

# THE OLD HATRED

We are the Unlacks of Castle Dare, and our cousins are the Unlacks of Burren Castle. There is not a quarter of a mile of country from one doorstep to another, but it was a distance no Unlack has crossed for many generations. The distance between us in other matters was indeed world-wide. We are of the old religion, and they are of the new. We are gentle and they are violent. And now at Dare we were shrunk to but two of us—my father, the Lord Unlack, and myself, his daughter Ursula. Once there had been three gallant gentlemen of our name, my brothers Urick, Terence and Maurice. But they had followed Sarsfield and were dead in French Flanders, and so there was none to keep up the honor of our house saving only a girl.

My father was a very grave and somewhat sorrowful man, with one solace and one pastime in the pursuit of astronomy. When he had the heavenly globe between his hands he forgot for a time, I believe, how much of earthly happiness had slipped out of them with the death of my mother in her lovely youth and the following after her of her sons.

I used to sit by him like a mouse at my needlework while he pursued his studies, and if he spoke not for hours, there was still a comfortable and loving communion between us. He had his study high in air, a lantern-room with four windows which surveyed the countryside, and from one corner of it a little winding stair ascended to the telescope on the tower top. Often he has called me to follow him to the telescope end of a starry night, and then, applying his own eye to it, has forgotten all about me. Nor would I recall him by so much as pecking at his sleeve, but have waited patiently by him till he returned from heaven to earth, when it was his habit to be most repentant and to upbraid himself for his forgetfulness.

Indeed, he never seemed to love me less, but rather more, that I was a girl, and he was proud of me in his gentleness because I was fearless and could ride and swim like any gentleman and could shoot, too, if need be, though not at the deer nor the birds for they were all old friends to me and I could never bear to hurt dumb creatures. But although I could do those things, and had learned the dead languages from Father Richard, whom we had sheltered from the storms outside till we found him one day with his kind old gray head fallen beside the crucifix and the last sands of his hour-glass long run out, I was yet skilled in household matters. Indeed, I could candy with any one or distill sweet waters or make cordials or salves, and I could never be of opinion that a woman was a worse woman for being able to spin and sew.

However, 'tis too much of myself. The Unlacks of Burren were also at this time shrunken to one representative of the name, a young man Sir James Unlack, who had lived much in England and abroad and at this time was doing the grand tour, as was the fashion with young men of rank, out in the world, beyond the trials and poverty of Dare. He had had a brother, Ralph, a wastrel and a soldier, but he was reputed killed in the wars of the Low Countries. Often, often at night, when I have stood waiting for my father to remember me on the tower, I have looked across to the dark mass of Burren, black against the sky, with its woods and waters at its feet, and my thoughts could not help but play about the unknown cousin, the only other of our blood living, whom my father had taught me, as much as consistent with his meekness and religiosity, to hate. For it was his conviction that nothing good could come out of Burren, so that to hate the last Unlack of Burren was as though one hated a sin.

But one night as I stood there by my father, a summer night of stars and purple, when hardly a leaf stirred in the woods below the tower, I saw that there was a light in Burren, in every window of the long range that ran to westward of the hall door. And though it startled me, I said nothing, for I felt my father would not like me to think upon the house or the family.

The next morning I climbed the tower again. It was a shining morning of early June, and the woods for miles around sang a sleepy song, as though they rocked many cradles, which doubtless they did. And standing there I looked across to Burren, and as I looked I saw a servant leading a horse up and down. Then the doors opened and a gentleman came out on the steps. I shrank behind the telescope, lest he should look up and see me outlined against the sky, and from there I saw him mount and ride away.

Even at the distance I could perceive that he looked of a gallant and dignified figure, and made no doubt that my cousin James had come home and I kept my counsel to myself.

However, it was not a week from that time when a servant came to my father, where he and I sat together in the tower-room, and announced a visitor, no less a one than Sir James Unlack. I saw my father's face whiten and then turn a dark red, as though some one had struck him.

"Tell Sir James Unlack that Lord Unlack receives no visitors," he said,

controlling himself, as I perceived, with difficulty.

But when the servant had gone he broke forth into such a passion of violence as I had not believed him capable of. His meekness and his piety seemed to have dropped away from him, and seeing him in those transports of fury, I realized all at once that we were sprung from the same bloody and violent stock which had produced the Unlacks of Burren, with all their rough riding and cruel deeds. Nor could I forget him as he appeared then, although afterward he did penance and wore himself thin with fasting and was more meek than ever before.

A few days later Sir James Unlack wrote, but my father, seeing the superciliousness, laid the letter upon the fagots unread and watched grimly by the fire and the parchment roll itself up and disappear.

I sat with my eyes down while this happened, as becomes a girl, and kept my hands folded in my lap, yet I will confess that I had a struggle with myself to sit so calmly and see the letter burn. Indeed, I was half ashamed of myself, a Unlack of Dare, because something whispered within me that it was time the old hatred was forgotten. Yet there was my father, as near a saint as I ever knew man to be, and he could not forgive, and was I to be better than he?

Very soon after that the old flame of persecution, which had sunk low, suddenly sprang up again, and the fines and threats of imprisonment came faster than ever.

"They will have all Dare before they are done," said my father.

Alas! as though it were prophetic, the trouble was already on its way. Within a few hours we heard that Dare was no longer our own. It had passed from us to the younger branch of the house. A Papist had no rights to lands or houses, nor to anything of value. All that was ours had passed to Sir James Unlack.

I thought in the first moments that the blow would have killed my father. But as soon as he had somewhat recovered himself, though trembling pitifully, he commanded me to put together the barest necessaries and to leave Dare free for James Unlack to enter it.

In Dublin we found our refuge. There was just one friend in the world with whom my father had kept up communication, and that was Lady Barbara de la Poer, a friend of his youth and my godmother.

Lady Barbara found us lodging in Dominick street, near her own, and it was very pleasant to be so near orchards and open country and, since we must be citizens, to have our lodgings high on the steep hill which overlooks the city from the north.

I had never seen Lady Barbara, though I had always associated her with pleasant things, since many a gift such as girls love and come from her year after year to her godchild.

Now when I saw her I thought I had never seen anything so pretty. She wore diamonds in her powdered hair, but they were no brighter than the dark eyes under their black brows, which sparkled and laughed incessantly. I do not know how much her cheeks owed to the rouge pot. I was not skilled in city ways. But their delicate coloring, repeated in her lips, contrasted delightfully with her powdered hair. About her eyes, where little faint lines were, she had set a patch here and there to distract the gaze from them, and on her cheeks there was a crescent moon and a coach-and-horses to point the road to her dimples.

She was on her way home from some rout or other when I first saw her, and she was wearing a saquin and quilted petticoat of pink satin, with a large brown velvet hat, its feathers clasped by a diamond buckle, set astride of her curled head.

I had taken her to be very rich by her garments and her jewels, but I knew later that she was poor. She was very reckless at the gaming tables and royally generous with her friends, so she stripped herself of wealth, but she never seemed to want for a fine frock or a guinea, her poverty, I took it, was not of the sort that irked.

When she had taken me in her arms—she was littler than I, and the plumes of her hat tickled my nose—she broke out in praises of me, saying she would show me at Court. But my father shook his head, smiling at her as though she were pleasant to him, and so must she have been to any man, though he were a saint or ananehorite.

"No, no, Lady Babs!" he said. "We are too poor to go to Court, since even what remains of our fortune has gone into James Unlack's pouch. We have no fine, extravagant tastes."

"If Ursula have none," she said, looking at him from under her great feathers, "then she is less or more than woman."

"She has had a different training from most women," my father reminded her.

"Ah, but under the scholarship you shall find the woman," she answered, stepping lightly to his side and shining in the dark room like a pink moth.

"Ursula is grave," said my father, "because you have made her so, Terence," said the lady.

Still, she had not her will of taking me to Court, although she tempted my fancy with the fine clothes she would have given me. My father had indeed withdrawn from the world and taken me with him. We went nowhere except to the Church of the White Friars over against our lodging, and when the weather served we took long walks through the apple and cherry orchards of Drumcondra and out into the open country beyond.

We attended none of Lady Barbara's receptions, and if we found any one with her when we went we would withdraw. But once or twice we were discovered there by fine visitors, to my father's vexation, and once, when we left almost in haste, as much as my father's breeding would allow, a gentleman who was entering held the door for us to pass through.

He was dressed very finely in coat and waistcoat of pearl gray silk and white breeches, but it was no such foolish pretty things that attracted my little time though I had, I perceived that his face had a clear pallor and was most interesting, with fine hazel eyes, and an uncommon thing in those days—no wore his own hair. He bowed profoundly as I passed, and though I did not seem to lift my eyes, I saw as plainly as possible how his chestnut hair waved from the parting and fell in a profusion of curls upon his shoulders. And, strange as it may seem, after that I thought much upon the gentleman, and was scarcely surprised when, two days later, I saw him ride slowly past our lodgings on an fine black mare as ever I wished to see. And a day or two later I met him again, and his hat swept the pavement. Indeed, after that there was hardly a day when I did not see him, either when I was out with my maid, Driscoll, or with my father. The meetings were enough to gild my days and my dreams at night. Even my father noticed a change in me.

Some evenings later, when my father and myself were returning late from Lady Barbara's, we were set upon by a crowd of roughs who had imbued too freely my father remonstrated with them, when suddenly the leader, a tall villain, pinioned his arms, while another threw a cloak over his head. Just at this moment who should come to our assistance but the gallant gentleman I had met so often before. He spoke out boldly to the leaders of the roustabouts.

"These are a noble gentleman and a noble lady," he said, and what followed I could not hear, for there began such a jostling and swearing and laughing all together that my ears were deafened.

Whatever was said, whatever urged, I know not, yet it had its effect, for in an instant the tall villain was bowing over my hand and asking that he might have the honor of seeing me to my lodging. I was gladder than if he had made me free of the gate of heaven, and so, holding me by the finger tips, daintily, as though he had me out to a dance, he brought me to the door of the house and, having handed me within, retired, leaving my poor father, choking with anger, beside me.

God knows that I was relieved enough to forgive them, though my father was not. We saw them from the windows go westward in search of other victims, their torches dancing like fireflies in the night. My father raged helplessly. Doubtless it was to the bettering of his health, as it had been before, when he had said that his anger acted like a blood-letting. I was beginning to think of late that my father's meekness was acquired and not natural, and the unnatural is ever the unwholesome.

I had to tell him of that gentleman whose intervention had saved us such indignities, for it will be remembered that they had stifled my father while their insolence was proceeding. "Whoever he be," cried my father, "I am his friend for life! I swear it by all things I hold sacred."

I said nothing of having seen him before. I knew not why, only that my lips were sealed regarding him. But he was to be revealed soon enough, for as we sat to our morning cup of chocolate Lady Barbara was announced. "So you fell in with the Moheoks last night," she said, breathlessly, "and would have had rough usage only that a gentleman interferred to save you?"

"You had the news early," said my father.

"The town has it," she replied. "And your deliverer was shot in the right side by the Buck this morning, in misunderstanding, before the thing was cleared up. They say the Buck is the sorriest man alive that he had to fight, but his honor demanded it."

My father turned pale.

"I would see the gentleman," he said. "Where does he live?"

"No further than Henrietta street. And, by the way, I am his messenger. He asks to see you and Ursula while he yet lives."

My father expressed no surprise, feeling, perhaps, that a dying man's humor must be satisfied. "We will come," he answered, rising and talking his three-cornered hat. "Make yourself ready quickly, Ursula. Who is the gentleman Lady Babs?"

"You will know soon enough. He is as dear to me as my son."

I saw the tears in her bright eyes and I saw the more for it, if that were possible. And yet if his wound should prove fatal, what woman on earth would have a right to weep save me?

I put on my feathered hat and my cloak of pure carmelite, which wrapped me to the feet, hiding the roses

and lilies of my gown, and Lady Barbara and I, taking an arm of my father, walked the little distance that separated us from Henrietta street.

All three of us were ushered into the chamber where our deliverer lay with his eyes watching the door, and as we came in they filled with satisfaction. But, lest he should see my face so wrung with love and pity, I moved a little way behind the head of his couch, while my father went straight to him and kissed his cheek in the foreign fashion.

"My daughter and I are yours forever, sir," he said.

Then I saw that the sick gentleman had a parchment, with many great seals dangling from it, under his hand.

"I sent for you, Lord Unlack," he said, speaking with difficulty, "to restore you this in case my wound should not heal. My stewardship may be nearly at an end."

"Your stewardship?" repeated my father, stammering and reaching absently for the parchment.

"I took the title deeds, the other said, "lest my brother Ralph should have them. What did you not know that Ralph had come home from the Low Countries, more loose-living than ever and yet a zealot? I pray I may still live, for your sake, to hold the deeds safe."

"You are—James Unlack?" said my father, stammering.

"I am James Unlack. I tried to tell you, but you would neither see nor read my letter, that I but took your deeds in trust for fear of Ralph. Will you not go back to Dare?"

Then my father slowly replaced the deeds where they had lain above the bandages and closed the pale hand upon them.

"Keep them for us," he said, "Live to keep your trust and we will travel back to Dare together."

Then I saw a light of joy break over the dear and noble face, which happily now is never far from me. But his eyes strained back as though he sought something. I came forward a step or two and my father took my hand. "Salute your kinsman Ursula," he said. "The old feud between Burren and Dare is over forever."

I stooped to kiss my cousin's cheek, but he turned his face to mine and our lips met.

"Live for me," I whispered, and knew not if I spoke the words or only thought them. But he heard them—in his heart, perhaps.

"I will live, beloved," he answered.

After all, I left Dare only for Burren, nor was my father lonely, for soon after I was a happy wedded wife he brought home the Lady Barbara de la Poer as his bride.—Katherine Tynan in an Exchange.

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### The Lesson of Love.

Bertha E. Bush.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl whom everybody petted simply because she was so beautiful. She had whole rooms full of toys, drawers and closets full of lovely clothes, servants who ran to gratify all her wishes, and so much money that she could not begin to spend it.

But little Nolita was not happy, and she made everyone around her miserable. She would slap her playmates and snatch her toys away if they did not play just as she wished, and was as rude and saucy to grown people as a child could be. No one corrected her, because she was so pretty, so daintily dressed and so rich. Every day she grew more selfish and treftul until at last the good Fairies in pity took the case in hand. After some consultation, one night they covered little Nolita's beautiful face with a dreadful wolf mask which had great glaring eyes and cruel red jaws.

"Now," said the Fairy Queen sadly, "little Nolita must wear this wolf-mask until some one loves her away!"

In the morning when Nolita awoke she found everything changed. The servants who had humored her every whim now fled from her, taking with them all her treasures and leaving only one blind deaf and dumb old woman to take care of her. The friends who had petted her when she was so beautiful did not come near her. Her playmates screamed and ran off whenever she came in sight.

At first Nolita was very angry and cried for hours, but no one approached to pacify her. She cried all day and all one night, and no one coming to comfort her. So it went on until at last she began to think of the naughtiness that had brought her so much evil, and resolved to be good and gentle.

But no one believed in little Nolita now. No one gave her any credit, although she tried hard to be kind. Before, no matter what naughty things she did, people petted and praised her just the same. Now, no matter how sincerely she tried to be

good, she got only cold looks and few words. She gave all her toys away to the children she had been used to play with, but they were afraid of her. No child dared to let Nolita come near to play with her. Months and months slipped away in loneliness. At last Nolita cried out in despair:

"It is of no use! I can never make people love me! But if only they would love me love them, I would be so happy!"

As these words fell from the wolf lips, a sudden breeze came into the room. It was the smile of the Fairy Queen whom Nolita could not see, and a voice as soft as the south wind spoke low in her ear.

"You can love them although they do not know. Help others when they do not see you, little Nolita."

So when all was dark little Nolita began to go about softly from house to house to find if there was something she could do to "help." Many a piece of work left unfinished was found completed the next morning by the busy housewife, who smiled and said the brownies had never been so kind before. Little children found on their pillows the things they had longed for, they always thought they were gifts of the Good Fairies. When the babies cried in the dark, a gentle hand rocked the cradle and a low voice sang them to sleep again without waking the tired mothers.

And so, at last, Nolita began to be happier. One night in her rounds she found a little crying child whose father and mother were dead. It was sitting alone in the dark doorway of the silent house. Nolita took the little girl with her to her own home. All the night she tended her, but in the morning she called the blind old woman to care for her for fear the baby, too, would be afraid of her.

No one claimed the baby girl and she became Nolita's. Nolita made her clothes and prepared her food, but she had the blind old woman tend her in the daytime, and only came and stayed with her in the night. The child grew fast and learned to laugh and clap her hands when the darkness came—for she loved Nolita best.

"It is because she cannot see me," said Nolita quietly to herself. "She would never let me touch her again if she once saw my ugly face."

One dark midnight there came a dreadful storm. The lightning blazed every second and the thunder crashed as if it would split the heavens. The poor little baby awoke frightened and sat up in bed crying and reaching out her arms. But little Nolita did not dare go near her when the lightning made the room so bright.

So Nolita ran to call the deaf old woman, but she could not waken her. The little girl's cry of terror sounded still more pitiful. The poor little thing was half dead with fright.

"She cannot be more afraid of me than of the storm," said Nolita, and she went softly to the little bed, calling the child's name. With a cry of rapture the baby sprang into her outstretched arms and clung to her neck, patting the hairy cheeks with one soft little hand and kissing the red wolf-mouth again and again. The thunder still crashed and the lightning scattered its awful brightness, but the child culled down in Nolita's arms and fell asleep to her singing.

In the early dawn, Nolita laid the little girl down and went to call the blind old woman. But as she went past the mirror she had a wonderful glad surprise. The wolf-face was gone! The baby lips had kissed it away. Nolita was seven times as beautiful as before. The first ray of sunshine rested like a crown on her soft hair. But she did not think of her beauty. She thought only of the little girl.

"Oh, baby, baby!" she cried, "now I can be with you all day and we will be so happy!"

The baby awoke as Nolita came in and stretched up her hands with a glad little laugh.

Then all the joy-bells in Fairyland began to ring, and that day the Good Fairies came once more to Nolita's home, and they brought back all her wealth and all her friends, and Nolita was happy ever after, for she had learned the Lesson of Love—Little Folks.

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Deposit Safe to rent. All sizes, and all reasonable prices. Parcels received for safe custody. Bonds and other valuables received and insured against loss. Solicitors bringing Motions, Administrations, etc. to the Corporation are cost-free in the prosecution of the same. For further information see the Corporation's Manual.

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