

REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

No mortal help, it seemed, could save her. Her father made frantic efforts to reach her. But in vain. Near, nearer, nearer to that frightful hissing chasm, to be dashed to atoms on the rocks below. In the midst of the waters the earl sat on his horse, white, powerless, paralyzed. "Oh, God!" he cried, "can nothing save her?" "Yes; at the last moment a wild shout came from the opposite bank, a figure plunged headlong into the river, and headed with almost superhuman strength toward her. "Cling to the rock for the love of God!" shouted a voice through the din of the storm. Through the din of the storm, through her reeling senses, she heard that cry and obeyed. She caught at a rock near, and grasped it with the tenacity of despair for a moment; another, and she was torn away, held with iron strength in the grasp of a strong arm. There was a last, desperate struggle with the surging flood—a struggle in which both she and her rescuer were nearly whirled over the chasm. Then, in the uproar and darkness, there came a lull; then the tumult of many voices in wild Irish shouts; then she was lying in the opposite bank, drenched from head to foot, but saved from an awful death. "Hurrah!" shouted a wild voice. "Long life to ye, Mister Redmond! Shure it's yerself is thure warrant for a strong arm and a stout heart! Beggorra! though ye war near it! Upon me now, there isn't another man in the barony but yerself cud' av' dun it!" "Oh, stop all that, Lanty!" answered an impatient voice, as Lady Cecil's preserver gave himself a shake like a water-dog. "I'll hold you a guinea it's the English lord and his daughter on their way to Torryglan. Were they mad, I wonder, to try and ford the torrent in this storm? See how he breathes the current—he's down—no, he's up again—now he's gained the bank. By the rock of Cashel! gallantly done—a brave beast! Lanty, if you can do anything more for them do it. I'm off." He bounded away in the rainy twilight with the speed of a young stag. The peasant addressed as "Lanty" looked after him. "By the powers, but it's like ye and all yer breed, seed, and generation, to go to the devil to save any one in distress, and thin if ye as if he were after ye for fear ye'd get thanked. Oh, but it is myself that knows ye—father an' son—this many a day well. God save your honor kindly." Lanty pulled off his hair cap. "Troth, it was an'na escape yer honor had this night, an' an' the young lady. Oh, thin, it's a sore hart ye'd have in yer breast this minit av' it hadn't been for the young master." "That gallant youth," the earl cried, flinging himself off his horse. "I never saw a braver deed, Cecil—Cecil, my darling, thank Heaven you are saved! Cecil, my dearest, are you hurt?" He lifted the golden head and kissed the wan, wet face. In all her sixteen years of life, Lord Ruyland had never fully realized how he loved his only child before. She had not fainted. The high courage of the peer's daughter had upheld her through all. She had raised herself now and smiled faintly. "Not hurt, only stunned a little by the fright and the whirl of the water. And you, papa?" "I am perfectly safe, but—good Heaven! what an escape it has been. In five seconds you would have been over that horrible gulf. Why that lad had had the heart of a very lion! the most gallant thing I ever saw done. He risked his life without one thought, I verily believe. A brave lad—a brave lad. And he has, as far as I could see, the air of a gentleman, too." Lanty overheard, and looked at his lordship with supreme disdain. "A gentleman, is it? Faith he is that, an' a divil thank him for it! Shure he is that, an' O'Donnell—no less, an' everybody knows the O'Donnell's wor kings and princes afore the time of Moses. Gentleman, indeed! Oh, thin it's himself that is, an' his father an' his father's father afore him. Weren't they kings of Ulster, time out of mind, and didn't they own every rood an' mile av' the country ye're travellin' in the days of Henry the Eighth, till himself wid his wives an' his black panderers tuk it from him an' bestowed it on purty divil's like himself? My curse on the curse of the crows on him and thim, hot and heavy this night?" "Indeed," said the earl; "and who are you, my good fellow? A retainer of that king and fallen house, I take it?" His companion gave a second polite duck of his hairy cap. "I'm Lanty, yer honor—Lanty Lafferty, av' it's phuzen to ye—called after me grand-father on the mother's side—God be good to him, decent man! I'm Mister Redmond's own man, an' it's proud an' happy I am to be that name." "You like your young master, then?" "An' why wouldn't I like him? Is there a man or baste in the County Fermannah wudn't shed the last drop for the O'Donnell. More broken there isn't his like for a free-handed, bold-hearted gentleman from here to the wurld's end. But, arrah, why make I be talkin'—sure yer honor knows for yourself." "I do, indeed, and I honor him the more for flying to escape my gratitude. But as we are to be neighbors, I perceive, I insist upon our being friends. Tell him it is my earnest wish—that of my daughter, too—that he shall visit us, or permit us to visit him. He need not fear being overwhelmed with thanks—I feel what he has done too deeply to turn fine phrases. A brave lad and a gallant! And now, if you'll guide us to Torryglan, my good fellow, you'll do us a last great service." "I'll do that wid all the veins," cried Lanty Lafferty; "it's no distance in life from this Faix, it ud be a thousand pities av' the purty crathur beside ye get cowid, for, upon my conscience, it's more like an angel she is than a young woman." Torryglan lay nestling in a green hollow amid the rugged hills and waving wealth of gorse and heather. A trim little cottage set in the centre of a flower garden, and fitted up within and without with every comfort and elegance. The earl's valet and Lady Cecil's maid had gone on in advance, and glorious peat fires, dty garments, and a savory dinner awaited them. For Lanty Lafferty, he was regaled in the kitchen, and when, hours after, he sought out his young master, he was glowing and flowing over with praises of "the lord" and his daughter. "Oh, the darlin' of the wurld! Wid a face like rose of new milk, an' two eyes av' yer own that ud warn the very cookeys av' yer heart only to look at, an' halt for all I've ye seen like a cup of coffee!" "Ay, coffee—an' werra! but it's little av' the same we get in this house, Shure I had

a beautiful cup over there beyant an hour ago. Like coffee—not too strong, mad—an' with just a notion of cream. That's its color; an' masha, but it's as purty a color as ye'll find in a day's walk. An' thin she looks up at ye—like this now—out of the tail av' her eye, an' wid a smile on her beautiful face—oh, tare an' ages! av' it wudn't make an old man young only to look at her!" The young O'Donnell laughed. He was lying at full length on the oak floor—before the blazing peat fire—in one of the few habitable rooms that remained of what had once been the "Castle of the O'Donnell." He had not troubled himself to remove his wet clothes—he lay there steaming unconcerned before the blaze—a book at his side, the "Iliad"; a superb specimen of youth, and strength, and handsome health. "She appears to have made an impression upon you, Lanty. So she is as handsome as this, is she? I thought so myself, but wasn't sure, and I hadn't time to take a second look before his lordship rode up, and I made off." "An' wudn't it have been more reasonable, now, and more Christian-like, to have stood your ground? Whin an O'Donnell niver run away from danger, arrah! Where's the sinns av' phowderin' away like mad after it? Shure he wanted to thank ye, and so did the filigant young crathur herself." "The very reason I fled, Lanty. I don't want their thanks—I don't want them for that matter. What are they coming here for? What attraction can they find in our wild mountain district that they should risk their necks seeking Torryglan? It is to be hoped that they have got enough of it by this time." "Troth, then, master darlin' but that old lord's a nice, quiet, mighty civil-spoken gentleman, and he does by sive him he wants you to call and see him, or give him an' the fair-haired colleen lave to come up here an' call on ye." "On me—call on me!" The young man (he was two-and-twenty or thereabouts) looked up with a short laugh. "Oh, ye, let him visit O'Donnell Castle, by all means. See that the purple drawing-room is swept and dusted, Lanty, and the cobwebs brushed from the walls, and the three years' grime and soot washed from the windows. See that the footmen wear their best liveries and put on their brogues for the occasion. Come up here! Upon my life, this lord's daughter will be enchanted with the splendors of Castle O'Donnell. Lanty, if they do happen to call, which isn't likely—and if I happen to be in, which isn't likely—tell them I'm up in the mountains, or in the moon; that I've gone to Ballynahaggart, or—the devil—that I'm dead and buried, if you like. I won't see them. Now be off." And then Mr. Redmond O'Donnell went back to the sounding hexameters of his "Iliad," and tried in poetry to forget; but the fair pale face of the earl's daughter arose before him and the paze—wat, wild, woful, as he had seen it, with the fair streaming hair, the light, slender form, that he had clutched from the very hand of death. And she was coming, this naughty, high-born, high-bred English patrician, to behold the squalor and the poverty, and the misery of this heap of ruins called O'Donnell Castle, to make herself and a wonder of Irish poverty and fallen Irish fortunes. "I'll not see them!" the youth resolved, his handsome, boyish, open face setting into a look of sullen determination. "I don't want their visit or their thanks. I'll be off up the mountains to-morrow, and stay there until this fine English lord and his daughter leave, which will be before long, I'm thinking. A week or two in this savage district will suffice for them." But still the fair face haunted him—the novelty of such a neighbor was not to be got over. He flung the Iliad away at length, and going out on the grassy plateau, looked down the valley to where the cottage lights twinkled, far and faint, two miles off. And from her chamber window, ere she went to bed, Lady Cecil Clive gazed up at the starlit sky, and the ruined towers of what had once been a great and a mighty stronghold. The storm had spent its fury and passed, the autumn stars, large and white, shone out, the fresh hillside wind blew down in her fair wistful face. It was a sad fate, she thought—the last scion of a kingly and beggared race, brave as a lion and penniless as a pauper, dwelling alone in that ruined pile, and wasting his youth and best years amid the wilds of this ruined land. "Poor fellow!" Lady Cecil thought. "So young and so utterly friendless—too proud to labor, and too poor to live as a gentleman—wasting his life in these savage ruins! Papa must do something for him when we return to England. He saved my life at the risk of his own, and so heavy a debt of gratitude as that must be paid."

CHAPTER X. AN IRISH IDYL.

On very small things hinge very great events. A horse minus a shoe changed the whole course of Redmond O'Donnell's life—altered his entire destiny. He neither went to the mountains nor the moon, to Ballynahaggart, nor the dark Majesty of the Inferno. He staid at home, and he saw the Earl of Ruyland and the Lady Cecil Clive. It happened thus: Going to the stables next morning to saddle his favorite mare, Kathleen, he found her in need of the blacksmith's services. Lanty led her off, and returning to the house, the young O'Donnell came face to face with his English visitors. He stood for a moment mute with surprise and chagrin. He had not dreamed in the remotest way of their coming so soon, or so early, and—here they were! Escape was impossible; they were before him; and by birth and training, by race and nature, the lad was a gentleman. He took off his cap, and the young mountaineer bowed to the earl's daughter like a prince. Lord Ruyland with extended hand and his sweetest smile. "Ah, Mr. O'Donnell, fled indignantly before me yesterday—not like an O'Donnell, by the bye, to fly even from gratitude. No—don't look so alarmed—nobody is going to thank you. You saved my daughter's life at the eminent risk of your own—a mere trifle, not worth mentioning. Cecil, my dear, come and shake hands with our young hero of yesterday—ah, I beg pardon I promised to call on names. Mr. Redmond O'Donnell, Lady Cecil Clive." And then two large, soft eyes of "liquid light" looked up into his, a little gray-glowed head was given, a little soft, low voice murmured something—poor Mr. Redmond O'Donnell never knew what—and from that moment his doom was sealed. Sudden, perhaps; but then this young man was an Irishman—everything is said in that. He flung open the half-hinged, wholly lockless front door, and led the way, with some half-laughing apology for the tumble-down state of O'Donnell Castle. "Don't blame us, Lord Ruyland," the young man said, half-gaily, half-sadly; "blame your own countrymen and confederates. We were an improvident race, perhaps, but when they took our lands and our coun-

try from us, we let the little they left go to rack and ruin. When a man loses a hundred thousand pounds or so, it doesn't seem worth his while to hoard very carefully, the dozen or so of shillings remaining. Lady Cecil, will you take this seat? We can give you a fine view, at least, from our windows, if we can give you nothing else." The Earl and his daughter were loud in their praises. It was fine, Miles of violet and purple heather, here and there touched with golden, green, or rose tinges, blue hills melting into the bluer sky, and deepest blue of all, the wide sea, spreading miles away, sparkling in the sunshine as if sown with stars. They remained nearly an hour. The young seigneur of this ruined castle conducted them to the gates—say, to the two huge buttresses, where gates once had been—and stood, cap in hand, watching them depart. And so, with the sunshine on his handsome, tanned face, on his uncovered tall head, Lady Cecil bore away the image of Redmond O'Donnell. You know this, story before I tell it. She was sixteen years of age—she had saved her life, risking his own to save it, without a moment's thought, and like a true woman, she adored bravely almost above all other things in man. She pitied him unexpressedly, so proud, so poor, so noble of birth and ancestry, a descendant of kings, and a pauper. And he had an eye like an eagle, a voice tender and spirited together, and a smile—a smile, Lady Cecil thought, bright as the sunshine on yonder Ulster hills. It was love at first sight—boy and girl love, of course; and the Earl of Ruyland, shrewd old worldling that he was, might have known it very well if he had given the subject one thought. But he did not. He was a great deal too absorbed in his own personal concerns about this time to have much solicitude about his little daughter's affairs of court. Lady Cecil had pitied Redmond O'Donnell for being a pauper, without in the least dreaming she was one herself. Through no fancy for the country, through no desire to ameliorate the condition of the inhabitants, had they come to Ireland. Grim poverty had driven him hither, and was likely to keep him here for some time to come. His life had been one long round of pleasure and excess, of luxury and extravagance. He had come into a fortune when he attained his majority, and squandered it. He came into another when he married his wealthy wife, and squandered that, too. Now he was over head and ears in debt. Clive Court was mortgaged past all redemption—in light was his only safety; and he fled—to Ireland. There was that little hunting-box of his among the Ulster hills—Torryglan; he could have that made habitable, and go there, and rough it until the storm blew over. Roughing it himself, he did not so much mind. "Roughing it," in his phraseology, meaning a valet to wait upon him, all the elegancies of his life transported from his Bulgarian lodgings, and a first-rate cook—but there was his daughter. For the first time in her sixteen years of life she was thrown upon her hands. At her birth, and her mother's death, she had been placed out at nurse; at the age of three, a cousin of her mother's, living in Paris, had taken her, and he brought her up. Brought her up strictly French principles, taught her that love and courtship, as English girls understand them, are indelicate, criminal almost; that for the present she must attend to her books, her music, her drawing, and embroidery, and that when the proper time came, she would receive her husband as she did her pupils and dresses—from the hand of papa. Papa came to see her tolerably often, took her with him once in a while when he visited his friend and cronny, Sir John Tregenna; and she was told if she were a poor girl she should one day, when properly grown up, marry young Arthur and be Lady Tregenna herself, and queen it in this old sea-girt Cornish castle. And little Cecil always laughed and sniggered about it. She did always laugh and snigger about it. She did always have a very little of Arthur Tregenna—she was somewhat in awe of him, as has been said. He was so grave, so wise, so learned, and she was such a frivolous little butterfly, dancing in the sunshine, eating bonbons, and singing from morning till night. Her first grief was the death of the kind Gallicized English woman who had been her second mother. Her father, on the eve of his Irish exile, went to Paris, brought her with him, and her old bonny Therese, and for the first time in her life, little Lady Cecil met with an adventure, and became a h. rone. "I wonder if he will call upon us!" she thought now, as she walked homeward through the soft autumn noontide—the personal pronoun of course having reference to the young O'Donnell. "He did not really promise, but I think—I think he looked as though he would like to come. It would be pleasant to have some one to talk to, when papa is away, and he tells me he will be away a great deal at Bally—the town with the unpronounceable Irish name. How very, very poor he seems; his jacket was quite shabby; his whole dress like that of the peasantry. And such a tumble-down place—only fit for owls, and bats, and rooks. Papa (ah, you have a great deal of influence, and many friends in England—could you do nothing for this Mr. O'Donnell? He seems so dreadfully poor papa." The earl shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "My little, unsophisticated Cecil! A great deal of influence and many friends! My dear, I have no influence enough to enable me to stay in England. Do you think I would come to this confounded, half-civilized land, if I could stay away? Poor, indeed! Your Mr. O'Donnell isn't half as poor as I am, for at least I suppose he isn't very deeply in debt." His daughter looked at him in sheer surprise. "And you are papa? You poor? Poor?" she tried to comprehend it, shook her head, and gave it up. "I always thought you were rich papa—I always thought English peers had more money than they knew what to do with. How can we be poor—with servants, and horses, and plate, and—?" "One must have the necessities of life, child," her father broke in impatiently, "as long as they are living. One can't go back to primitive jays, and live in a wigwam, or in a rickety rickety like that. I wish to Heaven one could—I'd try it. I tell you I haven't a farthing in the world—yet you may as well learn it now as later; and have more debts than I can ever pay off from now to the crack of doom. I don't want to pay. While I'm in hiding here I'll try to compromise in some way with my confounded creditors and the Jews. Poor, indeed! By Jove! we may live and die in this Irish exile for what I see, the earl said with a sort of groan. A little smile dimpled Lady Cecil's rosebud face, a happy light shone in her gold-brown eyes. She glanced at the little cottage nestling in its green cup, myrtle and clematis climbing over it, at the fair fields, daisy spangled, at the glowing uplands in their purple dress, at the rugged towers of the old castle boldly outlined against the soft sunny sky, with a face that showed to her at least the prospect of an eternal Irish exile that had no terrors. "Very well, papa," she said, dreamily; "suppose we do? It's a very pretty place, I'm sure, and if we are poor it surely will not take much to keep us here. While I have

you and Therese and my books and piano, I am content to stay here forever." Her father turned and looked at her, astonishment and disgust struggling in his eyes. "Good Heaven! listen to her! Content to stay here! Yes, and live on potatoes like the natives, and convert the skins into clothing, to go barefooted and wear striped linsey-woolsey goods reaching below the knees, talk with a mellifluous North of Ireland accent, and end by marrying Lanty Lafferty, I suppose, or the other fellow Mickey. If you can't talk sense, Cecil, hold your tongue!" Lady Cecil blushed and obeyed. Marry Lanty Lafferty! No, she would hardly do that. But oh, Cecil, whence that rosy blush? Whence that droop of the fair, fresh face? Whence that sudden rising in your mind of the tall figure, the bold flashing eyes of Redmond O'Donnell? Is this why the Irish exile is robbed of his terrors for you? "No, no," the earl said, after a little, as his daughter remained silent. "We'll get out of this howling wilderness of roaring rivers, and wild young chieftains, and tumble-down castles as speedily as we can. I have one hope left and that is—"he looked at her keenly—"in you, my dear." "I, papa?" "Yes; in your marriage. What's the child blushing at? In a year or two you'll be old enough, and Tregenna will be back in England. Of course you know it has been an understood thing these many years that you were to marry him when you grew up. He is perfectly ready to fulfil the compact, and certainly you will be. You have been brought up in a way to understand this. Tregenna is rich, monstrously rich, and won't see his father-in-law up a tree. I give you my word he is my last hope—your marriage with him, I mean. I will try and compromise with my creditors I say, and when things are straightened out a bit we'll go back to England. You shall be presented at court, and will make, I rather fancy, a sensation. We will let you enjoy yourself for your first season, and when it is over we will marry you comfortably to Sir Arthur Tregenna." And Lady Cecil listened with drooping eyelids. It seemed to her all right—French girls married in this judicious way, all trouble of love-making and that nonsense being taken off their hands by kindly parents and guardians. She listened, and if she did not say so in words said in effect, with Thackeray's hero Mr. Foker, "Very well, sir, as you like it. When you want me, please ring the bell," and then fell into thought once more, and wondered dazedly if young O'Donnell would call at evening at Torryglan. Young O'Donnell called. The little drawing-room was lit by waxlights, and carpet covered the floor, tinted paper hung the walls, and pretty sunny pictures gazed them. It was half drawing-room, half library, one side being lined with books. A little cottage piano stood between the front windows—Lady Cecil sat at that. Such a contrast to the big, bare, bleak, lonesome rooms at home—their only music the scamper of the rats, the howling of the wind, and Lanty's Irish jig lilt. The contrast came upon him with a pang almost of pain; the gulf between himself and these people, whose equal by birth he was, had not seemed half so sharp before. Lady Cecil, in crisp, white muslin and blue ribbons, with diamond drops in her ears and twinkling on her slim fingers, seemed as far above him as some "bright particular star," etc. He stood in the doorway for a moment irresolute, ashamed, sorry he had come, ashamed of his shabby jacket and clumping boots. The earl, with pen in his hair like some clerk, looked up from his pile of papers and nodded familiarly. "Ah, O'Donnell—how do? Come in. Been expecting you. Very busy, you see—must excuse me. Cecil will entertain you—give him some music, my dear." And then my lord went back to his papers—bills, dues, accounts, no end—with knitted brows and absorbed mind, and forgot in half a minute such an individual as O'Donnell existed. Redmond went over to the piano; how bright the smile of girlish pleasure with which the little lady welcomed him. "Would he sit here?—did he like music?—Would he turn the pages for her?"—the fond of Moore's melodies? In this brilliant and original way the conversation commenced. "Yes, he liked music, and he was very fond of Moore's melodies. Would she please go on with that she was singing?" It was, "She was far from the land where her young hero sleeps," and the tender young voice was full of the pathos and sweetness of the beautiful song. "He lived for his love for his country he died," sang Lady Cecil, and glanced under her long, brown lashes at the grave, dark face beside her. "Robert Emmet must have looked like that," she thought; "he seems as though he could die for his country, too. I suppose his ancestors have. I wish—I wish—papa could do something for him, or—Sir Arthur Tregenna." But somehow it was unpleasant to think of Sir Arthur, and her mind shifted away from him. She finished her song, and discovered Mr. O'Donnell could sing—had a very fine and highly cultivated voice, indeed, and was used to the piano accompaniment. "I used to sing with my sister," he explained, in answer to her involuntary look of surprise. "She plays very well." "Your sister! why I thought—" "I had none. Oh, yes, I have—very jolly little girl Rose is, too—I rather think you would like her. I am quite sure, Mr. O'Donnell blushed a little himself as he turned this first compliment, "she would like you." "And will she come soon? How glad I shall like her." Redmond shook his head. "No," he said, "she will not come here at all—never, in all likelihood. She is in America—in New Orleans, living with her grandfather, a Frenchman, Lady Cecil." "A Frenchman! Your sister's grandfather?" "Yes—an odd mixture, you think," smiling. "You see, Lady Cecil, when my father was a young man, he fought in the Mexican war under General Scott. We are a fighting race, I must inform you—war is our trade. When the Mexican war ended, he went to New Orleans, and there he met a young lady—French, and a great heiress—a beauty too, though she was my mother. Well, Lady Cecil, she fell in love with the dashing Irish trooper—her friends were frantic, and she eloped with him. A romantic story, is it not? He brought her here—it must have been a contrast to the luxury of her French home. Her father refused to forgive her—returned all her letters unopened, and here she lived seven years, and here she died and was buried. I'll show you her grave some day in the churchyard of Ballynahaggart. I was six—Rose one year old. Her father heard of her death—not through mine; he never wrote or held any communication with him—and he relented at last. Came all the way over here, nearly broken-hearted, and wanted to become reconciled. But my father sternly and bitterly refused. He offered to take Rose and me, and bring us up, and leave

us his fortune when he died; but still he was refused. He returned to New Orleans, and three months after Father Ryan of Ballynahaggart wrote him word of my father's death. He had never held up his head after my mother's loss. "They sent us both out there. Young as I was, I resisted—all the bitterness of my father had descended to me; but I resisted in vain. We went out to New Orleans, and now I look back upon my life there as a sort of indistinct dream or fairy tale. The warmth, the tropical beauty, and the luxuriance of my grandfather's house, come back to me in dreams sometimes, and I wake to see the rough rafters and mildewed walls of the old castle. I stayed there with him until I was nineteen, then I refused to stay longer. He had despised my father and shortened my mother's life by his cruelty—I would not stay a dependent on his bounty. It was my boyish bravado, perhaps, Lady Cecil, but I felt all I said. I left New Orleans and Rose, and came here, and here I have been running wild, and becoming the savage you find me. But I like the freedom of the life in spite of its poverty; I would not exchange it for the siltken indolence and luxury of Menadervue, my Louisiana home. And here I shall remain until an opportunity offers to go, as all my kith and kin have gone before me, and earn my livelihood at the point of my sword." Lady Cecil listened. She liked all this; she liked the lad's spirit of refusing for himself that which had been refused his mother. Not good sense, perhaps, but sound chivalry. "You will go out to India, I suppose," she said; "there always seems to be fighting there for those who want it." The young man's brow darkened. "India?" he said; "no. No O'Donnell ever fought under the English flag—I will not be the first. Years ago, Lady Cecil—two hundred and more—all this country you see belonged to us, and they confiscated it, and left us houseless and outlaws. The O'Donnell of that day swore a terrible oath that none of his race should ever fight for the British invader, and none of them ever have. I shall seek service under a foreign flag—it doesn't matter which, so that it is not that of your nation Lady Cecil." Lady Cecil pouted—said it was unchristian and unforbearing, but in her heart of hearts she liked it all, and wished, with De-demonia, that Heaven had made her such a man. Redmond O'Donnell lingered until the early dawn and only over his musy accounts, and the little ornate clock ticked off half-past ten and walked homeward under the moonlight and star-light, feeling that the world had suddenly beautified, and this lowly valley had become a very garden of Eden, with the sweetest Eve that ever smiled among the roses. That first evening was but the beginning of the end. The visits, the music, the duets, eading—the walks a' o'er the moor among the heather, the rides over the autumn hills, with Redmond O'Donnell for cavalier, the sketching of the old castle—the old, old, endless story of youth and love, told since the world began—to be told till the last trump shall sound. Lord Ruyland saw nothing, heard nothing—was as unobservant as though he were not a "battered London rake" and a thorough man of the world. His impecunious state filled his mind to the exclusion of every thing else, and then Cecil had been so well brought up, etc. The child must walk and ride, and must have a companion. Young O'Donnell was a beggar—literally a beggar—and of course might as well fix his foolish affections on one of her Majesty's daughters as upon that of the Earl of Ruyland. He was awakened suddenly and unexpectedly from his dream and his delusion. Seven weeks had passed—the idea of November had come—the chill autumn blasts were whistling drearily over the mountains. He was sick and tired to death of his enforced exile; he had been patched up in some way, a compromise effected; he might venture to show his face once more across the Channel. In a week or two at the farthest he would start. He sat complacently thinking this over alone in the drawing-room, when the door opened—Gregory, his man, announced "Mr. O'Donnell," and he vanished. "Ah, Redmond, my lad, glad to see you. Come in—come in Cecil's upstairs. I'll send for her." But Mr. O'Donnell interrupted; he did not wish Lady Cecil sent for—at least just yet. He wished to speak to the earl alone. He was so embarrassed, so unlike himself—bold, frank, free, as he habitually was—that Lord Ruyland looked at him in surprise. That look was enough—it told him all. "Good Heavens!" he thought, "what an ass I have been. Of course, he has fallen in love with her—arr't matrimony and murder the national pastime of this delightful island? And very likely she has fallen in love with him—the young savage is so confoundedly good-looking." He was right. While he sat thinking this, Redmond O'Donnell was pouring into his ear the story of his love and his hopes. "It was his madness to worship her," (he was very young and inclined to hyperbole), "to adore her. He was poor, he knew, but he was young, and the world was all before him. He would wait—ay, as long as his lordship pleased—he would win a name, a fortune, a title, it might be, and lay them at her feet. One O'Donnell had done it in Spain already—what any man had done he could do. His birth, at least was equal to hers. He asked nothing now but this: Only let him know—let him go forth into the world and win name, and fame, lay them at her feet, and claim her as his wife. He loved her—no one in this world would ever love her again better than he." And then he broke down all at once and turned away and waited for his answer. "The earl kept a grave face—it spoke volumes for his admirable training and high good breeding. He did not laugh in this wild young enthusiast's face; he did not fly into a passion; he did nothing rude or unpleasant, and he did not make a scene. "Mr. O'Donnell's affection did his daughter much honor," he said; "certainly he was her equal, her superior, indeed, in point of birth; and as to making a name for himself, and winning a fortune, of course, there could not be a doubt as to that with a young man of his indomitable courage and determination. But was it possible Lady Cecil had not already told him she was engaged?" "Engaged!" The young man could but just gasp the word, pale and wild. "Engaged?" "Most certainly—from her very childhood—to the wealthy Cornish baronet, Sir Arthur Tregenna. She had given her promise to marry him of her own free will—the wedding, in all probability, would take place upon her eighteenth birthday. Really now it was quite inexcusable of Queenie not to have mentioned this. But it was just possible—she was so very young, and Mr. O'Donnell was a man of honor—perhaps he was doing this injustice in thinking he had made a declaration to her in person?" "No," Young O'Donnell had not. He was so white, so wild, so despairing-looking, that the earl was getting alarmed. A scene!

and oh, how he abhorred scenes! He had not spoken to her on the subject—he never had—he wished to obtain her father's consent first." The earl grasped his hand with effusion. "My lad, you're a gentleman from head to foot. I am proud of you! Have you—has she—I mean do you think your affection is returned? Oh, I don't blinch and look modest—it isn't the most unlikely thing on earth. Do you think Cecil returns your very—ah!—pon my life—ardent devotion?" Young O'Donnell stood looking handsome and modest before him. "He did not like to say—but he hoped." "Oh; of course you do," the earl supplemented, "and very strongly too. Well, my lad, you deserve something for the admirable and honorable manner in which you have acted, and you shall have your reward. Cecil shall wait for you if she wishes it! No, don't thank me yet; hear me out. You are to spend this evening here, are you not? Well, as you have been silent so long, be silent yet a little longer. Don't say a word to her. To-morrow morning I will lay all this before her myself, and if she prefers the penniless Irishman to the rich Cornishman, why, Heaven forbid I should force her affection! I can trust to you implicitly, I know, and this time to-morrow come over to see us again, and you shall have your answer." He would not listen to the young man's ardent thanks; he pushed him good-naturedly away and arose. "Thank me to-morrow," he said, if Queenie prefers love in a cottage to thirty thousand a year—not before." The sneer in his voice was imperceptible but it was there. Half an hour after the earl sought out Gregory, his valet and manager. "We leave at daybreak to-morrow morning, Gregory," he said; "Lady Cecil and I. You will remain behind; pack up every thing, and follow later in the day. Not a word however, to Lady Cecil." That evening—the last—when Redmond O'Donnell's hair is gray I fancy it would stand out distinct from all other evenings in his life. The wax-lit drawing-room, with its green carpet, its sparkling fire, its pictures, its wild natural flowers, its books, its piano, Lord Ruyland, with a paper in his hand, seated in his easy chair and watching the young people covertly from over it; Lady Cecil at the piano, the candle-light streaming over her fair blonde face, her floating golden hair, her silvery silk dress, her rings and ribbons. In dreary bivouacs, in the silence and depth of African midnight, this picture came back so vividly as he saw it then. In desolate desert marches, in the fiercest, hot din of battle, it flashed upon him. Lying delirious in the fever of gunshot wounds, in Algerian hospitals, it was of this night, of her as he saw her then, he raved. He sang for him all the songs he liked best. He leaned over the piano, his eyes on that fairest face, his ears drinking in that dearest melody, silent happy. (To be Continued.)

A CROSS BABY.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All crosses and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Traveller. On the 18th of Jan. at Greenock—Profr. Campbell in the chair—two letters addressed to the local sanitary inspector from Mr. Deas Inspector of Poor were read, refusing to bury the bodies of two poor persons in respect that their names did not appear as puppets in the paper roll; and alleging that the Local Authority, and not the Parochial Board, should bear the expense. The committee expressed their strong disapproval of the action of the Parochial Board in refusing to carry out an arrangement which had existed harmoniously for so many years, without giving the Local Authority the slightest notice of their intention to do so, and the clerk was instructed to write Mr. Deas to this effect.—Glasgow Mail. There are some hair oils, powders, &c. which positively destroy the hair, and cause it to become decimated by the deleterious nature of the ingredients composing them. Lully's Parisian Rejuvenator is perhaps the only article in the world which completely cures the scalp and restores grey hair to its original color, black, brown or auburn. Sold by all chemists. ST. JEAN BAPTIST SOCIETY.—The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the St. Jean section of the St. Jean Baptist Association:—President, M. A. Charlebois; First Vice-President, Dr. J. L. Lacroix; Second Vice-President, Dr. S. Lachapelle; Recording Secretary, A. Desève, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Gaudin. C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, an employee of the U. S. Express Co., says:—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of Piles of 8 years standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo Physicians without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly. A son of Edmund Yates is appearing at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in "Masks and Faces." Persons suffering from Bile, Indigestion and Constipation are recommended to try Dr. HAYWARD'S APPETIZING AND PURGATIVE PILLS which in hundreds of cases have not only given relief, but have effected a cure. They contain no mercury, and require no restraint in diet or exercise. Prepared only by MRS. H. BRADSTREET, FREDERICKTON, MONTREAL. Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases and casualties incidental to youth may be safely treated by the use of these excellent Medicaments according to the printed directions folded round each pot and box. Nur is this Ointment alone applicable to external ailments; conjointly with the Pills it exercises the most salutary influence in checking inflammations situated in the interior of the body; when rubbed upon the back and chest it gives the most sensible relief in asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and threatening consumption. Holloway's remedies are especially serviceable in liver and stomach complaints. For the cure of bad legs, all sorts of wounds, sores, and likewise scrofula and scorbutic affections, this Ointment produces a cooling and soothing feeling most acceptable to the sufferer. On Saturday 115 tons of coal were distributed amongst the poor people of Dalkeith the expense being defrayed by subscription. 122 people received half a ton each. The coal was carted free of expense by several of the neighbouring farmers. Those intolerably painful and constantly harassing things called piles, which trouble so many people, are soon healed by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great external remedy for physical suffering and means of relieving pains. A very small quantity achieves results of the most gratifying kind.