to see you, and here you are hampered with the tardiness of a blind man." He had hardly uttered the words when he made a false step, tripped, and fell down an abrupt bank. Ned ran to his assistance, and attempted to lift him, but a sharp cry from Phaidrig made him desist.

"Don't stir me — don't stir me, Masther Ned — my leg is broke."

"Oh, my dear Phaidrig, I hope not," said Ned, kneeling down beside him, and supporting him in his arms, while *Turlough* ran up, as if he understood something untoward had happened, and began to whine.

"This is a cross thing to happen at this present," said the piper.

"At any time it is dreadful, Phaidrig. Are you in much pain?"

"Yes; when you stirred me I got a sharp twinge. Straighten the leg for me, Masther Ned, and lay me quiet, with my back to the bank — that's it: now I have a plan to enable you to make your road good to Miss Nelly."

"I will not leave you, Phaidrig."

"Sure you must leave me, if it was for nothing but to get me help. See now, — I hope *Turlough* will understand me, and if he does, all will be right; — just untie the pipes, and take them out and yoke them to me, and I'll thry a plan. — *Turlough!* *Turlough!* — here, boy!" He began to talk to the dog in his own peculiar style, telling him he should "go and find him;" then he would point to Ned, and tell the dog to "take him to him." After this he began to play *Ree Raw* at a most tremendous rate, and cheer on the dog with the cry of "To him, boy — fetch him there!"



Phaidrig doing a bit of Oshpous.

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The sagacious creature became much excited, looked up eagerly to his master, as if endeavouring to catch his meaning, and Ned regarded with admiration the heroic disregard to his own suffering the blind man displayed, while struck with surprise at his readiness of invention to supply, through the intelligence of his dog, the guidance his mishap interrupted.

His opinion of the dog's intelligence was not overrated; the animal uttered a few low short barks, as if to express understanding of his meaning, and, first fixing his eyes on Ned, ran forward some twenty yards, and looked back, as if waiting for him.

"He's off," said Phaidrig.

The dog barked.

"He's calling you," said the piper; "I know every bark in him; he understands my meaning, and will lade you clever and clane to the place."

"I am loth to leave you, Phaidrig."

"Sure you must lave me to get help for me, if for nothing else; and, as it happens, the owld fellow I towld you of where you are going is the best bone-setter¹ in the counthry; and some o' the boys in the hiding-place will come over and bring a door with them to carry me. There, now, be off—put your tender-heartedness in your pocket, and start, for the sooner you go the sooner I will have help. There — *Turlough* is barking again; — go, and God speed you."

"My dear Phaidrig, for your sake I will urge my utmost speed. You are satisfied the dog understands?"

"Depend your life on *Turlough*, I tell you — good-bye!"

"Farewell!" said Ned, running after the dog, which dashed on in advance, while the wild lilt of *Ree Raw* from Phaidrig's pipes pursued them as long as they were within hearing.

¹ The name for a rural mender of fractured limbs among the peasantry.

The ground which it would have taken the sightless Phaidrig two hours to traverse, from the difficulty of progress its roughness presented, was crossed by the hawk-eyed and swift-footed Ned in half the time. The dog led the way to a rocky rift in the side of a steep mountain, where some goats were feeding. At the upper end of this dell a hut was reared against the face of the cliff, which formed its back wall; its roof was of fern and heather, and its chimney of sods, held together by rude wattles woven through them. More care seemed to be bestowed on this portion of the structure than is generally the case in such a hovel, where a hole in the roof mostly answers the purpose of chimney and window — letting the light in and smoke out; but in this case not only the outward but inward contrivance of the fire-place seemed to have been attended to, for a wide-mouthed flue stood out from the rock inside the hut, and carried up the blue smoke merrily, which, curling along the side of the cliff as it escaped, was scarcely perceptible at a distance, from the similarity of its colour to the heights which towered above.

So elaborate a description of a chimney would be unnecessary but that it was the most important part of this hut — in fact, the hut was for no other purpose than a screen to an opening in the cliff, which led to an extensive cave, to which this wide flue formed the entrance, while it also concealed it; and the chimney-top outside served to carry off smoke from the principal fire within the cave, as well as from the bit of fuel burnt for deception without. The thing was altogether so well masked that an ordinary observer would never have suspected the trick.

The door was shut when the dog approached the hut; he scraped for admittance without being attended to, and on Ned's arrival his tapping was equally disregarded, therefore he raised the latch and made his entrance. *Turlough* rushed in after him, and Ned's amazement

may be guessed when he saw him run up the chimney. Much as his doings had previously surprised him, this last touch appeared the strangest of all; and after a short pause, which the oddity of the feat produced, Ned looked up the chimney after his friend, but he was gone. He then went outside, expecting to see him on the roof — but he was not there either. He looked up and down, and whistled for him, and at length called lustily on his name — but in vain. *Turlough* was nowhere to be seen. While thinking this looked very like witchcraft, a man issued from the house, which Ned had found empty, and he became still more puzzled. Where the deuce could *he* have come from? While he was *thinking* this, the mysterious person asked him the same question in so many words, giving a sort of grunt at the end of the sentence, which was his habit; and Ned replied, he had come from *Phaidrig-na-pib*.

“And why did not *Phaidrig-na-pib* come himself? — hegh!”

“Because his leg is broken.”

“Humph! — What broke it?”

“Accident.”

“I did n’t think it was *intinshin*! — negh! And is it *intinshin* or *ax’dent* brings you? — humph!”

“Intention,” said Ned, who, amused with the fellow’s gruff peculiarity, gave answers as short as the questions.

“There’s bad and good *intinshins* — hegh!”

“Well — mine are good,” said Ned; “and with such intentions I come to see Captain Lynch.”

“Faix, then, you won’t see him here — humph!”

“I must!” returned Ned, anxiously. “I am his trusty friend!”

“I dunna sitch a person.”

“Yes, you do — he came here last night. You need not fear me!”

“Fear you?” returned he, with a surly look, that scanned Ned from top to toe, before he gave his grunt.

"I mean, you may trust me. I wish Phaidrig was here to vouch for me, and to play you *Ree Raw*."

The fellow gave a very interrogatory growl, and a searching look at the words.

"You see I know something about you. Let me see the captain."

"I don't know him, I tell you — hegh!"

While he was in the act of denial, Lynch emerged from the hut, and hurried up to Ned, holding forth his hand. A hearty grasp, and a few words of warm welcome followed.

"Miss Lynch!" said Ned, enquiringly.

"Is well, and here. You shall see her in a moment. Where's Phaidrig?"

Ned briefly related the accident; and Lynch, turning to the gruff old Cerberus, said no time should be lost in hurrying to his assistance.

The fellow thrust his fingers into his mouth, and gave a piercing whistle, and in a few seconds after several men came from the hut.

"Come with me," said Lynch, addressing Ned. "You will make all right about Phaidrig," he added — turning to the old warder.

A grunt of assent followed.

"Let me see Miss Lynch for a few minutes," said Ned, "and I will return with them, and show the way."

"You need n't mind," replied the growler; "them that brought you here will lead us back — go in wid you — I *towld* you I did n't know the captain — hegh!"

"Come," said Lynch, leading Ned into the hut, and showing him the mode of ascent to the cave within the chimney — a strange road to a love-meeting — though, after all, it is most appropriate — Cupid is a climbing boy.

Such a meeting between friends, after so long an absence and intervening anxiety, as that which followed between Ellen, her father, and Ned, can better be imag-

ined than described. Hours passed by unheeded, in their varied and affectionate communion; there was so much to tell and so much to enquire, of the past so full of painful interest, and the present so fraught with danger.

Ned ventured, however, to prophesy hopefully of the future, holding out, in their flight to Spain, a prospect of security and repose. Lynch here, with an enthusiasm in the Stuart cause which all his suffering could not tame, declared he would remain in Ireland as long as there was a chance of a blow being struck in their favour. "But you," he said, addressing Ned — "you must not attach yourself to my desperate fortunes — for desperate they are, though I am determined to dare them."

"I will never desert you," exclaimed Ned, fervently.

A look, beaming with affection, from Ellen's sweet eyes — looking sweeter for the sadness which partly shaded their lustre — was Ned's reward for this expression of hearty devotion to her father. He, grasping the young man's hand, said —

"I know you are attached to me — and I know the cause. You have often served my daughter and myself at need — and ——"

He was suddenly interrupted by a loud tapping at the outside door, and he rose and left the cave. In a few minutes he returned, supporting a wounded man; on beholding whom, Ellen rushed forward, exclaiming, "Father Flaherty! — Oh — dear father — you bleed!"

"I do, my child — but 't is only a flesh wound. Lynch, prepare for defence; — they have hunted me close, and are not far off."

"Are there many?"

"More than I could wish. Where are the rest of our companions?"

"They are absent."

A look of agony passed across the priest's features as he exclaimed, "Then God have mercy on us!"

“Are you still able to fight?”

“Yes.”

“Here is one who will give us brave help,” said Lynch, pointing to Ned.

“What, you here!” said the father; “I wish we had happier times for our meeting, Ned; but I am glad to see you—make haste—let us stand by the door and defend it.”

“Ellen, go into your hiding-place in case of the worst,” said Lynch, as he took from her hands several weapons that she had brought from a recess in the cave, and distributed them to Ned and the priest.

Thus armed, they descended from the cave to the hut, and piling several logs against the door, rendering it capable of resistance, they stood in wait for the approach of the priest-hunters, in case they had tracked him to the retreat. They soon heard the tramp of horsemen, and looking out through the loops with which the place was provided, awaited their coming with deadly determination to sell their lives dearly.

“Hold your fire till they are closer,” said Lynch; “we can’t throw away a shot: ’t is well our powder and ball are in cartridges; we can load in the dark.”

The hunters were now so close as to be visible, and surrounded the hut, swearing violent oaths, and calling for the priest with a profanity of expression unfit to be recorded. The answer was a well-directed fire from the hut, which caused other yells than those of triumph from the assailants.

“Force the door!” was the cry from without. Some men descended from their saddles at the command, while others came down at the leaden invitation sent out to them from the hut. A rush was made at the door—the logs inside resisted those without, while Lynch, as they pressed close to the entrance, plunged the bayonet with which his gun was armed through a chink in the door, and a shriek of agony succeeded, with a heavy fall.

“He has it!” exclaimed the captain, with savage exultation.

A fresh shout was raised outside. “Burn the vermin in their nest!” was the cry.

It was scarcely uttered, when several flambeaux, with which such hunting parties were provided, were lighted, and thrown on the thatch of the hut, after which the assailants rode swiftly out of reach of gunshot, to which the light exposed them with more certainty—a result not thrown away on those inside, who sent telling shots after the incendiaries. When quite out of range, the merciless party turned round to enjoy the sight of the blazing hut, which they barbarously imagined was the fiery tomb of their victims; little dreaming of the safe retreat the cave afforded those whom they would have sacrificed to the flames. Their shouts rose high in proportion to the height of the blaze, as in fiery tongue-like form it licked the gray cliff which stood out in ghastly relief against the dark sky.

The glare soon passed—and as the fire was nearly out, the hunters rode off; but they had not paid the full reckoning of their adventure. The party who had gone for Phaidrig, was a strong one and well armed, and was entering the dingle as the first flash of the blazing hut told them what had taken place. Laying the piper in a place of security, they distributed themselves at the mouth of the pass, in the most advantageous order, awaiting the exit of their enemies, who, as they were retiring in high glee after their supposed triumph, received a murderous fire along their whole line. Taken thus by surprise, they were panic-stricken,—they fancied they were entrapped into an ambuscade, and “*sauve qui peut*” was the cry, while dropping shots after the fugitives, lent additional vigour to their spurs.

CHAPTER XLV

A CHANGE OF QUARTERS

WHEN Phaidrig heard the hut was fired, and the glen in possession of enemies, he forgot all bodily pain in the agony of mind he endured, lest the few left behind in the hiding-place had fallen victims to the attack; and when, after the flight of the priest-hunters, his friends came to carry him to the cave, he besought some of them to run forward and ascertain the truth.

“Shout, if they’re safe,” said he, “for my heart is on the rack till I know — run, boys, run, if you love me!”

Several complied with his request and dashed onward, while Phaidrig was slowly borne along by the rest. The nature of their burden, the darkness, and roughness of the ground, retarded their progress, so that they had not half reached the end of the glen before their companions in front had ascertained the safety of the inmates of the cave, and gave the signal shout. It was returned by those who were advancing, and by none more vigorously than the disabled piper, who mingled thanks to Heaven with his transport.

As it was impossible to remove Phaidrig into the cave without running the risk of disturbing the setting of his leg, which had been effected by the old growler before he was shifted from the spot where the accident occurred; a shelter was made near the warm embers of the burnt hut, where, under care of one of the brotherhood, he remained while the rest entered the cave, and were soon engaged in active council as to the course most fitting

to pursue, under existing circumstances. It was to be looked forward to that the discomfited hunters would return in greater strength to recover their dead, whom they were forced to abandon; in which case the present post would be untenable, and the sooner it was deserted the better. Some advocated an immediate removal to another of their haunts, but the majority seemed to consider morning would be sufficiently early for their fitting. While such matters were discussed within the cave, Ned and Ellen visited the piper, who found comfort in the gentle pitying voice of his "darling Miss Nelly;" and when she had retired for the night to an innermost nook of the retreat, which formed a perfectly separate apartment, Ned insisted on remaining without to keep company with his friend Phaidrig, whose requests to the contrary were in vain; and thus passed the night.

At the earliest peep of dawn the inmates of the cave were in motion. Packing up the few conveniences the retreat could boast of, they prepared for a march; but before they started, endeavoured, by rolling some large stones, and placing a quantity of heather, naturally disposed, in front of the entrance to the cavern, to conceal from their enemies, who might return to the spot, the existence of so safe a hiding-place, to which, after the lapse of some time, they might again resort with security. To be certain of this asylum remaining undiscovered, it was agreed that one scout should remain behind and watch from an overhanging eminence the proceedings of the party which should return for their dead. Lots were cast for the fulfilment of this duty; he on whom it fell took it merrily, and having obtained three days' rations for his subsistence, and an extra supply of ball-cartridge, he bade his friends good-bye, and mounted to his eyrie, while they commenced their descent. The sentinel of the cliff tracked his departing companions with his eyes as long as they remained in sight, and

when left in sole possession of the mountain solitude, he occupied himself in selecting the best and safest point for the fulfilment of his duty, and then engaged in making it as comfortable as mountain-bivouac might be, and, when completed, he threw himself down within his lair, close and watchful as a hare in her form.

Meanwhile his companions were pursuing their route to another of their hill hiding-places; the burden of bearing Phaidrig being changed every half-hour among the party, while the wounded priest leaned on Lynch, Ned having the more precious charge of Ellen. It was the most delightful day they had known for a long and weary time: even thus surrounded with difficulties, flying from persecution, the presence of the lovers to each other had a charm superior to external dangers. What dark or dismal thought could be entertained by him who now looked into the gladdened eyes of the lovely girl he supported over crag and torrent; more lovely, he thought, even in her simple peasant guise, than in the fashionable frippery of courts, in which he had adored her; besides, he now looked upon her more securely as his own — there was that in Lynch's manner which implied consent, and for some hours of their journey Ned had uninterrupted care of Ellen. At length a halt was called. A small defile was approached, in which, should they be attacked, the party must have engaged to disadvantage, therefore scouts were thrown out to the right and left, who, ascending the heights on either side, reconnoitred the pass, and ascertained its safety before the main body ventured on passing. This having been achieved, Ned and Ellen were again permitted to lag in the rear, and enjoy distinct companionship; and not the least of their pleasure was the communion of admiration produced by the grandeur of the scenery through which they passed. The lonely labyrinths of the wilds they traversed presented eternal changes of the most picturesque form; that noble group of mountains, known as

the "Twelve Pins of Bunabola," whose lofty peaks are among the first landmarks seen by the Atlantic navigators, rose right before them; and the intricate interlacing of their bold yet graceful lines, called forth fresh admiration as each advance of the travellers presented them in some novel combination. Lake after lake, too, they passed, tranquilly slumbering in their mountain-cradles, but at length one burst upon their view of surpassing beauty — its waters, reflecting the dark rich tones of the hills above, gave more brilliant effect to an uninterrupted belt of lilies that lay upon, or rather round its bosom, girdling it with floral loveliness. Ellen and Edward paused; they thought they had never seen anything half so beautiful in all their lives, they gazed and gazed upon it in silence for some minutes, and looked rather than spoke their admiration. He stole his arm round her waist, and whispered, "Here, darling one, here — could not we dwell for ever, and wish no happiness beyond?" He seemed to feel by anticipation all that the bard of his country, then unborn, so beautifully expresses of some place —

" — — — enchanting
Where all is flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how blest had been our lot,
If Heaven had but assign'd us,
To live and die in that sweet spot."

But no — they might not live, whatever chance there was of dying there; and Ned, as he held his beloved one to his heart, sighed to think that in their native land there was no safety for them, and that liberty and security were only to be found in exile.

A shout from the party in advance recalled them from their fond reverie, and they hastened to follow their friends; but as they were losing sight of the lily-girdled lake,

"They cast a longing, lingering look behind."

Their course now tended upwards towards the innermost recesses of "the Pins," within whose labyrinths lay the retreat to which their steps was directed, and the scene of loveliness they had just quitted rendered the savage nature of the region they began to ascend more startling. Rugged and precipitous were the paths, often intersected by deep gullies, through which the mountain-torrents foamed and roared, overhung by toppling cliffs whose projecting crags seemed almost poised in air—so delicately balanced, that fancy might suggest the touch of a child sufficient to cast them from their misty heights. Sometimes the echoes were challenged by the "bark" of the eagle, himself so unused to visitors in this, his own domain, that the presence of man startled him not, insomuch that the party in many cases approached within twenty yards of the royal bird ere he quitted his perch upon the rock; and even then he spread his ample wing so leisurely as to give assurance his flight was not one of fear, but rather of a haughty retirement from unwelcome intrusion. What an idea of solitude was conveyed by this absence of fear on the part of a wild creature: had it known more of man it would have felt more alarm at his approach!

How finely this fact is touched by Cowper, in the expressions he attributes to Selkirk on the desert isle:—

"The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

But in the case of our fugitives, the tameness was not shocking: it was the evidence of a remoteness from the haunts of man most welcome. The ascent now became more difficult as they advanced, painfully so, indeed, to those carrying poor Phaidrig, who, in his disabled state, where rest was so necessary, had borne the rough journey, not only with patience, but even mirthfulness, often interchanging a joke with his friends on the way. Now the bearers were obliged to be often changed, and great

care and ingenuity employed to get him up some of the sharp acclivities, where, often the strength and activity of an able man were required to achieve his own passage. In all those "delicate cases," the gruff bone-setter was intendant of the process, and growled his instructions to the operatives under him how to proceed, swearing occasionally, if they were awkward or precipitate, that they would "spoil his work" if they did not take care. By dint of toil and skill, however, Phaidrig was safely brought to the topmost step of this mountain ladder, which the rest of the party had already achieved, one of their number having been forwarded to give the requisite signals to those in possession of the retreat, that friends were coming. Those friends were heartily welcomed, and one difficulty alone presented itself—it was, that there was scarcely accommodation for so many, even if they were all men; but the case was rendered still more awkward by a lady being of the party. This was soon obviated, however. All set to work vigorously to prepare a temporary shelter for her. A heap of stones was collected close beside the cave—of these, rude walls were rapidly formed, roofed over with the same material, the crevices were stopped with grass, mosses, and heather, and the interior furnished from the cave with goat and sheep skins, which with the addition of a couple of military cloaks, formed no bad sleeping place. A rougher shelter, by way of guard-house, was raised beside it, to be occupied by Lynch and Ned; and these preliminary preparations for the night being made, the party entered the principal retreat, which in its general features resembled those already described, and where the same rude fare and careless conviviality were to be found. The splints and bandages on Phaidrig's leg being looked to by the bone-setter, who pronounced all safe, and Father Flaherty's wound having a fresh dressing, the work of the day was over, and the evening was given up to such enjoyment as the circumstances of the time and place could afford.

CHAPTER XLVI

A DEVOTED ADHERENT TO "THE CAUSE"

THE earliest act of the succeeding morning was the united devotion of the mountain refugees, as they knelt at the sacrifice of the mass, performed by the wounded priest. To many of those present, the religious exercise was the more welcome, as it was long since they had enjoyed it — more welcome, because in the minister who officiated they beheld a human being elevated by spiritual influence above the first law of his moral nature, which prompts to self-preservation, and who, in the commission of this act, rendered his life forfeit to the cruel customs of the times — more dear, because as they knelt in the faith of their fathers, their tenderest sympathies and affections were engaged; but, dearest of all, from that principle of resistance to injustice so deeply rooted in the human heart, which exhibits increase of fortitude in proportion to the violence of aggression; that principle which has made patriots and martyrs. Without a Gesler we should not have had a Tell, and piety has ever been increased by persecution. It matters not in what cause, or in what faith, this undying principle of human nature is exercised! as it was, so it is, and ever will be. The unmolested English, who for centuries have walked quietly to church, with their Prayer-books and Bibles under their arms, and who have heard smooth sermons from velvet-cushioned pulpits, cannot know that desperate earnestness of faith which possessed the Covenanters of Scotland and the

Catholic of Ireland, who worshipped in mountain dells and secret caves, whose prayers might have for their response a volley of musketry, instead of the peaceful "Amen;" whose religion *indeed* might make them think of eternity, for in its exercise they stared death in the face.

Ned, it may be remembered, was first impressed with a love of his religion at Bruges, where he saw it in its pomp; but now, his heart, expanding to higher emotions with his increasing age, stirred to deeper sympathies than the Galway *boy* could entertain, and kneeling beside the woman he adored in the proscribed faith of his nation, he felt the holiest aspirations he had ever experienced. What were the lofty columns of the gorgeous cathedral compared to the towering cliffs, whose pinnacles hung above them!—what the fretted roof to God's own heaven!—what splendour of sacerdotal robes so impressive as the blood-stained bandage of that wounded priest!

The morning sacrifice over, the morning meal succeeded, after which a dispersion of the party took place among the hills; some to the waters, towards their base, in search of fish; others amidst their coverts, to find game; some to collect fuel. Lynch, Ellen, and Ned, with the wounded priest and disabled piper, were left in possession of the retreat. A portion of the day was spent in making the accommodation, so hastily undertaken the evening before, more comfortable, and then a long consultation ensued between the three gentlemen as to future movements. In the course of this discussion, Lynch declared himself fully as a consenting party to the union of Edward with his daughter, and even expressed a desire she could be prevailed upon to quit her present life of danger, and, under the protection of a husband, retire to Spain. Ned strove to influence the father to accompany them, urging, as an inducement, the unlikelihood of Ellen's consenting to leave him; but he was

immovable on this point, until all hope of a movement in the Pretender's cause should cease.

"The reverend father here," he said, "has brought over encouraging news; we may confidently look for aid from France, where the prince has arrived."

"He has escaped then from Scotland?" said Ned.

"Yes," said the *padre*, "all Paris was alive about him — nothing was talked of but his romantic adventures and wonderful escape; and the first night he went to the opera, the whole house rang with admiring welcome."

A shade crossed Lynch's brow, as he repeated in a tone of vexation, "The opera! — the opera! — Oh, Charles Edward, while you are enjoying sweet strains at the opera, the wailing of widows and orphans in your cause rings throughout these isles!"

"A good many thought the same thing in Paris, I can tell you," said the father, "though the senseless mob shouted."

"With all my devotion to him and his house, I cannot shut my eyes to such frivolity," said Lynch. — "The opera! — good Heaven! — to plunge into the luxurious dissipation of Paris, while the heads of brave men are brought daily to the block in England — 't is monstrous!"

"And yet you *will* stay here, Sir, for his cause," said Ned.

"For *the* cause," returned Lynch, impressively. — "It is not alone for him we fight — 't is for our homes and faith as well."

"As for the homes of Ireland," said Father Flaherty, sadly, "few of them are safe — many of them have passed to the hands of the stranger; and of all places on the earth, Ireland is the saddest for a true Irishman."

"But our faith stands fast!" returned the enthusiast, "they cannot rob us of that."

"As for the faith, my dear captain," answered the

priest, "you could enjoy that unmolested in Spain; and I am inclined to be of the same opinion with my friend Ned, that you might as well make a start of it along with the young people, and be off, particularly as you are so marked a man."

"If the promised aid from France should not arrive *this* time," said Lynch, "why then, perhaps ——"

"You will fly with us," said Ned, joyously.

"Let us wait till the hour arrives," said Lynch, "'t will be time enough to speak then — for the present, we will say no more; let us seek Ellen."

He rose and entered the cave, where his daughter was sitting beside the couch of Phaidrig, whiling away the tedium of his confinement by her companionship. The piper's gaiety was unimpaired, he was as mirthful as ever, and Ellen was laughing at one of his little pleasantries as her father entered.

"Instead of Phaidrig's being downhearted over his misfortune, father, he has been making me laugh," said she.

"What 's the fun, Phaidrig?" enquired Lynch.

"Oh, I was tellin' Miss Nelly, your honour, that instead of being worse, I'd be the better o' my accident."

"How?"

"Because I'll soon be able to do with my leg what I can't do with my hands."

"What is that?"

"Ulick, the bone-setter, says my leg will begin to knit in a few days."

Lynch smiled at the oddity of the conceit, and said, however much his leg might knit, he feared it would never make him a pair of stockings.

"Oh, that would be too much to expect," replied Phaidrig; "one leg to work for the other; 't would be enough if it worked for itself, it's then I'd have a pet leg, like the mayor of Londonderry."

“I never heard of him,” said Ellen; “what an odd conceit — a pet leg! I have heard of a pet lamb, or a pet kid — but a pet leg——”

“What is that but a pet calf?” said Phaidrig. “Well, this fellow was a little mad, and used to dress up his pet calf in all sorts of finery, while his other poor shin of beef had all sorts of ill-usage. One was decked out in silk, while ragged worsted was good enough for the other. One had a fine footstool to rest on, while the other was knocked about against chairs and tables; and the pet leg he called his Protestant leg, while the other he called his Papist leg; and sure, if he was walkin’ the road, he picked out the clane places for his Protestant leg, and popped the poor Papist leg into the dirtiest puddles he could see.”

“That’s one of your own queer inventions, Phaidrig,” said Ellen, laughing.

“Thruth every word of it, Miss; — but wait till you hear the end of it. He wanted to put his poor Papist leg into such a deep dirty ditch one day, that he fell down and broke it. Well, he was taken home, and the docthor was sent for, and the leg set and bandaged up, and he was put to bed; but, my dear, what does he do in the night, when the nurse is asleep, but take the bandages off his Papist leg, which he thought had no right to so much attention, and put them on his Protestant leg. The next morning, when the docthor came, he asked to see the leg, and out the pet leg was popped, with the bandages on it; and sure the docthor forgot which leg it was was broke; and feeling the leg straight and right, said that would do, and went away; but, my jewel, a mortification set in in the poor ill-used limb before the mad thrick of the Londonderry mayor was discovered, and then there was nothing for it but to cut it off — and the poor fool sunk undher the operation; so that the end of it was, he lost his Catholic limb first, and lost his life next, for over-petting the Protestant leg.”

Ellen's quiet smile at the sarcastic drift of Phaidrig's story was in singular contrast to the knitted brow of her father, as he shook his head, and remarked, how much bitter truth was often to be found under the guise of a fable.

"But, to leave fables, Phaidrig, and come to facts — what is the rendezvous you have appointed with Mr. Fitzgerald's friend, this Mr. Finch, whom you have sent down to the coast somewhere; for I understand it will be time to start to-morrow, according to agreement made at parting? Can you instruct a guide to lead our young friend?"

"Aisy enough. It's a snug little place in the hills, not far from the Killery harbour; many of our friends here can find the way ready. It will be only a pleasant day's walk."

"Then to-morrow you must start," said Lynch to Ned. "And now, Ellen, come out and take a ramble with us in the hills; I will show Fitzgerald a splendid scene from a neighbouring point commanding a view of Glen Hohen and Lough Ina. Besides, I think Phaidrig has been talking rather too much; the quieter he can keep the better, for some days."

With these words the party sallied forth on their excursion, and, after a delightful ramble, reached the point of view Lynch had promised, which more than realised all he had said. As they topped the acclivity that opened to them the long-stretching Ina and its wooded islands, some red deer, startled by their approach, bounded before them down the heathery steep, giving life and additional beauty to the scene. Resting in this beautiful spot, the party enjoyed a pleasant conversation for awhile. Ellen delighted to see the sternness and sadness of her father unbent and softened, as he emerged from his habitual gravity to share in the interchange of livelier thoughts than of late he had indulged in. After a while he arose, and seating himself

apart at some distance, took a small book from his pocket and began to read intently.

“That is a breviary he is engaged upon,” said Ellen, in an undertone to Ned. “My father, ever strict in his religious duties, is now more so than ever; he says he knows not the hour his life may be forfeited, and he tries not to be overtaken unprepared. It makes me tremble to hear him talk sometimes so certainly of such terrible things as may happen.”

Ned here took occasion to urge his suit respecting her retiring with him to Spain, as in accordance with her father’s wishes; but she silenced him at once with a resolute “Never.”

“No, Edward — I will not desert him: I will join you in urgent entreaty to induce him to fly the country *with* us — but without him I will never go.”

There was an earnestness in her manner which showed that to shake her resolution would be impossible, therefore Ned tried it no longer, but they consulted on the most likely means of inducing Lynch to abandon the Stuart cause for the present in Ireland; and sweet moments were passed in inventing arguments in which their own future hopes formed a principal part.

“Perhaps, dearest Ellen,” said Ned, softly, and slyly coaxing her hand within his, “perhaps, darling one, if we were married at once it might induce him?”

Ellen bent her eyes archly upon him, and with a significant shake of the head, and a smile full of meaning, asked him how, in their present circumstances, he could venture to make such a proposal to any woman whom he thought possessed three grains of sense. “But, perhaps, you think all women are fools on this subject?”

Ned protested he entertained the highest opinion of the capacity of female intellect in general, and of hers in particular.

“Could I think otherwise of you, my darling! — my angel! — my ——”

Ned's raptures were cut short by the tiny hand being raised with a forbidding action, and a whispered recommendation being given not to talk nonsense, more particularly as her father was approaching them.

Lynch suggested it was time to go back to the retreat, where, on their return, they found their companion, who had been left behind to watch the last asylum, already arrived, and with the good news which he was dealing round to his friends, that their enemies had not found out the secret of the cave when they came to remove their dead. That so safe a hiding-place remained undiscovered was welcome intelligence indeed; for not only would it have been the loss of a choice asylum, but would have given a hint to their enemies of the nature of the places they selected for their abodes, which might have led to further evil consequences. The arrival of the sentinel amongst his companions, after fulfilling his dangerous duties unscathed, was rejoiced at, and the cave was rather the merrier for the event.

CHAPTER XLVII

CAPTAIN LYNCH INDUCED TO LEAVE IRELAND

NEXT day Ned, after a gentle farewell from Ellen, was on his way to the Killery harbour, under guidance of one of the brotherhood of mountain-refugees ; and, as evening was closing, after a delightful walk through scenery of the same class already described, he reached the point where he might expect to find Finch. The expectation was realised : he found his friend enjoying an autumnal sunset which shed its glory over the Atlantic, as glowing under the golden light, it was seen through the majestic frame of a mountain-pass, with all the beauty of Claude, and more of grandeur.

Warm was the greeting of the friends : and, ere they slept that night, many an important move regarding their future proceedings was planned, — and when Finch was of the council, a thing planned was nearly as good as executed. But, in this case, one of those trivial circumstances which sometimes tend to mar the best laid schemes, interfered with the working out of the present. It was agreed that the sooner a remove from Ireland was made the better, particularly as regarded Lynch ; and, as Finch had previously offered, he again said the treasure he sought, if found, was heartily at Ned's service, to get himself and his friends out of trouble. In search of the point laid down in Finch's instructions, he and Ned started the day following. The place, near which the treasure lay, was only a few miles distant ; and a ramble along the shore of a beautiful bay towards a rocky point, which formed its southern extremity, placed them in

view of a small castle, — one of those early structures for defence, a square sturdy-built tower, machicolated at its angles. As they drew near, they perceived a great number of people actively engaged in the neighbourhood in the formation of large heaps of some material obtained from the sea. On a nearer approach it was perceptibly sea-weed, which, on enquiry, they found was burnt in large quantities at this season for the production of kelp. After the customary exchanges of civility between the peasants and the strangers, Finch and Ned commenced their observations to ascertain the true bearings of the important spot which contained the treasure. This they were not long in finding, for the peaks of the mountains in the background, and the markings of the shore, gave points easily recognisable. Having ascertained these, the next point was to measure the distance from a certain angle of the castle, and when this was done (and it was obliged to be done slyly, for the peasants were numerous and close beside them,) they found, to their great discomfiture, that a very large heap of the kelp-weed lay directly on the spot.

Here was what huntsmen call “a check.” In any case, to have an occupation in progress which congregated the peasants about the castle would have been awkward; but here was the very spot they wanted for the exercise of their own peculiar practice in possession of kelp-burners, and, to make the matter worse, many more days were yet to be employed in the collection of the weed, and afterwards a period required for drying and burning. Had they been a fortnight earlier, they would have found the same spot in utter loneliness; but as the weed was found in great abundance on the shore bordering on the castle, a gathering of the neighbouring people always took place at the fitting season to collect and prepare their kelp, and the old castle made a sort of general head-quarters during the process.

While this state of things lasted, it was manifest that

any attempt to raise the treasure would have been dangerous, and there seemed nothing for it but to wait until the kelp-burning was over, and, in the meantime, Ned proposed to Finch to join the party in the hills.

"You know they are outlaws," said Ned, "and of course their company is dangerous; and as it seems some six weeks must pass before you can revisit the castle with safety, perhaps you might as well return to some neighbouring town, where you and I can meet occasionally; for, of course, my dear Finch, wherever a 'certain person' is, there will I continue; and nothing can induce her to leave her father."

"And do you think," returned Finch, "that I would desire to be in any better place than where a beautiful girl, inspired with the noblest feelings, chooses to harbour in the face of all dangers?"

"I know, my dear fellow," said Ned, "you are as dauntless of danger, when necessary, as any human being, and under such circumstances it is I have seen you; but when it is *not* necessary to expose yourself——"

"Pooh! pooh!" interposed Finch. "A handful of danger, more or less, in the course of a man's life is nothing; besides, here I have something new to see. I have witnessed adventure enough by sea and shore; but this mountain life, of which you have given such a romantic description, will be new to me, if you think your friends will not object to my sojourn among them."

"You know how you were welcomed the other day at the 'board of green cloth!'"

"True," said Finch, smiling at the recollection. "But there is a difference between a casual courtesy like that and a permanent residence."

"As long as their own residence is tenable anywhere, I will ensure you a hearty welcome, and perhaps something above the ordinary temperature of Hibernian warmth, from the proof you give of contempt of danger."

The next day proved how justly Ned had estimated the feelings of his companions ; for nothing could exceed the warmth of Finch's reception at the cave. Here for many days the novelty of their mode of life, and the splendour of the scenery, were enough to amuse him, after which, the intimacy which arose between him and Lynch held his attention engaged. They found in each other a congenial spirit of enterprise, — the invention to engender plans, resources to meet the difficulties of execution, and hearts to dare every obstacle. Thus it would happen, that they would sometimes ramble into the hills together, while others of the party were engaged in the daily routine of procuring supplies, as already described, and, ensconced in some mountain dingle, or stretched on some hill-side among the heather, hours upon hours were passed in dreams of possible adventure, so that, at last, it became a usual thing for Lynch and the guest to set out in the morning, remain together all day, and not return till the evening.

At the same time, another couple of persons were wont to pair off for a ramble together through the hills ; and Ned and Ellen, thus engaged, were, in nursery-tale parlance, "as happy as the day was long." Among many haunts, the most favourite was a small river, which, having its origin in the hills, bounded wildly from crag to crag, and made its precipitous road to the sea by a succession of picturesque falls, one more beautiful than another. This stream was remarkable for abounding in a species of mussel, frequently containing pearls, which, though inferior in lustre to the oriental, were still of great beauty, and in search of these Ned and Ellen passed much of their time. He, as well as his "lady love," had assumed the peasant guise (a practice rather common to the refugees,) as thus they might appear with less chance of observation from evil eyes when they ventured from the security of their mountain retreats, and trusted themselves towards the plains. In these loose

habiliments, Ned was more free to wade and search in the shoals of the pearl river for the shelly treasures which were destined for a necklace for his loved one, who, seated on some jutting rock, smiled on the labours of her lover, as she received from his hand the produce of his search. How many happy days were thus spent; happy, in spite of all their doubts, difficulties, and dangers!

By good luck, however, the retreat remained unsuspected by "the authorities;" and in the unmolested security of the hills the refugees got on gaily. Phaidrig's leg, under the growling orders of Ulick, was mending fast, so much so, that he could sit up a little, and give his friends a lilt on the pipes. Lynch found more repose than he had done for months; and Ellen, freed from pressing anxiety on her father's account, and rejoicing in her new-found companionship, recovered all her good looks, and was never seen in more beauty. It might be that the delicacy of tint which is esteemed in a courtly ball-room (which rouge, perforce, is sometimes called to light up,) was somewhat invaded by the mountain air; but that same bracing atmosphere brought with it health; and if the cheek bore a glow beyond the standard of *haut ton*, the clear bright beaming of the eye sustained it, and might have shamed the languid glance of a court belle; while the elastic tread of the mountain heroine displayed in finer action her symmetrical form than could the dropping of the conventional courtesy, or the gliding of the stately minuet. To Ned she seemed more charming than ever; and in truth she was so; for not only had the girlish beauty, which first enslaved him, become ripened, but the eventfulness of her life had called her mental energies into action, and thus a more intellectual character was given to her countenance. How often had her lover gazed upon it in all its fitful changes, whether it beamed with mirthfulness to the passing jest, or glowed with indignation at some instance

of wrong; or if the eye was raised in hopeful appeal to Heaven, or glistened with the tear some tale of pity drew from the deep fountain of sympathy which lay within her noble heart; or, dearest of all, if it met his own enraptured gaze, and exchanged that glance of mutual endearment, confidence, and devotion, which true and earnest love alone can waken!

When people happen to be in the aforesaid condition of our young friends, it is proverbial how swiftly time passes, and Ned could scarcely believe, when he was told that six weeks had elapsed since his visit with Finch to the castle, and was called upon to join the skipper in a second exploration of that spot. They set out forthwith on their adventure, and found a scene of utter loneliness where before so many busy people were congregated, and, free from all observation, were able to carry on their operations in uninterrupted safety. Those operations were perfectly successful. A considerable sum in doubloons and pistoles was raised, and our adventurers, having provided themselves with haversacks on quitting the cave, were enabled to sling the cases of treasure therein over their shoulders, and in three days from the time of their departure they returned to their friends rejoicingly, and were received with the applause due to prosperous enterprise.

An extra jollification was held that night in honour of the event, and the following day a consultation of Lynch and his more immediate friends took place, to consider the safest mode of getting out of Ireland; for the captain, at last, on the arrival of some disheartening intelligence from abroad, had consented to fly the kingdom. Finally, Ned's plan of reaching Limerick by the Shannon was adopted, with such additional stratagems as Finch and the captain himself could bring to strengthen it.

A fleet horse being indispensable for the transit of Lynch across the closely-beset county of Galway to the Shannon shore, a trusty emissary from the hills was

despatched to a friend in the lowlands, naming a time and place where the steed should be in waiting. Now, seeing that in those days it was against the laws for a Catholic in Ireland to possess a horse above the value of five pounds, it was not such an easy matter to procure what Lynch wanted; but as Protestant masters could not do without Catholic servants, the good offices of an underling who kept the stud-farm of a gentleman who bred his own racers and hunters served the turn, and Darby Linch (for that was the care-taker's name), for so high and distinguished a member of his tribe as the captain, would have gone through fire and water for him, and, of course, would make any horse under his command do the same thing, though it should cost the same Darby his place the next day.

This being arranged, the next point was to make a movement of the principals towards Corrib, whose waters were to be re-crossed to Augh-na-doon, as the safest point to progress from; and when the hour of parting came, it was not without pain and many a heart-tugging grasp of daring hands that Lynch could part from his outlawed friends, in whose wanderings, and perils, and privations he had been for months a partaker.

As for Ellen, she wept bitterly, for she knew that some hearts were left to ache in those mountain-wilds, pining for wife, or child, or true love, from whom their desperate fortunes cut them off; and in the rejoicing at her own release and the prospect of happiness to herself, the contrast of the fate of the less fortunate, touched her gentle soul.

As Phaidrig was allowed to follow the fortunes of "the masher," as he constantly called Lynch, a chosen few from the retreat set out with the party to carry the piper over the mountain-passes; for, though he could manage with the assistance of a stick to get on pretty well on level ground, too great an exertion of the restored limb might be dangerous.

By dint of an early start and a long march, *Caistla-na-Kirka*, in the upper Corrib, was reached the evening of the first day, and made their resting-place. They continued on the rocky islet till the evening of the second, when they re-embarked for the lower lake. The narrows, through all that exquisite scenery which had so charmed Finch on his first entrance to the hills, were passed during twilight ; when the open lake was reached, where greater danger might be apprehended, night had settled over the waters, and under its protecting shadows a safe passage was effected to Augh-na-doon, where the emissary who had been despatched from the hills was waiting, provided with refreshments and good news for the fugitives. Here, after a hasty meal, a general scattering of the party took place. The refugees of the mountains took their oars, and went back to their protecting hills. Finch, Ned, and Ellen, took Phaidrig under their charge, to commence at once their journey towards the appointed place of embarkation on the Shannon, where, by preconcerted arrangements, a boat was at their service, while Lynch was to retire to his old hiding-place in the abbey for three days, by which time the "advanced-guard," as he called it, could reach the river, and have all in readiness to receive him after his midnight gallop. Ellen fondly embraced her father again and again ere she parted from him, even then loth to leave him for so short a time ; but he strove to soothe her fears, exhorted her to dependence on Heaven's mercy, and, with mutual blessings, at last they parted.

Lynch pursued his way alone to the vault, where the mountain *gilly* was to rejoin him after he had guided the others to a neighbouring friendly hut, where a common car and horse were ready for their use, as it was still in peasant-fashion they proposed to pursue their journey, certain that such a mode afforded more security. Travelling thus, they could stop at the humblest carrier's inn on the outskirts of each town they had to pass, where,

even if they were suspected, they might rely on finding humble friends willing to facilitate their movements; while, had they gone as gentlefolk, the region of the first-class hostelry might not have been quite so safe, where, if they had even escaped suspicion and betrayal from its owners, they ran the chance of meeting some straggling emissary of power.

Having reached the hut, the horse and car were put at once into requisition, and the *gilly* having waited until he saw the party fairly started, returned to Lynch, while the others pushed on that night as far as Headfort.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE FLIGHT INTERCEPTED

THE road was pursued in safety the following morning by our travellers, and the third day placed them under the shelter of a fisherman's hut by Lough Ree. Earnest were Ellen's prayers for the safety of her father that night, as she knelt in deep and prolonged devotion ere she slept; for that night was one of toil and peril to him. He was even now on his dangerous transit across the country, and the storm that was raging as she prayed, she trusted would prove but an additional safeguard to him, as fewer wayfarers would be abroad. She awoke often in the night, and ever as she woke the storm was louder and her prayers more fervent. As it approached morning she could sleep no longer, and arose and called the fisherman, that he might be on the look-out upon the high road to guide the horseman through the by-path which led to the hut. He lit a fire before he departed, and Ellen during his absence piled up the turf sods upon it, that a comfortable blaze might meet the weather-beaten traveller on his arrival.

Finch, Ned, and Phaidrig, still slept, and Ellen sat companionless by the fire, in that state of anxious thoughtfulness which ever possesses the mind when the hours are pregnant with adventure. Ever and anon, amidst the heavy gusts of wind, she would start from a reverie, and listen for the wished-for tramp of a horse. No, — it was but fancy, — he comes not yet. Twice thus had she been deceived, but the charmed third time deceived her not, — it *was* the foot stroke of a steed;

she hurried to the door through whose chinks glimmered the first glimpse of dawn. She threw it open and stood abroad amid the beating of the thick rain that came dashing heavily in her face in the rude gusts of the blast ; but, oh ! more pleasant than the brightest sunshine she ever saw was that dim and stormy dawn, for through its mist she beheld her father speeding onward, — the last turn of the rough path is passed, — his panting horse is reined up, — he springs from the saddle, and is locked in the close embrace of his beloved and loving child. They neither could speak from excess of emotion, and stood in the storm, heedless, perhaps unconscious, of its fury. At length the sweet girl spoke, — “Come in, dear father ; you are wayworn, and want rest.”

“The horse, Nell, the horse must be cared for ; — as gallant a beast as ever carried a soldier !” and he patted the panting beast on his arched neck, that was white with foam, notwithstanding the heavy drenching of the rain.

“He must share the house with us, then,” said Ellen, “for there is not any other shelter.”

“And well he deserves such Arab courtesy,” said Lynch, leading him at once into the hut.

The sleeping men were roused from their lairs, and the beds they had reposed on were scattered into a larger “shake down” for the horse by Lynch’s own hands, before he would think of any comfort for himself. Then, amidst the gratulations of his friends, he took some slight refreshment before the welcome blaze of the turf fire ; and having cast his drenched garments, and obtained some dry ones, he threw himself on the rough couch of the fisherman, and was soon sunk in the profoundest slumber.

Lynch slept long, for the weather continued too boisterous to attempt the lake, and his friends did not wake him until it moderated towards evening, and it was time to embark. An unnecessary moment was not lost ; the

boat was shoved from the shore, whence they glided under a favouring wind, with a hearty "God speed you" from the trusty fisherman. They passed Athlone in the night, a point of danger, and then for many a mile there was perfect security before them. The air became piercing cold upon the water, and Ellen felt it so bitterly that, on reaching Clonmacnoise, they ran their boat ashore, and sought shelter in the little chapel of the lesser round tower that stands on that long-sacred and still-venerated spot — the second Christian foundation in Ireland. At dawn they were again on the waters, and were favoured with a lovely day for the time of year, and without let or hindrance of any sort they made good way down the stream, and by night were not far from Bannagher. Here again they stopped for the night, close under the bank, making a sort of awning of their sail for the protection of Ellen, while the men kept watch and watch about, anxiously awaiting the light which was necessary for their next day's navigation, as the river became narrower, more winding, and dividing into different channels ere opening again into the ample space of Lough Derg. The welcome dawn arrived at length, and the favourable nature of the weather rendered the beauties of the surrounding scenery more vivid. The sun came brightly out, and cheered the spirits of the voyagers. Another successful day's sail, and much of their danger would be over; the prospect of escape was now so near, it might almost be said they were happy.

The lovely aspect of nature had something to do with this state of feeling; the beauty of the river increased at every fresh turn in its tortuous course; sloping green banks lay on each side, small tufted islets, crowned with beautiful trees, occasionally rising from the centre of the stream; the trailing branches of the pendent trees rippling the calm course of the waters with streaks of light, which sparkled over the surface until they became

gently lost in the widening waters, which gradually spread as they opened into Lough Derg, whose hilly boundaries were becoming visible over the crests of some wooded heights on their left, beneath whose shelter rose the remains of an ancient castle, whose walls had suffered from war as well as time — indeed, less from the latter than the former, which, under the guidance of the merciless Cromwell, left but few specimens of castellated architecture unscathed in all Ireland.

Portumna Castle, the ancient hold of the Earls of Clanricarde, lay on the opposite shore, and as the present earl was one active in authority, and whose power might be feared, the boat was laid close to the bank which bore the ruined towers, whence no danger might be apprehended; and a favouring breeze just then springing up, they hoisted their sail, and hoped to win the wide waste of Derg's dark waters unperceived, after which all apprehension might be set at rest. They now laid by their oars, the wind giving them sufficient speed, and they scudded merrily along, when their apprehensions were aroused by observing a flag suddenly displayed from the top of the ruin as they came abreast of it, and a shot fired, which seemed to indicate a demand from that quarter that account should be rendered by the voyagers ere they cleared that pass of the river.

"Keep never minding," said Ned; "'t is our only plan, and the boat has good way upon her now. We shall be soon out of harm's way."

"They have hoisted the flag again," said Finch, "as if they were signalling."

"Perhaps exchanging signals with Portumna Castle, on the opposite shore."

Finch instinctively looked in the direction.

"You cannot see it," said Lynch; "'t is hidden by the woods, but must be perfectly visible from yonder towers."

They now saw several armed men run down from the

castle to a small inlet that ran up towards it from the river, and disengaging a boat from the bank, embark with the apparent intention of pursuit.

The moment this was perceived by the fugitives, they instantly seized their oars, which they plied with vigour, to gain additional speed. Their pursuers were not long in following, and when they cleared the inlet and gained the open water, they hoisted a sail as well, so that there was no mistaking their desire to overtake the foremost boat, which seemed to gain, however, on the pursuers, and was making a good lead into the lough, which stretched far and wide away, dark and rough, and crested with spray under the influence of the breeze, which increased every minute. In this the fugitives rejoiced, for their boat was stiff, and standing well to her canvas, would be sure to outstrip the lighter one that followed in the rough water; but their joy was short-lived, for just as they cleared the extreme point of the right bank of the river, and that the whole lough was open, they saw a larger boat than theirs under sail, and stretching across, apparently with the intention to intercept them.

Not a word was said, but all gazed anxiously at this strange sail, and then at each other, and the anxious looks that met too plainly revealed that evil forebodings possessed the minds of all. — Ned was the first to speak.

“What think you, Finch?” said he, appealing to him as the highest authority in aquatic matters.

Finch, clenching his teeth hard, strongly aspirated, and half growled between them, the characteristic reply of a sailor — it was merely — “*d—n these lakes!*”

“But what’s to be done?”

“I say, *d—n* them again! — If it was the honest sea we were in, lying well to win’ard, as we are, we might beat them blind; but with that wall of hills on our weather-bow, we’re done. — Curse it — we’re like rats in a corner.”

"Let us run for it, however, while we can," said Ned; "there's no knowing what luck may do for us yet."

As he spoke a gun was fired from the larger boat.

"There's no mistaking that," said Finch. "We must lower our canvas, or determine to fight it out."

"No fighting," said Lynch, in a calm, steady voice. "Against such odds it were but waste of life. Let them overhaul us — perhaps we may be unmolested; but, at all events, I am the only one on whom their vengeance can fall, and if my time is come, so be it. — God's will be done!"

Ellen grew deadly pale as he spoke, and clung to him.

"Nell, my girl, this is no time for quailing. I expect from you all your firmness. — As you love me, be calm and resolute."

With wonderful self-control, the noble girl relaxed her fond hold, and assumed an aspect of composure, though her cheek and lips, in their abated colour, betrayed the agitation of her heart.

"Let us strike our sail at once," said Lynch, "and wait for our pursuers."

Ned obeyed the orders; and then, when he had no further duty to perform, he seated himself beside Ellen, and, gently taking her hand, whispered such words of encouragement as his ingenuity could suggest at the moment.

Phaidrig, who had been listening all this time, and had not spoken a word, got his pipes ready and began to play.

"What the deuce are you lirting for now?" said Finch, who was beginning to feel rather savage at the turn affairs were taking.

"It will look aisy and careless," answered Phaidrig, "to be playing when they come up to us."

Finch, though he made no answer, admired the address of this little manœuvre, and took it as a lesson to

clear his own brow, which was rather severe at the moment.

The boat in pursuit was soon alongside, containing some soldiers, and an officer, who questioned those on board the chase who they were, whence they came and whither going.

To these questions answers were returned in accordance with a previously prepared story the parties had agreed upon; but, as it may be supposed, no answer could satisfy the officer, who only made his enquiries as a matter of course, and ordered the voyagers to put about, and go back to the castle until they should be examined.

“What offence, Sir, have we committed,” enquired Finch; “that we should be stopped on our way?”

“You’re an Englishman I judge, from your accent,” was the inconsequent reply.

“I am, Sir,” said Finch; “and, from your very Irish answer, I guess you are a native. — I ask again, what offence have we committed?”

“That’s what we want to find out, and therefore turn you back for examination.”

“According to that practice, Sir, you presuppose every one guilty?”

“And a pretty near guess too, in this d——d rebellious place,” said the puppyish fellow, with an insulting laugh.

“I’d have you remember I am an Englishman, Sir! — We Englishmen are jealous of our liberties, and take care what you’re about.”

The impudent coxcomb gave a long whistle, and exclaimed, “Liberties indeed! — very fine to be sure. — Why did n’t you stay at home with your liberties, and not come here? — We’ll give you a touch of our law-practice that will enlighten you perhaps, so lose no time in improving yourself — turn back to the castle. I’m d——d sorry to disoblige so pretty a girl; but don’t be

afraid, my dear," he said to Ellen, with a disgusting leer, "we are particularly kind to the fair sex."

At this insolent speech Ned's eyes flashed fire, whereupon the puppy became more saucy. "Ho, ho!" he said,— "one fellow is jealous of his liberties, and the other jealous of his girl,— we'll do justice to both."

The orders to go back to the castle were obeyed and no more was said, though the boats continued abreast of each other; but a succession of impudent leers at Ellen were continued by the insolent soldier, while looks of indignant defiance were returned by Ned. Finch, in the meantime, observed the larger boat in the offing had gone about, and bore away to the point whence she came, as soon as the armed boat in pursuit had taken charge of the chase, which, now under guard, was fast approaching the castle, many of whose military inmates had strolled down to the water's edge to await her arrival, and seek in this little event some variety in the dull monotony of their lives in so remote a spot.

On entering the inlet which led from the river to the castle, the guard-boat shot ahead, and the insolent coxcomb in command stepped ashore, and was ready on the bank, when the boat of our voyagers touched it, to hand Ellen out, having previously "tipped a wink" to his idle brother officers in waiting, as much as to say, "You shall see some fun."

Lynch was the first to land, and waited to assist Ellen, but the coxcomb said to the sergeant of his party, "Pass him on!"

"I wish to hand my daughter from the boat," said Lynch, laying particular stress on the word daughter, in hopes the presence of a father might tend to procure that respect for his child which he saw there was not sufficient of true manliness to insure her at the hands of this insufferable puppy.

"Pass him on!" was the repeated order; and Lynch,

making an effort to control his feelings, made no further objection.

Ned was now about to debark, but Ellen, in a whisper, besought him to "be calm," and let her go first. Then with a dignified self-possession that so often disarms impertinence, she gave her hand to the fellow she loathed to hand her from the boat, but he rudely seized her as she jumped to the shore, and forcibly kissed her.

Ned had been choking with rage up to this moment, and with difficulty had obeyed Ellen's command to let her pass him, but when he saw the indignity put upon her he sprang like a tiger upon the offender, seized him by the throat, and flung him to the earth with the foulest epithets.

The wretch, thus justly punished, after recovering from the stunning effects of his fall, scrambled to his feet, and, with a hellish expression in his eye, grasped his sword; but, before it was out of the sheath, Ned, with the quickness of lightning, snatched the blade from the scabbard of the sergeant who stood near him, and met the murderously-intended thrust of the infuriated soldier with an able parry. Stung by the personal indignity he had suffered in the presence of his brother officers, the coxcomb, in a state of revengeful frenzy, pushed desperately at Ned, whose fiercest passions being roused by the insult inflicted before his face on the woman he adored, could have sacrificed at the moment a score of lives to his vengeance, and, therefore, used his weapon with the deadliest intention. The officers by-standing drew their swords, and rushed forward to beat down the blades of the antagonists, but before their assistance could avail, Ned had driven his weapon to the very hilt through the body of the aggressor, who, uttering a yell of agony, staggered back — fell to the earth, and with one convulsive struggle, turned over on his face, and literally bit the ground. 'T was a sudden, terrible retribution — the hot libertine lip that had vio-

lated the sanctity of a maiden's cheek now kissed the dust.

There was a pause and a silence of some moments, all seemingly paralysed by the suddenness of the catastrophe. At length the senior officer present spoke, and ordered Ned to be taken in charge.

Ned, as he gave up the sword, said, "I appeal to you all as soldiers and men of honour, to remember the act was in self-defence."

"You struck him," said one of the younger officers, angrily; "you — a prisoner at the time — struck him."

"And would repeat the act under the same provocation," cried Ned boldly. "A prisoner, forsooth! — For what am I a prisoner? We are dragged here, interrupted on our peaceful way, and a woman grossly insulted — what law is there for that?"

"You'll know more about the law before you've done with it," said the officer, with a menacing nod.

"I must beg you to be silent, lieutenant," said the senior officer, who, turning to Ned, told him he should have fair play. He then desired the dead body to be carried to the castle, and ordered the prisoners to proceed there also.

While all this was going on, Ellen clung to Lynch, while her eyes were turned on Ned; and when he joined the party she gave him her hand, and walked on silently between her father and her lover, for she could not speak. Finch and Phaidrig were in the rear, the sergeant walking beside them. The sergeant, judging from his weather-stained face, which bore a scar also, had seen service, and, as far as manner could imply, thought Ned had done no more than he ought.

"I think I have seen the elder of those prisoners before," said he to Finch in an undertone.

"Indeed!"

"I am sure of it."

"Where do you think?"

Phaidrig's ears were all alive for the answer.

"Abroad," said the sergeant.

"You are mistaken," said Phaidrig; "he never was abroad in his life."

"Don't talk so loud," said the sergeant. "I mean him no harm; I would rather stand his friend if I could."

Finch looked him in the face as he spoke, and there was an honest expression in it that never belonged to treachery.

"You are an Englishman," said Finch.

"Yes."

"So am I. Britons do not like tyranny and oppression."

"No."

"You would help us if you could."

"As far as I dare; but do not speak any more now. When you are locked up I will see you."

The party now progressed silently to the castle, on reaching which the prisoners were conducted up a narrow stone spiral stair to the summit of one of the towers, where they were placed in a small strong room, and a heavy door fastened upon them. After the lapse of about an hour the bolts outside were gently drawn, and the sergeant made his appearance.

"You're as good as your word," said Finch.

"Hope I always will be."

"I hear you have seen me before," said Lynch.

"I have, Sir."

"I do not remember you."

"It was a crowded and busy place we met in; but I cannot forget you, Sir — for you saved my life."

"Where?"

"At Fontenoy, your honour. You were an officer of the Irish brigade that hot day."

"Well?"

"When the Duke of Cumberland's centre was broken by your charge, and we were routed, some French regi-

ments came bowling down to take vengeance for the mangling they got in the morning; but the Irish lads got between and would not allow slaughter, and your own hand, Sir, turned aside a blow that would have finished me as I lay on the ground; and I will say, all the Irish lads were kind friends to the wounded English that we left on the field that day¹ — and I never forgot it — and never will. You, Sir, were amongst the foremost in showing us kindness in hospital, and if, without a heavy breach of duty, I can do you a good turn, I am ready.”

“You are a true-hearted fellow, and I thank you,” said Lynch. “Is it long since you have been in Ireland?”

“Not long, Sir — and I wish I was out of it. I don’t like their cruel goings on here.”

“Did you escape from Flanders, or were you exchanged?”

“Exchanged, your honour.”

“I don’t know, my kind fellow, how you can help me,” said Lynch, musing for a moment. “One thing alone I beg to remind you of — that the less you say of the brigade the better.”

“Mum’s the word, your honour — too old a sojer for that.”

“If your honour can’t say anything,” said Phaidrig, “may I put in a word?”

“Certainly, Phaidrig.”

“Do you think now,” said the piper to the sergeant, “that there would be any use in asking lave of that elderly officer, who seems a dacent sort of a body, to let me go on a little bit of a message?”

“Certainly not; you are a prisoner.”

“I know that; but I mane to go undher guard.”

¹ This often happened. On one occasion, in particular, though I cannot remember the name of the action, the Irish brigade, after a victory, went through the field, seeking the wounded English who suffered in the adverse ranks, and showed them the tenderest care.

“I fear not; the officer would not like to do it without authority from Mister Nevil.”

“Nevil?” exclaimed Lynch, anxiously — “Jones Nevil?”

“The same, Sir.”

A shade passed across Lynch’s countenance; it was noticed by Finch.

“That seems bad news,” said he.

Lynch did not answer; but in the clasped hands and upraised eyes of Ellen, Finch could read woful tidings.

“Well, if I can’t go, maybe you could slip a smart lad across the river, and bid him run to Portumna for the bare life; and if the lord is at home, tell him there’s one here may die soon, who has a secret for him that he is behowlden above all things to hear; and that when he hears it, he would n’t for half his estate not have known it: and if the lord is n’t at home, let the messenger go through fire and wather till he finds him.”

“That shall be done,” said the sergeant. “Anything else? — make haste, for I must not venture to stay here longer.”

“Do that, and ’t is plenty — but do it soon.”

The sergeant pointed through a window in their prison, that looked upon the waters, and said, “You shall see a messenger cross the stream in five minutes.” He then withdrew, and bolted the door on the outside.

According to the soldier’s promise, the anxious watchers from the tower saw the boat unmoored from the bank, and two men embark. The boat was pulled across the river; one of the men went ashore, and started at a good pace up the opposite hill; he was followed by eager eyes until he had gained the summit, and was lost in the woods that crowned its crest, while the friendly boat returned to her moorings.

Lynch asked Phaidrig what hope he could entertain of any benefit from the presence of the Earl of Clanricarde, for whom he had sent, he being a staunch adherent

of government, and rather severe in the authority he was appointed to exercise over the province, and further expressed a belief that Clanricarde was not aware of his (Lynch's) presence in Ireland, and would be amongst the readiest to arrest him, though he confessed they might all be careless of anything that might happen now, being already in Nevil's hands, which were the most unsparing into which they could fall.

"But still I cannot see the drift of this mysterious message to the earl, Phaidrig," added Lynch.

"Masther! masther!" said Phaidrig, "don't be asking me any questions about it; only God send the earl may be here soon, and I've a way of my own that will melt his heart to all of us."

The confident assurance of Phaidrig in his scheme turned the minds of the prisoners with painful interest to the success of the messenger; and many an anxious eye was cast on the spot in the distant wood where he had disappeared, in the hope of catching the first welcome glimpse of his return.

CHAPTER XLIX

A RESPITE AT THE LAST MOMENT

AS the presence of regular troops stationed in a ruined castle may appear strange to the reader, it may be as well to give a few words in the explanation of the subject. Under the wise administration of Chesterfield, a confidence in the laws that governed them, and the honesty of the men who administered those laws, arose in the people of Ireland, and a tranquillity, rare in that disturbed land, was the consequence, and the statesmanlike earl was enabled to spare troops out of the country. But, on the suppression of the Scottish rising, when means of coercion were again plenty, the spirit of justice and lenity which influenced Lord Chesterfield's government, became distasteful to those who had been used to trample on the nation. The amiable earl was recalled, when justice, lately rendered as a measure of necessity, might be once more dispensed with, and a more iron sway than ever resumed. In consequence of this, an increase in the army was required in Ireland; for, though the people had been held in a state of slavery one wonders at, still, once having emerged from their bondage, it was no easy matter to push them back into it again. For the thousands of additional bayonets thus become requisite in the island there was not sufficient accommodation, and barracks were ordered to be built in various parts of the country. This job — for it was a job — was given to one Nevil,¹ that he might plunder the national purse as a reward for his outrage of national

¹ Alluded to by Lynch in his interview with the Earl of Kildare.

rights. A member of the House of Commons — his vote was ever at the service of the government. His malignant propensities against the people found him favour in the eyes of Lord George Sackville, and his general profligacy endeared him to the primate. In working out his contract in the erection of barracks, he frequently converted some old building, or portion of a castle, into a tenement for the military, at a small expense, while he pocketed large sums from the treasury as though fresh barracks had been erected; and, in going his round of provinces, in this prominent position of a government agent, he had frequent opportunities, and he never lost one, of indulging in priest-hunting, or any other species of cruelty he could exercise. His well-known influence at court gave him a power which few dared, and none wished, to call into hostility, and thus, in many instances, men were made the instruments of his vile passions who regretted the obedience they feared to refuse.

It was thus the old castle on the Shannon became occupied with soldiers, and Nevil himself being there for a few days, many vexatious things were done in the neighbourhood, and he had a willing agent in the unfortunate young man who was killed, — a nephew of his own, — and partaking so much of his uncle's savage and profligate nature as to render him a favourite with his powerful relative.

Ned's plight was, therefore, one of imminent danger, indeed the officers and men of the barracks looked upon him as a gone man, and felt assured that the moment of Nevil's return to the castle, and knowledge of his nephew's death, would be the signal for Ned's being hanged; for, in those days, short work was made with the mere Irish, if a great man willed it so; a regular trial might be tedious and troublesome, and the judgment of the law too slow a process for the satisfaction of an impatient loyalist.

The anticipations respecting Nevil's course of action were proved to be but too true; for, when this unscrupulous man of power returned, and heard of the circumstances of the case, he ordered the instant execution of the "rebel scoundrel" who had "*murdered*" that "noble young man," his nephew, one who would have proved an honour to his profession, and a support to his "king and his country," &c. &c.

The senior officer in command of the troops represented, that as the act of the prisoner was committed in the natural desire of preserving his own life, it might be as well to give him up to the law, which would decide the question how far a prisoner had a right to defend his own life from his captor before being proved guilty.

To this an order was returned to "hang the rascal instantly."

The officer, though rebuffed, next ventured to suggest even a court-martial.

This but sharpened the desire for immediate vengeance, and, with the overbearing threat of a man who knew his power, Nevil dared the officer to refuse to obey his commands.

The soldier withdrew, disgusted, but fearing to disobey; and with a heavy heart, the sergeant, receiving his fatal orders, reascended the stair, and reopening the door of the prison addressed Ned, saying he wished to speak a few words to him, and beckoning him at the same time from the room; for he had not the heart to speak his message in presence of a woman, and that the woman by whom, passing circumstances led him to believe, the fated prisoner was held dear. But his caution availed nothing; there was an expression in his face, and voice, and manner, that awaked all Ellen's fears; and with a scream she sprang forward, clung to Edward's neck, and with sobs, and tears, and prayers, besought the soldier not to tear him from her — for mercy's sake to spare him yet for awhile — with many

a passionate and wild appeal to human feeling and divine assistance; and during the scene of desperate agony all were paralysed but Ellen, who seemed inspired with superhuman courage.

At length, Phaidrig, roused up suddenly into action, and calling on Finch, desired him to look again over the water, and see if any help were come.

"The large boat that headed us in the lake is rounding the point now," said Finch.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Phaidrig, dropping on his knees.

The voice of Nevil was heard from below, calling in a furious voice to "bring down the prisoner."

Ellen but clung the closer to him; and the kind-hearted sergeant was so agitated, that he was absolutely incapable of action, and could not have dragged Ned from her embrace if he would.

The tramp of many feet was heard ascending the stair; and when several soldiers appeared at the door of the prison, Ellen, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, swooned in Ned's arms.

The soldiers demanded his immediate presence below. Ned uttered no word; but impressing on the pale lips of his beloved one a fervent caress, he laid her gently in the arms of her father, whose hand he grasped firmly for an instant, and with silent exchanges of the grip of fellowship with Finch and Phaidrig, he walked to the head of the stair, where the soldiers awaited him.

"The boat! the boat!" cried Phaidrig to Finch; "where is it now?"

"Touching the shore, and people are landing."

"Is there a fine looking man among them?"

"Yes, and in rich attire."

"'T is the earl!" exclaimed Phaidrig, in delight, laying his hand on the sergeant. "Take me down with you," he cried urgently, — "take me down, and I will save his life yet."

"'T is against orders," said the sergeant, hesitating.

"As you hope for peace to your soul at your own dying hour, don't refuse me!" urged Phaidrig.

"Come, then," said the sergeant, "suppose I *am* punished; I can't see murder done without trying to stop it, and you say you can."

"I can, if I get speech of the earl," said the piper. "Hurry!—hurry!—Give me your hand—help me down the stair." The last words were spoken as the prison door was closed; and Lynch, with the yet unconscious Ellen in his arms, gazed upon his child with an expression of mental agony of which Finch had never seen the equal.

When Phaidrig and the sergeant reached the base of the tower, a rope had just been placed round Ned's neck. Phaidrig, as he laid his hand on Ned's shoulder to whisper him something, felt the hempen instrument of death, and a tremor passed over his whole frame.

"God have mercy on us!" he exclaimed.—"This is hasty work; not only death without trial, but without letting a man say a prayer before he suffers.—Sure, they won't refuse you ten minutes to ask for Heaven's mercy." Then in a whisper to Ned, he said, "Ask for ten minutes."

Nevil's voice was heard without, ordering the prisoner to be brought forth.

The sergeant advanced and told him the prisoner craved ten minutes to pray.

"Not a second!" said Nevil.—"My nephew died without a prayer, and so shall he.—Bring out the rascal, and hang him up at once. Curse you, you bunglers; what are you fumbling at?—One would think you never hanged a man before.—Bring him out, I say!"

The Earl of Clanricarde reached the entrance of the castle as Ned was led forth for execution.

"What is this about, Mr. Nevil?" asked the earl.

"Murder, my lord."

"It will be murder if this young man is hanged, noble Clanricarde," said Phaidrig, confronting the earl.

"What brings you here, Phaidrig-na-pib?" said Clanricarde.

"The hand of God," said Phaidrig, in a manner so impressive, that even Nevil was struck by it.

"What do you mean?" enquired the earl.

"Will the noble Clanricarde let the poor piper have a word in his ear to save an innocent life?"

"Willingly."

Phaidrig advanced to the earl, who permitted him to whisper; the words he said could have been but few, for his lips were but a moment at the ear of the earl; but those words must have been potent, for Clanricarde's face was suffused by a deep flush, succeeded by an ashy paleness. He gazed at Ned intently, but could not speak.

"Lead on to execution!" cried Nevil, profiting by the pause.

"I forbid it!" cried the earl.

"He slew my nephew," shouted Nevil, white with rage.

"Had he killed yourself, Sir," said the earl, drawing himself up to his full height, and casting a look of disdain on Nevil, "he should not die but by the laws of the land."

"Do you forget who I am, my lord?"

"No, Sir — though you seem to forget yourself."

"The lord-lieutenant shall hear of this," said Nevil.

"I will take care he shall," retorted the earl.

"Do you know, Sir," continued the arrogant minion of power, "that boxes of Spanish gold have been found in possession of these prisoners, clearly proving their connection with hostile states?"

"That shall be enquired into," said the earl.

"The enquiry shall be conducted at the Castle of Dublin," said Nevil, with a menacing air; "and I will

be the bearer of this traitorous gold myself. — Harness my horses, there! — Good-bye, my lord!”

“Stay, Mister Nevil,” said Clanricarde, with an air of serious authority, — “you seem to forget that I preside in this district. — You shall not be the bearer of that gold, Sir.”

“I have taken it, my lord, and I insist upon its guardianship.”

“Guardianship!” exclaimed the earl, with a contemptuous laugh; — “guardianship of gold by Jones Nevil! — Sir,” he added with iron severity, “I presume you are yet ignorant of what my courier from Dublin has just brought me intelligence of — that Jones Nevil is denounced by the House of Parliament, to which he is a dishonour, for scandalous embezzlement of the public money.”

The words fell like a thunderbolt on the hitherto audacious offender, who, overwhelmed by the suddenness of the terrible charge he knew to be true, slunk away; while the earl, entering the castle, was soon after in secret conference with Phaidrig.

CHAPTER L

PHAIDRIG'S COMMUNICATION TO THE EARL OF CLANRICARDE

CLANRICARDE retired to a small chamber in the castle, where he remained alone for some time, before he summoned the piper to his presence. He was aware that Phaidrig's words had taken him by surprise, and urged him to precipitancy. The instantaneous favour shown to the prisoner, and the contemptuous treatment of Nevil, were the result of sudden heat, unusual in him, so long used to command, and which he was anxious to recover, ere he held further communion with an inferior, whose words had stirred his heart so strangely; for none knew better than the earl how much authority is fortified by impassiveness — that cold and steely armour of the great. Moreover, a secret passage of his early life was laid bare to him, when least expected, and the maturer years of the staid and circumspect Clanricarde would not derive honour from such glimpses of the past. But yet the handsome face of that young prisoner bore such strong — such touching testimony to the truth of the words he had heard, that nature, at last, triumphed over the colder calculations of the politic nobleman, and determining to hear and judge of all the piper had to tell, Phaidrig, at his summons, was brought before him.

Having dismissed his attendants, the earl bade the blind man approach, and addressed him in that undertone which we insensibly adopt in speaking of secret things, however secure our place of conference may be.

"This is a strange thing you tell, Phaidrig-na-pib."

"'T is as true as 't is strange, my lord."

"Are you sure?"

"I wish I was as sure of heaven."

"Can you tell me how, and wherefore?"

"Aisy enough, my lord, if you 'll listen a bit."

"Willingly — proceed."

"It is now nigh hand forty years, or something under, that a brave young gentleman used to rove by the woods and wathers of the broad Shannon, and none abler, I hear, than he was, with the gun and the rod; and plenty o' game fell to his share. His eye was quick for the rise on the river, or the bird on the wing — nothing escaped that quick eye; for, by all accounts, it was very clear and bright, and whatever it marked, was its own — the bird of the wood — the fish of the sthrame —"

"What need to talk so much of salmon and woodcocks?" said the earl, impatiently.

"Ah! but, my lord, there was more than woodcocks in the wood," replied Phaidrig, insidiously.

"Well, — proceed."

"And where there's woods and woodcocks, there must be wood-rangers — that stands to rayson."

"Go on."

"And when wood-rangers are for evermore doing nothing but roving up and down a wood, sure they get lonely, and want somebody to keep company with them — and so they get marri'd — and then, of course, they have childre, and the childre is as likely to be girls as boys; and, when the girls grows up, sure they will be rovin' through the wood, lookin' for the wild strawberries and the like; and the brave young gentleman I was tellin' of used to meet a wood-ranger's daughter, that, I hear, was as purty a crayture as ever bent grass undher her foot, and a power o' grass she bent, I hear, by the long walks she used to take with that same young gentleman who used to discourse her soft."

“What was her name?” said the earl.

“O’Brien, my lord — her father came out of Clare — Kitty O’Brien was the girl’s name.”

“You are right — that *was* her name,” said the earl, identifying himself at once with that “brave young gentleman,” with whom Phaidrig so delicately, as well as artfully, began his tale.

“Well, my lord, when neighbours began to spake, poor Kitty was obliged to lave the neighbourhood, and, indeed, father and mother and all went off, and settled up away there towards Galway — and there it was that many a year after I first knew that same Kitty’s daughter — as sweet a darlin’ as ever was reared. Och! but my own poor heart knew love’s torment then — I ax your pardon, my lord, for takin’ the liberty; but, as you bid me tell the story, I loved the ground she walked on — an’ that ’s the thruth.”

“Then, in short, I suppose this young man is your son?” interrupted the earl.

“No, my lord,” said Phaidrig: “though I loved him full as well, from the very minit I found out he was the son of my own first love, my sweet Molly, for she was n’t called afther her mother, for fear ’t would n’t be lucky, and might run in the family; and, indeed, she had a soft corner in her heart for myself. But what good did that do me? — I was only a poor blind piper, and, though the tendher jewel used to give a willing ear to my planxties, the chink of a snug man’s silver made sweeter music for her people;¹ and what chance had I agin the rich thrader of Galway, and a decent man too — I own it — but not fit for Molly — for Molly, I do believe, as far as her own heart was concerned, would rather have shared the lot of poor Phaidrig-na-pib, blind and all, as he was, than be put beyond want in the warm house of Denis Corkery.”

“Then this young man, I suppose, you have known from his birth?”

¹ Relations.

“Oh, no, my lord,” said Phaidrig, sadly. “The minit that I knew my darling Molly was lost to me, I kept out of sight of her, or any chance of meeting her, and never went inside Galway if I could help it, and, indeed, never cared for any woman afther; for when the love is once thrampled out of a man’s heart, it seldom or never grows up again, and the first love has a grip with it it never lets go; and Molly was always in the way if ever I thought of another girl — she stuck as fast as a weed in an owld piece o’ ground. — If my heart was ploughed up ever so often, the new crop of love was sure to be overrun with the Molly-weed — God forgi’ me for sayin’ weed — sure it’s the flower she was, and the brightest and the sweetest —”

“Well, well — to the point — to the point!” cried Clanricarde, impatiently.

“Ah, my lord!” said Phaidrig, tenderly, “don’t be angry with me for praising your own child —”

There was a sudden pause. Phaidrig’s sensibility told him he had been hurried by his warmth beyond the bounds of delicacy in speaking of a piper’s love for the offspring of a peer (though that offspring was even unacknowledged) within the hearing of the father, who sighed in bitterness at this incidental wound inflicted on his pride — for we never feel more keenly than when stabbed through our own sins. The earl felt the silence to be awkward, and was the first to break it, by asking how Phaidrig knew Ned to be the son of the Galway trader’s wife.

“By accident, my lord; and I’ll remind yourself of the time I found it out. Don’t you remember, about six years ago, when there was a remarkable day at the Galway races, when there was a cock-fight, and your lordship’s bird, of the Sarsfield breed, won a main?”

“I remember well,” said the earl; “and you were over busy that day, Master Piper, in playing a certain tune —”

“And there was a row in the town that night, my lord——”

“I remember that, too — and the mayor knocked down.”

“Faix, then, the mayor, I am thinking, would n’t have been so angry,” said Phaidrig, with a smile, “if he had known it was a dash of the noble blood of Clanricarde that helped him into the gutther that night.”

“What, this young man?”

“The same, my lord.”

“But there was clinking of cold steel that night in the riot; how came he into an affray of such quality?”

“’Faith, then, it’s himself handled a blade; as nate as a fencin’ mather.”

“Indeed! — How came a Galway apprentice by that accomplishment?”

“That I don’t know; I suppose the blood of De Burgo was sthrong in him, and he made it out a way of his own.”

Clanricarde was pleased at this proof of daring accomplishment in his descendant, and was silent for some time.

“Silent when glad.”

“And what became of him after?” enquired he. “How, I ask you again, did you discover him to be the son of the Galway trader’s wife?”

“This was the way of it, my lord. — The town was no place for the youth that night; so we took him over the river with us.”

“Oh! that’s the way you escaped. What were the sentinels about?”

“As usual, my lord, they wor as idle as a milestone without a number, and the devil a foot they marked our road, and so we got into the *Cladagh*.”

“Humph! — as usual — that stronghold and refuge for any lawless roisterer. But you said, ‘*we*.’ Now, who were your companions that night?”

He Would be a Gentleman 539

“Oh, some friends o’ mine, my lord, that did not like lodging in the town, and preferred the wholesome air of the mountains of Iar Connaught.”

“I thought as much; take care, Phaidrig-na-pib, you don’t come under my notice sometime or other in a way I cannot overlook.”

“Oh, you know, minstrels are held sacred, my lord,” replied Phaidrig, laughing.

“Not if they play the ‘Blackbird’ too often. Have a care. Remember the fable of the trumpeter, who, when taken prisoner, asked for mercy, because he did not strike with the sword, but only blew a harmless instrument; whereupon the conqueror replied that the trumpeter did more mischief than any armed man, as he, though he did not fight himself, inspired hundreds to fight; and there lies the mischief.”

“Thru enough, my lord,” said Phaidrig, boldly, and brightening up, “and sure there must be a deep love lying for evermore in the human heart for such sthrains as can inspire to bowld deeds, for there never was one of the mischievous songs or tunes, as you call them, that ever was lost. They live — ay, and live even in the memory of those who hate them; they are thransmitted through friend and foe from generation to generation; and though the hands and hearts lie cold and forgotten of those the minstrel inspired, *his* words and *his* strains are imperishable as long as there is man’s courage or woman’s love left in the world.”

“Hillo, hillo, Phaidrig!” exclaimed the earl, good humouredly, “you are running ‘breast high’ now, but I must call you to a check; try back, man, and tell me what I have asked twice before. How did you find out this youth was the son of the Galway trader’s wife? The third time is the charm, and now I hope you will answer me?”

“Sure I was answering you, my lord, only that you ——”

“There you go again — running to fault — steady, steady! How did you find him out? answer short.”

“He sent into the town, my lord, from the fisherman’s hut in the Cladagh, to his father’s, and when I heard his name, I knew he was the child of darling Molly, and my heart warmed to him as much a’most as if he was my own son — for, indeed, it was a chance I was n’t his father, myself.”

“And what has he been doing ever since?”

“’Faith, every thing that was dashing, and daring, and bowld, and like a gentleman — and won a lady’s heart into the bargain — kind kith and kin for him, ’faith; the De Burgos wor all divils among the girls, as your lordship knows better than me.”

“A lady’s heart?” said Clanricarde, somewhat curiously, with a strong emphasis on “lady.”

“Ay, ’faith, as rale a lady as ever stood in satin. Faix, it’s a quare story, my lord, and something long, but I will cut it as short as I can for you, and strive to insense¹ you upon it.”

He then gave a brief history of Ned’s adventures to the earl, who listened with intense pleasure to the numerous traits of gentle blood and noble daring on the part of his grandson, inheriting so strongly the mettle of the De Burgo race, notwithstanding the plebeian contact of poor old Corkery, that the earl almost wished he could declare him for his own. Phaidrig, in the course of his history, wisely dwelt chiefly on Ned’s achievements at sea against the Spaniards, and ingeniously avoided as much as possible such disclosures as would excite the political prejudices of the earl. Jacobite affairs were glanced at as little as might be, and, finally, he assured his lordship that it was in the endeavour to leave Ireland, and never again return to disturb the Hanoverian possession thereof, that they had been pursued and taken: and the stirring account Phaidrig gave

¹ To give the sense of; to inform.

of young Nevil's insult to Ellen, and the terrible retribution with which it was visited, reconciled Clanricarde much towards the prisoner.

"The lady's father is here, too, you said?" enquired Clanricarde.

"He is, my lord."

"But as yet you have not told me his name."

"Then, indeed, my lord, if you'll be led by me, I think it would be just as well maybe you would n't ask his name at all — for, maybe you would n't like to hear it, seeing that in consideration of the happiness of the young birds you would n't hurt the ould one; and there's no knowing what names might be objectionable to your lordship's ear, as governor of these parts — and so, for shortness, we'll call him 'the captain.'"

Clanricarde was silent for a while, and then assented to Phaidrig's suggestion; trusting the piper's judgment rather than his own desire in the matter, and guessing that the name was one of which he had better remain in ignorance, if he wished to pursue his benign intentions towards the fugitives.

Clanricarde was right in thus trusting to Phaidrig's judgment, which in this case, as in most others, was sagacious. He knew that Lynch's person was unknown to the earl, though of his name and the heavy denuncements against it he could not be ignorant; and he, therefore, threw out the hint to the governor of the western district that to "keep never minding," as Paddy says, was the safest course, or, in more poetic parlance, that, "where ignorance was bliss, 't was folly to be wise."

Anxious as the earl was now to get the entire party safe out of the country, under the assurance that they would never return — thus at once insuring preservation to those in whom he became so unexpectedly interested, and accomplishing, without bloodshed, a beneficial move for the crown, under

whose authority he acted; nevertheless, had the too celebrated name of "Lynch" reached his ear, he dared not have disregarded the numerous proclamations "the captain" had provoked, and must have given up the father-in-law elect of his own grandson. Making use of the piper's hint, therefore, and taking advantage of his present ignorance, his object was to get such combustible materials out of his hands as soon as possible, lest he might burn his fingers; for, though Clanricarde's general measures were sufficiently stern to stamp him a staunch upholder of the government, yet the times were such that a wise and merciful inaction might be construed into treasonable activity.

Full of these thoughts, the earl desired Phaidrig to hasten to the strong room, and tell its inmates to be of good cheer, for that he himself would convey them from their present durance to his own castle, where they might rely that no violence should be offered. "But, a word with you before you part," said the earl. "Is the secret of the mother's birth known to her son?"

"No, my lord, I never breathed it to mortal till now — nor would not, only for the necessity."

"Well, you may tell him," replied Clanricarde. "I will be glad to acknowledge so gallant a fellow."

Gladly Phaidrig hurried on the welcome message — blithely he restored them to hope, though the secret of this sudden change in their fortunes was not yet revealed; and while he was yet engaged in dispelling from Ellen's mind the terror which the recent scene had inspired, a summons from the earl to attend him at once to his boat reached the strong room. The spiral stair of the tower was retrodden with lighter footsteps than it had been ascended; in a few minutes they were on board the boat which had awakened their well-founded fears, and the same sails that had intercepted their flight, and thrown them into the hands of their enemies, were soon wafting them to a haven of safety.

Phaidrig having whispered Ned that he wished a few words with him, they were stowed away together in the bows of the boat, while Finch, at the earl's desire, moved astern, and gave a "full and true account" of the manner in which the foreign gold came into his possession — that same gold which seemed destined not to reach the right owner, but which was never in such imminent peril as when it got into the hands of Mr. Nevil, whence it had been so timely rescued. Ellen sat beside her father, retired from the rest, and felt, in the temporary quiet of their smooth sail, a relief to the excited feelings which the rapid and startling succession of events had that day so harrowed up. Clanricarde, from time to time, cast a glance towards her charming face, touched by its beautiful expression, and felt that his descendant had inherited not only the daring of the De Burgo, but their appreciation of female loveliness, yet inherent in that gallant race, as the halls of Portumna can bear witness to this hour, in the person of their noble mistress. From Ellen his eye would wander to Ned, whose glance he met once or twice in counter-gaze, as he seemed to listen intently to the discourse Phaidrig was pouring into his ear. The earl felt it was the secret of his half-noble ancestry the piper was imparting, and that nameless intelligence of eye, enkindled by sympathy, passed between them, and seemed already to make them known to each other.

The boat, meanwhile, was gliding swiftly to the western shore of the Lough, on reaching which, Clanricarde was one of the first to land, and when Ellen was about to step ashore, the earl offered her his hand.

"Permit me, Madame," he said in the blandest manner. "You have already experienced so much rudeness to-day, that I would wish to make you believe we are not all savages here."

"Thanks, my lord," said Ellen, as she accepted the nobleman's courtesy with becoming grace, and stepped ashore.

“And now, gentle lady,” he continued in a lower tone, and withdrawing her from the bank, “at once to set your heart at rest, let me assure you no harm shall fall upon your friends.”

“Oh! my lord,” exclaimed Ellen, clasping his hand between both of hers, and looking up into his face with the heavenly gleam of gratitude, making her sweet eyes more lovely, “I will for ever bless your name for this!”

“Enough, fair lady, enough — pray take my arm; we have a walk before us to the castle.”

“My lord,” said Ellen, looking at her humble attire, and speaking with a gracefulness of action that contrasted strongly with her outward seeming; “I am in strange costume to have a nobleman for my *cavalier*.”

“No matter,” replied he; “the walk is through my own woodlands; we shall have no impertinent lookers-on to make remarks.”

As they proceeded he entered into conversation with his companion, whom he found so accomplished in this respect, that he entertained a high opinion of her acquirements and good sense before their walk was over; and he was inclined to reckon her one of the most charming girls he had ever met ere they had reached the castle, to whose hospitable halls he bade her welcome as he led her through its massive portal.

CHAPTER LI

CONFERENCES SATISFACTORILY CONCLUDED

THE revelations Phaidrig had made were calculated to stir the various parties concerned in various ways. Clanricarde, it has been seen, was impressed with feelings of tenderness towards our hero, and he, in his turn, was the sport of contending emotions. The first feeling on Ned's part was that of pleasure at having a dash of noble blood in his veins. This might be expected, from the besetting weakness of his nature; but afterwards came the consideration of that awkward "bar-sinister;" — well, that was an accident he could not help; and the blood of De Burgo was in him, beyond denial, and on *his* birth, at least, there was no blot. But then came the consideration of what Lynch might think of this, jealous of honour as Edward knew him to be. With such thoughts was he busy while approaching the castle; and as Lynch and Phaidrig kept close together, engaged in earnest conversation, Ned had no doubt it related to *his* newly-discovered relationship. In this he was not mistaken; but Lynch had no opportunity as yet to speak to him on the subject, in the midst of the bustle which the arrival of this unexpected party produced. The earl, determined to show them every hospitality his castle could afford, set about furnishing them with more suitable attire than at present they wore, and wardrobe and *armoire* were put in requisition to furnish forth fitting apparel: and it was strange to observe the usually stern Clanricarde interesting himself in the equipment of Ned, whom he endeavoured to fit to

the best advantage, and was manifestly pleased to see what a good figure the fellow made in the habit of a gentleman.

On holding a private conference, much as he was prepared to like him, he found him surpassing his expectations. Ned's contact with the world had rubbed down whatever shyness he might once have laboured under, and pushing his own way in it had given him a quiet confidence. And if some scenes in his life had not tended towards refinement, love had supplied the deficiency, and inspired him with the power to be acceptable in gentle company.

The earl spoke with pleasure of his approaching union with Ellen, and went so far as to suggest their remaining in Ireland, where, under his protection, they might be certain of security; but Edward pointed out the impossibility of Ellen's separation from her father, and advanced so many other good reasons for his going to Spain, that the noble earl was satisfied of its being the wisest course, and yielded his wishes to his conviction. Being a man of resolve, when once this was determined upon, he thought it prudent no time should be lost in their abandoning the country, and set about ordering measures for an early movement the next morning.

While the earl was thus engaged, our hero was summoned by Phaidrig to a conference with "the captain;" and Ned had misgivings it would not be as pleasant as the one just concluded.

On coming before Lynch, Ned perceived his brow was clouded, and endeavoured to conciliate him by gentleness of manner; saying, he supposed he was aware of the strange history circumstances had brought to light, and feared he was displeased.

"I had rather it were otherwise," said Lynch. "I would prefer a pure descent from the Galway trader to a stained one from a lord. But there is something displeases me still more."

“May I ask it, Sir?” — though Ned guessed what was coming.

“You have been guilty of deception. You have assumed a name to which you are not entitled.”

Ned hung down his head and coloured to the forehead; this error, into which an early weakness betrayed him, had often placed him in awkward predicaments, and caused him some qualms of conscience; but circumstances had so involved him in the temptation to continue the deceit, that he never had courage to declare the truth; but now it seemed the hour was come when his folly was to recoil upon him with serious consequences.

“Though there is a stain in your descent, I would not object to you for that — that was not your own act; but assuming an honourable name to pass yourself off for something you were not, is a false pretence, not punishable by law, but falling under the condemnation of all honourable minds.”

Ned made a passionate disclaimer of all dishonourable intentions, spoke of it as a youthful folly which circumstances tended to confirm, and made an appeal to Lynch’s ear, if Corkery was not a very horrid name, and one that might almost excuse his fault. This Lynch would not admit, and told Ned he had done quite enough of gallant things to make any name respected.

“Could I have dared to lift my eyes to your daughter, Sir, under such a shabby name?”

“Using a false name was more shabby — and that’s what vexes me, Ned. You, a dashing, noble-spirited fellow, to have been guilty of a trick which belongs to swindlers and pickpockets!”

“Oh, Sir,” exclaimed Ned, writhing under the words — “do not use so harsh an expression — and — pray do not think it is in the spirit of retort, I remind you of something which may palliate my offence in your eyes. Remember, my dear Sir, that I first knew you as Count Nellinski.”

"I had the authority of my prince for the title, which was used only in political agencies in the service of my king, when its adoption might be useful to him, not to me; while you, without any aim but the assumption of a title that tickled your ears, passed yourself off under a false one. Nellinski is but a variation of my own name (not that I hold even *that* to be strictly right), while Fitzgerald was rather a bold flight from Corkery."

"The very baseness and hateful sound of that name is my best excuse," said Ned. "Now, Sir, be candid; would you like your daughter to be called Corkery?"

"I would rather she were called the name she had a right to, than go about, like a daw, decked in feathers not her own—and such would be her opinion, I am sure.—Ellen will be angry at this."

"Oh, Sir, if you and she knew how often this has been a pain to me, how frequently I wished to confess all about it, but shrank with a false shame from the avowal, you would rather pity than blame me. I hope I can persuade her to think no worse of me for it—and you, too, Sir."

"Corkery," said Lynch, "a woman will forgive much in the man she loves; and though Fitzgerald is a prettier name than Corkery," and Lynch laid much stress on the name each time—"I say, though Corkery——"

"Oh, that hateful name!" exclaimed Ned in disgust, "must I be called that name?—what shall I do when I meet those who knew me under another?"

"Meet them with a prouder front, Ned; for then there will be no deceit about you. but come," he added feelingly, for our hero's sense of shame touched him, "Ellen will forgive you, as I forgive you, Ned, for the noble points in your character and conduct which have endeared you to both of us—but remember, my dear fellow, you have no right to take another man's name—it is doubly false—it is wronging him if you do it dishonour, and it may be putting on inferior

mettle the stamp that will make it pass current upon the world."

"You are right, Sir," said Edward; "and if to acknowledge and feel sorrow for a fault is, as I have heard, partly atoning for it, mine is not as heavy as it was; and, in truth, I feel happier for this explanation, though I confess I *do* hate the name I must bear."

"Give me your hand—you have a frank spirit; and now that you are willing to do the right thing, I will try to help you to a pleasanter name."

"How, Sir?" said Ned, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"In marriage sometimes it is stipulated that a man takes the name of his wife—suppose I make that a condition in your wedding Ellen?"

Ned could scarcely speak; but wrung Lynch's hand with fervour, and endeavoured to say something of the honour of being allowed to take the name.

"Ned, what that is mine would I not give you when I have given you my Ellen! She is to be yours, with my blessing. Heaven knows how long I may be in this world—the laws may demand *me*, though Clancricarde will protect *you*, without doubt. Take, then, the name and arms of our ancient family; you will do honour to both."

While Ned was expressing hope that the favour of the earl would be extended beyond *him*, their conversation was interrupted by a summons to the hall, where the board was spread in all the proverbial amplitude of Galway hospitality, and afterwards the wine-cup circled freely. The potations of those times were wont to be deeper than ours, whose modern code of after-dinner laws names half-an-hour as the measure of vinous indulgence after the ladies have retired; and, it is likely, the rounds of the claret-flask were not limited to so stinted a period in the hall of Portumna that day; but there was no excess, notwithstanding. In a society so

much higher than he was used to, Finch forbore an indulgence to which he would have yielded at an humbler board, and Ned, hearing the notes of a harpsichord, and Ellen's voice, when the door was occasionally opened, longed to be of *that* party; so he and his friend paired off to the ladies, and left the earl and Lynch together.

For this Clanricarde was not sorry; he rather wished a few words in confidence with "the captain;" and there is much that, in the morning coldness of your private closet would be harsh and difficult to treat, which the genial influence of the hearth and the wine-cup render smooth and easy. So felt the earl, as pushing the bottle to his guest he said —

"I know you will excuse something I am going to say to you, captain. I am here, you know, in a high trust; and though my authority gives me great latitude in the exercise of enforcing or relaxing the laws, yet if, in the latter case, I stretch a point, I wish to satisfy my conscience that I do no wrong to my king. Now, *captain*, as that is the only name I am to know you by (though the earl's smile suggested the idea that he guessed a little more), will you promise me, on your honour, that when you leave Ireland *this time*" — and he laid some emphasis on the words — "will you promise, I say, never to return to it again, and to abstain from disturbing its peace? and then my conscience will be at rest respecting my duty to his majesty."

"For the sake of those who are dear to us both, my lord, I do promise."

"Captain, your hand: I am satisfied; and, believe me, 't is better for yourself, as the cause of 'a certain person' is hopeless. But I will say no more — let us join the ladies in the drawing-room, and exchange the ascerbity of politics for the sweetness of music."

CHAPTER LII

PHAIDRIG COMES TO AN UNDERSTANDING WITH
MRS. BANKS

WHILE the evening was pleasantly spent in the castle, arrangements had been looked to for the work of the morning. A boat had been forwarded overnight, by the earl's order, to Killaloe, where it might be removed overland to the foot of the falls, and be in readiness for the voyagers after they should traverse the lake. That work had been done, the boat had been relaunched below the mighty roar and rush of Derg's wide waters, where the variable Shannon, again confined to its river form, pursues its rapid course to Limerick and the sea; and her crew, after enjoying a hearty meal, were reclining on the river's bank, smoking and telling stories, when the report of a gun above the falls attracted their attention. Springing to their feet, they hurried up the slopes, and saw the earl's yacht shortening sail, and throwing her grappling ashore. The earl himself was of the party that landed; and among the removals made from the sailing craft to the barge below the falls, were some small strongly-hooped barrels of unusual weight. When these were safely bestowed, the earl handed to the boat a young lady, who seemed to engross his particular attention, and the rest of the party following, the barge was pushed off, and the rapid course of the river, under the vigorous pulling of four stout rowers, soon bore them to Limerick.

Clanricarde, wishing to avoid the publicity which the lodging at an inn involves, led the party to the house of

a private citizen, where they were received with welcome. Lynch and his daughter remained with the earl, within doors, but Ned and Finch at once set out to find the quickest and most desirable means of shipment. It has been already mentioned that the Irish coast then swarmed with king's cruisers; therefore, to attempt a passage to France in a small craft (unless of such sailing quality as was not to be obtained by chance) would have been madness; so a passage in any merchantman bound to an English port was what they sought, whence the smuggling traffic with which they were conversant would help them to a cast across the Channel; and, by good luck, a brig for London was to sail the following day. No time was lost in striking a bargain, and Finch and Ned returned to their quarters, rejoiced in having made so speedy an arrangement.

Clanricarde and "the captain," during their sail that day had much converse, and the earl was won upon by Lynch, whose quiet, though deep devotion to the cause of his country, found respect in the bosom of one whose ancestors were often banded in the national cause. Some had resisted the tyranny of Strafford; one of the noble maidens of the house had intermarried with Sarsfield; and some gallant scions had fallen on foreign battlefields opposed to the interests which the present earl supported, though he was unwilling to support them in the unwise and sanguinary spirit of the time. He was glad to have some parting words with the soldier who was about to expatriate himself for ever, and it is more than probable, that his brief intercourse of two days with Lynch, had a mutual influence on both for good: — on the powerful peer to direct his attention to the abatement of the severities of government, and the seeking to procure a more wise and liberal legislation; and on Lynch, in convincing him how utterly hopeless was the cause of the house of Stuart.

On the following morning, the bell of St. Munchin's

warned our voyagers it was time to embark. The courteous Clanricarde, to secure their safety, bore them company to the brig, whose sails were already unfurled, and the anchor being weighed, the earl took Ned aside, and after some brief, but affectionate words, concluded by saying, that as there was a long journey before him ere he should reach his uncle in Spain, he wished to bestow on him a token of his regard, which might be useful to him on the road, and placed in his hands a pocket-book containing a bill on a London merchant for five hundred pounds. Then, addressing himself to Ellen, he begged her acceptance of a small gift, which he hoped she would wear on the day of her marriage, and presented her with a Maltese cross set in diamonds.

“Phaidrig,” he said, “has refused my offer of becoming the piper of Portumna Castle; he will follow you, I find.”

“And the noble Clanricarde won’t blame me for that same,” said Phaidrig, “though I thank his lordly generosity.”

“No, Phaidrig; but, remember, the gate of Portumna is always open to you.”

“And never was shut yet to the minstrel,” said the piper.

“To you it is open on higher grounds than that of your craft, Phaidrig; for your fidelity and affection, and the service you rendered in saving a life that is dear to me; and though you refused my offer of a home, you must not refuse this,” — and he placed a purse, with no inconsiderable sum of gold, in the piper’s hand, — “not a word of refusal, Phaidrig; if you will not use it in the shape of coin, the gold will serve for a handsome mounting to your pipes.”

The “heave-o” of the sailors, and the measured stroke of the windlass, had ceased; the anchor was up, and the brig began to drop down the river. The time

to part was come; short and few, but affectionate, were the words of farewell. The earl went over the side into his boat, the sails of the brig were sheeted home, and she bent to the favouring breeze on her seaward course.

The voyage was prosperous, but afforded nothing of incident worth relating; therefore, suffice it to say, that in a few days a safe landing was effected in London. A quiet lodging was soon secured for Lynch, Ellen, and Ned; Finch saying he would be off to his old quarters with his good-hearted landlady, "Mother Banks," as he always called her, and suggested that Phaidrig should join him, and enliven, for the few days they might remain, the tavern of the kind widow. This arrangement was thought excellent; and Finch and the piper (and the faithful *Turlough* into the bargain,) — set off directly. It was between "day and dark" when they reached the snug house of call, so that it was no difficult matter to slip in unperceived. Placing Phaidrig in the room of general reception, Finch told him to have his pipes in readiness, and when he should give him a certain signal to commence playing.

"We'll surprise the widow," said Finch.

"Well and good," answered Phaidrig.

Finch then went into the back parlour, where Mother Banks had just lit a candle, and much was the open-hearted landlady rejoiced to see him. They talked for some time about the thousand and one things that had happened since they had last met; and in the midst of their alternate question and answer, Finch gave the signal agreed upon between him and the piper, who opened his chanter directly, and lilted one of his favourite airs. The moment the widow heard the first sound of the pipes, she uttered a hurried and almost breathless exclamation of pleasure; and Finch, laying hold of her hand, felt her trembling violently, while she said, "Poor fellow — poor dear fellow — he's come back;" and her eyes filled with tears. Finch saw, in an instant, that, as

he suspected, the widow had a "sneaking kindness" for Phaidrig; so, hastening into the outer room, he led in the piper, to whom he gave a hint, by-the-way, to give the widow a hearty kiss for a welcome. He executed Finch's order in excellent style, and the widow seemed nothing loth for the first salute; but when Phaidrig kept "continually going on," Mrs. Banks, half suffocated, contrived to struggle out of his arms, and, when she recovered her breath, said,

"Well, Master Faydrig, for a dark man, it is wonderful how smart you are."

"Sure, my darlin'!" says Phaidrig, "is n't it an owld saying that we can find the way to our mouths in the dark?"

"Not to other people's mouths," said Mrs. Banks, coquettishly.

"You thought so before," said Phaidrig; "but now you know the differ."

"Well, well, but you Irish fellows have an answer for everything. I'm sure, Master Faydrig, I never thought you were such a rantipole till now. Dear! but my cap is tossed, and my han'kecher ruffled;" and, as she made these complaints, she was fidgeting about smoothing her feathers, and declaring Captain Finch was "just all as bad for laughing so."

"Why, what harm, mother," said Finch. "There's another old saying, you know, that 'seeing is believing, but ——'"

"Hold your tongue," said Mother Banks, "I know you're a going to say impudence, so ha' done. I'll contrive to stop your mouth, — I will. And as Master Phaydrig was talking of finding the way there, the proverb shall be fulfilled in the true meaning, by my serving up to you as nice a veal pasty as ever knife and fork was set in."

"And a bottle of the good old stuff, mother, if there is any left."

“A nice little corner in the bin yet, captain.”

“Right, mother! — ‘Fulfil and fill full’ ’s the word for old sayings and old wine.”

Mother Banks bustled off; and the larder, and the cellar, and the kitchen, were visited in her kindest spirit; and there was a merry supper-party of three in the little back parlour that night. They sat up late, and had much talk afterwards; and, as she had asked many questions of Finch about his doings during his absence, he enquired of her how affairs were moving in London in the mean time. She told him they went on but sadly; that those in power, and all who favoured them, had got so “hoity toity” of late, that no “free-hearted” gentleman dared say a word — they must be all as mute as mice now; and, since they had fears no longer from the north, their high-handed proceedings were past all patience. And then the cruel hangings, and quarterings, and gibbetings, to say nothing of all the lords they were beheading on Tower-hill — oh, ’t was fearful! — London was no more the merry place it was; it was turned quite into a slaughter-house, and, indeed, sometimes she wished herself out of it. Finch ventured to conjecture that, nevertheless, her house went on as well as ever. She said it was not much damaged in the main; but somehow the people did n’t seem as merry as they used to be, and she had not half the pleasure in the trade she used to have. Most of their conversation was of a “sad-coloured” character; and the next day Finch told Phaidrig he ought to help to gladden the widow’s heart with his good humour, and take up his quarters in the house at once as her husband. Phaidrig admitted the widow was a “nice woman entirely,” and that no man she would take could do better than have her. Finch expressed his belief the widow would not say nay to him: whereupon Phaidrig started a fresh objection — “he would n’t lave the masther.” Lynch he was determined to follow for the future. In this state of affairs

Finch watched his opportunities whenever they offered, to sound the widow as to how her mind lay towards matrimony, and was not long in bringing her to own that the piper was not objectionable. Phaidrig and she were quick in understanding each other, and the question of the piper leaving Lynch, or the widow quitting England, alone remained to be settled. Phaidrig argued that as she complained of London becoming so sad, and as France was a fine frisky place, the best thing she could do was to go there with him.

“But sure I can’t speak French,” said the widow.

“Arrah, but can’t I spake Irish?” said Phaidrig.

“But what good would that do?” said the widow; “they can’t understand either English or Irish.”

“Well, sure,” said Phaidrig, “there would be no disgrace in our not understanding French; and as they only spake one language which *we* don’t understand, and as we, between us, can spake two that they don’t understand, the balance would be in our favour; does n’t that stand to rayson?”

The widow laughed at Phaidrig’s whimsical way of settling that difficulty, and after some few days further pressing on his part, she said “she would think of it.” Now, as the “woman who deliberates is lost,” it may be conjectured how the matter terminated. It must be acknowledged, however, that the landlady’s sympathies were unfairly influenced by Phaidrig reminding her what “beautiful brandy” there was in France.

Of the principal personages of our story we say nothing during their sojourn in London; for no incident worth recording occurred. They lived as quietly as possible, and with as much of secrecy as would not arouse suspicion where they lodged. They frequented no public places, therefore the great city was at once dull as well as dangerous; for danger there certainly was to those who had been so actively engaged in the Pretender’s cause, as long as they remained in the British

dominions. It was with rejoicing, therefore, they beheld Finch, with a smile on his face, pay them a visit one evening to tell them to be in readiness. He, ever since their arrival, had been casting about in his old haunts by the river, to find out when and how a safe run might be made across the Channel, and, at length, heard of a promising venture.

“To-morrow night,” said Finch.

“To-morrow night,” was echoed in the heart of each anxious listener; “to-morrow night” haunted their dreams; to their feverish impatience the intervening time seemed of unusual duration, but the leaden-footed hours at length brought the appointed moment. That night they were on the waters.

CHAPTER LIII

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY AT THE IRISH COLLEGE

FIVE days afterwards the welcome towers and spires of Paris rose on the view of a merry travelling party, who were posting rapidly towards that cheerful capital by the northern road. That party consisted of our friends, who had safely passed the perils of the Channel.

The earliest business of the next day was a visit to the Irish College, for, by one of the fathers of that establishment, and within its chapel, did Lynch desire his daughter should be married. He and Ned went together, while Ellen drove to her friend, Madame de Jumillac, to request her presence at the wedding. Much was Madame rejoiced at the sight of her dear young friend, who, after some maiden hesitation, told her what was going to happen. Madame wondered any young lady would be married in such a quiet fashion — a wedding ought to be a gay and handsome affair. Ellen said her father disliked parade, and as it was an object to her future husband to reach Spain with all speed, it was determined she should be married to-morrow. Madame hoped the “destiny” was a “brilliant” one, worthy one so charming, so admired. Ellen silenced the raptures of her friend by giving a brief sketch of the course of events which led to the forthcoming result, and Madame had the satisfaction of knowing that the match, though not brilliant, was, at least, romantic — the next best thing to the notions of a French woman.

“And now, my love,” said Madame, “you need not be afraid of your husband being put into the Bastille, and yourself being run away with; that wicked marshal — he is dead.”

“Heaven forgive him his sins!” said Ellen, with unaffected piety.

“Amen, my love. France has lost her greatest general, and decorum her greatest enemy; for it must be confessed, his vices were fully equal to his military glory. Nevertheless, France may well mourn the loss of the gallant Count de Saxe.”

Ellen made enquiry after the unfortunate prince, whose doings, Madame assured her, were not much calculated to increase his popularity in Paris; where, after the first *furor* of his reception, as a hero of romance, his frivolity and dissipation were debasing him into a person of *mauvais ton*. While thus the day wore away between Ellen and her friend, her father and her lover were enjoying an unlooked for pleasure at the Irish College. Judge of their surprise on finding Father Flaherty safe and sound after a marvellous escape out of Ireland. He had been hiding with some fishermen (the mountain retreats having been desperately hunted up), and was wont to go to sea with them. One night a heavy gale drove them off the coast; and, in the morning, they descried a vessel of war under French colours. So providential a means of escape was eagerly seized. The fishermen made signals of distress, to attract the notice of the ship, which bore down and took the *padre* on board. Father Flaherty, of course, was the person whose offices were sought for the next morning, and maybe the good father was n't delighted.

“'Faith, luck's on your side, Ned; little I thought when I was nursing you in Bruges, poor boy, that you'd ever see the darling girl again. Oh, indeed, be thankful, night and morning, my dear child, for all the blessings Providence has showered on you, in preserving you

through so many dangers, and giving you such an angel for a wife at last !”

Brightly dawned the marriage morning. Simply arrayed in white, with no ornament but the diamond cross of Clanricarde, Ellen, leaning on her friend, Madame de Jumillac, and followed by her father, approached the altar in the little chapel of the Irish College, where Ned, with Finch for his bridesman, awaited her. Phaidrig, of course, was there, and Mrs. Banks *would not* be absent. The ceremony was commenced by the kind-hearted Father Flaherty ; and, as Lynch gave the bride away, there was an eloquent appeal in his thoughtful eye, which spoke thus to Ned :—“ I give you all that is dear to me in this world ; be as fond and gentle a protector to her as I have been ;” and in the open and manly countenance of Ned there beamed an assurance which set the father’s heart at rest. Ellen and Ned were made one ; he clasped her to his heart his wedded wife, and in that blissful consciousness he felt all the trials and perils of his life were a million times overpaid. The priest spread his hands over them in benediction, and then all knelt in prayer to ask Heaven’s blessing on the married couple. While others bowed their heads within their hands the sightless orbs of Phaidrig were raised to heaven, while his handsome features bore an expression of profound devotion, as his lips moved silently in breathing a heart-felt supplication to his God for blessings on his master’s daughter and the son of his darling Molly.

As the wedding party left the chapel, they were surprised to see Madame de Jumillac’s carriage waiting in the court (for they had driven there in hired coaches). “ My love,” she said, as she kissed Elle, “ you and your husband must use my carriage while you remain in Paris. My servants know where to drive you to. I have prepared a little surprise for you which I know will be pleasing ;—there, ask no questions—submit to be taken where I have ordered.”

Madame was obeyed; the carriage drove rapidly away and left the city some miles behind. For a while Ellen did not know whither they were going; but some points in a pretty little road into which they turned at last, recalled to mind the route by which she and her father had escaped from Paris two years before, and ere long the pretty house of poor Adrienne peeped above the hedges, and the carriage stopped at the little wicket through which the sweet smile of the benevolent actress had greeted her. There was a sober pleasure in coming to this spot, and Ellen felt how charming an attention her friend had bestowed in procuring for her this surprise. Some delightful days were spent in this pretty, quiet spot; and as happy Ned and his sweet wife paced the smooth turf of the little parterre, and paused betimes at the resting-place of Ellen's benefactress, they hoped her spirit had found peace, and might then be conscious of their happiness, rejoicing even in the beatitude of eternity over the redeeming good of her faulty, fleeting life.

While Ned and Ellen were thus enjoying the first of their honeymoon, Lynch had reported himself at the War Office, and became again attached to the Irish Brigade, but not on active duty. In consideration of his services and increasing years, he was appointed to a post which made Paris his head-quarters; and the piper had the satisfaction of fulfilling his desire to be "near the masher," consistently with his interest, as he and his wife (for he married the comely widow) set up a *cabaret* in one of the *fauxbourgs*, under the sign of "The Blackbird," and it became the resort of "the boys of the brigade," and every Irishman who happened to be in Paris, and Phaidrig and his rib did right well.

But it was requisite that Ned should hasten to Spain, and Lynch determined to bear the young couple company as far south as *Bordeaux*. Finch, too, started with them; and, as they went over precisely the same ground

that Ellen and her father travelled in their flight from Paris, they could not help remarking under what different feelings they prosecuted their journey now.

On approaching *Blois*, a remarkable incident occurred. The report of artillery firing salutes betokened the celebration of some ceremony; and on reaching the town they heard the funeral of Marshal Saxe was approaching. He whose presence they so dreaded at that very spot two years ago was now no more;—he sought them living—they met him dead.

He had lain in state at the Château de Chambord, with all honours, during which time guard was mounted with as much regularity as though he lived. But the stands of arms which adorned his halls were broken, and his officers put on mourning. Salvos of artillery were fired every half-hour, and when the time arrived to remove his body to the place of sepulture, it was done by order of the king, with all the pomp that funeral rites could embody.

This was contrary to Saxe's own order. His death was worthy of a better spent life, and his dying words were indicative of a noble spirit. "Let my funeral be private," he said; "place my body in quick lime, that nothing may remain of me in this world but my memory amongst my friends."

The procession had already entered the town, whose streets and windows were thronged with sorrowing spectators; the plaintive wail of the music, the dull roll of the muffled drum, the drooping banners, the trailing pikes of his own regiment of *Hulans*, who guarded his bier, his favourite war-horse, with empty saddle, following, all tended to impress the mind with sadness. Even *Lynch*, in that hour, forgot his private wrong; the feelings of the soldier prevailed, and as the plumed hearse passed by, he lifted his hat respectfully from his head in honour of the gallant chief who had so often led him to victory.

When the procession had cleared the town, our travellers proceeded on their journey, and Lynch, at Bordeaux, took a tender adieu of Ellen, who promised to visit him at Paris in the following spring. Ned and his wife, in all the glow of honeymoon happiness, passed the Pyrenees, whose beauties enchanted them, and entered Spain. Finch bore them company all the way, for, as luck would have it, his mission led him to the very place where old Don Jerome resided. They reached the end of their journey in safety, and Ned's uncle was rejoiced to see him, and welcomed, with open arms, his lovely wife, to whose gentle care he owed many an after comfort. — The old Don Jerome was now very rich, for another ship of his had reached Spain, and he was enabled to have a very handsome house and establishment. It was one of those heavy-portalled, small-windowed houses peculiar to the country, with projecting, shadow-casting roof, and a long, stretching, open, arcade-like gallery, where one might walk at noon protected from the heat. This connected the dwelling with a sort of airy summer-house, which stood in the garden, and commanded a view of the sea: and often in after-times Ned and Ellen could watch, from its height, a certain little boy who somehow or other had liberty to play about the place, and who very often made an umbrella of Don Jerome's *sombrero*, to the old man's great delight: and it must be confessed, Ned and Nelly used to enjoy the infantine capers of this tiny personage; the little fellow, when he could prattle, said, "he would like another little child to play with him," and his indulgent parents contrived to gratify the affectionate wish.

Finch executed his trust like a man of honour; and as the widow of the shipwrecked captain had a very pretty daughter, Finch was rewarded with her hand and heart, and a handsome dowry; and, finally,

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inherited all the treasures he had preserved to the family of his friend.

And now what else is to be said? — Oh — poor old Denis Corkery, I almost forgot him. He could never be prevailed upon to leave Ireland. He said he would die as he had lived amongst his old friends in Galway — and so he did. And now what more? — Why, that a great many more little people were running about Ned's garden, and that he and the exquisite Nelly lived long and prosperously, a blessing to each other, and beloved by all who knew them; that visits to Paris were occasionally made, and that the faithful Phaidrig often had the pleasure of dandling in his arms the children of his “darling Miss Nelly.”

THE END



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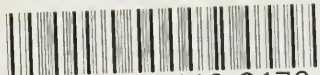
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