Guelph Evening Mercury

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 29

NORAH CUSHALEEN

HAUNTED CASTLE.

'Och!' exclaimed Terry, leaping half his own height, 'long life to your honour. Sure you've the heart of a gentleman, and the makins of a gentleman every inch of yos. Praise to yer honour's goodness. Terry Cushaleen will set foot this blessed night on Irish ground, and cheer up the heart of ould Michael and my darling

the making of yer honour's goodness, yes. Praise to yer honour's goodness. Terry Cushaleen will set foof this blessed night on Irish ground, and cheer up the heart of ould Michael and my darling Norah.

'Ha! a sweetheart!' cried Hargreave, with a loud guffaw.

'The only sweetheart that ever I had, yer honour,' answered Terry readily.—'But she's my own sister, and a purtier colleen brathes not within the corners o' the country.'

e country.'
'I think you said they live at Dundarra;
have some thoughts of going there-

abouts.'

'Have you, indade, yer honour? Well
ye'll fine it a swate enough spot; but—'
'Now, Mr. Hargreave,' shouted the
captain, approaching at the moment with
several men behind him, 'I have ordered
the belowmen to liste—no easy matter. the helmsman to lie-to—no easy matter in such a stiff gale. Be ready to get into the boat the moment we have her lower-ed. It is now almost dark, and I dare not take you further. You have some hour's good pulling before you. I would not advise you to hoist sail in such a wind.' 'Faix and you're right, captain,' ex-

not advise you to hoist sail in such a wind.

'Faix and you're right, captain,' exclaimed Terry. 'The bay is a ticklish place, even in moderate weather, let alone a blow like this.'

The captain was too busily engaged in superintending the lowering of Hargreave's boat to hear this rejoinder of the happy Terry, who, in the prospect of soon being ashore, could scarcely restrain himself from leaping about in all directions. 'You're going to take a oar, I suppose?' he observed, addressing himself to Andrew.

he observed, addressing himself to Andrew.

'Deed am I!' hatswered the undemonstrative Scotchman; 'and,' he added, 'it's my opinion we'll hae a gay teuch poo.'

'I'll take youthe near cuts, me boy! I'm mighty obliged to his honour, your misther, for giving me a berth, and long life to him for the same; but I'll just take the liberty of modestly asserting that, if you had gone wanting me, it's a thousand chances to one that you'd ever been heard of at Dundarra.'

'Now then!' shouted the captain; 'the boat's in water. Farewell, Mr. Hargreave! I hope you'll make the land all right.—
Terry, my boy! look alive and swing yourself down'. 'Alive is it yer honour?' shouted Terry.'

yourself down'
Alive is it yer honour? shouted Terry with a shrill whoop; and seizing a rope, he leapt over the bulwarks and disappered, but presently his voice was heard coming cheerily from below, with an intimation that he was in the boat and would steady her for the descent of the others.

Hagreave and Andrew made the somewhat perilous descent in safety, and Terry what perilous descent in safety, and Terry

others.

Hargreave and Andrew made the somewhat perilous descent in safety, and Terry was about to sever her from the ship, when a black mass came flying from the deck, and fell into the water with a terrible plunge, just at the side of the boat.

'Thunder and ouns, what's that?' ejaculated Terry, full of consternation.

'Only the dog,' remarked Hargreave.' Push off, Dash will take care of himself.' Terry unhooked the chain, and the next moment the little skiff—for it was no more—was tossing and tumbling on the rolling billows. A cheer came from the ship as the black speck was dimly seen dancing away from her side, and she immediately resumed her course, leaving those in the boat to shift for themselves, and do their best to gain the beach.

The beach was still a considerable distance off, and was now nearly indistinguishable in the darkness. The tempest was increasing every moment in fury, and on the bosom of the foaming billows the tiny skiff rose and fell, and was cast to and fro like a feather.

Nothing daunted, however, Terry took the rudder, and headed her in the right.

on the bosom of the foaming billows the tiny skiff rose and fell, and was cast to and fro like a feather.

Nothing daunted, however, Terry took the rudder, and headed her in the right direction, and Andrew and his master fearlessly put forth each his oar and took steady pulls.

Now seen for a moment, and again lost to view, the black figure of Dash appeared on the white foam as he swam in their wake, full of wild delight, which he evinced every few moments by uttering a short joyous bark.

With patient firmness, they kept command of the skiff in the turbulent sea, and hoped they were making progress towards the shore. But confident as Terry was of his steering, and intimate as he was with the bay, his eye-sight was no better than that of his companions, and neither he no they could see the dark rocks towering against the almost as dark sky. Every where was white billowy foam, which the wind sent flying over them, and though every time they rose upon a crest the three pairs of eyes were bent round with eager scrutiny, yet they sank down into the trough ere they had time to take a steady gaze.

For nearly an hour Dash kept bravely at the boat's stern, but at last he showed signs of fatigue. His barks of delight had become mere snorts of satisfaction, and the distance between him and the boat gradually increased. In these circumstances his master and the others thought he deserved to be taken on board, and having waited till he came along-side, Andrew bent over and helped him over the gunwale.

'Away forward and lie down, Dash,'commanded Hargreave; and the intelli-

Andrew bent over and helped him over the gunwale.

'Away forward and lie down, Dash,' commanded Hargreave; and the intelligent animal went away near the bows, and shaking himself till the water flew like a shower from his shaggy hair, curled round and laid himself down, thankful evidently for repose after such exertion in his favorite element.

'Can you make out our whereabouts, Terry' asked Hargreave, after nearly another hour had passed in silent struggle.

'No yer honour,' replied the steersman, 'I can make out nothing but say and darkness. This isn't like Blantire Bay at all, at all.'

'Suppose we are making for the English tills 'the Chemal's more and the steers at the steers and th

darkness. This isn't like Blantire Bay at all, at all.

"Suppose we are making for the English side of the Channel?" suggested the other.

"Then, yer honour, it will be a long time before we reach it, 'replied Terry.

But never a bit of that we can be doing, for the wind would be dead against us. Holy mother! what's that?

The latter exclamation was caused by a wild, piercing shriek, which rose above wind and wave, and made all three pause in breathless expectancy. Dash alish head cagerly forward, poised his fore paws for a moment on the edge of the boat, then, with a loud and deep bark, he sprang over and plunged into the sea.

"It-was a woman's scream," said Hargreave, excitedly.

"It's a woman, if it's not a ghost,' observed Andrew, who had risen to his feet and bent eagerly forward. 'See 'yonder,' he hastly added, 'the dogr has'

THOS, SWINYARD, Ceneul Manager.

'You are right,' exclaimed his master.
'It is some poor drowning creature, I think. Let us at once row towards it, and second the endeavor of Dash.'
Desperately Hargreave and Andrew bent to the oars, and the boat skimmed forward like a bird to where Dash struggled with something dark in his mouth. 'A woman,' cried the youth,' and her hair trails in the foam. Hold on, Dash; don't let go, my brave fellow. Andrew. Terry, bear a hand and pull her on board.' Terry, with the impulsive generosity of his countrymen, had thrown himself over the side, and held by the boat with one hand, while with his unoccupied arm he encircled the waist of the inanimate body which Dash was supporting on the surface.

body which Dash was supporting on the fourtace.

Hargreave likewise bent his body for ward, and held out his arms to receive the burden which the Irishman was now bearing from the foam. Andrew not less humane than the others, but perhaps more self possessed and more capable of exercising reason, crossed to the other side, so that his weight there might prevent the boat from being upset. This cautious procedure saved the whole of their lives, for when Hargreave drew the dripping body over the gunwale, the boat dipped down to the very water's edge, till almost another feather's weight would have swamped it. The body was got in, however, and the boat righted.

'A young girl it is,' cried the youth, as he held her in his arms.

'Your honour's right,' gasped Terry, as he again clambered into the boat. 'It's a purty colleen. I couldn't see her face; but I know she's handsome by her slender waist. How has she come at all, at all, to be in the say in Blantire Bay on such a night?'

'There must have been a boat upset; perhaps others may be saved,' said Hargreave.

Dash seemed to be of the same opinion, for he was swiming round the spot in

Dash seemed to be of the same opinion

Dash seemed to be of the same opinion, for he was swiming round the spot in circles. A long search, however, issued in nothing. No more bodies were seen thoating, and neither boat nor spars were visible in the foam.

So they pulled forward, and Terry sat in the stern, one hand on the rudder, and the other arm supporting the cold web doy of the inanimate girl. They did not know whether she was still alive, or whether the boiling flood had done its work of death.

ther the boiling flood had done its work of death.

'God bless the friends of this poor colleen!' muttered Terry. 'It's little they'll know the could bed she found in the black waters, and maybe the light's burnin' in the cabin bole that's meant to guide her over the bog. Plase God, she may get round if we could reach the shore, for I find her heart fluttering again my own: but if we have to sail much further, the could will finish what the water began.' Little did Terry dream that the poor unconcious girl he held in his arms was his own sister Norah Cushaleen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Guelph, 22nd July, 1867.

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