EMMET'S REBELLION.

An Interesting Account of the Friendship that Existed Between the Patriot and the Poet Moore.

Hostility of John Philpot Curran to Emmet's Love for His Daughter—The Failure in Thomas Street.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY, M. P.

At the time when the plans of the United Irishmen were slowly ripening towards revolution, and when Wolfe Tone and Edward Fitzgerald still believed in the immediate regeneration of the country, there were two young men in Dublin University—close personal friends—who were watching with peculiar interest the progress of events. Both were destined to leave behind them names that will live for ever in the history of the Irish nation. One was Thomas Moore; the other, his junior by a year and his senior by one class in the University, was Robert Emmet

It was especially natural that two such young men should take the keenest interest in the national movement that was going on about them. It was a movement calculated to attract all the generous and impassioned impulses of youth. Both Moore and Emmet were profoundly ambitious for their nation's welfare; both of them, we may well assume, felt conscious of the possession of abilities beyond the average; and both were animated by a desire to be of active service to their people. The desire, however, which merely led Moore to become the poetical voice of Ireland's aspirations and regrets, urged Emmet into directed and more decided action. Emmet was a brother of Thomas Addis Emmet. He was, therefore, closely in connection with the revolutionary movement, and did all that lay in his power to advance it by his speeches in the Debating society and in the Historical society of the College. Political speeches were, of course, forbidden in such bodies as these two societies; but Emmet always contrived to introduce into his utterances upon any of the themes set down for debate some burning words which those who listened to him, and loved him, could readily interpret into justification of the United Irishmen, and encouragement of their efforts.

Between the young orator and the young poet the closest friendship and affection existed. The genius of Moore was naturally captivated by the pure and lofty enthusiasm of Robert Emmet; and it is almost surprising that under the circumstances Moore did not become more deeply involved in the conspiracy that spread all around him. Moore had not, however, the nature of the conspirator, or of the very active politician. He was called upon to do other work in this world, and he did that work so worthily that we may well forgive him for having been so little of a rebel at a time when rebellion was the duty of every Irishman. Moore tells a touching little story of himself and of his friend, which in itself exemplifies the different natures of the two young men. Moore had become possessed of that precious volume in which the labors of Mr. Bunting had collected so much of the national music of Ireland; and he delighted in passing long hours in playing over to himself the airs which he was destined later on to make so famous by his verses. Emmet often sat by him while he played, and Moore records how, one evening, just as he finished playing that spirited tune called "The Red Fox," Emmet sprang up as from a reverie, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!" The air which awakened in Emmet the gallant hope, which he was never destined to see realized, had probably started in the brain of Moore dim memories of the lost glories of Ireland; of the Knights of the Red Branch, of Malichi with the gold torque, and of the buried City of Lough Neagh. The music which Emmet had desired to hear as the marching song of victory is familiar to every Irishman as "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." "How little did I think," said the poet, "that in one of the most touching of these strains I used to play to him his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feelings; or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer." Ninety eight had come and gone like a dream. The leaders of the United Irishmen were dead, in exile, or hiding from the law The Irish parliament had passed from existence, and the hated union with England had become an accomplished fact. The promises of the British Minister, which had done so much to facilitate the passing of the Act of Union, had, of course, been shamefully violated.

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There were desperate riots in Limerick, Waterford and Tipperary in the year of the union—smouldering embers of the revolution of '98, which were destined still to break out into one final, fitful conflagration. Robert Emmet saw the sufferings of his country with indignation, but not with despair. He conceived the possibility of reviving the spirit of '98. In his eyes revolution was not dead, but only asleep; and he proudly fancied that he might be the voice to wake rebellion from its trance, and lead it to its triumph. He had some personal fortune of his own, which he unselfishly devoted to the purpose he had in view. Gradually he began to gather around him a cluster of the disaffected—survivors of '98 who had escaped the grave, the gibbet, or exile—men like the heroic Myles Byrne, of Wexford, who had evaded the clutch of the law, and was lying *perdu* in Dublin, as assistant in a timber yard, and waiting for fortune. In Myles Byrne, Emmet found a ready and a daring colleague, and each found others no less ready, no less daring, and no less devoted to their country, to aid in the new revolutionary movement. Like the United Irishmen, Emmet was willing to avail himself of French arms; but he trusted France less than the United Irishmen had done. He had been in Paris; he had had interviews with Napoleon; he had distrusted the First Consul, and, as we know from his dying speech, he never for a moment entertained the slightest idea of exchanging the dominion of England for the dominion of France. His scheme was desperate, but it was by no means hopeless. Large stores of arms and gunpowder were accumulated in the various depots in Dublin. Thousands of men were pledged to the cause and were prepared to lose their lives for it. The means of establishing a provisional government had been carefully thought out, and had been given effect to in an elaborate document, in which vast information was printed, ready to be sown broadcast through the city and the county as soon as the green flag floated over Dublin Castle. That was Emmet's chief purpose. Once master of the Castle, and Dublin would be practically in his power; and Dublin once in the hands of rebellion, why, then, rebellion would spread through the country like fire in a jungle, and Ireland might indeed be free.

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It is scarcely necessary to recapitulate the events of that memorable evening of July 23, 1803. At 10 o'clock a rocket sent up from Thomas street blazed for a moment, the meteor of insurrection, in the unwonted darkness of that summer night. But the signal that was to have been the herald of freedom was only the herald of failure. A small mob of men hurried to the malt house in mass lane, which was the principal store of arms. There pikes were hurriedly handed out to the crowd, and then Emmet, who had hoped to head an army, found himself the centre of an undisciplined rabble. His hopes must have sunk low as he stood there in the dim and dismal street, in his glittering uniform of green and gold; but his heart did not fail him for a moment. He turned towards the castle at the head of his turbulent horde as composedly as if he had been marshalling the largest army in Europe. But the crowd lacked cohesion, lacked purpose, lacked determination. It fell away from its leader loosely, even aimlessly. Some rushed wildly at the castle; others, at the moment when unity and concentration were of the utmost importance, hurried off in another direction to sack a debtor's prison and set the inmates free. While the disorganized crowd was still in Thomas street, while Emmet was vainly trying to rally his forces and accomplish something, a carriage came slowly down the street—the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Inside the carriage were Lord Kilwarden, his daughter, and his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe. The mob surrounded the carriage; Lord Kilwarden and his nephew were dragged from the carriage, and killed with innumerable pike-thrusts. The girl was left untouched; was, it is said, carried out of danger by Robert Emmet himself, who had vainly attempted to stop the purposeless slaughter. Before the Chief Justice was quite dead Major Sirr and a large body of his soldiers made their appearance, and the mob vanished almost without resistance, leaving several prisoners in the hands of the military.

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Emmet had disappeared, no one knew where—no one, that is, except some dozen of his followers and some farmers in the Wicklow mountains, whose hospitality and protection were extended to the fugitive patriot. Emmet might easily have escaped to France if he had chosen, but he delayed till too late. Emmet was a young man, and Emmet was in love. "The idol of his heart," as he calls her in his dying speech, was Sarah Curran, the daughter of John Philpot Curran, the great orator who had played so important a part in defending the state prisoners of '98. Emmet was determined to see her before he went. He placed his life upon the stake and, lost it. He returned to Dublin, and was hiding at Harold's Cross when his place of refuge was betrayed, and he was arrested by Major Sirr, the same who had brought Fitzgerald to his death, and who now, strangely enough, occupies a corner of the same graveyard with the "gallant and seditious Geraldine."

Curran very bitterly opposed Emmet's love for Sarah, and the voice which had been raised so often and so eloquently in defense of the other heroes and martyrs of Irish revolution was not lifted up in defense of Emmet. Curran has been often and severely censured for not undertaking Emmet's defense, and he has been accused, in consequence, of being at least indirectly the cause of his death. But we may safely assume that no advocacy either of men or of angels could by any possibility have stirred the hearts of those in authority, and saved the life of the man who was presumptuous enough to rebel against the Union. The trial was hurried through. Every Irish schoolboy knows the impassioned and eloquent address which Emmet delivered—an address which even the tragic circumstances could not save from the brutal interruption of Lord Norbury. On the altar of truth and liberty, Emmet had extinguished the torch of friendship, had offered up the idol of his soul, and the object of his affection. With the shadow of death upon him, the doomed patriot addressed his countrymen in words of well-nigh prophetic import, forbidding them to write his epitaph until his country had taken her place among the nations of the earth. The words did not pass his lips long before his death. He was found guilty late in the night of the 19th September, and he was hanged the next morning in Thomas street, on the spot where the gloomy church of St. Catherine looks down Bridgeport street, where his principal stores of arms had been found.

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Such was the fate of Robert Emmet. His dying request has been faithfully obeyed by his countrymen; and it is but fitting that no spot should bear his name, no statue should typify his memory, until the time comes for which he hoped, and for which he suffered. His old friend, the companion of his youth, the poet who had loved him, has honored his memory with two of his noblest lyrics, and has devoted a third to the girl whom Emmet's love has made immortal. Curran never forgave his daughter for having given her affections to Emmet; he practically disowned her, and did not, it is said, even extend his forgiveness to her at the hour of her death some years later. It is melancholy to have to record the fact that the betrothed wife of Robert Emmet was not entirely faithful to his memory. She married, at the instance, it is said of her friends, and did not long survive her marriage.—*Condensed from United Ireland.*

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CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," &c.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"No, I don't suppose it would. Besides, Vinnie is engaged, she told, or as good as told me, to some young fellow over there, and of course if he is a fellow of any spirit he wouldn't let her be taken about in that sort of way to a place he wasn't going."

"No, of course not," murmured unfortunate Fitzurse. "Are you to see her again?"

"To see Vinnie? Oh, no; I don't suppose so. I can't do anything for her; and what would be the good. I'm not one bit mashed upon her; and I don't want her to be mashed upon me; and she wouldn't in any case; but she interests me, and she's a dear little Vinnie."

"A dear little Vinnie!" Thus was the girl spoken of, and spoken of too without the slightest intention of disrespect, who the very day before had been Fitzurse's idea of womanhood. So utterly was she below his companion's social range that it seemed quite natural to him to speak of her as a dear little Vinnie; as if she were a waitress or a lady's maid. Walter almost hated the young man who thus spoke of her; he almost hated the girl. "Does he call her Vinnie to her face, I wonder?" he asked of his angry soul. For a moment he thought of having an explanation and a scene with her, and he felt as if he should like to beat her; and then a rush of servile satisfaction came over him at the thought that this would give him all the better excuse for getting rid of her.

The talk passed away from "dear little Vinnie," and went on to many other subjects and persons concerning most of whom Fitzurse knew but little even by hearsay. He kept the strictest watch over his tongue, lest he should betray ignorance of something whereof he was expected to have knowledge, and thereby let his companion know how utterly out of society he was. Once again he felt happy. Nothing on earth, he resolved, should ever induce him to live at Fitzurseham again.

"I suppose you have money of your own?" Romont said, in answer to some observation from Fitzurse about his having soon to look out for new quarters.

"Very little," Fitzurse said, carelessly.

"Yes, yes; I think I heard something to that effect. The property all got muddled away, didn't it, long before your time?"

"All gone, pretty nearly," Fitzurse replied, with the air of one to whom money is of small concern.

"Better look out for some girl with a lot of money."

"But you have just been saying you wouldn't do anything of the kind yourself?"

"Ah, well, there's a difference. You see, you would bring a girl a grand old family name; to be Mrs. Fitzurse would be something even in these levelling days that Lady Letitia is so fond of denouncing. If I were a girl with a big fortune I should be delighted to exchange it for such a name. That would be a fair bargain; but I have nothing to offer. It wouldn't be much to be Mrs. Romont, would it?"

Fitzurse did not know very well what he ought to say under the circumstances, and so he allowed the matter to drop without making any remark. There was indeed a fearful joy about this playing at being a man of great family. He was in for it now, and he would not draw back. He had begun by envying his new friend; his bright, varied life, his familiarity with good society, his easy circumstances, his charming bachelor quarters in one of the best parts of London. Now he already begun to feel an air of superiority growing on him. After all, a generous mother, a respectable family, a good place in society, and handsome lodgings off St. James street, although excellent in their way, do not exactly constitute a Fitzurse. Walter was getting into a mood to believe that it would not so much matter after all if wealth and commerce, laws and learning, were to die, provided only that we were not bereft of our old nobility. He called his new friend "my dear fellow" several times, and with the most easy grace.

The dawn was reddening over Fitzurseham when Walter got to his home, his snabby little lodging there. Life had changed absolutely, utterly, for him. All the past had suddenly become hateful to him. The joys, the hopes, the ambitions of yesterday were despicable in his eyes now. Yet the place which was an odious prison to him yesterday was glorified into a Paradise for the moment. The presence of Miss Lisle had changed it as it had changed him. He would do great and glorious things to gain her; he would gain her; he would win a name at which the world should wonder, and then she would not disdain him; she would have him. With heart-throbs of ineffable delight he whispered to himself that she did not even now disdain him; that she had been very kind to him. He had not dared to ask her if he might call, and, indeed, he supposed it would not be proper to ask if he might call on a young unmarried lady; but he had not ventured to ask permission of Lady Letitia to call on her. What if he should never have a chance of seeing them—of seeing Janette again? Oh, but that would not be possible; they must meet again. His heart told him that they were destined to meet; it was destiny; it was fate. With that conviction he bore himself proudly. He was now convinced that he was the last living descendant of the great Fitzurse family. He had had secret doubts and misgivings on this subject before; but since he had spoken with Janette Lisle his mind was clear. Not merely was he satisfied that he did come of that proud line, but he was likewise satisfied that he had refrained from asserting his right and his social rank before out of sheer sympathy with the great movement for man's equality. He admired himself doubly; first as an undoubted Fitzurse, and next as a Fitzurse who personally despised the distinctions of rank, and would even have consented not to be known as a Fitzurse. He strode along the grey street with a more lordly air than ever. He was longing to get to his bedroom in order to have a quiet look at himself in his evening dress. Undoubtedly, he did look very well in his evening dress—a garb which does not always become those who wear it for the first time. He had glanced at himself many a time at Lady Letitia's, and had always received new encouragement from what he saw. "I must be a gentleman by birth," he thought proudly to himself," or how would it come natural to me to wear these clothes and to look so well in them?" Now he was eager to have himself all to himself, to be alone and to have a good study of his face and figure before he took off the precious dress clothes. It was delightful to think that everybody was in bed, that he could not be seen as he stole to his room.

In all this time he had thought but little about Vinnie. Once or twice it occurred to him that when next they met she might ask him some troublesome question about the manner in which he had spent his evening. But now suddenly it was borne in upon him that she stood right in the way of his ambition and his love at once. What was the use of forming schemes and plans to win Miss Lisle and wear her, when he was already pledged, engaged, bound hard and fast to this poor little girl in the shabby house in Fitzurseham?

Even the dawn of a summer morning could not make beautiful that end of Fitzurseham in which Fitzurse lived. It was the inland extreme, if we may thus describe it; away from the river, the churchyard, and the rectory. The street was new, comparatively speaking, and consisted of two long rows of stucco-fronted houses, with flights of steps and little patches of dusty enclosure, supposed to have been intended for gardens. Every one of these houses was exactly like the other. The eye turned instinctively away from their gaunt monotony of stucco. They were all exactly in the same condition of premature decay. They were all much too big for the people who lived in them; they had all been built under the inspiration of some maniacal idea that wealthy Londoners would come and live in them. Walter had a large bedroom and a sittingroom, and he almost shuddered as he entered his dreary possessions. The blinds in the drawing-room were carefully drawn down, and the dawn was only able to steal in. There was the regulation lodging-house mirror, with its gilt frame shrouded in gauze; there was the gilt and gaudy apron filling up the fireplace; there were the shells to ornament the chimney-piece there were the wax flowers under a glass shade. He pulled up the blind and looked out of the window, but suddenly drew back as if the one glance had brought some disagreeable sensation with it; and then he relieved his mind by looking in the mirror and studying the effect of his dress clothes. The effect was consoling, and he went to bed to dream of the West End and Janette Lisle.

Walter had not reached his lodging wholly unseen of watchful eyes. On the opposite side of the street a little way up lived Vinnie Lammas and her mother. It was the sight of their house which had brought with it a disagreeable idea, and sent him from the window. Vinnie had waited for hours after her return from the festivities in the hope of seeing him, of merely seeing him; and now she had seen him and that was all. She had eluded the tender vigilance of her mother, and persuaded the poor old woman to go to bed in the full belief that Vinnie was going to bed also to have a sound sleep. But the girl did not go to bed; she sat and watched until the dawn came up; and at last she saw Walter return to his home. He had not come near her at the breaking up of the party in Fitzurse House; she and her mother had hung about the grounds until they found that he had positively gone. Vinnie affected to think nothing of it; she even went so far as to assure her mother that she did not expect him to come to her; that he had explained in advance the reasons why he could not do so; that it was all right. She would not admit to her mother, she would not admit to herself, how much her heart misgave her. She went to bed a little comforted by the knowledge that he was near; that she had seen him; that he would be sure to tell her all about it and make everything seem quite right when he came to see her; tomorrow—to day that is; the sun was already up.

Nor was poor Vinnie the only anxious watcher in Fitzurseham that morning. The same dawn found Camiola Sabine wide awake and full of fear and trouble and pain of mind; and thrilling also with emotion that was wild and startling, not all trouble, and that was new to her. Poor Georgie Lisle was tossing feverishly on his bed, and was angry with the hateful day when it began to force its unwelcome companionship upon him. The event of the past night had only flung new fuel on the love that consumed him. He kept saying to himself: "She must have me; she must have me; I will kill myself if she refuses; I will tell her so." Over near St. James street Romont was lighting another cigar, and was thinking it would hardly be worth while going to bed at all now; he would go and have a Turkish bath, he thought, as soon as the Hammams opened, and then he would go out of town somewhere for the day, "To think of such a girl being in love with *him*," was the burden of his thoughts; the 'him' being George Lisle. "I wish to heaven I had never seen her," Romont said to himself. "I was all right until I saw her. What a fool I am! I think I'll run down and see dear old mother.

Mrs. Pollen sitting alone in front of Fitzurse House had perceived that the dawn was creeping up the sky. "Mr. Merridew and I were having a long talk, Mr. Pilgrim," she explained. "He has just gone. Will you kindly tell the coachman to get ready, please; I am shocked to find that I have kept you all out of bed so long."

"I am not sleepy, Madame," said Pilgrim.

CHAPTER XI.—A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Camiola had a terrible time of it that day. She could not sleep much although she had not gone to bed until the dawn. In her heart, as in Hamlet's, there was a kind of fighting that would not let her sleep. When she got up, hoping to find that everyone else was still in bed, she became acquainted with the fact that George Lisle was up also. She could not escape him; and he told her of his love all over again. He was more feverish and impassioned than ever. He seemed to have lost all power of self-restraint. He protested again and again that he could not live without her, and that if she would not love him he would kill himself. She tried to reason with him; tried to laugh him out of his madness; tried to make him believe, to make herself believe, that he was not serious; that he did not mean what he said. "I am dying of love for you, Camiola," he passionately declared. She made vain appeals to his courage, to his manhood, to his spirit; she grew angry with him, and spoke hot contemptuous words to him.

"I wouldn't ask a girl to marry me who didn't love me," she said, "if I were a man; I would die first. I wouldn't have a girl who was willing to marry me on such terms. I am ashamed of you, Georgie; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you want to drive me out of the house?"

"I don't care," was all he could say. "If you leave the house I'll go after you. I can't live without you, Camiola; and I will not live without you. If you don't have me I'll kill myself."

"I wish you would kill me," Camiola said. "Would that serve your purpose as well, Georgie? It would be better for me to be dead than to be the cause of all this trouble."

Then she burst into tears, and begged of him to leave her, and for the moment he became alarmed at the tempest of grief he had brought up, and he left her. Camiola could think of nothing better than go and see Mrs. Pollen. Mrs. Pollen seemed a kind woman; and she knew something about Camiola which others did not know. Lady Letitia was not up yet, nor Janette; and Camiola knew that Mrs. Pollen was an early riser. Camiola was a spoilt child in the Lisle household, and was allowed to go where she would and as she pleased. So she left the Rectory, and sped to Fitzurse House in a faint hope that Mrs. Pollen might have remained there all night. She found Mr. Pilgrim arranging and trimming flower-beds on the lawn. Pilgrim, it was now understood by everybody, was to be retained by Mrs. Pollen as a perpetual caretaker of Fitzurse House whether she should inhabit it or not. He was by temperament and habit a "handy man," and could do almost anything that wanted to be done. One of the reasons why he admired Romont so much was that Romont, too, was a "handy man."

An uneasy light came into Pilgrim's eyes when he saw Miss Sabine. He seemed at once delighted and alarmed. Mrs. Pollen, he told her, had not remained in Fizurse House; she had gone to her hotel in Dover street. But she would be certain to be in Fitzurse House some time that day.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Then Camiola had better have gone back at once to the Rectory. But she did not. She had always been in the habit of talking in free and friendly fashion to Pilgrim; and she was glad to be away from the Rectory just now; at least until Lady Letitia and Janette were up. It was a relief to her to listen to Pilgrim's slow, quiet, melancholy sentences after George Lisle's wild and sickening ravings. So they walked about the grounds together, and she asked him questions about the place and its history, and she set him talking about Romont. That was a dangerous subject for her; dangerous especially because Pilgrim was so much of a hero-worshipper that he made of Bertie Romont a positive embodiment of all that is brave, and generous, and thoughtful, and unselfish in man. It was delightful and it was torturing to Camiola to hear such words spoken, and it made her feel very tender and kind to poor Pilgrim. She turned her eyes on him with gratefulness and sincere regard, and their rays penetrated to his very heart of hearts. Something he said about Romont drew from her a little outburst of feeling which alarmed her; it might almost have betrayed her, she thought, to any one with quicker perceptions than poor, quiet Mr. Pilgrim.

"Let us go down to the river," she suddenly said; determined to turn off the conversation.

There was an ancient water-gate which opened on the river and the strand. A flight of crumbling oozy steps of stone led dewn. Camiola and Pilgrim went down the steps and stood upon the edge of the water. The sun was sparkling on the river; it was a morning to fill the heart with poetic tenderness and pathetic feeling. Camiola's nerves had been all unstrung. She found, she could not tell why, the tears come into her eyes.

"Let us go back," she said.

They turned, and as they turned she saw Pilgrim's pale, grey, and wasted face looking paler and greyer and more wasted than ever in the pitiless play of the sunlight. The morning seemed so youthful, and his face seemed so old! A great rush of pity came up in her heart. He seemed so lonely, so wasted, and so worn; he had no son or daughter to care for him; now as she looked on him, all of those thoughts, he even appeared to her to be very feeble. She longed to do something for him; to help him in some way. The lowest step of the flight was high, was broken, was slippery, and not quite easy to mount, Camiola leaped up highly and then turning round with the impulse of one who is conscious of the full possession of youth and strength she held out a kindly hand to help her elderly companion up. If she had struck him with that hand she could not have brought such a sudden furious anger into his face. He flung back the hand she offered to him and gave a cry of pain.

"What do you do that for?" he exclaimed with a flash of strange pale light in his eyes.

"Do what, Mr. Pilgrim? What do you mean? Why are you angry? I thought you might stumble; that step is so slippery, and I wanted to give you a helping hand."

"Come down," said he. As her hand was still outstretched he caught it and drew her towards the strand again. She leaped down. She felt that otherwise she would have been pulled down.

"Do you think I am an old man?" he cried. "Do you think I am crippled with age; do you think I am palsied or a dotard? Look here!" He suddenly caught the girl up in his arms, as if she were an infant, and ran with her up the steps; leaped from step to step; taking often two steps at a time. When he had reached the gate he opened it with one hand, holding her firmly to his breat with the other. He strode among the paths and flower-beds, and across the lawn, until he reached the entrance to the house, and there at last he put the girl on her feet. He did this with ease and care at once. She touched ground so lightly that she hardly felt it. All the time he was carrying her she had not made the slightest resistance; she had not screamed or remonstrated, or indeed utter a word. She held her breath and kept her presence of mind. Of what avail a scream, a struggle? The place was lonely, not a creature was to be seen. If he had gone mad, and at first she felt sure he had gone mad, there was no help for her but such as her own courage and her own will could find.

Now she was on her feet again, and she looked into his eyes. They were wild indeed, but she saw no madness there.

"Pilgrim," she asked, "why on earth did you do that?"

"To show that I am not an old man, a broken down old man, as you seemed to think. That's why I took you in my arms as if you were a child and carried you, I could run a mile with you and not draw a long breath."

"But I never said you couldn't; and I am not a weight to be used in champion races or athletic sports of any kind. I don't understand you."

"Are you offended with me?"

He spoke despairingly rather than defiantly.

"Much more astonished than offended. It's not a thing to be merely offended at; and I am not given to taking offence; I am sorry you did it that's all. Now I must go home."

She still did not dare to be too abrupt with him. She did not even yet feel by any means confident in his sanity, but she did not want anyone to come that way and see them; she would rather take her chance. The rustle of some leaves on the ground sent a thrill of alarm through her. What if it should be the sound of Romont's footsteps?

"Can't you guess why I wanted you not to think me an old man?" Pilgrim asked.

"No; I can't guess; except that I suppose no one likes to be thought old; but I didn't think you old—not in that sense."

"You did, you did. You offered to help me!"

"What harm was that! You seemed to me to have stumbled, and you are not as young as I am. I would have given a hand to anyone at such a time."

"No, you wouldn't. You wouldn't have thought it necessary to offer, a helping hand to—o—oh, to any [illegible] you know that; you wanted to [illegible] because you looked on me as an old man; and it was kind of you; and sweet of you; everything you do is kind and sweet, to me and to everyone else; but it cut me to the heart that you should look on me just as an old man and nothing else. I am old enough, God knows; but I am still young in soul; and I felt *that*."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Pilgrim; so very sorry; I never thought it could offend you and I don't know that I should think any the less of you even if you were old." She said this with the memory of poor George's youthful hysterics painfully fresh in her mind. "I must go, Mr. Pilgrim; good-bye.

"Just a moment," Pilgrim said, coming between her and the way to the gate; "you had better hear it all out now; and there is no reason why you shouldn't, for it only concerns me; it's of no consequence to you. But I should like you to know it just here once for all. Did you ever hear of men who had committed a murder or some such crime and who couldn't keep it to themselves, but must go and tell the story to the woods, or to the waters, or the birds of the air? Well, I haven't commited any crime; but I am guilty of a great folly, and I must let it out to you; you must hear my confession. It is this, Miss Sabine; I am in love—with you.

She knew this was coming. The words spoken by Mrs. Pollen the night before came back to her mind; the kindness of a woman may kill a man sometimes! Why had she ever been friendly to this poor man? She felt shame and pity; shame for him and pity for him. How could a man of his age humble himself like that to a girl? It was all inconceivable to her; the possibility of anything of the kind had never occurred to her. "They all say that girls are self-conceited," she thought; "I only wish that I had been self-conceited enough to think that this might happen." What was to come next? Was she never to speak to any man on pain of his instantly making love to her? Such thoughts went through her even while she was still speaking.

"I wish you hadn't told me this, Mr. Pilgrim; I don't see what good it can do you. I don't see what I can see or do. I am very sorry, very; but I never thought of anything of the kind."

"Of course you didn't; how could you? I never thought of it myself; I thought I was far too old, and had gone through too much, to feel like that for any woman. I never meant to tell you; it all came out with a rush that time. I think for the moment I was out of my senses; I must have been. But it's done now, and it is a relief to me; you know it, and you will feel for me, and not be angry with me and hate me, as other women would. Don't despise me; oh, pray, Miss Sabine, don't, if you can."

Camiola's one anxiety now was to get away. She did not despise him, she was not conscious of being angry with him; she was merely perplexed in the extreme.

"I am not angry," she said; "I don't think it a thing to be angry about. I am sorry; I should have liked to make you feel happy, and I should like to have pleasant memories of our acquaintanceship always. I always liked you; I always liked to talk to you, and it's a pity, I think."

Thereupon she broke down and could not say any more.

"Child," he said with some energy, "it does you no harm—no more than if you were told that the dog loved you, or the trees and the winds. What does it matter to you if I love you? I couldn't help it, and you couldn't help it. God made you beautiful, and good, and sweet, and He made me a man with a loving heart, who never had a chance of loving before. Now I'll let you go; only I should just like to hear you say that you forgive me, and perhaps that you understand me. Try to think what a broken-down poor creature like me must have felt when it made him let out this confession to a girl like you."

"I do understand you, indeed I do; and I forgive you, if there is anything to forgive. I don't know enough to know whether there is or not; and you will get over this. You lead too lonely a life here, I think. You brood over things, and fancies grow on you," and she shook her head, and felt herself becoming preternaturally wise, as she thus reasoned out his case for him.

"Fancies!" he exclaimed, "fancies!"

She was going away, but she could not part from him in anything like unkindness. She held out her hand, and he took it and bent his head.

"You won't tell anyone?" he said.

"Oh, no; I shan't tell anyone." She was growing red at the very idea of telling anyone.

"God bless you," he said. "If I were inclined to be an atheist you would make me believe in God; for there must have been a God to make you—and a God to bless you!" he added, with a wild smile—"you—you peerless girl! Good-bye—I'll not trouble you any more, you may depend upon that. You have treated me like a human being; I'll never again act like a brute. Don't think of me any more, I am happy now—in a sort of way. You know my secret; it is like the lifting of a load off my heart to have told it you."

You will keep it to yourself; and you won't laugh at me, or think any the worse of me; and now, come what will, I don't care what happens."

There was something in his expression as he said these words which sent a sudden fear through her.

"Mr. Pilgrim," she said gravely, "you will not be careless about your life? You will not think less of it because I am in your confidence; because I am your friend; because I like you so well?"

He did not quite understand her meaning at first. He was perhaps too much occupied with his own thoughts.

"Oh, that is what you mean," he said at last.

"Oh, no, I shan't do that. Life is much more precious to me now than it was before. And, in any case, do you think I would do anything which could annoy you or give you pain? That would be a poor return for all you have said, wouldn't it?"

"Thank you; that is quite enough," she replied. It was only just a sudden thought of mine, but we understand each other now. You must leave this place; you have talents that are thrown away here. You must go to London and fight the big fight of your life there, and make a name and make all your friends applaud you and feel proud of you—as some of them do already."

"Leave this place—where I first saw you; where we are speaking now? No, I'll not do that; I'll live and die here."

Camiola left Fitzurse House. She had no longer any thought of waiting for Mrs. Pollen. She had left the Rectory to escape from Georgie; now she found it better after all to get back to the Rectory again. Her whole ideas were upset; she did not know from what quarter might come the next obnoxious declaration of love. She seemed to be driven like a shuttlecock from one place to another by declarations of love. Nothing is so trying, so hateful to some girls as an unexpected and unwelcome declaration of love. Sometimes it does not even flatter a girl's self-conceit, it rather hurts and humbles it. "What have I done to bring all this on me?" Camiola kept asking of herself; "I must have done something wrong; I must have given some sort of encouragement by my manner, or I should not have these things said to me." She felt miserable; all the more so because she could not tell any one of her troubles. Only yesterday she was still happy; a few days before that she had had no thought that was not happy. Now everything was changed; she felt no surety about anything. After what had happened what might not happen?

When he saw the gate of Fitzurse House