

awkwardness of Owen and Dermot and Nora seemed to make the leak worse and worse as they tried to mend it. They were now near the mouth of the estuary, and sheer, steep rocks rose on either side! They might have been drowned there and then, or by there came rushing and plunging after them a heavy fishing sloop, called in that part of Ireland a "hooker"—a strong, stout sea-boat, well furnished with sprit and fore-sail. The "hooker" came to their rescue, and took them promptly on board. By the oddest coincidence the two men who were managing her turned out to be Nora's cousin and Dermot's brother, both devoted henchmen of Miss Daisy. The wind was now too strong for them to think of beating up the river again, but they would land the party at a little village on the coast, from which they could easily come home in a few hours on horses or in a cart. Owen was left to get the boat in as best he might; to him it would be of no consequence even if he had to swim and push the leaky craft before him. He was to beach it somehow, and then scramble up the cliffs, and get home as fast as he could and reassure the mind of Mrs. Eastwood.

To The O'Dwyer the whole adventure was delightful. It could not well be too long for him. One of the boamen—an experienced old "salt"—recommended a "taste" of whiskey-and-water to the whole party. Daisy refused the treat for herself, but insisted that the French officer should drink some of her mixing. The O'Dwyer would have drunk any mixtures however Circum, which she presented, although he was a little surprised at the nervous eagerness with which she pressed him. She mixed some spirit and water with her own hands under the shelter of the sail, Nora assisting her. They were not very dexterous grog-makers apparently, for the mixture was a considerable time in process of composition.

The O'Dwyer drank the whole at a draught, with toast, after the fashion of the day, to the lady form whose hand he had taken it. How queerly it tasted, and how strangely he felt! So languid, so drowsy that he could hardly speak.

In a few moments he was buried in a deep sleep, and the hooker was flying across the waves with all sail she could bear clapped on. In fact the two girls had taken the O'Dwyer prisoner, and were carrying him off to France. As he would not himself escape from the custody of the English officers, these two audacious young women had resolved that he should, *volens volens*, be taken away. The boat had been made to leak; and the hooker had been in readiness by previous and rapid arrangement. The sleeping draught seemed to Daisy absolutely necessary in order to get rid of untimely arguments, scruples and protests; for the heroic girl determined that at any risk the life of The O'Dwyer should be saved by her.

It was well on to the dawn of the next morning when the O'Dwyer awoke. Still confused and heavy-headed, he turned and tossed a good deal before he began to recollect the previous day's adventures and to know where he was. He was lying in the rough hold—it could not be called a cabin—of the boat. He staggered to his feet, and making his way to the deck, saw two female figures sitting close to each other and wrapped in shawls. Daisy sprang up all flushed and crimson, though the sky of dawn was chilly, as he approached.

"Miss Eastwood, where are we? What has happened? How do we come to be so far out at sea? Land was nowhere visible.

"Only because you are my prisoner, O'Dwyer. I command in this boat, and Nora is my first lieutenant. Any one who mutinies shall be put in irons—shan't he Nora?"

"Indeed an' he shall, Miss Daisy," said the beaming Nora.

"We have rescued you in spite of yourself, and we are carrying you to France."

"Hurroo for The O'Dwyer!" shouted Nora's cousin, Dermot's brother, and Dermot himself.

"Good heavens! Miss Eastwood—and you have done this for a perfect stranger—and, I almost said an enemy!"

"If you serve those that love you," said Daisy, with a smile on her lip and tears full in her eyes, "what thanks have you? Not another word, O'Dwyer! Nora and I are going to prepare breakfast."

Daisy Eastwood landed her prisoner in safety on the shore of France, and she returned to Ireland as she left it. Twice,

therefore, she crossed the rough and tossing Channel in a fishing-boat, and she thought nothing of it. Her *escapade*, wild as it was, did not make much talk, or get widely known. The faithful Owen, who was sent back after the 'hooker' had received her passengers, bore to Esther Eastwood a few lines from her sister, which enjoined secrecy; and the only persons, therefore, who knew all about the matter were those who were least likely to babble it abroad. Captain Lockhart was admitted into confidence, and he laughed loud and strong over Daisy's daring adventure; and, to do him justice, was very glad The O'Dwyer had been spirited away before he, the Captain, representing British power, had been compelled officially to know anything about the identity of his prisoner.

"But, I say, Esther—haw, haw!" he added, with a fresh laugh—"you may look out for a rebel brother-in-law; and you'll find Daisy will live in France one of these days."

The O'Dwyer rose in the service of France. He became at last a general, and was the representative of France, during days of peace, first at Athens and afterwards at Madrid. He had a handsome, brilliant wife, Daisy by name, who made quite a figure at both courts and in Paris. He was living—and so was his wife—when I was quite a young man. I am afraid a great many years have passed since I saw him driving in the Champs Elysees, a hale, majestic old man, with a white moustache, and with a noble-looking, bright-eyed old lady by his side.

Correspondence.

THE WALTZ.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I ask you to give the readers of your esteemed journal the pleasure of perusing an article from your pen on the waltz as "a dreamy innocuous exercise," for as such you refer in your last issue to that mazy, musical movement which our young men and maidens (I beg their pardon young ladies and gentlemen) go through, locked in each other's arms. "Dreamy" the exercise certainly is; but as to its innocuousness I have heard various opinions. Therefore do I ask for yours in detail. I have no opinion of my own on the matter for publication at present, but I may relate an experience.

I once had the good or bad fortune of being thrown for a considerable time into the society of an enthusiastic Protestant revivalist. We talked, of course, frequently; and, as the clergyman faithfully followed, as Tristram would say, the old dictum *ne supra crepidam sutor*, we conversed only on religion and such things as made for and against religiousness. He was quite unqualified in his condemnation of many common forms of amusement, while I was always urging the necessity of viewing all things relatively. He enunciated his views in a strong, rugged and absolute style, while I, in an indifferent way, replied in what might be called "dreamy innocuous" phrases. One evening, however, I pressed him, and, finding himself in a tight place, he said: "Well, to be candid, I know nothing of these things myself, but I know that the Catholic priests condemn waltzing, &c. They ought to know whereof they speak, and I feel that I am safe in condemning what they condemn."

The evangelist went to deliver his message, and I sauntered off to a "small party," but during all the evening, as I watched the rhythmic movement of the waltzers, to my mind there came anon the words "They ought to know."

Yours truly,

J. A. COBUS.

Ottawa, 22nd Jan'y, 1889.

NOTE.—If Mr. Cobus has any conscientious scruples about waltzing it would be best for him, perhaps, to consult with his confessor. Any good priest, we are sure, would advise him. He will excuse us if, for ourselves, we do not say anything. It is hardly within our province to direct consciences.—ED. C. W. REV.