

I love thee still. There is some poetry and imagination about the ragged rascals, anyhow. And I confess it's a relief to me to get the taste of iron out of my mouth, and the sound of the hammer and tongs out of my ears. Don't you agree with me, Miss Earnshaw? I'm sure the hard money-grinding spirit of those purse-proud, vulgar Hammerham folks must be very distasteful to you."

There was a covert sneer in his tone that annoyed Mabel, and she answered coldly; "I know some Hammerham folks, Mr. Trescott, who make a good use of their money."

"So do I," answered Alfred, quickly; "our friend Mr. Clement Charlewood, for example. He is a finehearted fellow, no doubt. Though I wish he hadn't quite such a contempt for everything professionally artistic. It seems a pity, you know, when you find a capital fellow like that, with a great deal of intellect too—for I consider him clever—cherishing narrow prejudices."

He expressed himself with so much warmth and apparent sincerity, that Mabel, who was naturally unsuspecting, reproached herself for the haughty tone in which she had previously spoken, and in amends gave him her hand, when he took his leave, with more cordiality than she had yet shown towards him.

The only member of the family who seemed at all disposed to like Alfred Trescott was Mr. Earnshaw. He was precluded by his blindness from being subjected to the repulsive influence of the young man's sinister eyes; and Alfred had evidently endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Mr. Walton, as he called him, and had offered to bring his violin and play to him as long as he chose. The blind man had always been remarkably fond of music; but since his loss of sight, his delight in it had increased to a passion. It was one of the great regrets of Janet's life that she had no musical talent wherewith to gratify her father; they had a little hired piano, on which Mabel's fingers had already been set to work many times, and occasionally at Uncle John's request she would sing him some simple ballad in a fresh untutored voice. But Alfred Trescott's playing was music of a much higher kind than any that Mabel could pretend to make; and Mr. Earnshaw enjoyed it most thoroughly.

"I wish," said Janet to her mother, "that it were any one else but Alfred Trescott who had offered to come and play to father. I have an unconquerable aversion to that young man."

"I can't say that I'm fond of him, Janet," returned her mother; "but its thoughtful of him to remember your father's love for music. And we can't give him the cold shoulder. Dear John has so few pleasures, we ought not to grudge him this one."

So it came to pass that Alfred and his violin were to be seen and heard nearly every day in Mrs. Walton's house for a fortnight.

On the first occasion of his coming he brought a roll of music in his hand, and begged Miss Earnshaw to be good enough to accompany him on the piano. "I'm no musician, Mr. Trescott," said Mabel, to whom the task was distasteful, "I should do injustice to your sonata by my unskillful accompaniment."

"Oh, I assure you it is quite simple," said Alfred, looking disappointed. "Just a few chords. You can read them easily, I am sure. In fact, I fear it will be almost impossible for me to play without the assistance of the piano."

"Come, Mabel," said Uncle John, "you'll try, won't you, to oblige me?"

After that, it was impossible to refuse. So Mabel sat down at the instrument, and found that she could accomplish her task satisfactorily.

The moment Alfred Trescott took his violin in his hand, he seemed to be transformed into another being. It was as if some finer spirit moved the long supple fingers that pressed the strings and inspired the curved right arm to wield the bow. He had pathos, passion, and a splendid purity and beauty of tone. It was impossible to resist the charm of his playing. Even Janet yielded to the spell, and Mabel's eyes were full of tears as she rose from the piano. As to

the blind man, he sat drinking in the music with silent ecstasy. Alfred was quick to perceive the impression he had made, and took care not to destroy it by remaining too long. Praise was very sweet to him, and he was greedy of it, but it did not act with him as an incentive to exertion. He only said to himself: "See what an effect I produce upon these people! How shamefully unjust it is that that so clever a fellow as I am, should be allowed to remain in obscurity!" However, he steadily kept his best side towards Mrs. Walton's family: which, indeed, was not difficult, for their gentle good humour offered no temptations to call forth his evil tempers. Mabel, who was devoting herself heart and soul to the study of the profession she was about to attempt, and who found food for the nourishment of her own artistic capacity in all the other forms of art and poetry, enjoyed his playing exceedingly.

"I wish," she thought, "that I could have some one to play to me like that, whenever I chose. I fancy that I could act so much better, after listening to such music."

But still, young Trescott made no advance in her good opinion. He and his playing were somehow quite separate and distinct from each other in her mind. Her nature was too true and earnest to sympathise with his shallowness and egotism. He sometimes, with an idea of ingratiating himself with her, assumed a false enthusiasm, which Mabel's truthful instinct never failed to detect for what it was, and which caused a revulsion in her mind that made her hate the very name of art for the moment. At such times the recollection of Clement Charlewood's simple manliness would recur to her, and she would feel how high above this vapouring sensuous egotist rose the moral nature of the Hammerham "money-grinder."

"After all, there is nothing good but goodness!" Mabel would say to herself. And then the work would fall from her fingers, or the little yellow play-book would drop into her lap, and she would sit musing, musing, for an hour together.

To be continued.

THE FRENCH IN IRELAND.

ON the morning of the 22nd of August, 1798, the town of Killala, a seaport facing a large inlet of the Atlantic in the county of Mayo, was startled by the appearance in the bay of three frigates, showing English colours. The arrival of English cruisers seemed especially unaccountable, as the province (Connaught) was then quiet, although rebellion was raging in other parts of Ireland.

Mr. Kirkwood, a magistrate, who commanded the local yeomanry, though not much alarmed, kept his corps of thirty horsemen under arms at the castle, the residence of Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killala; and so did Lieutenant Sills, of the Prince of Wales' Fencibles, his twenty militiamen from Ballina, a place seven miles and a half distant. Two sons of the bishop, eager to see the English men-of-war, threw themselves into a boat with the port-surveyor, and pulled off at once to the unexpected vessels.

The next day was the visitation of the dioceses of Killala and Achonry (scarcely now abolished), and the sensible and good-natured bishop was entertaining three or four of the clergy and two officers of carbiners, from Ballina, at the castle. The ladies of the family—the bishop's wife, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Cope, and eleven children—had just retired to the drawing-room. The bishop and his friends had drawn closer round the claret; the pleasant after-glow of a summer evening was gleaming on the ruby of the wine; the Atlantic decanting into the bay was crimson as a bowl of Burgundy; when suddenly the door flew open, and a terrified messenger informed the bishop that the French had come, and that three hundred of them were within a mile of the town. General Humbert (Hoche's second in command at Bantry Bay in 1796) had, indeed, disembarked with one thousand and ninety men. The carbiner officers instantly leaped on their horses and dashed off to carry

the news to Ballina. Lieutenant Sills resolved to fight, and mustered his fifty yeomen and fencibles at the castle gate. The men then marched into the main street, which stands at right angles to the castle, and prepared to meet the French advanced guard, which came on in a dark mass of blue and scarlet and sour sallow faces; the drums beating sharp, fierce, and quick. In a moment two yeomen were struck dead, and the rest fled, leaving Captain Kirkwood alone to stand fifty shots before he was taken. Lieutenant Sills, retreating into the castle, was soon after obliged to surrender to General Humbert, who sent him away the next day to the ships to be taken to France, because he was an Englishman. Nineteen of the yeomen were also secured by the French, and closely imprisoned in the bishop's drawing-room. One of the bishop's guests, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Ellison, of Castlebar, having formerly been an officer, could not resist the sound of the drum, and at the approach of the French shouldered a musket and joined the yeomen. He stood fire well, was wounded by a spent ball, and was one of the last to retreat into the castle. The worthy bishop retired into his garden to collect his mind while the firing went on, and succeeded in the attempt by the time the French general and staff of seventy officers arrived in the castle yard and demanded to see Monsieur l'Evêque.

The French soldiers were, except the grenadiers, generally short men; their clothes were shabby, their faces pale and sallow with the recent voyage and the fatigues of the campaigns of Italy and the Rhine. At the siege of Mentz, the winter before, many of them had suffered great privations. It is only necessary to say they were French soldiers, to be sure that they were temperate, intelligent, self-reliant, patient, and full of ardent courage. They had started eighteen days before from Rochelle, and had tried unsuccessfully to land in Donegal, where a succeeding expedition afterwards failed to get a footing.

General Humbert, who had distinguished himself in the desperate Vendean war, was sanguine of success. Ten more frigates and three thousand men would soon be off the coast. Ireland would be a free and happy nation, under the protection of France, within a month. A Directory was immediately to be set up in Connaught. The tricolour and the green flag would wave together, and scare the English lion. Humbert was an ignorant man of low origin, who had forced his way through the ranks by prompt decision and by physical energy. His passions were furious, his manner marked by a roughness and violence that was only assumed to carry out his own purposes. He was tall and well-made, and in the vigour of life. His small sleepy eyes, languid with watching, cast sidelong insidious glances, like those of a cat, and gave a forbidding look of distrust to his physiognomy.

The bishop being a travelled man, spoke good French, and General Humbert told him to be under no apprehension. He and all his people would be treated with respectful attention. He even hoped a person of the ability and consequence of the bishop would serve himself, and help to liberate his country, by joining the new Directorate. The main army, under General Kilmaine, numbered ten thousand men, and three thousand more on board ship were ready at Brest under General Hardy. Nothing but what was absolutely necessary for support was to be taken by the French troops. The evening was spent in giving hurried orders for the disembarkation of the men, and making arrangements for their quarters. The French officers boasted, after their manner, that they had brought arms for one hundred thousand men and nine pieces of cannon. They had really with them arms for only five thousand five hundred men and two four-pounders.

That evening Humbert examined his prisoner, Captain Kirkwood, as to what supplies could be drawn from the town to assist the republicans in their march forward. Mr. Kirkwood replied, with such frankness and candour, that the French general liberated him on parole. His invalid wife, however, flying to the mountains, Kirkwood