

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

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CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT RIDE.

It would be difficult to put in language an adequate description of the consternation that fell upon the whole city when at 6 o'clock on that fatal Friday evening, the court broke up, and the alarming tidings spread from mouth to mouth. The charge of Chief Justice Grady at the former Assizes, the difficulty in empanelling a jury, the tradition that no conviction could be obtained on the evidence of approvers, unsupported by direct circumstantial evidence, had made the acquittal of the prisoners a foregone conclusion in the minds of the people. The friends of the accused had not even taken the trouble to secure the services of counsel. Now all was changed. The convicted prisoners were warned to expect no mercy; and, as the same evidence was forthcoming in the subsequent trials, for the informers had boasted they would "swear up to the mark," that is, to secure convictions for the Crown, it was clear there was no hope for the remaining seventeen prisoners whose trials were to follow. Despair, deep despair was upon the souls of many who had come up from the country to stand by father, or husband, or brother, in this supreme crisis of their lives. There was just one faint gleam of hope. The Solicitor General had announced that the trial of the next batch would be deferred to Monday morning. It would never do to look up a loyal jury for forty-eight hours, the afternoon of Saturday, a hurried convulsion was held of all the prisoners' friends. No one knew who were to form the next batch of prisoners to be placed on trial. But no matter! All were friends and neighbors here. All should stand or fall together. Yes! but what hope? The same judges, the same approvers, the same prosecutor, and a similar jury. Given these factors you must necessarily have the same result. Certainly, if no one can be found to knock that process to bits, and by breaking up one factor, break up the whole result. But where can he be found? There is but one man in Ireland—in the world—that can do it; and he is ninety miles away in his home by the Atlantic. Nay, he is engaged for a great meeting in Tralee to-morrow about the everlasting question of tenant right. There is no train, no telegraph, no postal service. It is impossible!

Nay, not impossible to such love as brother has for brother. They speak of a certain horse in the city here, broad-chested, sinewy, deep-lined. He'll do the journey to Macroom if put to it, and there we get a relay of horses for the west. And you? Yes, I, William Burke, whose brother is over yonder awaiting trial—I will ride to Derrynane Abbey, I will see the Counselor, I will offer him your best horse, and bring him hither if I can. But his fee? That's easily settled. In one hour, 100 guineas are collected, the horse is duly fed and caparisoned, a little group outside the city, bid the young night rider God-speed! put his gallant horse on the neck, grip his hands in a farewell; and the lights of Cork sink behind him, swallowed in utter darkness as he plunges into the night.

It is a wet, warm night, dark as Erebus; and the twin, steed and rider, knew nothing of the road. All they knew was, that they should follow for some time the course of the river, which they could see by the light of the moon, as it tore over stones and pebbles on its mad rush to the sea. They were soon splashed with mud from head to heel, and the soft, warm rain had penetrated under and through the light garments of the rider, that his weight might lie easy on the gallant animal, on whose endurance and swiftness so many lives were now depending. But neither animal nor rider felt aught but the stimulus of some mighty force that summoned all their energies, and would make their success a triumph beyond description, and their failure—well, as the thought of its possibility flashed across the young man's mind, a great lump came into his throat, and he had to gulp down his emotion. His brother—the lad who was endeared to him by a thousand associations, of childhood, boyhood and manhood, was within possible distance of the hangman's grasp—and oh! it was too terrible to think of it! He freed his bridle hand, and dashed it, wet with the rain of that winter night, across his eyes, and urged the brave animal more swiftly onwards on their great mission. He saw but the pale glimmer of the road before him, and now and again the ghostly trees that loomed up against the sky and disappeared. He heard only the swish of the rain, that streamed on his face and hands, and the hollow murmur of the river on his left. Now and again he dashed past some laborer's cottage, saw the glimmer of light across a tiny window-pane, or perhaps, if the half door were open, the humble family sitting around their frugal supper, and thought of their happiness, and his own—O God! so great a trial. And it spurred him onwards into the night. People passed him, and leaped aside into ditches from the furious horseman, who tore through mud and slush along the road. "Life or death!" they cried to one another; "tis a ride for life or death." Children covered over the half-mooning embers in their cabins when the swift, heavy tread of the gallop smote their ears, and they whispered: "The headless horseman!" Once or twice, a word of warning was shouted after him, but he heeded it not. There was one fearful object behind him, the phantom of a horrible dread; and one objective before him—the man who could exercise that phantom, and he knew naught else. A few times he had to rein up before a blazing forge, or a laborer's dwelling, to ask the way, whilst the villagers,

frightened at his appearance, and his panting horse, would ask: "What is it, boy? A sick call?" "A sick call," he would answer. "Which road? Quick, quick." "And they would point it out, with a muttered ejaculation, as the phantom horseman disappeared in the darkness: "God save us all, this blessed and holy night!"

At last, without stumble or accident, the horse and rider burst into the streets of Macroom about 9 o'clock, and drew up at the principal inn. It was a strange apparition and presently attracted a crowd. A great cloud of steam arose from the chestnut coat of the horse, as he stood there panting and covered with sweat; and a similar cloud arose round the rain-soaked garments of the rider. And whether it is night-ride? was the cry. Rest here! Horse and man both need it!

"Rest?" cried the young man. "I have done but a fraction of my journey. Good friends, food and a drink for this poor animal, and a morsel of food for myself. Then, a fresh horse, if he is to be had for love or money, and I'm off again!" "But whither, boy? No man ever rode like that before, except to flee death, or win a wife!" "And he explained. "Derrynane? O'Connell? Sixty five miles as the crow flies! Nonsense, man, the thing is impossible. Somebody arrest that boy! He's gone clean mad!" "But he only listened, and ate and drank, and said nothing. The ostler came forward. "Not a horse to be had in Macroom. All gone up to the Assizes. Big business there! and all the lawyers and gentry are gone up."

The boy's heart sank. He looked at the weary, foam-flecked horse, the light of the seventy miles of road, declared in its judgment an impossible feat. But then the face of his brother, John, staring out from the dock, rose before him. "Look here, men of Muskerry, I am riding to-night as no man ever rode before. We are all on the same side. The halter is around my brother's neck to-day. To-morrow it may be around yours, or your sons'. Is there no horse to be had? I was told I could get a change of horses here!" They greatly pitied him. But no! not a horse was to be had? If McWilliams could not give one, there was nowhere else to look, unless he would take some farmers garron, that would pike him before he was half a mile on the road. But to-morrow, Sunday, the farmers would be in town, and they would search Muskerry for him.

"To-morrow! Alas to-morrow I would be too late! Seventy miles to go and ninety to return—no! no! A gleam of hope shot up. "Can you, good people, let me have a relay of horses here for the Counselor and myself to-morrow night?" "Yes, lad, if they are to be had in Muskerry. Twenty, if you like, and stout men to lead them." "Can you send forward—say twenty miles or so—a horse or two? The Counselor will probably drive." "Ay, ay, lad, it shall be so. They'll meet him at Keim-a-neigh, or beyond Inchigeela, so surely as I hold the Muskerry Hotel." "A thousand thanks! Now, give him his head," and forward again into the night!

And the women said "God speed! Surely God and His mother will help him! The brother of such a cradle must be well worth saving!" This time he missed the companionship of the river. He had now to plunge into a wild, savage country, turgid, through deep valleys and horrid crevasses between mountains, where the dark night was even blacker than in the open, and he had to trust entirely to the instincts of his horse. He leaned forward and patted the neck of the noble animal and said: "So far, so good! But the worst of our journey is before us. Can you do it?"

And the faithful beast as if he understood, threw back his ears, as if to say: "Yes! I barring accidents—the casting of a shoe, a stone on the road, a mountain torrent, or a broken bridge—I shall carry you to your destination! For who shall say that some secret instinct does not awaken in the minds of these poor dumb beasts faithful servants of man: or that some subtle, electric influence does not pass from rider to horse and make them for the moment one? At least this brave animal breast the night and faced that some great trust was reposed in him, as he strode along through the darkness. For now no light in the cottages by the wayside cast a cheerful gleam across the rider's path. All was hushed into darkness and silence broken only by the hollow hoofs that echoed through the blackness, and the far-off bark of some farmer's collier, awake in the watches of the night. It was midnight as they passed Inchigeela leaving Lough Lis on the left, and the horse's hoofs began to thunder and make dreadful echoes from cliff to cliff amongst the passes that guard the Kingdom of Kerry. He guessed from the descriptions he had already heard that they were now beyond the frontier; but the whole width of Kerry was before them, afar to the very headlands that have breasted the Atlantic since Creation. Will the brave animal do it? Well, who knows? And surely God is with us. A little after 4 o'clock in the morning a faint peary light behind him foretold the dawn; and soon the mists cleared away, and he saw beyond the cloud of steam that rose from his horse's neck and haunches that they were passing through glens and valleys of great loveliness, though the winter was upon them, and the shadow of the night. Cattle browsed peacefully along the meadows that skirted the wayside; and here and there, on knolls and between rocks, hidden in moss and lichens, sheep lay quietly awaiting the fuller dawn to go to their pasturage again. Signs of life, too, became soon visible amongst this

early-rising and industrious people; and the weary rider was able to dismount and get food and drink for his horse and himself. And everywhere the sympathetic inquiries were met by the same replies; and great pity was lavished on the boy who had undertaken so tremendous a task for a brother's life. But there was no staying nor stopping. The goal was not yet reached, and there were difficulties yet to be surmounted. The last hours of the weary ride were the worst. "Go straight on," he directed, "till you see the way. Then turn sharp to the right, and down in the valley you'll see the Abbey. And may God grant you'll find the Counselor before you this blessed and holy Sunday morning."

And on he went, his hopes rising as the physical faculties were giving way; on, on, in a kind of dream, for the brain was weary after a night of anxiety. He saw, as in a vision, houses, farms, trees, speeding past; he returned the salute, "God save you! God save you kindly!" as if he were talking in his sleep. He nodded in his saddle, and even the mighty errand on which he was sent was fading away into a thing of insignificance, when a stumble suddenly brought back his senses; and pulling up the animal tightly, he looked by instinct to save the fall, he looked up and saw the steel-blue sea, shimmering in the dawn wind, and he knew his journey was at an end. He turned swiftly to the right, and in a few moments, saw deep down in the valley, at the foot of a purple mountain, and embowered in forest trees, the Abbey of Derrynane, the home of the Liberator, and the goal of all his desires. He stumbled into the courtyard, and dismounted, or rather fell from the fagged and froth-flecked beast.

CHAPTER VI.

AVE, LIBERATOR!

On that momentous Sabbath morning O'Connell was at breakfast, after having heard Mass in his private oratory, when he was announced that a man, quite exhausted after a night-ride of ninety miles, wished to see him on urgent business. The great tribune was then more than fifty years old. He had won his greatest triumph, when in the April of that year he had wrung the measure of Catholic Emancipation from an unwilling King, Commons and Lords. He was now resting from professional and parliamentary labors, away from the bustle and noise of cities, and far from the treachery and hostility of men, here in his ancestral home by the seaside. He was decidedly unwilling to be dragged from his peaceful retreat into the arena of courts and camps. The Parliamentary session of 1830 was looming up before him; and he foresaw how tumultuous it would be. Yet the moment he heard of this midnight ride, he ordered the young man to be brought into his library. Here, young Burke, face to face with the man whose image was before him all night, burst out: "I left Cork last evening at night fall, and I rode ninety miles to see you, Counselor. There are four men already under sentence of death in Cork, on account of the Doneraile Conspiracy. There are seven or more to be tried, amongst them my brother, John. If you don't come, Doherty will hang every mother's son of them. Here are a hundred guineas! If you come our men are saved, and you'll have the blessings of their mothers and wives for ever!"

Briefly, O'Connell, touched with this signal proof of public confidence, signified his assent. Burke turned, with light in his eyes, to remark his jaded horse, and ride back with the glorious news. But this O'Connell would not allow. "There's plenty of time. Rest here for the day; and in the evening we leave together."

Monday morning, October 26th, dawned gloomy and foreboding for the groups that were gathered here and there around the corners of the city. The judges had spent the Sunday at Fota, where they were entertained by Mr. Smith-Barry. The people, the prisoners' friends, spent the same Sabbath in the churches, hearing Mass and praying the Lord God of Justice to show justice, which was also mercy, to the accused. By order of the Bishop, the churches were kept open all night, and were more or less filled with men and women, who, leaning on forms and benches, besought the Invisible Powers to interpose, and stop the iniquity of the law. At 9 o'clock the Court assembled, the judges took their seats on the bench, and four prisoners—Edmond Connors, Barrett, Wallis and Lynch—were put on trial. Edmond Connors was a respectable farmer, remarkable for his great strength, a frame of massive proportions, a face of innocence, and the heart of a child. Perfectly conscious of his freedom from all guilt, he looked around at judges, barristers and jury with a calm, unembarrassed gaze. He was innocent; and God was over him. If acquitted, well and good! If convicted, welcome be the will of God! You cannot hurt Christian stoicism of this kind.

Just as the proceedings were about to commence, there was a faint cheer outside the courthouse, and young Burke, after his return ride of ninety miles, pushed his way through the throng and spoke to counsel for defendants. Scouts had been out all the morning watching for his arrival, and as he rode in triumph into the city, he had been greeted by a hundred voices: "What news, William? Is he coming?" "He'll be here in an hour!" said the boy with triumph and exultation in his suppressed tones. "Mr. McCarthy at once applied to the Bench for an adjournment. Quite impossible! The business of the Court has already been delayed over much. Proceed! But there are little stratagems known to men of the law by which they can throw little barriers and obstructions athwart the course of business, and these McCarthy freely used. It was seen through, however, and Judge Trench, raising his head from his papers, said solemnly, but definitely: "The Court should make it its busi-

ness to prevent delay and defeat artifices." So the jury (this time partly Catholic, partly Protestant) were sworn, and the Solicitor General was glibly and gaily unrolling his long arguments against the unhappy prisoners, when a mighty shout was heard outside the courthouse. It was taken up and, in increased volume, reverberated around the walls, and penetrated into the sacred precincts of the Court itself. Even there, men could not control their enthusiasm, and they cheered in the face of judges and counsel, as O'Connell, clad in his great frieze-coat, travel stained and wet after his night's drive, strode into the court house surrounded by a wild, exultant crowd, and escorted to his place by the friends of the prisoners, no longer cowed and frightened, but triumphant and daring. A new light shone on the faces of the prisoners in the dock, and the Angel of Resurrection visited the condemned prisoners behind the bolts and barriers of their convict cells. It was the Ave, Liberator! put in their own rough way by the people, the people who worshipped him and would have died for him.

Whilst writing these words, my eyes fell on an open page, where a certain poet, an idolator of Napoleon, describes the entry of that world-destroyer into the streets of Düsseldorf. It was a triumphal march, surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of military display. Yet it was calm and serene as the face of a Greek statue, or the little hand that toyed with the bridle of his richly caparisoned horse. But, beneath that serenity, one could easily hear "the drums and trappings of three conquests,"—the crash of artillery, the thunder of cavalry, the destruction of cities, the death-cries of two millions of men, the rattle of ammunition tumbrils as they tore over the dead and wounded, and the wailing of their mutilated carcasses crack beneath the wagon-wheels that bore the thunder-bolts of the little god. Yes! all was here serene on the calm streets of the German city; but every one, even to the boy-bugler, or the drunken dragoon who shouted his Ave Imperator! knew that this little god was Apollyon, the destroyer. How different the enthusiasm and acclamation that hailed the Liberator in this city by the Lee! He comes to save, and not to destroy; to rescue, not to capture; to open the prison doors to the dead, and to bring back the already dead from the grave, and to restore them to their friends. And his very presence, apart from his ministrations of mercy, is an assurance that all will be right. The might of England is against them; the judges are plainly prejudiced; most of the juries are packed; the Crown Advocate with his gentlemanly presence and aristocratic air, is bent on driving that large batch of peasant farmers into the walls of premature graves. But, no matter! Here is the Deliverer! He shows the genius, as well as the sufferings, of the race, when this people struck on the only title that was commensurate with O'Connell's great services to them; and in a far off echo of that name which haunted the brains of king and prophet for four thousand years, saluted their champion with the ever memorable title, Ave, Liberator!

O'Connell bows to the Bench, salutes in a particular manner Baron Pennefather, an old comrade on the circuit, and apologizes for his unprofessional appearance (no time for toilettes on that night-journey), and asks permission to break fast in Court. Certainly! It is unprecedented, but—a formidable breakfast is supplied, a pile of sandwiches, and a huge bowl of milk. A meal for a giant; but then this is a giant. Meanwhile the Solicitor General goes on slyly spinning his viscous webs around these men in the dock—finely rounded sentences, for he is a gentleman and an eloquentist, each sentence loaded with its fatal innuendo and appeal to prejudices already keen enough—when suddenly the beautiful sentences are rudely broken by a voice:—"This is not law!"

The Solicitor General is surprised at such audacity. He has not heard anything like it before—leastways from the gentlemanly advocates who had been playing tierce and quart with him for the last two days. He appeals to the Bench. The Bench decides against him. And on he goes in his spinning minute, the web now rudely broken, and he trying ineffectually to repair it, when again, the same deep thunder echoes from a month filled with meat!

"And THAT is not law!" Hello, there! This is intolerable. The strands of the web hang piteously broken in his hands, as he appeals again to the Bench. Again the Bench decides against him. "If you appeal to me, you have the air of a vulgar rascal," says the Bench. "That statute has been repealed!" There is no gainsaying the fact. The Bench upholds the interruption. Doherty now quite angry, forgets himself utterly, and unfairly twisting and misinterpreting certain evidence given the day before, asserts that John Harold Barry had taken the White-boy oath, and was privy to the intended murder of George Bond Lowe. O'Connell springs to his feet, and rebuking that he is not permitted to rebut the hideous calumny, requests the Solicitor General to observe the rules of forensic debate, and not to refer to evidence given in another trial. The Solicitor General sits down. Clearly this is no gymnasium exercise; but a duel to the death.

The approvers mount the witness table. In five minutes O'Connell elicits the important fact that two of them had been kept for the last few months in Dublin in a police office; also, that Daly's brother had been tempted by the gentle Owen to join the gang, and secure a subsistence for life at the simple cost of perjury and murder of the innocent. "I never saw such well-drilled witnesses in my life," said O'Connell. Solicitor General protests. O'Connell threatens to have him impeached before the House of Commons. "The allegation is made on false facts," saith Solicitor.

"How can facts be false?" asked O'Connell. "I have known false facts, and false men, too," says Doherty, perturbed and illogical. The cross-examination proceeds. Patrick Daly, the glib perjurer, is somewhat embarrassed. "Wish, thin, Mr. O'Connell, 'tis little I thought I'd have you before me this morning." Yet, so well was the fellow drilled, that O'Connell failed to shake his evidence. Late at night another approver, named Nowlan, touched by remorse, or irritated at the evident superiority of Patrick Daly, showed out, as he went down from the witness-table: "An' if the thruth wor known, there are the innocent there as well as the guilty."

An admission that didn't seem to create any qualms of conscience in the prosecutors or judges. Jury retires late. Promptly returns to declare there is not the slightest chance of agreement. Doors thrown open at 10.30 at night. Tumultuous crowd who agreed to your verdict? No chance of agreement whatever! Go back and ruminate. No fire, no food. That may bring you to your senses. At 2 o'clock in the morning, judges summoned from their lodgings. Jury agree to acquit one prisoner, Barrett, who instantly vanishes in the darkness. Jury also acquit judges with their conviction that the defendant, with their solemn words sworn by three of the approvers. Defendant, almost reasonable; but they are cold and very hungry, and these two factors do away with a great deal of caution. Next day it is the same story. One juror, Edward Morrough, is for acquitting all the prisoners. Nine for acquitting two. At 6 o'clock a certain juror, Atkins, complains of gout—a strange experience after an enforced fast. Dr. Townsend, promptly summoned, is put on oath, and after some demurring is duly commissioned to briefly examine the patient, make his diagnosis, speak to this subject and to other jurors not one word on any other topic whatsoever, report to Court if life is in danger, etc., etc. Dr. Townsend is introduced amongst these weary and doleful gentlemen, examines foot of Atkins, finds it much swollen (patient has touched no food since he ate a crust of bread the foregoing morning), returns to Court, reports juror's life in danger. Judges wish to discharge jury. Prisoners' counsel, McCarthy, probably instructed by the wily O'Connell, strenuously objects. It is quite illegal. They cannot be discharged until they find a verdict one way or the other. He is merciful, however. He will allow the jury any food or refreshments they may require. Court rules this to be strictly illegal. They must be discharged, or consent to be starved into a verdict. At last, and after many a weary legal argument, the jury after their forty hours' session, are discharged, and the prisoners put back for a second trial. But the watchful and wary O'Connell, who had purposely absented himself from this discussion between his junior counsel and the Court, instantly seized on this illegal proceeding to demand the liberation of the prisoners. During the whole day, October 28th, there raged a triangular crossfire between him, the Solicitor General, and Judge Pennefather, O'Connell strenuously contending against the Court and Crown Advocate, that, according to the law, the jury could not be legally discharged; that if discharged, the prisoners should have the benefit of acquittal, and that the presence of the physician constituted a breach of the principle of non-access, and therefore vitiated the entire proceedings. As a mere forensic debate it is extremely interesting, as found in the Southern Reporter and Commercial Courier of that date. One can easily read that O'Connell was no mere platform orator or Parliamentary debater, bearing down all before him in the torrent of his vituperative eloquence, but as close and skillful a reasoner as ever took a knotty point of law, and tried to disentangle it, or use it against his antagonists. He succeeded so far that he compelled the Crown to postpone to next Assizes the trial of those three men, who would otherwise have been arraigned the following morning.

Just before this great debate arose a characteristic episode took place. A poor fellow, named O'Keefe, forgetting his frieze-coat, had the presumption to show himself on the courthouse steps the previous evening, and was promptly arrested. The other vermin were run to earth; but here was a new quarry. Stunned and bewildered, the unfortunate man bleated pitifully: "Why am I brought here? I have been tried on this charge before at Doneraile, before Colonel Hill, Major Vokes, and other magistrates, and acquitted. I am as innocent as the judges on the Bench, and am brought here wrongfully. I met Daly the day of the Fair, and he was so stupidly drunk he was turned out of the tent. This was the plain truth. If there was anything against me, why was I not arrested before?" Then it transpired that a most important witness for this prisoner, and for John Leary and the other prisoners, named Heiron, had been taken away from the office of the prisoners' solicitor, Mr. Daltry, by the chief constable, Kelly, under a distinct engagement that he would be forthcoming at the trial; but he had been spirited away, no one knew where, and was not to be found. It also appeared that one Daniel Keefe, another material witness for the prisoners, had been seduced away by a man named John Shinnor, connected with Crown Affairs, and had not been seen since. Other little things are coming to light, for as Leary's father, apparently a just man, is becoming somewhat scrupulous and concerned. He admonished bitterly on this system of tactics; men's lives are concerned; already one man, lying now under sentence of death, might have been saved; what were counsel for the prisoners doing, that not a word was said about the spiriting away of witnesses during Leary's trial? Mr.

McCarthy is put on his defence, and pleads that it was Leary's own wish to proceed without this witness. Yes, but Leary was too sure of his innocence. He did not know the subtleties of the law. One witness, more or less, he thought, could make no material difference. But you knew the law, friend McCarthy, its pitfalls and dangers; and these were ignorant peasants. No wonder, they erred, in the fatal dock. "We are betrayed," Baron Pennefather is evidently angry. There is some foul play here, or gross neglect; and he orders the humbled and puzzled McCarthy to sit down. Then he relates a little and excuses the erstwhile fallen counsel. But he has his own ideas clearly on the whole matter. Suddenly Daltry declares that he had submitted the affidavit to Leary's counsel, and they had declined using it. This puts a new complexion on the affair. The Judge's indignation is rising again. Mr. Pigot admits that they had read the affidavit, but declined using it because Heiron could not be got at, and they were strengthened in that belief by the manner in which this most important witness had been spirited away from Daltry's office. So the matter drops. Baron Pennefather leans back in his seat and thinks a good deal—thinks especially of these four men, who are to swing in the frosty air in two weeks' time. Keefe is put back; and the sounds are drawn off. The great forensic debate commences; and so ends the second act in the little drama. But somehow the judges seem a little abstracted; the Crown counsel are a little disconcerted. This little episode has introduced the first element of panic, which is to end in absolute rout.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARCHIE.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD. (As narrated by Joel Currier.)

When I was asked to write down some of the queer happenings I've seen since I've been driving for the Aloha, I didn't know what to say. But the lady sort of insisted, and said she'd fix up the spelling and straighten out the grammar all that was necessary; so I said I'd do the best I knew how.

For forty years I've been man and boy, taking summer visitors around to see the country. For the first few days after they come up from the city, they walk on the beach at low tide, and pick up starfish and beach dollars, and scream at the jellyfish, and sit on the rocks; and the old ladies stick to the piazza and crochet. But before they've been at the Aloha a week, they're pretty sure to ask the landlady if there isn't some good man with a conveyance, and a horse that won't scare at automobiles, that'll take a party for a nice long drive. Then he sends for me.

They generally go up the mountain first. It isn't a real mountain, but it's too high for a hill, and there isn't anything higher in sight; so when the lady visitors clap their hands and say, "What a darling little mountain!" I say, "Yes'm," and let it go at that. Mountains are terribly scarce near the coast, and that's why we make so much fuss about this one. It is always put down on the map, and they do say that it was the first bit of the mainland that Captain James Smith saw when he was cruising off the coast. My son, who has been to Colorado, says it wouldn't out any figure there. But after all, old Agamenticus has a way of stealing into your heart, when you've watched it in storm and shine as long as I have; and after you've climbed to the top of it, you just hold your breath and wonder if there is a prettier sight on the whole earth than the one that's spread before you.

Often, when the summer folks have been laughing, and looking through their opera-glasses, trying to count ships, I've wished I never had to go down to level land again. You see that if you have the mountain blood in you, a mountain sort of draws you; and I was born on old Keearsage, and so were my mother and father before me. Agamenticus would look sort of tame if you'd put it in the White Mountains, to say nothing of the Rockies; but it's the best and highest there is where the Lord set it down, and I love it for itself as well as for the fact that it's a little bit of a nice, easy climb to the top. You drive up part way, then everybody gets out and scampers up the path, picking blueberries and sweet ferns. I used to go up with them, so as to point out the sights and tell them about Saint Aspenduid. But most of them took it as a joke; so now I feed my horses where we stop, and read till the folks come down. It's a good deal easier, if there's a gentleman along, he's pretty sure to hand me a cigar to help pass the time; but generally it's a little man's such a place for schoolma'ams as our beach in August.

As to Saint Aspenduid, nobody seems to know very much about him, only that he was an Indian that the Catholic missionaries converted centuries ago, and was so good that he got the name of "saint." Some say that when he died his people carried him up to the top of the mountain and buried him there, and that they used to put a stone on his grave every time they said a prayer; that the tourists that come to see the stones there now, and there's a big pile of them; but I'm afraid they forgot about the praying.

It was the story I'm going to tell that started me to thinking about old Agamenticus, and you'll see why pretty soon. "Now to our tale!" as the novels say. One summer morning last year I was hanging around the Aloha, hoping that there'd be enough wanting to ride so I'd have to get out the biggest buckboard when the train whizzed in from Boston and the passengers began to walk up from the station. Ahead of them all, and walking very fast, were two old-fashioned-looking persons—a man and a woman. The old ladies on the piazza began to smile at one another; and the lady from Chicago said, "Did you ever see such peculiar-looking people?" and looked at them through her gold glasses. But haven't driven strangers all these years for nothing; and I know the commoner folks a swell they are. So in and took a glance after the man had written a little note to the little hand, "A. Mac Inverness, Scotland." "Somehow, I wasn't when the landlady said there's enough to fill now. The Scotch gene come heard me ask wanted to go up the said he and his wife there was room for kind of invalid, and humor." The landlady and I and he is pretty content about his boarders. We started early in the and the newcomers saw me. I suggested it; wide, and evidently M looking for information country—to say nothing that the rest of the party ma'ams, and the tourists from their giggling suppose the rest of the do so much giggling I was right about it. He asked me one question asked a thousand; and to what I answered depended on it. He lived in every house, ers had come later; all the little towns, and especially about there was something made me tell him about. And I was glad I did his wife and said: "You should thank for making you acquainted new saint, Margaret." "The young man fifty-seven next April. His wife smiled, and put his cap straight behind and a feather schoolma'ams in the laughing at it ever. It was a good thing confess I got a little questions; though I and they were so couldn't bear to that wasn't just so, believed it. They You see, I've kind of adding a little here till some of my stor grow a little, and sell which parts of when we came to a started to go up the said, "I don't know when the Scotchman lives in that singular though I'd always about it before that. Then I told him that a young man had early in the spring fellow, who was I when he was out of generally was; but noise at night that of him. "What kind of Scotchman, just as "I never heard of "but they do say squawk! that you away." The house was passed. It was a ready to tumble down been a fine one, but mountain farmhouse alone for years. I drove up as if then my passenger; the rest of the way all had alpenstock just about long enough girls. I suppose is afterward climbing. Mr. M his wife a little bit just sat quietly n and once she kne and "Superstitious she added. The next morning man asked me if I covered rig; I wanted to go up "We're High "I'm a High answered—"A Y And he laugh would go to pleasure in show try could do in. It was rather started. Mr. I had told him I ways saying, don't you re When we got to she needed no before he did. before they got tain top, and I nervous. I smok with me, smok and cast up my still they did once I heard th sort of a gr "squawk! squ I've been in and hunted big woods, but I before. The c other down m chattered like know the crea loose. But I h or side; for d Scotch lady, close behind h his cap on cro flying. How o down that m headfirst, I ne stopped to loo hurried along.