

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

In her old life of Rome these small jealousies, these petty passions of spite, defiance, and wounded sensibility, filled a considerable space of her existence. Her position in society, dependent as she was, exposed her to small mortifications; the cold semi-contentious notice of women who saw she was prettier than themselves, and the half-swaggering carelessness of the men who felt that a bit of flirtation with the Titian girl was as irrefragable a thing as might be.

"But here," thought she, "I am the niece of a man of recognized station; I am treated in his family with a more than ordinary deference and respect—his very daughter would cede the place of honor to me, and my will is never questioned. It is time to teach this pretentious fine gentleman that our positions are not what they once were. If I were a man, I should never cease till I had fastened a quarrel on him; and being a woman, I could give my love to the man who would avenge me. Avenge me of what? a mere slight, a mood of impatient forgetfulness—nothing more—as if anything could be more to a woman's heart! A downright wrong can be forgiven, an absolute injury pardoned—one is raised to self-esteem by such an act of forgiveness; but there is no elevation in submitting patiently to a slight. It is simply the confession that the liberty taken with you was justifiable, was even natural."

These were the sum of her thoughts as she went, ever recurring to the point how Walpole would feel offended by her absence, and how such a mark of her indifference would pique his vanity, even to insult.

Then she pictured to her mind how this fine gentleman would feel the boredom of that dreary day. True, it would be but a day; but these men were not tolerant of the people who made time pass heavily with them, and they revenged their own ennui on all around them. How he would snub the old man for the son's pretensions, and sneer at the young man for his disproportioned ambition! And, last of all, how he would mystify poor Kate, till she never knew whether he cared to fatten calves and turkeys, or was simply drawing her on to little details, which he was to dramatize one day in an after dinner story!

She thought of the closed piano forte, and her music on the top—the songs he loved best; she had actually left *Mademoiselle* to be seen—a very bait to awaken his passion. She thought she actually saw the fretful impatience with which he threw the music aside and walked to the window to hide his anger.

"This excursion of *Mademoiselle* Nina was, then, a sudden thought, you tell me; only planned last night? And is the country considered safe enough for a young lady to go off in this fashion? Is it secure—is it decent? I know he will ask, 'Is it decent?' Kate will not feel—she will not see the impertinence with which he will assure her that she herself may be privileged to do these things—that her 'Irishry' was itself a safeguard; but Dick will notice the sneer. Oh, if he would but resent it! How little hope there is of that! These young Irishmen get so overlaid by the English in early life, they never resist their dominance; they accept everything in a sort of natural submission. I wonder does the rebel sentiment make them any bolder?" And then she bethought her of some of those national songs Mr. Daniel had been teaching her, and which seemed to have such an overwhelming influence over his passionate nature. She had even seen the tears in his eyes, and twice he could not speak to her with emotion. What a triumph it would have been to have made the high-bred Mr. Walpole feel in this wise! Possibly at the moment the vulgar Fenian seemed the finer fellow. Scarcely had the thought struck her, than there, about fifty yards in advance, and walking at a tremendous pace, was the very man himself.

"Is not that Mr. Daniel, Larry?" asked she, quickly.

But Larry had already struck off on a short-cut across the bog, and was miles away.

Yes, it could be none other than Mr.

Daniel. The coat thrown back, the loose stepping stride, and the occasional flourish of the stick as he went, all proclaimed the man. The noise of the wheels on the hard road made him turn his head; and now, seeing who it was, he stood uncovered till she drove up beside him.

"Who would have thought to see you here at this hour!" said he, saluting her with deep respect.

"No one is more surprised at it than myself," said she, laughing; "but I have a partly done sketch of an old castle, and I thought in this fine autumn weather I should like to throw in the color. And, besides, there are now and then with me unsocial moments when I fancy I like to be alone. Do you know what there are?"

"Do I know?—too well."

"These motives, then, not to think of others, led me to plan this excursion; and now will you be as candid, and say what is your project?"

"I am bound for a little village called Cruban—a very poor, unenticing spot; but I want to see the people there, and hear what they say of these rumors of new laws about the land."

"And can they tell you anything that would be likely to interest you?"

"Yes; their very mistakes would convey their hopes; and hopes have come to mean a great deal in Ireland."

"Our roads are, then, the same. I am on my way to Cruban Castle."

"Cruban is but a mile from my village of Cruban," said he.

"I am aware of that, and it was in your village of Cruban, as you call it, I meant to stable my pony till I had finished my sketch; but my gentle page, Larry, I see has deserted me. I don't know if I shall find him again."

"Will you let me be your groom? I shall beat the village almost as soon as yourself, and I'll look after your pony."

"Do you think you could manage to seat yourself on that shelf at the back?"

"It is a great temptation you offer me, if I were not ashamed to be a burden."

"Not to me, certainly; and as for the pony, I scarcely think he'll mind it."

"At all events, I shall walk the hills."

"I believe there are none. If I remember aright, it is all through a level bog."

"You were at tea last night when a certain telegram came?"

"To be sure I was. I was there, too, when one came for you, and saw you leave the room immediately after."

"In evident confusion?" added he, smiling.

"Yes, I should say, in evident confusion. At least you looked like one who had got some very unexpected tidings."

"So it was. There is the message."

And he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, with the words: "Walpole is coming for a day. Take care to be out of the way till he is gone."

"Which means that he is no friend of yours."

"He is neither friend nor enemy. I never saw him; but he is the private secretary, and, I believe, the nephew of the viceroy, and would find it very strange company to be domiciled with a rebel."

"And you are a rebel?"

"At your service, *Mademoiselle* Kostaleni."

"And a Fenian, and head centre."

"A Fenian, and a head-centre."

"And probably ought to be in prison?"

"I have been already, and, as far as the sentence of English law goes, should be still there."

"How delighted I am to know that. I mean, what a thrilling sensation it is to be driving along with a man so dangerous that the whole country would be up and in pursuit of him at a mere word."

"That is true. I believe I should be worth some hundred pounds to any one who would capture me. I suspect it is the only way I could turn to valuable account."

"What if I were to drive you into Moate and give you up?"

"You might. I'll not run away."

"I should go straight to the Podesta, or whatever he is, and say: 'Here is the notorious Daniel Donagan, the rebel you are all afraid of.'"

"How came you by my name?" asked he, curiously.

"By accident. I overheard Dick telling it to his sister. It dropped from him unawares, and I was on the terrace and caught the words."

"I am in your hands completely,"

said he, in the same calm voice; "but I repeat my words—I'll not run away."

"That is because you trust to my honor."

"It is exactly so—because I trust to your honor."

"But how if I were to have strong convictions in opposition to all you were doing—how if I were to believe that all you intended was a gross wrong and a fearful cruelty?"

"Still you would not betray me. You would say: 'This man is an enthusiast—he imagines scores of impossible things—but, at least, he is not a self-seeker—a fool, possibly, but not a knave. It would be hard to hang him.'"

"So it would. I have just thought that."

"And then you might reason thus: 'How will it serve the other case to send one poor wretch to the scaffold, where there are so many just as deserving of it?'"

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"And are there many?"

"I should say close on two millions at home here, and some hundred thousand in America."

"And if you be as strong as you say, what craven creatures you must be not to assert your own convictions!"

"So we are—I'll not deny it—craven creatures; but remember this, *mademoiselle*, we are not all like-minded. Some of us would be satisfied with small concessions, some ask for more, some demand all; and as the government higgles with some, and hangs the others, it mystifies us all, and ends by confounding us."

"That is to say, you are terrified."

"Well, if you like that word better, I'll not quarrel about it."

"I wonder how men as irresolute ever turn to rebellion. When our people set out for Crete, they went in another spirit to meet the enemy."

"Don't be too sure of that. The boldest fellows in that exploit were the liberated felons: they fought with desperation, for they had left the hangman behind."

"How dare you defame a great people!" cried she, angrily.

"I was with them, *mademoiselle*. I saw them, and fought among them; and to prove it, I will speak modern Greek with you if you like it."

"Oh, do," said she. "Let me hear those noble sounds again, though I shall be sadly at a loss to answer you. I have been years and years away from Athens."

"I know that. I know your story from one who loved to talk of you, all unworthy as he was of such a theme."

"And who was this?"

"Atlee—Joe Atlee, whom you saw here some months ago."

"I remember him," said she, thoughtfully.

"He was here if I mistake not, with that other friend of yours you have so strangely escaped from to-day."

"Mr. Walpole?"

"Yes, Mr. Walpole; to meet whom would not have involved you, at least, in any contrariety."

"Is this a question, sir? Am I to suppose your curiosity asks an answer here?"

"I am not so bold; but I own my suspicions have mastered my discretion, and, seeing you here this morning, I did think you did not care to meet him."

"Well, sir, you were right. I am not sure that my reasons for avoiding him were exactly as strong as yours, but they sufficed for me."

"There was something so like reproof in the way these words were uttered that Donagan had not courage to speak for some time after. At last he said: 'I, one thing your Greeks have an immense advantage over us here. In your popular songs you could employ your own language, and deal with your own wrongs in the accents that became them. We had to take the tongue of the conqueror, which was as little suited to our traditions as to our feelings, and travestied both. Only fancy the Greek vaunting his triumphs or bewailing his defeats in Turkish!'"

"What do you know of Mr. Walpole?" asked she, abruptly.

"Very little beyond the fact that he is an agent of the government, who believes that he understands Irish people."

"Which you are disposed to doubt?"

"I only know that I'm an Irishman, and I do not understand them. An organ, however, is not less an organ that it has many 'stops.'"

"I am not sure Cecil Walpole does not read you aright. He thinks that you

have a love of intrigue and plot, but without the conspirator element that Southern people possess; and that your native courage grows impatient at the delays of mere knavery, and always betrays you."

"That distinction was never his—that was your own."

"So it was; but he adopted it when he heard it."

"That is the way the rising politician is educated," cried Donagan. "It is out of these petty thefts he makes all his capital, and the poor people never suspect how small a creature can be their millionaire."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A Convert to the True Faith**

The Rev. ARTHUR T. COLT, a missionary of the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes, and in charge of the Protestant Episcopal Mission of St. David's, at Woodbine street and Knickerbocker avenue, Brooklyn, was baptized into the Catholic faith, Wednesday of last week, by Rev. Father Halpin, S.J., lecturer on ethics in the St. Francis Xavier College. Mr. Colt's change of faith was the result of ten years of struggling with religious questions.

Mr. Colt is about thirty years old. He is a nephew of the late Bishop Brown, of the Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac, and by him was ordained a clergyman ten years ago. Under the direction of Dr. Gallaudet, he took up work among the deaf mutes, and was peculiarly successful.

Mr. Colt began to have doubts as to whether he could stay in the Protestant Church, and talked with his friends, among others the Rev. Dr. Arthur Ritchie, of St. Ignatius' Church. A short time ago he decided to enter the Catholic Church. He spoke to Bishop McDonnell, who wrote to Father Halpin, to whom he referred Mr. Colt.

Mr. Colt called on Father Halpin, and they talked over Mr. Colt's position. Mr. Colt surprised and delighted Father Halpin by his accurate and extensive knowledge of the forms and doctrines of the Catholic Church. He said he had been in trouble for years, and that he found peace over the religious questions, which Protestant theology could not answer, in the Catholic faith. Impressed by Mr. Colt's sincerity, Father Halpin listened to Mr. Colt's abjuration of his old faith and his profession of his new faith. Then Father Halpin baptized Mr. Colt.

Father Halpin was asked whether most of the Episcopal clergymen converts to the Catholic faith were not ritualists as Mr. Colt was. Father Halpin replied emphatically, "No." He said he would rather try to convert an atheist than a ritualist or high churchman, because the latter believed he had many of the things which the Roman Catholic Church could offer, whereas in reality, Father Halpin said, he was as far distant as possible.

Mr. Colt cannot become a priest because he is married. He lives at 342 Monroe street, Brooklyn. His wife remains in the Episcopal Church, but is in sympathy with her husband to the extent of advising him to follow the dictates of his conscience. When asked what he was going to do, Mr. Colt said he was a young man and could get along as other young men do. He may engage in deaf mute work in the Church.—*Catholic News*.

## To Down Spooks.

A wealthy bachelor declared that a horrid hag had glared at him through the night. His friends laughed at him but he insisted that the house was haunted. He grew ill, complaining of extreme heaviness in the stomach, his appetite failed, he grew emaciated and despondent, believing he was going to die, the spook being a warning, and declared he could hear funeral bells ringing in his ears, and even hinted at suicide. A friend induced him to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and he rapidly grew well, spooks and all his distressing symptoms disappearing. A torrid liver and dyspepsia caused his suffering and the medicine cured both. The "Discovery" is the only remedy for biliousness and indigestion, or dyspepsia, so certain in its curative action as to warrant its sale on trial. A Guarantee, in print, wraps every bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures constipation, biliousness and derangements of stomach, liver and bowels.

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