

this which acknowledged their relationship, and consummated their loyalty to the noble creed, which never lived in nobler souls than theirs.

Grand union of great hearts; faithful devotion to lofty aims; steadfast fellowship in pure principle;—show me any other system which the world has seen, to evoke such results as these, and I shall *then* confess that it is possible for Masonry to find a rival!

But, meanwhile, I claim its fellowship to be unique, and its Catholic benevolence absolutely without a parallel.

The loss of life and limb on both sides made the grim world's shadow to the light of these Craftsmen. Only in the Grand Lodge of the Infinite can it be ours to wait for that true effulgence of the Orient, which shall be wholly unmingled with gloom!

Every resource of the *Bordelaise* equipment was brought into requisition to refit the *Thetis*, and every exertion of the *Bordelaise* Captain was cheerfully and heartily employed to correct the damages of his making. And when, with the old green ensign still flying on her peak, the brigantine was once more fairly under way, the privateer chivalrously escorted her clear out of French waters, before she dipped the tricolor, and manned her yards in farewell honour to the prize whose inviolability our Craft had guaranteed.

Alice had come slowly round. Youth is not easily cast down utterly, and is prone to be hopeful beyond all reason. And her father, in his misery, had whispered some words of consolation and of comfort, upon which she had laid perhaps greater stress than he suspected. Whispered hints that his obduracy might not hold out forever, and that there was yet happiness in store for her when fortune should send home her lover. I believe that Mr. Creagh was firmly convinced of Garrett's being beyond the possibility of restoration before he could commit himself to such abandonment of what he would call principle, and considered that he was but making use of a pious fraud in encouraging any joyful anticipation to give back to the cheeks of his darling the colour of life and energy. For Captain Lynch's story had been universally convincing; and every flag in town and harbour had been at half-mast upon the strength of its details.

But Alice took it all in good faith, and hoped on bravely for a miracle. It is only such simple child-like beliefs that *can* work miracles, and that sometimes do work them. And, here is how hers was presented her, bringing the joy of her life in its train.

She had made a practice in the long jolly evenings of taking long lonely walks in the Quakers' Fields, the scene of her last tryst with her betrothed. It was some melancholy pleasure to retrace the steps they had made there that Eve of Separation, and to dwell on each loving word that had been uttered there, to live forever in her memory. There was, too, always a nameless hope fluttering in her breast that she should some day see the Ship that was to bring him back after the war, returning to the peaceful river. And she had pictured to herself many times how she would rush to the water-stairs to be the first to greet him, and give him the welcome he would most prize, and how she would tell him of the change that had come over her

father, and of the bright prospects which had opened before them. And would herself bring him up to Ellen Street, and claim from the old man the fulfilment of the pledges he had given her. And then—and then, beyond such point who shall say where a maiden's fancies range, or what soft hazy outlines of reality her girlish vision may achieve? And then, at least there would be the joyous, half-triumphant presentation of her hero to all the many hearty friends who had mourned him, and—

Hark! What was that? .

She started at the heavy boom of a gun close below. Walking slowly or with downcast eyes, as she built up her castle in Spain, she had noticed nothing of all she had been waiting for, till it had glided to her feet, and challenged her. And then, as she raised her head and looked breathlessly down the slope, there under easy sail and looking strangely battered and wave-worn, swept slowly up the flood-tide the vessel she had never dreamed of looking on, but which, for her, there was no mistaking. For a moment it seemed a phantom sent to mock her wretchedness, and her cheek blanched with terror, as old stories of wraiths and fetches forced themselves on her troubled memory. Then a signal fluttered up to the main, and the Saltire Gules upon an argent field, seemed to wave her a reassuring greeting. She could hesitate no longer. Down the slope to the water's edge, with all the speed of her lithe limbs, and with all the impetuosity of her beating heart, she flew to make assurance surer. Slowly and steadily and tangibly sweeps on the homeward bound. She can see the men at the braces, and on the fore-castle, and at the wheel, and, as a sudden bend brings to view the Cathedral towers, there is a wild cheer that echoes far up the marshy bank, and startles quiet burgers in their after dinner doze. And there, there is Garret himself waving his cap to her, well and safe and home and hers—and there drops the gig from the davits, and he is down the side as they came fairly opposite, and sculls himself ashore, while his quarter-master dips the ensign to her, and the men cheer once again as Sailors never cheered before. And then, she knows nothing but that she is in his arms, and the dull dream of Separation is past and gone, and God has blessed her beyond her fondest hopes; all glory to his holy name!

Is there anything more to say? Well, just this perhaps. When he, who has feebly attempted to tell this true story here, first dined at the George Hotel, Limerick, with Lodge 13, I. C.; in which he had been that day initiated, a very massive and handsome, though somewhat old-fashioned, centre-piece attracted his attention. Observing that it bore an inscription he asked of the brother who sat next him, whether it had been a presentation. Before a reply could be made, the W. M. rose to give the last toast—the toast that is always last at gatherings of that Lodge, and drank there in solemn reverential silence. *To the memory of Brother Mar'ioncourt, and to all distressed Masons through' out the world!* And then told to such of our company as were strangers or new comers, the tale of the cruise of the *Thetis*, which has been published in these chapters. Adding that the plate which the writer had admired, had been purchased by the Lodge, in