

him, as a return for his unceremonious invasion on her domain.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am—but that's a meetin' of the waters I don't just care for," observed the incorrigible Jack, as he seated himself quietly upon a bench; "if you'd give me something just a taste cooler, I wouldn't say against it Mrs. Brien, ma'am."

"And who are you, ye impudent gormon, that has my name so pat and aisy?" retorted the indignant lady, when her anger was sufficiently quelled to allow of speech. "Yer Dublin by yer accent, but yer manners wants mendin', for all that—and I've an O' to my name, and all before me had—and I'll just thank ye to give me the whole of it, when you are so familiar with the rest."

"Faith, an' it's sorry I am, ma'am, for forgetting it, but the wind was out of me from running all the way from Dublin, and sure, I was just savin' myself by saing it short, Mrs. O'Brien, ma'am."

"What's you're errand?"

"It's Ellie McCarthy I'm inquiren' for, Mrs. O'Brien."

"An' what would the like of you be wanting with her?"

"The like of me, ma'am?—but there I'll forgive you, ye poor creature, ye don't know any better—and how would you ever have heard of the O'Flanagans down in this deluded part of the country, where ye make such a moidering over a bit of water that would not be missed out of Dublin Bay? Is it what I want with Ellie McCarthy? Well, it's just a message from the Parish Priest himself—God bless him—and maybe ye never heard of him neither?" he concluded, with a fine touch of irony, as the most unanswerable reply he could make.

"If it's Father Cavanagh you mane, I have heard of him," and Mrs. O'Brien drew herself up with the dignity of knowledge; but Ellie came in at the same moment, and received the communication intended for her, in person. The sense was conveyed accurately, but, it must be admitted, the language was not exactly that used by the Reverend gentleman who sent the message.

"His Reverence says, Ellie, you're to come back to Dublin this minute, and swear against the young lord, who's on

for hanging Ned—the villain—and if you don't come on at wunst, he's a dead man, and you're parjure your soul and body foriver and iver—Amen."

The profusion of personal pronouns did not trouble Ellie; she had her fears ever since the inquest, as she had read the report in the *Freeman's Journal*, but she was extremely distressed at the idea of appearing to give evidence, and still more so when she thought of what her evidence must be.

"Yo'll get Ned off, won't ye, Nellie?" asked Jack, with as near an approach to familiarity as he dared assume to her.

The girl looked sad enough.

"I'm afraid, Jack, it will take more than I can say to do that."

"But ye'll try, and he so fond of you. Ah, thin, Ellie isn't it a quare thing ye'd be passing by the like of him."

Ellie tossed her pretty head, but she did not look as displeased as Jack feared she might do. Perhaps, after all, "absence had made the heart grow fonder." or that, woman-like, she begun to pity, and ended with a warmer feeling. If Ned had seen her then he would have spent a happier night. She reached the little village of Elmsdale the following evening. It was the very evening on which Harry had made the last appeal to his brother, Edward—on which Burns had said almost his last words to his young master.

A short interview with the priest was sufficient to arrange what was necessary. Father Cavanagh had not much hope of making Lord Elmsdale sensible of his injustice, but he thought it right to try what could be done by private expostulation, before he was made the subject of public exposure. As it was important that Ellie's interview with him should not be known, Father Cavanagh agreed to her proposal that she should go to the castle late at night, attended by Jack, who he knew could be entirely trusted. Another midnight interview took place—but how strangely different from the former.

Ellie waited about the grounds, shivering with cold and nervousness, but faithfully guarded by Jack until the castle clock had tolled eleven. The musical chimes, the pride and pleasure of the late Lord, rang out their melodies to the heedless ears. Lady Elmsdale had