

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

By M. M. D. MOKIN, G. G.

CHAPTER XII.

"PERFECT GALLOWES."

"A marker which I thought a sacrifice."

"He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that shoots his wit."

"As You Like It."

"Put me, his face black and full of blood, His eye balls further out than when he lived, Staring full gasterly like a strowed man."

—Henry VI. Part II.

Close up to the dawn, Lord Edward and Maurice Blake sat in earnest talk. The shock of the explosion of the French Revolution had been felt, and the flame spread as far as Dublin. Lord Edward was eager to be away to Paris.

"It is Liberty's school," he said to Blake. "I will learn the lesson there and teach my countrymen on my return."

"Pray God you learn and teach no other lesson," said Blake. "For me there is a limit even to Liberty. I draw the line at rebellion against God."

"You have only had the blue-eye epidemic," said Blake, with a smile. "Dark-eyes, they say, is the more fatal form of the fever."

"I warrant I will keep my head on my shoulders and my heart in my bosom till we meet again," said Lord Edward, as he clasped his friend's hand heartily in parting.

A couple of hours later found Maurice Blake, blithe and gay as if an all night's sitting refreshed, not wearing a look of a man who had been through a storm.

"An old man, sir," he said, "and a weak. The doctors tell me I carry death about with me here. I touched the region of the heart as he spoke."

"Heart disease," whispered Mark Blake, in an aside whisper, a little callously Mark thought, as he helped his father into the sashless carriage, and took his place beside him.

"It gave him, too, a chance of a hundred diversions to the right hand and the left, and of seeing the country and people in whom he was so deeply interested."

"For Maurice Blake the week's journey was full of strange and sad experiences. It was lovely weather in the early autumn, which is the very tip-bit of the Irish climate."

"Now it was a home destroyed by a landlord's whim, now it was some dear one maimed or slain for devotion to the old faith. These incidents stood out in sharper pain from lives of blank, hopeless ignorance, and misery enforced by

laws which Burke so well described in a sentence that is immortal—"A machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

What amazed him most of all was to find so much vitality, so much virtue, survive amid such abject misery. He grew daily prouder of his race as he found it pictured to him as a people whom slavery was powerless to degrade.

"The Lord be thanked," a praise be to the Virgin, showed him, as he looked at the Irish he met, that the old faith was blended in the Irish heart.

Secret hints he got of old muskets carefully preserved in that or chimney, and of pike heads and handles that would come together with strong arms and stout hearts behind them, whenever "the boys" were called out to strike a blow for the old land.

"He had wandered during the last day a good deal from the main route, and had almost lost his way, when he saw a sign in the distance that he was on the road that night. I don't think they were particularly obliged to the bad shoas that brought the trouble on them."

"But they may hit you next time," said Joyce, a little maliciously, "as you are all safe."

"Aye, but they may miss you," said the other, still laughing; "and if they miss they know I won't. A notice to quit carries straight at long range."

"Popery is poisoning the country," broke in the man that spoke first, fretfully; "and Sir Miles Blake is largely responsible. It is whispered there is a Popish priest at Cloonlara, and it is he that is poisoning the people."

"How can law and order prosper when such things are allowed?" "Make your mind easy. They won't be allowed long," said the jovial man cheerily.

"I heard Maurice Blake sat in his room, slipping his coat thoughtfully before the fire of peat and bog and that roared and blazed cheerily in the huge grate, there was a clatter of horses' hooves up the street, and a rattling of the knocker at the door."

"Some stirring news was on foot. The hotel was instantly in a commotion. Maurice Blake could hear the surprised and excited exclamations as the tidings passed from lip to lip."

"A moment after there was a knock at his own door, and almost before he could call 'Come in,' a waiter entered, eager, it was plain, to have the first chance to tell the news."

"He had a basket of turf in his hand, and he made an excuse of the presence of the turf, which needed no mending."

"Ye honor heard the news, of course?" he said quite carelessly, but his quick eye and pale face belied his carelessness.

"No," said Maurice, but his eyes told the truth. "Ye honor has set the whole hotel humming like a hive of bees. What is the news?"

"Ye honor knows Lord Cleararstown," said the waiter, still making the most of his intelligence.

"No," answered Blake again shortly. "Well?"

"Ye heard tell of him, anyhow," persisted the waiter. "Ye honor, sir," he said, "and a weak. The doctors tell me I carry death about with me here."

"I have heard many a curse him and none less. But what of him now? Speak out, man."

"The waiter had got his cue. He wanted to hear the news, and he wanted to be sure he was not the only one who knew it."

"Lord Cleararstown is shot," he said, dropping his words out slowly. "He was shot dead last night at his own hall-door as he stood smoking his cigar and talking to a friend of his."

"The plan of the journey had been arranged the previous night. It was short stages with long rests. Maurice Blake, to whom experience had made the saddle as comfortable as an arm chair, preferred to make the journey on horse-back."

"It gave him, too, a chance of a hundred diversions to the right hand and the left, and of seeing the country and people in whom he was so deeply interested."

"For Maurice Blake the week's journey was full of strange and sad experiences. It was lovely weather in the early autumn, which is the very tip-bit of the Irish climate."

"Now it was a home destroyed by a landlord's whim, now it was some dear one maimed or slain for devotion to the old faith. These incidents stood out in sharper pain from lives of blank, hopeless ignorance, and misery enforced by

laws which Burke so well described in a sentence that is immortal—"A machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

What amazed him most of all was to find so much vitality, so much virtue, survive amid such abject misery. He grew daily prouder of his race as he found it pictured to him as a people whom slavery was powerless to degrade.

"The Lord be thanked," a praise be to the Virgin, showed him, as he looked at the Irish he met, that the old faith was blended in the Irish heart.

Secret hints he got of old muskets carefully preserved in that or chimney, and of pike heads and handles that would come together with strong arms and stout hearts behind them, whenever "the boys" were called out to strike a blow for the old land.

"He had wandered during the last day a good deal from the main route, and had almost lost his way, when he saw a sign in the distance that he was on the road that night. I don't think they were particularly obliged to the bad shoas that brought the trouble on them."

"But they may hit you next time," said Joyce, a little maliciously, "as you are all safe."

"Aye, but they may miss you," said the other, still laughing; "and if they miss they know I won't. A notice to quit carries straight at long range."

"Popery is poisoning the country," broke in the man that spoke first, fretfully; "and Sir Miles Blake is largely responsible. It is whispered there is a Popish priest at Cloonlara, and it is he that is poisoning the people."

"How can law and order prosper when such things are allowed?" "Make your mind easy. They won't be allowed long," said the jovial man cheerily.

"I heard Maurice Blake sat in his room, slipping his coat thoughtfully before the fire of peat and bog and that roared and blazed cheerily in the huge grate, there was a clatter of horses' hooves up the street, and a rattling of the knocker at the door."

"Some stirring news was on foot. The hotel was instantly in a commotion. Maurice Blake could hear the surprised and excited exclamations as the tidings passed from lip to lip."

"A moment after there was a knock at his own door, and almost before he could call 'Come in,' a waiter entered, eager, it was plain, to have the first chance to tell the news."

"He had a basket of turf in his hand, and he made an excuse of the presence of the turf, which needed no mending."

"Ye honor heard the news, of course?" he said quite carelessly, but his quick eye and pale face belied his carelessness.

"No," said Maurice, but his eyes told the truth. "Ye honor has set the whole hotel humming like a hive of bees. What is the news?"

"Ye honor knows Lord Cleararstown," said the waiter, still making the most of his intelligence.

"No," answered Blake again shortly. "Well?"

"Ye heard tell of him, anyhow," persisted the waiter. "Ye honor, sir," he said, "and a weak. The doctors tell me I carry death about with me here."

"I have heard many a curse him and none less. But what of him now? Speak out, man."

"The waiter had got his cue. He wanted to hear the news, and he wanted to be sure he was not the only one who knew it."

"Lord Cleararstown is shot," he said, dropping his words out slowly. "He was shot dead last night at his own hall-door as he stood smoking his cigar and talking to a friend of his."

"The plan of the journey had been arranged the previous night. It was short stages with long rests. Maurice Blake, to whom experience had made the saddle as comfortable as an arm chair, preferred to make the journey on horse-back."

"It gave him, too, a chance of a hundred diversions to the right hand and the left, and of seeing the country and people in whom he was so deeply interested."

"For Maurice Blake the week's journey was full of strange and sad experiences. It was lovely weather in the early autumn, which is the very tip-bit of the Irish climate."

"Now it was a home destroyed by a landlord's whim, now it was some dear one maimed or slain for devotion to the old faith. These incidents stood out in sharper pain from lives of blank, hopeless ignorance, and misery enforced by

laws which Burke so well described in a sentence that is immortal—"A machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

words were foolish, but there were tears in the wild blue eyes as he spoke. "Are ye going my way?" he asked abruptly, after a pause.

"I must know your way is first," said Blake, willing to humor him. "You have turned back on your way to heaven?"

"I have been through purgatory," retorted Thady promptly, "but I came out the wrong door."

"Cloonlara is my road," said Blake, "if you know the place."

"Know it?" said Thady; "aye, begad, as well as me fox knows his earth. Straight for it I was going when they made me turn off on the cross road to heaven. Hurry on, now, and I'll wait at Clonlara and give the reins to his horse, Blake sat forward at a brisk trot. Without an apparent effort Thady kept close beside him, leaping forward as lightly as a bound, the end of the halter, which still dangled from his neck, flying back in the wind."

Ten minutes' run brought them to the entrance of the avenue of Cloonlara. On huge pillars of gray stone, over whose tops the tall trees could just peep, were hung two great gates, so finely worked that they looked like gigantic spider's webs spun in wrought iron. Surmounting the pillars two monstrous tiger cats, each with forepaw raised threateningly, guarded the entrance. On the arch that spanned the gateway from pillar to pillar, cut deep in the stone, was engraved the proud motto of the family, Virtus sola nobilitas.

The bell that hung at the entrance was set dangling by Thady, and an old dame, dressed in black, issuing from the Gothic ivy-clad gate-house close at hand, gave them entrance to the demesne.

Before they had gone a hundred yards a rabbit suddenly dashed across the avenue. With a cry of childish delight Thady was after it in an instant, breaking through the thick underwood in his eagerness.

Blake saw or heard no more of him for the day. Next morning he found him at last, apparently quite at home among the horses and stable boys, in the great yard at Cloonlara.

Another hundred yards, at the top of a gentle ascent, Blake pulled his horse to a walk, and flung the reins on his neck, absorbed by the peaceful beauty of the scene.

What folly it is to try to paint light, and shade, and color, trees, and sky, and water, all that makes the world lovely, with mere poor, colorless words. It is like Olivia's dry catalogue of her own peerless charms. Item two lips of a different red, item two grey eyes with lids to them, item one neck, one chin, and so forth."

So Maurice Blake felt, as his eye ranged delightedly over the vast expanse of sloping lawn and waving wood that stretched away to where the Shannon, broadening into a lake, shone in the sunshine. The fair expanse was full of life. The burly pheasants fluttered up from the glossy laurels or the thick ferns, just touched with autumnal brown, that skirted the avenue. The rabbits spotted the green sward as thick as daisies, and flashed white and gray almost under his horse's feet. Through the vistas of the woods he saw the deer trooping, just drawn out, or feebly, under the shade of some huge old tree that grew by itself in the open, as if disdainful of meager companionship.

Twenty minutes' walking, and suddenly a turn in the avenue gave him a full view of the old mansion house, which stood on a gentle rise; the vivid green lawn in front stretching in terraces to the wood's edge, through which a bright stream plunged boldly, leaping and flashing down to the lake.

A broad and stately pile was this ancient mansion house, built for the most part in the Roman style, with Ionic porch and low windows to turret, of which the Romans had never dreamed.

The inevitable tiger cats guarded the corners of the building, their stone limbs and tails cut clean out against the blue of the sky.

As his horse's hoofs crunched the gravel sward in front of the entrance, Thady called out, "Christy Calkin, a walker down the broad stone steps, as demurely as if he had lived his life in the place, held the reins for him to dismount, and led his horse away."

Mark Blake met him half way down the steps, and Sir Miles welcomed him at the door.

PAT'S REFORMATION.

The Heroic Virtue of a French Canadian Guide.

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

It was on the shore of the Lac a la Belle Riviere, in Canada, that I came into this story and found myself somewhere about the middle of the plot; but Patrique Moularquet, descendant and namesake of some far back Irish ancestor, Patrick Mullarkey, whose name alone had come down to him through generations that his Canadian forebears had purged of all else Irish, Patrique readily made me acquainted with what had gone before.

We had hauled our canoes and camped stuff over the terrible road that leads to the lake, with much creaking and groaning of wagons, and complaining of men, who declared that the mud grew deeper and the hills steeper every year, and vowed their customary vow never to come that way again. At last our tents were pitched on a green point of balsams, close beside the water. The delightful sense of peace and freedom descended upon our souls. Prosper and Ovide were cutting wood for the campfire. Francois was getting ready a brace of partridges for supper; Patrick and I were unpacking the provisions, arranging them conveniently for present use and future transportation.

"Here, Pat," said I, as my hand fell on a large square parcel—"I got in some superior tobacco that's here in Quebec for you and the other men on this trip. Not like the damp stuff you had last year—a little bad smoke and too many bad words. This is tobacco to burn—something quite particular, you understand. How does that please you?"

He had been rolling up a piece of salt pork in a cloth as I spoke, and courteously wiped his fingers on the outside of the bundle before he stretched out his hand to take the package of tobacco. Then he answered, with his unfailing politeness, but more solemnly than usual:

"A thousand thanks to m'sieu. But this year I shall not have need of the good tobacco. It shall be for the others."

The reply was so unexpected that it almost took my breath away. For Pat, the steady smoker, whose pipes were as invariably as the precession of the equinoxes, to refuse his regular retorts of the soothing weed was a thing unheard of. Could he be growing proud in his old age? Had he some secret supply of cigars concealed in his kit, which made him scorn the golden Virginia leaf? I demanded an explanation.

"But no, m'sieu," he replied; "it is not that, most assuredly. It is something entirely different—something very serious. It is a reformation that I should inform him of?"

"Of course I permitted, or rather warmly encouraged, the fullest possible unfolding of the tale.

"Does m'sieu remember Mees Meclair, a demoiseille tall and not too young? It was this demoiseille who changed my mind about the smoking. But not in a moment, you understand; it was a work of four days, and she spoke much."

"The first day it was at the Island House; we were trolling for cunamuche, and she was not pleased for she lost many of the fish. I was smoking at the stern of the canoe, and she said that the tobacco was a filthy weed—une herbe sale—that it grew in the devil's garden, and that it smelled bad, terribly bad, and that it made the air sick, and that even the pig would not eat it."

I could imagine Patrique's dismay as he listened to this dissertation; for in his way he was as sensitive as a woman, and he would rather have been upset in his canoe than have exposed himself to the reproach of offending any one of his patrons by unplesant or unseemly conduct.

"What did you do then, Pat?" I asked.

"Certainly I put out the pipe—what could I do otherwise? But I thought that what the demoiseille Meclair has said was very strange, and not true—exactly; for I have often seen the tobacco grow, and it springs up out of the ground like the wheat or the beans, and it has beautiful leaves, broad and green, and sometimes a red flower at the top. Does the good God cause the filthy weeds to grow like that? Are they not as clean as that He has made? The potato—it is not filthy, and the onion. It has a strong smell; but the demoiseille Meclair she ate much of the onion—when we were not at the Island House, but in the camp. And the smell of the tobacco—this is an affair of the taste. For me, I love it much; it is like a spice."

When I come home at night to the camp fire, where the boys are smoking, the smell of the pipes runs far out into the woods to salute me. It says, 'Here we are, Patrique; come in near to the fire.' The smell of the tobacco is more sweet than the smell of the fish. The pig loves it not, assuredly; but what then? I am not a pig. To me it is good, good, good. Don't you find it like that, m'sieu?"

I had to confess that in the affair of taste I sided with Patrique rather than with the pig. "Continue," I said—"continue, my boy. Miss Miller must have said more than that to reform you."

"Truly," replied Pat. "On the second day we were making the lunch at midday on the island below the first rapids. I smoked the pipe on a rock apart, after the collation. Mees Meclair comes to me, and says: 'Patrique, my man, do you comprehend that the tobacco is a poison? You are committing the murder of yourself. Then she

A VALUABLE WORK.

Life Mde. D'Youville, Foundress of the Grey Nuns.

Cloth Illustrated, 75c. Imitation Cloth, (Without Ill.) 50c.

CANDLES

For Candlemas Day.

Please send your orders as early as possible so as to enable us to send your supply in time for February 2nd.

Our SANCTUARY OIL is the Best in the Market.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.

123 Church St., Toronto, O. P. 1099 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Que.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY USING CHEAP INFERIOR DRESS STAYS

Buy only the Silk Stitched "EVER-READYS"

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO

High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales. Pilsener Lager of World-wide Reputation.

PLUMBING WORK In Operation, can be seen at our warehouse, Dundas Street.

SMITH BROS. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONT.

SOLE AGENTS FOR PEELERS WATER HEATERS. Telephone 212.

328 Richmond Street. Telephone 560. We have on hand a large quantity of the finest

FRENCH BORDEAUX CLARETS Which will be sold at the lowest price.

JAMES WILSON, London, Ont.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 100 KING STREET. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. OBSTINATE COUGHS. My daughter being afflicted with an obstinate cough which resisted the curative effects of almost all the advertised cough remedies, and having placed an order for 3 doz. of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine in W. W. Carter's Drug Store, which I am manager, I was induced to try a bottle. A few doses gave relief and the one bottle effected a cure. I can highly recommend it as being pleasant to take and efficacious.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. OBSTINATE COUGHS. My daughter being afflicted with an obstinate cough which resisted the curative effects of almost all the advertised cough remedies, and having placed an order for 3 doz. of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine in W. W. Carter's Drug Store, which I am manager, I was induced to try a bottle. A few doses gave relief and the one bottle effected a cure. I can highly recommend it as being pleasant to take and efficacious.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. OBSTINATE COUGHS. My daughter being afflicted with an obstinate cough which resisted the curative effects of almost all the advertised cough remedies, and having placed an order for 3 doz. of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine in W. W. Carter's Drug Store, which I am manager, I was induced to try a bottle. A few doses gave relief and the one bottle effected a cure. I can highly recommend it as being pleasant to take and efficacious.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. OBSTINATE COUGHS. My daughter being afflicted with an obstinate cough which resisted the curative effects of almost all the advertised cough remedies, and having placed an order for 3 doz. of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine in W. W. Carter's Drug Store, which I am manager, I was induced to try a bottle. A few doses gave relief and the one bottle effected a cure. I can highly recommend it as being pleasant to take and efficacious.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. OBSTINATE COUGHS. My daughter being afflicted with an obstinate cough which resisted the curative effects of almost all the advertised cough remedies, and having placed an order for 3 doz. of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine in W. W. Carter's Drug Store, which I am manager, I was induced to try a bottle. A few doses gave relief and the one bottle effected a cure. I can highly recommend it as being pleasant to take and efficacious.