GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

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A FLIGHT AND A RETURN.

Three years had rulled by, and, although the tragedy in the homestead at Glenanaar was still fresh in the memories of the people, and was often a topic of discussion around the winter's hearths, it was east into a background of utter insignificance when the great national tragedy commenced; and after many a hope and fear, it was seen that, without doubt, famine and all its ghastly train of evils was far and wide upon the land. Looking back on that appalling period in our history, the great wonder is, not that so many perished in the famine, but that so many lived, and lived in comfort, in the years previous to that dread visitation. When old men point out to-day places where whole villages then existed, each with its little army of tradesmen—nullers, spinners. A FLIGHT AND A RETURN. men point out to-day places where whole villages then existed, each with its little army of tradesmen—ullers, spinners, masons, stone-cutters, carpenters, etc., we, whose economic ecn ditions are not yet up to the normal standard of living, ask ourselves in amasement how did the people then live. The land is as rich to-day as ever; the population has dwindled down to one-half of what it was then. If to-day the struggle for existence is still keen, what must it not have been then? And yet, the remnants of the assertion, that the men of those bygone days, nurtured exclusively on potatoes and milk, were a far more powerful race than their descendants; could endure greater hardship, and accomplish greater work. But when the people, we can imagine what a horror, slowly creeping on their minds, finally seized them with utter panic, when, in the autumn of '48, that strange odor filled the atmosphere, and told of the deadly blight. Even to-day that word has an ominous significance. Men seem to grow pale at the thought of it. The farmer or laborer sniffs the air on one of those sweet autumnal evenings, and goes into his cottage a depressed man. of those sweet autumnal evenings, and goes into his cottage a depressed man. A newspaper report from the far west of the country, that the "blight" has of the country, that the "blight" has appeared, makes men still shudder. What must it have been in these far days, when no other food was to be had; when the granaries of the great prairies were yet unlocked, and a whole people might perish before the hands of the charitable could reach them.

And they did perish; perished by And they did perish; perished by handreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands; perished in the houses, in the fields, by the roadside, in the ditches; perished from hunger, from cold, but most of all from the famine-fever. It is an appalling picture, that which springs up to memory. Gaunt spectres move here and there looking at one another out memory. Gaunt spectres move nere and there, looking at one another out of hollow eyes of despair and gloom. Ghosts walk the land. Great giant Ghosts walk the land. Great giant figures, reduced to skeletons by hunger, shake in their clothes, which hang loose around their attenuated frames. Mothers try to still their children's cries of hunger by bringing their cold, blue lips to milkless breasts. Here and there by the wayside a corpus stares at the passers-by as it lies against the there by the wayside a corpse stares at the passors-by, as it lies against the hedge where it had sought shelter. The pallor of its face is darkened by lines of green around the mouth, the dry juice of grass and nettles. All day long the carts are moving to the grave-yards with their ghastly, staring, un-coffined loads. In the town it is even worse. The shops are shuttered. Great fires blaze at the corners of streets to purify the air. From time to time the doctors send up into the polluted air paper kites with a piece of meat attached. The meat comes down putrid. At the government depots, ere and there, starving creature their hands into the boiling maize, or Indian meal (hence and forevermore in Indian meal (hence and forevermore in Ireland the synonym of starvation and poverty) and swallow with avidity the burning food. A priest is called from his bed at every watch of the night. As he opens his hall-door, two or three corpses fall into his arms. Poor creatures! here was their last refuge! Here and there along the streets, while Here and there along the streets, while the soft rain comes down to wash more corruption into the festering streets, a priest kneels in the mud over a pro trate figure. He is administering th last rites, whilst a courageous stander holds an umbrella above head to guard the Sacred Species. but pits, as after the carnage of a great battle, are dug in the cemeter ies; and the burial service is read over twenty corpses at a time. Those who have managed to escape the dread visitation are flying panic-stricken to the seaports. They heed not the comaship, nor the sea-perils before them. Anywhere, anywhere, out of this pest iferous, famine-stricken Gehenna! The ships are full. Those who are compelled to remain behind on the quays send up a wail of lamentation. The dread a wail of lamentation. The dread spirits of fever and famine haunt them. There is no enorcism so powerful as to dispel them. There is nothing but flight, flight! The panic has lasted

one dark, iron-gray, bitter evening in the month of March, 1848, Redmond Casey was looking through the smoke-begrimed pane of grass which lighted the smithy. Work was dull; and he had time to dream. And his dream was the dream of the last three years, the figure that had so often darkened that mountain road befere him in annthat mountain road before him in sun-light and moonlight, and the face that had made the sunshine and the moon-light brighter. He had been a very lonely man these three years. His fancy which had painted all kinds of lovely things, with Nodlag the central radiance, had been rudely dashed to the hand of fate; and the tragedy at Glenanaar, which had almost ceased to interest the people around, was as vivid as ever to him on account of his great personal loss. Work, of course, that blessed panacea, more or

less had dissipated the memory of his sorrow; but now and again this would come up with startling clearness to remind him of the swift and sudden calamity that had made barren so many years of his life.

As he looked out over the cold, bleak As he looked out over the cold, bleak landscape, he saw the closely shawled figure of a woman coming up the road with slow, painful steps; and then, after a moment's pause, turning into the little boreen that led from the smithy to the road. Here, evidently, her strength failed, for putting out one hand, as if she were blind, she groped for the ditch, and then fell against it heavily. Redmond rushed into the cottage, and cried to his mother:

"Run out mother! There's another

"Run out, mother! There's another of thim poor crachures in the ditch! "The Lord betune us and all harrum," ried the mother. "Will it ever ind?" oried the mother.

oried the mother. "Will it ever ind?"

She took up a porringer of milk (into which she poured a little hot water) and a piece of home-made loaf, and went out. Making her way with some dread and caution, she came within a few feet of where the fainting woman was lying; and afraid of the fever to approach nearer, she placed the food on a large stone, such as is always found near a smithy and shouted:

"Hare, poor 'nman, here is milk and

"Here, poor 'uman, here is milk and bread for you! Thry and rouse up, alanna, and God 'ill give you the strinth."

strinth."
She turned and passed into the house, alraid to remain longer in such a dangerous vicinity; and the unfortunate woman, making one last effort for dear life, raised herself by a great effort, tried to walk forward a few steps, and fell. Then, after a few moments, she raised herself on hands and feet, and thus crept and crawled along the ground towards the now thrice tempting food. She had to pause a few times, and Redmond, watching through the smithy pane, tried to catch a sight of her face. But she held her head so low that he could not see it. At last, after many painful efforts, she came within reach of the stone, and was just putting out her hand to selze the porringer of milk, when a huge, gaunt sheep dog leaped over the neighboring ditch, upset the milk, caught up the bread in his lank, gaunt jaws, and sped up the boreen towards the road. The woman raised herself from her stooping posture, and flinging up her arms with a gesture of despair, fell appeales to the She turned and passed into the house posture, and flinging up her arms with a gesture of despair, fell senseless to the

Just at the moment, however, that Just at the moment, however, that she lifted face and hands to heaven in the agony of a final supplication, the young smith caught a glimpse of eyes that were unchanged amidst the general and terrible transformation of famine, and of one stray lock of auburn hair that had freed itself from the hooded shawl; and with one wild leap he tore through the smithy door, along the boreen, and in a moment had the fainting girl in his arms. He raised her weakened and emaciated form as if it were a child's, and bringing it into the house, he laid it on his mother's bed, house, he laid it on his mother's bed. and shouted in a suppressed whisper:

"Mother, quick, quick! A little milk at wanst. An' a dhrop of sperrits in it! The mother, amazed at his temerity

was too panic-stricken to remonstrate. She only moaned and lamented over

the fire:

"Oh, Lord, Lord! he has lost his five sinses, an' brought the favor and aguey into the house! Oh, Red, Red, what's come over you at all, at all?"

"Mother," he cried in a hoarse whisper, bending down his face to hers, "if Nodlag dies, I'll never forgive you, living or dead!"

"Nodlag! yerra, glory be to God! your sinses are wandering, boy. Nodlag! what Nodlag?"

But Redmond saw no time was to be lost in asking or answering questions. He put a small tin vessel of milk hastily on the fire, and went over to the cupboard to get the bottle of whiskey. As he did, he took a swift, secret look at the poor girl. To all appearance she was dead. Her shawl appearance she was dead. Her shawl had been flung aside, and her features were now quite visible. But, oh! what a dread change! Beneath the cheekbones, her face had sunk in in dread ful hollows, and her neck was thin and withered. There was a blue line across her line. Her forshead (though her her lips. Her forehead (though he temples were sunken), and the thick masses of auburn hair that crowned it, masses of auburn hair that crowned it, alone retained their graciousness. The young smith poured some spirits into the black, hollow palm of his hand, and rubbed the blue lips lightly with his fingers. This he repeated several times only interrupting the process to go over and dip his grimy finger into the vessel sontaining the milk, to test its warmth. After some time he had the satisfaction of seeing a slight color come back to the marble face. He than took up the vessel of milk, and come back to the marble face. He then took up the vessel of milk, and said to the weeping and distressed

mother: " Mother, for the love of God, keep quiet! This is no time for keening.
Here, lift Nodlag's head, and lemme
see if I can get a drop of milk into her
mouth!"

The mother, with some fear, yet with many an endearing Irish expression, raised the head of the poor girl, whilst Redmond tried to force a little milk between her lips. For some time the attempt was inefectual, and life seemed to be distance and on the head of the seemed attempt was ineffectual, and life seemed to be flickering under the broad wings of death, as a candle flame flickers blue and thin in a strong wind. But at last she swallowed a teaspoon of the milk, she swallowed a teaspoon of the milk, then another, and another, until at length her eyes opened, and fell first upon the face of the young smith. She continued to gaze at him earnestly for a few seconds, then she whispered, "Red!" and lay back wearily, yet referabled on the pillow. Though it was freshed, on the pillow. Though it was like the opening of the gates of Para-dise to Red Casey, he went out and

wept like a child.

All that night mother and watched the poor famine-stricken All that hight motors watched the poor famine-stricken girl, until, coming near the dawn, she fell into a deep sleep, so calm and with such regular breathing that Mrs. Casey

be my daughter three years ago, sure she ought to find her mother still." And Redmond kissed his mother, and

And Redmond hissed his mother, and said:

"Mother, you were always good, and I have never been as good as I ought to you."

A few days rolled by, and the magni ficent constitution of this mountain girl, reared in hardship that strengthened and purified, asserted itself, and she was able to go about again, and do little bits of household work. As her strength came back, there came with it a new and more spiritual beauty, as if sorrow and hunger had worn away all grosser tissues, and left her a kind of transparent and almost unearthly loveliness that made Redmond afraid to look at her. There grew up between them, too, a kind of shyness, that made Redmond afraid to be alone with her for a moment; and Nodlag, on her part seemed to court the society of the mother rather than the companionship mother rather than the companionship of the son. And one day, a few week of the son. And one day, a few weeks after her providential rescue, Nodlag took down her black shawl, whilst Redmond was from home on thusiness, and after kissing the old woman, who never noticed how expressive it was, she passed out of the humble cottage and the mould again.

passed out of the humble cottage and faced the world again.

Red Casey was thunderstruck when he returned home. This was the second time his hopes were blasted. In his anger, he attributed Nodlag's flight to everything but the real cause. He blamed his mother; he blamed Nodlag; he blamed himself for having allowed so alone and sulendid an emportunity to

blose and splendid an opportunity pass. Then he became suddenly priceal. He asked his mother which w Nodlag went. He was determined to follow the girl, and bring her back, or follow the girl, and bring her back, or lose her forever. The old woman could not say whither Nodlag went. She thought she only went down to the well. Red, at once, tore off his leather apron, burnt here and there by the smithy fire, and putting on a rough cap over his sooty, red hair, he sallied forth. He went up the hill quickly, and leaning a gully, he ascended an forth. He went up the hill quickly, and leaping a gully, he ascended an abrupt height, whence he could trace the roads for miles. He could see no trace of the girlish form of Nodlag. Sad at heart, he retraced his steps, and moved down along the western road, his head sunk on his breast, and no hope in his mind. He had passed halfways across the bridge where old Edmond Connors had challenged Nodlag's mother, on that snowy evening when mond Connors had challenged Nodlag's mother, on that snowy evening when Nodlag was but an infant, and the mother in her wretchedness was debat ing with herself whether her child would not be happier there in the death of the torrent than in the dreadful life that stretched sullenly before her. Something dark caught his eye, and in a moment he saw the girl sitting on the bridge wall. She looked pale and frightened, as if she had been guilty of some crime, and this disarmed the some crime, and this disarmed the anger of the young smith. He came over, and sat down on the parapet near her. She was trembling all over.

"I couldn't stay, Reddy," she said.
"Indeed I couldn't. 'Twouldn't be

right."
"Did me or me mother trate you

"Did me or me mother trate you badly?" he sald, stimy.
"N-no," she said, weeping, "God knows I am ever so thankful. I'd be in my cowld grave to-day but for you, Redmond Casey, and your good mother; and how could I forget that?"
"Thin somebody has been putting some quare things into yer head," he said. "As if the bit you ate, and small enough it is, God knows, could make a differ to me mother or me."

" It isn't that ayther," she sobbed

"Sure I knew ye never begredged me. But I couldn't stop, an' I'd be far away now, only the wakeness kim on "Thin, in God's name, can't you come back to where you're a hundred times welkum?" said Red, utterly failing to comprehend the girl's deli-

cacy of feeling. "An' av you think you're a burden, sure we'll make you work for the bit you ate."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she wept. "I can't go back at all, at all, Redmond Casey. I'll go along, and maybe some wan of the farmers round about will employ me. There are few handy for work now. God help us!"

God heln ns !" work now, God help us!"
"Well, whatever you plase," said
Redmond, rising up, and looking down
on the white face of the girl. "But,
before we part. Nodlag, I'd like to

clare up wan thing." Nodlag looked up.

Noting looks up.

Noting looks up.

To like the looks are the looks and the looks are the looks are

mounting to her face.

"An' what did you say?" said the young Smith, watching the play of her features as if life and death hung upon her word. She was silent.

"Did you say yes?" he demanded.

"You know I did, Redmond Casey;

but why do you torment me now?

"Tis you're tormenting me," he re-plied. "If the same question were put to you now, would it be the same "How could it be, when things are

so different now?" she replied.
"How are they different?" he de-"I didn't know all thin," she re-

plied, "till that dreadful night. I know all now. How can I be the wife of any honest man?" That depends on the man himself,

"That depends on the man himself," said Redmond, gaily, as he felt he was gaining ground.

"It manes sorrow and shame to him to have me his wife; it manes every finger pointed agin him; it manes that 'twill be thrun in his face at fair, at Mass, and at market; it manes that need will some nixt or nigh him; it Mass, and at market; it manes that no-body will come nixt or nigh him; it manes—"here she stopped suddenly short in her self accusation. "An' if wid all the manes and the

"An' if wid all the manes and the manings," said Redmond, "he wants you still to be his wife, an' if he will put his smutty fist in the face of the wurld" (here Redmond put a literally smutty fist in the face of an imaginary world), "an' if he takes you, as the priest says, "for betther for worse,"

right of command, and said simply, A few minutes later she entered the

A few minutes later she entered the house as its mistrees.
"I found Nodiag, mother," said Redmond, "and the divil is in it, if i lave her go agin."

Before the week Nodiag changed her old name forever (though we have taken the liberty to retain it), and became Mrs. Redmond Casey.

CHAPTER XX.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. This then, was the history of Nodlag, told me, from time to time, there in the twilight of his sick-room, by her son, who still retained, after all his travels, and the many and varied experiences that tend to harden the human pearst, the tenderset, and most chivaltravels, and the many and varied ex periences that tend to harden the human ceart, the tenderest and most chivalrous love for his mother. Her strange history—that of a pariah amongst her own tribt—seemed to separate her in his imagination from all other beings with whom he had been brought in contact; and the singular birth-taint which he had derived from her, and which, as he imagined, would cling around him to the end of life, identified him in so mysterious a manner with her, that he had come to regard himself and her as beings apart, with the destiny of a common misfortune, not of their own making, but inherited. But here, as his own personal experiences commence, I shall give the narrative in the first person, and as far as may be, in his own words. He had read a good deal, picked up a knowledge of some languages, and had cultivated the art of speaking, as most of his countrymen in America strive to do. But the narrative was a sad one. It was Ishmael telling the story of Hagar and himself in the wilderness.

"My earliest recollection of my

in the wildern " My earliest recollection of mother was of a tall, thin woman, very gentle and affectionate, but very reserved in manner. I particularly remember her very bright blue eyes, and her hair, which she always were in tiny memor her very light state year, and the her hair, which she always wore in tiny waves of auburn low down on her temples, and caught up by a fillet behind her ears. She never went from home, but to Mass on Sunday. She seemed to find all the pleasure of life in her domestic duties, in the love of her husband, and the care of her children. When reason began to dawn for me, I was the only child remaining. My two sisters had gone out to service, for owing to emigration and the famine, servants were not to be had except at enormous wages. My only brother, too, was apprenticed to a carpenter in the County Limerick. I was the only one left at home, and I got a good deal of petting, which I repaid a hundredfold by such love as son never had before such love as son never had befor

Here he stopped, not for the last time, for his emotion subdued him.
The shame and sorrow that had hung around his mother's memory had made her dear, very dear to him.

her dear, very dear to him.

"I only remember," he resumed,
"her face and figure, and one small
habit she had, of listening at strange
times, as if rapt in a dream, listening
as if to the sound of far-off bells, or to
a voice calling, calling out of the night.
You know, Father, that we who have
travelled and seen the world get rid of
a good many of these old superstitions;
but, somehow, since I came back to
Ireland, the glamor of the old times
seizes me, and I am really afraid I'd
turn back if I saw one magpie on the turn back if I saw one magple on the road. But my mother had that strange habit. She would lean down and listen with her hand to her ear; and some-times my father would make great fun of it, and say: 'Nodlag! Nodlag! who's calling now?'
"But I had little time to note

things, for as soon as ever I got through Voster and Carpenter's Spelling Book, I was taken from school, and put at the anvil. I had a taste for it, for I re-member, when very small, how I made from the floor, and when, after many days' trial, I succeeded, I remember my father shouting 'Hurrah!' and my floor when I bemy father shouting. Hurran I and my mother kissed me. Then, when I became able to lift and swing the sledge, my father said I had book-learning enough, and now I should do something

"Ah! how well I remember that forge and its surroundings—the great black walls, hung here and there with horseshoes and all kinds of rusty ironwork; the deep night of its recesses that was only lightened by the ruddy blaze from the great fire; the huge bellows which sent sparks dancing all over the coal-strewn floor; the horses coming in, some terrified, some submitting quietly to the operation of shoeing; my father, litting up the hoof into his leathern apron; the smell of the burnt cartilage, the tap, tap of the hammer; the shrinking of the poor beasts: but, most of all, the metallic music that echoed all day long from the arvil, and which beat time in my mind to many an old tune or song about Ireland and her sorrows. "Ah! how well I remember tha

"For that was the first lesson I learned—long before I knew my prayers or my catechism—that Ireland had suffered, and had been wronged in an appalling manner; and that it was the bounden, solemn duty of every young Irishman to fight for that sad mother land, until her wronger were avenged. land, until her wrongs were avenged and her rights achieved. Ah me i how it all comes back, in the light of exper-ience and memory, and how now I understand a hundred little things ience and memory, and how how hounderstand a hundred little things which even then were a puzzle to me. For the very rebel songs that I hummed as I beat out the long iron rods on the anvil—' The Risin' of the Moon,' 'The Wearing of the Green,' even the simpler love melodies, such as 'Come, piper, play the Shaskan Reel,' I noticed were never heard in my father's cot tage. Neither did he ever take part in the furious debates that were held in the forge by the boys who used to drop in for a chat or on business. He was a silent man; nevertheless, I couldn't understand why he never railed against England, nor broke out into enthusiasm about Ireland. He listened, worked, and said nothing.

such regular breathing that Mrs. Casey now completely over her fright, ordered Redmond to bed.

"Lave her to me now!" the good mother said "Lave her to me! Sure, whin God sint me back her I wanted to look, for now he took upon him the substitution on the such as the face of an imaginary world, and said nothing.

"I about Ireland. He listened, worked, and said nothing.

"I, on the contrary, was a furious priest says, "for betther for worse," will you still say no?"

She looked up into his sooty, honest face, and there was something in that face, and there was something in that look, for now he took upon him the

Davis, Emmet. I chaunted the most furious sword-songs I could discover. I electrified every one (at least, so I furious sword-songs I could discover. I electrified every one (at least, so I thought) by my declamation of Meagher's Sword Speech. I lay awake at night, plotting and dreaming how I could fling shells and dealming how I could fling shells and balls into whole British regiments and annihilate them; I saw myself the hero of a hundred fights. Somehow my enthusiasm was taken coolly. It fell flat on the souls of these young fellows, whom I knew to be sworn Fenians. They would listen to my most furious oration, look at one another, and smile. I didn't understand it then; I understand it well now. They did not believe in me. How could they with all they knew?

"I had grown a great, tall lad of sixteen years, when the famous rising of '67 took place. For weeks before, we young fellows had been out on the hills, not so much engaged in active service ourselves, but as acouts or plokets to give warning to the Fenian detachments, in valley or wood, of the approach of the police or the redcoats. Many a moonlit night did we watch, shivering in the icy winds that plerced us through and through, and no thought of danger in our minds, only a fierce jealousy of the sworn soldiers in the great Irish Republic, and a far off ambition, which set our pulses bounding, that we might attract the notice of some one of the Irish-American officers, of whom at that time the country was full.

"I well remember the night poor Crowley was shot in Kilchoney wood. I remember his funeral, down through Crowley was shot in Minimus when the common the funeral, down through mountain, town, and village, amidst a mourning population, to his grave by the sea. I; was an awful evening, and we were gone clean mad with hate and anger. It was then I committed one of the worst sins of my life."

"The Yank" turned round, as if to describe my wath.

of whom at that time the country was

deprecate my wrath.

"I cursed, hot and heavy," he continued, "the priest who refused, for some reason, to have the chapel bell tolled that evening as we passed, a deep, serried mass of men, through the streets of Fermov."

deep, serried mass of men, through the streets of Fermoy."

It brought up at once to memory a picture that had been fading and alumbering away; and, as the whole scene flashed back, I could not help starting with surprise and, perhaps, a little enthusiasm.

"We were mad, mad," he said, regretfully, "and we did curse the Government and that priest."

"He wasn't altogether to blame, my dear fallog." I said, laying my hand on

dear fellow," I said, laying my hand on

"What? How?" said the Yank.
"Do you think he was justified in refusing such a little mark of respect to
the dead patriot?"

"Perhaps not. I was as mad as yourself about it——"
"What, you? Surely, you weren't

there!" he cried in amazement.
"I was," I replied. "I remember
that black March evening well. We that black March evening well. We a lot of raw, young students were massed on the College Terrace; and I remember how we watched with beating hearts that great silent, moving multitude of men. But when the yellow coffin containing the mangled remains of poor Crowley came in sight, swaying to and fro on the bearers' aboulders, we lost ourselves out and shoulders, we lost ourselves out and out. We saw the bedy, or thought we saw it, rent and torn and bleeding from English bullets; and some of us were crying, and some of us were cursing, and more wanted to scale the College and more wanted to scale the College walls in spite of priest and Bishop. But I heard afterwards, when we had come to the use of reason, that there were at least extenuating circum-tances in the Administrator's Case." "Perhaps so," he said incredulously. Then after a pause:

"But I was about to say as a set-off that I ever after enshrined in my heart of hearts the memory of that young curate, who, more or less at the risk of his own life, knelt by the fallen Fenian, and had his anointing hands stained—no, by the living God!" he exclaimed, sitting up suddenly rigid, and flinging out his right arm whilst sparks seemed to leap from his eyes, "not stained, but consecrated, with the blood shed for Ireland." risk of his own life, knelt

The paroxysm was so sudden, I was struck dumb, and could only watch him—his livid face, and the blindness nim—nis livid lace, and the blindness of battle in his eyes. Presently, the tension relaxed, and his soul came back to his body. But it was an elequent revelation of What-night-have-been. revelation of What-might-have-been. In that mood, and under that spell, these men of '67 would have stormed the gates of hell.

For a few minutes he remained

silent. Then, turning around, and clenching his right hand until it was quite bloodless from the pressure, he said sharply : "Father?"
"Yes?" I replied.

"Bind your people to you chains of iron and links of steel. with The

chains of iron and links of steel. The day the priests are torn from the people is wee, wee to Ireland!"

He paused again, and his great hand relaxed its tension, and the pupils of his eyes contracted, and I saw he had come back to reality once mere.

"Pardon me," he said, passing his hand across his forehead, "where was I? I was talking about something. Oh, yes! I was about to say that wherever we were on vedette duty, on hill, or mountain, or valley, I was never left alone. Other lads were sent out, one by one, and kept their solitary watch, a mile or so apart. I had always a comrade, who stuck to me like a leech. Fortunately, I had such a dislike for peelers and soldiers, and these me like a leech. Fortunately, I had such a dislike for peelers and soldiers, that I never spoke to one in these days. If I had been seen alone in conference with them, my life would have been forfeit. And, here is the curious feature of my story. Not a breath of suspicion ever attached to my father. He was implicitly trusted by the chiefs of the organization. He knew all their secrets. I thought this was because he was so silent and cautious. Possibly. But I know now that suspicion attached only to my mother and me, so tremendous is the importance the Irish attach to 'blood.' His marriage made no difference to Red Casey, so far as no difference to Red Casey, so far as the public opinion of his honor and integrity was concerned. My parent-

age made all the difference in the world to me. I had tainted blood, and nothing will ever get the Irish imagination over that."

"Oh, nensense i" I said. "We've outgrown all that a long time ago. These things are now forgotten or exploded."

ploded."

"I wish I could believe it, Father,"
he 'replied. "Do you remember my
nervous auxiety, that neither my name
or history should be known?"

"Perfectly; but I thought and still
think it abourd. Events now succeed
each other so rapidly, and the news,
papers supply such daily relays of most
interesting intelligence, that we have
ceased to linger on the past."

"I don't know," he said, dubiously.
"The old saying is there, ready to be
quoted against me any moment—

quoted against me any moment— What's bred in the blood will break out in the bone.' Isn't that it?'' out in the bone.' Isn't that it?''
There was little use in trying to dissipate such foolish fears. I let him

proceed.
"The strangest thing of all was that "The strangest thing of all was that my father shared the superstition or suspicion. Although deeply attached to my mother, she shared none of his secrets. He left his housekeeping altogether in her hands; but political or other secrets he rigidly withheld. And though I think, nay, I am sure, he loved me, for, being like him in appearance, and for my great strength and agility, somehow he never trusted me. When I broke out into my rhodomontades about Ireland's misgovernment and England's perfldy, he was

montades about Ireland's misgovernment and England's perfidy, he was always silent. He never encouraged me. And I knew even then that he had arms concealed in the haggart—a coffin-load of rife barrels, well-greased, with cartridges to match, but I knew no more where they were than you do."

"I think he was quite right not to trust the discretion of a mere lad," I said.

"It wasn't that," he replied. "He trusted me in all kinds of business mat-ters, but he was silent as the grave there. But the strangest thing of all was, that neither by word nor sign was over the slightest hint given me that ever the slightest hint given me that my birth was tainted. You'd imagine that somehow it should transpire. Never. When I heard my father call my mother 'Nodlag!' I thought it a pet name. That was all. And you know we were brought up so rigidly, and in strict seclusion from the company of our elders, that there was no chance of my ever discovering the secret. But I often wonder that not one of my schoolmates in a temper, or one of my schoolmates in a temper, or through mischief, ever hinted at it. one of my schoolmaster in a terrible and ineradicable birth-taint.

"But it was almost a joke, though a lose of the school and the school and

from taunting me with such a terrible and ineradicable birth-taint.

"But it was almost a joke, though a grussome one, that I should be always so fierce against the detested tribe of informers. Just then the State Trials of the prisoners who had taken part in the rising of '67 were proceeding in Cork, and my cordial detestation of the Crown Prosecutors, especially of "Scorpion Sullivan," was nothing to the hatred I had for the wretched approvers who had turned Queen's evidence against their comrades. How I stormed and raged I remember now with a smile. But my companions only listened and said nothing. I called them white-livered poltroons for not fiaming up, like myself. They never resented it. They only smiled. I consoled myself by the reflection that I was the only genuine patriot in Ireland.

"A pretty common delusion," I interjected, "and not limited to ardent and impassioned youth but the attribute of every age and condition. Well, if it is not exactly modest, at least it is not gnoble. Go on!"

"No." said he, with a meaning

not ignoble. Go on i"
"No," said he, with a meaning
smile, "even Sam thinks he is the only
one left of the race of Emmet and Wolfe

"Sam has at least one attribute of another kind," I replied. I was glad of the little interlude. "I caught him listening at the keyhole the last even-

ing I was here."
"The Yank" was very what's the use? Sam will be Sam to the end of time. He had made sundry ineflectual attempts to get in to our little conferences. He had several times knocked at the door with the

query:
"Did you ring, sir?"

"Did you ring, sir?"

A few times he suggested:

"Do you want say not water, sir?"
which I resented, as an imputation.

And a few times he charitably and solicitously reminded "The Yank"
that "this was the tolme for his midi-

But I nearly stumbled over him the last evening I was going out. He was on his knees on the door-mat, his ear glue; to the keyhole, but he jumred up in an instant, and began demonstrating with the medicine bottle and glass, which he had taken the precaution to heing with him.

bring with him.
I looked at him severely, but he was unperturbed, and merely wiped the wine-glass with the napkin. I was

wine-glass with the napkin. I was genuinely angry.

"Sam?" said I.

"Yes, yer reverence," he said.

"Sam," said I, "yon are a good young man, and a rious young man, and fairly sober, except when yo. take that 'liminade' which is bad for you."

"The docthor said, yer reverence—"he replied, but I shut him up.

"I know, I know all that," I said, 'you have a 'wake stomach,' etc., stc.; but what I'm coming to is this. The Catechism says, 'we ought always to pray,' and I perceive you are trying to carry out the recommendation. But in future, when the pious fit comes on you, I would recommend you to seek any other place in the hotel, except this door-mat—"

"'Pon me sowkens, I was only shtoop-in' down—"

"That'll do," I said. "But remem ber, one word from me to the American gentleman——"

"You wouldn't harrum a poor bye like that, yer reverence," he pleaded. God knows --

"'Sh," I said. "I want no more asservations. But less prayers, Sam,

and a quiet tongue, w harm."
For I head he had report around the par Yank " was making a " sion," and that he must be the way the sion, and the sion, and the sion, and the sion was the sion of the

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sion," and that he "divil's own bhoy," talready been at it the would probably conti eeks longer. But I must come ba tive, which had now be

JACQUES FAUBERT.

TO BE CONTI

It was the spring of It was the spring of poleon was preparing for sian campaign. Every out France soldiers we to take the place of fallen in the previous was in the little village the Jura Mountains all and uproar, for a conscibeld, and on the day of the recruits were to le and follow the flag of I it might lead them.

Amongst those who
a little lad of thirteen

Faubert, the only son whose husband had be one of the companies decimated in the bal two years previously, a soldier of France. struggle for the wid her only boy, but a father wished him to I she herself — as were French mothers of the with that intense love France and the Emper to hold the nation in a "Don't cry, mother when it was decided "I will come back aga haps may be a captain sword—who knows, you shall live in a gra have to work hard as

This was the day b would have been har the occasion was a j Jacques was unable t spite of his stout he threw his arms arouncek and kissed her The drums had sour "Good-bye, moth don't weep; I will never fear!"

"Ah, my son," exci
"who can tell? Goo
boy and do your do
great God in heaver
and guard you!" A minute more as was at his post. He window as he marche mother waving a har so he held his head gave a loud roll on hi know that he saw soon out of sight, and now he was indeed

his mother looked at bed, and sank on her Jacques did. not was all fun. of hard work to do very early in the the drum for the reve to march with the and often during par besides this, had to ments clean and in or been accustomed fr fatigue, for his dut watch the flocks on that he was able t

But the march th not without its de Cossacks continual army, and many a sl as they advance duty, beating his dru the bullets whistle saw his comrade Fortunately he was every night before every night before tent he would that care of him, as he mother he would could not help cry thought of his how down the tears before him, and remember soldier, and that so

At least he thought One dull afternoon guard, when sud sians appeared in fro was no time to rebody, so an attach Jacques beat his might, and marche rest. But the caval whirlwind, and in drummer was born bleeding and sensele

How long he lask ow, but at last o returned to him. and could see not dark, not even a s His head ached fear feel that there was temple. "What si thought; "I shall d night, and I don't Just then he reme story he heard to of a favorite drum precipice in the march across then comrades who con know where he wa the reveille as lo held out, and unti him in the deadly he never woke aga by his side; his d and his sticks were up and beat a roll Judge of his surpri few yards in front of horses and the was afraid he show but soon found the away from him as A few minutes at known voices behin