

"A strange little episode, almost a romantic one, has occurred during your absence, dear," said Mrs. Tresilian, for so now we must call her; "Arthur has fallen in love with a young lady, whom he has met riding her pony among the green lanes near Padstow."

"Arthur—that mere boy. It won't last long, Di."

"I hope not, and so will you perhaps, when I tell you who she is, and the risk we have run; Mona Tresilian!"

"What, my brother Basset's daughter?"

"Yes, Arthur."

"But the girl has gone to London with her father, and that will end the affair. And now to-morrow, darling, I must leave you by the train for Falmouth, whence I shall take the steamer to Jersey. When I return the carriage shall be sent on here for you and our two dear little fellows, as I wish you to enter Restormel Court in the state that befits you, though my uncle's hatchment still hangs above its porte cochere."

Next day she was alone once more, and he had sailed hopefully on his errand.

The hour she had pined for during eighteen years—never so much as after the birth of her boy Arthur—when she should sink the dubious name Lydiard and be acknowledged as the wife of Arthur Tresilian, had come at last, and a thrill of the purest joy filled her heart. In her anxiety for her children's future she felt small sorrow for the death of the octogenarian. How should she feel?

His absurd pride had kept her under a species of cloud for eighteen years, as a person unknown to the world, as one even now to be recognised with wonder—yes, perchance with doubt.

The period of her life so longed for, not for its wealth, but when she and her children should take their place in the world as Tresilians, had come at last. There are times when an hour seems long. Oh, then, how long must days, weeks, and months appear, when they roll into years? All time passes inexorably, however. While she sat reflecting thus her eldest son was engaged elsewhere, but not as she thought, with his fishing-rod.

"And you are going to London with your papa?" said he to a fair-haired and blue-eyed girl, who was clad in deep-mourning, and who had pulled up her pony in one of the grassy and shady lanes near the unsavory old fishing town of Padstow.

"Yes, and we leave by train to-night."

"And I shall see you—"

"Perhaps never again, Arthur," replied the girl, with her face full of smiles and tears, for she was less affected than her lover. "I shall never forget you, Mr. Lydiard, or all the pleasant walks and meetings we have had, by these green lanes, by the Bray-hill above the sea, and ever so many places more."

"And you call me Mr. Lydiard? Oh, Mona, can you leave me so coldly?" he asked, sadly; "may I not write to you in London?"

"Ah, good heavens, no!" she exclaimed, with all a schoolgirl's terror. "What would mamma say? And then there is papa!"

It was delightful to have a lover; but not delightful that the fact should come to the ears of such a papa as Mr. Basset Tresilian.

"Then I have no hope?"

"Yes, you have," said she, playfully tickling his face with her riding switch.

"Oh, name it, Mona!"

"I have an uncle named Tresilian down here in this country."

"He who succeeded to Restormel Court, or some such place?"

"Exactly, Arthur—the same."

"Well?" asked Arthur, little thinking that she referred to his own and well-loved father.

"Papa thinks we shall spend our Christmas holidays with him—he is so jolly!—and, somehow, it will go hard with me if I don't get an invitation for Mr. Arthur Lydiard."

An expression of thanks and quietude spread over the young man's face, mingled with great sadness, for she added—

"I must go now—must leave you, Arthur."

"Oh, Mona! Mona! it seems so hard to lose you now!"

"My darling Arthur!" exclaimed the girl, giving way to a shower of tears, as his arms encircled her slender waist, and she permitted her soft, bright face to fall upon his shoulder. But at that moment they were rudely interrupted.

Arthur felt himself seized by the arm and thrust violently aside by a grave and stern-looking man about forty years of age. This person was in mourning, and instinct told the lover that he must be Mona's father. He seized her pony by the bridle—after darting a furious glance at Arthur, a glance not unmingled with surprise, as he saw in his face a likeness to some one, he knew not whom—he led the young lady away through a wicket in a thick beech-hedge and shut it. Ere he did so, however, he said to Arthur—

"Whoever you are, young fellow, let such tomfoolery cease. This young lady leaves to-night for London. Attempt to write or to follow at your peril; and I may add that we shall dispense with the pleasure of your distinguished society at Restormel Court in the Christmas week."

Arthur's spirit was proud and fiery. He made a spring towards the little gate, but checked himself; he felt that he dared not confront, in wrath, the father of the girl he loved, and so he turned sadly and hopelessly away, like a good, simple-hearted lad as he was, to tell his mother all about it for he concealed nothing from her, but, somewhat to his surprise and chagrin, instead of sympathizing with his disappointment, or betraying indignation at the "flint-hearted father," she laughed merrily, smiled, and kissed him, thrusting at the same time into her bosom a letter she had just received from her husband.

"But I shall never see her more, mamma," urged Arthur, piteously.

"You shall Arthur—you shall be assured of

that. Did your own mamma ever deceive you?"

"No, no, never!" replied Arthur, hopefully.

"And she is to be at Restormel—is that the name of the place?"

"Yes, mamma; Restormel Court—a grand place, they say."

"At Christmas? Well, Arthur, and you shall be there too, or your mamma is no true prophetess."

Diana's husband had reached Jersey in safety, and gone to the little secluded church of St. —, where they had offered their mutual vows to heaven on that eventful morning, so well remembered still, when their only witnesses were the parish clerk and sexton.

"The poor old curate"—so ran his letter—"you remember his thin, spare figure, with a long, black, rusty coat diagonal shawl-hat, gaiters and white choker—has gone to his last home under the old yew tree that for centuries has guarded the burial grounds. By a destructive fire in the vestry the whole of the marriage registers, and some of the baptismal ditto, have perished before the copies thereof were transmitted to headquarters—wherever that may be: but I have, most fortunately, oh, my Diana! by the special providence of heaven, secured the attested copy of our marriage lines, which the old curate made at my request from the defunct register. It was found among his papers by his successor, and is now in my possession—in the old scarlet pocket-book, together with my will, which I have carefully drawn up in favor of you and your boys, and signed before witnesses. I mean to spend two days here with an old friend, and shall return by the steamer Queen Guinevere, which leaves Jersey for Falmouth on Friday, and which, by-the-by, has on board a large sum of specie coming from France to England."

"Friday? On Thursday I shall see him!" thought the wife in her heart, with a sigh of relief, and a prayer of thanks to heaven. "The register of their marriage had perished! What if the attested copy had been lost? Oh, what then would have been the fate, the future of their idolized son—her tall and handsome Arthur, her merry little dark-eyed Ralf?"

Thursday passed; Friday, too; then came Saturday, but no Arthur Tresilian, or Lydiard, as she had to call him still at Carn Spenn. There came tidings, however, that the Queen Guinevere had left Jersey duly, but had never reached Falmouth. Great was the anxiety, grief and terror of the little family at Carn Spenn; for there had been a severe storm in the Channel, and many ships had been driven ashore about the Lizard and Land's End; but none of these were steamers, and a whisper began to spread abroad that the Queen Guinevere must have foundered and gone down at sea, or some trace of her would have been found upon the coast. But all doubts were speedily resolved, when, on the third day after she was due at Falmouth, Derriek Polkinghorne, coxswain of the Padstow life-boat, discovered her shattered hull sunk and wedged in a chasm of the rock near the lighthouse on Trevoze Head. How she had come to be stranded there on the other side of Cornwall was a mystery to all, unless she had been blown by the late tempest completely round the Land's End, and been forced to run for shelter by St. Ives and Liger Bay. Much wreckage and many bodies were cast on the beach; but, though none of them proved to be that of Arthur Tresilian—or Mr. Lydiard, as he was called—no doubt remained in the anguished mind of Diana that he had perished, and she at once wrote to his brother Basset, announcing the event, her existence, and the legal claims of herself and her children.

All this complication proved very startling to Basset. He knew nothing of his brother's Jersey journey, though he always suspected his secret ties; but ignoring the latter, he at once put his household in supermourning, and took possession of Restormel Court as his own, leaving, however, no means untried to prove the death by drowning of Arthur Tresilian, though the name of Lydiard was borne on the list of passengers.

The following day saw Diana and her sons attired in deepest mourning at the Court, requesting an audience with Mr. Basset Tresilian—her close cap and concealed hair, her long crape weepers, and face deadly with pallor, announcing her recent widowhood, which Basset viewed with a sneer, as with a haggard eye she looked at the stiff ancestral portraits, the cedar carvings of the stately library, the blazing fire, the gleaming tiles and picturesque furniture of white and gold and crimson velvet.

She announced with quiet dignity, yet not without doubt and much perturbation, that she came as the widow of the late Mr. Tresilian, to claim her place and the places of her children at Restormel Castle. He replied calmly—"You have proofs, I presume, of all this, Mrs.—Mrs. Lydiard?"

"Mrs. Tresilian, sir!" said she, while her Arthur, in silence and bewilderment, recognized an uncle in the father of his Mona.

Alas! Diana had neither the certificate nor the will; both had gone down into the deep with her hapless husband. She had, however, the letter referring to these documents; but Basset, after a furtive glance at the fire, tossed it back to her contemptuously, saying—

"I have heard of you before, madam—years ago, too. My brother is drowned, and you are now poor. I dislike death and poverty and all that sort of thing; but I'll do what I can in the way of Christian charity, and have your hulking boys bound to trades. But you must leave this place at once; the ladies of my family must not come in contact with—such as you."

She rose, and left the stately house mechanically, with one hand on Arthur's arm and the other on the neck of Ralf; and she looked at them in agony—the latter her little pet, the other the stately king of the playing fields and captain of the school eleven; to be tradesmen!

Deep in the heart of both boys sank their

mother's grief; but deepest in the heart of Arthur, who felt himself called upon to do something—he knew not what.

He spent hours and days upon the solitary rock above where the wreck lay, looking at the spot with haggard eyes. Oh, if that shattered hull had a voice—had the dead that came ashore the power of utterance, the secret of his father's fate might be revealed; but three months had passed, and who could doubt it now? One morning early, as he came to the accustomed spot, under the grim shadow of Trevoze Head, he found the puffins scoured away and the solitude invaded by others—one of whom he knew well, Derriek Polkinghorne, a bold and hardy native of the Scilly Isles, where people spend so much of their time on the boisterous ocean that for one who dies abed nine are drowned; and, by order of Lloyds' agent, he was preparing a diving-bell to examine the wreck, as much specie was known to be on board of her.

"Mornin', Master Lydiard," said he, for he and Arthur had frequently boated together; "that's a smart yatch outside the Lines. Sir Launcelot Tresilian's she was—Master Basset's now."

"What is her name?"

"The Bashful Maid."

"She sails like a duck!"

"She does. Ah, there's nee'er a craft out o' Cowes like that ere Bashful Maid!—specially when she's got a dandy rigged astern; then she hugs the wind beautiful! Just goin' down to 'ave a squint at this here wreck."

"Take me with you, Derriek; for gracious sake do!" implored the lad.

"What on earth do you want down there?"

"Only a scrap of paper, perhaps, Derriek."

"Then you ain't like to find it, you ain't."

"I should like to see the deck my father stood on last."

"I understand that, I does. Come, then. I wonders as he went to sea in that craft, for last time she left Falmouth the rats rushed out of her in thousands; and they never does that for nothin'. But as for finding paper here, you'll be like them as mistook the mild reflex of the lunar orb for a remarkably fine Stilton. But here we goes; and now take care on yourself."

With a thrill of awe and horror, oddly not unmingled with delight and a sense of novelty, Arthur took his place beside Derriek on the seat that was placed across the bell, which at once began to descend. Light was admitted by convex lenses, through which were seen the long trailing weeds, the creepings of the ocean, and now and then the sea-green faces of the blackening dead!

They passed downward into the water, which surged against the sides of the bell, and rippled over the lenses, till they were close to the bulged wreck. Her starboard bow was completely smashed upon the rocks; the cargo had been washed out, and was still oozing forth by degrees. Already barnacles and weeds were growing on it, and dreary, dreary and desolate looked that shattered hull at the bottom of the sea; and Arthur surveyed it with tears of the keenest grief.

"Suppose a shark stuck its nose into the bell?" said Polkinghorne.

"I don't care if one did," said Arthur.

"A dead body and, by Jove, here's one coming in grim earnest. On his face, it's a man, Women allus floats on their backs; how's that, Master Lydiard?"

"My name is —" but he checked himself, for now a corpse, which Derriek had roused with his pole, came athwart the stage at the bottom of the bell, and remained there.

Suddenly a cry escaped Arthur! The gray great coat upon it, all sodden and studded with weeds and limpets, he recognized as one usually worn by his lost father, and, longing to know more, he implored Derriek to examine it; for himself, he dared not move, or breathe, or think! Oh, could it be those poor remains, half-devoured by fish, and floating face downward in the sea, were all that remained of his handsome and beloved father?

"Hold on, lad, shut your eyes; and I'll soon see," cried the resolute diver, as he lowered himself to the loathsome task of examining the remains.

Arthur dared not look; but ere long a cold metal watch was placed in his hand.

"It is not papa's," said he, with a sigh of relief that ended in a cry of horror, for, as those in charge of the bell began to raise it, the water surged within it and dashed about the corpse, which came against him again and again, till Derriek, who was investigating its pockets, thrust it with his pole out of the bell, which in another minute was suspended over the sunny surface of the sea.

"See, Master Lydiard, I've found a pocket-book into that poor fellow's overcoat," said Derriek.

"It's my papa's," shrieked the lad; "his old scarlet book, with his arms and crest upon it."

And in that book, safe and dry, were the lost will and certificate of marriage.

"But, oh," moaned the lad, when he had told his mother this startling occurrence, as he sank half-sick upon her breast, "if that was poor papa I saw, he came from his grave in the sea, mamma, with those papers for you."

But the body was soon known to be that of a channel pilot.

Ere the end of that week Basset Tresilian had to change his tone, and Diana and her sons took legal steps to make her the mistress and them the masters of Restormel Court. So autumn drew towards winter; but ere the sad widow quitted Carn Spenn, one night a carriage drew up, a man alighted, full of bustle and excitement, a well-known voice was heard, and Arthur Tresilian, the elder, was clasped in the arms of his half-fainting.

Washed overboard from the steamer, he had been picked up by a vessel bound for Cuba; his coat had been donned by the pilot, so there was an end of all the sorrow and mystery. So, too, ends my story of A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy has issued the following document:—

Royal and saintly Cashel I would gaze Upon the wreck of thy departed powers, Not in the dewy light of matin hours, Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze, But at the close of dim autumnal days, When the sun's pining glance, through slanting showers, Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers, Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's Prophetic cheek—at such a time, methinks, There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles

A melancholy moral: such as sinks On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles Of vast Tersepolis on her mountain stand, Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand. [Sonnet on the Rock of Cashel, written forty years ago by the late Sir Aubrey de Vere.]

The Rock of Cashel is the grandest ruin in these kingdoms. In the midst of the rich champaign county of Tipperary, stretching away from the hills of Kilkenny to the Galtee Mountains, and from Slievenamon to the Devil's Bit, the Rock of Cashel, crowned with its noble ruins, stands out to the eye the most conspicuous object in the plain. To the student of Irish history how deeply interesting is not Cashel of the Kings and of the Bishops, identified as it is with the glorious memories of the country as with the story of its misfortunes.—When Irishmen revert, as they may with justifiable pride, to the virtues, the wisdom, the valor of past ages, they will point to the saints and sages and heroes whose names are linked for ever to the traditions of the Rock of Cashel. Some of the events which took place upon the old Rock, or under its shadows, were not of merely local importance, but were felt throughout the land long after their occurrence, nor even at this distance of time is their influence altogether unfelt. On the Rock of Cashel the Kings of Munster had their royal palace, and on its summit they used to be crowned. There, too, S. Patrick baptised King Aengus, and there Cormac MacCullenan wielded the royal sceptre and the archiepiscopal crozier of Munster.—Brian Boroinne fortified the Rock; Cormac MacCarthy, King of Desmond, crowned it with the beautiful Norman church called Cormac's Chapel, and Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, added the noble cathedral now in ruins, within the walls of which the famous Synod of Cashel was celebrated in 1172. When the Normans were defeated in the battle of Thurles, Strongbow encamped near Cashel; about a century and a half later Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert the Bruce, marched with his army from Limerick to Cashel; 300 years later again Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, after making a pilgrimage to the Monastery of Holy Cross, met the Earl of Desmond at the gates of Cashel; and at the commencement of the great civil war in 1641, Philip O'Dwyer, of Dunderum, took the city, which, with its fortress, was for years held for the Confederacy of Kilkenny. Sharing from age to age the varying fortunes of the country, Cashel possesses for the student of Irish history a national importance; and, if the historic renown of Cashel awakens the student's and patriot's liveliest interest, certainly the pile of buildings, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, towering from the summit of the old Rock on a site of surpassing grandeur, the cathedral, the Teampul Cormaic, the regal palace, the fortress, the round tower, all form a group of ruins which must strike the eye of the architect and the man of taste as one with few rivals in this or perhaps any other land.

"Shall these noble monuments of other days remain for ever in ruin? We hope not. Religion, patriotism, love of the sublime and beautiful whether in art or nature—everything dear to us forbids the thought. The commissioners appointed under the Irish Church Act are empowered either to preserve these buildings as monuments at the public expense, or to sell them. Who would think of condemning them to remain in a ruinous state, till at no distant day the hand of time should have destroyed the last vestige of them? Rather who would not wish that the noble cathedral should be restored for public worship, and that the voice of prayer and praise should once more rise up from beneath its vaulted roof? Hence, a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, with the Archbishop of Cashel as chairman, has been formed with the view of purchasing the plateau of the Rock of Cashel from the Church Commissioners, restoring the cathedral for public worship, and preserving King Cormac's Chapel, with the other historical ruins, from utter decay."

"This movement for the restoration of the Cathedral of Cashel, and the preservation of the surrounding ruins, is by no means undertaken in the spirit of aggression upon the Protestant Episcopal Church. Nothing could be farther from the mind of the noblemen and gentlemen composing the committee, some of whom are Protestants, nor could anything be more opposed to the feelings of the Most Rev. Chairman than a movement calculated to give just offence to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. If the old Cathedral of Cashel should be restored for public worship, it would naturally, in a part of the country almost wholly Roman Catholic, be for Roman Catholic worship. It was abandoned as a place of public worship a century ago, when the Protestant Archbishop Price, having obtained an act of Parliament constituting S. John's new church, lower down in the city, a cathedral as well as a parochial church, unroofed S. Patrick's Cathedral, and transferred the congregation to the more conveniently-situated church of S. John. There appears no probability, then, that the Protestants, especially with much diminished numbers, will return to the old cathedral on the Rock; and so the only apparent chance of its being restored for Divine worship is, that it should revert to the hands of the Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics wish to obtain possession of it, and they are prepared to restore it. The

Roman Catholic inhabitants of the city of Cashel have already taken action in the matter, by sending forward a memorial to the head of the Government—the Catholic laity of the archdiocese of Cashel and Emly concur with the inhabitants of the city, and the Catholic clergy of both dioceses have authorised their Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, to take steps in their name for taking possession of the Rock."

"Therefore has the Rock of Cashel Committee been formed; and now Catholics throughout the world, and Protestants too, are invited to contribute to this grand national enterprise. An appeal is made to all lovers of their native land, to all students of the history and antiquities of Ireland, to aid in restoring a noble monument of mediæval civilization. Persons of influence at home and abroad, in Ireland, in Great Britain, in America, in Australia, in India, are earnestly solicited to aid the good work, by forming working committees in the great cities."

† PATRICK LEAHY, Archbishop, &c. Thurles, June 10, 1871.

The following noblemen and gentlemen have allowed their names to be placed on the committee for purchasing and restoring the ecclesiastical and other buildings on the Rock of Cashel, with the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy as chairman:—

- The Duke of Norfolk.
- The Marquis of Clanricarde
- The Earl of Fingall.
- The Earl of Granard.
- The Earl of Limerick.
- The Earl of Denbigh.
- The Earl of Dunraven.
- Lord Castlerosse.
- Lord Southwell.
- The Right Hon. William Monsell, M. P. Terroe.
- The Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferral, Ballina.
- Sir Dominic Corrigan, Bart., M. P., and M. D., Merriam-square, Dublin.
- Sir Vere de Vere, Bart., Curragh Chase.
- E. De la Poer, Esq., M. P., Gurteen.
- D. C. Heron, Esq., M. P., Fitzwilliam street, Dublin.
- Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Curragh Chase.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ADDRESS OF THE LADIES OF IRELAND TO THE HOLY FATHER.—The Ladies' Committee which had undertaken to organize the Address from the women of Ireland to the Holy Father, met on Friday the 2nd June, in S. Kevin's Chapel, Marlboro'-street to present their report and the address for adoption. His Eminence the Cardinal presided for a short time, and then requested the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor to take his place. The Lord Mayor and Dr. White, his private secretary, had accompanied the Lady Mayoress to the meeting.—His Eminence congratulated the Committee on the signal success of their undertaking, and assured them that such an Address coming from faithful Ireland must prove a great consolation to the Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded as he is by treachery and bad faith. The Rev. P. O'Neill read the report, by which it appears that over 106,000 names have already been affixed to the Address, and that £2494 in money had been received, which sum reached nearly £3000 before the meeting had terminated. This is a large sum, considering that no effort was made to collect it; on the contrary, people were told that a small contribution only would be expected from those who could conveniently give it. The Address is exquisitely illuminated, in accordance with the best specimens of ancient Celtic Art, the models being chiefly taken from the famous Book of Kells. It is, when bound, to be intrusted to the Cardinal for transmission to His Holiness.—Dublin Cor. of Tablet.

LOYALTY OF IRELAND TO THE POPE.—We regret that a remark made by our Roman Correspondent in his letter of last week should have caused, as we know that it has done, great pain and annoyance in Ireland, and not un-naturally, inasmuch as it has been understood, we cannot but believe, in a sense different to that intended by the writer. For to accuse Ireland of want of loyalty and zeal for the Holy See would be such utter injustice and such blind ignorance as to facts that we cannot conceive any educated person in Christendom doing so even in his dreams. We believe that our Roman Correspondent meant no more than to note the fact that Ireland had not followed the example of other countries in sending Deputations to Rome. But it would certainly be very unjust to conclude on this account that "Ireland had done little or nothing for the Pope during the late crisis. It was Ireland that set the example of the movement which has been growing ever since, by beginning that magnificent series of indignation meetings which were held in the latter end of last year throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. We remember that at that time a similar proposal was addressed by our then Roman Correspondent, and we think justly, to the Catholics of England for their tardiness and apparent indifference in coming forward. No one can remember the splendid Protest issued by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to their flocks in October last, the meeting of the people in Dublin and in the provinces, and the numberless letters from the Holy See acknowledging the receipt of addresses and large sums of money forwarded from each Diocese to Rome, without being impressed with the fact of Ireland's foremost devotedness to the Holy See. The fact is, people have their own way of expressing their feelings, and they are not to be blamed if they do not all adopt the same means. Each speaks, in its own language and the voice of Ireland was the first heard and the loudest. But if anything could prove the keen and sensitive loyalty of Ireland to the Holy See it would be the letters of remonstrance; from per-