

The Clancartys.

BY EDITH MARY NORRIS.

[FROM DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.]

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"H! Make way there!" "Nay, jostle not, good citizen. Surely there be space for all who would see the bridal train pass by."

"A bridal, say you?"

"Ay, and a brave one too. 'Tis the great Sunderland's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Spencer who hath just been wed to the young Earl of Clancarty."

"See!" cried another gossip. "There is the coach with the bridesmaids—sweet little ladies, and now cometh that of the bride and groom. God lend them grace!"

"They will need it, an' they live long in the married state," growled a surly voice.

"Gook clack, Master Andrews, speak of that you know; marriage is a blessed estate."

"Good clack, goody Turner! You of that you know not."

"Know not, and I married this twelve years yene?" began the dame indignantly.

"Nay, dame, Master Andrews doth but jest; 'tis his way. Ah, doth not the bride look brave in her white silk! I see warrant that stomacher of pearls is worth a goodly sum."

"He is a handsome youngster, the young earl, with his laughing blue eyes; and the little lady is like a white lily."

"Poor babes, play is better suited to such than marriage!"

"'Tis a marriage only in name. 'Twas a match made by the young lord's guardian to please my Lord Sunderland."

"And here cometh Earl Sunderland and his lady. She hath a gracious look—but he?"

"Saucy wench, wouldst deary thy betters?"

"Nay, mother, a cat may look at a king; and the cat hath her own thoughts, too, I see warrant."

"Ay, but she keepeth a still tongue, an' she be a wise cat."

"Amid the comments and the gossip of the crowd the pageant drew up before the mansion of Sunderland, and the youthful pair tripped lightly over the crimson carpet laid upon the marble steps which led to the entrance hall. The little golden-curl maiden had her hand confidently upon the arm of the boy, whose dress of royal blue velvet lent added richness to his dark curly hair, rosy cheeks, and beautiful Irish eyes."

The sun shone, the people shouted and praised, but none saw the dark hand of fate outstretched above the youthful pair.

The day closed with a banquet, and the children parted—the boy of fifteen to his estates in Ireland, the bride of eleven to her schoolroom and her studies.

PART I.—1698.

Lady Clancarty sat alone in her apartments in her father's house, seemingly intent upon some delicate embroidery. Nimble as were her fingers, however, her thoughts did not keep them company, but had roved far off to one who was ever in her memory. The Lady Elizabeth at twenty-five bore out the promise of her youth, though her beauty was intensified by a pensive air which argued melancholy.

Nor was it strange that the face of this lovely woman should be so clouded, a wife only in name, forced by her unnatural position to a life of almost continual solitude, for how, in sooth, could the wife of the prescribed Clancarty present herself at court? What wonder that her thoughts should dwell fondly upon the romantic episode of her childhood, and upon the hero of that romance—her boy bridegroom! The very events which had conspired to sever them had tended to keep alive her interest and her affection.

Young Donough MacCarthy, on bidding adieu to this girl bride, had been conveyed to his paternal estate, a vast domain in the province of Munster. Here, living amidst his own kin, though bred in the Church of England, he had reverted to the faith of his forefathers and had become a devoted adherent of King James. Nor did his patriotism end here; he sat in the Celtic parliament, and, being in command of one of the Irish regiments, was taken prisoner by Marlborough at Cork, carried to London, and thrown into the tower, his immense possessions being confiscated by William of Orange and conferred upon the son of his favorite, Bentinck, now Earl of Portland.

The unfortunate earl, after three weary years of imprisonment, managed to escape, and made his way to France, the hospitable refuge for those of his country whose misfortunes or whose patriotism doomed them to exile. Here he was given command of an Irish regiment, but to a man of his spirit expatriation was a bitter punishment.

The Lady Elizabeth's thoughts were with her unfortunate husband, of whom she heard from time to time, but with whom she had no means of communication. Sunderland, in his pride and his craft, had forgotten apparently the part he had taken in joining the fortunes of his daughter to the young earl. He had no mind for a paupered and exiled son-in-law.

A tap on the door and the entrance of a servant roused the lady from her reverie.

"A person waits below, my lady, who saith that he beareth a message from your ladyship's mother at Windsor."

"God send she is no worse! Send him instantly hither."

In a few moments he returned, ushering a distinguished man of soldierly bearing, who stepped impulsively towards Lady Clancarty.

"You bring me a message from my mother, sir; I trust her malady hath not increased."

"Your mother is no worse. The message is but a ruse, madam, of one who had a claim to an audience, but dared not urge it."

"What mean you, sir?" said the lady, rising with dignity.

"No offence, madam, be assured." Then changing his tone, "Do you not recognize me, Elizabeth?"

Lady Clancarty started, the blood forsook her face, and she trembled with sudden weakness.

"'Tis not possible you are—"

"Ay, madam; 'tis Clancarty, who comes to seek the only friend he may hope to find in England."

"She will not fail him," said Elizabeth, giving him her hand. "But my lord, are you not endangered by coming hither?"

"They say—"

"That I am a rebel, proscribed, reduced to beggary—all true; but no man dare say that Donough McCarthy is a renegade to his country, his king, or his religion. Yes, I am in danger. This Treaty of Ryswick hath bereft my party of all hope that the rightful dynasty will be restored by foreign arms. We have now nothing to hope for but the clemency usually bestowed by the superior foe upon the one whom he hath defeated."

"My father hath surely enough influence to obtain amnesty for you, that you may return to dwell in your own land."

"Deprived of my inheritance I should still be a beggar, Elizabeth, and my Lord Sunderland hath no mind for a son-in-law of that ilk."

"A part of your wealth was settled, as you know, upon me. That wealth has accumulated—there is nothing to prevent my restoring it to its rightful owner."

"Who will accept nothing from his wife an' she give not herself," said Clancarty haughtily.

"Nay, having no hope of winning her in any other fashion, I have come hither at the risk of my life to urge my claims. Fate hath played a harsh part towards us since we parted at the altar, sweetheart; I pray thee be kinder than fate."

"Donough, fate is kind in sending thee hither. I will answer you in the words of Ruth: Whither thou goest, I will go; thy country shall be my country; thy God, my God."

"God hath brought us together," said Clancarty, embracing her; "Man surely will not be suffered to part us."

"You have travelled far and need refreshment," said Lady Clancarty. "The sight of your fair face and the sound of your sweet voice are refreshment enough. Remember, I am not safe should any evil-disposed person learn my identity."

"Never fear, I will hide you in my private closet, which none are permitted to enter. I will have supper brought hither, and we shall share the repast."

"But the valet who conducted me to these apartments—"

"Is one of those who sleep without, and by this time is far enough away."

When supper was brought, Lady Clancarty dismissed her woman for the night, and, securing the door, called her husband from his seclusion.

This, the first meal shared with a wife who loved him, was the sweetest Clancarty had tasted for many a year. Still young, as years ago, he had endured much, lost much; but honor he had not lost, and it seemed that love was still left him. In tender converse the hours sped, and silence had long rested on the household when the husband and wife retired.

It still wanted an hour of dawning when they were rudely awakened.

"Open in the king's name!" A thundering knocking upon the door, accompanied by the sound of a broadsword as it ploughed its way through the stout oak panels, awoke the sleepers. The next moment the door fell in, and a party of soldiers, accompanied by Lord Spencer, the brother of Lady Clancarty, burst into the room.

"There is the rebel; seize him!" exclaimed Spencer, pointing to the earl, who had risen and was partially clad, and nothing daunted, awaited his fate.

"Have you no mercy?" cried his sister.

"Justice cometh before mercy; he is an enemy of the king," answered the fanatical Spencer.

Clancarty sought to soothe his wife; but alas! he could not put hope into a heart stunned by so cruel a blow. He besought her to assume a fortitude she could not feel, to hope that their parting might be but temporary.

"Nay," she said, "I cannot resign myself to our parting. I shall accompany you. You will take me, will you not, sir?" turning to the officer in command.

"Nay, madam, my warrant is for but one person. I have no authority to do what you ask. Now, sir, I can give but a moment more; we must be moving."

The unfortunate man embraced his wife, with a full realization that this parting might be the last, and suffered himself to be led away.

As the echoes of their footsteps died away, Lady Clancarty rang for a maid and ordered a carriage to be got in readiness to carry her to the waterside, whence she knew they would embark for the Tower of London.

We may let the reader into the secret of the arrest. Mischief the previous evening had not been idle; my lady's woman was, and so the busy imp gave her some work to do. Hearing of the stranger who had been admitted to an audience with Lady Clancarty, she could find no one who had seen him depart. To verify her suspicions she played the spy, with such effect that she was able to inform Lord Spencer of his sister's visitor. Spencer, who was a fiery Whig, hated his brother-in-law with a deadly hatred, and with zealous haste he hurried to denounce him.

A few minutes sufficed for Lady Clancarty's preparations, and she was at Whitehall stairs ere the boat which contained the prisoner had put forth.

Here she hired a boat and, with the old servant whom she had chosen to accompany her, followed that containing her husband.

The rising sun gilded the brown waters of the Thames as the rowers bent to their task, and sounds of traffic began to break over the city. As they neared the mossy building whose walls, could they cry aloud, would echo so many groans of

suffering, the heart of the lady grew cold with despair. These frowning, inexorable walls were to shut from her all that she held on earth most dear, or were to close them both in from the world forever, as so many had been closed before. The drawbridge was raised, and they were permitted to pass under the gloomy arch which led to that gate over which Dante's legend "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," might be fitly inscribed. Here at the foot of the stairs the earl was delivered to those lieutenants of the Tower whose duty it was to receive all prisoners.

"Back!" said they to those in the second boat, "back! What dy ye here?"

"Sir," said Lady Clancarty, "I would fain enter with mine husband, now brought hither a prisoner."

"That were impossible, lady, without the king's warrant. It may not be, madam; not to please the great earl your father might we so transgress our orders. It were better for you to withdraw."

"Farewell, Donough," she cried, "I will yet obtain permission to share thy imprisonment."

"Nay, God forbid, sweet wife; I do but ask thee to remember one who has brought misfortune upon thee against his will or wish."

The Traitors' Gate closed, like the gate of a tomb closing on the beloved dead, and Lady Clancarty returned to her father's house. She was yet unaware of the stand her father would take in regard to Clancarty, but she hoped little from a man so crafty and self-seeking as was the Earl of Sunderland. She regained the house and shut herself in her apartments ere he had made his morning appearance.

PART II.

Stunned by the suddenness of the blow that had fallen upon him, the MacCarthy hardly realized that he had lost liberty and would soon lose life, until he heard the heavy door clanged to, and found himself alone in that chamber haunted by the dead—that chamber of suffering, in which the illustrious Sir Thomas More had languished, and whence he had gone forth to his death.

Had the misfortune befallen Clancarty ere his reunion to the bride of his youth, he could have better borne it. He was not unused to the shocks of fortune, but life had become to him more precious since he was assured of the love of this lovely woman. That she too must suffer, and that his rash act had brought this suffering upon her, did not tend to mitigate his mental anguish. But a prisoner can do naught but bear. Clancarty requested the ministrations of a priest, and sought that consolation in his religion which he could not find in his own breast.

London was soon astir with the news that so prominent a Jacobite had been lodged in the Tower. Sunderland went everywhere proclaiming that he fully approved of Lord Spencer's detestable act. But men hardly believed him, so insincere was the character he bore. All this had an effect.

Those who should have been Clancarty's friends were his enemies, and those whose every tie of party and whose political opinions might properly have caused them to call themselves the enemies of a man who in their eyes was an arch-rebel, convicted by his own deeds of treason to the kingdom, from pity became his friends. The romantic circumstances of his marriage, the separation and reunion of the couple, the heart-broken misery and despair of the young wife, added to the fact that the mother of Clancarty lay dying of a broken heart, caused a universal feeling of commiseration to swell men's hearts, and they began to ask themselves what might be done to soften the king to an act of special clemency for which hardly any one dared hope.

His wives and daughters went to console with Lady Clancarty; but one there was who came to do more than this.

The young wife sat in her apartments; her beautiful face had become wan and haggard, her eyes had lost their lustre, and her features were listless with despair. She felt alone even in the midst of the friendliness that had been shown her of late; those of her own household were among the enemies to her peace and happiness. Her mother lay ill at Windsor, where she had been in attendance on the queen; her brother she refused to see; nor could she feel for the father who had refused her succor and consolation in her affliction that respect and affection which is the basis of true filial duty. Her chief consolation now lay in conversing with the father who was ministering to her husband, and who carried to her those tender messages of an affection sanctioned by God and man. This gentleman was with her when the Lady Russell was announced.

"Say that I cannot see her," she began, but the priest interrupted her—a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"Nay, my daughter, you must see this lady. She is the one person in England who can help you in this strait. The king, it is rumored, hath a most gracious regard for and can deny nothing to the widow of Lord William Russell. I will withdraw."

In a few moments Lady Russell entered. Sorrow had set its seal upon her beautiful countenance, and now pity shone in her gentle eyes as she advanced to greet one who was suffering as she herself had suffered.

"I need not ask how fare you, Lady Clancarty," she said in her gentle tones. "Nay, will I quickly tell you what mission hath brought me hither. The king is graciously disposed toward me as the widow of the martyred Russell, and it hath been suggested that I should approach him on behalf of the Earl of Clancarty."

"Heaven bless you, dear madam, for your goodness!"

"Nay, it were ill if mine own sorrows had taught me no compassion for the sorrows of others. My dear child, you must summon your courage and your fortitude; I am come to carry you to court."

"To court, madam? You jest, and that were ill done."

"Nay, no jest is meant. A petition

bath been drawn up, which I am to present to the king with a few words of intercession on mine own part. We must awaken pity ere we can hope for clemency, and that is for you to do. Then if necessary you can yourself address the king. This is the only way in which the thing may be accomplished."

"I will prepare to accompany you, dear lady, but I do not hope."

"Perhaps it were better not to hope. But my coach is at the door, and the king I know tarrieth at Whitehall."

It was on being ushered into the presence chamber at Whitehall that Lady Clancarty experienced the sharpest pangs she had yet known. The brilliant scene afforded so sharp a contrast to the misery of her dejected heart, that she could scarce control her trembling limbs when she found herself in the presence of William and his queen, surrounded by ladies and courtiers in all the splendor of the magnificent apartment.

"Courage!" whispered Lady Russell in her ear.

As they approached nearer, the king came forward and greeted Lady Russell.

"Welcome to our court, cousin; I would we might greet thee oftener."

"Sire, I know not if I am worthy of your welcome, for I come to ask a favor of your Majesty."

"The widow of Russell can ask no favor vainly at the hands of William," answered the king.

"Then, sire, I pray you to peruse this petition which I here present. But first, sire, I crave permission to introduce one who hath claim upon your compassion—the Lady Clancarty."

William frowned.

"You have hitherto been a stranger at our court, madam," he said to the trembling woman.

"It were presumption, sire, for the wife of a proscribed rebel to present herself at the court of her king."

William smiled sarcastically.

"Yet now—"

"Now, sire, I come not as a courtier to join in the pleasures of your palace, but as a petitioner—misery, sire, hath learnt me boldness."

"I will read this petition," said the king in a softer voice. "You may await me here."

He withdrew with his secretary to one of the ante-rooms; and Lady Russell, approaching the queen and making her obeisance, asked permission to present Lady Clancarty, whose aspect won from those about her much sympathy and impressed even the volatile but good-natured queen.

"Your Majesty's influence with the king will be of great service to Lady Clancarty; may we pray you to exert it, madam?" said Lady Russell.

"But I had thought Lady Clancarty lived apart from her husband in her father's house," said the queen, who although a bad daughter was herself a devoted wife.

"That was her father's will, madam, not her own wish. She is devotedly attached to him."

"Well, well, we will see, my Lady Russell, what we can do," answered Queen Mary; and signing to her ladies to remain as they were, she joined the king in the ante-room.

The suspense of Elizabeth was intolerable. The heat seemed intense and the walls seemed to close in upon her until she was in danger of suffocation. It appeared to her that for hours she waited in this agony amidst the throng of human butterflies who chatted and laughed with light-hearted gaiety. At length the door of the ante-room opened, and William and Mary appeared. The chattering ceased, as the king, who was evidently in no light mood, approached the two ladies.

"We have thought fit," he said, "to consider a petition signed by so many of our faithful good friends, and to accord to the Earl of Clancarty our royal clemency. This order," handing a paper to Lady Russell, "will release him from the Tower on condition that he leaveeth instantly our realms—never to return. For this he hath forty-eight hours' grace. Should he break this condition his life will be forfeit."

Lady Clancarty sank upon her knees. "I cannot thank you, sire, as I ought," she said, weeping, "for the happiness you have restored to me."

"You will join your husband in his exile?" asked the king.

"Nay, sire, a woman's country is where her heart is; she knows no exile but separation from him she loves."

"Clancarty hath gained, not lost, by his venture methinks," said William.

"But you are no doubt anxious to be gone. My Lady Russell, we shall see you again."

Thus dismissed, the ladies returned to Sunderland's mansion.

There is little more to tell. Where two story ends, the life story of those two began. For many years they lived on the continent, Elizabeth's marriage settlement affording them a sufficient maintenance. We do not hear of Clancarty in politics again. The joys of home and family doubtless sufficed him, though history says naught as to that.

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The robust looking old farmer had for the first time travelled on a train with a dining car. He had read about the high prices for train meals, so when he sat down at the table he ordered some bread and butter and a cup of coffee. The waiter looked at him and whistled softly. After the robust farmer had concluded his slim repast a ticket for \$1 was handed him.

"Great Scott! Do you charge \$1 for what little I eat?" he asked.

"Yes, sah; \$1 is the price of de meal, no matter what you ordah."

"What did you charge that man there?" demanded the farmer, pointing to a man who was eating heartily.

"One dollah, sah."

"Well, bring me everything on the bill of fare," said the farmer as he sat down, tucked the napkin under his chin and loosened the top button of his trousers.—Louisville Courier.

LEMON BATH.

In the West Indies the lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four lemons or lemons are sliced into the water, which is drawn half an hour before using, so that the fruit juice may have a chance to permeate, and the deliciousness of such tubbing must be felt to be appreciated.

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