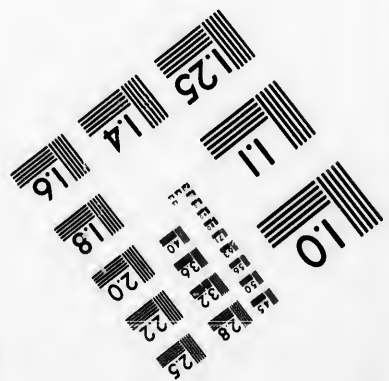
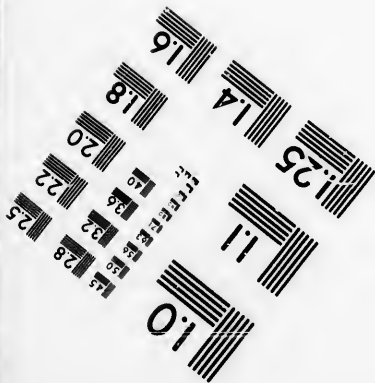
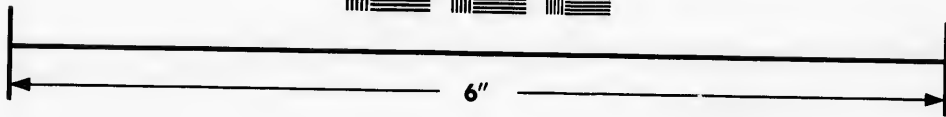
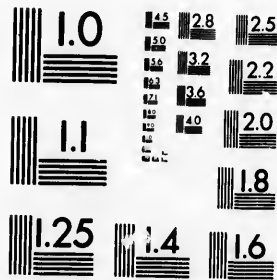


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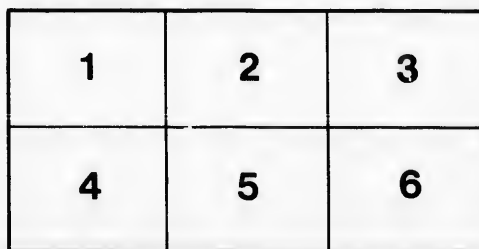
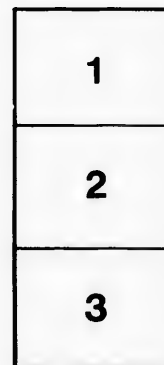
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LADY IRIS, THE YOUNG HUSSAR.

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AUTH

# THE YOUNG HUSSAR;

OR,

## LADY IRIS'S ADVENTURE.

A Story of Love and War.

BY

THOMAS FAUGHNAN,

*Late Cr.-Sergt. 6th Royal Regt.*

AUTHOR OF "STIRRING INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER."



Picton, Ont. :

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS FAUGHNAN.

1890.

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THIS STORY OF  
  
*Military Adventure*

IS,

BY KIND PERMISSION,

*Dedicated*

TO

GENERAL SIR P. L. M'DOUGALL,  
K.C.M.G.

BY

HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THOMAS FAUGHNAN.

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## PREFACE.

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**E**NCOURAGED by the success of my first attempt at literary fame, and stimulated to further emulation by the favourable reception and popularity bestowed by a propitious public on my first production, *i. e.*, "Life of a British Soldier," and feeling, like most Irishmen, an inexhaustible store of fun and buoyancy of spirit within me, led me to believe that I could further contribute to a grateful community another narrative founded on fact, not only abounding in facetious effusions, which will, I am certain, cause much interest, and a hearty laugh without much expense. But the moral is also transcendent. Its perusal cannot fail to impart both knowledge and pleasure. While it shows "that the way of the transgressor is hard," it also verifies that to be virtuous and magnanimous is to be happy.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the *dramatis personæ* (with three exceptions) were all alive when last heard from. Their real names, however, I have thought proper to change in this story for obvious reasons. The

incidents, though strange, natural and striking, are graphically delineated. And now, before closing this preface, I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere gratitude to an appreciative public for the favour bestowed on my former book, which further animates me to solicit your patronage for the present story a sympathetic criticism and a genial judgment.

With much pleasure,

I subscribe myself

Yours faithfully,

THOS. FAUGHNAN.



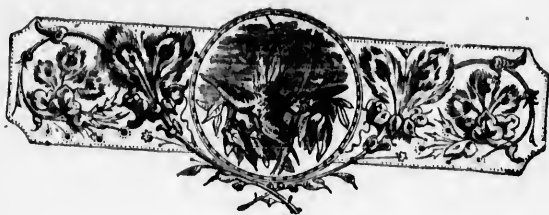
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# THE YOUNG MUSSAR;

OR,

## LADY IRIS'S ADVENTURE.

### CHAPTER I.

LORD MARCOURT RECEIVES A TELEGRAM—DR. MCMAHON—MARCOURT HALL  
 —LADY MARCOURT'S DEATH—THE YOUNG SURGEON—DENNIS O'BRIEN'S  
 PHILOSOPHY—MOLLY HOLLAHAN'S FINE FLAX—BARNEY O'SHEA—A  
 SAD STORY—PAUDEEN ROUNDHEAD—THE WAKE—THE STORY—THE  
 FUNERAL—THE FRIENDS—THE TOUR—THE RETURN—LADY IRIS'S  
 BIRTHDAY—THE CASTLE—THE PARTY—THE BEVY OF DAMSELS—THE  
 COULING—AN EAVESDROPPER—PASSIONATE OVERTURES—PROTESTATIONS.

**L**ORD MARCOURT stood with his arms on the marble mantel-piece in the drawing-room of his town house, Merrion Square, gazing with a feeling of pleasurable delight on a handsome oil painting of a beautiful woman, which had been placed there by his own hand one month previously, and for which he had given a cheque on the Bank of Ireland for one thousand pounds to an Italian artist. It was his wife's portrait, which had been ordered by himself while they were on a tour through Italy five

years before. As he was thus musing on the excellence of the picture, his servant entered and handed him a telegram, the contents of which ran thus, "Come home; your wife has been severely injured by a fall from her horse while out with the hounds to-day; bring the best doctor you can find in the city." This sudden news had stunned his lordship greatly; when recovered from the shock, he sat down and wrote a few lines, which he despatched by his servant, to the celebrated Dr. McMahon, of Stephen's Green, requesting his presence at once. He had not many minutes to wait in suspense before that celebrity made his appearance. "Doctor," said his lordship, "I have just received a telegram, which informs me that my wife was thrown from her horse and severely injured; here is the message, you can see by it there is no time to be lost, so therefore we had better start at once for Marcourt Hall. Are you ready? "I am at your lordship's service," replied the doctor, "only give me half an hour to hand over my patients, and give some orders to my assistant concerning their treatment during my absence." "Very well, make haste," said his lordship, "I shall call at your office in half an hour." The doctor acquiesced and hastily withdrew. A cab was in readiness, and the doctor drove with speed to his office, where he quickly made the necessary arrangements for his departure. In less than an hour afterwards, those two celebrities were seated in a railway carriage whirling along toward Marcourt Hall at the rate of forty miles an hour. On arrival at the station a carriage was in waiting to convey them to the Hall.

As they drove along, the eye could trace the River Shannon glistening in the moonlight, as it silently meandered through a maze of underwood, and watered a verdant plain. In the distance, amidst the undulating outlines of the forest which descended to the edge of the river, could be seen a huge knoll with scarped sides, and crowned by the ancient castle, which was a gray stone structure of Queen Anne's era, whose turrets, barbicans, formidable ivy-clad battlements, high towers, steep roof and numerous stacks of chimneys, peered from amongst the shrubs and trees. Many bay windows, with massive carved cornices over them and the door; the latter was approached by a heavy flight of broad stone steps, surmounted by colossal pillars and ancient statuary. There was light enough from the waning moon to enable the doctor to take a perspective view of this grand, old, ancient castle, as they drove up to the hall door. Their arrival had been anxiously expected, and therefore the hall door lay wide open, from which a flood of light illumined the court-yard and entrance. The large mosaic marble hall was richly furnished with many articles of antique and Irish origin, adorned with a curious assortment of oriental china. The walls were adorned with family portraits, statuary and old armour. The carved oaken chairs with velvet cushions looked comfortable, and the hangings were of the richest design. In the ample old-fashioned fire-place at the end of the hall a turf fire burned brightly, and looked cheerful to the travellers after a long ride such a damp September night. On arri-

val they proceeded to her ladyship's bed-chamber, and bent over the motionless form with a look of fear, bewilderment and sympathy at the marble-white face of the lady as she lay insensible on the bed.

"My own darling!" her husband murmured, while the tears chased each other down his sorrow-stricken cheeks.

The village surgeon who had been attending her ladyship since the accident was sitting by her bedside, with a gravity of face and manner older than his years would have suggested. Her old and well tried nurse on the other side, applying cooling lotions to her burning forehead. On examination by Dr. McMahon he found that one of her arms, which had been broken, was well and successfully set soon after the accident, by the young surgeon, and lay suspended carefully in a cradle under the coverlet. On further examination the doctor turned round to his Lordship and said despairingly, "Her Ladyship's state is perilous in the extreme, the brain is so excessively congested that all hopes of her recovery are frustrated."

"I must, however, acknowledge that my colleague here," pointing to the young surgeon, "does credit to the profession for the able manner in which he has accomplished the difficult task of setting the fractured limb, as well as the other prescriptions necessary."

The young surgeon politely thanked him, and added, "I have lately passed my examination creditably, and received a diploma and now am a qualified practitioner." He then addressed Lord Marcourt, and said, "I shall be

grateful if your Lordship will allow me to attend your wife during her illness, under Dr. McMahon. It is not a question of remuneration which animates me, I am actuated only by my professional interest in her Ladyship's recovery."

"I am exceedingly grateful for your generous care, and beg you will continue to attend my wife, provided Dr. McMahon approves of your treatment," said his Lordship in a calm and despairing tone. He then took his seat by his wife's bedside, and tended and watched with the doctors and nurse, until they were released from their vigil on the third night at twelve o'clock, when Lady Marcourt breathed her last in the arms of her affectionate husband. She drifted away to the unknown world, with her hand in his, and her face turned toward him, a sweet smile upon her lips, as if the angels were hovering around her departing spirit, as she gave up, and resigned her soul to God.

It was truly heartrending to behold the parting of that affectionate couple, who almost idolized each other. Nothing could exceed the grief that was manifested by the household and tenantry at the sad bereavement that had befallen Lord Marcourt. His only child little Iris had to be placed under the doctor's care on account of the deep despair and melancholy which this dreadful calamity had caused her.

"Who is dead in the castle, Dennis?" said a gentleman who came to make a call, not knowing that the hand of death had stricken down a member of the family—as he



met the gatekeeper at the entrance of the castle grounds  
"I see crape on the gate?"

"Who is dead, did ye say sur?" reiterated Dennis in great surprise. "Faix then is that all yer honor knows of the grief and trouble that we all have met wid in this blessed house. Sure it's myself that thought all Ireland must have heard of our sweet lady's death. It's hersel that was the blessed, beautiful and good-natured lady. Sure there wasn't a poor person on the estate but she gave warm flannels an' vittles to last winter, and be the same token she took meself round wid her to carry creature comforts to them, so she did. It's a rale saint that she was sure enough, rest her sowl, and what will we all do afther her, worra! worra! I'm afcaered that Miss Iris the sweet colleen an' her mother's darling, will die wid grief, she has taken her mother's death to heart so; sure we can't console her at all at all, Her bright blue eyes are red wid crying, an' the tears streamin' down her pale cheeks. Sure the hardest heart 'ud pity her an' no mistake, if there were any pity in that same. As for the mather, sure he's beside himself ontoirely, preserve the hearers."

"It's a sad bereavement," said the gentleman.

"Oh! we did not think of buryin' her yet yer honor," said Dennis, mistaking what the gentleman said. "I did not say burying, I said it's a sad bereavement," said the gentleman again.

"Oh! I ax yer honor's pardon," said Dennis, "sure I made a mistake, an' no mistake, it's me head that's all in

a whirligig. Yes, yer honor, sure enough the masther is ravin' entoirely, so he is, an' a small blame to him for that same. Sure he has lost the best wife in all Ireland. It was herself who coaxed him to forgive the poor tenants half a year's rent last year in regard av the bad crops, an' the sarrah one she 'ud send away from the door empty-handed."

"Well Dennis, endeavor to leave out all further preface, and tell me in as few words as you possibly can, how Lady Marcourt came by her death," said Sir Chas. Lamb, for it was he who addressed Dennis.

"Och, then yer honor," replied Dennis, "it's meself that's proud to do that same to one av your father's family; sure I mind well when ye wor a weeney slip av a gorsoon many a year ago. What a purty white head av hair ye had, jist for all the world like Molly Hollahan's fine flax, after Barney O'Shane the hackler had fouled it up into smooth nate streaks for the Burr market. The sarrah woman in the parish raises bether nor foiner flax than the same Molly. Morebetoken 'twas herself that always carried off the first prize.

"Sure it's myself that minds when I was sent over wid the letters from the castle to yer father's hall, rest the ould man's sowl; how poor ould Norah the cook, made the most av me, an' right or wrong she'd be afther makin' myself sit down to the warm dinner afore I'd be startin' back again. Av coorse as was natural 'twas by your sweet mother's ordhers she did that same, for a dacent woman nar yer own mother, though 'tis myself

that says it, was not aisy found. But them same times wor gone an' past, an' plenty av misfortunes come in their stead, an' more was the pity. Och! thin it's in yer father's house there was always full and plenty. It was no later nar ere-last-night that Bidy and meself war talkin' about your father's family, an' to spake nothin' but the truth, 'twas the ould man that raised his family clanè an' dacent, rest his sowl!"

"Dennis, I have to remind you that I am anxious to hear how her Ladyship came by her death," said Sir Charles, who was getting out of patience with Dennis' gossip.

"Och! heaven purtect us yer honor, an' keep us from all harm. Amin!"

"Howsomdever as I was a sayin', sure her Ladyship's horse was a high strung mare, a real thorough-bred, for indeed 'twas herself that loiked a proud beast. Her own mare wor after castin' two shoes ere-yesterday, a foremost an' a hindmost shoe, an' morebetoken it's meself that took her over to Paddy Keehan the dhrunken ould blacksmith, to get her a pair av new shoes, so that she'd be ready for the hounds next morning. But sure there's neither luck nor grace comes out of dhrinkin too much spirits. Av coorse I don't mean to say that a small drop o' the crature now an' then to keep'out the could 'ud be any harm, or a taste of *scaltheen* or hot punch afore goin' to bed. Sure the ould people say it keeps off the evil spirits as well as the cowl'd. Howsomedever let that be as it may, the ould blacksmith couldn't be got sober in

time to shoe the lady's mare, so what did she do sooner nar be left behind (for she was mighty fond av following the hounds) but ordered Tim Hullahan, the groom, to saddle an' bridle his Lordship's own thorough-bred that no one has crassed this last week, so what did she do but get on his back. Och! me darlin', the figaries he cut, she I mane, for she was a mare; the prancin' an' dancin', an' my lady laughin' all the blessed time. But rest her sowl, it's herself wor the purty darlin' on the top o' that foin beast, an' how noble she looked. It's little she thought that she 'ud be a corpse in the castle this blessed day, praise be to His holy name, Amin!" said Dennis, crossing his forehead and piously turning his eyes upwards, and pausing a moment in sad reflection, while the tears ran down his cheeks as he recounted the sad accident.

"Dennis, I must leave you, I have an appointment, and must attend to it," said Sir Charles, as he moved off. "Och! yer honor hould on a wee while," said Dennis, "sure I'm comin' to it, an' a sad story it is, to be sure."

"Be quick then," said Sir Charles, as he consulted his watch. "I have only five minutes longer to stay." "Yes, yer honor, faith then I'll do that same. Well, as I was sayin', when Paudeen Roundhead, the huntsman, sounded the horn that same mornin', they all started off after the hounds, with my lady right in front, an' away they flew, the Lord preserve us, ye'd think that the ould boy himself wor aafter them, an' t' 'r to catch the hind-

most, an' just as they cleared the first stone fence they came to, sure enough my lady's bridle caught in the limb of a big tree, and snap went the bridle. With that the horse got frightened, the mare I mean, an' ran away, an' my lady stuck on bravely until just at Cromwell's corner the beast made a short turn, an' pitched my lady against the stone fence, an' there she lay like one dead till they all gathered round an' found her insensi' le. Then some ran for the doctor, some for a carriage, an' at last they conveyed her to the castle, an' sure enough there she now lies dead at the blessed moment, rest her soul. Amin!"

"Well Dennis," said Sir Charles, "I will not trouble your master just now; here is my card, you can give it to him when he gets a little reconciled."

"Och! yer honor, it's himself that's soiled intoirely, he has not been to sleep the last three nights."

"Dennis," said Sir Charles, "do you understand what I say?"

"Sometimes I do yer honor, an' sometimes I don't," said Dennis.

"Then listen again."

"I will yer honor, wid submission."

"I said you can give it to him when he gets a little reconciled."

"Ah! so ye did, I ax yer honor's pardon, sure enough my masthur is a kind av wild an' a small blame to him. Howsomedever I'll be afther givin' him yer honor's card whin I get a chance to spake to him by and by, an' it's

meself that'd do more nar that for yer father's son," said Dennis, as Sir Charles took his departure.

In the evening the castle was crowded with friends, and many of the tenants assembled in the large hall to do honor to the deceased lady by holding a wake, which was customary then in Ireland. It's almost impossible for any one but an Irishman to comprehend the grief which reaches the utmost depths of the Irish heart on such an occasion.

But then in Ireland this very fulness of sorrow is, unlike that which is manifested in other countries, heart-felt sympathy with those whom the hand of death has thrown into affliction. Indeed no people sympathize more deeply with each other than the Irish, or enter more fully into the spirit that prevails, whether it be one of joy or sorrow. The reason then why the neighbors assemble at night to hold wakes, is simply that the sense of the bereavement may be somewhat mitigated by the light-hearted amusements which are enacted before their eyes. The temperament of the Irish is strongly susceptible to extremes of mirth and sorrow, and our national heart is capable of being moved by the two impulses, almost at the same time. The legends, tales, stories, wit and humor that are told at an Irish wake, help most wonderfully to mitigate the deep grief that is felt where a loving wife is laid in death. Many a time have I seen an affectionate husband mourning over the inanimate form of his beloved wife, so completely borne away by the irresistible fun, drolleries, and Irish wit of some antic wag who per-

formed the amusing task as master of revels at one of those Irish wakes.

The following is a specimen of some stories told on these occasions, viz. :—

"Miles Meehan," said Paudeen Adair, "wouldn't ye be afther tellin' us a taste av a story to keep the company wide awake, an' shorten the blessed night; we know you have a good many stories that will amuse the company?"

"Well, aisy awhile, comrades," said Miles, "an' I'll do that same, I'll tell ye one that occurred lately in Banagher over beyant the river. Yez all know Shamus the fisherman, or more commonly Jack o' the stump, because he has only one natural leg to stand on, for ye see the other is a wooden one. Well if it is, well an' good. As he was acrassin' the bridge a few nights ago from Banagher, what did he see but poor ould Douglass, the ould soldier who died six months ago, rest his sowl, sure he ever an' always took the time o' day by the sun at twelve every day. Morebetoken the townspeople always set their watches by Douglass' time, that is they that had watches to set, an' besides, the sojers in the barrack, when they wanted the correct time o' day by the sun, always went across the bridge to Douglass for it. Well, as I was a sayin', in passin' by the ould round tower, there sure enough he saw (at least so he says) ould Douglass wid his instrument cocked up to his eye as he always had done in his wid this difference, that it was the moon instead of the sun that was shinin'. Sure he isn't the same man ever since he got such a fright. But sure 'tisn't the first time with Jack seein' strange things o' the kind.

"Didn't ye ever hear what happened him in regard av his first wife?"

"Worra! no agra, tell us to keep our eyes open."

"Well, aisy awhile an' I'll tell it as I have heard it from one av the neighbours.

"When Jack was a fine lookin' slip av a young gorsoon as I might call him, for he was only about seventeen years of age at the time, he fell deeply in love an' got married to a girl o' the Gouldricks. A very cross an' intricate creature she was to be sure, an' led him a troublesome an' quarrelsome life from the day they wor married out. Well at the long run 'twas Jack's good luck that his better half (but faith I b'lieve she wor the worst half, for she always wore the — what ye know, an' kept Jack in plenty av hot wather) took a colic one night an' died, an' if she did, Jack made a great phillabолоo an' showed great grief over her, as if he had lost all belonging to him. After wakin' her merrily for two or three nights, wid lashins av whiskey, pipes an' tobacky for the neighbours who assembled, Jack buried her dacently for all, thankin' his stars in his heart that he was rid of a tartar.

"After this event Jack was quite happy alone by himself till one night as he was sittin' in his own house an' he occupied twistin' a hay rope to tie up a slip av a pig that he had bought at the fair av Burr, to keep the creature from strayin' back again, an' he singin' the Con-naughtman's rambles for himself as merrily an' good-natured as ye plase, when thunder an' turf! who should just walk in the door an' stand fornint him but his dead



wife, an' she livin' as well an' as bould as ever. Take it from me, he didn't stay sittin' where he was long, for he jumped up in great fright, an' cried out in great alarm, 'Eh! is that yourself Kate?'

"The very one," says she. 'How does the world use ye Jack since I died?'

"Wisha, midlin' Kate," replied he, 'I didn't expect to see your face any more, Kate.'

"Nor ye wouldn't either," said she, 'only for yourself.'

"Do you tell me so," says he, 'how was that?'

"Well asy, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye Jack," says she. 'There wor two sprights that wor sleepin' one on each side av the gate that I was goin' through in the other world, an' the noise ye made cryin' over my corpse awoke the two sprights an' they riz up against me an' wouldn't let me pass in.'

"Oh! murther sheery," says Jack, grinnin', 'worn't they the contrary pair not to let ye pass in.'

"Well, afther another twelve months Kate died the second time; but I'll be yer bail, it was long from Jack to cry over his wife this second time as he did the first. 'Twas all that troubled him to keep the ould women at the wake from *keenin'* over her corpse, or doin' anything in life that would waken the sprights, so that Kate might pass in for good this time, an' not come back to bother him any more. Signs on it she passed them safely, for he never got tale nor tidins' of her from that day to this. 'Poor sowl,' says Jack, why should I cry, to have them sprights wakin' up an' stoppin' her from goin' in again, maybe.'"

This story caused great merriment, and the narrator was loudly applauded. Then some one else told some amusing story, and thus the long dreary night was spent pleasantly.

The funeral took place at last, and was largely attended by the neighbouring gentry and tenantry, and the beloved lady of the manor was laid in the crypt where many of her ancestors lay sleeping the last long sleep. Many relatives and friends returned to the castle to comfort Lord Marcourt and his only daughter in their trial of grief, among whom were Lord Clanronald and his two nephews, the latter came with their uncle for the sole purpose of consoling Lady Iris, and the former to accompany Lord Marcourt in his bereavement.

The two brothers were respectively sixteen and eighteen years of age, the eldest, whose name was Hubert, a youth of prepossessing manners and noble bearing, whose truthful and open countenance had endeared him to Lady Iris from childhood, when they roamed together through shrubs and fields. He was now tall and well proportioned in physique, with blue eyes and light curly hair. The younger, whose name was Richmond, was of a dark complexion, rather morose and sombre, though physically of much the same contour as Hubert, but always jealous of his brother, whose straightforwardness had gained the confidence of almost everybody. They were both, however, unremitting in their attentions to Lady Iris, and had done much to divert her thoughts from dwelling too much on the one sad event which

weighed heavily on her mind, and threw a dark cloud over her otherwise bright and beaming countenance. Lady Iris, who is the heroine of this story, and heiress to Marcourt Hall and her father's immense wealth, she being the only child, was thirteen years old when her mother died, and gave promise of being a beautiful woman. But the death of her mother filled her heart with grief and sorrow, and her young but sensitive intellect with sad reflection, so much so that the doctor got alarmed, and thought it advisable that the father and daughter should go abroad for a change of air in order to recruit their health and restore their nerves, which had given way perceptibly under the sudden shock. Accordingly they proceeded on a tour to the continent where they availed themselves of some of the famous watering places, visited most of the fashionable resorts, met the best society and gained strength and health. After an absence of two years they returned, most wonderfully improved.

Lady Iris looking radiant in her youth and beauty, had the air and grace of a young queen. Her large bright eyes, with long lashes, were blue as the Italian sky. Her golden hair fell in profusion of ringlets gracefully over exquisitely moulded shoulders. Wonderful were those curls when the sun shone on them, turning them into a nimbus of yellow light, in texture soft and feathery, shot with gold, round the daintily chiseled head that might have served for the model of a mediæval saint to be hidden away in the recesses of some ancient Roman *Sanctuarium*. Her skin was more delicate than the velvet pel-

icle which encloses rare fruit, and the color of her cheeks seemed borrowed from that impalpable dust that illumines a butterfly's wing. Then her soft red lips—no art had been used to lend them the rosebud tint which they possessed—were small and fresh as an infant's; features perfect in symmetry, a form perfectly developed, small hands and feet, a graceful movement of the body. Her expression was open, frank and winning. Her beauty, goodness and child-like simplicity had won the admiration, respect and confidence of everybody. She wore a plain black dress trimmed with white that showed the contour of her figure to perfection. She had been well educated in most of the European languages and in all the accomplishments necessary for a young lady in her sphere, by a governess of superior talents and refinement. Such was the heiress of Marcourt on her return from the continent, on the eve of her sixteenth birthday. Great were the rejoicings at the Hall on their return.

The tenants on the estate had lit bonfires for the occasion; the hall was illuminated and the servants all assembled there to receive their master and the young heiress. The next day being Lady Iris' birthday, was naturally a great event. Marcourt Hall doors were thrown open and a succession of parties and entertainments were given. Invitations had been issued previously, and the tenantry were once more regaled at a sumptuous feast and rejoicing. As a natural consequence, Lady Iris was the centre of attraction, and more than one suitor eagerly besought her hand. Among the numerous aspirants

were Hubert and his brother Richmond, who were rivals and jealous of each other from their earliest school days; but it was very plainly to be seen, though Richmond seemed most attentive to her, that Hubert was the lady's favorite, which darkened his brother's brow with jealousy.

The castle stood on the north side of the river Shannon, on a gently elevated mound, from which the broad expanse of Portumna Lake was plainly visible; while the white sails of numerous yachts and smaller craft could be seen glistening in the sun, as the lithesome vessels bounded through the rippling waters, dashing the sparkling foam from their prows. Its ample front faced the high road, which led to Banagher. At the side its windows overlooked the river, the banks of which sloped up to the boundary grounds of the edifice. On each side of the broad green lawn which extended along the whole front of the castle to the road, were close and well kept hawthorne hedges, not so high as to exclude the passenger who might stop to admire the mansion, and from it be observed to pay his tribute of admiration.

A few old fruit trees planted by hands of yore still decked with white blossoms in the spring, and bending with tempting fruit in the autumn, with whitethorns of surpassing growth, that perfumed the air with their fragrance in May, and a few ornamental shade trees, gave a chequered shadow to the lawn's bright green. From the right side of the castle, a straight row of ancient firs swept to the avenue gate. At the left a corresponding

row sheltered the gardens, which were separated from the lawn by a thick hedge of hawthorne against the northern blast. Again to the right, beyond the avenue a plantation of firs ran to the Shannon, down a sloping hillside. The pleasure gardens were laid out with rare taste and elegance.

Here were assembled a bevy of fair and fashionable damsels, and an equal number of the sterner sex, at noon on the day of Lady Iris's sixteenth birthday, while Lord Marcourt with other knights, cavaliers and squires were engaged in the banqueting hall entertaining the tenants. A military band from Birr barracks was stationed in the oaken gallery at the end of the hall opposite the dais (where many countesses and dowagers were seated), and was discoursing sweet martial music. While the young ladies and gentlemen paired off like pigeons cooing through the pleasure grounds, we will follow one couple in particular, and quote at least a part of their conversation, as they promenaded those favored grounds.

"Lady Iris," said Hubert, as they proceeded together along a shady walk where the fragrance of a thousand flowers perfumed the air, and he smiled down with his bright eyes into her large, dreamy, timorous blue orbs, with long lashes, till the latter drooped and a peachy blush overspread her cheek, as their eyes met, and told more plainly than words the feelings of the heart, "I have been looking forward with unspeakable pleasure to such a meeting as this for the last two years of your absence."

"Why do you call me lady," said she, coquettishly, "you never used to address me by that title?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon," replied he, "but, you see, then you were quite a little girl; now it is different. During your absence you have grown into a charming young lady, and I was not quite sure that I could make the same childish freedom which I was wont to do in bygone days."

"Oh! Hubert," said she, "I don't want to hear you talk so, nor to address me any differently to what you did then, when we roamed together gathering shells on the lake shore. Any other formal title from you would sound unnatural on my ears."

"Ah! my dearest Iris, you do not know how happy you have made me by those words."

This well-chosen expression caused Iris to laugh out heartily at his sincerity. They then modulated their effusions into soft murmurings. Not louder than the streamlet's ripple was the colloquy of these two young lovers as they promenaded along the shady walk, yet to each other it was sweet, though to lookers-on it would have been scarcely more intelligible than the winds sighing through the trees. Nearly an hour was pleasantly spent by them in that quaint old fragrant garden. Only a few looks, a few soft words, merry language, hiding deeper thoughts, with a little admiration, a little interest roused, and the humming of bees, and the sweet aroma of the beautiful flowers, and the salubrious, still summer air. Could these things claim for price the peace of a human mind? Could such trifles be the dice with which two lives play for weal or woe?

After luncheon there was a general dispersion of all to their rooms, whence they would come forth presently to ride, drive, walk, or play croquet on the lawn. It was a warm day, and Iris wished to rest until the evening. This she could do very easily without being perceived, for there was a private staircase leading to a side entrance to the grounds, which was solely at her disposal. Therefore, wishing to avoid the gay crowd for a while, taking a book in her hand, she guided down the steps and into the grounds to a favourite shady bower of her own under a large clump of trees, surrounded by close shrubs, hard by a fountain of living water always playing its refreshing influence, which made this sequestered retreat cool and pleasant. As she reached the arbor however, she saw that it was occupied, and, not wishing to intrude, turned to go away.

"If I am in your way, Iris," said a manly voice, "I will retire; but surely you need not beat so precipitate a retreat."

"Is it you, Hubert?" she asked with a gracious smile, as she turned around and beheld his manly figure, "you go away! indeed, by no means. How courteous and condescending you are, to be sure. If you are a good boy you shall stay here and read for me; I thought it was someone else."

"What book have you got?" asked he, rising to hand her to a seat. "'Moore's Melodies,' I perceive," he added. "What shall I read?" asked he, eagerly, as he quickly turned over the leaves in anticipation of the coming pleasure.



"I will leave that to your own choice," replied she, benignantly, as she adjusted her garments and opened her fan, for the day was sultry.

He then commenced to read, and was soon absorbed in some clever and heart-stirring poetry. Iris listened as to the voice of a charmer. His voice was so rich, sympathetic and powerful. She had very frequently heard poetry well read, but never had she heard it read by one who knew how to bring out every spark of feeling, and every radiant point to the fullest extent, as he did. Strange how quickly the time flew, though he had been reading most of it, except while he had been pouring out some rather perilous stuff in the way of love. These hearts were so much of one another that they had taken no notice of the passing hours, when he suddenly stopped and put down the book.

"Why don't you go on?" said she, rather surprised.

"Well, Iris," said he, in a husky tone, "I was just thinking, while reading, of your father, and how I am acting the hypocrite and deceiving him, by falling more deeply in love every day with his daughter, when I know that he approves of my brother's advances for his daughter's hand."

"Hubert," she cried, with a pretty laugh that was excruciatingly teasing, "if you talk like that I shall certainly expire! You in love, most grave and potent cavalier!"

"Yes, he answered, solemnly, "deeply, hopelessly in love! It has been a long time coming, but I cannot

keep it concealed any longer! Yes, I love you, dear Iris, and I must quit this place at once. It is cruel to myself and most unjust to your father. I am sure that my uncle will buy me a commission in some regiment about to proceed on active service. Then I shall be out of sight and will try to forget everything." He then gave a deep sigh, and moaned piteously.

"Hubert," said she, looking at him with a very peculiar glance of her bright blue, loving eyes—a glance that told more plainly than words, and which he perfectly understood, "you will do nothing of the sort—go away and leave poor me. Who would read for me then, or accompany me in my rambles? No; I command you to remain. I could not live without you, so there, you have my decision."

"Yes," replied he, gently, "to look on while Richmond carries you off, is more than I can endure."

"Richmond," said she, with a smile, "will never be anything to me more than a friend, take my word for that; nor will he ever carry me away, for I am quite positive that I could never love him; he is too vain, selfish and churlish."

"But bear in mind," said Hubert, "that your father approves of him, and expects that you will obey him."

"He will do nothing of the sort," replied she, "my father is all that is noble, good, kind and generous, and will never force me into a union that would be abhorrent to my feelings."

These words filled his breast with such joy and felicity

that he could not articulate, but taking her hands in his, kissed them tenderly several times, retaining them in silence while his eyes told her more plainly than words the feelings of his heart. They then rose and wandered together through the grounds. As soon as they were out of sight, Richmond came out of his hiding place behind the bower, where he had been concealed by the thick shrubs, and heard the whole of the conversation. "Churlish, vain and selfish, am I?" he said to himself, in a determined and bitter tone. "Well, we shall see; my wife you shall be, and then I will make you repent of those words, mark me!" He then started off, full of rage and fury, making a detour through the grounds, and meeting Hubert, with Iris on his arm, entering the castle, the eyes of the two rivals met, and held each other for more than a second steadily, angrily, with haughty challenge and fierce defiance, jealous mistrust, and flashing countenance, akin to hate and malice.

"Richmond, is it really you?" said Iris, saucily, as he approached them in a sulky, melancholy frame of mind, and a scowling, heavy countenance. He muttered something incoherently in answer to the lady's question.

"You ought to have been with us and make yourself agreeable by doing part of the reading," continued Iris, with a laughing indifference.

"You have had as much assistance, I imagine, as you wanted," he replied, stiffly, with incisive hauteur, and saluting Lady Iris sarcastically he strode away.

"Well, I must confess," said she, after he had left them,

"that Richmond's conduct is not only ungentlemanly, but it is absolutely rude!"

"I quite agree with you on that point," said Hubert, with great warmth of passion. "Your presence alone just now prevented me from giving him and his cursed impudence the chastisement he deserves!"

"I wonder what has ruffled Richmond's temper to such a degree," said Iris, anxiously. "I fear some new grievance must have arisen in his breast to give him fresh food for jealousy," not suspecting that he had been an eavesdropper to their late interesting conversation.

"Oh!" replied Hubert, "his temper was never very smooth at the best of times, besides he has always been jealous of me on account of my uncle's preference for me; he also fancies that I am going between him and your affections."

This explanation caused Iris to laugh heartily at such an absurd idea.

"How stupid of him," said she, "to fancy such a thing. I cannot understand why he is so infatuated. I am quite positive that I have never given him the slightest encouragement in that respect."

"Oh! but you must perceive," said he, "that he is ingratiating himself with your father, and getting him favourable to his views first. He thinks that it will be no trouble to gain your consent afterwards."

"But, dear Hubert," she said, smiling, "there is where he makes the mistake."

"Darling!" cried he, as he kissed her hand, "I am delighted to hear you say so."

They then went into the hall, among the gay crowd, who were dancing and merry-making.

As soon as the company broke up, Hubert hurried off home, and went straight to his room, now grown very cheerless to him.

To trace the origin of true love in any particular case is simply an impossibility. No man can say, or woman either, how the grand impulse comes; it jumps into existence fully armed. Afterwards, as the knowledge of each other becomes greater, new beauties and new attractions may be found, but in nearly all cases of ardent passion, the whole is electric and done at once. The shock may not be so violent as to prohibit a future change, but something magnetic does appear to affect both parties.

On reaching his room he threw himself into an arm-chair, where he fell into a brown-study, ruminating over the amount of enjoyment he had indulged in during the day in Lady Iris's society with a feeling of pleasurable delight. Not an encouraging word escaped her lips nor a meaning glance from her bright eye but was inubitably impressed on his memory.

He thought deeply of that fair young girl's charms, beauty, innocence and unsophisticated character. He asked himself many questions, and answered them to his entire satisfaction. He had it from her own lips that she did not love Richmond, so that he had nothing now to fear from that quarter. He sat there indulging in all the sweet fancies that invaded his mind and presented themselves to his imagination, unconscious of the flight

of time, when he happened to look up instinctively at the time-piece on the mantel, and his eyes caught sight of the hand which pointed out to him the small hour of three. He then jumped up and went to bed, where he soon went off to the land of happy dreams. Probably had he known the secret thoughts of that pure, gentle, sweet young girl who sat gazing reflectively into the embers of her fire before retiring for the night, he might have been less calm than he was.

The dawn of young love is ever beautiful, but with a girl like Iris who has never had in all her life before even a suspicion of its meaning, it is peculiarly lovely. Of course the moment this wild, uncultivated flower is allowed the first inroad of the insidious foe to enter her bosom, the man who had aroused her feelings became a hero in her eyes. Love in girls of her age is all romance. It is a vague, delicious dream, on which they live. No thought of difference in station, or of marriage settlements invades their souls. Wrapped as it were in a cloud, they never think how transparent it is, and how clearly it can be seen through. In her chamber Iris, like Hubert, gave way to all the sweet conceptions that assailed her mental faculties. Next morning when she awoke her first thoughts were of him. "I shall see him again to-day," said she to the blushing face peeping out from the mirror, as with delicate, white fingers she coiled her golden ringlets, "and what will he say, and what will I answer?" She then, without answering her own question, ran singing downstairs to meet her father at the

breakfast-table, and pour out his coffee. After breakfast Lord Marcourt went into the library, and Iris (not knowing of Hubert's sudden departure that morning for Dublin, where his uncle had taken him for the purpose of introducing him as heir-apparent to his title and estates), walked out the front door and down the shady avenue, where she expected to meet him coming to see her. But to her great surprise and chagrin she met Richmond instead, who now embraced the favorable opportunity of pouring out his overflowing heart and throwing himself at her feet during his rival's absence. Something in his face told her plainly what was going to happen, and anxiously but vainly did she glance down the lonely road to see if Hubert was coming, in hopes of escaping from this man's admiration which she detested. But there was no escaping his passionate overtures; at her feet were laid the heart and the man, and so thick and fast came his intense protestations of love, and with such uncontrolled excitement did he urge his suit, and implore her acceptance of his heart and hand, that powerless to stem the torrent of enthusiasm which he so prodigally lavished, that she could only wait till it should have exhausted itself, and the answer she had to falter could be heard:

"I regret to see you so excited, Richmond," said she, "but believe me, I am sensitive toward your feelings and very grateful for the honor you have done me, but believe me that I can never be anything more to you than a friend, as I always have been, and always will be, I hope."

But the fervid flame only leaped the higher for the chilling words.

"It's for life I sue," cried he excitedly, "for hope, that means life. Iris, give me that, promise me ever such a small portion and I will be content."

"I cannot," she gasped, averting her face from him, it would be false hope if I did, and more cruel than kind. It is best to tell you the truth honestly and fairly. Though I like and esteem you as a friend, I can never give you any warmer affections."

"Because you have given it to another, or fancy that you have," said he, "to the man who has imbittered my uncle against me, as he is trying to do with you (curse him), but I will be revenged of him. I am not given to turning aside from any goal I make up my mind to attain."

At these low, deliberate words, Iris felt cold and sick for a moment, and her face turned deadly pale from the shock it gave her nervous system, but, recovering herself quickly, she turned round and faced him with a fair, proud, and erect head, and said, "You are talking idly, Richmond, and you know it, therefore I don't want to hear any more talk from you on this subject."

Seeing that he had not only made no progress in her affections, but that he had roused her indignation against him, he calmed down and said, "Well, I will not intrude my grievances on you any further to-day. I ask your forgiveness for the mad things I have been saying. Will you let our friendship continue unaltered, as if this con-



versation had never taken place? I will trust in time, my constancy, my devotion and my love to change your mind."

"Oh! of course I will forgive you, but time will never change my mind on that subject," said she, with a firm determination stamped on her handsome countenance. They had then reached the entrance to the hall, and he detained her hand for an instant in his, then he politely raised his hat and made a profound bow, and they parted.



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## CHAPTER II.

LORD CLANRONALD—THE NEPHEWS—THE CHARACTER—THE CASTLE—THE  
BEST HAND OF CARDS—JEALOUSY—PETER QUIGLEY CONSULTED—THE  
PERSONIFICATION—THE DARK DEED—THE SPLASH IN THE WATER—  
THE SHOOTING—THE FLIGHT—A LOVE SCENE—THE EXCHANGE OF  
RINGS—THE PARTING—THE ENLISTMENT—THE WARRANT—THE HUE-  
AN-CRY—THE RETURN—THE JOURNEY—THE BRIGAND—THE PEELERS  
—THE MISTAKEN IDENTITY—MAN'S HOTEL—THE MAGISTRATE—THE  
APPARITION—THE GUEST—THE LITTLE BALD PATE—PETER QUIGLEY  
GETS HIS FORTUNE TOLD—THE COURTSHIP—EXIT PETER—"I'LL  
NEVER MARRY A MAN WHO DRINKS."

**L**ORD CLANRONALD, the present owner of the castle, was an eldest son, and about sixty years old at the time this story commences. He was a bachelor, having been disappointed in love during his early days, therefore he made a vow never to marry. His younger and only brother had been a captain in the --th Regiment, but got killed while gallantly leading the forlorn hope at the storming of Ghuznee Fort in India, leaving a widow and two children to mourn his untimely end. On his widow's return home from India, she only survived her husband three years, leaving her two orphan sons to the care of

their uncle, who adopted them as his own children. Hubert was the oldest, and heir apparent to the castle, estates, name and title. Richmond was to get a commission in the army or navy, whichever he preferred; or any of the innumerable professions for amassing wealth and fortune, to make him rich as a Rothschild; or political eminence and the triumphs of successful statesmanship; or lead a life of adventure in exploring unvisited and unknown regions (having a large fortune of hard cash left to him by the death of his parents). But Richmond had no sympathy with any of these honourable professions. They were both well educated in all the accomplishments necessary for their respective professions, but Hubert made much more rapid progress in all the arts and sciences of an accomplished gentleman than his brother, through which he became his uncle's favourite. Richmond's accomplishments ran in a different channel, which estranged his uncle's regards.

Let us present him to our gentle reader. The great absorbing wish of his heart was to be a sharp fellow, and one who in all the traffic of life was sure to get the upper hand of his adversary, one who in every trial where craft was the master, or low cunning formed a part, was certain to get the reputation of being—for a gentleman—the cleverest fellow to be met with anywhere. Never was there a man who cherished such profound respect for a crafty fellow; for a rogue his veneration was unbounded. From the billiard or card sharper to the man who could make everything safe on the racecourse, he venerated

them all. He attended every horserace on the curriculum, always bet money, and invariably won large sums, thanks to Peter Quigley, his valet, who always administered a powder to the competing horse, and a copious supply of poteen whiskey to the grooms and jockeys.

Peter had a way peculiar to himself for making friends with all hands around the stables. He always kept them supplied with creature comforts previous to the race, and strange to say, never was even suspected, so that he could do as he liked with the horses. If there was a dog fight within a radius of twenty miles, Richmond was sure to be the first man on the ground to show fair play. If there was a cock-fight he would be there and bet money on it. He was always the leading light with the jolly dogs, and the first to pull down the most conspicuous sign-board in the city, or wrench off the strongest knocker, whenever he and his pals were out on those nightly brawls. He was the rightful owner of a large bloodhound, on which he would bet two to one any time that he'd break the backs of twenty-five cats within five minutes, if the cats were thrown fast enough for his canine tusks to crush. He was a good shot, and for that reason never missed a pigeon-match. He was the leading man in all the pugilistic engagements, and always bet money. So constantly had he found himself duped and done that he believed honesty and fair dealings all moonshine. A few days after Lord Clanronald and Hubert had returned from Dublin (where he had taken his nephew for the purpose of introducing him to his aristocratic

friends, lawyers, agents and others of his acquaintance,) his Lordship took ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and was confined to his bed under the doctor's care.

Richmond's jealousy of his brother increased daily as he saw Hubert gaining such favour with his uncle, as well as with Lady Iris, which drove him to desperation. He went up to his own room one day in a state almost bordering on frenzy, and threw himself into an arm chair, where he lay musing and nursing his jealousy until his forehead burned with angry passion and a thirst for vengeance. He then jumped up with a bitter determination stamped on his scowling countenance and exclaimed :

"I will be revenged of him. I have never yet been balked in any scheme I undertook to carry out, whatever might have been the consequence. We shall see whether he or I hold the best hand of cards ; I generally manage to secure the joker as well as the two bowers, and if I can't euchre him my name is not Richmond."

He then watched his opportunity and dressed himself in Hubert's clothes, and with paint and other cosmetics he most cleverly changed his dark complexion to impersonate that of Hubert's so that the sharpest eye could not detect the deception. Even his valet Peter Quigley, whom he now stood before for inspection, was surprised at the personification.

"Arrah, masher dear, is it yourself that's standin' afore me, or Hubert ? I don't know which. Upon my reputation I never in all my life saw anything so complete entoirely," said Peter after Richmond had revealed

to him his diabolical scheme. "But for the Lord's sake, sur, hurry and get this dark business done wid," continued Peter, "my conscience upbraids me wid aidin' an' abetin' ye in all yer villainy. Since that night on the bridge my nerves are unstrung entoirely. The screams and shrieks of that sweet colleen, when ye threw her over the bridge, an' the splash in the wather rings on my ears ever since."

"Oh! you scoundrel," cried Richmond, "if you mention that night again I'll blow your brains out," at the same time pointing a seven-shooter at Peter's head.

"*Naubocklish*, my bouchal," replied Peter, "the sarrah taste I'm afeard av ye, ye'd be afther gettin' yer own neck stretched if ye did, an' may be ye'd have that same done yet if ye don't be mighty careful. I want that money ye promised me when I helped ye through wid that dirty job on the bridge, forby the five thousand pounds ye won on the Curragh through me givin' the powder to Lord Cuff's mare, Lady Harkaway; an' more betoken, ye said if ye won that race ye'd make me a dacent present, an' I haven't seen as much as a red *keenogue* from ye since. Ye keep puttin' me off till ye get the halter around yer neck, an' then I may go whistle jigs to a mile-stone for my share of the spoils. Now I want to get married to Betsey an' take her wid me to Amerikey, an' there turn over a new leaf, for me conscience tells me that I'm doin' wrong, an' I'm sure that Betsey'd go back on me if she only knew the one quarter of what I've helped ye through wid."

"Peter," said Richmond, "I will give you something that will ease your conscience, and take yourself and Betsey to America, when I get that rival of mine out of the way. But you must never mention that night, or the little occurrence on the bridge which you allude to."

"The sarrah mention," replied Peter, "as long as ye keep yer promise wid me regardin' me share of the spoils, d'ye mind, for that same business worries me conscience as much as it does yours."

"Sure it was no later nar ere-last-night, when Betsey an' meself wor cooin' an' coaxin' in the kitchen, that she up an' tould me somethin' that made me blood run cowl'd."

"What was it she told you?" queried Richmond, anxiously.

"Och! yer honor, I'm almost afeard to tell ye."

"Go on and tell it," cried Richmond, don't show the white feather now; I insist on obtaining all the information you can give me."

"Well, aisy your honor," said Peter, "an' I'll be afther doin' that same wid submission."

"Well, as I wor a sayin', sure enough Betsey tould me as how the people of the village wor all talkin' about that poor colleen that was found drowned over beyant the bridge. She was so well liked by the neighbours great an' small, they can't forget her. They all say that she never committed susanside at all, although the corner's inquest brought in that same, bless the hearers, but that there was some foul play used with her! The people saw yourself an' her so often together late in the evenins'

walkin' in lonely places, an' that it was you who seduced her with the promise of marriage. They all knew that ye promised to marry her for the purpose of gainin' yer ends of her. The poor soul said so herself afore she was drowned. They can't speak out their mind because they have no proof, but for all that, they are of opinion that 'twas yer honor that made away wid herself an' her unborn baby, bless the hearers. Bud, of course, no person can prove it agin yer honor except meself, d'ye mind, an' ye needn't be afeard av me as long as you keep your word; so that ye need n't care a thrawneen for what them silly country people gossip about. They say that her poor ould father is beside himself entirely, an' a small blame to him for that same. It's a blessin' that her mother is not alive, she'd break her heart, afther her darlin' daughter, whom every one idolized on account of her beauty. When I think av the creature how hard she begged av ye to spare her life that night, and how she struggled in yer arms, me eyes fills wid wather, me conscience stings me, an' I get so wake at the knees that a *thrawneen* \* 'ud ha' knocked me down."

"Well, Peter, don't turn faint-hearted now," said Richmond, "you have always been true to me, and I know that I can trust you when there is any dark business to be done."

"I'm much obleeged for your character," said Peter, "when I want one I'll come to your honor for it."

"Now, Peter," said Richmond, "there is no time to lose,

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\* Blade of fine grass.



go down and see if the coast is clear, and let me know where Hubert is and what he is doing!"

With these words Peter made his exit, and going out the front door he saw Hubert down in the pleasure grounds occupied in picking flowers for his uncle's chamber. Peter then returned and made his report to the villain upstairs.

"All right, Peter," said he, "now is our time, go down and station yourself at the front door and assist to screen me until the job is done."

He then went down stairs cautiously and into his uncle's bed chamber, where he walked round the room in order that the sick man could have a good chance of seeing him so that he might believe him to be Hubert.

Being satisfied that his uncle believed him to be Hubert, he pulled out a pistol and discharged its contents at the sick man—rushed out of the room and up stairs, where he divested himself of his brother's garments, wiped the paint off his face and then dressed in his own clothes. He then rushed down stairs in great wonder, as it were, and meeting the servants in the hall gaping at each other in a state of wonder and excitement, he inquired what was the matter. Peter Quigley was the first to come forward and answer his questions.

"Faith, yer honor," said he, "I heard a report o' fire arms, and it sounded as if coming from yer uncle's bed room. Go in sir, an' see him, maybe he'd be afther doin' himself some bodily harm, preserve the hearers."

Without waiting for any more gossip from Peter, Rich-

mond hurried into his lordship's room where he found him foaming with rage and pain and covered with blood, and shouting out to the servant to have Hubert secured and arrested.

"The scoundrel that I have thought so much of, has tried to take my life away. Send for the police and have the villain locked up at once before he makes his escape," cried he to Richmond as he wretched with pain from the wound in his right shoulder.

In the meantime Richmond dispatched a servant in post-haste for the doctor and feigned greatly shocked and grieved at the murderous assault upon his uncle, and before the doctor arrived he had staunched the wound and was unremitting in his attentions to the sick man, whose affection he had already secured by his feigned anxiety and solicitude for his recovery in this hour of trouble and suffering.

He then ordered the servants to go in search of Hubert and have him arrested at once. But Hubert being a great-favorite with the domestics—who anticipated Richmond's villainous intentions—they hastened in search of Hubert and finding him in the pleasure grounds among the flowers they quickly informed him of what had taken place in his uncle's chamber. They then persuaded him to get out of the way for the present, as his uncle was under the delusive impression that it was he who fired the shot.

"His Lordship has already given Richmond orders to have you arrested," said they, "and he has sent us in search of you for that purpose."

"Oh, but my uncle surely will not, or cannot believe that I would ever stoop to do such a cowardly, treacherous act!" cried he, vehemently.

"But he does believe it, and swears that it was you who fired the pistol at him. He saw you distinctly, so he says, walking round his chamber, raise the pistol and fire at him; nothing can persuade him to the contrary, he is so positive that it was you."

"Oh, I can understand then," cried he, despairingly, "that my brother, in order to be revenged on me, must have dressed himself in my clothes in order to personate me and then did this dreadful, cruel and wicked deed through jealousy, in order to throw suspicion on me and have me banished. I now see through the whole of his treacherous scheme."

Therefore thinking caution the best part of valor, well knowing from what the servants had told him that the police would soon be after him, Hubert started off at once to Marcourt Hall, where he met Lady Iris and informed her of the plot, how successfully it had been carried out by Richmond's personation of him.

"Great Heavens, Hubert!" cried Iris in amazement, "I have had a presentiment that there was something wrong. I have always thought that that man would do you some dreadful and grievous harm. I could read it in his countenance. He told me more than once that he would be avenged on you. I know now that nothing but time and truth can prove your innocence and clear away that heinous crime which has been committed in

order to destroy your happiness, fair fame, and your honor. Retribution will come sooner or later on the dastardly perpetrator of that foul, cowardly and atrocious act."

These words, slowly uttered in a tone of profound sorrow, so overcame her that the tears chased each other down her fair cheeks; she covered her face with her handkerchief and sat thus speechless for several minutes pondering over the sad event. Lady Iris' face when she withdrew her kerchief was of a marble whiteness, and her bloodless lips trembled with emotion.

"This indeed is a vengeance for all the slights that I have shown him," she said, with a deep sigh.

"I am grateful, dear Iris," said Hubert, "that you do not believe me guilty of that wicked and deceitful act to my uncle."

"Indeed, I would no more think or believe that you are, or would be guilty of such a wicked act, than I believe that Richmond is innocent of it," said Iris, earnestly.

"Then I do not care much what others think," said he, "as long as you believe me innocent."

He then took both her hands in his, and drawing her closer, he looked tenderly into her beautiful upturned eyes, which were filled with tears of affection, but he could not speak for a moment his emotion was so great; he struggled hard for the mastery over himself, and was soon able to talk to her with tolerable calmness, and after opening his heart to her by a profusion of tender expressions of his love, he threw himself at her feet, protesting

his only hope of happiness rested in her affectionate heart and fair hand.

Iris, moved by his ardent love and passionate pleading, had looked down, gave a deep sigh, wept, trembled, laid her white hand in his, and yielded. Hubert rose accepted. He then drew her shrinking figure to his breast, and thanked her goodness, kissed her blushing cheek, and felt himself the happiest and proudest man on earth. And was he not? All that his ambition had craved, the love of the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld, was his.

"My own darling," he murmured softly into her ear, "you have indeed given me new life, courage and strength, to bear all trials, hardships and persecutions for your sake. I foresee though that you will be closely pressed by that scoundrel, but you must be brave, strong and true, and the peril will pass, making our happiness fuller and more perfect when the right time comes."

He then took a diamond ring out of his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for my sake, as the sign of our happy betrothal."

"Very well, dear Hubert," she answered, with a flush of excitement on her cheeks, and a certain determination in her tone, "I will keep it for your sake, but only in return for this one, which you are to keep for my sake." She then drew a ring from her finger and handed it to him, taking his in exchange.

"Now, my own darling," said Hubert, with great emotion, "I have made up my mind to join some regiment about

to proceed on active service to the seat of war in the east, and there prove myself worthy of your love by fighting for the honor and glory of my Queen and country, trusting that God in his almighty wisdom will, in due time, bring this man's wickedness to light, and show forth my innocence to the world."

He then strained her convulsively against his heart, and there was such infinite love, such yearning sadness in his eyes looking into hers, as he thought of having to tear himself away from the darling of his heart, that but for a habit Iris had of keeping back her tears for a more convenient time, she could have wept and bemoaned herself passionately at the thought that she too must resign the strong arms that now encircled her, and that could shield her from all perils and danger. But this was her cross, and she must take it up and bear it bravely. The young hope even against hope, and the thought that heaven is too good to let them suffer who have done no harm, is a part of their innocent faith. After many expressions of love, and promising to write to each other, they pledged their fidelity and parted.

Iris then tottered to her room, locked the door, threw herself on the bed, opened the flood-gates of her heart, and gave vent to her deep grief by crying herself to sleep. Thus we leave her, poor soul, for the present, and follow Hubert into Birr Barracks, where, in disguise, he had reached in time to enlist in the 11th Hussars, and join a squad of recruits, just about to start for headquarters in Island Bridge Barracks, Dublin, where he was

sworn in and posted to a troop. There we will leave him learning the goose step, extension motions and cavalry drill, while we go back to Fortumna Castle, where Lord Clanronald lies dangerously ill with fever brought on through the effects of the bullet wound in his shoulder.

In the meantime, Richmond had left nothing undone in order to capture Hubert and hand him over to the law, with the hope of having him banished for life, thereby leaving himself sole heir to Fortumna Castle and estates and no rival to thwart his advances for Lady Iris' heart and hand, which he hoped to gain by his steady, unremitting attentions, devotion and her father's assistance.

Lord Clanronald was positive that it was Hubert who fired the shot and wounded him, for which wicked assault he was determined to have him punished if caught, to the fullest extent of the law. In the meantime, he had telegraphed for his lawyer in Dublin to come with speed to the castle in order to take his depositions, as well as to draw out a new will in favor of Richmond. A warrant was therefore issued for the apprehension of Hubert and given to the chief of police, who were soon on the trail after him. Richmond rode into Ballinasloe in order to have the fugitive's name inserted in the *Hue and Cry*, and put up at the Rose and Crown. Next morning after doing justice to the landlord's hospitality, by partaking of an ample supply of rashers of bacon and new-laid eggs, he mounted his steed at the front of the old established hostelry, where a most singular conglomeration of tinkers, beggars and bauckaughes were loafing.

"Which is the road to Banagher?" queried Richmond to one of the bystanders, as he gathered up the reins and settled himself in the saddle.

"Turn round to yer left," was the answer, "till ye pass the crass roads, then go on the straight road, an' if it isn't too dark entirely, ye'll be afther seein' Shannon-Bridge over beyant the other side av the wather right forninst ye."

"Yer honor wouldn't be afther wantin' a gorsoon as far as the crass roads?" asked an able-bodied man of about fifty years old, who had been capering around the cavalier with his pipe in his mouth. "There's a deep gully overhung wid high rocks over beyant there, afore ye come to the crass roads, that went a near drownin' a parcel o' peelers, and some sojer officers ere-last-night, only for Pat Meehan, who lives purty close to that same gully, an' heard the philoboloo an' the flounderin' in the deep gripe atween the rocks, when he took up a toarch light o' bog-deal an' found them down in the bog-hole. The nara up they could get, only he run back for a rope an' threw one end of it down to them, when they climbed up the bank one at a time, by the help of the rope. The place is mighty dangerous entirely, yer honor."

"Yer honor never lost sight av the blind," said the skeleton of a woman in rags, as she hustled the fifty year old gorsoon out of her road, "a sixpence never stood atween him an' the blessin' av a poor famished, blind widow, wid four small helpless childern thrown naked an' starvin' on the world."



"Get out of the way, or d——n me, I'll ride over you!" shouted Richmond as his spurs dug into the horse's flanks, and he gave a bound that went near braining the owner of the blessing. The crowd of loafers at the inn-door then set up an ironical tirade. "Don't be hard on the gentleman, he carries nothing smaller nor goold," shouted a young satirist, who wore two large, dirty patches of gray drugget on the knees of his nether garments.

"Begob," said the fifty year old gorsoon, as he took a black pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes out of it on the toe of his brogue, "I have me owa doubts, but 'tis the hangman goin' over to Banagher or Birr maybe to do the murdher's bit o' business, divil a lie in it. They say for certain that Lord Clanronald has been shot by one av his own nephews. I know that the peelers wor out afther him last night. 'Tisn't ould times or maybe Shamus Ahotha 'ud be afther tachin' him charity an' manners atune here an' Banagher," remarked a hopeful.

"He'll swing for it yet, as sure as I'm smokin' that duceen," observed the old woman in rags, as she drew a black stump of a clay pipe from her mouth, for emphasis.

"Don't be too sure o' that," said a loafer, who was guzzling a crapper of whiskey close by, and looking up with a broad grin as he wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his old frieze coat, "don't lay any wagers till ye see him danglin', it's not so easy to hang one o' them ere gents, like as if he were a poor counthry spalpeen; ye can take yer davy on that, me *bouchal*."

In the midst of all this satirical railing, Richmond

dashed off away from the crowd of degraded humanity, and trotted along briskly until he came to the little sheebeen at the sign of the Monkey and Stick, which was five miles from Ballinasloe. He then had sixteen long-hearted Irish miles, in the depth of a wild country between him and Banagher, with a dull, dark, foggy evening closing around him. The prospect of a long ride on a rough road through such a lonesome country, was a poor consolation to his ambitious spirits. Richmond was chockfull of himself and of the villainous business he had undertaken, and the rosy imaginations that were bursting up within him.

"I have his neck in the halter anyway, if he is caught," he thought to himself. "If the old man dies he'll swing sure, and if he don't die, he'll be banished for life, in either cases I'll have all to myself," and then he ground his teeth when he thought of the revenge he was going to have.

Such thoughts as these forced themselves into his ambitious mind while he jogged along, little heeding the hills and deep gullies, as he journeyed through miles of them, barren and bare, which a less absorbed fancy might have taken for ghouls squatted around the horizon, only varied by ugly chasms, deep down in which dark brooks were moaning in solitude. A small cabin would peep out here and there, every now and then, on the heights among the rocks, the inmates figuring weirdly against the blaze of the turf and bog-deal fire. A donkey gnawing the heather would look up from his evening meal

in wonder at the intrusion, and cock his long ears, or a plover whistle its lonesome secrets out of the bog or marsh, sixteen miles of which might deaden even the pluck and spirits of two and twenty if they had the luck to come free from the numerous chasms that had often taken to their bosoms the wayfarer of a dark, foggy night. But, indeed, hardly half the journey had been accomplished when the day-light began to fade, and the hills to turn black in the face. When our cavalier was roused from dreams of ermine to the consciousness that he had been trotting along and picking his way amongst the ruts in the road very leisurely, till a pricking up of the horse's ears, followed by a sudden start, and then a dead stop made him aware that a man was standing in the middle of the road a few yards in front of the horse's head. He knew not what startled sensation stole over him at the appearance of this sudden apparition in this lonesome wilderness of rocks and chasms. The figure looked gigantic standing there immovable against the hazy, struggling light that still faintly gleamed through the cleft in the mountain.

Richmond, however, seeing that the fellow made no motion to move out of his path, mustered courage, and cried out with a stern, commanding voice:

"Holloo there! You don't want the whole road to yourself, I presume?"

"Only till you pay your way," was the cool rejoinder, "Come, we need not waste words or stand on ceremony. I'll take your purse, or you'll take a bullet through the

head! Now make your choice, and that in double quick time." As he spoke he drew a heavy weapon out of his breast, and levelled it at our cavalier's head, as if it was a pistol.

Richmond's keen eyes, however, with the help of a gleam of light, showed him plainly that the weapon levelled at his head was only a *botheen* or bludgeon, but he was close enough to see that he was dealing with a brigand of powerful physique, whose features betokened those of a scoundrel hardened in danger and crime. Richmond, therefore, being a youth of mettle, cried out at the top of his voice, "Stand off the road there, or d——n me, I'll horsewhip you," and suiting the action to the words, rushed forward with his whip raised above his head, and his spurs clapped into the horse's flanks, he charged furiously at the intruder with brave intent. But the highwayman meeting the beast full tilt as its fore feet reared high in the air, he lifted it off its haunches with all his might, and sent horse and rider into a deep ditch by the wayside. There after much floundering and plunging, the horse settled down upon its back among the mud and stones, jamming the rider's legs underneath. It was all done in an instant, the rider's whip had scarcely time to descend, when he found himself turning somersaults through the air, with arms and legs whirling round like the sails of a windmill, and then dashed with his face against the stones, where he lay insensible. When his consciousness began to return he heard men talking, and the light of a lantern dancing in his eyes, and human figures moving about him.

"Begorra, sergeant, 'tis he, sure enough, but somebody is after smatherin' his face for him," he heard one of the men saying, who was swinging a lantern before his eyes to ascertain whether he was dead or alive. "Foxing, as sure as my name is Dan Murphy," exclaimed a strong voice from behind, emphatically, "'tisn't the queerest av that same *bouchal's* figaries. Lave him to me sergeant," and suiting the action to the word, he grabbed the swooning unfortunate roughly by the collar. "Come on an' lave off yer play-actin' a vick-na-hoie, an' look alive."

"Eh, where am I, have you got him?" stammered out Richmond, rubbing his eyes as his position gradually took shape in his bewildered memory.

"Got him, did you say?" reiterated the policeman. "Faith, then we have, an' we'll howld him, too, ye may aise yer mind about that, me *bouchal*."

"What! the robber, the highwayman? D——n him?" cried Richmond, anxiously.

"Sarra the lie in it," said the constable, sarcastically, as he and his comrade lifted Richmond unceremoniously to his legs, which ached in every joint.

He had only time to see that he was face to face with three mounted police, one of whom held the horses on the road, when, to his horror, he found his wrists manacled in a strong pair of iron bracelets, the pang of which seemed like hot iron.

"What in the deuce does all this mean?" asked he, angrily, "where would you drag me? or what do you take me for, fellows?"

"We don't want to drag you at all, me tight fellow. If ye behave yerself we'll give ye a lift. As to where, why back to yer ould domicile wid strong bars to yer windy, built specially for such gintlemen as yerself. As to the wherefore, yer not such a fool as ye let on to be, an' 'tis no use for ye naythur, Shamus Ahotha; maybe ye heard tell av a man o' that name," sneered the constable, as he stowed away the key of the handcuffs in his pocket.

"Why the man's in prison, goin' to be tried for his life. It couldn't be that he has walked out o' jail in broad day, light, and locked the jailer in the cell in his own place. Not he! nor that we're trapesin' through the country since four o'clock to-day at his heels, an' from information received, discovered him here handy concealed in a bog-hole. Why it's all pure imagination," said the humorist, with a knowing grin and a nod of his head.

"Well, this is too good," said Richmond, "they mistake me for a highwayman."

Bruised as he was, and in great pain, Richmond went into a hearty guffaw, when the ridiculous situation he was placed in struck him in all its grim absurdity.

His levity, however, only drew upon him at once the constable's irate reminder, "that he might laugh with the other side of his mouth before he was much older."

He then protested solemnly,—“Upon my sacred honor, I am no more Shamus Ahotha than I am his grandfather, and never laid my eyes on him or his infernal wilderness before to-night. I am Richmond, Lord Clanronald's nephew, from Fortumna Castle. I am assailed here on

the Queen's highway by a vagabond who stretches myself and the horse I rode in the ditch where you found me senseless and bleeding, after robbing me."

"Faith, then, me *bouchal!*" said the constable, "that clever taste av a fabrication on your part can't benefit ye much, for we are also afther that worthy individual who shot Lord Clanronald. I bleeve that they call him Hubert, at laste we have his name as such, so that the cure for ye is as bad as the disease, d'ye mind, me buck."

Then Richmond explained how he had been to Ballinasloe, for the purpose of having Hubert's name inserted in the *Hue and Cry*, and offering a reward for his apprehension. The policeman was a little staggered at this explanation.

"Begob, sergeant," he whispered in his superior's ear, "'twould be a purty how-d-ye-do if it turned out to be a case of mistaken identity. The young man spakes mighty fine langwidge entirely. I had my doubts av him all along."

"Patsey McCabe, don't be afther makin' an amadhaun av yerself," said the sergeant, whose character for shrewdness was nettled.

"Hould here the light to me while I read this description. Don't poke the lantern into my face, hould it a little one side, there, that will do," then he read on.

"James O'Brien, vulgarly called Shamus Ahotha, five feet nine and a half inches high."

"That's him to a dead certainty," declared Dan Murphy.

"Dark hair and eyes, low forehead." "No forehead at

all there, begob! sergeant, nothing but blood and bruises," remarked Patsey McCabe, 'square an' rather ill-favoured, clane-shaven-face, good address, wears a heavy mouse-coloured-swallow-tailed frieze coat, and high-crowned, chimney-pot hat.'

"Ha, ha!" cried Richmond, exultingly, as he shrugged his coat-collar and felt for his hat, confident that he did not answer to the highwayman's description; but with a groan of mortification down fell his hands and eyes when he discovered that in the place of his own new coat and silk hat, there was the identical hat and coat named in the description, and the unmistakable costume of the bandit who plundered him. Covered with bruises and mortified with rage, Richmond looked hideous in this outlandish guise of the brigand. The very effort of dignity he affected was only a leer, and confirmed the constable's belief in his hypocrisy.

"Patsey McCabe," queried the sergeant, after he had read the document, "don't ye think that description purty correct?"

"Upon my reputation, sergeant," answered the constable, "it's as like him as two pase, wid the 'ception av the blood an' bruises on the face."

"Hould here the lantern, now," said the sergeant, "an' be aisy wid ye, while I read the other thief's description. Keep the lantern steady, can't ye; how can I read wid the light dancing in my eyes like a magic lantern." Then he commenced:—"Hubert Clanronald, five feet nine inches high, light curly hair, blue eyes, high forehead, open countenance, and lofty bearin'."



"Arrah, sergeant, that don't tally with this *bouchal* whatsomediver," said the constable, "there's no open countenance, or lofty bearin' about this *roguruk*. His is more av the murderer's type. I don't say that he is one, mind, but he favours one entirely, so he does."

This tirade exasperated Richmond beyond all endurance, and foaming with passion and rage he cried out: "The ruffian! it was not enough for him to have robbed and half killed me, but he should have the audacity to strip me of my clothes even, and leave me in his own infernal filthy toggery."

This vindictive outburst of Richmond's wore out the last shred of official credulity. "Come, come! me fine fellow, no more of yer mudlarkin' wid me!" cried the sergeant, testily, chucking over the prisoner to Dan Murphy, with orders to give him a lift on one of the horses.

Richmond still kept up a running fire of maledictions on the robber who deprived him of his clothes, which only confirmed the policemen's surmises of his simulation.

"If ye'll take a friend's advice," said the sergeant, "keep yer tongue in yer cheek, for if ye say anything more at the present it'll be taken down in writin' agin ye when we got to the next public house, if there's the materials conveyent."

In this damning guise, at such a time and place, with no sign of the horse even to verify his outlandish account of himself, and all the papers that might have identified him gone with his money, to what end should he parley

further with the impertinent policemen, knowing especially, when once at Banagher, there must be an end of the dilemma. But, in the meantime, how all his world of roses had withered out into blackness those few hours past. What a sad descent from the ambitious young gentleman of fortune and the heavens of success opening above his head, to the crest-fallen, bruised, and penniless wretch who rode into Banagher at the tail of a policeman, strapped down into a highwayman's uniform, under an ignominious suspicion.

When they reached Man's hotel, in Main Street, they found out their mistake, as the guests were toddling off to their respective rooms, with many boisterous evidences of the *dhoc-an-dhurrish* which they had just drunk with hip! hip! hurra! and three times three, in the bar-room, and the waiter ekeing out his own modest jorum from such tippie as might have clung to the heels of the tumblers.

"*Bud-an-agers!* Patsey McCabe," whispered the sergeant, in great excitement, when he discovered the mistake he had made, and learning from the bartender that the police magistrate had just left the hotel, "start off after Mr. Mulgrave and tell him that there's a gentleman here waitin' to see him on very particular business."

In the meantime, Edward Mulgrave, the police magistrate, who had been enjoying the landlord's hospitality, was picking his way through the ruts in the main street, balancing himself as best he could under the circumstances, in the vain attempt of bringing the two sides of the

street with him, when the constable, puffing and blowing, bowled down the street at a furious rate after him, and with a flushed face, pulled up like a shot as he reached him, shouting out,—“Bless my sowl, Misther Mulgrave, yer the very man I'm huntin' for!”

“He, he,—indeed,—c-c-c-constable, pray, wha—what for?” stammered out Mr. Mulgrave, whose utterance had been somewhat paralysed, by the superabundance of the soul-stirring element which he had so freely imbibed.

“A most unfortunate accident, yer honor—all the ould sergeant's fault—he's always makin' an ass av himself wid bulls an' mistakes! Bud the real fact o' the mather is, yer honor,” continued the constable, “that Richmond Clanronald was stopped on the road atween here an' Ballinasloe, maltreated, robbed, and thrown into the ditch by that scoundrel who broke out o' the jail this mornin', an' as the dickens should have it, what did we do but mistake the gentleman himself for the highwayman, an' hawl him off to Banagher like a malefactor. But I hope yer honor 'll take recognizance that it's no fault o' mine. I saw how it 'ud all end from the beginning, an' I tould the sergeant so, a man wid half an eye in his 'ead 'ud have seen it. But the ould sergeant is so headstrong an' consaited he thinks no one knows anything but himself. The gentleman is ragin', an' swears he will have us all dismissed from the service. But I'll throw myself on yer clemency, yer honor. For the Lord's sake, sur, hurry down to the hotel, where the gentleman now is, an' do try to pacify him.”

"C-c-constable," stammered the magistrate, after many attempts at articulation, "ta-take my arm, an-and lead the way ba-ba-back to the ho-ho-hotel, hic, hic." On arrival at the hotel, in truth Edward Mulgrave struck suddenly sober as a marble statue, when he discovered his old friend covered with blood and bruises, and shrouded in the highwayman's toggery, while the constables were plaguing the life out of him with apologies for their blunder, and laughing in their sleeves at the fun. In the corner the ill-starred sergeant sat gloomily conning over the description, and shaking his head with uncertainty, as if he thought there was still a nigger behind the fence.

But upon that scene let us draw the curtain, and drag our hero forth into the angel-guardianship of Mr. Edward Mulgrave, who greeted his old friend warmly, and taking his arm requested the pleasure of his company to his house and be his guest for the night, to which Richmond gladly acceded. It's a world of troubles! Edward's latch key wabbles in the door after many dubious attempts to find the hole.

"The mistress is in bed long ago and asleep, I suppose," he explained, hesitatingly, as he at last unlocked the door, and they entered.

"Is that you, Edward?" asked a shrill voice, from the gloom, sweetly.

"Yes, my dear," replied Edward, "I thought you were asleep and I did not want to waken you."

"I'm much obliged to ye Edward for your condescension, but this is a charming hour to be coming to your

bed, and a magistrate, too. What a splendid example ye are showing to your neighbours by stopping out till this hour."

"Don't be a fool, Maggie! Oh, d——n the turf basket! who left it there in the road?" he cried, after his shins struck against that domestic utensil, with a crash.

"Drunk again, to be sure," said the sweet voice, now at the head of the stairs, "just what I might have expected. That's right, Edward, kick about the furniture and smash everything in the house."

"My dear, you are absurd, I assure you," cried he, as he rubbed his shins to quell the pain.

"Oh, of course, I am absurd, Edward," reiterated the sweet voice from the banister. I have not the sense to spend my nights boozing and carousing with a parcel of night-walkers and gamblers. Yes, sir, I know you were gambling, and spending the few shillings that would put decent clothes on our respectable family instead of having them running round in rags."

"For God's sake, Maggie, have sense," said he, softly, as he moved toward the banister, "there is a stranger here; my friend, Master Clanronald, from the castle, is our guest for the night."

At this announcement there was a low shriek, and a light from a match which Edward had struck at the same time revealed a flying white form near the banister. The last words of the apparition were, "The wretch, to shame me before that gentleman."

Whereupon Edward laughed a great big hospitable

Irish laugh ; and the fire blazed up by means of a stick of bog-deal, and the skeleton of a turkey walked out of the cupboard, and other good things, which were not long in mellowing Richmond's disastrous memories. But before sitting down to partake of his hospitality, Richmond divested himself of the highwayman's uniform and washed the blood from his face, while Edward acted the part of a good Samaritan by dressing and anointing his wounds and bruises. He then fulfilled one of the corporal works of mercy by clothing his naked guest with a suit of his own clothes. They then sat down to discuss the merits of the turkey by anatomizing its frame-work and doing justice to other substantials, after which they retired for the night.

The following remarkable colloquy, which took place between them while Edward tucked him in for the night under the neatest of dimity curtains, shows a more cheerful frame of mind :

"I say old fellow," said Richmond, "you don't happen to have any fire-arms in the house, something loaded, you know?"

"Certainly, my boy," was the reply, "a pair of pistols and a double-barrelled gun at your service."

"Hem! well, never mind this time," said Richmond, "but I say, Ed., mind and have me up at cock-crow, and out of here, before I can meet any person to blow his brains out."

Yet the sun was shining in at the window, and a pleasant smell of rashers of Irish bacon in the air, when Ed-

ward Mulgrave popped his little round, bald pate in at the door, with a face as ruddy as the sun, stirred his guest up out of dreams in which he saw his brother Hubert going to be hanged for shooting his uncle, the will altered to his wishes, leaving himself heir to Fortunna Castle, and Iris by his side in all her loveliness.

"Murder-in-Irish! Richmond!" exclaimed he, "you did not look so disfigured about the face, nor so drunk last night! I'll ring for brandy and soda at once. Holy Moses, but the fellow was clever to throttle the jailer who brought him his dinner, lock him up with his own key, and walk out the gate at his leisure, which indeed he did in broad day-light yesterday, made for the country, without a penny in his pocket, in a dress that would have identified him at the North Pole, and very well aware that the minions of the law would soon be in hot pursuit after him. What was poor human nature to do but arm itself with the nearest approach to a pistol convenient, a *botheen* (Anglais 'Bludgeon'), and help himself out of the pockets of the first presentable wayfarer. Need I mind you, my dear fellow, that you answered the description on your arrival here last night?"

"Get away, for the Lord's sake," growled Richmond from behind his tumbler of brandy and soda.

"He helped himself anyway to your purse, paletot and hat; you shall see how the rascal graces them. After propping you up against the ditch in his own redoubtable guise, he mounted your horse and rode away, so pretty a horseman, I assure you that a party of mounted con-

stables prowling the country after him, touched their hats as he swept past them."

"It's like his infernal impudence," said Richmond, reflectively.

After breakfast, Edward Mulgrave very neighbourly drove his guest over to the castle in his dog-cart, but not before he had his wounds and bruises dressed with some cooling ointment by the village surgeon.

On arrival at the castle Richmond found his uncle much better. The lawyer from Dublin had arrived, and had made the necessary alterations in the will. Lord Clanronald had bequeathed everything to Richmond and dispossessed Hubert, not leaving him a shilling, he was so incensed against him.

"The scoundrel!" said he, "I hope he has quit the country for ever, and gone to some distant land where I can never lay my eyes on him again."

As Richmond heard his uncle express these words he chuckled to himself.

"I have now got everything my own way so far," said he to himself.

The next thing to be done, he thought, was to get Peter Quigley sent away to some foreign land where he could never trouble him again nor upbraid him about his conscience being over a match for his humanity.

He suited the thought to the action, and rang the bell for Peter, when that important personage soon made his appearance. "Peter," said Richmond, "when are you going to start for America, or would you like to go to



Australia, or Van-Dieman's-Land, or Botany-Bay, or any other foreign country?"

"Och, ya, master dear," answered Peter, "don't be afther transportin' me like a convict, sure it's time enough to bid the d——l a good morrow when we meet him, or to go to Botany-Bay till we're obliged. Preserve the hearers."

"You seem very pious, Peter," said Richmond.

"Yes, yer honor," answered Peter, "I'm a little inclined that way lately, me conscience pricks me every now an' then."

"Well, Peter," queried Richmond, "how much do you want to settle your conscience?"

"Och, master dear," answered Peter, "I know that ye'll do the dacent thing wid me, seein' as how I've helped you true wid many a piece av ugly business an' never budged on ye, d'ye mind?"

"That's true, Peter," said Richmond, "you have always been true to me, and I hope you always will. Now, Peter, I'll give you something handsome, I'll give you one hundred pounds to take you to America, and let me never see your face again."

"In troth then, yer honor won't," said Peter, "bud ye'll be afther givin' me five hundred pounds wid the chance av never seein' me again, an' that same is a small amount considerin' what I've been through wid ye. I'll tell ye what, sur, there's purty talk whispered round among the people."

"What do they say, Peter?" queried Richmond, anxiously.

"Well, yer honor, aisy a while, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye," said Peter. "Yer honor knows ould Kitty Dalton, the ould breenogue; everybody around the neighbourhood knows her. She goes about wid her shillala in her wizent ould hand, tellin' fortunes?"

"Oh, yes, I know old Kitty," replied Richmond, "does she tell the past as well as the future?"

"Troth, does she, yer honor," answered Peter.

"How do you know that she tells the truth?" said Richmond.

"Faix, then it's meself that ought to know that same," said Peter.

"How is that, Peter?" asked Richmond.

"Well, aisy, yer honor, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye," answered Peter.

"Ye remember ere-yesterday when ye sent me over to Marcourt Hall wid the letter?"

"Yes, Peter, go on," was the answer.

"Well, if ye do, well and good," said he. "As I war goin' past the widow McGuire's sheebien at the crass-roads, sure I went in to see the widow, an' take me mornin' crapper as usual, when I pass that same way, an' who was there planked down on her hunkers, wid a black *dudeen* in her gob, smokin' away an' gosterin' wid Mrs. McGuire, but ould Kitty Dalton. As I goes in she accosted me wid 'Good mornin', Pether.'

"'Good mornin', Kitty,' says I.

"'How is all up at the Big House, Pether,' says she.

"Faith, they're all purty well, 'sept the ould man, an' he's gettin' well mighty fast, thank ye, Kitty," says I.

"Wid that she shook her head, an' looked straight at me wid her little red, ferret-eyes, haggard an' distorted features, an' a mighty peculiar expression av wildness an' mystery in her blairin' eyes as she said to me, 'I know ye' me bouchal!' Well, just to draw her fierce eyes off me, for to tell nothing bud the truth her look wor weird an' unearthly an' nearly scared the life out o' me, I asked her to take a small drop o' whiskey fur agra we met. 'Troth then, alanna,' says she, 'I'll do that same, fur me heart is cowld for the want av a dhrop an' I'm as wake as a *thraneen*.' "Mrs. McGuire, bring us in a nagin av the best poteen ye have in yer house," says I. While we wor drinkin' the ould witch wor a tryin' to pump me, but I wor cute enough for her. Ye'd think it wor a lawyer crass examinin' a witness afore a grand jury at the Four Courts, to hear all the questions she axed me. I wor mighty worried with her queer inquiries, an' just to stop her old gob, I says, 'Kitty, I want ye to tell me fortune?'

"Well, a vick,' says she, 'poor ould Kitty can do that same af ya crass me hand wid the right sort av metal.'

"What sort av metal would ye be after wantin', Kitty,' says I.

"Och, ya, goold of course, that's what I always do be gettin', no other metal 'ud be av any use, sure there's a charm in goold, me honey.'

"Wid that I pulled out my purse and all the money I had in it wor two sixpenny pieces an' one small goold piece that Sir Charles gave me the night he won so much money from yer honor, d'ye mind, sir?"

"Yes," said Richmond, sharply, "go on, and cut the story as short as possible, I am anxious."

"Well," said he, "just to please the old crone, an' keep her on my side, as much as to have my fortune tould, sure enough I gave her the half-sovereign, divil a lie in it."

"Well, Peter, what did she tell you?" queried Richmond, "for heaven's sake be quick and tell me."

"Well, aisy awhile an' I'll be afther doin' that same," said Peter.

"She tould more nor I bargined wid her for, but I'll give her credit, for she never mentioned yer honor's name at all at all. But she stood up an' pointed with her skinny arm towards the castle, an' exclaimed :

"'Pether, yerself an' that murderin' scoundrel ought to be hanged, but the spectre of yer crimes, an' that sweet colleen's blood will haunt both av ye through life. Ye are both murderers, an' the stamp av eternal infamy is upon ye, the finger av scorn will mark ye both out, the tongue av reproach will sting ye like that av a serpent. the deadly touch o' shame will cover ye like a leper, ye'll both escape hangin' by the skin o' yer teeth. Bud after that comes the black an' terrible tribunal av the Almighty's vengeance and his fiery indignation. Oh, that poor orphan colleen that he seduced by promising to marry her, an' then threw herself an' her unborn babe over the bridge in order to hide his infamy, will stand fornist both av ye, an' bear witness against ye.'

"'Och, for heaven's sake, Kitty,' says I, 'don't be afther

talkin' such nonsense, sure it's the whiskey that makes ye talk such unnatural things.'

"I saw that the whiskey wor gettin' in her head an' makin' her talk mighty freely about things that I didn't like to hear. So I filled her a large glass av the whiskey to stop her mouth. 'Here Kitty,' says I, 'take another drop of this, it's as smooth as oil, so it is, a child might drink every drop av it.'

"After a little persuasion she took the glass an' tossed it off without makin' a wry face. That glass finished her, an' eased my mind. The tears streamed down her ould skinny cheeks, an' her eyes glared at me like coals of fire as she handed me her ould black pipe to fill for her, but before I had the pipe filled she fell off her hunkers wid a groan an' was soon sound asleep. That's what I wanted to see. I'll be yer bail it'll be long from me to have my fortune told again by Kitty or any other ould *breenogue*. I finished me drop av whiskey an' watched the ould witch sleepin', while I talked a while wid the widow, I then left an' wor mighty glad to get away from Kitty."

"Peter," said Richmond, "I don't take any notice of such old hags' gossip."

"True for you, sir," said Peter "bud don't she know other people's business mighty well, and the same ould hag can guess eggs when she sees the shells."

"Well, Peter," said Richmond, "I suppose I'll have to give you what money you ask, as I have left myself in your power."

"Begob, sur, I think yer gettin' off mighty chape," said Peter, "considerin' the risk I have run of bein' hung or transported by helpin' ye through wid many a piece av business that we'd both swing for if found out, d'ye mind? When will ye give me the money, sir?"

"When you are ready to start," was the answer.

"Well, sur," said Peter, "I'll go an' have a talk wid Betsey an' see what she says, then I'll come back an' let ye know when I'll be ready."

"Very well," replied Richmond, "let me know this evening so that I can have the money ready for you."

"Yes, yer honor, I'll be afther doin' that same," said Peter, as he made his exit.

"Curse the fellow!" exclaimed Richmond, after Peter had left him, "I wish he was dead or transported for life. As I have left myself in his power I will have to come to his terms. I will give him the money he asks, in order to get rid of him, trusting and hoping never to see his rascally face again."

"I say, Betsey," exclaimed Peter, as he slipped his arm around her waist, in the servants' hall, where he found her after leaving his master's room. "Now, look here, there's been enough nonsense goin' on between you an' I for the last two years. We've been courtin' long enough, you've got a bit o' money, an' I've got a bit o' money, so now let us put both our sums together an' get married right away, an' come out to Ameriky wid me, where we'll go into business for ourselves. We can get a dacent public house, or a saloon (as the Yankies call it) in the

States or in Canada. They say them Canucks drink a mighty large quantity av whisky. If that be true we'd be afther makin' a mint o' money out there, so we would. Now, Betsey, me darlin', bad cess to me bud I'm gettin' fonder av ye every day (a squeeze). Now, Betsey, begin an' tell me about yer sweethearts?"

"Och, Pether," said she, "don't be afther botherin' me that way, you know the sorra one ever I had bud yerself."

"Oh! tare-an-ages," cried he, "what a bouncer! Bad cess to me if ye can spake a word av the truth after that, ye common desaver! Warn't yerself and Barney McGuire pullin' a cord?"

"No, in troth," replied she, "it was given out an us, bud we never wor. Nothin' ever passed atune us bud common civility. He treated me mother an' sister to a naggin av spirits at the fair av Banagher, when I war wid them, but he never broke discoorse wid me, he knew I'd not take it from him, barrin', as I said afore, in civility."

"An' d'ye mane to shove it down me throat that ye never had a beau at all at all?"

"The nara one, then," said she, "believe me or believe me not."

"Oh! ye thief," cried he, "wid two such posey lips, an' two such cherry cheeks as yer own! Oh! by the tarn'l that won't go down wid me!"

"Well, an' supposin' I had," retorted she ("behave, Pether),—supposin' I had, where's the harm? Sure its

known all over the parish all the colleens ye've had runnin' afther ye, an' yet have, I suppose——"

"Begorra, then," said he, "that's true for ye, an' the more the merrier, me honey. I've had enough av them in my day, bud ye're the jewel av them all, that I'd like to spend me life wid." (a squeeze.)—"Lave aff, Pether," said she, "the sarra one word the men says a body can believe or trust. I'll warrant ye tould that story to every one av them, as well as to me. (Stop, Pether.) It's well known what ye say to the colleens is not all gosal."

"Faith, between you and me, Betsey," said he, "I'll tell ye a saret, I wor the boy for bewitchin' and deludin' them. It's very well known the matches I might a got, bud ye see, me darlin' little honey, it's for yerself I wor waitin'."

"For me, did ye say? A purty story, indeed."

"I'm sure it was," cried he.

"Oh! afther that, Pether! how can ye—well, well, did anyone ever hear of the likes?"

"Be that crass," protested Peter, placing his fingers across, "it's the truth I'm tellin' ye, I've had ye in me eye these two years an' more, bud wor waitin' till I'd get as much money as 'ud take us to Ameriky, an' there set us up in the world dacently. Upon my faix, Betsey, it bates cockfightin' the love and likin' I've for ye an' ever had this last three years, me honey. I tould ye about yer eyes, *mavourneen*, an'—about yer lips—an' rosy cheeks." (A squeeze.)

"Pether, behave—I say—now stop wid ye—well, well,



but yer the tazin' Pether. Troth! the colleens may be glad when ye've gone to Ameriky," exclaimed she, adjusting her hair.

"Bad cess to the bit, if ever I got so sweet a one in me life—the soft end av a lollypop's a fool to it. One thing, Betsey, I can tell ye, that I love ye in great style. When we're married it's I that'll soother ye up. I won't let the wind blow on ye. Ye must give up workin' too, all I'll ax ye to do will be to nurse the childer, an' that same 'll keep ye busy enough, plase goodness."

"Upon me faix, Pether," said she, "yer the very sarra, so ye are. Will ye be aisy now. I'll engage when yer married it'll soon be another story wid ye. Maybe ye'd care little about us then."

"Be them five crasses," said he, placing his fingers across, "I'm spakin' pure gospel, so I am, sure ye don't know that to be good husbands runs in our family. Every one of them wor as sweet as honey to their wives. Why there's Mike Quigley, over beyant, he's me first cousin an' if ye'd see how he buthers up an' soothers his bether half it 'ud make yer heart warm to any man av the family."

"Lave off, Pether," said she, "don't be *slustherin'*\* me that way, an' stoppin' me breath."

"Betsey, agra, sit closer to me," said he, "there, that's a darlin'. Are ye fond av me, Betsey, tell the truth an' shame the d—-l?"

"Fond av ye, did ye say?" reiterated she, "sure ye

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\* Kissing.

know all the colleens are fond av ye, aren't ye the boy for deludin' them, ha, ha, ha?"

"Come, come, me honey darlin," said he, "that won't do, be serious. If ye knew how me heart's warming to ye this minute, ye'd fall in love wid me shadow, come, now, out wid it. Are ye fond of a certain boy not far from ye, called Pether Quigley?"

"To be sure I am," said she, with a smile, "are ye satisfied now, Pether?"

"I say, Betsey, faith, it won't pass *avourneen*, that's not the voice for it. Don't ye hear me how tender I spake into your ear. Now, turn to me, like a purty enticin' colleen, an' put yer sweet bill to me ear the same way an' whisper what ye know into it, that's a darlin', will ye, alanna?"

"An' maybe all this time yer promised to another," said she.

"Be them five crasses," said he, "I'm not promised to any one, no seize the one,"

"Ye'll say that anyhow," said she.

"Do you see me hands across?" said he, "be them five crasses, I'm not promised to a colleen livin', nor would not be because I have had ye in me eye. Be a sweet coaxin' jewel for wonst. Be this and be that, if ever ye heard or seen such doins an' times as we'll have when we're married. Now the weeney whisper into me ear."

"Well, Pether," said she, "ye ought to know that I cannot leave here now wid the mather so poorly, it 'ud break his heart if I left him now. Bud if ye behave

yerself out there in Amerikey an' lave off drinkin' (a squeeze), be quiet, Pether, can't ye sit still while I tell ye, as I was a sayin' that if ye conduct yerself an' be a good boy, when ye come back again, I may have a purty house on the banks av the lake waitin' for ye, where we can live together all our lives. His lordship has promised me that stone cottage by the lake side. Besides, sooner nar marry ye now, an' have me little bit av money squandered, an' for ye to be pourin' it down yer throat all day an' night while it 'ud last, I'd sooner be an old maid all me life time. I own that I did like ye, Pether, bud lately ye've almost broken me heart wid seein' ye day afther day an' night afther night gettin' into such sottish ways, an' smellin' that horrid of liquor that a tap room was a flower garden compared to ye. I'm ashamed av ye, Pether, so I am."

At this Betsey burst into tears, and sobbed hysterically.

"Now Betsey agra," said Peter, "don't be makin' an *amathawn* av yourself cryin' that way. Sure what's the use av bein' so squamish an' talkin' such nonsense? We've both had enough av this place, an' without anything to trouble me, I'd never taste a drop av whiskey from year's end to year's end."

"Pether avick," cried she, "I'll never marry a man who drinks. I'd give ye me bit av money if I thought it ud do ye any good; an' I'd do more nor that fur ye, but ye've drank till it's made ye hard, cruel, suspicious an' wicked, an' tho' I've never said nothin', I've thought

sorrowfully about all your wickedness. As to be tied to a man like that I'd sooner go down an' jump into the lake, so I would."

"Well, Betsey achora," said he, "out av this I'll not budge till I ery me skinful, so I won't. Seize the toe I'll move from here till I'm sick wid cryin'! Och murder alive this night! Isn't it a poor case an' a hard mather entirely, that the colleen I'd suffer meself to be turned inside out for won't do as I ax her. In troth I b'leeve she don't care a *thraneen* about a hair o' me head! Oh! then, bud I'm the misfortunate blackguard all out."

He then covered his face with his hands and sat swaying his body to and fro for several minutes, and then with a mighty effort he spoke :

"Betsey, I will lave this counthry an' try in some foreign parts to reform me life, an' some day return again to ould Ireland where I hope to meet yer sweet face once more, an' prove meself a worthy shooter for yer heart an' hand."

"Faith then if ye do that same," replied Betsey, "I'll be true to ye, an' wait until ye return, an' I'll have a nate little house waitin' to receive ye."

"Ye will, Betsey?" said he.

"Yes, I will," said she.

"Give us your hand on that, then," said he.

There was a loving squeeze, some heart-pourings, a heavy sigh, a loud smack, and they parted, and as Peter moved away Betsey threw her old slipper after him for good luck.

Richmond gave him the five hundred pounds and he started for Cork, there to take a passage for New York. After Peter was gone, Richmond had nothing to fear or to trouble him. Hubert never would return again, he thought, to stand his chance of being transported and disgraced. No, he had nothing now to fear from that quarter. There was only one thing now lacking to make his ambition complete, and that was to gain Iris. He must stand higher in her estimation now that he was heir to his uncle's immense wealth, castle, title and estates, and besides he had her father on his side.

"I am not given to turning aside," he said to himself, "from any goal I make up my mind to attain. For years my will has carved out and pursued its own path regardless of obstacles. By heavens! I will gain her or die in the attempt!"

With these reflections he went to bed, and slept with an easy conscience that night.





### CHAPTER III.

LADY IRIS—THE BREAKFAST—THE DIALOGUE—MAUD CUFFE VISITS IRIS  
—THE DIALOGUE—THE LIBRARY—THE DIALOGUE—A GOOD SUBJECT  
FOR MICHAEL ANGELO—MAUD'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—THE DIA-  
LOGUE—THE INTERVIEW—THE GUESTS—GENIUS HAS NO SEX—MAUD  
GIVES COUNCIL—IRIS' MIND MADE UP—HER FATHER PROPOUNDS A  
THEORY—NANNY'S PROPHECY—THE BANSHEE CRYING—NANNY'S STORY  
—THE DEPARTURE FOR DUBLIN—THE PERSONATION—THE BOY'S  
CLOTHES—ROBERT EYRE—THE BARRACKS—THE IDOL OF HER HEART  
—THE RECRUITING SERGEANT—IRIS, ALIAS ROBERT EYRE—THE EN-  
LISTMENT.

WE will now go back to Lady Iris' room where she cried herself to sleep, and there lay on her bed until her maid, Norah, finding that it was past the usual hour that her young mistress always summoned her, went up and knocked at her door, and then the poor girl composed herself to say that she had a bad headache, and "would undress herself to-night." Norah went away wondering.

It was clear that her young mistress had a brilliant destiny before her, and yet here she was shut up in her bedchamber, and answering her simple questions in a voice thick and husky, with tears in her beautiful blue eyes, but now red with crying. Iris wept and fretted during that long, and to her, a weary night, and the next

morning found her not consoled. She hardly knew the pale, pitiful little face that she saw in the glass that morning, nor the heavy, dim eyes that looked so compassionately into hers. When she had bathed her head and face in cold water to remove some of the traces of her troubles, she made her toilet, dressed in a suitable morning dress, put on her hat and cloak, and went into the garden to escape Norah's ministrations. She wandered disconsolately about the gravel walks until the bell rang for breakfast, and then she hurried in. Even exercise could not bring a glow to her pale cheeks, which caused her father to look anxiously at her as she entered.

"Dear Iris," said he, after they both sat down to breakfast, "have you heard of the cold-blooded, cowardly, treacherous act that Hubert has committed on his uncle?"

"Yes, I have heard of that foul deed," replied Iris, with emphasis, "but I can never believe that Hubert is, or could, be guilty of such a dastardly crime. He is too honorable and truthful to be guilty of such an outrage. It is a foul plot that has been laid by some designing, wicked person to have Hubert banished for some selfish motive."

"Tut! tut! What nonsense you talk," said her father, "why his uncle saw him in his room walking round, as plain as I see you, and raising the pistol and firing at him. He can swear most positively that it was Hubert."

Iris finding that her tears flowed fast, and that it was no use in trying to persuade her father of Hubert's innocence, busied herself behind the big urn which stood in

front of her on the table, in order to evade his piercing glances. After the first outburst the meal proceeded in silence.

Iris really eat nothing except a small piece of dry toast and a cup of tea. Her anxiety to finish breakfast increased as the tears ran down her fair checks, so that she might retire to her own room and have a good cry.

Her anxiety was gratified at last when her father pushed his plate away with an air of being satisfied, and then Iris felt that she was at liberty to retire. She got as far as the door when her father said "Iris, I have asked your cousin, Miss Cuffe, to come over and stay a few weeks with you. I thought you were lonesome and would be glad of a companion in your walks, rides, and drives."

"Indeed, papa," replied Iris, "I am very grateful for your kind consideration. It will be so jolly; when will she be here?"

"I expect her to-morrow afternoon," said he, "if nothing unusual intervenes to detain her."

"Then," said she, "I will go and tell Nora, that she may prepare her rooms at once."

Iris could not help wondering when she found herself alone, if Maud Cuffe's visit meant only as little as her father inferred, or, whether it was not a plot against her peace, got up by her father and Richmond.

She liked Maud very much, nevertheless she did not intend to trust her with her own secret until she had found out whether she was for or against her, and even then, she was not to know it all. She had her mind made



up to be brave, and brave she would be ; but now she was obliged to allow herself the luxury of a good hearty cry, as a preparation for the pleasure of seeing Miss Cuffe. I must not indulge in crying after she has arrived, thought Iris to herself. With this determination she went up to her room and locked herself in and there indulged in tears and sobs, and the thoughts that crowded her mind concerning Hubert's welfare. Next morning Maud Cuffe and her maid arrived; the former went straight up to Lady Iris' room, and Norah conducted the maid to her own apartment.

"Lord Marcourt says you are not very well, my dear," was Maud's first exclamation, after she had kissed and embraced Lady Iris (and made a keen observation of her face), "and so I have come to brighten you up a little. You are not to exert yourself in the least, mind, on my account. I shall amuse myself you may depend. You don't know what an adaptable creature I am ; I pride myself particularly on that. I shall not have been here two days before you will have the feeling that I never lived without you, and you never lived without me. I shall slip into my proper place as naturally as possible, and shall not be in any hurry to leave it, if only half as comfortable as it looks. But you have not told me yet, dear Iris, that you are glad to see me, and you know that is very unkind on your part."

"Oh! dear Maud," replied Iris, affectionately, "I thought you would take it for granted."

"Well, so I should," said Maud, "if you had invited me

yourself, but as I owe the pleasure entirely to your papa, I want to be sure of your welcome."

"Indeed, Maud," answered Iris, smiling sadly, "you are always heartily welcome, but more especially at this juncture, for I feel so downhearted since that sad affair which took place at Clanronald Castle. You must have heard of it, I presume, for it has been in all the papers."

"Yes," said Maud, "and I have heard that Lord Clanronald swears vengeance against his nephew Hubert, who, he says, has committed that dreadful crime."

"So he does," said Iris, "and he won't be persuaded but that it was Hubert who did it."

"Oh! he is quite positive of that," replied Maud.

"Then he is wrong," retorted Iris, sharply, "Hubert never did it, I am certain, he could never commit such a base crime."

"Why did he run away, then," said Maud, "if he is not guilty?"

"Why? indeed," replied Iris, vehemently, "why should he stay when he could not prove his own innocence, and be made to suffer the penalty in the wrong. He went away in hopes that truth will out sooner or later, and prove his innocence to the world."

"I, too, hope so, with all my heart," responded Maud, sympathetically.

"I am very glad you came over, Maud," said Iris, "and be my friend and confident, as you have always been, but now I want your company and confidence more than ever since that sad affair. I am quite low spirited."

"So you are, my dear," said Maud, "and besides, your papa thinks that you are too much alone. I now begin to perceive that he is right; he judges that you want rousing, and I quite agree with him. I know human nature better than you. You must now try and be jolly like me and let nothing trouble you. I have no fear for the future. Besides, it is my creed to live always for the present, and as long as that is bright and smiling I consider it downright folly indeed to search beyond for possible evils that may never come."

"What a sweet, charming, sensible, consoling little creature you are, Maud," said Iris, with a smile, "so sprightly, so vivacious and winning, unlike some of my acquaintances, who are forever soaring up among the stars. You never puzzle my brains in the slightest degree to comprehend your delightful prattle."

"I am delighted," said Maud, with a hearty laugh, "to think that I have made such a favourable impression on your intelligent mind." With these words she glanced down the avenue and saw Richmond coming towards the castle, when they repaired to their rooms to dress for the afternoon.

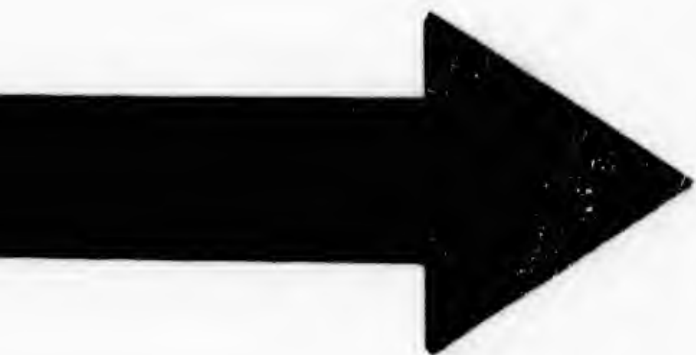
Maud became thoroughly domesticated, and the two young ladies established a regular routine of amusements and exercise. They either walked, rode on horse-back, or drove in their carriage, when not on picnics or boating excursions, whiling away the time as their inclinations prompted, when Richmond invariably accompanied them and always took good care to ingratiate himself with

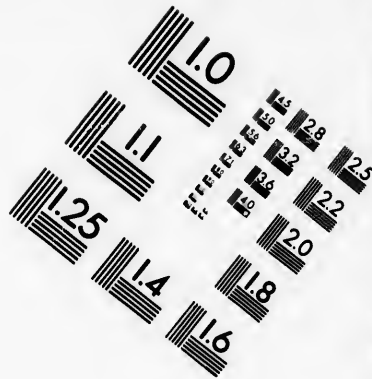
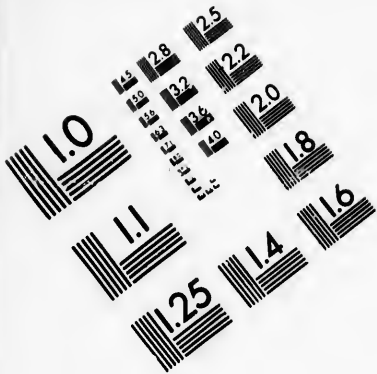
Iris. His assiduity and unremitting attentions to gain her affection were unsurpassed. Iris, through the influence of Maud's light-heartedness, for a time allowed herself to be whirled on by the current of fashionable parties, balls, dinners and picnics. But soon her sedate contemplative temperament revolted from this irksome routine, and gradually she outlived and pursued a different course, giving to her gay companions and guests what courtesy required and no more, although Maud tried her hardest to keep her mind from dwelling on the one absorbing thought that disturbed her peace.

"Dear Iris," said Richmond, one evening as he sat beside her on the sofa in the library, where he had been for some time boring her with diffusive protestations of his love, to her infinite aversion, which he must have apprehended by her indifference to his passionate pleadings, "how can you trifle with me so long; if you could only realize how impatient I am for the happy day when I shall be the proud man to call you my wife, you would be serious, so that we might fix an early day for our marriage? You know as well as I do that it is your father's will and pleasure that we should get married as soon as possible and settle down."

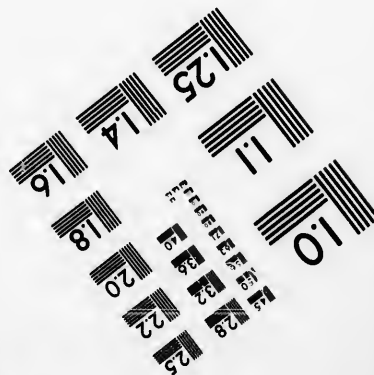
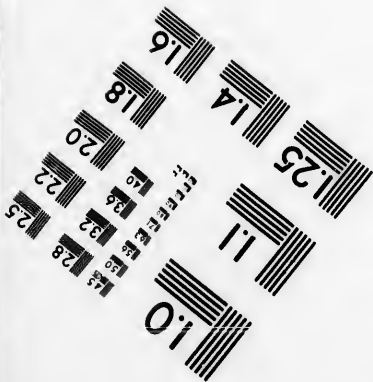
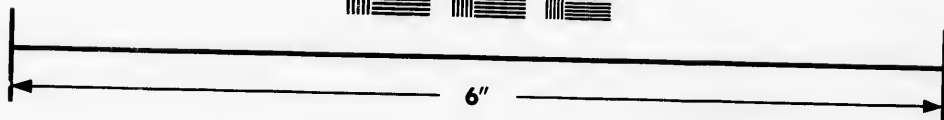
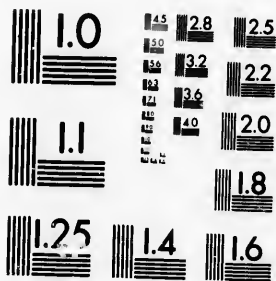
"Richmond, why will you affect to misconceive my intentions?" said Iris, with emphasis. "I have pondered long and well a matter involving your happiness and mine, and I now tell you candidly that I have no intention of getting married for at least two or three years more at any rate. My father is not so very anxious to







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part with his only child, and besides, I gave you to understand once before that I could not marry you, even at the risk of my father's displeasure. Therefore it is ungenerous and unmanly to press a suit which you cannot fail to know is extremely disagreeable to me."

"My dear Iris," said he, "have you then no love for me? I have hoped and believed that you hid your love behind your cold mask of proud silence. You must, you do love me, my beautiful Iris!"

"Richmond," replied she, earnestly, "I love you as a friend, but no other love than this I ever had, and I think I never can have for you. Look fearlessly at the unvarnished truth; neither you nor I have one spark of that affection which alone can sanction marriage. We are utterly unlike in thought, taste, feeling, habits of life, and aspirations. I have no sympathy with your pursuits, nature stamped us with relentless antagonism of character, and I bow to her decree rather than man's word. Nature never painted a picture dark enough to suit the wretchedness that would result from such an unholy union as ours would be. Think of it, Richmond, a loveless marriage, a mere money transaction, a sort of legal contract, the only true union being of bank stock, castles and broad lands."

She then leaned back against the sofa with her arms folded, while a cold, disdainful smile played around her beautifully chiselled ruby lips.

"Indeed, Iris," said he, "you wrong me, you are dearer to me than anything else on earth. I have loved you from my earliest recollection."

"You are entirely mistaken," said she, "I cannot be deceived, neither can you deceive yourself. I admit that you love me in the same friendly way that I love you; perhaps you admire me more than any one you know of just now, you are infatuated by my beauty, much in the same way as you are of your race-horses or your mastiff, but love such as a man should have for a woman whom he makes his consort, and calls by the name of wife, you have not one iota of. I do not wish to wound your feelings, but I must talk to you as any reasonable woman would do on such an important question. I hold it no light thing for two souls to tie themselves with vows which neither of them can fulfil."

"Ah," replied he fervidly, "I see now how matters stand. Having disposed of your heart, and lavished your love on that diabolical scoundrel who committed that dreadful assault on my uncle, and has fled the country, you are still in hopes of his return, which he never will, for he knows his doom if he does—disgrace and banishment for life would be his reward. Therefore you need have no hopes of his return."

"Richmond," said she, with animation, "I do not wish to hear you use such vulgar and vindictive language in my presence, therefore I want to hear no more on this subject."

These words stung him so deeply that he crimsoned with passion, and-retorted with a degree of bitterness of which he seemed unconscious at the time.

"You, at least," said he, "dare not deny the charge which my uncle has preferred against him."

"Either you do not understand me," rejoined she, "or you underrate my courage, there are few honorable things which I dare not do."

"Confess, then," said he, sharply, "who stands between your heart and mine? I have a right to ask and to know."

"You forget yourself, Richmond," replied she, emphatically, "your right is obviously a debatable question; we will waive it for the present, if you please. I do not want your castles or estates, and you should be content with your ample fortune without coveting my inheritance. I would not suit you for a wife, go find some more congenial spirit, some gentle, clinging girl, who will rejoice only in your love, and make you forget all else in her presence. Richmond, cherish no animosity against me, I merit none. We shall always be good friends I hope, as we always have been." She then rose up from the sofa and intimated her desire to depart by holding out her hand, but he was too angry to accept it. Instead of which he asked haughtily:

"Shall I break this pleasant piece of information to your father, or do you feel equal to the task of blighting all his long cherished hopes, as well as my life and happiness?"

"I leave that in your own hands," said she, "consult your own interest and pleasure, to me it matters little."

She then turned round to leave the room, but he detained her, and exclaimed aloud, with more affection and tenderness than he had ever manifested before:

"Oh, dear Iris, do not reject me altogether and for

ever! I cannot relinquish you, give me time to prove my undying devotion and love to win your hand. If your heart is still at your disposal, may I hope in time to obtain it by my constancy, devotion and unremitting fidelity?"

Iris was much pained at his crying supplications. So just out of pity, as well as to get rid of his wearisome pleadings, she said:

"Richmond, I feel no inclination to be married just yet; I am too young to be tied down to a married life, therefore I think it is useless to talk any more on this subject, so good-night, Richmond." She then skipped away from him, and took a détour through the conservatory to the drawing-room, where she found Maud rattling off some merry, soul-stirring Irish airs on the grand piano.

"Maud," said Iris, as she stood by the piano after the piece was finished, "let us go up to our rooms, my head aches, and besides I am wearied and tired; I want to go to bed."

"You are ill, my dear," said Maud, as she looked in her face while she closed the music book and shut down the piano, "you look as pale as a marble statue; come up to bed."

Iris, with her arm around Maud's waist, went up-stairs to her own room. Passing her father's door she saw a light gleaming through the key-hole, and heard the sound of low but earnest conversation. She then knew that it was Richmond closeted there with her father, and she

judged what was in store for her next morning. Gradually the house became quiet, and oppressed with the painful sense of coming trouble. Iris, on reaching her room, threw herself into an arm-chair with a heavy sigh, and there sat motionless for several minutes before she spoke. It was then she thought of what Hubert said to her when they parted: "I foresee that you will be closely pressed, but you must be brave and strong and true, of the latter I have no doubt." These words she pondered over and over again in her mind, which gave her fresh strength and courage to reveal part of her secret at least to Maud.

"Well, my dear," said Maud at last, after a protracted silence, "what is troubling your brains now? You are sitting there as if you were a model for an artist, or a Grecian statue."

"Oh! Maud," said she, "what a prattling little vixen you are. Sit down here beside me while I relate to you what I am thinking of, trusting to your honor and fidelity to keep my secret. Will you promise to be true to my cause and keep my secret if I trust you with it?"

"I will promise," said Maud, "to keep it inviolable, upon my sacred honor."

"I believe you, Maud," said Iris. "I know I can trust you. It is true that single women have trials of which a thoughtless world has little sympathy. In my childhood I always thought of old maids with a sensation of contempt and repulsion, but now I regard those among them who preserve their nature from cynicism and

querulousness, and prove themselves social evangelists of mercy, as an uncrowned host of martyrs. I am also a persecuted martyr, here in my father's house. You are already aware that Richmond has been trying to ingratiate himself into my affections, and is suing for my hand. I know it is the one absorbing wish of my father to see us married. Now he has been protesting his love to me all the evening in the library, and entreating me to marry him, which I never will, even to please my father, for I am quite sure that I could never love him. But, on my father's account, I don't want to be absolutely rude to him. I know perfectly well that I will be persecuted by him and my father if I stay here, I have therefore made up my mind to go out to the Crimean war, and nurse the sick and wounded brave soldiers, who are fighting for our rights and our freedom and our country. Why should not I take a share in the honor? Miss Florence Nightingale has volunteered to go out there with a staff of heroic ladies, to nurse the wounded and sick soldiers, and it is my intention to go out there, too. Lola Montes asserts that genius has no sex. With her this means that courage and bravery are not the prerogatives of man. Therefore I think that it is my duty to take a part in the struggle for the freedom and independence of my country. But I am convinced that if my father knew my intention he would not allow me to go. I know he will be very angry with me for going without his permission. But it is much better for me to displease him by doing so than be forced to marry a man whom I detest and despise."

She then thought of Hubert, and all his noble attributes. It would break her heart to give him up, for she loved him with the whole strength of her vigorous nature.

"I don't care for Richmond's castles and estates," she resumed. "I know my father will tax me sorely on the subject to-morrow, for I heard him and Richmond talking very confidentially in his room as I passed the door a while ago.

"After I am gone, Maud, you must stay here two or three weeks, and try your best endeavor to console my father. I will leave a letter for him on his dressing-table which will explain my movements."

"Why, dear Iris," said Maud, "are you out of your senses? Consider seriously the splendid future you have before you. How charming to have a husband who would adore you, and satisfy your slightest caprice. Then consider the splendid castle and estates you would be the sole mistress of, and think of the glorious times you would have, with everything at your command that your heart could desire or your fancy wish for. You would be the brightest star, and the leading belle of the fashionable world. Your society would be sought by the élite of the land. I tell you, my dear, that your father is sensible and that you ought to be counselled by him."

"Now, Maud," said Iris, "I do not want to hear a sermon on the subject, or your description of the world of roses, which your prophecy and delineation has eloquently been trying to stereotype on my imagination.

"I have already told you my secret, and have made up my mind to carry it out. I would not marry Richmond Clanronald if every room in his castle were filled with the most precious diamonds, rubies and pearls, in addition to his broad estates. So there, I have told you my secret, and my resolution is fixed. I want you to befriend me in my plans of escape from this castle when the proper time comes."

"My dear," said Maud, "if you have your mind fixed steadfastly on this project, I know that my advice will be of no avail. Therefore, all I can say is that I will do all in my power to aid and abet you in your undertaking, and pray for your future welfare and happiness."

"That is all I shall require of you, my dear Maud," said Iris, "for the rest, I will trust in God and fear no danger. There is the hall clock striking twelve, let us go to bed, for I am wearied and tired."

They then kissed and embraced each other, and went to bed, where they were soon in the arms of Morpheus—"tired nature's sweet restorer." Next morning they were up bright and early—took a turn in the beautiful grounds, where the aroma of fresh, and dew bespangled flowers perfumed the zephyr that wafted through the morning air, fanning their cheeks into that healthy, peachy bloom, which artists study so assiduously to portray. After plucking a large bouquet of fresh flowers, the bell rang for breakfast, when they entered and joined Lord Marcourt at the breakfast table. Placing the flowers in a vase on the table, Iris proceeded to pour out her father's



coffee, and Maud to amuse His Lordship with incessant prattle during the repast. The meal being ended they arose, and as they left the room, Lord Marcourt said—“Iris I want to see you in the library.” He then led the way, and she followed him without comment. As they entered he placed a chair for her at the open window, seating himself in front of her. For a moment he looked at her as if reading her inmost thoughts, and she saw by his piercing eyes that flashed like lightning in a cloud-storm, that thunder would soon peal forth.

“Iris,” he began, “I was very much astonished to learn the result of an interview between yourself and Richmond. I can scarcely believe that you were in earnest, and feel disposed to attribute your foolish words to some trifling motive of your girlish fancy. You must have been aware that all my plans and hopes for you centred in this engagement. I have not pressed the matter, well knowing that you had sense enough to appreciate your position, and because I believed that you would be guided by my wishes in this most important affair. You are no longer a child. I treat you now as a reasonable woman, and I tell you candidly, it is the one all-absorbing wish of my heart to see you Richmond Clanronald’s wife. My daughter, I cannot believe that you on whom I have centred all my tenderest affection, can refuse to accede to my wishes, or disappoint my dearest hopes. Of course, in all that I do or counsel, I am actuated only by a desire to promote your earthly happiness. My child, I have a right to direct you, and surely your affection for

your father will induce you to yield to his reasonable wishes."

"Father," said she, "my happiness will not be promoted by this marriage, and if you are actuated solely by this motive, allow me to remain just as I am, for I should be most miserable as Richmond's wife."

"And why do you think so, pray?" asked he.

"For reasons which I gave him last night," said she, and which I think it is not necessary for me to repeat, as he, no doubt, has told them to you."

"I should very much like to hear them from yourself," said he.

"Well," she commenced, "firstly, our natures could not possibly harmonize; our characters are totally dissimilar, and, more than all, we do not love each other as people should who plight their troth before the holy altar of God. I presume that Richmond tells you that he loves me; so he does, but the deep, holy affection which he ought to feel for the woman whom he would call his wife, has no existence in his heart. It will prove a mere temporary disappointment, nothing seriously touching his happiness, for I assure you, dear papa, that is not in my keeping. Even if it was otherwise, my own feelings would stand an impregnable barrier to our union. Is one of God's holy sacraments to become a mere pecuniary transaction? An only child to be bartered for gold, by her father! Would you make yourself and your daughter parties to so ignoble a proceeding?"

"My dear child," said he, "I thought you had more

sense; your objections, I assure you, are imaginary and very trifling, and I ask you, as a father has a right to ask his child, to spurn these objections and absurd notions, and grant the only request I have ever made of you."

"Dear father," replied she, "I do not wish to anger you but why do you want to part with me yet? I am very young, and I do not want to marry, so soon to be tied down to a married life. Give me two or three years more to consider on this most important subject, perhaps before that time expires, things might change to your satisfaction."

She had scarcely finished the last sentence when a carriage drove up to the door, and they dropped the conversation and went to receive the guests. The strangers alighted and were received by the father and daughter, in a manner becoming their rank and station.

"Glad to see you Sir Charles," said Lord Marcourt, as he shook the gentleman warmly by the hand, while Lady Iris greeted his daughter Fanny in a manner becoming the heiress of Marcourt Hall. Fanny looked charming in her jaunty little hat—richly trimmed with a rare plume of gay-colored feathers tipped with orange, while her well-fitting dress of brocaded silk, relieved by a few knots of violet satin, descended in graceful folds from her finely shaped waist, and swept the rich velvet carpet as they proceeded to the drawing room, where Miss Maud Cuffe was introduced to the guests. The afternoon was occupied in friendly conversation, and the visitors were invited to stay for luncheon, after which they departed. Iris then

wishing to be alone had sought her own room, for she had many things to think of. Although she had acquainted Maud of her intention to go out to the Crimean war, she did not inform her that she was going there in disguise, and in the uniform of a cavalry soldier. Iris had her mind made up for some time past to dress herself in boy's clothes and enlist as a trumpeter in the same regiment as Hubert was serving in. She had read of Joan of Arc, and several other heroines. She had been brooding over this undertaking ever since Hubert's departure, but now comprehending the persecution she was sure to suffer from both her father and Richmond were she to stay at home, she was determined therefore, to brave every difficulty and follow Hubert to Dublin where she hoped to feast her eyes on his manly features and noble figure again, and accompany him to the seat of war in the East—share his dangers, as well as to watch over him should any harm befall him while on active service before the enemy. With this firm resolution she had secured a smart suit of boy's clothes, and an under waistcoat of fine texture which she herself carefully padded, so as to fill up the inequalities of her bosom, the more cleverly to disguise her sex. She was just after stowing away the aforesaid articles in her portmanteau when the housekeeper knocked at her door and was admitted.

"Well, Nanny what's the matter now?" asked Iris, when she saw her old nurse's face, which portended something of unusual importance.

"Och, alanna!" replied she, "enough's the mather, sure I couldn't rest till I'd come an' tell ye what's on me mind."

"I heard the Banshee cryin' for the last three nights, an' that's a sure sign that some dreadful catastrophe is agoin' to happen. Oh, me honey! your pale face an' big, sorrowful blue eyes, follow me day an' night. I knew how it would be with you, for when you were born into this blessed world there were awful signs! The sun wor eclipsed at noon-day, hens went to roost as if night had come, an' I saw stars in the sky at twelve o'clock in the day! Och! I thought sure enough that judgment had come at last; when they put ye in me arms I trembled like a lafe, I could barely stand wid the wakeness that came over me, an' ye could have knocked me down wid a thrauneen. I am very thankful that Miss Maud is here, she will be great company to ye, an' help to stand between ye an' troubles, which I'm afeard is comin.' Ye didn't see how yer father frowned the other day when ye declined Richmond's attentions. I wor lookin' through the windy an' saw it all. I haven't had one hour's pace av mind since, an' I dhramed av secin' ye in great troubles. Ah! me honey! there's a sore heart an' deep sorrow in store for ye, if ye marry that *veehonee* (English profligate) It's a great sin an' a shame for yer father to force ye to marry that harem-skarem when ye don't love him, an' I know ye don't, therefore ye ought to just set your face against it. I know myself that 'twas he who wor the means of banishin' his brother Hubert

from the castle, an' I can tell ye that no good 'll come of the same Richmond, mark my word!" She then swayed herself from side to side, as did the necromancers of old, in announcing oracular decrees.

"You need not trouble yourself about me, Nanny," said Iris, "I want nobody to stand between me and troubles. Besides, you mus' remember that whatever my father does he is only actuated with the desire to promote my future happiness and welfare."

"Thru for ye, me honey," replied Nanny, "but does he think ye'll be happy tied down for life to such a night owl an' gamblin' thief av the world as that young scape-grace is. No, my honey, it's the grand castle an' fine estates that yer father's ambitious for. He expects when yer married an' rollin' in riches that ye'll be happy, but it's meself that knows bether nar that, an' yer ould nurse never was deceived yet. I've lived long enough to have seen how such loveless marriages had turned out, an' it grieves me entirely to think that ye'd be thrown away on such a rascalion, that thinks more of his horses an' dogs than he would of his purty wife. Yer father is determined that ye shall marry him, for I have heard a private discourse between himself an' Richmond in the library ere-last-night, through a chink in the door."

"What did you hear them talking about, Nanny?" said Iris.

"Well, aisy alanna," said she, "an' I'll be afther tellin' ye. Yer father said, 'make yer mind aisy about her, she'll have to comply with my wishes. I will, however, have

a quiet talk with her on the subject to-morrow, but I think that she has more sense than to set her face against my desire; she has got some curious notions in her head about love which I cannot understand." With that the door opened an' Miss Maud came in an' I left the room, so that she wouldn't think that I was an eaves-dropper. This troubled me so much all last night that I never closed an eye."

"Well, Nanny," said Iris, "my father has had that interview with me which you heard him mention, but did not carry his point. I am not going to marry Richmond with all his riches, castles and fine estates, even to gratify my father's ambition. Miss Florence Nightingale is going out to the Crimean war with a staff of noble ladies who have volunteered to go out there as nurses to the sick and wounded soldiers, and I have made up my mind to go out there too. But my father must not know anything of it until after I am a few days gone. Himself and his would-be son-in-law are going to Galway in a day or two on election matters, and will be absent a week or more, then will be my time to depart from here. Nanny, you must comfort my father as well as you possibly can during my absence."

"I'll do that same to the best of my power, plase God," replied Nanny, "may the blessin' of the Almighty protect ye while yer away in them foreign parts. I believe 'tis better for ye to do that same, nar to be after gettin' married to the man ye don't love, an' trust to yer heavenly Father to protect ye. Besides, sure it'll be a great charity

in the sight o' God to nurse them poor wounded sojers, an' a nobler hearted lady won't be among them nar ye blessed self. I'll be aisy in my mind to think that yer out of the clutches of Richmond, for I know something of his deceitful ways."

"Nanny," said Iris, "after I am gone, see that Norah looks carefully after my room, and remind her frequently to air my clothes and keep them in order."

"Musha then, agra," replied Nanny, "I'll do that same never fear, an' we'll soother your father an' make him believe that ye've done a great charity, entirely. Maybe alanna, ye'd be afther comin' across Hubert out there among them sojers, sure he was a noble, brave boy, entirely, an' took afther his father, an' I have no doubt but he has gone out to them foreign parts to fight them Rooshans."

"Nanny," said Iris, "stranger things than that have often come to pass."

"True for ye, me honey," replied Nanny, "the ways of the Lord is intricate entirely to us poor wake mortals. Praise be to His holy name!"

"God knows best how to direct us," said Iris. "He is our support and strength in all our trials and crosses. Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above; coming down from the Father of light, with whom there is no change, nor shadow of alteration."

"Dear knows, alanna," replied Nanny, "'tis true for ye, sure yer spakin' nothin' but the truth, God 'll protect them that put their trust in Him, as well in war as in peace.



"I had an uncle in the army who was very religious, an' always put his trust in God before goin' into battle, an' signs on it he came through the mighty wars without a scratch, God be praised, but he's now dead and gone, rest his soul. He served all through the Peninsular war under Wellington, an' got taken prisoner by the French, bud got free in time to take part in the battle of Waterloo, where he had the satisfaction of batin' his enemy at that mighty battle, an' chasin' Bony an' his whole army off the field. He came home soon afther safe an' sound, with a good pension for life."

"Nanny," said Iris, you never told me you had an uncle in the army."

"Oh, agra!" replied Nanny, "sure it's not right for the likes o' me to be pestering me lady wid such stories, don't I know my place better nar that me honey."

"Well, Nanny," said Iris, "tell me how your uncle was taken prisoner, and how he made his escape. I am fond of adventures."

"Well agra," replied Nanny, "I'll do that same as well as I know how, an' I ought to have it off purty well, for I've heard my uncle tell it so often that it's impressed firmly on my memory, but there's so many French words in it that I can't get my tongue around them at all."

"Oh!" said Iris, "never mind the French words, you can skip over the hardest of them."

"True for ye, honey," said she, "I'll do that same as well as I can." She then cleared her throat with a short cough and began :

"Well, acushla; my uncle was in a cavalry regiment an' was orderly on Lord Wellington's staff just afore the battle of Quatre-Bras.

"Well, if he war, well an' good. An officer who had been sent forward to reconnoitre returned with the intelligence that they wor British cavalry that wor over beyant for-ainst them, for he had seen them plainly, an' knew them by their uniform.

"I cannot think it is, sir," said Wellington. "It is hardly possible that any British cavalry could have taken up a position there so close to the French lines without supports of infantry. Orderly," cried he to my uncle, who was standin' just behind him, "ride over under cover of that clump of trees on the side of the hill, where you can have a good view without exposing yourself, an' see if they are our troops, an' if they are tell the officer in command to retire in rear of the first line of infantry." With that my uncle put spurs to his horse an' cleared the fence with a jump, for he wor a mighty fine horseman. He then galloped on as fast as his horse could speed till he came to the large clump of trees where he had a good view of the troops, an' then as he was returning to Sir Arthur wid the report that they wor French troops, a party of French dragoons surrounded an' seized him in the wood an' marched him off a prisoner o' war. Oh! devil a lie in it.

"Ye see the French wor concealed in the wood watching for such a chance, as well as to reconnoitre the British position. He wor there an' then marched afore Bony

himself, who bowed very politely as he addressed me uncle.

“‘Do you spake French, sir?’ said he in a commandin’ voice that would have frightened a good sojer, but me uncle worn’t a taste afraid of him. ‘The nara a word, sir,’ said me uncle.

“‘How came you to be taken prisoner,’ said he, ‘Well, aisy yer honor,’ said me uncle, ‘an’ I’ll be afther tellin’ ye. I wor orderly to Sir Arthur himself, who sent me in to the wood to watch the French cavalry, who were in column over beyant the hill, an’ before I had time to say Jack Robinson I wor surrounded by them thievin’ French dragoons, devil take them.’

“‘Yer an’ Irishman, I presume,’ said he. ‘Faith then ye may take yer davy on that,’ said me uncle.

“‘Now,’ says Bony, ‘I am goin’ to have ye shot if you don’t tell me truly all the questions that I will put to you.’

“‘O murther-in-Irish,’ says me uncle, ‘sure ye wouldn’t be afther doin’ that, seein’ as how I can’t spake French.’

“‘Well,’ says Bony, ‘you can give me the information that I want in English.’

“‘Bedad yer honor,’ says me uncle, ‘the English language puzzles me entirely to spake it properly, bekase I never larned it. Bud if ye ask me in Irish, yer honor, I think I can answer ye properly.’

“‘*Sacre bleu*,’ says Bony, ‘I don’t understand yer Irish language.’

“‘What wor the strength of the British forces on the field under arms yesterday?’

“ ‘Och, ya, me bouchal,’ says me uncle, ‘troth, it ‘ud take a better mathematician nar meself over six months to reckon them any how, bud there must have been over six millions at the laste calculation.’

‘*Sacre bleu,*’ says Bony, strikin’ the table wid his ridin’ whip, ‘what is the fellow sayin’ about millions?’

“ ‘De Marchies,’ said he to his aid-de-camp, ‘hand this Irishman over to the provost marshal, an’ tell him to give the rascal fifty lashes, perhaps that might induce him to spake English an’ tell the truth. The scoundrel is foxin’ I am confident.’ *Skerrah slumach a rogallah* (Anglais), Sweet bad luck to ye for a French thief,’ says me uncle, for he knew they did not understand Irish. Me uncle wor there an’ then marched off to a mean-lookin’ ould guard house where several British officers an’ soldiers were prisoners, some under the sentence of death an’ others waitin’ the provost marshal’s pleasure to be flogged, while others were dyin’ from wounds which they had received in battle the day previous. At the farthest end of the room his eye caught sight of a captain of his own regiment, whom he knew at once, although he was almost concealed entirely by his large military cloak, which he had wrapped closely around him. ‘Arrah, captain,’ says my uncle goin’ over to him, ‘are you a prisoner too?’

“ ‘I am indeed my man,’ says he, in a very melancholy mood. ‘I see that you belong to the Enniskilleners also, what is your name, and how did you get taken prisoner?’

“ ‘Faith, sir,’ says me uncle, ‘I’m well known in the regiment, an’ me name is Patsey McNaughton, to be sure.

I wor orderly on Sir Arthur's staff, an' wor sent into the wood to watch the movements of the thievin French, bad sess to 'em! when I wor surrounded by a parcel of *Cuirassiers*, bad luck to them, an' marched a prisoner before Bony this mornin'.

"I wor also cut off from my party this mornin', says the captain, ' an' many despatches of great importance found upon me. Bony himself has sentenced me to be shot to-morrow mornin' afore sunrise, because I refused to give him the information he demanded.'

" 'Oh, for the Lord's sake,' cries me uncle, clappin' his hands in great dismay, an' turnin' his eyes up towaro heaven, for he was mighty religious at the announcement. 'Worra, worra,' cries me uncle, 'what's the world comin' to at all, at all?' As he wor lamenting the captain's hard fate he glanced his eyes around the room an' saw a French priest who happened to be an Irishman givin' the last rights of the church to a dyin' soldier. As the priest came towards me uncle their eyes met an' they recognized each other, when the priest grasped me uncle warmly by the hand an' said, 'Patrick McNaughton how are ye? I have seen you before. Do you remember the night I was a prisoner in your camp that ye carried me through the English lines an' gave me my liberty. I shall never forget that good turn. I have a debt to pay you since that night, when you so gallantly conducted me past your guards an' picquets an' set me free. It is now my turn to set you free; one good turn deserves another. I will come here for you about dusk this evenin' an' con-

duct you, God willin', in safety through all the French outposts, an' then ye can trust to your horses' heels for your safety. I will bring a cloak for you an' disguise you as one of my own cloth, so that I will deceive the guards.' He was then about to hurry off, when me uncle took him a little one side an' asked him for to do him one more favour, an' that he would ever pray for his welfare.

"'What is it?' said the good priest, 'an' if it is within my power I will gladly do it.'

"'Well, sir,' says me uncle, 'I don't care much about me own liberty, but if you will take this here captain (pointin' to the officer) an' give him his freedom in my place, I will pray for you all the days of my life.'

"'Well,' says the priest, 'you are an example of generosity, an' an unselfish Irishman. Seein' that you are so anxious for yer friend, I will do my best endeavours to secure his freedom also.' One firm grasp of the hand, to which me uncle heartily responded by another dislocatin' squeeze which made the good father wince, an' he wor gone. It wor with a feeling of gladness that me uncle saw his own an' the captain's liberty afore him, an' that once more he'd join the bould charge an' hear the wild hurra of his gallant countrymen again. With increased impatience he waited for his good deliverer an' wid an anxious beatin' heart he listened to every sound which indicated his approach.

"At last he came accompanied by another priest just as the night was fallin'. They were both well mounted. The priest gave his horse to one of the guard to hold

while he went into the guard-room an' ordered my uncle an' the captain in a commandin' tone of voice (so as to throw the sentry off his guard) to come with him.

"The guard thinkin' that the priests had authority for takin' away the prisoners to some convenient place in order to look after their souls instead of their bodies, and prepare them for execution next day, had no hesitation in lettin' them go with the priests.

"Me uncle and the captain were not long in mountin' the two spare horses which the good father had provided for them, when they started at a toppin pace unheeded by any person, as it was quite dark. The two priests saw them through the French lines, when they parted with a firm grasp of the hand an' many expressions of heartfelt gratitude. They then doubled their speed until they joined their own squadrons in safety. From that out the captain befriended me uncle an' made a rich man of him. But the poor man is now dead and gone, rest his soul. Amin."

"Nanny," said Iris, when the story was finished, "your uncle was a brave soldier and a whole-hearted man."

"Troth was he, me lady," replied Nanny.

"How long has he been dead?" asked Iris.

"Well, aisy agra, a wee start," replied Nanny, "while I reckon up. *Nea nea agus a nea naugher*, nine nights an' a night widout countin', wor ould holly-eve-night, well, af it wor, well an' good, an' me uncle died three nights afther. Aisy now, let me see, that 'ud make a wee thought over an' above three years come next surraft. Rest the poor man's soul. Amin."

Nanny's definition puzzled Iris to construe its meaning into the vernacular, and as she had plenty to trouble her little brains about, she gave it up, and turned her attention to more important matters.

Two days passed very quietly. Iris occupied the time preparing for her departure. She had her hair cut short by Nanny—her curls made into a chignon to wear until she changed it for a soldier's forage cap. Before going to bed that night she locked her door and dressed in her suit of boy's clothes, to see how they became her, and stood before the large mirror. A pretty figure she was, round and graceful. Freshened by tints as delicate as those which give the peach its beauty; her countenance was mildly animated, bearing traces of sympathy, reserve, and cultivation that enhanced her loveliness to the exaltation of something heavenly.

Imaginative, and full of warm sentiment and feeling, her mind was the arena of fancies and romantic predilections—prompted less by the reading of fiction than natural impulses, still the recent perusal of some excellent narratives of former heroines, as well as the circumstances by which she sought consolation, had some influence in giving a definite form to her preternatural longings for adventure.

Here was ample occasion for submitting to her bias. Since Hubert's departure she had lived in a world of dreams, but she would dream no longer, of phantasm she had had enough. Now she willed to deal only with realities, whatever might be their issue.



On the eve of starting for Dublin her mind was filled with sympathy and love for Hubert, who was virtually abandoned by his family and friends; but she was determined, if within her compass of feminine ability, to soften its bitterness. Brave girl! Little did she anticipate the fatigues, hardships, dangers, and privations she would have to undergo to effect her purpose. As her father's consent to the project was beyond the region of her hope, she resolved, therefore, to enter upon it without his assistance or sanction. Not doubting, if spirit, ardour and bravery had anything to do in sustaining her, she would prove in time a worthy companion by her fidelity and love to the noble youth whom she was now going to accompany through hardships and dangers.

A bold resolve it was, and fraught with risks to virtue and life. But had not other maidens undertaken similar adventures?

Such was her cardinal question, answered satisfactorily by herself. She had studied the heroine's character well. Her constancy and privations, her hopes and apprehensions, her deportment, patience, energy and perseverance, through dangers and crushing trials, were so many charming pictures of a noble and sublime career, that Iris felt as if destiny had pointed her out to reproduce them. No wonder that this contemplated adventure should fill her mind the evening before her departure. Her constancy and love for Hubert she considered a proper motive for this enterprise, she believed her honor would be shielded from insult or peril, as by an ægis, and by successfully

overcoming her trials and difficulties, years of after consolation and happiness would be assured. Allured by these maiden fancies, the flaming sword of the angel of Destiny waved her from the Eden of her girlish daydreams, and by its fiery gleams she read her fate, and entered her carriage accompanied by Maud, an hour after her father's departure for Galway. As Jerry Tierney, the coachman, cracked his whip, and the horses moved off, the servants were all assembled around the carriage, and with sad features and tears of sorrow streaming down their melancholy cheeks, they bid their kind-hearted, noble young mistress God-speed, old Nanny, her faithful nurse throwing her old slipper after her for good luck. They arrived at Ballinasloe in time for the two p.m. train, where our heroine took her seat in a first-class carriage by herself for Dublin, after taking an affectionate farewell of Maud, when tearful eyes and quivering lips were revealed. Iris could scarcely speak, but, partially gaining the mastery over her emotions, she sobbed—they kissed, and each said good-bye and parted. As the train moved out slowly from the domed arch of the railway station, Iris sank back in one corner of the carriage and covered her face with her handkerchief, smothered a groan and fought desperately with her voiceless anguish. We will not attempt to dilate upon her thoughts and feelings, as the swift-winged train sped along; we will leave that to our gentle reader to surmise. Suffice it to say that, on her arrival in Dublin at 8.30 p.m., she drove in a cab to her own town house, Merrion-square, kept ready for guests by her

father's faithful old butler and his wife, who attended to all her wants. Before retiring for the night, however, she informed the housekeeper that she was going away early next morning, and should not require any attendance. After giving some minor instructions to the butler, concerning a portmanteau which she had addressed to Mr. Robert Eyre, to be left at the Imperial Hotel, Lower Sackville-street, she dismissed her attendants and went to bed. Early the next morning, she made her toilet, dressed herself in boy's clothes, and by the application of a slight touch of cosmetics, changed her fair face to personate that of a rustic country youth, trusting exposure to wind, rain and sunshine, to sufficiently disguise her beauty and sex in a few days, from the possibility of detection even by Hubert, which would entirely frustrate all her future plans. Satisfied with her appearance in male attire, with cane in hand she left the house by a side door, went for a walk through the city until breakfast hour, when she repaired to the Imperial Hotel, Lower Sackville-street, where she registered her name Robert Eyre, and was then shown to her room. Having a large amount of money to her credit in the Bank of Ireland, she supplied herself with plenty of funds for future emergency. Having breakfasted at the hotel, she called a cab and drove as far as the gate of Island Bridge barracks, where the 11th Hussars were stationed, and after paying and dismissing the cabman she walked into the barracks just as the regiment was falling in for parade, and mingled with the crowd of spectators. During the long hour of inspection, she strain-

ed her eyes anxiously watching to discover Hubert, but could not detect him for a long time. At last, as the galland corps marched past in review order close to where she stood, in open column of squadrons, the horses keeping time to the soul-stirring strains of martial music, standards flying, armour flashing, plumes and pennons fluttering, and horses prancing, Iris's sharp eyes espied the idol of her heart, and she exclaimed almost audibly, "Oh! there he is, dear, brave Hubert,—my noble cavalier!" Her astonishment at her lover's chivalrous appearance was beyond description. Her heart beat, her bosom heaved, and her eyes filled with tears of joy as she gazed with love and admiration on his manly and noble physique. After witnessing the cavalry movements with deep interest, while they were at drill, on being dismissed she followed them to the stables, where she watched Hubert intently as he groomed down and attended to his charger. Having been elated by her visit, she passed out of the barracks gate, when her attention was directed to a crowd of young fellows who were assembled around a recruiting party—a tall sergeant of very dashing exterior, gayly dressed with scarlet coatee and grenadier wings, crimson sash over his right shoulder, overlaid with silk ribbons—blue, scarlet and yellow. From his neat, jaunty forage-cap, which sat on three hairs, streamers of the gaudiest hues floated in the air; the corporal scarcely his inferior in personal appearance. They were accompanied by two privates, tall, well preportioned young fellows, selected from the grenadier company of the regiment.

The corporal and privates were dressed like the sergeant only not so costly. Proudly did they march down the street, gay as peacocks—decoys to the wondering spectators; the gallant sergeant, with his penetrating eye and determined countenance, softened by a cheerful look and pleasant smile, winning admiration as he glanced upwards at the windows, which were filled with wondering maidens and children.

“Halt!” cried the sergeant, when the party came to a standstill in the middle of the street where the sergeant gave a vivid picture of military life, of its good pay, splendid uniform, first-class rations and a noble pension on discharge. He told a flattering tale; when speaking of campaigns, battle-fields, long marches, the forlorn hope, and the hard vicissitudes of military life, he declaimed like one who knew something of the terrific work of blood, carnage and slaughter. Then followed a gasconading oration about glory, blood-money, medals and commissions, which was wound up by an exciting invitation to his hearers to join him.

“Who’ll ’list fur all this, and a great dale more?” he exclaimed, “boys, d’ye hear me?”

“Who could be aff it wid sich a clear, rich, loud voice av yer own?” answered a voice from the crowd.

“Well, listen then, till I astonish ye,” cried he. “I want tradesmen and gintlemen av every grade an’ profession under the canopy of hivin’, from five feet five an’ a half up’ards, and not over thirty years av age be yer baptismal sartificates, af any av ye can purduce them;

av fine limb an' martial aspect, wid good characters, an no mortal diseases, d'ye mind."

"Long life to the sergeant!" shouted the mob.

"I want good min," continued he, "fine min, fit to work at a fortress, dig a trench, wid courage enough to mount a breach, storm a citadel, fight single-handed wid the Rooshans, or capture the soord av the Czar, or Fin-Macule, whin called on to do so, d'ye mind? No shamers, mind, 'll do fur me, divil the one, bud gallant fellows wid strength, heroic minds, an' endurance, ready to go any where, to freeze to death in the Crimea, or to simmer on the burnin' sands av Zulu land. Countrymen! all this fur glory an' ould Ireland. Cast off yer ould clothes an' put on a suit like mine. There's no holes in mine, nor patches, mind ye, an' both feet covered wid fine new boots, all as sound an' tight as a fiddle afther bein' tuned. There's many a better man here nar meself," continued the sergeant, "workin' fur nothin' an' livin' on less. Most av ye have been reared tenderly, wid ladies' maids fur nurses, an' silver spoons in yer mouth, to do justice to yer delicate appetite. Divil a gob forninst me has been distorted wid a horn spoon. There's a great change in ye now, so there is."

This satirical quiz drew forth much laughter and merriment from the crowd.

"Faix, 'tis thrue fur ye, sergeant," shouted a voice from amongst them.

"How d'ye account fur this rack an' ruin?" asked the sergeant, "an' what's the cause av the astoundin' differ-

ence between ye an' meself. Look at me an' ye'll see the picture av full an' plenty, forby the cadaverous lanthern jaws I see all around me. What's the cause of this ?"

"Begorra, we don't know at all at all, sergeant," said one of the bystanders.

"Well, aisy a while, me bouchal, an' I'll tell ye. It's like this: I belong to Her Majesty's service an' am sure av good feedin', bread fur life an' cheese fur everlastin', d'ye mind ? Yours, af it comes at all, and that's a question, is only a scarecrow's meal, as through chance or accident. Then why bemean yerselves when sich a chance as this is freely offered to ye ? Don't be blinded, countrymen, I wor myself wonst, so therefore I know all about it, divil a lie in it ! When I 'listed, bedad, I hadn't as much coverin' to me back as an African negro. My features wor as long as a fiddle, an' me cheeks wor as thin as a lanthern, an' I wor as wake as a kitten. Bud look at me now, an' the men there. We're no objects, are we ? bud the pictures of good livin' an' specimens av what ye'll be yerselves in no time, af ye'll come an under me purtection, the sarra lie I'm tellin' ye. Now, boys, I'm ready to 'list as many as likes on the conditions specified, an' thrate ye like gintlemen, as ye are. There's no compulsion, mind. Not a mother's son that don't want to come needn't offer ; ye must all be free an' willin'. Remember that the corps I'm 'listin' fur are the bravest an' honorablest in the universe, wid the best officers in the army. (Hurrah ! ) Ye'll get double pay, double clothin', tools fur nothin', superior beddin' av long feathers, an' three square

meals a day, two holidays a week, a pair av trousers an' ammunitions a year, beer money an' musther wonst a month. (Hurrah!) God save the Queen an' all the Royal family!"

"Sergeant," cried out one of the mob, "ye didn't tell us what corps yer 'listin' fur?"

"Be me soul thin, me boy," said he, "it's the truth yer spakin'. Sure in the speech I made I forgot that same entirely, but I'll make up for that I'll be yer bail. Now 'tention, an' I'll tell ye, me boys.

"I've got Her Majesty's commission to 'list fur the Connaught Rangers, vulgarly called *Faughgoballaughs*; the Royal Bengal Tigers, commonly called the Lilly Whites, by reason av their white facins' (a clane corps they are); The Blind Half-Hundred, that lost their sight crassin' the deserts av Arabia; the Half-Dozen, Skin 'em Alive; The Holy Boys that sould their Bibles fur to buy whisky; the Springers, an' Scotch Grays, an' last but not laste, Prince Albert's Hussars, 'roneously called Cherry Pickers, by reason av their crimson overalls.

"Now, gintlemen take yer choice corps. For men who can do nothin' better it's a splendid resort. It creates ambition, gives occasion for distinction, an' leads true duty an' valour to promotion an' honor. Heroes aren't found 'mong peasants, but in the army rustics may achieve fame. For such as ye the sarvice 'ud be a fortune; an' in these troublesome times, war bein' the sojer's pastime, there's nothin' to prevent ye, in a few years, fillin' yer purse to the mouth wid goold guineas, an'



winnin' yer broad soords an' yer spurs as many a noble fellow has done afore, d'ye mind. (Hurrah ! hurrah !)"

Acclamations and shrill whistling rent the air. The Queen was cheered and blessed by every mouth, and the sergeant was almost trodden under foot from pure kindness and respect. As soon as order and silence were restored, Iris, *alias* Robert Eyre, stepped boldly up to the sergeant with a resolute modesty in her face and attitude which drew great attention and respect from the crowd of rustics, whose instinct led them to surmise that the young lad who addressed the sergeant was of noble blood, and said, "If you please, sergeant, I want to enlist for a trumpeter in Prince Albert's Hussars."

"Bravo!" roared the sergeant, "Yer just the boy I want for that gallant corps; they want two sich smart promisin' boys as yerself. Be the Lord Harry! there's not a gintleman in all Ireland that does me greater honor nor yerself by selectin' the Hussars for your future career, an' meself as the grand mather av yer initiation. That's plain spakin', d'ye mind."

The ceremony customary on such occasions was gone through in a manner that did credit to the sergeant. The significant Queen's shilling was placed in Robert Eyre's hand, binding him irrevocably to the service. The ribbons were affixed to his hat by the sergeant, and as he did so Robert slipped a sovereign into his hand, and requested that he might be handed over to the regiment at once, to which the sergeant acceded, leaving the corporal to take charge of the other recruits until his return.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that our heroine's name during her soldier's career is changed to the masculine appellation of Robert Eyre, for such was the name she had chosen at her enlistment. We will, however, be obliged, for obvious reasons, to designate her by the title of heroine, and her, or she, in some parts of our narrative, as well as he, when alluding to her as Robert Eyre.





## CHAPTER IV.

THE BARRACKS—THE BUGLE MAJOR—THE YOUNG TRUMPETER—HER FEELINGS—THE KIT—THE DRILL—OUR HEROINE DISMISSED DBILL—HUBERT PROMOTED—PHENIX PARK—THE ROUTE—THE PARADE—DRAW SWORDS—THE MARCH—EMBARKATION—THE DEPARTURE—THE VOYAGE—SEA SICKNESS—TROOP SHIP—THE LAND DESCRIED—DEBARKATION—THE MARCH—EGYPTIAN CAMP — THE SCENERY — THE HIGHLANDER—THE IRISHMAN—CAMP LIFE—IRIS AMUSED—THE BASHI BAZOUKS—OMAR PASHA--THE INDIAN—PILGRIMS—THE TURKISH PROPHETESS—OUR HEROINE—THE TURKISH CAFE—THE CORPS DE CARDE — THE RECONNAISSANCE — PROMOTED—THE EPIDEMIC — THE HIMALAYA—THE COMBINED FLEETS—THE VOYAGE.

ON entering the barracks, the sergeant was informed by the sentry at the gate that the commanding officer was in the orderly room, to which he marched his recruit, with all the importance and bearing of an ancient warrior, who had achieved a feat of great valour by entrapping and capturing by his allurements such a noble specimen of a recruit for that distinguished corps the "Prince Albert's Hussars." On arrival at the orderly room the sergeant sent in his recruit's name, and waited in the hall for an answer. Robert stood in suspense with a fluttering heart, and not without an emotion of humiliation until his turn came to appear before the commanding offi-

cer. At last he heard the intoned voice of the sergeant-major calling his name, and in another moment he was standing in the orderly room before the colonel, who questioned him concerning his willingness, age and ability to serve as a trumpeter. "Remember," said he, "that the first duty of a soldier is obedience to his superior officers. A soldier should be brave, firm, polite, honorable and true, considering all men before himself, gentle to women, kind to orphans and the aged, faithful to God, to his comrades, and his colors. Every soldier should consider himself a perfect gentleman. These are the attributes most essential to constitute a good soldier. To which Robert answered in the affirmative, with such an easy grace and politeness, that showed his education and refinement, which impressed the colonel deeply in his favor; when he called the bugle-major, and gave Robert over to the special guardianship and instruction of that most important personage, who enrolled him among the trumpeters, drummers and bandmen of the gallant regiment. Robert was then conducted to a barrack room and shown to his cot. On entering the room the boys were much impressed by the gentlemanly exterior of their newly arrived comrade. They could plainly see by his appearance that he belonged to the higher order of society, and respected him accordingly. Robert appreciated their politeness and encouraged it by his future example and soldiery conduct.

Here it occurs to us to ask the question: What must have been our heroine's feelings that night, as she lay



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down on her pallet of straw, in an open barrack-room, with twenty young men as companions? The difficulty of fathoming her thoughts is so great that we shall abstain from giving a decided answer. However, it is much more easily imagined than described.

How different to the elegant bed and elaborately furnished chamber, kept so scrupulously neat and clean by her maid Norah, in her father's castle; but our heroine never uttered a complaint, nor made a comparison between the luxury of her life while in her comfortable home, and the hardships and severity which she was now forced to encounter and bear in her first independent step in the great drama of her life. Yet many a bitter pang wrung her young heart when she reflected on the lonely and desolate existence which her father must lead, now that the only source of interest and comfort he possessed in this world was removed from him. But such feelings were closely shut up within her own bosom, and with every disposition to present our heroine in as favorable a light as possible to my gentle reader, I cannot say that this sorrow could be called repentance, when she thought of how she had been bored and persecuted at home by Richmond and her father. Armed with a firm resolution to be brave and bear up against all trials and hardships of her present mode of life, she resigned herself wholly to her fate without a murmur. The day would come sooner or later when Hubert and herself would be happy together and her father would bless them. She had now made her bed and was willing to lie in it,

"She would see Hubert to-morrow," was her last sweet thought, as she composed herself to sleep for the first time on a soldier's cot. The first night spent among soldiers had rather shocked her sense of modesty and damped her chivalry, but then the certainty that her sex was unknown gave her confidence and courage to accomplish her adventure.

The next three days were occupied in receiving his kit, and getting his clothing fitted. After which he attended drill twice, and trumpet practice once a day. He never felt the slightest desire to rebel against a single regulation of the corps, or command of his instructor. He was always the first at drill, at practice and on parade; always clean, quick to learn, and comprehensive. He soon became a favourite with the trumpet-major who was exceedingly pleased with his new recruit, more especially when he found him so intelligent and quick to learn the trumpet calls. Thus Robert was kept at drill and practice for a month, when he was sent up to a more advanced squad, which were at their riding lessons. Here Robert showed his ability on horseback to the great delight of the rough-rider. He had been only three days at single lessons, when he was advanced to a squad who had been at troop practice over two months. His first exercise with this squad of recruits was in charge of the riding-master, and took place on the drill ground, where the colonel and several officers were present to witness the recruits' horsemanship, as they went through the different evolutions and degrees of marching usually prac-

tised by cavalry. They were at a jog-trot, to the great ease and comfort of Robert, who, having been accustomed to ride from his youth up, proceeded very contentedly, now circling right, now wheeling left, and from the position of his hands and head evidently fancying he was riding after the hounds; and to the great misery of the others, who never having previously to their enlistment attempted to bestride an animal's back, appeared in an awkward and painful attitude. Here the legs of some were dragged up convulsively, as a loss of equilibrium, consequent upon the want of stirrups, threatened to precipitate them respectively on the near and off side. Some surreptitiously kept hold of the pommel of the saddle, and others, taking a bolder and more open line of policy, on the first symptoms of danger, dropped the reins and grasped the mane with all their might, without the slightest attempt at concealment. Some parts of this exhibition, though painful and terrible to the recruits—who had for their sole consolation the consciousness that the imminent peril incurred was all for the honor and glory of their Queen and country—were calculated to excite the mirth of the disinterested spectators.

“Ha-a-a-ult!” cried out the instructor, “Oh, this won't do at all!”

“There's only one young lad in the squad who rides according to my instructions, and he's only been at it three days, the others of the squad have been riding over two months. This won't do! Pay more attention, men. Don't be afraid of tumbling off; if you do there are

plenty of doctors waiting for a job; sit upright, and look straight to your front, as if all Ireland belonged to you, head erect, shoulders square, legs straight and loose, knees and toes turned inwards, arms close to the side and bent forward from the elbows. Robert Eyre, take the right of the squad, you are more fit to lead the squad than any of the others. Now try it again and attend to my instructions,—steady with it now—tro-o-t!”

This time Robert led the squad at a steady but rapid pace through several movements when, through excitement, the last files broke into a canter, and at the word ‘halt!’, the last man coming up with a jerk, his horse, an old trooper, being better acquainted with the words of command than his rider, the latter was shot forward out of the saddle, and landed on the animal’s crest; the next moment he was clasping the horse affectionately round the neck, and showed at the same time an unequivocal tendency to straggle off sideways. The horse, perceiving that something unusual was happening, thought proper to start off at an experimental jog, and being speedily released of his burden took a canter around the square, exhibiting his heels in the air at every other stride. This little *contre-temps* brought roars of laughter from the spectators.

“Egad!” exclaimed the colonel, addressing the adjutant, “that handsome young recruit can show those lubbers how to ride; it is not the first time that he has crossed a thorough-bred by all appearance.”

“He is a smart young fellow,” rejoined the adjutant,



“and the trumpet-major tells me that he has no trouble in teaching him the trumpet calls ; he is quiet and unassuming, a great acquisition to the drummers and trumpeters, and a boon to the regiment.”

From that forward Robert became a favorite and gained great popularity in the regiment. In four months he had become such a proficient in horsemanship, drill and other details and duties of his profession that the adjutant dismissed him from recruits' drill, and he was returned fit for duty.

Robert had now more confidence in himself, more especially as he was confident that no person whatever had the slightest suspicion of his sex. His complexion had undergone quite a change through the continued exposure during the term of recruits' drill. He was positive that now even Hubert would not recognize him. Oh ! if he could only make himself known to Hubert and tell him all that was on his mind, but that was impossible. He must be content at seeing him every day, and hearing him talk. He would be delighted to talk with him, but lest he might by any possibility detect his voice, and look too sharply into his blue eyes, he generally kept a little distance from his piercing glances.

Our heroine was delighted to see that Hubert had been promoted. He was fortunate enough to mount the first step of the ladder of military promotion. The colonel, who had taken notice of his noble, manly and soldierly appearance while at recruits' drill, on being dismissed had appointed him corporal, and he had two chevrons, the

heraldic badge of fidelity, embroidered in gold lace on the sleeves of his blue jacket. Some of the older troopers grumbled at this preference, but, as he knew his duty and feared no man, he stroked his upper lip, on which a light-colored moustache was sprouting, and touched the pommel of his bilbo with the air of a man who would think less of running another through the body than eating a slice of ration beef; and thus he silenced all objections. Moreover, his handsome face and faultless physique, together with his heedless spark and dashing, straight-forward manner had endeared him to the officers, and he was always hail-good-fellow-well-met with the non-commissioned officers and most of the privates. They always found him true, willing and ready to assist them in every difficulty, and that with an ease and dexterity, a more calculating adviser might not have possessed. Military and regimental discipline, though strict and stringent as they were, by no means prevented the development of his individual character, or the display of that determined and self-reliant spirit which seems to ripen better under the strict general laws that govern communities, than under the special and individual ones that prevail in families.

The regiment was kept for weeks at field-days, hard drill and exercise in the Phoenix Park, where vast bodies of troops—horse, foot and artillery—were being concentrated. The authorities were unremitting in their exertions in order to prepare the troops for active service in the East. But this hard, but wholesome training came

to a conclusion when the order for the Hussars to embark at Kingstown on the 26th prox., for the purpose of joining the army in the East, had arrived. This order, ardently desired, was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm by the officers and soldiers, and by none more so than by Hubert and our heroine, who burned for adventure.

The morning of the departure the regiment was formed in columns of troops in the barrack square. They were gay and excited at the prospect of distinguishing themselves in the coming struggle with the Muscovites. After inspection the six troops were wheeled into line—motionless and still, but in heavy marching order, fully accoutred, every man with his charger's nosebag, watering-bridle and log, curry-comb and brushes,—spare shoes, his cloak, valise, and holsters strapped securely to the high military saddle. The troopers were strong, well-built, smart and soldierly in appearance. Their clothing and appointments were scrupulously clean and shining, their well-fitted clothing, slung jackets, high busbies, long, bright swords, holster pistols, and carbines, every heart in the right place, while the noble chargers champed their steel bits and shook their chain bridles as they tossed their proud heads from time to time,—truly they looked warlike, chivalrous, and imposing. The inspection being over, at a signal from the commanding officer the adjutant rode down the front of the line for the purpose of collecting the reports from captains of troops. Then he wheeled round toward the centre of the square where the colonel sat on his charger, and saluting with his sword reported that every man was present and in his proper place,

"Tis weil," replied the colonel at the top of his voice, so that every man might hear him. "I never knew it otherwise with Prince Albert's Hussars in time of peril or danger." Then, after telling off the troops he gave the command, "Draw swords! threes right, forward, march." Then with all the trumpets sounding and kettle drums beating, swords flashing in the sun, and the standard of each troop displayed at its head, the gallant regiment marched out at the gate and down through the city, past the Castle guard, which turned out to salute the regiment as they marched past, and presented arms, with a flourish of trumpets and three camps by the drummer, as the gallant corps proceeded on their route to Kingstown. As they advanced along the streets the windows were filled with wondering but handsome faces, and many snow-white handkerchiefs were waved in the air as the gay cavaliers rode proudly along the route, preceded by the splendid band playing lively marching tunes. After clearing the city they broke into a hand-gallop, and after a pleasant ride of seven Irish miles, they arrived at Kingstown harbour, where they embarked on board one of H. M. transports. Soon after embarking the signal to sail was given, when the whole regiment assembled on deck and gave three spontaneous cheers, which were heartily responded to by the crowds of spectators on shore, as the noble steamer moved out of the harbour with her living cargo, and the bright sparkling ocean before them was laughing in the sunshine of a bright May morning.

Uncomfortable as our heroine was in an overcrowded

transport with seven hundred troopers and as many horses on board, the beauty of the spectacle was not lost upon her; it was impossible to be unmoved by the magnificent prospect before her, as the noble ship glided swiftly along the green, picturesque Irish coast. They were already in clear water, though the bold cliffs that were to form their departing point were but a few miles to the leeward. There lay the lofty bluff of Wicklow mountains whose crest overhanging peered from a summit of some hundred feet into the deep blue water that swept its rocky base. Here and there, upon the coast, a twinkling gleam proclaimed the cot of the fisherman, whose swift little craft had so frequently shot athwart their bow, and disappeared in a few moments.

It was a beautiful evening; the sun was set, leaving behind him in the west a vast arch of burnished gold, stretching along the whole horizon, and tipping the apex of the long heavy swells, as they rolled on unbroken by foam or ripple, in vast mountains from the broad Atlantic. The wind, which began to fall off towards sunset, freshened as the moon rose, and as they got out to sea the sails were unfurled and shifted as the wind changed, and the good ship, bending to the breeze, lay gently over and rushed through the water with a sound that brought gladness to the heart. Every moment showed something new that delighted the eye of our heroine. But, alas! this state of things that entirely diverted her attention from the discomforts of her situation, did not unfortunately last long. The stiff breeze soon increased to a

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gale, as the ship gained the entrance to the Bay of Bis-  
cay, and the unwieldy transport heaved and pitched  
heavily as the great waves swept in from the westward.  
Our heroine's heart, stout as it was, sunk within her as  
the ship rolled into a deep, yawning trough of the sea,  
and buoyantly mounted again to the summit of the  
mighty billow; and all the horrors of sea-sickness were  
added to the other miseries of those on board—it was  
utterly impossible for Iris to push through the crowds of  
soldiers and sailors in order to gain the companion stairs  
for the purpose of going below when she felt qualms at  
the stomach. She therefore laid herself down close to the  
bulwarks, as she felt a horrid faintness seize her in the  
intervals of sea-sickness. Her thoughts were then once  
more turned towards home and her father, whose hearth  
she had rendered lonely and desolate; her heart sunk  
within her as she recalled it. How deeply she reproached  
herself for her selfish impetuosity. But why should she  
look back with regret while she enjoyed the presence of  
the idol of her heart, although she could not make herself  
known to him. Oh! how gladly would she resign every  
prospect, with all its glittering flattery of success, to be  
once more able to make herself known to Hubert and to  
feel his warm heart and manly grasp! These very  
thoughts were sweeter to her than the softest strains  
that ever syren sung. As the ship rolled and tossed and  
rose and sunk, and her wretchedness constantly increased,  
her mind seemed only capable of entertaining one idea,  
and that was an earnest and heartfelt desire that Hubert

would come along and help her down below where she could lay quietly while her sickness lasted. Her wish was soon gratified, for luckily, and to her indescribable delight, at that moment Hubert was going past, and seeing the deathly pale and pitiful face of Robert Eyre, as he thought, was moved to compassion by the pleading, handsome, and not unfamiliar features of the young trumpeter—when he stooped down instinctively and raised him in his strong arms and conducted him down below, and placed him close to an open port-hole where the fresh sea breeze and some cold water which he procured, in a short time most wonderfully relieved him from the faintness, and enabled him to thank Hubert in such a manner that impressed him with a favourable feeling towards the young trumpeter. This gave our heroine indescribable pleasure to be able to talk to her affianced lover for the first time since they parted at Marcourt Hall; although he knew her not, nor had he the remotest idea or suspicion that it was his own dear Iris with whom he was talking and attending in a fit of seasickness. From that time forward Hubert was quite taken up with the young trumpeter, whom he had not taken much notice of since joining the regiment until now; but since they got acquainted it seemed that there was something magnetic which drew them more frequently into each other's company, on which occasions they were greatly edified with each other and very happy during the remainder of the voyage.

Oh, what a miserable thing is a long voyage at sea,

anyhow, especially with so many troops and horses on board.

They were twelve days at sea, the eternal sameness of everything around growing every day less supportable. Sea and sky are beautiful things when seen from some woodland cottage or towering citadel on shore, but their picturesque effect is sadly marred when on a long voyage, for want of contrast.

Pork and pea-soup on one day, and pea-soup and pork the next, with crystals of salt as long as your little finger, and salt junk with plum duff for Sunday dinner, besides the utter selfishness which the inconvenience of a closely crowded troop-ship suggests. As inevitable as the winter follows summer, the man who would share his last sixpence or his pound of bread with you on shore, here forages out the best corner to hang his hammock, and forces you into a comfortless berth, where the rain or wind beats in through the hatch-way. He shows you a seat at dinner, not only that he may place you with your back to the draught of the wind-sail, but that he may eat and lie down before you have begun to feel the qualms which suggest that the dinner of a troop ship is well calculated to suggest. But, voyages have been so often dilated upon by all writers, that in order to save my gentle reader from the monotony of a repetition, I will forego any further description of this one. Suffice it to say that after the first attack of sea sickness our heroine's usual good spirits had returned, when she and Hubert became great



confidants and whiled away the monotony of the voyage by familiar intercourse.

Early on the morning of the fourteenth, *Iris*, *alias* Robert Eyre, was awakened by the incessant tramp over head, which showed that others were stirring, and he got up out of his hammock and went on deck. The sea was without a ripple upon its surface, and shone like a mirror of plate glass, not a wave nor a breaker appeared, but the rushing sound close by showed that the ship was gliding fast through the placid waters. He had not been long on deck when the land was descried in the distance by the captain, who stood forward with his telescope pointing towards a dark blue mass like a cloud, far away as the eye could see. After breakfast they all assembled on deck. The vessel scarcely seemed to move as she cut her way through the calm blue waters. By degrees the misty outline of the coast grew gradually more defined, and at length the mountains could be seen, at first but dimly, but as the morning wore on their many-colored lines showed forth, and patches of green pasture land dotted with sheep and other domestic animals, or sheltered by dark foliage, met the eye. The bulwarks were crowded with anxious faces, each looking pointedly towards the coast, and many a stout heart beat high with excitement as they neared the land which was fated to cover with its mould many a brave soul who now gazed on it for the first time. How slowly seem to pass the last days of a voyage, the hours teeming with memories of the past, and expectations for the future. Every expe-

dent to pass the long and weary hours is at once thrown aside, books and games are abandoned and stowed away for further emergency, even the very laughable anecdotes, legends and tales that are told on board become distasteful. The faint outline of the distant coast had dispelled all thought of these, and with a straining eye and anxious heart they gazed on the blue and misty mountain rearing its lofty sun-scorched summit above the clouds. As they neared the land, faint and shadowy forms of distant objects grew gradually clearer, but, as the bright rays of the morning sun burst forth in all his glory, and dissipated the mists, they saw the brown hills and verdant plains interspersed with green olive groves, clear and bright before them. What a contrast to the dull monotony of a life at sea did the scene present, which awaited them on landing. The whole quay was crowded with hundreds of English, French and Turkish soldiers, dark-featured, swarthy camp followers. Arabs, Greeks, Jews and Turks, with red fez caps, mingled with the Saxon and fair-haired Celtic features of our own country. Small boats plied unceasingly to and fro across the tranquil water. The din and clamor of those around, mingled with the thrilling strains of martial music, and stretching away in the distance, snowy canvas tents in regular straight lines, with masses of troops in marching order, and their bayonets glistening in the sun as they deployed into line, all betokened the near approach of war. The anchor had scarcely been dropped when a staff officer in a small boat, with a navy officer steering, came alongside

the gangway and gave orders for the troops to disembark at once and be marched to the cavalry camp ground, there to join their comrades. The debarkation of men and horses was effected soon afterwards in excellent order, and with that regularity and expedition that showed the discipline of the corps, which conferred great credit on the officers engaged in superintending it. Of their own free will and accord the men of the different regiments, whose camp was proximate to the landing, came down to the quay—helped to load the mules and carts, and pushed the indolent Arabs one side out of their way to show the road, and in fact to make themselves generally useful. The French also assisted with a hearty right good will. As the Prince Albert's Hussars marched past the French camp, their bands turned out and played "God save the Queen," which was gallantly responded to by the band of the Hussars. As they marched past the Egyptian camp, the swarthy little warriors came swarming out of their little square tents like bees from a hive, and drew themselves up with staring eyes and open mouth to gaze in wonder and admiration as the noble British cavaliers—troop after troop—passed, when they shouted, cheered and chattered to each other with excitement and delight. On arrival at the camp ground, which stood by the shore of a beautiful lake and about eight miles from Varna, they went to work pitching their tents and attending to their horses. That was the first night for Iris to sleep in camp, and on the bare ground, with only one blanket to cover her, in a circular

tent with sixteen men, but being fatigued and very tired after a ride of eight miles in a scorching sun, together with the recent sea-sickness, and rolling motion of the ship, she slept a sweet, sound and healthful sleep. Next morning she was up bright and early, and was surprised at the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country. Never were tents pitched in a more lovely spot. When the morning sun had risen it was scarce possible for her to feel that she was far from her father's castle. At the other side of the lake, which waters the plains beneath the hill on which the cavalry camp was placed, there is a range of high ground, so finely wooded, with such verdant valleys between the beautiful groves, that one would fancy there must be a noble mansion somewhere among those ancient trees. When once the tourist leaves the low plain and flat pasture lands which sweep westward for three or four miles from Varna, he passes through a succession of picturesque scenery with a waving outline of hills, which he can see on all-sides above the thick mass of brush-wood, pierced by the track made by oxen carts, horsemen, Bashi-Bazouks and Arab drivers. The open country is finely variegated with abundance of wood and water, which lie all around within easy distance of the route.

The monotony of camp life and perpetual drills and parade, was only diversified by some games or field sports gotten up by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the different corps which formed the cantonment. With the innate love of sport which possesses

our countrymen wherever they may be placed, about a thousand of them assembled in a fine open plain close to the camp, where a race course had been already laid out; hurdles, and leaps were soon thrown up, and a horse-race commenced at or about three o'clock p.m. The generals, brigadiers and most of the staff were on the ground, which was crowded with officers, and a great good humor prevailed throughout the afternoon, but like all other races at home or abroad, wherever liquor is to be got a row generally succeeds, and this day's races were not an exception to the general rule.

About six o'clock a stalwart highlander named Donald McTavish, having unquestionable symptoms of an undue amount of that soul-stirring element frequently designated in Scottish parlance "mountain-dew," walked through a crowd of drunken *Chasseurs*, knocking them down like nine-pins. Then a gigantic Irishman named Johnny Doyle, who was spoiling for a fight—seeing the fun and havoc the Highlander was having, thought it beneath his dignity as an Irishman to be a quiet looker-on when there was any fighting to be done, now rushed forward to help the Scotchman, with his shirt-sleeves turned up, his eyes staring out of his head, and a shillelah in his brawny hand,—through the crowd, and for some imaginary offence commenced a terrible onslaught on the unfortunate Turks, Greeks and Arabs indiscriminately, whom he routed with signal discomfiture, breaking a sword which one of them drew upon him in self defence. He then walked into a canteen,

where he broke up the conversazione of the place impromptu, and finished his vagaries by clearing his way through a whole mob of assailants, getting clear of the whole crowd untouched. This sort of pastime was of every-day occurrence, as long as the French and Turks were our close neighbors. Therefore the picquets had all they could do to keep order.

The Zouaves have made a great impression on the Turks, who were quite fascinated by the green turban and loose breeches. Our washerwomen, who might be found by the side of every stream and brook round the camp, with extemporaneous boilers fixed on stones, or into the green bank,—were always the centre of a circle of Turkish and Arab drivers who seemed to think them witches engaged in some unholy mystery. The Turks believed that the soldiers' wives who lived in our camps belonged to the harems of our generals, and affirmed that we were going to retain possession of the country as our households had come along with us.

Iris was greatly amused by the novelty a review of three thousand Egyptian troops presented on the plain below the camp. They were dressed in clean white trousers, and jackets that had once been blue but were now of a questionable colour, and red fez caps, yet they looked well despite their ill-shod feet and faded jerkins; but their manœuvres were slovenly, and performed in a loose, careless manner, for which the hunger and weakness of the fellows might be an excuse. They were square-built, bow-legged little men with fierce eager eyes, and

dark, but rather well moulded features. A number of eunuchs and negroes of savage aspect were among some of the best regiments of the Egyptian contingent.

The novelty of camp life in such a picturesque country as Bulgaria, notwithstanding the exposure to the scorching rays of the summer's sun, the trying and fatiguing drills, and parades,—sleeping on the bare ground under a canvas tent, without ever undressing except to change her linen, was not lost upon Iris.

The green sweep of the valley below, dotted with white canvas tents, and marked here and there with dark masses of Turkish and French soldiers; the arid banks and gray cliffs displaying every variety of light and shadow, and the crest of the hills, along which shone the red lines of British infantry, their bayonets glistening in the sun, tipped by the long rows of canvas tents behind them,—formed a grand spectacle, which Iris thought was well worth coming a long journey to see.

About 4000 Bashi-Bazouks were encamped close to the cavalry in the plain and every day performed bungling evolutions, with flourishing of lances, swords and trumpets, headed by ragged banners. They were commanded by Pasha Yusuf, who has tamed so many of the wild tribes of the desert, he licks them into shape with the bastinado, and as they were guarded and could not get away, there was some chance that they might be whipped into subjection and some kind of military discipline. In all the villages about that part of the

country the outrage and violence of these semi-savages were unbearable—they are true types of the Mussulmans, as they are to be found in Asia, and as they would be here, if it was not for dread of the strict martial law, which keeps them in anything like subjection. A common practice among them was to kidnap young children away from their parents, and then demand a heavy ransom for them. A few days previous to our arrival they carried off a poor widow's only son, and had put a price on his head, which she could not pay; she offered all she was worth to the scoundrels, but they would not accept it, and she never saw her son since.

Omar Pasha has done some good by the wholesome severity which he administers to these gentry. He has seized on whole hordes of them and taken their horses, and sent them off to be enlisted by compulsion into the armies of the Sultan as foot soldiers. As he passed one day after witnessing a review of the troops, a cavalry charge in line, which shook the very earth, as men and horses flew past like a whirlwind, wreathing in clouds of dust, particularly excited his admiration, when he turned round to the officer who accompanied him and exclaimed aloud, "Allah, Allah! what splendid troops these are" (pointing with his riding whip towards the 11th Hussars who looked chivalrous in their crimson trousers, high busbys, and slung jackets), "with one such regiment as that I would charge and vanquish a half dozen Russian regiments." He was particularly struck with the stature of the men and the size and fine condi-



tion of the chargers. As he passed the camp of the Connaught Rangers, the men crowded to the front of their lines to see the Pasha go by, and as he approached they gave a rousing shout of Bono! Bono! Johnny! which rent the air to the great astonishment of Omar. He smiled and bowed several times in acknowledgment, and turning to the general who rode by his side, said, "These are noble-looking fellows, but it must be very hard work to tame and keep them in order. "He could not comprehend how such freedom could be made with their superior officers consistent with strict military discipline. He was accompanied by some five-and-twenty mounted Indian Mahomedans who had come upon their pilgrimage to Mecca, and who hearing of the Turkish crusade against the Infidels, had rushed to join the standard of the Sultan. They came from remote parts of India. They were attired in the most picturesque excesses of the Osmanli; fine-looking fellows, with robes and turbans a blaze of gay colors, and with arms clean and shining from the care bestowed on them.

Soon after that cavalcade had disappeared, another more singular and picturesque came along, which caused a great amount of badinage and excitement among both officers and men. A Turkish prophetess, passed through the camp on her way from Varna, attended by a rabble rout of about forty Bashi-Bazouks. She stopped at the café and enjoyed her pipe for a time. She was a lean withered, angular old woman of between sixty and seventy years of age, with a face seamed and marked in

every part of its dark olive-coloured surface with rigid wrinkles. Her nose was hooked, sharp-pointed and skinny, her mouth toothless and puckered like a purse, but if it was a purse it must have been the purse of a miser, for it was so tightly closed that her nose and chin formed a joint stock company; her eyes piercing black, restless and sinister, with bleary lids, overhung by tufty gray brows; her neck long, bare and wrinkled;—with most unjustifiable disregard of the teachings of Mahomet and of the prejudices of Mussulmans, she showed all her face and wore no yashmak. Her attire consisted of a green turban of many folds, an antiquated red jacket gorgeously embroidered with silver lace, open in front, displaying a gay-colored vest, a handsome waist scarf filled with weapons, such as stilettoes, pistols and daggers, wide blue breeches, yellow morocco high-heeled top boots and brass spurs. Her escort were fierce, wild and ragged, and stuck all over with weapons like porcupines' quills. Their horses were lean and shaggy, and altogether it was an interesting spectacle, this old sorceress and her superstitious followers.

With the Turks and Bashi-Bazouks as their neighbours, there were many strange spectacles in and around the camp which interested and amused our heroine, but there were many cruel outrages perpetrated on the people of the surrounding villages by one or other of these semi-barbarians, that shocked her sensitive feelings and damped her enthusiasm. They were puffed up by the pride of victory and believed that they could now do

just as they pleased. As our heroine and Hubert passed close to a Turkish café on their way to camp after a walk one afternoon, they heard the report of a pistol, and in a moment afterwards some Turks ran out bearing a man in the agonies of death in their arms. He had been shot through the head by one of these Bashi-Bazouks, who was dragged off before the Pasha, who sent him off to prison, but in a few months the scoundrel would be let out again when room was required for a fresh culprit. The cause of this occurrence they could not ascertain, and the bystanders seemed very little disturbed by it. There was very little trouble taken to arrest the cause of such crimes, and while the Bashi-Bazouks were allowed to carry arms round the camp and through the villages, those outrages would be sure to happen. Although we were allied with the Turks, yet their morality, manners and superstitious customs were most detestable to us, but their physical peculiarities and their outlandish tastes we could neither appreciate nor endure. Some French soldiers had gone into a Turkish *café* to refresh themselves, and while they were sitting there one of them who understood the Turkish language, heard a group of Bashi-Bazouks who were sitting near, indulge in the most insulting remarks about the French and English. He remonstrated, and was knocked over the head for his interference, whereupon his comrades in arms rushed on the Turks and very soon knocked and beat them out of the *café*. They then sat down and finished their refreshments and left soon after,

but no sooner had they come out than they were pounced upon by the Bazouks, who fired on them. In the conflict that ensued two Frenchmen fell and three others were wounded by pistol shots. Several French soldiers hearing the row hastened to their comrades' assistance and surrounded the assassins, so as to prevent their escape, while others notified the French *Corps-de-Garde* and mustered a strong force under an officer who captured twenty-five fierce-looking Bashi-Bazouks, and marched them off to prison. The scoundrels were soon tried by court-martial, and the French authorities took good care that they got the full punishment which they justly deserved.

Since the arrival of the Hussars at Devno our heroine had had a dreary and trying alternation of drills, parades and trumpet practice, yet this monotony was somewhat varied by the novelty of being in a foreign country, and by the spectacle of splendid scenery, being in the midst, as it were, of a magnificent army and the great events that shook the world.

When, therefore, the intelligence had arrived of a reconnoissance by the Light Cavalry under the command of Lord Cardigan, in co-operation with a brigade of French Zouaves, our reader may readily imagine that this news was received by both officers and men with the greatest enthusiasm. A distant cannonade had been heard at intervals by men of the out-lying picquets from the direction of Silistria, and the news had soon arrived that the Russians were in full retreat from that belea-

gured city and the scenes of their discomfiture, and had crossed the river in great force under General Ludiers. As their route could not be accurately ascertained, the Light Cavalry were immediately advanced, and extended in skirmishing order to eastward of the plains of Shumla in order to reconnoitre their movements. The noble lord and his gallant troops were without tents, and bivouaced for over two weeks, each night on fresh ground, their whole interest being centered on the movements of the Russians.

Our heroine was up every morning with the richly-plumed feathery songsters as they burst forth in melodious chorus, awaking the silent sleepers who were stretched on the turf beneath their perch of spreading branches, filling the air with the echoes of their clear, rich notes. The mornings were exhilarating before the sun had risen, the grass and foliage freshened by the heavy dew of the night, was breathing forth all its luxuriant fragrance. The river which flowed beside them was clear as crystal, the water-lilies floated or sank as the motion of the purling stream inclined, showing beneath its eddying current, the shining pebbly bed. It is but seldom that the heart is thoroughly attuned to the circumstances of the scenery around, more especially after rousing from such a comfortless couch as the damp sward; with the blue canopy above and the celestial luminary with her myriads of twinkling companions, as they traversed the infinite vault of heaven, shedding their silvery light on the innocent face of our heroine,

as she slept with a sweet composure, as though the angels were keeping watch around her slumbers.

One morning as the Hussars were on parade the colonel placed his field glass to his eyes, as was his wonted custom every morning, and after scanning the country all round he turned to the adjutant and said, "Egad, there are several large columns of Russians, both horse and foot, moving steadily round the brow of yonder hill. They will cut off the French, who are ignorant of their movements, or even their presence in that quarter; we must send them word at once, find out if there is any man in the regiment who speaks French." The adjutant whom he addressed then called out and asked the men but all replied in the negative. At this the colonel seemed much annoyed, and said it will take four hours to send off for an interpreter, to explain the route to them, and may be too late to save them from capture, but you must ride off to headquarters and send a man at once.

"Sir," said Robert Eyre, as he drew his sword and saluted the colonel, "I can speak and interpret French, and I will go if you will allow me." The colonel's face brightened up in an instant. He then turned to the adjutant and said, "Garnett, you must ride over as fast as your horse can carry you and inform the French of their proximity to danger. This young lad," said he, "will accompany you and interpret your communications. What is the boy's name?" queried the colonel.

"Robert Eyre," replied the adjutant, "whom your

Lordship noticed leading a squad of recruits on the drill ground in Island-Bridge Barracks. "Ah, I remember, he is a smart and intelligent lad, and I prophesy for him rapid promotion and a bright future, so we may as well commence in good time, before I forget it, to put his name in orders this evening for corporal."

After receiving some further instructions concerning his mission to the French lines, the adjutant bounded off at a rapid pace, closely followed by Robert Eyre. Onward they dashed towards the French columns, pushing their horses to their full stride, apparently feeling as much enthusiasm and excitement as if they were charging the Russians. Though the adjutant was a young man of remarkable ability as an equestrian, he could not excel our heroine in swiftness and activity. They made their way in safety to the narrow and rocky valley which divided two ranges of hills, and then slackened their pace in order to let their horses breathe and rest a little before they commenced the ascent of the opposite hill, reaching the French in an incredibly short time.

Here Robert translated in French the orders from the adjutant, who presented his card to the commander of the French troops. They just arrived in time to save the French column from being cut off and made prisoners by an overwhelming force of the Russians. They then returned, arriving at head-quarters in time for supper, when the adjutant rode up to the colonel and reported himself, not forgetting to represent Robert Eyre in the most flattering terms.

"I am very much pleased," said the colonel, "to hear such a favourable account of the young trumpeter; we shall not lose sight of him."

Hubert was the first to greet Robert Eyre on his return, and inform him of his promotion that evening in orders, to corporal, for which information our heroine graciously thanked him in a manner that repaid him well for his trouble. This first step of promotion, though simple in itself, had the effect of raising our heroine from the common drudgery of the ranks, and placing her on an equal footing with Hubert, and besides, it gave her a better chance of enjoying the pleasure of his company.

How often do we need a struggle with ourselves to enjoy the rich and beautiful landscape which lies smiling in its freshness before us! How frequently the blue sky and the calm air look down upon the heart darkened and shadowed with affliction; and how often have we felt the discrepancy between the lowering look of sorrow and the glad sunshine of our heart! The harmony of the world without with our thoughts within is one of the purest, as well as one of the greatest, sources of happiness. Our hopes and ambitions lose their selfish character when feeling that fortune smiles upon us from all around, and the flattery which speaks to our hearts from the bright stars and the blue sky, the peaked mountain or the humble flower, is greater in its mute eloquence than all the tongues of men can tell us.

This feeling did our heroine experience in all its fulness as she ruminated upon the good fortune which



placed her military rank equal to that of Hubert's, and gave her a better chance to watch over him during the campaign. She felt within herself that secret instinct that tells of happiness to come. In such moods of mind her thoughts strayed homeward, where her father watched in dreary solitude the return of his darling, and she could not help confessing how little were all her successes in her eyes, did she not hope and yearn for the day when she could pour forth her tale of camp life, war and battlefields to the ears of those whom she loved so dearly. Lord Cardigan satisfied himself at last that the enemy was on the retreat; far in the distance moving slowly, countless trains of waggons, oxen-carts, and loaded mules were seen winding their way along, accompanied by several squadrons of Polish Lancers and Cossacks, with pennons waving in the breeze, and the sweet strains of music, which, wafted gently by the zephyr, faintly reached where they bivouaced on the side of the hill which overlooked the tranquil river. They watched the receding columns as long as the day light lasted, and when the darkness came on they marked their position by the bright watchfires which gleamed far away in the distance. By day break next morning, the light cavalry were mounted. The commander perceiving that the Russians had disappeared, gave the order to retire on the old camp-ground near Devno, where they resumed the old routine of drills and parades.

Since the arrival of the Hussars in Bulgaria, notwith-

standing the very healthy-looking site on which the camp was pitched, and the exquisite beauty of the country around, there, however, the cholera had found them, and had made sad havoc among the troopers. It had assumed a phase which baffled their best medical efforts, and threw all past data into total oblivion. There could have been no reason for the illness of the troops, as far as the commissariat supplies were concerned; they had an ample supply of rations. Therefore we must believe that the cholera and its cognate pests arose out of some combinations which did not occur in former times that we ever heard of. But, happily for the troops there were unmistakable signs that the army was about to move, in anticipation of which Lord Raglan had issued an order that the troops should be provided with a pint of Guinness's porter every day until further orders, the better to cheer and strengthen them for more active service; this cheered the men's hearts, for indeed they were sadly in need of some nourishment. Many vacancies for promotion had occurred in the regiment, through the epidemic; officers as well as men had fallen victims to the dreadful malaria of a spot which had at first seemed an earthly paradise.

Happily, however, Hubert and our heroine had escaped the contagion, and got elevated to the rank of sergeant by their regular turn of promotion.

The Hussars had not been long at the old routine, when an order arrived for the immediate embarkation of the army at Varna, where a large fleet of trans-

ports and men-of-war rode in the bay waiting to receive their living freight of war material, for transportation to some unknown spot on the shores of that same Tauric Chersonese, where Phranaces, vanquished by Roman Legions, owned a Roman conqueror.

On the 30th August, after riding nine miles before sunrise, the gallant Hussars embarked on board H. M. Ship Himalaya at Varna. As each ship received her cargo of troops she lay outside at anchor until the two armies both French and English had embarked. During this delay our heroine and Hubert walked the deck together, talking of by-gone times, and of the probable events which a few days might bring forth, or stood attentive listeners, to a group of men who passed the interval in song, jest and laughter. One or two more proficient than the rest, did not confine themselves either to lyrics or melodramatic performance, but introduced grimace and mimicry which added much to the effect; also, encroaching upon the sphere of the legitimate drama, would repeat long dialogues from Shakespeare, and quotations from the best English, Scotch and Irish poets, which were rewarded by loud cheers and applause. Thus they passed three days, waiting anxiously for orders to sail. All the ships were drawn up in line with a front extending over ten miles. At last conversation by signal took place between the commanders and admirals, and towards four o'clock the signal to sail was given. Soon after anchors were tripped, and the combined fleets of three nations, propelled by steam and light breezes,

leaving the pestilential shores of Bulgaria far behind, had their prows turned towards that land which was fated to receive into its cold bosom many a brave heart that sung in joyous chorus, as that wondrous flotilla, eclipsing in power and magnitude, and rivalling in number, the Spanish Armada, or the fleets of Xerxes, swept onward to threaten the stronghold of the Czar of all the Russias. The thought that the flags of two nations which had for centuries regarded each other with the bitterest animosity, were then unfurled in a common cause, called back the days of chivalry, when the hosts of France and England went forth together against the Saracen. The prospect was one never to be forgotten. As darkness closed over the surface of the deep, hundreds of moving meteors, blue, red, green and white, were here and there reflected on the bosom of the tranquil Euxine, and the faint dashing of paddles and screw-propellers, and the noise made by the ships' prows, rushing forward through the dark tide, mingled with the martial music of the bands on board, and with song and chorus from the troops. For, though cholera and diseases had carried off many a brave and jolly fellow, yet the majority of those who had survived the fatal scourge, were already gaining strength and spirits as they inhaled the fresh sea breeze, and were gay and light-hearted. At length the trumpet sounded strangely on the bosom of the sea, the troops betook themselves to their hammocks below, and were soon lulled into the arms of Morpheus by the motion of the ship. Music,

song and laughter had ceased, and the officer on watch paced the deck alone, while the watch huddled together in a small group, taking repose, or talking in a subdued tone. But, still the lights twinkled over the smooth water, and the stars glimmered in the blue sky, and the bows of hundreds of steamers, transports and men-of-war went surging onward through the dark waters of the Euxine. In such a scene gentle reader we will leave our heroine wrapped in her hammock; she had so far escaped all worse evils than are included in the inconvenience of camp life and a sultry climate, and return to Marcourt Hall.





## CHAPTER V.

THE RETURN FROM GALWAY—IRIS' LETTER—MAUD GIVES COUNSEL—A SEVERE SHOCK—RICHMOND INFORMED—EARLY LIFE—THE ADVICE—THE DEPARTURE—LONDON—HANOVER SQUARE—THE HOTEL—THE INTRODUCTION—A SELECT LITTLE PARTY—MASTER JACKANAPES—THE BOBBIES—THE GIN PALACE—THE STRANGE OLD COCK—THE SLEEPY BAR-TENDER—THE QUEEN OF HEARTS—THE CLUB—THREADBARE ARISTOCRACY—THE OLD COCK'S STORY—THE CAROUSALS—THE COLLEGE CHUM—THE EMBARKATION FOR NEW YORK.

**A**BOUT two weeks after Iris' departure, Lord Marcourt and Richmond returned from Galway where they had been detained on election matters. On entering the castle Lord Marcourt was greatly surprised at not meeting Lady Iris in the hall, as he was wont to do on former occasions.

"Nanny," said he, to the house-keeper whom he first met in the hall on entering, "where is Lady Iris that she is not here to meet me; is she ill or is she out riding?"

"In troth then, yer honor, me sweet lady is neither sick nor ailin', praises be to His holy name for that same, but in good health I hope, as she deserves to be, an' more 'ud be the pity if she were not. Sure if there's a ministerin' angel on the face of the blessed earth she's one on 'em, or she'd never go out 'mong them hathens of

Turks an' Rooshans, to mind an' nurse the sick an' wounded sojers, God reward her. It's a real saint that she is, heaven protect the sweet colleen."

"Nanny, I am getting out of patience with you," said he, "what do you mean?"

"Och, hone, sure she wrote an affectionate letter to yer lordship afore she went away an' left it on yer table. Sure, it 'll tell ye more nar I can," replied Nanny, as she wiped the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron.

Lord Marcourt waited to hear no more from Nanny, but ran up stairs, two steps at a time, and found on his table, addressed to him, in Lady Iris' handwriting, a letter which he tore open, the contents which ran as follows:—

MARCOURT HALL, Monday, 1854.

MY DEAR FATHER,—By the time you read this epistle I will be far away. I have already intimated to you that Miss Nightingale, with a staff of high-born damsels was about to proceed to the seat of war in the East, to nurse, tend and alleviate the sufferings of the brave and noble army which have gone forth to meet in mortal combat that potent despot the Czar of all the Russias and his Muscovite hordes, to defend the honor and glory of our Queen and country. Therefore I thought it beneath a Marcourt to sit at home in luxury, ease and comfort and calmly look on while my countrymen and maidens were far away in a strange land suffering and fighting for the freedom of our common country, and not take part in it. The words of the text frequently rung in my ears and upbraided me in silence: Why stand ye here all the day idle? Why wait afar off to glean, where you should be a busy reaper in God's whitening harvest fields? closing my ears to the loud cry: The harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few! I know that it is a child's duty to obey her earthly parent, but I am well aware

that you would never consent to let me into God's vineyard out in the Crimea to labour with my sisters, but rather command me to stay at home and marry Richmond, which, for the present, at any rate I thought it advisable to forego; time may alter things to please my father. With these reflections I determined to go forth and take upon myself my humble share in the great events that shock the world. I believe that God created every one for some particular work in order that the vast social system of the world might move harmoniously, each having their allotted task in accordance with the great fundamental law of the Almighty.

This is neither occult nor cabalistic, you will find it contained in the words of the apostle Paul, "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." There is nothing abstruse in this injunction, all may comprehend and practise it. Therefore, believing that my heavenly Father needs me in His vineyard, I responded to His mandate. Trusting, my dear father, that you will not feel hurt with me, or attribute my conduct to any want of parental affection or gratitude, for your ever indulgent kindness, but forgive your only and affectionate daughter and trust in my love and fidelity to you, and believe that it is through an honest desire to do right that I left home without your knowledge or consent.

Your affectionate daughter

IRIS.

Scarcely had Lord Marcourt finished reading the above epistle when Maud Cuffe entered the library looking supremely lovely in the softest and lightest of a blue checkered silk dress richly trimmed. Their first greeting over,

"Maud," said his lordship, "what does all this mean? I can scarce believe my own eyes, or that I am in my right senses. Here is a letter in Iris' handwriting informing me that she has gone out to the Crimean war."

"Yes," replied Maud, "you are in your right mind, for



sure enough Lady Iris has joined Miss Nightingale's staff of heroic ladies, who have volunteered to go out to the seat of war in the East to nurse the wounded soldiers, for which they deserve the brightest and greenest laurels and encomiums from their Queen and country. Oh! I only wish that I had the strength and such courage, but I am too frail and faint-hearted to undertake such a courageous adventure."

"Here is the letter, read it," said he, as he tottered into an arm-chair, wiping the perspiration from his brow, whilst his lips moved mechanically, although no sound issued from them. Maud sprang to his side, loosened his necktie and would have summoned assistance only that he laid his hand detainingly on her arm.

"My dear," said he, with a courtesy that seemed to be an instinct as well as a habit, "I am sorry to trouble you, but really I need a little brandy. I would feel greatly obliged if you would get me a little yourself, without troubling the servants?"

Almost before he had finished the sentence Maud had gone to fetch the stimulant. Fortunately the butler, expecting his master's return from Galway, had not locked the sideboard, therefore she was able to obtain what she wanted without exciting attention. He took the tumbler in his tremulous hand and drank the contents at a draught; this seemed to revive him somewhat. He then sat in deep meditation, staring at vacancy, motionless and still, while Maud perused the letter.

"My dear, noble girl!" exclaimed Maud, after she had

read the epistle, "what a brave soul! what an overflowing heart of love and Christian charity, high and heroic sentiments you are endowed with!

"By what high authority or royal patent do we judge our fellow-creatures by one stern and inexorable standard? Who shall dare say to a fellow being, I have gone down among the volcanic chambers of this soul, and have fathomed its mysteries, and can tell you the depths thereof?

"There are sealed cells, where veiled from scrutiny dwell the secrets of the human heart. As the numberless shells that tessellate old ocean's bed, as the innumerable clouds change their colouring and their forms by the effect of the sun and wind, as the flowers bud and bloom and wane in the flush of summer, or the blighting blast of winter, so we poor human mortals differ one from another."

At last Maud's philosophy aroused him from his reverie, and he arose from his chair and walked up and down the room instinctively, in deep and solemn reflection, his arms folded across his manly chest and his head bowed down. He was a very handsome man, and his eyes had much softness of expression. His figure rather slight and tall, but particularly well built. He was one of those very few persons of great rank whom you would have pride in knowing as an equal, and have much pleasure in acknowledging as a superior, in air, grace and manner, the most thoroughbred gentleman. He at last halted in front of Maud and said, in a softened tone:

"Maud, this is a severe shock to my nerves! My dear and only child—for she is only a child, whom I have lavished all my love and affection on, the idol of my heart, to leave her happy home where she was surrounded with every luxury and comfort that her heart could desire or her fancy wish for. To go out to a strange and distant land where there is nothing but suffering, hardship, misery, pestilence and disease staring her in the face. I am much alarmed for her safety. Her absence makes a dreary, melancholy void in my soul. I am nervous, downhearted and sad. She is so young, inexperienced and innocent of the world. I have a fear that in the great social vortex around her, the constant frivolous associations will stifle the noble impulses nature gave to guide her, and destroy the native purity and unselfishness of her mind. If she had taken my advice and married Richmond Clanronald, see what a splendid future lay before her. There are dozens of titled ladies who would be glad of the opportunity to unite themselves with such a title, wealth and influence."

"Sir," said Maud, "Lady Iris is too young to think of tying herself down in wedlock, and besides, you cannot blame her not to marry a man whom she does not love. What does the wealth of this world amount to if one is not happy? As she said herself, time and a knowledge of the world may change her heart. Suffering and experience will make her more sensitive of the position she would acquire by a union with Richmond. Besides, we are not told that our life was given for the happiness

and enjoyment of riches; we were placed here on this earth by the Almighty on probation to work out our salvation by good deeds, benevolence and charity, and to cultivate enlarged views of life, suppress selfishness and to ever remember that charity is the key-stone of Christianity. Do you imagine that our Maker placed us on this earth solely to pursue our own enjoyment? Suppose duty costs us pain and struggles, does that make it less imperative upon us to perform it? Lady Iris is actuated by a high and noble sentiment of Christian love for her fellow beings, who are suffering and need a gentle and tender hand to nurse them. She desires to cooperate with her sisters of charity, to wield the vast influence her Maker has given her nobly and for His honour and glory."

Maud's argument had considerably overcome Lord Marcourt's prejudices and changed his views very much in favour of Lady Iris' mission. But what would he have thought, or how would he have felt, or acted toward his daughter if he knew the whole truth, *i. e.*, that she had disguised her sex and enlisted for a soldier in order to accompany her true lover to the seat of war in the East, and there to fight by his side, to watch over him and attend to his wants, and nurse him should any danger befall him? This question we will leave to our gentle reader's judgment to answer. However, we can safely assert that he would not have much hopes, on her return, of her conversion in favour of Richmond's suit. It was a fine bright afternoon when Richmond's

carriage entered the park, on his return from Galway. He felt his heart swell with something like family pride, as he gazed on the magnificence of hill and plain that opened before him, as he passed the ancient and ivy-covered lodge.

Large clumps of trees ranged on either side seemed in their own antiquity the witness of that ancient family which had given them existence. The sun shone brightly on the waters of the lake which lay at the foot of the hill, breaking its waves into numberless sapphires, and tinging the dark pine trees that overspread the margin with a rich golden light, that put him in mind of his uncle's rich livery when in pageant array. When he descended from the carriage, Miles Tierney, his footman (who had succeeded that inestimable specimen of humanity, Peter Quigly), was the first person he met on entering the castle. "Miles," said he, "how is my uncle?"

"Faith yer honor," replied Miles, he's foinly entoirly, barin' the smallest taste of the gout in his right foot, an' a slight touch of rheumatiz in his hip, an' is now in his own room playin' wid his two pets."

Richmond then ascended the steps, and went through the great hall, which was hung around with huge antlers, and rusty old armour, adorned with the arms and escutcheons of the ancient family. Then through the ante-room, covered with tapestry, representing the gallantries of King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, and lastly into the apartment honored by the august presence of Lord

Clanronald, who was dividing the sofa with a setter and a pointer, and his gouty foot resting on a silk velvet cushion. He rose slowly as Richmond entered, held out his hand with a stately air of kind protection, and surveyed him from head to foot, to see how far his appearance justified his condescension. Having at last satisfied himself, he proceeded to inquire after the state of his appetite. He smiled benignantly when Richmond confessed that he was well prepared to testify its capacity. The first idea of the old-fashioned Irish people is to dine you. Accordingly the old man motioned to the servant who stood in attendance until receiving the expected signal, after which he withdrew to prepare refreshments for Richmond.

"Your luncheon will be served in a few moments," said his lordship, "and now for the news." Lord Clanronald then informed his nephew that Lady Iris had joined Miss Nightingale's staff of nurses, and was now on her way to the seat of war in the East to nurse the wounded soldiers. This news came upon him like a shower-bath, he was both chilled and stunned by so unexpected a shock. His chest heaved with emotion, and he declared that he was distracted. His uncle and the servants were quite melted by his grief, and there could have been no doubt of it in the least, for he was always celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. After this communication there was a long and solemn silence, which was only broken by the butler announcing luncheon. Although Richmond was very much cut up with grief and sorrow

at the sudden departure of Lady Iris, yet most earnestly did he betake himself to do justice to his uncle's hospitality, and washed it down with a bottle of Ackerman and Lawrence's best green seal champagne.

"How fared thee, lad?" said his lordship, as he entered the dining-room, as his nephew had finished. "You seem much down-hearted since you have learned that thy sweetheart has departed on her mission of mercy. If she returned your love she would never have gone on that mission and left you so disconsolate. Let women never trouble your equanimity, for they are as fickle-minded as the wind that changes to every quarter of the compass. When you have had the experience that I have had, you will then be more enlightened on their capriciousness. I have often had serious thoughts of dignifying my retirement by the literary employment of detailing my adventures in the world. I think I could throw a new light upon things and persons in general."

"Your life, sir," said Richmond, "must indeed have been chequered and full of adventure, and would, I am confident, furnish matter of great instruction and amusement."

"Aye," answered his lordship, "amusement to fools, but instruction to the knaves."

"Uncle," said Richmond, "I would like very much to hear some of your early experience of the world. I never heard, nor could I find out, why you never married. There must be some deep secret connected with your life."

"Richmond," commenced he after a pause, "you are a young man about to commence life under much the same auspices as I did myself. I came into the world with an inordinate love of glory. When I was seven years old I cut my jacket into a coat, and turned my mother's best petticoat into a waistcoat; I disdained at eight the language of the vulgar, and when my father asked me to fetch his slippers I replied with the air of a prince that my mind soared beyond the limits of a lackey's. At ten I was self-educated with the propriety of ideas. I rejected liquor with the air of a Turk, but formed a violent affection for crusty old port and O'La Rose claret. Though starved at college, I never took twice of pudding, and paid a shilling a week out of my twenty-five to have my boots cleaned. As I grew up my notions expanded. I gave myself without restraint to the ambition that burned within me. I cut my old friends, who were rather envious than emulous of my genius. I employed the best tailors to make my clothes, I dressed well and smoked the very best Havana cigars. These qualities made me courted and admired by a new race, for the great secret of being courted is to shun others, and seem delighted with yourself. The latter is obvious enough; who the deuce should be pleased with you if you are not pleased with yourself? Before I left college I fell in love with a rare beauty; other fellows of my age in such a predicament would have whined, shaved only twice a week, and have written poetry. I did none of these things, instead of which I redoubled



my attention to my dress and deportment. In short, I thought the best pledge I could give my Dulcinea of my passion for her person would be to show her what affectionate veneration I could pay to my own. My lady love could not withhold from me her admiration, but she denied me her love. She confessed that I was the best dressed man in the college, and had the whitest hands, and a week after this avowal she ran away with a great big, lubberly, rosy-cheeked Irishman, an extract from Connaught. Well, I did not blame her, I pitied her too much, but I made a vow never to be in love again. In spite of all my advantages I have kept my vow and avenged myself on the species for the fault of the individual. Before I commenced a part, which was to continue through life, I reflected deeply on the humours of the spectators. I saw that the character of the more fashionable of the Irish was servility to rank and yielding to pretension. They admire you for your acquaintance, and cringe to you for your conceit. The first thing, therefore, was to know great people, the second to control them. I dressed well and had good horses, that was enough to make me sought by my own sex. I talked scandal, and was never abashed, and that was more than sufficient to make me admired among the fair sex. You must remember that it is single men and married women to whom are given the keys of society. I was soon initiated; admitted and imitated, I was the leading star of fashion, I was the rage and the lion. Why? Was I richer, was I handsomer, was I better or cleverer than my

associates? No, no! and had I been all or a very concentration of all human perfections, they would not have valued me at half the price they had set upon me. I will tell you the simple secret, it was because I trampled on them, that like crushed herbs, they sent up a grateful odour in return. Oh, it was balm to my bitter temper to see those who would have spurned me from them if they dared, writhe beneath my lash. I was the magician who held the great spirits that longed to tear me to pieces, by one simple spell which a superior craftiness had won me, and by Jupiter! I did not spare to exert it. Ah, well, this is but an idle reminiscence now. 'All human power,' says the proverb, 'is of short duration.' Alexander did not conquer kingdoms for ever, and Napoleon died in exile, but they both have had their day, and mine was the brighter of the two, for it had no change until the evening. I am more happy than people would think, for I live in a world of dreams; I trample again upon coronets and ermines, the glories of the small great. I have once more laws which no libertine is so hardy not to feel exalted in adopting. I hold my court and issue my fiats. I am like a madman, and out of the straws of my cell, I make my subjects and my realm, and when I awake from these bright visions, and see myself a lonely, old, deserted man, forgotten and decaying, with, I might say, no relatives around me except yourself to brighten and console me, I am inclined to be somewhat melancholy, but then I extinguish my fire and imagine I have demolished a

duchess, I then steal up to my solitary chamber to renew again, in my slumbers, the phantoms of my youth ; to carouse with dukes and duchesses, legislate for nobles, and to wake in the morning and thank heaven that I have still a coat to my stomach as well as one to my back, and that I am safely delivered of such villainous company during the remainder of my sublunary existence.

After this long detail of Lord Clanronald's the conversation became somewhat dull and broken. Richmond could not avoid indulging in a reverie upon what he had just heard, and his uncle was evidently still meditating upon the recollections which his narrative had conjured up. They sat opposite each other for several minutes as abstracted as if they had been a newly married couple.

"Well, uncle," said Richmond at last, as he suddenly aroused from his reverie, "I had no idea that you were so capriciously jilted in your youthful days. I do not wonder that you are so hard on the fair sex, but I hope that it is not hereditary. However, for my part I do not intend to break my heart over this little *contretemps* of Lady Iris'. Time and this mission of mercy which she has so very charitably undertaken may change her heart, and bring her to her proper senses. I have great hopes that the old adage may come true in her case, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

"Aye!" said his uncle, "it is better to live in hope than die in despair, never give up a prize that is worth winning or waiting for."

Months rolled on, varied only by few incidents. Lord Clanronald kept on improving in health and strength, and the old routine was re-established. Richmond seemed gay and careless—hunting, fishing, visiting, attending horse-races, playing billiards, renewing boyish acquaintances, and whiling away the time as inclination prompted. He frequently dined and rode with Lord Marcourt who always held out to him bright hopes of Iris' acquiescence in the one all-absorbing desire of his heart. This assurance gave him fresh courage to bear the suspense and monotony that surrounded him. Many and varied were his reflections as he returned to his uncle's castle after spending a splendid evening with some gay family party. Many times did he contrast his own desolate home with the smiling looks and happy faces, and the merry voices he had left behind him, and many times did he ask himself the question, "Am I never to partake of a happiness like this?" Reaching his home only to find it dark and gloomy, joyless and companionless. How often had the hard-visaged look of his valet, who had been waiting up to admit him with sleepy eyes and yawning face, as he handed a bed-room lamp, suggested thoughts of married happiness? But his life seemed marked out into periods in which, like stages in a journey, he rested and reposed himself, while casting a retrospective look upon the chequered road on which he had been travelling, and then throwing a keener and longing glance towards the unknown path which lay before him. The project which he fondly looked to, like

his guardian angel, was invisible; the cherished of his heart was gone, perhaps for ever; the scenes themselves seemed no longer the sunshine and the shade he used to love, and in fact, he was living in a new world, where his own altered condition gave the type to all around him, and he travelled through life like one walking in darkness, his eyes still peering towards some loved, forsaken spot, teeming with all the associations of his happiest hours, and preserving, even in distance, the outline that he loved. During the summer months he tried hard, by attending horse-races, and out-door sports, to while away the time that to him seemed long and dreary since Lady Iris' departure, but now that the winter had set in, it became to him intolerable. On dismal wet days (which, by the way, are very frequent in Ireland), he would stand musingly watching the rain pattering on the window, or walk disconsolately up and down the long corridor in deep meditation. One day while in one of these brown studies he was joined by his uncle. "Richmond," said his lordship, "what are you meditating so solemnly upon, are you building castles in the air? If you are, this is the sort of weather for such reflections."

"Yes, sir," replied he, "it is also the sort of weather to drive a man to desperation. I wish when St. Patrick drove the reptiles from the land that he had also limited the number of wet days in Ireland. With regard to my meditations, uncle, I will tell them:

"I have for some time been thinking, and just now have decided (with your kind permission), to travel for the

next two or three years. I would like to put in the winter in London, and visit the United States in the spring. I have often thought that I would like to purchase a plantation in South America, and now, owing to politics, and the unsettled state of that country, I hear that there are many plantations offered for sale."

"Well, my dear boy," said his uncle, affectionately, "I have not the slightest objection to your travelling to see the world, and mixing with good society. As regards the purchase of a plantation, you can do as you think proper about that. I shall not offer any suggestion, as you are now old enough to know your own business. If you have made up your mind to go you will get a letter of credit from my banker in Dublin, but you must not, my dear boy, be extravagant. I have placed a certain amount of money to your credit with my banker, which you must not exceed.

"I will give you letters of introduction which you must present as soon after your arrival in London as convenience will admit. But before you start (on this tour of pleasure combined with business), I wish to recal to your mind that pleasure is never an end, but a means of shining in society. Shun young men's company as much as possible; remember that it is women who form the character. You have abilities that ought to make you capable of effecting much good, but I fear that you are a little too much devoted to the low gaieties and pleasures of the world. However, let that be as it may, you have now learned the difference between good and evil. Therefore make the

distinction and then lay down fixed and unerring rules, and apply them according to time and circumstances. You must, however, bend, temporize, and sometimes withdraw opinions which the prejudices of the times will not allow, and even relinquish the mere chance of a big prize for the certainty of gaining a lesser one; yet in private morals which relate to ourselves individually we have no right to deviate one single iota from our fixed rule of conduct. Neither time nor circumstance ought to cause us to modify or to change. Integrity and honesty know no variation. We must pursue the straight course, turning neither to the right nor to the left, lest by one false step we might be precipitated into the yawning chasm beneath. You will have to assume a very different manner with the English people from that of the United States. In England, if you seem desirous of a person's acquaintance, you are sure to lose it. They imagine you have some design upon their wives or their daughters, but in the States it is different, you can never lose prestige by politeness; nobody there will call your civility forwardness and pushing. You are scarcely in their company five minutes before they will make themselves agreeable by their conversation, and make you feel as though you were in your own parlour. If travelling with them, their intelligent and amusing anecdotes most wonderfully shorten the journey, as the old saying has it, and diversify the monotony of a long and tedious voyage. The best class of English people are quite different. They never make the slightest freedom with a stranger unless

they are formally introduced. I remember once travelling in a railway carriage from Liverpool to London. There was only one gentleman and myself in the compartment, and we never exchanged a single word during the journey, which seemed rather long and monotonous under the circumstances. If my fellow-traveller had been an American or a Canadian, we might have passed the interval pleasantly by conversation, and enlightened each other on many topics of interest to both parties. The English also have a diffidence and scruples about calling in the evening; this, I think, is quite uncalled for. The Americans or Canadians, on the contrary, are glad to receive a visitor at any time in the day or night, and are never ashamed of either themselves or their houses.

“While in London you must be very circumspect in your carriage and behaviour, and never forget yourself for one moment, more especially while in the society of ladies. But in America it is quite different; there you need put on no restraint on your natural carriage and behaviour, but act without affectation and as if you were in your own house. You can lounge on your chair, or put your feet upon the table or furniture, and take out your knife and whittle while you are searching your repository of knowledge for fancy phrases. This sort of free and easy style is quite the fashion out there, and they call it taking solid comfort.

“I dare say you have heard a great deal about the gallantries of the American ladies, but remember that they demand infinitely greater attention than English



women do, and that after a month's incessant devotion to your inamorata you may lose all her confidence and everything by the slightest neglect.

"If you are ever at a loss as to the individual character of a person, human nature will teach you to use flattery. Only never flatter when a third party is present. Weak minds think only of others, and yet seem only occupied with themselves. You, on the contrary, must appear wholly engrossed with those around you, and yet never have a single idea which does not terminate in yourself.

"A fool, my dear boy, flatters himself, but a wise man flatters a fool. Learning without knowledge is but a bundle of prejudices tied up into a package of inert matter set before the threshold of the understanding to the exclusion of common sense.

"You will not, my dear boy, misinterpret, or be oblivious to these few hints, which, if you bear them in mind, may be useful to you while travelling in foreign countries."

When his uncle had finished his elucidations Richmond acquiesced with such a well-affected innocence, ease and grace, as to entirely disarm his uncle of any doubt of his inward artfulness and rascality; thereby gaining his full confidence with regard to his ability to travel alone, mix in the best society and eventually reflect honour on the ancient house of Clanronald.

The preliminaries of departure were not long in arranging. It was settled that he should start on the following Monday, the 12th November, in time to catch the 2 p.m. train at Ballinasloe for Dublin,

The morning of his departure arrived, wet and dismal. The family carriage had been ordered. The trunks, hat cases, and all the paraphernalia necessary for a gentleman on the line of march were ready in the hall, and the breakfast was on the table. When that repast had been finished they both arose from the table simultaneously, when his lordship pressed Richmond's hand affectionately, and then gave him a letter to his banker in Dublin.

They then took an affectionate farewell of each other—passed through the hall, where the servants stood on each side according to ancient custom in such cases, and Richmond entered the carriage, his footman Miles Tierney closing the door, and then taking his seat beside the coachman, who cracked his whip, and they went off with the rapidity of a novel upon fashionable society. Though of a hardened disposition, Richmond's heart was sadly depressed and his spirits were miserably low. He had all that feeling of sadness which leave-taking inspires, and no sustaining prospects to cheer him in the distant future. For the first-time in his life he had seen a tear glisten in his uncle's eye, and heard his voice falter as he bade him farewell. Since Hubert's departure from the castle, Richmond and his uncle were on perfectly good terms, for the former took good care to keep on the right side of the latter, and as he now thought over all the kindness and attention he had received, his heart gave way, and the tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

He turned to give one last look at the old ancestral

castle that his rosy dreams had built up in his imagination as his future home, but a turn in the road shut out the view, and then he proceeded on his journey.

I think I may, without much loss to my reader, pass in silence over his journey. I may also spare him an exact detail of all the hotels and impositions between his uncle's castle and London, nor will it be absolutely necessary to the plot of this story to linger over every incident and milestone between Portumna and the great metropolis. Suffice it to state that the feelings with which he entered London, and his thoughts while he was whirled along the streets amidst the tumultuous crowds of people and vehicles of every description, were much more buoyant than when he stood in his uncle's castle watching the rain patter on the windows. At last the carriage halted in front of the Oriental Hotel, Hanover Square, when Richmond alighted and was ushered into the hotel, where apartments were shown to him by a gorgeously-dressed waiter in livery, and there found himself in well furnished apartments facing the square and garnished with pleasing pictures of landscape scenery.

"Miles," said he to his valet, "see to my trunks, and have them brought here, and then put out my evening suit for dinner. Waiter, what time is dinner served?"

"Seven o'clock, your honor," was the answer.

"Then have the goodness to bring me in the bill-of-fare." The waiter bowed solemnly and withdrew slowly, and soon returned with the bill-of-fare on a salver:—Soup, fish, cutlets, chops, steaks, roast joints, birds and several other dishes too numerous to mention.

If there is in the whole course of this pleasant and varied life one hour really and genuinely disagreeable, it is the hour before dinner at a strange hotel.

Nevertheless, by the help of philosophy and the window Richmond managed to endure it with the resignation and patience of a martyr, and though he was famished with hunger he pretended the indifference of a sage. Even when he took his seat at the dinner-table he dallied carelessly with his napkin before he commenced the soup, and helped himself with such a slow dignity that he must have perfectly astonished the solemn waiter. The soup was not much better than hot water, and the cutlets as tough as leather. However, he attacked them with the vigour of a Scotchman, and washed them down with a bottle of the worst liquor ever dignified by the name of champagne. The bird was tough enough to have passed for an owl. He felt its ghost hopping about in his stomach the whole of that night and part of the next day, when a glass of brandy and water laid it to rest. After this splendid repast he flung himself back in an armchair, with the complacency of a man who had dined well, and dozed away the time until the hour of dressing for the theatre, where he enjoyed himself the first night in London. He had ceased to regard pleasure for its own sake; he rather coveted its enjoyments as the great sources of worldly distinction. He was not the less a coxcomb than heretofore, nor the less fastidious in his tastes and dress, but he viewed these matters in a light wholly different from that in

which he had hitherto regarded them, Beneath all the carelessness of exterior, his mind was close, keen, and inquiring, and under all the affectation of foppery and levity of manner, he veiled an ambition the most extensive in its objects, and a resolution the most daring in the accomplishment of its ends.

Next morning he lost no time in presenting his letters of introduction, and they were as quickly acknowledged by invitations to balls, parties and dinners. He soon got acquainted with a circle of gay young sparks like himself, and a few extracts of Trinity College memory, who initiated him with the jolly dogs. They nightly visited gambling-houses, billiard-rooms and several other dens of amusement of an equally questionable character for which London is famous. They gave select little dinner parties on turns, and after partaking freely of the creature comforts supplied by their host, they passed the bottle round with the determination of raising their spirits up by pouring spirits down. You may imagine that they were not long in arriving at a comfortable state of inebriety, and with their eyes twinkling, their heads reeling and their cheeks burning, they usually sallied out about eleven vowing vengeance and destruction on all the sober and peaceable portion of the citizens. One night when on one of these nightly excursions, they formed their forces in review order on Bond-street, it being the quietest quarter of the neighbourhood. Richmond and two others marched in front and their remaining five companions followed. They march-

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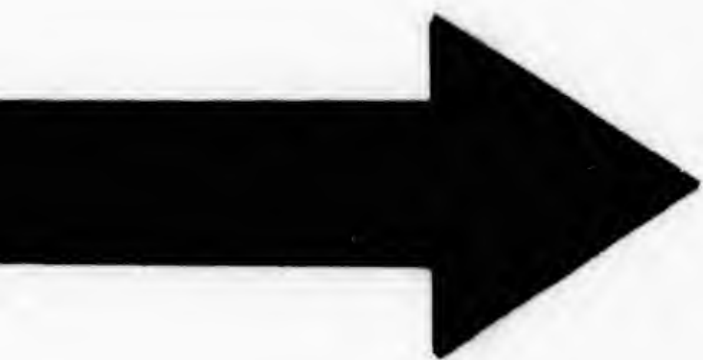
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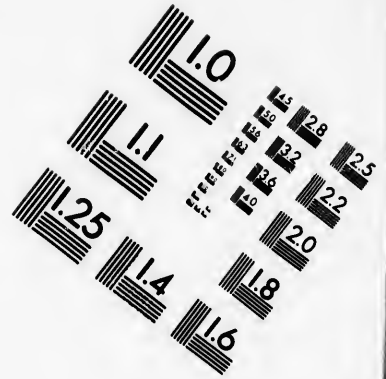
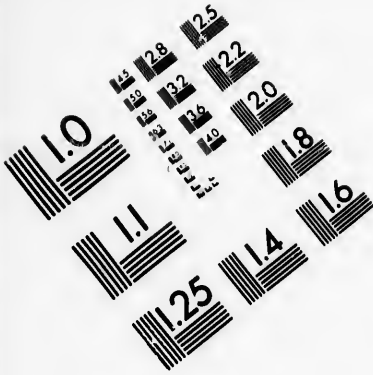
ed along in this manner shouting and singing, alarming the peaceable inhabitants along the route. They advanced in this noisy and riotous manner as far as Piccadilly, having only been twice upbraided by the solitary policeman as they passed his beat, and once threatened by two stalwart youths of prodigious proportions, to whose sweethearts they had to their infinite peril made some familiar overtures. When, however, they passed the opera house they were accosted by a very bevy of buxom damsels, equally as merry and as much under the influence of the soul-stirring element as themselves. They halted to converse with the fair cyprians, when a very amicable and intellectual conversation ensued. The jolly boys prided themselves as adepts at slang, but they were overmatched by the fair and gentle creatures by whom they were surrounded. They enjoyed the conversation with the greatest admiration of each other's ability in the art of slang, when Richmond, all of a sudden made a disagreeable discovery, which turned the merriment of the whole party into a scene of strife, war and confusion.

A blooming young lass whose fascinations and endearments had gained his heart, whose hand was as ready as her charms, had rifled his pockets and quietly helped herself to his watch and chain: Though under the influence of liquor at the time, he had enough of instinctive penetration to watch over his goods and chattels. On discovering the theft he released himself from the endearments of the siren, grasped her firmly by the arm,

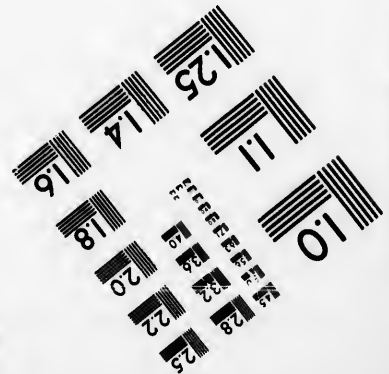
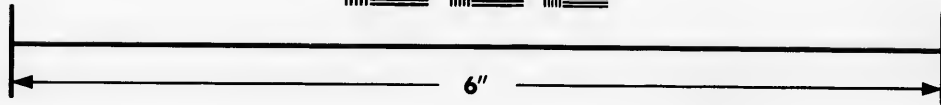
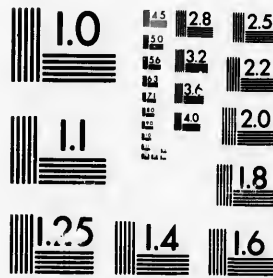








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and in a firm voice of indignation accused her of the theft. Never were human ears assailed with such uproar and confusion. The angry authors in the adventure of Gil Blas were nowhere to the disputants, they swore and slanged until they were unceremoniously interrupted by four policemen.

"Take away this beastly woman," cried Richmond, with excitement, "she has stolen my gold watch."

"You lie!" screamed the accused, "you d——n counter-jumpin', yellow-lookin', tallow-lookin', swarthy-lookin', blind-lookin', lame-lookin', unconsecrated-lookin' boot-black; ye pitiful, lanky, chopped son of a dog-fish, ye never had a watch."

"Come, come," said the policeman, "this rowing and noise won't do on the public street, you must move on."

"You d——n son of a spalpeen," said one of the party, "what have you got to do with us moving on, the street is public property?"

"Ho, ho, master Jackanapes," replied the policeman, "is that it? I shall give you a cooling in the lock-up if you give us any of your cheek. I dare say the young 'oman here is quite right about ye, and ye never had a watch at all."

"You are a liar and a scoundrel," roared out Richmond, "and you are all in league with each other, like a gang of thieves, as you are."

"Now, look here, young gemman," replied another of the police, who was a more potent despot than his comrades, "if ye don't move on at once and let these yer

decent, respectable young 'omen alone, I'll take you all to the station house at once."

"Bobby, my boy," cried Richmond, "take care you don't get a thrashing for your pains and impertinence."

He had scarcely finished speaking when he was collared by two of the policemen, and their companions did the same to the others. This action was not committed with impunity. In an instant two of the champions of the night, staffs and all, were measuring their full length on the side walk. Blake's antagonist, however, was a tougher assailant, for he held him down with such a tight grip that the unfortunate youth could scarcely breathe, and with his disengaged hand he made such admirable use of his rattle that they were surrounded in a trice with reinforcements, whose previous existence the unwary assailants had not dreamed of, as from every lane and alley and street came fast to the rescue their companions in arms.

"Boys," cried Richmond, "we must fly."

They wanted no stronger admonition, and accordingly off they started—except Blake, who was held fast by the policeman—with the utmost velocity. On they went faster and faster, as the rattles rang on their ears and the tramp of the enemy echoed after them in hot pursuit. "The d——l take the hindmost," cried Richmond, breathlessly, as he led the party.

On looking back he saw one of their comrades in the clutches of the police.

"On, on, boys!" was Richmond's only cry. At last,

after innumerable perils, and various plungings into dark passages, courts and alleys, which preserved and befriended them in spite of all the efforts of the bobbies, they found themselves in the midst of a large square. Here they halted and held a council of war, and after ascertaining their individual safety the roll was called, when they found that one half their number were *hors-de-combat* or taken prisoners.

"Are you not of opinion," said Maitland, "that we behaved somewhat scurvily to our better halves in leaving them quietly in the hands of our enemy?"

"By no means," replied Richmond, "in a party whose members make no pretensions to sobriety it would be too hard to expect that fellows who are scarcely capable of taking care of themselves should take care of other people. No, we have in all these experiments only the one maxim, that of self-preservation."

"Allow me," said a bright youth, "to explain it to you on scientific principles. You will find in hydrostatics the attraction of cohesion, is far less powerful in fluids than in solids, *i. e.*, that persons who have been converting their solid flesh into wine skins, cannot stick so close to one another as when they are sober."

"Bravo, Charley," cried Richmond. "Now boys, I hope your delicate scruples are, after so luminous an exposition, set at rest forever."

"We are convinced," replied they all in one voice. "Let us leave the unfortunates to their fate and the mercies of the bobbies."

"What is now the next thing to be done?"

"Why, in the first place," answered Richmond, "let us reconnoitre. Does any one know where we are?"

Not one of them knew, so they inquired of an old fellow who was tottering home under the same Bacchanalian auspices as themselves, and found they were in Radcliffe Highway.

"What shall we do?" queried Richmond, "stroll home or promenade the streets, visit the dens, and kiss the first pretty girl we meet in the morning, bringing her charms and her flowers to the market?"

"The latter," cried all of them, without one dissenting voice, without a doubt.

"Come along, then, boys," cried Richmond, and accordingly they renewed their march.

They roamed and clamoured along a narrow lane. There was a clear, still moon above them which cast its light over a drowsy stand of cabmen, and shed a silvery sadness over the thin visages and sombre vestments of two guardians of the peace who regarded them with a very ominous aspect of suspicion. At last they were attracted by the glaring light from the window of a gin palace, and entering, they found themselves in company with half a dozen thirsty-looking fellows of questionable character. However, to be sociable, and as they were on the loose, they asked the loafers up to the bar to have a drink. The invitation was received with promptness. They all stood at the counter while the bar-tender mixed the drinks, and the new acquaintances were served in silent observation, Leaning against the counter and fixing his eyes deliberately

and unmovingly upon them, was a man about the age of forty-five, dressed in a costume of singular fashion, apparently pretending to an antiquity of taste corresponding with that of the material. This man wore a large billy-cock hat, set rather jauntily on one side, and a thread-bare coat that had been once black, but was now of a faded green hue, from the continual abominations that had come in its way for the last ten or twelve years, and which appeared to advance equal claims (from the manner it was made and worn), to the several dignities of the arts military and civil. From the neck of the wearer there hung a dark blue ribbon, and from this was suspended a large eye-glass corresponding with the size of the ribbon. The features of this man were in keeping with his garb. They betokened an equal mixture of the traces of poverty and the assumption of the dignities reminiscent of a better day. Two small gray eyes were shaded by bushy and rather impervious brows. They wore the dull, mixed stare of habitual intoxication, although no sooner was he asked to drink than they sparkled with all the quickness, and more than the roguery, of youth. His nose was large and of a purple hue at the top, prominent and rather aristocratic, nor would it have been ill-formed had not some unknown cause shifted it a little nearer towards the right ear than would have been thought, by an equitable judge of beauty, fair to the pretensions of the left. The lines in the countenance were marked as with crow's feet, and there was an arch leer about the mouth which softened the expression the features habitually wore.

"Sir," said he, approaching Richmond, "will you do me the honour of taking a pinch of snuff?" at the same time producing an antiquated box of curious design, with the figure of Julius Cæsar engraven on the lid.

"With great pleasure," replied Richmond, "since the act is a prelude to the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Thanks," said he condescendingly as he closed the box, and stowed it away in his waistcoat pocket, with the air of a Napoleon, and replied, "It is but seldom that I meet in places of this description gentlemen of the exterior of yourself and your friends. I am not a man very easily deceived by the outward appearance." He then turned round suddenly and exclaimed, "I say waiter, d— ye sir, give me my gin, aren't ye ashamed of keeping a gentleman of my cloth and fashion so long waiting?" This was said to the sleepy dispenser of the spirituous potations, who looked up for a moment with a dull stare, and then replied, "Your money first, Mr. Green; you already owe us for three gins and two cigars which amounts to one and three-pence!"

This expostulation of the bar-tender before the distinguished strangers seemed to greatly exasperate Mr. Green and to hurt his feelings, when he exclaimed with seemingly injured pride:

"Blood and confusion, speakest thou to me of pence, know then that thou art a mercenary varlet!"

The sleepy bar-tender replied not, and the wrath of Mr. Green subsided into a low, interrupted, internal muttering of strange oaths, which rolled and grumbled and rattled in his throat like distant thunder.



"Sir," said he, addressing Richmond after a few moments' seeming sad reflection, "it is a sad thing to be dependent on these low fellows. The wise among the ancients were never so wrong as when they panegyricized poverty; it is the wicked man's temper, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse and the melancholy man's halter."

"You are a strange old cock," replied Richmond, as he eyed him keenly from head to foot, "there is a sovereign for you, now you can settle your bar bill."

The dull eyes of Mr. Green sharpened and brightened up in an instant; he seized the treasure with an avidity of which the minute after he seemed somewhat ashamed, for he said, holding the coin in his hand, "Sir, you show a consideration, and let me add, sir, a delicacy of feeling unusual at your years. I can assure you, sir, that I shall repay you at my earliest leisure, and in the mean time allow me to state that I shall be proud of the honor of your acquaintance." With that he politely stretched out his hand.

"Thank you, old cock," said Richmond putting on his glove before accepting the offered hand which, though it was tendered with great grace and dignity, was of a marvellous dingy and smutty aspect.

He then turned round abruptly from Richmond after a hearty shake of the hands, to the bar-tender, and cried out, "Harkye, you sleepy son of a gun, you hear sirrah! give me change for this sovereign, and then tip us a double gill of your best; you whey-faced, liver-drench-

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souled son of a black-sea-cook and bad spirits!"

"Come gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do,"  
said he to Richmond and his friends, "I'll take you  
to my club. We are a rare lot of us there, all choice  
spirits, some of them are a little uncouth 'tis true,  
but we are not all of the clear quill, nor have we  
blue blood in our veins, you know."

He then turned round once more to exhaust his re-  
pository of fancy epithets on the misfortunate dispenser  
of the soul-stirring element.

"Hollo, you bar-boy! you liquor-pond-street of a  
scoundrel, having nothing of liquor but the name; you  
nasty, pitiful ally of a fellow, with a trunk for a  
body, and a sink for a soul, give me my change and my  
gin, you scoundrel!" The bar-tender never answered  
him, but handed him his change.

"Haw!" said he, on receiving it, "is that all right,  
you procusates of the counter, chopping our lawful appe-  
tites down to your rascally standard of one and three  
pence! Why don't you take a motto, you carrot-haired  
fox? Here's one for you 'Measure for measure' and the  
devil to pay!' You pitiful toadstool of a trader, you  
have no more spirit than an empty water-bottle, and  
when you go down below they'll put you in a hip-bath  
of brimstone; you are a knave, and will use you to cool  
the bellows, because the old boy then would only be half  
paid. Come, gentlemen, I am at your service."

They followed their strange friend through the crowd,

which he elbowed on either side with the most aristocratic disdain, perfectly regardless of their jokes at his dress and manner. He no sooner got through than he stopped short, and offered Richmond his arm. This was an honor of which he or his comrades were by no means desirous, for to say nothing of the shabbiness of Amos Green's exterior, there was a certain odour in his garments which was possibly less displeasing to the wearer than to his acquaintances. Accordingly they pretended not to notice this invitation, and merely said they would follow his guidance. Thereupon he turned up a narrow street, and after passing some of the most wretched alleys they ever had the happiness to behold, he stopped at a low door; here he knocked three times, and was admitted by a brawny, chubby-cheeked damsel with a profusion of foxy hair. This Hebe Amos greeted with a loving kiss, which she resented in a very unequivocal strain of disgustful reproach.

"Hush! my queen of hearts, my most adorable, my sultana," said Amos, "these gentlemen will think you are in earnest. I have brought four new customers to the club."

This assertion softened her ruffled countenance into a smile, and she very civilly asked them to enter.

"Hold on, gentlemen," said Amos, with an air of importance, "there is a mere form to be gone through before strangers can be admitted, but a word from me will be quite sufficient. And so saying, he vanished for a few minutes.

On his return, he informed them, with a cheerful smile, "that they were free to the house, but that they must pay a half-crown each, as the customary admission fee."

This sum was soon collected, and quietly inserted in Amos Green's pocket, who then ushered them along the passage into a small room, where were sitting about six or eight men enveloped in smoke, and moistening the Virginian weed with various preparations of malt liquor. They noticed, on entering, that Amos deposited at the bar the sum of one shilling and four pence, by which they surmised that he had gained the respectable sum of eight shillings and eight pence by their admission. With a very arrogant air he placed himself at the head of the table with a swagger, and called for the waiter.

"I'll take brandy hot, and bring some cigars. Gentlemen, give your orders."

Not to be out of fashion, they ordered the same sort of beverage.

After indulging in the brandy and water, they sat quietly chatting and smoking, taking a perspective view of the members of the club. They seemed a dilapidated and inebriated sort of threadbare aristocracy, and in order to ascertain how far the condition of the mind was suited to that of the frame, they asked Amos in a whisper to give them a few hints as to the genius and characteristics of the individual components of his club. Amos declared himself delighted with the proposal, and they all adjourned to a separate table at the end of the room. Amos, after a deep draught of the needful to clear his throat, thus began:

"You observe yon thin, meagre, cadaverous-looking animal with a slight squint, as if he was looking over his nose, and a restless, lowering, cunning expression?"

"What, him in the black velveteen breeches and threadbare coat?" queried Richmond.

"The same," answered Amos, "his real name, when he does not travel with an *alias*, is Paul Jones. He is one of the most remarkable rogues in the city. He is so noted a cheat that there is not a pickpocket in the land who would keep company with him if he had anything to lose. He was the favorite of his father, who intended to leave him all his fortune, which he had accumulated from selling rags and soap-boiling. He robbed him one night in Bond-street, and the old man discovered it and disinherited him. He was afterwards placed in a merchant's office and rose, step by step, to be head clerk, and intended son-in-law, but the night before his marriage he opened the safe by means of a false key and robbed his intended father-in-law of its contents. The theft could not be proven against him, but he was turned out of doors next day. If you were going to do him the greatest favour in the world he could not keep his hands out of your pocket until you had done it. In fact he has rogued himself out of a fortune and many friends, and cheated himself into beggary and a pot of half-and-half. He spouts now like myself for the cause of temperance at the society's rooms for half a crown a night, and subscribes liberally to the cause of temperance and enlightenment all over the world." This reci-

tal evoked a great amount of badinage from the jolly boys.

"I think, Mr. Green," said Richmond, "that a sketch of your own life must be also very amusing; would it be impertinent to ask you for it?"

"Not the least, my dear fellow," replied he, "you shall have it in as few words as possible. — I was born a gentleman, and educated with some pains. They told me I was a genius, and it was not very hard to persuade me of the truth of the assertion. I robbed orchards according to military tactics, never played at marbles without explaining to my competitors the theory of attraction, and was the best informed, most mischievous little rascal in the whole school. My family were in great doubt what to do with soprodigious a wonder; one said the law, another the church, a third talked of diplomacy, and a fourth assured my mother that if I could but be introduced at court I should be Lord Chamberlain in no time. While my friends were deliberating, I took the liberty of deciding. I enlisted in a fit of loyal valour, into a foot regiment; my friends were awfully cut up about my committing such a rash act, but made the best of a bad job, and bought me off. One month afterwards I enlisted again, and was drafted off to the war. I recollect well that I read Plato the night before I went into battle, the next morning they told me that I ran away. I am sure it was a malicious invention, for I don't remember ever to run away, anyhow, I was rammed into the black hole for cowardice, and three

days afterwards I was waited on by a captain and four, who tried me by court martial and found me guilty. They therefore ordered the drummers and fifers of the regiment to escort me outside the barrack-gate with my shako turned to the right-about-face. Accordingly I was led by the smallest drummer in the regiment with a cable tow round my neck like an ox going to the slaughter, the band playing the rogue's march as I marched out of the gate. There I was honoured with my discharge from the army and a kick in the posterior from the little urchin who led me, as a reminder for my cowardice in action. I then found myself outside the gate penniless and hungry. What was poor human flesh and blood to do unless to steal, for I was not mean enough to beg. I went into a butcher's shop to look at some steak and soon afterwards I found myself in gaol, consequent on the natural laws of cohesion demonstrated in homogeneous bodies. My relations hearing of my incarceration, soon had me released in order to save themselves from further disgrace.

"I then set off on my travels as a preacher of the Word. I went to Ireland and was doing well at my new profession, but for an unforeseen circumstance that caused my downfall. The students of Trinity College, always up to mischief, determined to have some fun at my expense, purchased a lot of rotten eggs, and in an evil hour hired a gang of the worst young rascals the city could boast of. They opened a fearful bombardment upon me with the eggs without impunity, one evening

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as I was expostulating to a large audience from a tub I had placed for the purpose at the corner of Barrack-street. I had to run for my life from the young vagabonds, while the students shouted and cheered and encouraged the young ragamuffins to follow me up, when I was forced to take refuge in an empty pork barrel in a cellar where the hounds had lost the scent. I lay there in ambush crippled up in the barrel, while the enemy howled and yelped with blood-thirsty vengeance while they searched frantically for me among the barrels in the cellar, but fortunately I escaped their clutches. At last, having exhausted their energies, they gave up the search altogether and retired from the scene, when I crawled forth from my hiding-place doubled up like a hedge-hog. After that I changed my tactics. I lost my heart to a rich widow, as I thought; I married her and found her as poor as a church mouse. Heaven knows what I should have done, or what would have become of me if I had not taken to drinking. My wife seemed to be outdone by me in anything, so she followed my example and in twelve months from the day of our marriage I followed her to the grave. Since then I have taken warning, and have been scrupulously sober. (Diana, my love, bring another brandy hot!) I was now once more a free man in the prime of life, handsome as you see, gentlemen, with the strength and spirit of a young Trojan. Accordingly I dried my tears, turned marker by night at a gambling-house, and a swell by day in Ratcliffe-highway, for I returned once more to



London ; it is the only place, after all, for a respectable man like myself to live in—people don't know you nor your business. Well, gentlemen, one night at a brawl in one of our gambling houses, my nose met with a rude hint to move to the right. I went in a great panic to the surgeon, who mended the matter by moving it back again to the left. There, thank my stars, it took hold once more and has rested in quiet ever since. It is needless to tell you the nature of the quarrel in which my nasal prominence got so rudely handled. Suffice it to say that my friends thought it absolutely necessary to have me removed from the situation I then held. I went once more to Ireland and was introduced to Smith O'Brien, the patriot, and the friend of freedom. He took me under his wing for some purpose best known to himself. I was poor, and that circumstance was enough to make me a patriot. They sent me from Ireland to France on a secret mission, and when I returned my friends of liberty were in prison. Being always of a free disposition, I did not envy them their situation. Accordingly I returned to London, and there got hard up with a dilapidated purse. I went into a jeweller's shop to brace it, and three months afterwards I found myself on a maritime excursion to Van-Dieman's Land at the Queen's expense. On my return from that country, after serving a term of ten long years in the mines for my country's cause, with strong bracclets round my legs, I resolved to turn over a new leaf and put my literary talents to account. According-

ly I joined the temperance cause, wrote declamations against the liquor traffic, and spouted to large audiences for the society at a half-a-crown a night. My friends now, thanks to my letters and ability, are neither few nor far between. They were delighted with my eloquence as a temperance orator. They have increased my salary to ten shillings a week, and upon this and my declamations I manage to exist. I am a universal favourite now with the sons of temperance. I have reformed my life and my manners, and have become the quiet, orderly individual you now behold. Age, hard knocks and poor fare tame the fiercest of the human race. (Diana, my love, bring me another brandy hot! Hark ye, dear, don't make it too weak.) Gentlemen, your health; my story is finished, and I expect that you will pay for the lush."

They settled the reckoning and took an affectionate farewell of Mr Amos Green.

On emerging from the club, where they were almost suffocated by the fumes of strong liquor and tobacco smoke, to their ineffable delight they found themselves once more in the open air. The smoke and the hot liquor had contributed greatly to the continuance of their inebriety, and they were as much averse to bed as ever. They marched along the streets laughing, shouting and rioting, until they reached a cab-stand. They entered the front vehicle and drove to Piccadilly, and seeing a light gleam from a saloon, they knocked at the door and were admitted. They sat down and looked around at

the dissipated vermin citizens with whom the room was pretty well filled.

"Hollo! waiter," cried Richmond, "bring us three sodas and a half-dash. I know not why it is, but the devil himself could never cure me of thirst; brandy and I have a most chemical attraction for each other. You know that we always estimate the force of attraction between bodies by the force required to separate them."

They finished off here on plain brandy and soda, and drove home in a cab quite sober, Richmond minus his watch and chain, at four o'clock in the morning, sleepy and fatigued after their night's brawl. On arrival at their rooms they went to bed and were soon in the land of dreams. Richmond awoke about eleven o'clock with an aching head and a feverish frame. Oh, these midnight carousals with the jolly dogs, how glorious they would be if there were no seedy feelings or headache the next morning! He usually took his brandy and soda in bed on these occasions, where he lay in deep meditation, ruminating over all he had done since his arrival in London, or concocting plans for the evening's amusement. He had become rather a talked-of and noted character. 'Tis true he had mixed in the best society. His uncle's letters of introduction had procured him the *entree* of the best English houses, and to them many of his evenings were usually devoted. That was a happy time for Richmond, when his carriage used to await him at the door of his hotel, and then whirl him to a succession of visits, varying in their degree and

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*One Round of Dissipation.*

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nature as the whim prompted him; now to the brilliant party of some first-class family, or to the apartments of some less celebrated daughter of dissipation, and from there to the feverish excitement of the gambling-house or billiard room. Passing from each with an appetite for amusement kept alive by variety, finding in none a disappointment, and in every one a welcome; full of the health which supports and the youth which colors all excess or excitement, he drained with an unsparing lip whatever enjoyment that enchanting metropolis could afford. He had amused himself to the utmost, while he had, as much as possible, combined profit with pleasure, *i. e.*, if he went to the opera in the evening he played billiards in the morning; if he drove to a grand party it was not till he had fenced or sparred an hour at the athletic club; in short, he took the greatest pains to complete his education in all the manly exercises, with sword, foil and singlestick, as well as boxing with the gloves under the instruction of the best professors of these arts. He had greatly enjoyed the gaiety of the London season, but the spring was not far advanced before he began to grow heartily tired, and shrank by rapid degrees into a small orbit from which he rarely moved. He had already established a certain reputation as a gay and fashionable swell around town, and his pride was satisfied with finding himself universally run after by the jolly dogs whenever they were going out on the boose, but he had had enough of those nightly carousals, and now indulged his inclination by render-

ing himself generally scarce on these occasions. Besides, he was on the eve of setting out upon his voyage to New York; his intention was to stay a few months there and then go down South on a tour of speculation. His mind was therefore engrossed with the blissful expectations the idea of that country had conjured up to his imagination. He was tolerably tired of amusements, for no business is half so fatiguing as pleasure. He therefore longed for fresh pastures. Behold, a change was near at hand! Then, to say nothing but the truth, he was heartily glad of escaping from numerous endearing sirens, whose acquaintance he had formed, but was now wearied with his attendance upon them, and the very circumstances which men who play the German flute and fall in love would have considered the most vexatious, were by him then regarded the most consolatory. He and his college companion, H. A. Blake, with whom he met soon after his arrival in London, had sat one evening over their wine, smoking and talking, principally on general subjects and the various differences between America and England, on horses, *et cetera*. Richmond had perfectly inoculated Blake with his ardour for American adventure. They remained together chatting all that evening and took a prodigious fancy to each other, and before they retired Blake had promised to accompany him to New York. Within a week from that evening they had arranged everything for the voyage, and embarked at London docks, on board a steamer of the White Star Line for New York, and were soon on

the bosom of the broad Atlantic, where we will leave them enjoying the pleasure of a sea voyage, and return to that part of our story where we left Iris proceeding on her voyage to the Crimea.






## CHAPTER VI.

THE COMBINED FLEETS—THE VOYAGE—THE CRIMEA AT LAST—DISEMBARKATION—THE BRIGADE FORMED—A DESOLATE BEACH—THE HOUSELESS ARMY—THE COSSACKS—LORD LUCAN—THEY OPEN FIRE—THE HALT—THE BIVOUAC—THE MISERY—THE MILITARY SPECTACLE—THE ADVANCE—THE GRAND MASSES—ASCEND THE HILL—RED IS THE COLOUR—LIE DOWN—THE ADVANCE—A BLOODY STRUGGLE—THE RUSSIAN COLUMNS—PRINCE GEORGE ADVANCES—THE SUMMIT GAINED—THE TERRIBLE BATTLE—VICTORIOUS ARMY—BURYING THE DEAD—OH! CRUEL WAR—THE WATCH FIRES—THE ADVANCE—OUR HEROINE—BALAKLAVA—TO BOOT AND SADDLE—THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA—THE AMAZONS—THE CHARGE—THE PRISONERS.

**A**FTER various changes of course, during which several days were suffered to elapse, one morning as our heroine lay asleep in her hammock she was roused by an unusual noise and bustle among the sailors, the captain giving hurried orders, and the sailors answering "Aye, aye, sir!" and wondering what was up, she hurried on deck, where several of her comrades in arms were standing with their eyes turned in the direction in which the ship was proceeding, gazing at the same object in the distance. The air was sharp and chill, and the sun had not yet risen, but the cold glare, which threw out in dark relief the masts, spars, and rigging, showed the spot at

which they would shortly appear. On every side steam vessels were rushing along, some towing transports under bare masts, pouring forth volumes of smoke and steam, varied here and there by the huge forms of ships of the line, whose rows of ports could just be distinguished. Above the dark horizon rose the object towards which all eyes were turned. It was an interesting moment, for the hazy and indistinct outline of the future scene of strife had just become visible. Yes, there it lay before them, the Crimea, at last. The vast armada, which had moved on during the night in perfect order, stud ling the horizon with a second heaven of stars, and covering the face of the sea with innumerable lights, advanced parallel with the coast till it gradually closed in towards the shore. The sun rose from a cloudless sky. About eight a.m. the fleets were in their prescribed position, in lines parallel to the beach. At ten the order was given to disembark the troops, and soon afterwards swarms of small boats freighted with red coats were pulling off towards the shore from the various ships. As each regiment landed the brigade was formed in contiguous columns of quarter distance, bayonets glistening, and brass-mounted shakos gleaming in solid masses. Towards noon the heat of the sun was tempered by a gentle breeze, and by some floating vapours which turned speedily into showers of rain, and the afternoon was dark and gloomy. By two p.m. the barren and desolate beach, inhabited but a short time before only by the seagull and wildfowl, was swarming with red coats and blue jackets. The air



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—OF BALAKLAVA

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was filled with the hum of voices, mingled with loud words of command, and an occasional shout of laughter. Towards night the sky looked very black and lowering; the wind rose and the rain fell, and increased in violence towards midnight. Unluckily the poor fellows brought no tents on shore, and early in the morning the rain fell in drenching sheets, which soaked through the blankets and greatcoats of the homeless and tentless soldiers. Luckily for our heroine the cavalry were not landed until next morning about eleven o'clock. On landing our heroine was told off as field trumpeter and interpreter to Lord Raglan. After forming up on the beach they were pushed on in front, and when about a mile clear of the advancing army, the light cavalry, under the command of Lord Cardigan, threw out skirmishers in line, who covered the front at intervals of twelve paces apart. The Cossacks advanced to meet them in like order, the light steel of their long lances glittering in the sun. As the skirmishers advanced within range of each other they opened fire, but as they closed the Cossacks halted at the foot of the hill, and soon afterwards retired, closely followed by the light cavalry, but as the party mounted the hill dark columns of Russian cavalry came into view in the recesses of the hills, and it became evident that if British cavalry charged up such a steep ascent their horses would be blown, and they would run the risk of being surrounded and cut to pieces by a force five times their number. Lord Lucan therefore ordered the cavalry to halt, gather in their skirmishers, and retire slowly.

When the skirmishers halted the Cossacks commenced a fire from their line of videttes. The Russians emboldened by the halt of the British cavalry, came over the brow of the hill, and slowly descended the slope in three solid masses. The skirmishers, who had replied smartly to the fire of the Cossacks, retired and joined the squadrons. Suddenly one of the Russian cavalry squares opened, a spirt of white smoke rose out of the gap, and a round shot came whizzing along and pitched close to the light cavalry, and bounded down the hill away amongst the ranks of infantry in the rear. In another instant a second shot was fired, the round shot bowling right through the 11th Hussars, knocking down a horse, and taking off the rider's leg above the ankle. Another and another followed in rapid succession, heaving through the ranks, so that it was quite marvellous so many cavalry escaped. A round shot struck the horse next to where our heroine was sitting on her charger close to Lord Raglan. After some thirty rounds from the enemy our artillery were brought into position and opened fire, their round shot ploughing up the columns of the Russian cavalry in fine style, who speedily dispersed into broken lines, wheeling round and round to escape the fire of the British guns, whose fire was so hot, and the guns so well directed, that the enemy retired in a short time after they had opened fire on them. It was almost impossible to form an accurate notion of the effect of the fire, but it must have been a source of terrible annoyance to the Russians, and caused them far greater loss than they had inflicted on

the British. One of the wounded men, a sergeant of the 11th Hussars, rode coolly to the rear with his foot dangling by a piece of skin to the bone, and told the doctor he had come to have his leg dressed. Another wounded trooper behaved with equal fortitude, and refused the use of a stretcher to carry him to the rear, though his leg had been broken into splinters. When the Russians had retired beyond the heights, orders were given to halt and bivouac for the night. The watch fires of the enemy were visible in front. It was a cold, wet night, and if I could intrude the recital of the misery our heroine suffered that night on the wet, cold ground without a tent or anything to cover her except her cloak and blanket, I might tell a tale amusing enough to my reader. It was admitted that as a military spectacle, the advance of the British troops and the little affair of artillery, as well as the movements of the cavalry, formed one of the most picturesque and beautiful sights that could be imagined. No pencil could do it justice, for the painter's skill fails to impart an idea of motion, and the writer has not yet been born who can describe with vividness and force, so as to bring the details before the reader, the events of even the slightest skirmish. As soon as they had ascertained the position of the French, the columns of brigades extended across the country for some six or eight miles, covered by squadrons of light cavalry extended in skirmishing order at twelve paces apart in grand lines, like the waves of the ocean, with the flanks fritted away in the distance as

far as the eye could see. This was a sight of inexpressible grandeur, and for the first time one was struck with the splendid appearance of the British infantry in line in the distance as well as the cavalry in skirmishing order. The effect of these grand masses of troops ascending the hill, rank after rank, with the sun playing over forests of glittering steel can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and although our heroine had suffered untold hardships and privations, yet she thanked heaven to be spared thus far, to behold such a grand spectacle, and better still, to be close to her dear Hubert at such a time; in the coming battle she prayed and hoped to be near him if he fell. Onward the torrent of war swept, wave after wave, huge, stately billows of armed men, while the rumble of artillery and the tramp of cavalry accompanied their progress. Red is the color after all, and the slashings of the uniform garnished by the crossbelts, though rendering a man conspicuous enough, give him an appearance of size which other uniforms do not produce. The dark French columns on the right looked very small compared to the British regiments. It was observable, too, that the staff officers were very conspicuous with their cocked hats, and the bunch of white feathers made them a fancy target for the Russian sharpshooters. Several of the staff, however, very wisely doffed the latter adornment. As soon as the British line of skirmishers got within range of the enemy's battery on the hill, the latter opened fire with effect, the round shot ploughing through the

lines of infantry and rolling down into the advancing columns behind. The infantry were therefore ordered to lie down, while the cavalry retired, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that the artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, but replied to the artillery manfully, their shot falling among the British troops as they lay on the ground, carrying off legs and arms in every direction. At last the order was given for the whole line to advance. Up rose these serried masses, and passing through a fearful shower of round, case shot and shells, they dashed into the Alma and waded through its waters, which were literally torn to foam by the deadly hail of musket balls, grape and canister. Onward they pressed up the heights in masses, firm indeed, but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries, sending missiles of destruction of every conceivable invention from their guns, and a roar of musketry from a compact mass of Russian infantry thinning the front ranks by dozens. Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. Two field batteries were brought to bear on the Russian square, cutting through the ranks so cleanly and so keenly that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds their columns became broken, wavered to and fro, broke and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, marking the passage

of the fatal messengers. This act relieved the British infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. Prince George encouraged his men by personal bravery, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the royal race from which he comes. Bravely and majestically did the troops mount the summit of the hill, firing as they advanced towards the batteries, from which the enemy were now fast flying, appalled by the rolling fire and by the appearance of the irresistible onslaught of British heroes. On gaining possession of the batteries, after a long hand-to-hand encounter with the Russian infantry, the guns were turned against the flying masses which the British cavalry also pursued, cutting down many of the enemy in their flight, and capturing many guns and prisoners. The battle of the Alma was won, and victory once more crowned the British arms.

Night closed around the victorious armies before they could have finished the painful task of relieving the wounded, and a darkness which almost equalled that of Egypt settled over the battle-field. Many wounded men were necessarily left on the hill that night in spite of all their exertions. Next morning the army renewed its painful labours of burying the dead and caring for the wounded. The thirst of the wounded seemed intolerable, and the men, all honour to the noble fellows, went about relieving the wants of the fallen and wounded heroes as fast and as well as they could. Our heroine, too, accompanied by Hubert, did a world of good among

the wounded and dying soldiers during the whole of that night. There was more than an acre of Russian wounded when they were all collected together and deposited on the ground. The Russian dead were all buried in one deep, wide pit, and the British were buried all in one pit also. Oh! war, cruel war! Thou dost pierce the soul with untold sorrow, as well as thy bleeding victims with death. How many joyous hopes and bright prospects hast thou blasted, and how many hearths and homes hast thou made desolate.

After burying the dead and taking care of the wounded, orders were issued to the division to prepare for marching after daybreak, and early next morning the army marched away from the blood-stained heights of the Alma, a name that will be ever memorable to the British soldier.

I have already mentioned in a former chapter that our heroine on her departure from Dublin had supplied herself with a sufficient sum of money, which she drew from the bank in English sovereigns, and had a leather belt made for the special use of stowing them away. This belt she invariably wore around her waist inside of her uniform. This supply of money became a great acquisition, and enabled her most wonderfully to surmount many difficulties, besides gaining for her a host of friends, especially when she knew how to use it with advantage. When she first joined the regiment there happened to be a big, good-natured Irishman in the same troop with her who was always very willing to lend a

helping hand to the weak and inexperienced, whose name was Pat McAvoy. This man always cleaned her horse and appointments, more especially after she had gladdened his Irish heart with one of the glittering coins from her belt. But since her promotion to sergeant she was allowed a batman, and Pat was the favoured one whom she paid regularly by the month for attending to herself and her charger. The morning of their departure from the Alma our heroine was so completely exhausted and fatigued by her exertions the previous evening in attending on the wounded and dying that towards morning she fell into a very heavy sleep and was only awakened in time to prepare for the march by Pat, who had been up and prepared some hot coffee, which he brought to her in a canteen, this with some biscuits was a great luxury to our heroine at such a time. After partaking freely of this early repast she looked to her sword, holster pistols and carbine, and at the word of command was ready to mount her charger, with the blush of youth and health upon her cheeks, which she usually touched over with a little cosmetics every morning in order the better to disguise her effeminate beauty. The watch fires were still smouldering, as the sleepers roused themselves all wet with dew, and prepared to leave the scene of their triumphs. The fogs of the night crept slowly up the heights and hung in folds around their summits, revealing here and there the gathering columns of the regiments in dark patches on the declivities, or showing the deep, black-looking



columns of the French battalions already in motion towards the south. Dimly seen in the distance, the fleet was moving along slowly by the line of the coast, the long lines of smoke trailing behind each steamer. It was past six o'clock before the army advanced, preceded by the cavalry, which formed the advance guard. Their route was directed on the valley of the Katcha, a small river which waters a fertile plain. What a strange spectacle did the line of march present upon the 23rd September. A hurried or incautious observer might, at first sight, have pronounced the long lines of troops which wended their way over the hills and valleys, as the remains of a discomfited and routed army, had not the ardent expression and bright eyes that beamed on every side assured them that men who looked thus could not have been beaten ones. As for our heroine, long years of enjoyment, delight and happiness, have not obliterated, scarcely blunted, the impression that sight had made upon her. The splendid spectacle of a grand review had often excited and delighted her in times of peace, but here there was the glorious reality of war; the bronzed faces, the worn and blood-stained uniform, the tattered and riddled flags, the rumbling roll of the artillery guns, mingled with the wild pibroch of the Highlander, or some soul-stirring, Irish quick-step, and occasionally hearing Hubert's rich, deep and manly voice close behind her, cry out now and then to the men of his squadron in a commanding tone, "Close up there, Barney Hulligan or Patsey Comerton." While the long lines of

cavalry, their helmets and accoutrements shining in the morning sun, made her heart beat high with a feeling of chivalrous enthusiasm. The strains of sweet martial music, and the tramp of the cavalry, responded to her throbbing pulse as the army marched along. They advanced at an average rate of three miles an hour, halting occasionally to rest the troops, and allow the baggage-waggons and stragglers to come up. About four o'clock the beautiful valley of the Katcha came in sight, whose course was marked all along its edge with trees and shrubs, and its banks were clad with verdure and brush-wood, through which here and there shone the white walls of snug cottages. The country through which they marched in the forenoon was hilly and barren, but as they neared the river a most luxuriant vegetation formed a strong contrast to the bleak-looking tract over which they had crossed. Wheeling over the bridge which spans the river, they turned eastward toward the little village of Eskel, close to which stands McKinzie's farm, where they had decided to bivouac for the night. On reaching a sequestered shade by the banks of the river, the words "Halt, dismount!" resounded again and again from front to rear, and in a few moments more the troopers were stretched upon the green grass, where the setting sun threw its long shadows on the green sward, and the bright stream ran placidly beside them, reflecting on its calm surface the varied groups as they sat or lounged along its banks. Here the soldiers fared on the richest of grapes and the choicest pears and delicious ripe

apples. When our heroine contrasted the gay and lively tone of the conversation which ran on around the bivouac fire as they prepared their evening meal, with the dry monotony and prosaic tediousness of her life before she joined the service, she felt how much the spirit of adventure a soldier's life can impart of chivalrous enthusiasm, to even the dullest and least susceptible to enterprise. She saw even many who, under ordinary circumstances, would have possessed no interest nor excited any curiosity, but now, connected as they were with the great events occurring around them, absolutely became heroes, and it was with a strange, wild throbbing of excitement, that she listened to the details of movements and marches, whose objects she knew not, but in which the magical words Balaclava and Sebastopol were mixed up, and gave to the circumstance an interest of the highest character. How proud, too, she felt to be the companion in arms of such brave fellows, and to hear Hubert's rich, manly voice explaining the different movements of the army to the attentive listeners as they sat around the camp fire. Who need wonder if she felt a sense of excited pleasure. Had our heroine needed such a stimulant that night would have been enough to arouse a passion in her breast for the army, and an irrepresible determination to seek a soldier's glory. She had often wondered why more maidens had not joined the army, why should they be debarred from gaining honour and glory on the battle-field, as well as the opposite sex? This was a problem which she could not solve,

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and therefore laid it over for future deliberation, and turned her attention to other matters of much more importance which were looming up in the distance. During that night the Cossacks had harassed their outlying picquets very much, but when the daylight dawned they opened such a hot fire upon them, followed up by a few rounds from a battery of field-pieces, that it soon dispersed them. They now commenced a march which deserves to be classed among the boldest movements ever made by any military commander in the face of an enemy. As the army advanced, covered by the light cavalry, the latter, on emerging from a wooded road on the open space in front, found themselves in the immediate presence of a body of Russian infantry, which were not more than a few hundred yards in their front. The British infantry were therefore extended in skirmishing order and opened fire on the enemy, and the field-pieces were brought quickly to the front and opened fire on the retreating masses. The skirmishers were then called in and the cavalry executed a charge, and the result was that after a few rounds the enemy broke and fled along the road in great haste and confusion, leaving behind them an enormous quantity of baggage of every description, for two or three miles strewn over the ground in every direction of their flight. This was fair and legitimate plunder, and the troops were halted and allowed to take whatever they liked and what they could carry. They then set to work and broke open all the carts and tumbled out the contents on the ground

when immense quantities of wearing apparel were discovered, such as boots, shirts, coats, dressing cases, valuable ornaments and some jewelry; there was one military chest which contained considerable sums of money, presumably the soldiers' pay. The carriage of Prince Menschikoff fell into the hands of the British also. There was a large amount of champagne discovered among the baggage which served to cheer the captors during their bivouac that night. A great number of very handsome cavalry officers' jackets, richly laced with silver and made of very fine blue cloth, were among the valuables and were sold by the soldiers at very remunerative sums. This plunder put the men in good humour, and they marched on the whole day in excellent spirits, singing and laughing with delight till they arrived on the banks of the Black River, just as the sun was setting, and there halted to bivouac for the night. But the baggage and those in charge of it were obliged to march during the night in order to keep up to the main body of the army. As the British army advanced on Balaklava they were saluted by round shot and shell from a level piece of ground outside the tower and close to some old ruins near the entrance of the harbour. There the enemy had got a small body of troops, who seemed resolved to defend the place to the last extremity. But, to their surprise and confusion one of the British men-of-war outside the harbour opened fire on the forts, and at the same time the rifles and light division advanced and opened a smart fire as they closed on the enemy,

who, seeing they were in a difficult position, hoisted a flag of truce and surrendered, when they were all taken prisoners and shipped on board the fleet, which, soon after the capture of the place, entered the harbour. Afterwards the army marched off peaceably to their respective camp ground and bivouaced for the night, the cavalry on the side of Kadikoi hill, and about three miles from Balaklava. Here they were employed in collecting supplies and carrying provisions to the besiegers before Sebastopol, since they had obtained their magnificent position on the heights by their brilliant and daring flank march on Balaklava, until the morning of the 25th October, when they were alarmed by the trumpets sounding shrilly among the tents, just as our heroine and Hubert were indulging in a hasty breakfast of hot coffee and fried biscuits, thanks to Pat McAvoy's assiduity. They were soon in their saddles, fully armed and equipped, pistols and carbines loaded, and every man eager to meet the Russians in mortal combat. They had not long to wait, for scarcely had they formed up into squadrons when they beheld the Russians chasing the Turks, who had fled from the redoubts at the first approach of the Russians. They ran in confusion and disorder across the plain towards Balaklava, closely pursued by the Cossacks, whose lances and brass-mounted helmets glistened in the morning sun. On mounting the summit of the ridge they slackened their speed for a short time, and then paused for a moment and gazed in wonder as their eyes caught sight of the 93rd Highland-

ers who were drawn up in line above them on the heights. The pause, however, was but momentary; and on they came with levelled lances, while others charged with uplifted swords; increasing their speed at every stride they dashed towards the Highlanders, who stood calm and steady as their own native rocks. But, as the Cossacks advanced within about two hundred yards of them we could see the plumed bonnets of the Highlanders droop a little to the right as their rifles were brought up to the present, and out rung a well directed volley of rifle bullets from that red line of steel which instinctively checked their speed; a second volley carried terror, death, confusion and disorder through their ranks, and as the smoke cleared away, a confused heap of Russians were seen rolling wildly over each other, while the remnant of their discomfited squadrons made a precipitate retreat back to their supports, faster than they had come. The cowardly Turks were hooted by the sailors and spectators on the heights above, while the soldiers' wives who were employed at a small stream washing linen for the Connaught Rangers, kicked and cuffed the Bono Johnnies without mercy for running away from the enemy.

The Russian cavalry once more advanced rapidly in two lines, a forest of lances glistening in their rear, when the Scots Grays and Enniskilleners, with their gallant leaders at their heads, dashed forward to meet them. A gleam of light like that of an electric flash seemed to pass along the ranks, as their swords flashed above their

heads in the sunshine, and then came a tremendous clash as they crossed swords with the enemy in the shock of battle. The Scots and Irish broke through the Russian lines of cavalry like lightning through a cloud storm, cutting them down, and then disappearing among their adversaries, quivering columns. They were, however, soon seen again on the crest of the ridge beyond, cutting and slashing their way right through the second line which had advanced against them to retrieve their fallen fortune. The scene then became wild and terrific, as their heavy swords came down with a vengeance on the thick-skulled Muscovites. Many were the episodes of chivalry and hand-to-hand encounters which marked the peculiarity of this bloody scene of carnage and strife. Then the shrill sound of the trumpets was heard above this infernal din of battle, and soon after the bearskins of the Scots, and the brass-mounted helmets of the Enniskilleners began to reappear and emerge from that chaos of confusion and disorder, after having taught the hard-headed Russians the skill, strength and bravery of British cavalry, and the temper of Sheffield steel.

But now occurred the terrible disaster of the day, which filled the army as well as the spectators with sorrow. The Russians, satisfied with the chastisement they had received from our heavy cavalry, retreated along the valley, taking with them the guns which they had captured from the Turks. But the general commanding, not deigning to suffer the guns to be taken off the field so coolly, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, who



was *aid-de-camp*, to take to Lord Lucan, directing him to advance the Light Cavalry Brigade and recover the guns from the enemy if possible, and ere many minutes elapsed the order was given by Nolan, who paid the penalty of his death soon afterwards through this error of generalship. Though perilous and rash in the extreme the order was cheerfully received and implicitly obeyed by the officers and men, each officer taking up the word of command in succession,—“The Brigade will advance.”

#### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

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Half a league, half a league, half a league onward !  
 All in the valley of Death rode the six hundred !  
 Forward the Light Brigade !  
 Charge for the guns ! Nolan said :—  
 Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.  
 Forward the Light Brigade !  
 Was there a man dismayed ?  
 Not though the soldier knew some one had blundered :  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to do and die ;  
 Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.  
 Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them volleyed and thundered ;  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode, and well :  
 Into the jaws of death,  
 Into the mouth of hell, rode the six hundred.  
 Flashed all their sabres bare,  
 Flashed as they turned in air,  
 Sabering the gunners there :

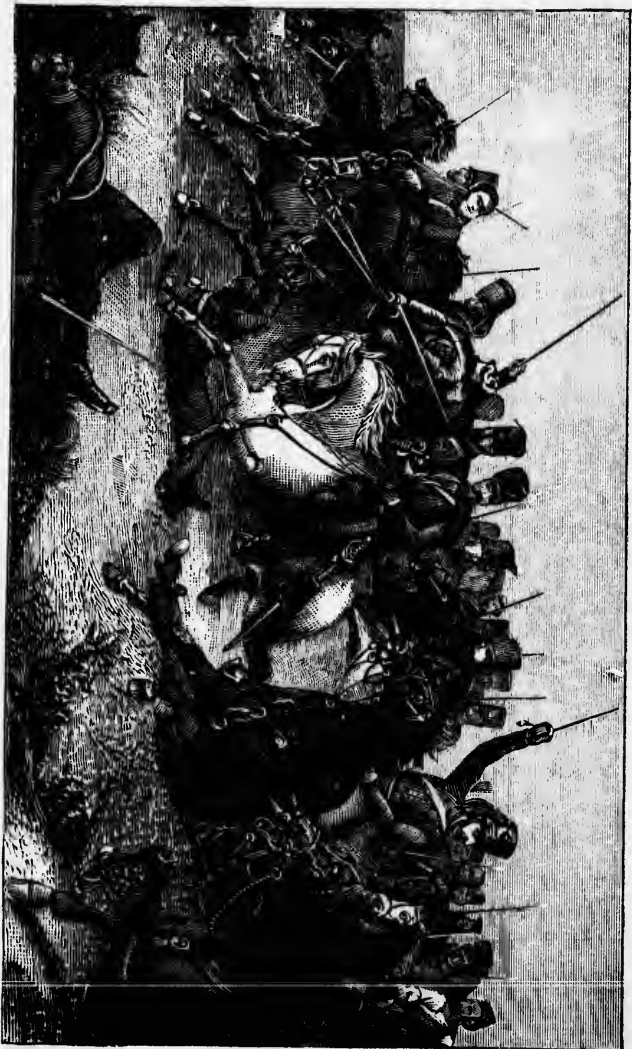
Charging an army, while all the world wondered ;  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke,  
Cossack and Russian reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered :  
Then they rode back :  
But, not—not the six hundred !  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell ;  
They that had fought so well,  
Came from the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them—left of six hundred !  
When can their glory fade ?  
O, the wild charge they made !  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade ! Noble six hundred !"

After advancing about a mile under a terrible fire of round shot and musketry, they gathered speed and swept along at a rapid pace until they got within a half-mile of the Russian guns, when the word "charge" was given, and then the maddened horses rushed onward at full racing speed, with long invigorating strides and outstretched necks, from which the manes were floating backwards like the smoke from a locomotive. Like the thunder of heaven, the Russian artillery shook the very earth, as cannon, mortars and musketry opened fire on them in front and on their flanks at once. A torrent of round shot, grape, canister and shell, rockets and

musketry rolled incessantly, while bullets whizzed past them, or tore through horses and riders, and down they went at every stride, but the files closed in from the flanks, and more resolute did they ride, with pennons fluttering and sabres glittering in the sunshine. On they still charged towards the volcano of fire, on and on fearlessly. The best blood of England, Ireland and Scotland was in their ranks, all well and nobly mounted, the flower of the British cavalry, and well did they acquit themselves. They swept through the Russians like a whirlwind, with a loud British cheer. Their hearts' blood seemed mounting to their brains, and they were upon them! The red flashing muzzles of the Russian guns were passed, the gunners throwing themselves under the wheels, limbers and gun-horses, where they were cut down, or speared to the ground; others were rushing for shelter to their squares, or behind their infantry columns, while showers of leaden bullets were tearing through our brave fellows and horses. But, despite all this terrible fire, the guns were captured, and the gunners almost annihilated; but, having no infantry to aid them in securing the guns, they had no resource left but to ride back under a most galling fire. The trumpets sounded the call, and away they went back, all that was left of them. The survivors who returned, were only about one hundred and fifty all told, and many of those were wounded. A few wounded men whose horses were shot from under them crawled back afterwards from the valley of death, where several dis-

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THE LIGHT CAVALRY RETIRING AFTER THE CHARGE.



mounted guns and piles of dead Russians were all that were left on the field of the enemy, who had fallen back to their former position beyond the Tchernaya river. During the charge Sergeant Eyre (our heroine) shot a gunner who had his sword raised above his head to cut down an officer whose horse had been shot from under him, and who recognizing the brave act, cried out, "Well done, Sergeant Eyre, I'll not forget that act if I survive this charge." Hubert cleft a Russian to the chin who attempted to fire a gun into the face of his comrades. But there is no time to pause, and they still fly forward pell mell, for now it is wild excitement, and death showers of musketry and round shot are forgotten. But our heroine (Robert Eyre), Hubert and Pat McAvoy where are they? They were taken prisoners by the Cossacks while in the act of rescuing two officers of their own regiment, whom the Russians were marching off the field, prisoners of war. The rescued officers afterwards related how Sergeant Hubert Clanronald with one cut of his sword severed from the body of a Russian an arm which was raised to cut down the captain of his own troop, and how Sergeant Robert Eyre knocked over two of the enemy by pistol shots, who were escorting them to the rear, and how Pat McAvoy and the two aforesaid sergeants continued to follow the flying host, dealing about them such blows as would have done honor to Fin Machoule in the hands of the Scotch giant. Half unconscious and reckless of the fire of the artillery and infantry in their front, the

brave trio pursued the foe so far, that, on looking back, they discovered that they had outstripped their companions, who were slowly retiring. Then to their horror they found themselves surrounded and cut off by an overpowering body of Cossacks, who marched them off to the rear of Laprandi's army, prisoners of war, with the full consciousness of the unpleasant proximity of the points of over two score of Cossack lances pointed at them, as they were forced along against their inclinations, where we will now leave them for the present, making a circuit of the hills towards the Russian camp on the north side of Sebastopol, and return to Richmond.





## CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK—THE KID-GLOVED ARISTOCRACY—THE GAETIES  
—THE ATHLETIC CLUB—THE CONTEST—THE DINNER—THE GAMBLING  
—THE ABDUCTION—THE DETECTIVE—THE SKINNERS—JOE JEBO—JOE'S  
ROOMS—THE DINNER—THE COSMETICS—THE PERSONATION—THE AD-  
VENTURE—THE DE. OF THIEVES—OLD JIM ELINKER—THE FIGHT  
FOR LIFE—THE CHASE—THE DEPARTURE—BLAKE EXHAUSTED—THE  
MONEY GONE--NEW ORLEANS.

**R**ICHMOND and his comrade Blake had had rather a favorable though to them a monotonous voyage of twelve days across the Atlantic. They did not, however, escape the misery of sea-sickness, which proverbially overtakes landsmen during their first long voyage. On arrival at New York they took rooms at a private hotel on Madison-Square. Here they made the acquaintance of most of the kid-gloved aristocracy of the city, and were introduced into high-toned circles, and when it became whispered around town that two Irish gentlemen of large fortunes and any amount of money at their command, were on a tour of pleasure to New York, all the doors of high life were thrown open at the first tap of their gold-headed cane. They were so infatuated with the gaities of New York, they stayed there over

twelve months, and occasionally, for a change of scene, visited Chicago, Boston and several other cities of the Union before Richmond attempted any speculation down South. In New York they were made honorary members of most of the principal clubs, and were treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. They visited sporting clubs where they met men after their own heart, sportsmen and jockies; they attended gambling houses where they met all the shipwrecked bankers, money dealers, gamblers, billiard sharpers, card sharpers, black-legs, and thieves, who were all on the look-out for a pigeon to pluck.

One evening as they were sauntering carelessly down Fifth Avenue, they met two swells to whom they had had a previous introduction (at the sporting club already mentioned), who greeted them cordially as hail-good-fellows-well-met, and forthwith they were invited to the athletic club to see some fun. They therefore directed their steps towards that rendezvous, where they entered a large apartment. Here they joined over a score of the most stalwart youths they ever saw out of a foot or cavalry regiment. They were all dressed alike in costumes suitable for the occasion of rough and tumble. The side tables which stood close along the wall were covered with boxing gloves, single-sticks and fies. At the end of the hall stood an elaborately fitted up bar, with large flashing mirrors, and a gorgeous display of crystal decanters and wine glasses, which were handled in a professional manner by two smart bar-tenders who were



employed in attending to the wants of the guests, and mixing up the decoctions for thirsty members of the club.

As they entered, two strapping young fellows with their coats off and leather belts around their waists, were standing in the centre of the room facing each other in a pugnacious attitude, with boxing gloves on ready for action.

"Well," queried Richmond's chaperon to one of the pugilists as they entered the arena, "which was the conquerer?"

"Oh! it's not yet decided," was the reply; and forthwith the two pugilists went at it as hard as they could hit with the boxing gloves, hitting heavy enough to have felled Fin Macoules, who, if I recollect aright, was rather a game blood in such encounters. They all crowded round to witness the encounter; Richmond and Blake among the rest, with an equal ardour, and an equal interest. When the match was over Richmond was invited to put on the gloves with a tall powerfully built Yankee, which he declined, saying that he was no good with the gloves.

"Well, will you take the foils, or singlesticks with me?" said a bullying burly-looking fellow, as he walked over to Richmond with a swagger of self conceit.

"I am a poor hand with the foils," replied Richmond, "and a worse still with the singlesticks, but just for the fun of the thing, and to amuse the company, I have no objection to try a bout with you at the singlesticks."

"No, no," interposed a good natured looking young fellow, stepping over to Richmond, "this match must not be, for Courtney is the best fencer I ever saw, and there is not a man in the city that can match him." He then confidently whispered to Richmond, "and the hardest hitter, too, and never spares his opponent either."

"Really," replied Richmond, loud enough for all the company to hear him, in his most affected tone, "it is a great pity, for I am excessively awkward, but as I have said that I would engage him, I don't like to retract even should I get a drubbing for my folly."

At this remark of his, a wink and a broad grin went round the room.

"Pray, let me look at the hilt," said he, affectedly, "I hope the guard is strong; I would not have my knuckles rapped or barked for anything."

At this innocent remark they all laughed aloud, "Now for it."

"I'm in a deuced fright, though, Blake," said Richmond, chuckling to himself inwardly at the universal pleasure depicted in the countenance of his opponent, as well as the bystanders who were all rejoiced at the idea of the Irishman being heartily thrashed by the big Yankee.

Richmond took hold of the stick and looked at it suspiciously, pretending great awkwardness and a lack of grace in his position. His opponent placed himself in the most scientific attitude, assuming at the same time an air of professional skill in his position and move-

ments, which seemed to call forth the applause and admiration of all the bystanders.

"Do we allow hard hitting?" asked Richmond of his opponent, in a jocular tone of voice.

"Oh, by all means," replied he, eagerly, "hit as hard as you please, and I'll do the same."

"Well," said Richmond, setting his own *caubeen* down tightly on his head, "hadn't you better put on your hat, it may save your head?"

"Oh, no, not at all," answered his opponent, imperiously, "I guess I can take pretty good care of my own head at any rate," and with these words they commenced. The bystanders held their breath in silent suspense, waiting to see them engage. Richmond remained at first nearly upright, not availing himself in the least of his superiority in height and only acted on the defensive. His opponent showed great skill as an amateur, but he was no match for Richmond, who had beaten the military garrison champion at Angelo's rooms in the Rotunda in Dublin. Suddenly, when Richmond had excited a general laugh at the seemingly clumsy manner in which he warded off a malicious blow which was aimed at his face and head, he changed his position and keeping his opponent at arm's length till he had driven him toward a corner, he then took advantage of a haughty imprudence on his part, and by a quick movement in the fencing drew back from a heavy blow which was aimed at his leg and suffered the whole weight and strength of his weapon to fall with such force upon his opponent's

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cranium that he felled him to the ground like an ox in an instant. Richmond was sorry for the severity of the stroke the moment after it was inflicted, but never was punishment more deserved. They picked up the discomfited hero and placed him on a chair near the open window in order that he might recover his senses. Meantime Richmond received the congratulations of the crowd with a frankness of manner and grace which delighted them, and he found it impossible to get away till himself and his companion had promised to dine with them and spend the rest of the evening in their society. Accordingly Richmond and Blake left a little before six in order to dress for dinner in time to keep their engagement at the hotel which was named as the rendezvous of the party that evening. They all sat down together, twelve in number, to a dinner seemingly grand, but incredibly bad, and ridiculously extravagant, badly cooked and without flavour,—champagne with the taste of cider. Blake and Richmond thought it really was cider.

Such is the constant habit of those fast young men; they think everything expensive is necessarily good, and they purchase poison in New York at a dearer rate than the most delicious and crusty old wines. Of course they all declared the dinner was excellent, called in the landlord to eulogize him in person, and made him, to his infinite dismay, swallow down a large bumper of his own so-called champagne. They mistook his reluctance for his diffidence, and forced him to wash it down with another potation. With many a wry face of grateful humility

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he left the room, and they then proceeded with the suicidal determination of worshipping old Bacchus.

After enjoying their after-dinner wine and cigars, they dispersed; some went to the theatre, and some to gambling houses, but Richmond having partaken somewhat too freely of the villainous wine and cigars, felt overcome by sickness, and was driven to his rooms. After seeing him there safely, Blake, accompanied by others of the conclave, were driven to one of the costliest and most brilliant gambling-houses in the city of New York, on Crosby-street. As they came up in front of the house all seemed darkness within, the blinds were closely drawn together and the door guarded; but after a whispering of one of the party with the guard, they were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlour. Around the tables were men in mid-life, well dressed, and young men with the flush of youth on their faces and dressed in the height of fashion. All the games were going on in silence, save the noise of the cards as they were flung down on the table, or the revolving balls of the roulette table in the next room, or the billiard balls rolling in the more distant parlour. Some of the gamblers had perhaps served terms in Sing Sing or some other similar public institution at the public expense, some had been Wall-street money dealers, some had formerly been bankers, and some young swells going their first rounds of vice, but all seemed equally intent upon the tables, as large or small fortunes moved up or down before them. There was something awfully solemn

in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotion of the players. They all had money in the rapids; no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex of destruction. While Blake and his friends were standing round looking on, a young swell came in, put his money down on the roulette table and lost, put more money down, and lost, he did the same a third time and lost, then, feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene in disgust and passed out. "Poor Hobson," remarked one of Blake's friends, eyeing the countenance of that unlucky youth as he passed out after losing his money, "he is a strange fellow—he asked me the other day if I ever read the History of England, and told me there was a great deal in it about his ancestors, who revived the glory of the English name, one of whom was stabbed at the time of the Crusaders by those Mahometan enthusiasts, while sitting in his tent smoking his pipe. He also told me at the last Utica races that he had made up a capital book, and it turned out that he had hedged with such dexterity that he must lose five thousand dollars, and he might have lost ten. Well," continued he, with a sanctified expression, "I would sooner see those real fools here, than the confounded scoundrels who pillage under a false appearance. Never, Mr. Blake," said he, in a confidential, gentlemanly manner, "trust to a man at a gambling-house, the most honest look often hides the

worst sharper and blackleg! Shall you try your luck to-night?" "Well, I don't mind," said Blake, "in making one of a set, if we can get the right sort of fellows, but let us be careful of the sharpers."

They soon found their man, and they sat down and played until four o'clock in the morning, and when they rose Blake was the winner of over twelve thousand dollars, but unfortunately in gambling houses there are sharks, looking out for heavy winners, which Blake found out to his sorrow, before many hours had elapsed. After parting with his associates in the gambling house, he descended the stairs and emerged into the street, where he hailed a cab, threw himself into it, and was driven to his rooms on Madison Square. On arrival at the front entrance of his lodgings he paid and dismissed the cabman, who drove off, but as Blake approached his door-steps, another cab drove up and halted on the spot vacated by the cab he had dismissed, when out jumped four smart fellows who approached him where he was standing on the steps, waiting to see who they were, and what they wanted (not suspecting for a moment that they meant him any harm), when all of a sudden they pounced upon him, as quick as lightning, one of them clapping a plaster over his mouth, while the other three secured his hands and feet with straps prepared for that purpose, and before Blake had even time to think what was the matter, and without the slightest noise, he was secured, carried off and placed in the carriage as quietly as if it was a sick man they were taking to a

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fever hospital. One of the abductors sat outside with the driver, while the other three entered the carriage with their captive, then drove off as steadily and as coolly as if they were going to a railway station. Blake was forced to sit quietly, he could neither speak nor make the least gesture with his hands they were so tightly secured. After about half an hour's drive the carriage stopped in a narrow lane in front of a dark, low, solid stone building of a very inauspicious appearance, more like a condemned prison than anything else he could compare it to then. The man who sat outside with the driver jumped down when the carriage stopped and knocked three times on what Blake thought was the wall, when a low heavy door swung back heavily upon its rusty hinges, and forthwith they seized Blake and carried him without difficulty into the den of darkness, thence along a very narrow passage, which led into a large-sized dimly lit chamber; here they touched a secret spring in the wall and a door opened into another long passage, at the end of which a smouldering oil lamp threw a sickly light, revealing low doors each side of the hall. Here he was carried into a small room or cell, without any furniture save a low trundle bed, one chair, a wash-stand and slop-pail. Before unbinding his hands and feet, they turned all his pockets inside out and robbed him of every cent he was possessed of, which amounted to thirteen thousand dollars; this included one thousand of his own, besides what he had won at the gambling-house. They then unbound him and took the



plaster off his mouth, and there left him to meditate in silence over his hard fate.

Next morning Richmond, after making his toilet, repaired to Blake's room where he learned from that gentleman's servant that his master had not returned. This information surprised Richmond, who forthwith ordered a cab and drove to the gambling-rooms, and was much disappointed and confused, not finding his comrade there. After questioning the guard on the door concerning his movements, that important personage informed him that Blake had left there alone and got into a cab at the door about four o'clock that morning. He also learned from some hangers-on around the house that Blake had won a pot of money during the night from some heavy swells. This information startled Richmond, and he began to suspect that some foul play had been used toward him, and the more he meditated on the matter the more confident he became of its truth. Therefore, when he left the gambling-house he knew not whither his next step would tend. There was, however, no time to indulge the idle stupor which Blake's situation at first occasioned. With a violent effort he shook it off and bent all his mind to discover the best method to avail himself to the utmost of his ability to discover what had become of Blake. Having ruminated with his inventive faculties for some time to try and discover some means by which he could find out the whereabouts of his absent friend, at length one of those sudden thoughts which, from their suddenness often appear more brilliant than they

really are, flashed upon his mind and he at once set off to put it into operation.

Harassed to death with fear for Blake's safety, he disregarded everything else, and immediately repaired to his rooms, where he sat down and wrote to a celebrated detective of whom he had heard and read. Having despatched the note (marked immediate) by his servant, he in the meantime started out in search of any information that might lead to the discovery of his comrade. He visited all the hotels, restaurants, sporting-houses, gambling-houses, clubs and every place where he thought he would be likely to gain any information, but could find none whatever. He knew not whither to direct his steps, when he recollected that by the time he got back to his rooms the detective might be waiting for him. He therefore retraced his steps to his rooms and on entering the hall was met by his servant, who told him with a mysterious air that a strange-looking gentleman was in his room waiting to see him. He then hurried to his apartments, where he found to his amazement a strange-looking gentleman sure enough, if I may be pardoned for conferring on him that appellation. I will attempt to describe him. Seated by a window in Richmond's room and wiping his face with a gay-colored handkerchief, was a thick-set man with a fiery and rufous complexion, not altogether unlike the aspect of a mulberry. From underneath a pair of shaggy brows peeped two singularly small eyes, which made ample amends by their fire for their deficiency in size; they

were black, brisk and somewhat fierce in their expression.

A nose of that peculiar shape vulgarly termed bottled, formed the arch sublime of the bridge which divided the twilight, as it were, between the purple sunset of one cheek and the glowing sunrise of the other. His mouth was a gash which extended from ear to ear, but drawn up at each corner like a purse, which gave it an expression of something sour and crabbed about it. He was undershot like a bull-dog, which gave prominence to a fat, rounded chin which had not been condemned to single blessedness, on the contrary, it was like a farmer's pillion in olden times, and carried double. On either side of a very low forehead, which was hedged round by closely jagged bristles of dingy mixture of gray and black, was an enormous ear, of exactly the same intensely rubicund color as that which adorns the throat of an enraged turkey-cock. Oh, ye gods! what large, red ears he had reclining peacefully on an enormous shirt collar. This enchanting figure, which was attired in a sober suit of black, relieved by a gorgeous gold watch-chain, plentifully supplied with large locketts and seals, rose at Richmond's entrance with a solemn grunt and a still more solemn bow. Richmond shut the door carefully, and asked him his business, but as he foresaw that it was the detective (to whom he had written requesting his attendance at his rooms), he drew a chair close up to his mulberry-faced friend, and fixing his eyes upon his fiery countenance, he briefly related all the circumstances which he knew of, connected with Blake's disappearance.

He also mentioned his own suspicions of the abduction of Blake by robbers, and his desire of discovering him, mentioning at the same time the probable amount of money he had on him, and the amount he won at the gambling house. "Lastly," said he, "if you scour the city thoroughly I will pay you so much a day for your time, for a given number of days, and if Blake be found through your exertions I will pay you a handsome sum, and if any of the money be found you can have the half of it."

During the communication the patient detective sat mute, and still fixing his eyes on the ground with an occasional elevation of his shaggy brows, and a pricking up of his enormous ears.

"Ah!" said he after Richmond had finished, "the skinners have waylaid and taken him to their infernal den to rob and perhaps murder him. Several instances may be related of how men disappear, and are never heard of again, and thus fill the pages devoted to missing people in the columns of the newspapers. The work is done quickly; the murdered man is crammed into a barrel or pine case then placed in a carriage at night, taken up the Hudson River road, and there dropped into the river, and after a few days or so the head of another unfortunate dead man will be found eddying and floating around the rolling piers near the battery, his face a pulp, and no longer recognizable. The sun shines down on the splashing waters, but the eyes are sightless, and never another sun can dim their brilliancy or splendor. It is another

missing man, without watch, pocket-book or money on his person. Sad thing, sir! sad thing! It is quite shocking to think that a gentleman of wealth cannot even drive through the streets without being pounced upon and carried off to some den of infamy where he is robbed and murdered, or perhaps shipped off to some unknown island where he will be forced to work as a slave to the end of his miserable life. Just to think of it, sir! In the twenty-ninth precinct of New York there are one hundred and twenty-one dens of infamy and death! Night after night, month after month, year after year, untouched by the police authorities, who are paid handsomely for keeping their eyes shut. In West Twenty-sixth street, and west Twenty-seventh street, and west Thirty-first street there are whole blocks that are a pandemonium! There are in all between five and six hundred dens of darkness and debauchery in the city of New York!"

"But to come to business," continued he, "I must confess, sir, that your terms are liberal, but I have a certain professional charge for my work by the day, dependent in amount a little upon the nature of the case, and that will satisfy me. But before I undertake the case I shall want your assistance. There are several dens or clubs, as they are called by their own gang, where a lot of swell black-legs and robbers and thieves resort. They are, to all outward appearance gentlemen, and are admitted into the best society as well as all the gambling-houses of the city. They are always flush with money and drive the best and grandest rigs in the

city. I must caution you also, that these fellows would think no more of putting a bullet through your head or mine than they would of shooting a nigger, so therefore be on the alert and carry the best seven-shooter you can find in the city. The only way that we can ferret out their den is by bribing one of the gang; they will sell each other for filthy lucre whenever they can get a good chance. Therefore, to commence business you must let your servant accompany me to-morrow morning, and I will watch for a certain one of the gang whom I know can be easily bribed, and when I set my eyes on him I will send your servant back for you while I keep him in view till you arrive. You must then watch, follow him up and note his movements, in fact you must act detective yourself, which you can do in this case much better than I can. I will, however, stay in the background and will not be far from you should my assistance be required, or when anything unusual occurs that may throw light on this most important undertaking."

In this arrangement Richmond willingly concurred, and with this understanding the detective departed to make preparations for his movements next day. With fearful suspense Richmond passed the time until next morning when he fell into an uneasy slumber which lasted till he was awakened by his servant, when he arose, dressed hastily and despatched his servant with the proper instructions to wait on the detective. When Tim, the servant, arrived at that individual's quarters, he found him already waiting for him, when they both sallied

forth in search of their man. Fate saved the detective a world of trouble, for as he was hastily walking onward talking with Tim, whose company he found to be very amusing, he happened to turn his eyes on the opposite side of the way and discovered a man dressed in what the newspapers term the very height of fashion.

"That's my man," said he to Tim, "now go as quickly as your heels can carry you and tell your master to hasten to me, I shall dally after yon swell whom you see moving slowly along that fashionable street." Luckily Tim had not gone far before he met his master who was following the detective quietly at a distance, and being informed by Tim that they had sighted their man, he hastened and joined the detective, who pointed out to him a swell member of the robbers' club. "There," said the detective, "is your man; that scoundrel you see before you would sell his father for a mess of pottage. Follow him up, get in with him, and I have no doubt but that you will be able to accomplish the case. He goes by the *alias* of Joe Jebo and pretends to be a French nobleman of large fortune." "All right," replied Richmond as he walked off carelessly in the direction of his friend Joe Jebo, and followed his movements at a respectful but observant distance. At length Joe marched into a jeweller's store in Broadway. With a careless air Richmond, a couple of minutes afterwards, affected to saunter into the same shop. The jeweller was shewing his best diamond rings to the fashionable swell with the greatest respect and consideration, and, beguiled by his

rich and gorgeous attire, turned Richmond over to his assistant. At any other time Richmond might have been indignant at perceiving that the *air noble* on which he so much piqued himself, was by no means so universally acknowledged as he had vainly imagined, but at that moment he was too much occupied to think of his insulted dignity. While Richmond was pretending to appear wholly engrossed with some lockets and rings he kept a vigilant eye on his superb fellow customer. At last he saw him secrete a diamond-ring of great value and thrust it up his sleeve by a singular movement of the fore finger and thumb, unobserved by the jeweller, and presently some other valuable articles disappeared in like manner. The accomplished gentleman then rose and expressed himself highly satisfied with the great taste of the jeweller, and said he should look in again on Saturday, when he hoped the set he had ordered would be completed, and gravely took his departure amidst the prodigal bows of the jeweller and his assistant. Meanwhile Richmond bought a trinket of small value and followed his stylish friend.

Slowly and struttingly did Mr. Jebo perform the journey through Broadway to the entrance of Central Park, and looking round with an air of gentlemanly indecision, seemed to consider whether or not he should join the loungers in the park. Fortunately for the well-bred set, his doubts terminated in their favour, when he entered the park, and cut across the shortest but least frequented way thither, in order to confer upon



the pleasure-seekers the dangerous honour of his company. As soon as Richmond perceived that there were but few persons in the immediate locality to observe him, and that those consisted of nursery-maids, some children and an invalid or two walking about for the sake of their consumption or liver complaint, he took a bee line after the incomparable Joe, and overtaking him made him a low bow by way of salutation, and thus reverently accosted him:

"Mr. Jebo I am delighted once more to have the honor of meeting you. Suffer me to remind you of the very pleasant night I spent with you in Crosby-street gambling-house." Joe turned his eyes on him with the air of a prince, and seemed to collect his scattered thoughts, but did not answer.

"You must remember," continued Richmond, the night you pushed the gentleman's bills off the table with your right arm, and shortly afterwards when you thought all eyes were off the incident, you stooped down and carelessly picked them up and pocketed them. The trick was cleverly enough done, but not unobserved by me, although I said nothing about it at the time!"

Joe's assurance forsook him for a moment, but he lost no time in regaining a quality which was so natural to his character. He assumed a fierce look, and stared at Richmond with the eye of an eagle for some seconds, and exclaimed with seeming fervent passion, "D— me, sir! do you mean to insult me? I know none

of your Mr. Jebos, and I never set my eyes on you before!"

"Look here, my dear Mr. Joe Jebo," replied Richmond, "as I can prove not only all I say, but much more that I shall not say, such as your little mistakes just now at the jeweller's store on Broadway, etc., perhaps it would be better for you not to oblige me to create a mob, and give you in charge (pardon my abruptness of speech) to the police! Surely there will be no need of such a disagreeable occurrence, when I assure you, in the first place, that it is perfectly indifferent to me whether you levy contributions on jewellers or gentlemen, and I am very far from wishing to intrude upon your harmless occupation, or to interfere with your innocent amusements. I see Mr. Jebo that you are beginning to understand me; let me facilitate so desirable an end by the additional information that, since it is preceded with a promise to open my purse, may tend somewhat to open your heart. I am at this moment in great want of your assistance, favour me with it, and I will give you an order on my banker for ten thousand dollars. Are we friends now, Mr. Jebo?"

The rascal burst out into a loud laugh at Richmond's liberal offer, and when his countenance had resumed its wonted solemn expression he said, "Well, sir, I must confess that your frankness enchants me. I can no longer dissemble with you, besides I always adored candour; I can assure you sir, that it is my favorite virtue. Tell me how I can be of assistance to you, and you may command my service to your cause."

"One word," said Richmond, "will you be open and ingenuous with me? I shall ask you certain questions, not in the least affecting your own safety, but to which, if you would serve me, you must give me your most candid replies; and, since candour is your favourite virtue, this I am persuaded will be no difficult task. To strengthen you in so righteous a cause, I would have you to know also that the said replies will come verbatim before a court of law and that, therefore, it will be a matter of prudence to shape them as closely to the truth as your inclinations will allow. To counter-balance this information, I repeat it again that the questions asked you will be wholly foreign to your own affairs and that, should you prove of that assistance to me which I anticipate, I will so testify my gratitude as to place you beyond the necessity of pillaging rural young gentlemen and credulous store-keepers for the future; so that thenceforth all your pursuits need only be carried on for your own private amusement."

"I repeat that you may command me," answered Joe, gracefully and solemnly placing his hand upon his heart, in token of his fidelity.

In order therefore to have a more secret and undisturbed place for their conference, Richmond proposed that they should both repair forthwith to his own rooms on Madison Square, where they could more conveniently propound a theory for their future movements. At first Joe demurred to this arrangement, but Richmond soon half persuaded and half intimidated him into com-

pliance. Not particularly wishing to be publicly seen with a person of Joe's splendid description and noted character, Richmond made him walk before him to Madison Square, while he followed him closely, never turning his eyes to the right or to the left, lest he should by any means endeavour to escape him. There was no fear of this, for Joe was both a bold and crafty fellow, and it required but little of his penetration to discover that Richmond was no public officer or informer, and that his communications had been of a nature likely enough to terminate in his advantage. Therefore there was but little danger of his personal safety in accompanying Richmond to his rooms. On arrival the servants and waiters took Richmond's confederate for some foreign ambassador, and he did not betray their impression, but received their homage with the mingled dignity and consideration natural to so great a personage. As the day was now far advanced, Richmond deemed it but hospitable to offer Joe some refreshments. This announcement brought sunshine to his sombre countenance, and with the frankness on which he so justly valued himself, he accepted the proposal with the greatest condescension. Richmond therefore ordered some cold meat and two bottles of wine, and, mindful of old maxims, deferred his business till the repast was over, conversing with him merely upon ordinary topics. At another time he would have been much amused by the rascal's singular mixture of impudence and shrewdness which formed the substratum of his character.

At length his appetite was satisfied, and one bottle emptied, with the other before him, his magnificent figure easily reclining on Richmond's arm-chair, his eyes apparently cast downwards, but ever and anon glancing up at Richmond's countenance with a searching and cunning look, he prepared himself for the conference. Richmond (seeing plainly that Joe had done justice to the good things before him), now commenced :

"Do you recollect," said he, "that night in the gambling-house? I mean the night that you picked up the gentleman's bills which you so adroitly managed to push off the table unobserved by any person in the room except myself, and then quietly stooped down, picked them up and pocketed them?"

To this question Joe nodded his assent with a smile of confidence at his ability and self-conceit as a professional sharper.

"You must also remember," continued Richmond, "Mr. Blake, the gentleman who accompanied me on that occasion?"

"Yes, I remember him well," replied Joe, "where is he, and what of him?"

"Ah," replied Richmond, "that is what I want you to tell. He has been abducted by some robbers while coming home from the gambling-house the following morning about four o'clock, and you must know where they have so skilfully detained him, as I have the happiness to know that you are one of the gang."

A slight change came over Joe's countenance at this assertion, and he hesitated for a moment and then exclaimed with emotion,

"Excuse me, sir, but I am really perfectly unacquainted with you, and I may be falling into some trap of the law of which, heaven knows, I am as ignorant as a newborn babe."

Richmond saw the knavish justice of this remark, and in his predominating zeal to find his friend Blake, he briefly mentioned his suspicions of the gang who abducted him and his desire of discovering where they had so artfully secreted him. Lastly, he concluded with a solemn promise that if Joe would by such zeal, exertion or contrivance on his part procure the detection of his friend's abductors, or that would lead to his discovery, he would give him ten thousand dollars.

At this proposition Joe rubbed his hands with an air of great satisfaction and one sudden, big smile broke over his hitherto solemn features, and almost buried his eyes amid the intricate host of wrinkles it called forth. After this big smile he then paused in order to gain his equilibrium before he replied, then turning round to Richmond with a solemn and sedate aspect, he said after another pause,

"Well, sir, you have spoken to me frankly, and like a gentleman, and I am glad that you have told me all, and I think with your own assistance that we can accomplish the release of your friend, but my life may be the forfeit of my desire to serve you; you will not therefore

be surprised at my accepting your liberal offer of ten thousand dollars should I be successful, although I do assure you, sir, that it was my original intention to reject all recompense; for I am naturally benevolent and love doing a good action. Indeed, sir, if I were alone in the world I should scorn any remuneration, for virtue is its own reward, but a real moralist, sir, must not forget his duties on any consideration, and I have a little family to whom my loss would be an irreparable injury; this, upon honor, is my only inducement for taking advantage of your generosity," and as the moralist ceased he took out of his waistcoat pocket a blank form of a cheque which he handed to Richmond with his usual bow of deference, and requested him to fill it up. Richmond took the cheque and filled it in, thereby pledging himself that in case Joe Jebo before the expiration of four days gave that information which would lead to the recovery of Blake, the sum of ten thousand dollars should be paid to the aforesaid Joe Jebo. After signing this document he handed it to Joe, who gravely and carefully lapped it up in three envelopes and stowed it away carefully in the innermost pocket of his waistcoat, and then exclaimed,

"All right, sir, now to business, but before I begin, however, you must promise me upon your sacred honour as a gentleman, the strictest secrecy as to my communications."

Richmond readily agreed to this, so far as that secrecy did not impede his present object; and Joe, being con-

tent with these conditions resumed: "Know then, sir, that I attended our club yesterday evening. By the word our 'club,' which I notice has excited your curiosity, I merely mean a body corporate, established furtively, and restricted solely to exploits of heroic principals and daring adventures throughout the city of New York and its environs. I think it right to mention this," continued Joe, aristocratically, "because I have the honor to belong to this society as well as many others in the city to which only tried men can be admitted. Since your comrade has been captured, the members of the aforesaid society have had a big time, as the amount of money found upon him has gladdened their hearts to such an extent that they all got on the spree, and kept it up until past the small hours this morning, when several of the leading lights of the institution started off for Chicago after a couple of pigeons like your friend, whom they expect to pluck before they return again to the bosom of the society. The other members of the club are wet souls, and partook so freely of the soul-stirring element that they are all *non compos mentis* ever since. The fact is, sir, I felt quite seedy myself until (thanks to your generosity in producing the two bottles of excellent wine) I partook of your hospitality, which has quite settled my stomach as well as my head."

So saying he emptied the remainder of the bottle into his tumbler, and held it up to the light with the gusto of a connoisseur, and concluded his potations with a hearty approving smack of the lips, followed by a long sigh.



Then he pulled out a white silk pocket-handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"Ah! sir," said he, "good wine is a marvellous whetter of the intellect, but your true philosopher is always moderate. For my part I never exceed my two bottles during business hours."

"But," continued he, "with regard to your friend's release, I think that there will be a splendid chance to-night, as several of the members are absent, and those who are not will all be so drunk and sound asleep to-night that it will be an easy matter to accomplish our task. My present plan, therefore, if it meets your concurrence, would be, that you accompany me to the club to-night. I will dress you up to personate one of our swell members who stands about your own height and size. I will keep old King Cole, as we call him, who keeps guard on the door, and whose room is situated off the entrance to the long hall, in conversation while you advance along the narrow passage, and when you enter the large chamber, if no person be there turn to the right, and in the corner there is a spring in the wall, indicated by a black spot the shape of a heart; this spot you will press and the door will open into a long hall with doors on either side, the keys of which are kept in a recess in the wall behind the door that you open, and there you will see the keys hanging on hooks, which are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the doors. Your friend Blake's room is 20, then take 20 key and open his door and let him out. This plan I can-

didly confess is not without difficulty, and great danger; for I have not only to pass you off as one of our jolly boys, but I have to keep old King Cole, as we call him (for every member of the club travels with an alias), occupied with some interesting yarns while you are releasing Blake. You must therefore be as quick as a streak of lightning and as mum as a mole. If you are asked any questions, your answers shall then be such as I will dictate, otherwise they may detect you, and should any of the true boys be in the den and any way sober we should both come off worse by far than when we entered, that is if we got away with our lives."

"My dear fellow," replied Richmond, "there appears to me a much easier plan than all this, and that is simply to tell one of the police officers where Blake may be found, and I think they would be able to carry him away from the clutches of old King Cole or any other of the gang without any great difficulty, or danger."

Joe smiled at such logic.

"Ah! sir," said he, "it's little you know about the desperadoes we have to deal with. I should not long enjoy my ten thousand dollars, if I were to set the bobbies on the trail of our best nest. I should be stung to death by the hornets before the week were out. Even you, should you accompany me to-night, you will never know where the spot is situated, nor would you discover it again if you searched New York, with the whole police force at your back. Besides, your friend is not the only person in the house for whom the minions of the law are hunting.

There are a score of others whom I have no desire to give up to the scallows—hid away among the odds and ends of the inscution, as snug as a bug in a dog's ear. Honor forbid, sir, that I should betray them into the hands of the Philistines, and for nothing too! No siree! The only plan that I can think of now is the one I have proposed. If you do not approve of it, I must devise some other, but that may require some delay."

With all his love of enterprise and adventure, I cannot say that Richmond should have particularly chosen the project before him for his evening's amusement had he been left solely to his own will, but Blake's situation forbade him to think of himself, and so far from shrinking at the danger to which he was about to be exposed, he looked forward with the utmost impatience to the hour of their departure for the scene of danger.

"No, my dear fellow," replied Richmond, "I am now willing and ready to accompany you into the greatest danger in order to rescue Blake from his perilous situation."

"Well, then," said Joe, "as I must disguise you before we start for the scene of action and that cannot well be done here, suppose that you dine with me at my lodgings, dinner will be just ready by the time we get there."

"I shall only be too happy," replied Richmond, not a little surprised at the generous offer.

"All right then," said Joe, "my rooms are at 22 Bowery. You must address me as Captain Mordaunt,

and we'll dine at six, in order to have time for our preliminary initiation into the mysteries of our order."

"With all my heart," said Richmond.

Joe then rose, and paced the room up and down with great dignity and self-conceit, and the air of a man who had achieved an act of the most heroic virtue.

While he was thus exercising his own magnificent person, Richmond took advantage of the favourable opportunity thus afforded to him and wrote a few lines to the detective of Mulberry recollection, in which he explained the interview with Joe Jebo, and how he was going to dine with him at 22 Bowery, and from there they were to proceed to the den of thieves at 3:30 in the morning. This done he prepared to accompany Joe to his rooms. Looking well to a brace of seven shooters, one for himself and one for Blake, besides a dagger which he carried in a belt around his waist, he expressed his readiness to accompany him, and as it was already on the stroke of five they had not much time to spare. Therefore they made their exit from the house, took a 'cab and drove to Joe's rooms, where they were received by Joe's landlady with dignity and ease. His lodgings consisted of a first floor, furnished according to modern style and elegance, viz: New glaring Brussels carpet, convex mirrors of plate glass, with massive gilt frames, and eagles at the summit flanked by flags of the Union with a plentiful decoration of stars and stripes. Joe seemed not a little proud of his apartments, accordingly Richmond complimented him upon their elegance.

"Under the rose be it spoken, sir," said he, "the landlady, who is a widow, believes me to be an officer in the government employ, and fancies that I am in love with her and that I wish to marry her, poor deluded woman! My black locks and curly whiskers, together with my stylish appearance, have a bewitchery that surprises even myself. Who would be a slovenly thief, when there are such advantages in being a clever one?"

"You are right, Joe," answered Richmond, "but shall I own to you that I am surprised that a gentleman of your talents should stoop to the lower arts of the profession. I always imagined that pickpocketing was a part of your business only left to the plebeian purloiner, but now I know that you do not disdain that manual accomplishment!"

"You speak like a book, sir," answered Joe, "but the fact is, that I should despise what you rightly designate the lower arts of the profession, if I did not value myself upon giving them a charm and investing them with a dignity never bestowed upon them before. Just to give you an idea of the superior dexterity with which I manage my slight of hand business, know that four times I have been into that jeweller's store where you saw me *borrow* the diamond ring which you now see shining gracefully upon my little finger, and four times I have brought away some valuable token of my visitation. Nay, the diffident jeweller is so far from suspecting me that he has twice favoured me with the piteous tale of the very losses I myself brought upon him, and I

make no doubt but that I shall hear in a few days the whole history of the missing diamond ring now in my keeping, coupled with that of your inauspicious appearance, style and costume on that occasion. Allow then, that it would be a pity to suffer pride to stand in the way of the talents with which providence has blessed me; to scorn the little delicacies of art which I execute so well, would, in my opinion, be as absurd as for an epic poet to disdain the composition of a perfect epigram, or a consummate musician the melody of a faultless song."

"Bravo, Joe," cried Richmond, "a truly great man, you see, can confer honour upon trifles."

More he might have said but was stopped short by the entrance of the landlady, who was a fine, fair, well-dressed, comely woman of about thirty-nine years and eleven months, or, to speak less precisely, between thirty and forty. She came to announce that dinner was served below. They descended, and found a sumptuous repast of soup, fish and roast lamb, which was succeeded by spring chickens, and that great dainty, duck and green peas.

"Upon my word, Joe," said Richmond, "you fare like a prince, your weekly expenditure must be pretty considerable for a single gentleman?"

"I don't know," answered Joe, with an air of princely indifference. "I have never paid my good landlady a solitary cent yet but compliments, and in all probability never shall!"

After a hearty dinner they remounted to the apart-

ments Joe emphatically called his own, where he then proceeded to initiate Richmond in those phrases of the noble language of slang usually carried on among thieves and blacklegs, which best served his purpose on the approaching occasion. The slang part of Richmond's Trinity College education had made him acquainted with some little elementary knowledge which rendered Joe's precepts less strange and abstruse. In this lecture sweet and holy the hours passed away until it became time for him to dress in the highwayman's costume. Joe then took him into the penetralia of his bed-room; as he did so, Richmond stumbled against an enormous trunk, and Joe hearing the involuntary anathema which this accident conjured up to his lips, said, "Ah, sir! do oblige me by trying to move that trunk a little one side." Richmond did try but could not stir it an inch.

"You never saw a jewel-box so heavy before I think," said Joe with a smile.

"A jewel-box?" queried Richmond astonished. "Yes," returned Joe, "a jewel-box, for it is full of precious stones! When I go away—not a little in my good landlady's debt, I shall request her very importantly as a favour to take the greatest care of my trunk, for therein are deposited all my jewels and valuables. Egad! it would be a treasure to a road contractor, for he might pound its contents into a street."

With these words Joe unlocked a wardrobe in the room, and produced a swell suit of plain clothes.

"There," said he with an air of satisfaction, "there!

this will be your first step into the mysteries of our honorable institution."

Richmond threw a suspicious and searching glance at the suit of toggery before he doffed his own attire, and with some natural sighs at the deformity of his approaching metamorphosis he slowly inducted himself in the blackleg's garments, which were much too wide, and a little too short for him, but Joe turned him round as if he were his eldest son breeched for the first time, and declared with an oath that the clothes fitted him to a hair. He next opened a dressing case, from which he took sundry powders, lotions and paints. Nothing but his extreme friendship for Blake could ever have supported Richmond through the operation he then underwent.

"Oh! my poor complexion!" exclaimed Richmond, with tears in his eyes, "it is ruined for ever! To cap the climax, Joe robbed him of his luxuriant locks, which, from the pampered indulgence so long accorded to them, might have rebelled against the new dynasty which Joe now elected to the crown. This dynasty consisted of a shaggy but admirably made wig of a straw-color. When he was thus completely attired from head to foot, and painted to personate one of Joe's companions, he displayed him to himself before a full-length mirror. Had he gazed at the reflection for ever, he would not have recognized either his form or his features. He thought that his soul had undergone a real transmigration, and not carried to its new body a particle of the



original one. What appeared the most singular was, that he did not seem even to himself at all a ridiculous-looking figure, so admirably had the skill of Joe been employed. Richmond overwhelmed him with encomiums, which he took with an easy grace. Never indeed was there a man so vain of being a clever thief.

"But my dear fellow," queried Richmond, "why this disguise? Your pals will probably be sufficiently well versed in the mysterious metamorphosis, to see even through your arts, and, as they have never beheld me before, it would matter very little if I went in *propria persona*." "True," answered Joe, "but you don't reflect that without disguise you may hereafter be recognised. The members of my club walk in Central Park and Broadway as well as you, sir, and, in that case, you might be shot without a second to pray for your soul."

"You have convinced me," said Richmond, "Set a thief to catch a thief, is among the wisest of the wise sayings."

"I trust, sir," said Joe, "that you will have no reason to repent of the confidence you have placed in a man of honor. You may be sure that I shall do all in my power to effect your object, not only from that love of virtue which is implanted in my heart, when no other or stronger inducements lead me astray, but from that more worldly reminiscence, that the ten thousand dollars we have agreed upon is only to be paid to me in case of success, not merely for well meaning or good attempts. I own that I run great danger, not only of being expelled

from the society, but of losing my life. However, one does not get ten thousand dollars for nothing, except they rob or steal, which is somewhat dangerous unless a man is well accomplishd in the art. For myself, I like to earn my money honestly, when I can get the chance."

Joe now consulted his gold watch, which he said never deceived, and the hands indicated two-thirty. He then started up hastily, and changed his own gay gear for a more simple suit, throwing over all a large cloak, and gave Richmond a similar one in which he closely wrapped himself. They then descended the stairs softly, and Joe let them out into the street by a latch-key, which he always carried. As they walked toward the cab-stand, Joe earnestly and strenuously impressed on Richmond's mind the necessity of implicitly obeying any instructions or hints that he might give him in the course of their adventure.

"Remember," continued he forcibly, "that the least deviation from them will not only defeat our object of recovering your friend Blake, but even expose our lives to the most imminent peril." To this Richmond faithfully promised to conform, to the minutest tittle of his instructions. When they arrived at the cab-stand Joe selected one and gave the driver an order, but he took good care it should not reach Richmond's ears. During the time they were in the cab Joe examined him in his slang catechism, as he termed it, and expressed himself much pleased with the quickness with which he learned his parts, and honored him with an assurance that in less

than three weeks he would engage to make him as complete a ruffler as ever nailed a swell. To this gratifying compliment Richmond made the best answer in his power.

"Bear in mind," said he, "that old King Cole's sleeping apartment is on the right hand side at the end of the first passage. Whoever goes into the passage, which leads not only to Blake's room, but to the several other chambers occupied by such of the gang as require particular care, must pass first through this room. There is a bell by the bedside; I can assure you it is no ordinary tintinnabulum. It communicates with every sleeping apartment in the house, and is only rung in case of great alarm, when every boy must look well to himself and his arms. There are two others of this description, one in the room at the end of the hall, and another in the one occupied by Zeb Bare-bones, who is our watch-dog and keeps his kennel down below. Those steps which you will see in the large chamber, which seem to lead to a cellar, conduct to this den. As we shall have to come back through this room, you see plainly the difficulty of smuggling your friend Blake through, and if old King Cole rung the alarm the whole crowd of desperadoes would be out like a shot from a cannon, and I pity those who fall into their clutches. But, sir," said he a few minutes afterwards, "you must not suppose that our club consists of the lower order of thieves; quite the contrary, sir, I can assure you. We are a society of gentlemen adventurers, who wear the best clothes, drive

the best rigs, ride the best horses, frequent the best gambling-houses, as well as the genteelst haunts, and sometimes keep the best company in New York. We are a limited number; we have nothing to do in common with ordinary prigs, and should my own little private amusement become known in the society I should have a very fair chance of being expelled for ungentlemanly practices. The house you are going this night to visit is a sort of colony we have established for whatever heavy swells like your friend Blake, as well as whatever persons amongst us are in danger of blood-money. There they sometimes lie concealed for months together, and are at last shipped off for places unknown, or enter the world under an *alias*. To this refuge of the distressed we also send any of our gang who are troubled with qualms of conscience which are likely to endanger the society; there they remain as in a hospital, until death snuffs out their light. In short we put the house like its inmates to any purpose likely to frustrate our enemies and serve our own purposes.

"Old King Cole, who will admit us, is the guardian of the establishment, and the language that respectable gentleman chiefly indulges in is the one into which you have just acquired so good an insight. Partly in compliment to him, and partly for inclination, the dialect adopted in our house is almost entirely slang phrases, and you therefore perceive the necessity of not being utterly ignorant of a tongue which is not only the lan-

guage of the country, but one with which no true boy, however high in his profession, is ever unacquainted."

By the time Joe had finished this speech, the carriage stopped. Richmond looked eagerly out of the window. Joe observed the motion and said, "We are not half-way yet." They then left the carriage, which Joe requested Richmond to pay for, and then walked on some distance before either spoke. At last Joe broke the silence, and said:

"Tell me frankly sir, do you know where you are?" "Not in the least," replied Richmond; as he looked wistfully up a long, narrow, dull, ill-lighted street. Joe rolled his sinister eye towards him with a searching and suspicious look, and then turned abruptly to the right,—penetrated into a sort of covered way, or court, which terminated in a narrow alley, which brought them suddenly to a stand of two or three cabs, one of these Joe hailed. A secret direction he then gave the cabman, and they entered the cab, and drove furiously on, faster than the crazy old hack had ever been driven before.

Richmond observed that they had now entered a part of the city which was singularly strange to him. The houses were old and dilapidated, and for the most part of the meanest description. They appeared to be passing through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys. Once he imagined that his eye caught sight (through a sudden opening) of the Hudson River, but they passed so rapidly that his eyes might have deceived him. At length they stopped, the cabman was again dismissed,

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when they again resumed their march under the guidance of honest Joe, who now led the way in solemn silence. Richmond had therefore full leisure to consider and reflect upon his present condition and situation. Though he was as courageous and fearless as most men, still a few chilling apprehensions certainly flitted across his mind, when he looked round at the dim and dreary wooden, tumble-down hovels, for houses they were not, which were on either side of their path; only here and there a single lamp shed a sickly light upon the dismal and intersecting lanes through which their footsteps woke a solitary sound. Sometimes this feeble light was altogether shut off, and Richmond could scarcely catch even the outline of his companion's muscular frame. However he strode on through the darkness in Joe's wake with the mechanical rapidity of one to whom every stone was familiar. He listened eagerly for some sound of human voice, but in vain, not a note was heard in those desolate recesses. His ear drank in nothing but the sound of their own footsteps, or the occasional burst of obscene and unholy merriment from some half-closed hovel, where infamy and vice were holding revel. Now and then a wretched-looking being, in the vilest extreme of want and loathsomeness and rags, loitered by the dim light of the solitary lamp-post, and interrupted their progress with solicitations which made his blood run cold. By degrees even these tokens of life ceased—the last lamp was entirely shut out from their view, and they were in utter darkness.

"We are now near our journey's end," whispered Joe.

At these words a thousand unwelcome reflections forced themselves involuntarily on Richmond's mind. He was about to plunge into the most secret retreat of men whose long habits of villainy and desperate abandonment had hardened into a nature which had scarcely a sympathy with his own. He was about to penetrate a concealment upon which their lives perhaps depended. What could he anticipate from their vengeance but the sure hand, deadly bullet, dagger, or knife, which their self-preservation would more than justify to such lawless reasoners? And who was his companion? One who literally gloried in the perfection of his nefarious practices, and who, if he had stopped short of the worst enormities, seemed neither to disown the principle upon which they were committed nor to balance for a moment between his interest and his conscience. Nor did he attempt to conceal from Richmond the danger to which he was exposed, much as his daring habits of life, and the good fortune which had attended him, must have hardened his nerves. Even he seemed fully sensible of the peril he incurred, a peril certainly considerably less than that which attended Richmond's temerity. Richmond felt anxious to know if the detective of rubicund recollection would follow and shadow them, but it was impossible he thought that he could have followed them through the dark intricacies which they had plodded, so he gave up that thought, But had he known that the indefatigable detective had sprung with the agility of the chamois from his concealment when they drove off,

and stuck on to the cab behind where he had the advantage to learn all the instructions which Joe had given to Richmond during the journey, and was now only about ten paces from them in rear, he would have more confidence to face his unknown enemy. However it was no time for the indulgence of fear, it was rather one of those eventful periods which so rarely occur in the monotony of every-day life when our minds are sounded to their utmost depths, and energies, of which we dreamt not, when at rest in their secret retreats, are like spirits at the summons of the wizard, bringing to the invoking aid all their energy. There was something too in the disposition of his guide which gave Richmond a confidence in him, not warranted by the occupation of his life. There was that easy and frank boldness, and ingenuous vanity of abilities skilfully though dishonestly exerted, which had nothing of the low means and mystery of an ordinary villain, and which, being equally prominent with the rascality they adorned, prevented the attention from dwelling upon the darker shades of his character. Besides, Richmond had so closely entwined this man's interest with his own, that he felt there could be no possible ground either for suspecting him of any deceit towards him, or of omitting any art or exertion which could conduce to their mutual safety, or their common end. He therefore forced himself to dwell solely upon the more encouraging side of the enterprise he had undertaken, and continued to move on with his worthy comrade silent and in darkness for some time longer. At last Joe halted——



"Are you quite prepared, sir?" said he in a whisper. "If your heart fails, in heaven's name let us turn back, for the least evident terror will be as much as your life is worth!"

"You have convinced me that I can trust you," replied Richmond softly, "and I have no fears; my present object is one as strong to me as life, therefore lead on and have no fears for me."

"I would we had a light," rejoined Joe, musingly, "I should like to see your face, but will you give me your hand, sir?"

Richmond gave him his hand, and Joe held it in his own for more than a minute, and then exclaimed softly:—

"Egad, sir, I wish with all my heart that you were one of us, you would live a brave man and die a game bird, your pulse is like iron and your hand does not sway, no, not so much as to wave the down of a dove's feather, it would be a burning shame if any harm came to so stout a heart. Mark well," continued Joe, in a whisper, "I shall leave the bolts of the front door undrawn, the door opens with a spring latch which has a knob close to the inner edge of the door. It is easy enough but peculiar. Should you be forced to run for it, you will also remember above all when you are outside of the door to turn to the right and then go straight forward. Now, sir," he whispered, "remember your slang phrases, but talk as little as you can. I have personated you to represent one of our biggest swells whose club name is Jim Blinker. He has gone off to Chicago

this morning; of his departure the other members of the club are ignorant, therefore you will be able to pass off for him by attending to the instructions which I have given you, and I will keep old King Cole occupied as well as I can, and perhaps get him to bed while you are preparing to release your friend."

"All right," replied Richmond, as he looked well to his revolvers and cartridges.

"Do exactly as I have directed you," said Joe, "and be sure to sit away from the light, should we be in company."

With these words he stooped and bent down, apparently in a listening attitude. Presently he tapped three times on what Richmond thought was the wall, and soon after a low voice uttered some sound which Richmond could not understand. Joe replied in the same key and in words which were perfectly unintelligible to Richmond. Joe then moved round as if turning a corner and Richmond heard the heavy bolts and bars of a door slowly withdrawn, and in a few moments the heavy door swung back on its massive hinges, and a harsh voice spoke in the thieves' dialect, to which Joe answered in the same slang and they were admitted into a dark passage.

"Go for a glim, old King," said Joe, "while I close the gig of the crib."

At this order delivered in an authoritative tone, the man mumbling strange oaths to himself moved away. When he was out of hearing Joe whispered to Richmond,

"Feel for the latch now, so as you may know how to open the door again in case we have to run for it."

Old King Cole now appeared with the light, and Joe ceased talking to Richmond and moved hastily towards the light, Richmond following.

Old Cole asked whether the door had been carefully closed, and Joe, with an oath at his doubts of such a matter, answered in the affirmative. They then proceeded onwards through a long, narrow hall, till old Cole opened a small door to the right, and introduced them into a large chamber, which, to their dismay, they found already occupied by several of the gang, who were lying round on benches and on the floor, seemingly drunk and all sound asleep. The room was thick with tobacco smoke, and the fumes of liquor almost smothered them as they entered. A large table stood in the centre of this room, which was literally covered with bottles, decanters and glasses, half-empty decanters and tumblers, stumps of cigars, black clay pipes, ashes and matches, with dirty cards strewn all over the table and floor. On a large sideboard were various bottles of the different liquors generally in request among thieves and black-legs, together with cigar boxes, pipes and other miscellaneous articles for the use of the members of the club. They proceeded a short way when they were stopped by a door which Joe opened; a narrow staircase, lighted from above by a dim lamp, was before them. They descended and found themselves in a short gallery; here hung another lamp, beneath which Joe opened a closet

and revealed rows of keys hanging on hooks, with numbers corresponding to the doors to which they belonged.

"There," said he, "do you think you would have found this closet by the instructions I gave you?"

To which Richmond answered in the negative.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "men that have been here for years could not find it."

Then taking down a key he handed it to Richmond saying, "This is the key of your friend's room, you see it's number twenty."

They then proceeded up the passage till they came to another flight of steps which led to a door. "There," said he, pointing at the door, "is Old King Cole's room which I have already told you of, but I don't know whether he is gone in there yet or not. I will go down and see if he has yet retired, and see if the coast is clear, while you unlock Blake's room and conduct him through the front passage to the front hall, where I will wait on the lookout."

After this speech Joe departed, and Richmond proceeded by a door at the opposite end, which showed him a passage similar in extent and fashion to the one they had left below. At the very extremity of this was the door on the right, number twenty.

He then applied the key to the door, and the next moment he was in Blake's cell. No sooner did the latter perceive by the dim light from the hall lamp that it was Richmond who entered, than he jumped from the couch on which he was sitting, and cried out in that peculiar

tone of joy which seems to throw off from the breast a suffocating pressure of previous terror and suspense. They embraced each other with feelings of emotion and gladness. Nothing could exceed Blake's transport of joy and gratitude.

"Oh! thank God," he exclaimed, in a feeble tone, "it is you at last. I thought you were never coming to release me from this horrid dungeon."

"Don't say a word," said Richmond, "until we get outside of this den of thieves and robbers, if indeed we ever can escape with our lives. Here is a seven shooter which I have brought for you and some ammunition; we may have yet to encounter some of these rascals, and fight for our lives, before we get clear of this infernal pandemonium."

As they were standing in the passage waiting for Joe's return, just opposite the cell vacated by Blake, Richmond leaned accidentally against a door, which gave way; the ordinary consequence, in like cases, is a certain precipitation from the centre of gravity. Richmond was not exempt from the general lot, and accordingly entered the room in a manner entirely contrary to that which his natural inclination would have prompted him to adopt. By the light of the hall lamp they were enabled to see the interior of the room, and were much surprised at the sight that met their view. There, arranged on benches, were all sorts of burglars' tools; and in arm-racks along the walls were disposed in military order, rifles, swords, pistols and daggers. From these arms Blake supplied himself with a dagger, which he slipped under his coat in

case he should want such a weapon. Richmond was already supplied with one, so they locked the door and Richmond put the key in his pocket, which act proved afterwards the saving of their lives, for when the alarm bell rang all the thieves rushed to this room for their arms, when to their consternation they found it locked, and the key gone.

Richmond and his companion then proceeded along the passage very cautiously until they saw Joe, who beckoned them on towards him.

"They are all asleep," said he, "Jim Blinker as well as the rest; indeed the old boy has bushed so well at the Cingo, that he sleeps as if his next morrow was the day of judgment. I have also seen that the street door is still unbarred, so that, upon the whole, we have perhaps, as good a chance to-night as we may ever have again. I have also left Jem's door wide open, so we have nothing to do but creep through; as for myself, I am an old file, and could steal my way through a sick man's room, like a sunbeam through a key-hole."

"Well," replied Richmond, in the same strain, "I am no elephant, and my dancing master used to tell me that I might tread on a butterfly's wing without brushing off a pellicle or single tint, so now let us be quick, Master Joe."

Blake and Joe went first along the narrow passage, Richmond followed, till they came to the chamber of the sleeping Jim Blinker. Joe bent eagerly forward to listen before they entered. He then took hold of Blake's

arm, and beckoning Richmond to follow, stole with a step that the blind mole would not have heard across the room. Carefully did the practised thief veil the candle which he carried in his hand, as he now began to pass by the bed.

Blake was so weak and exhausted from starvation during his imprisonment that he trembled like a leaf, and the tremor of his limbs made his step audible and heavy. Just as they had got half-way past the bed Richmond turned his face toward Jim Blinker and observed, with a shuddering thrill, his eyes slowly opening, and then fix them on his companion. Blake's gaze had been bent in the same direction, but no sooner had Jim's eyes rested on Blake than he started up, and sat erect in his bed, gazing with mingled wrath and astonishment. That was a fearful moment to them, there they stood, riveted to the spot as though they were spell-bound, for some seconds not knowing what course to pursue.

"Oh! ho! my kiddies," cried old Blinker, at last finding his speech, "you are in queer street, I trow! Plant your stumps, Master Jebo, you are going to steal off Mr. Blake in prime style, eh! But old Jim stags you, my cove! Jim stags you!"

Joe looked irresolute for an instant, but the next moment he had decided, and cried out:

"Run, run for your lives!"

And he, himself, to whom fear did indeed lend wings, was out of the room in an instant.

Richmond and Blake lost no time in following his ex-

ample, but the vigilant and incensed old rascal, Jim Blinker, was too quick for them.

He pulled violently at the bell, on which he had already placed his hand. The alarm rang like the echo in a cavern, below, around, far, near, from wall to wall, from chamber to chamber; the sound seemed multiplied and repeated, and in the same breathing point of time he sprang from his bed and attempted to stop Blake just as they had reached the door. With a firm, masculine, nervous grip, which showed Herculean strength, old Jim Blinker clung to Blake's throat. Their fate seemed fixed, but despair gave them strength and energy, there was no time to think; with a superhuman effort Blake dashed old Blinker from his grasp, and with one stroke of his clenched fist Richmond felled the ruffian to the ground.

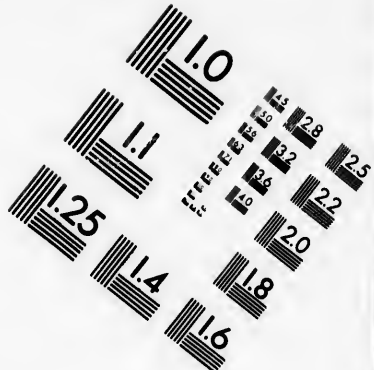
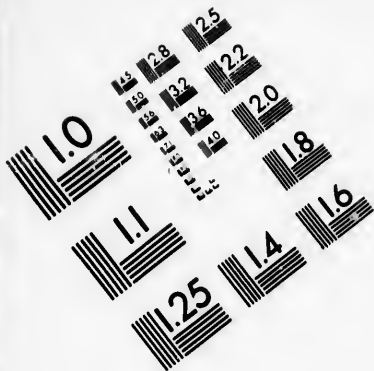
"On! on! on!" cried Joe's voice as he had already gained the passage, and left the room and stairs in utter darkness.

They both then fled down the narrow stairs with all the precipitation the darkness would allow.

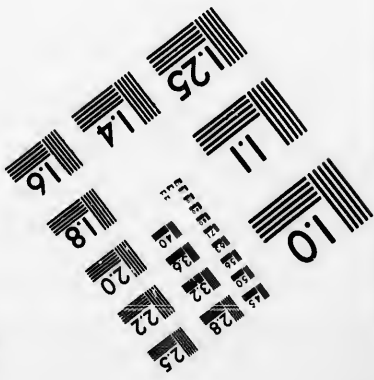
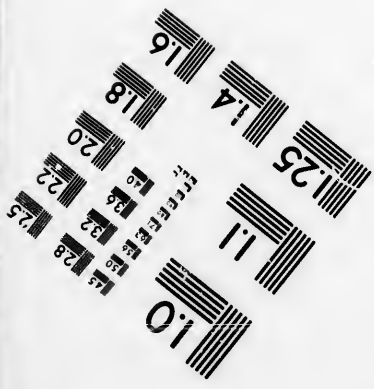
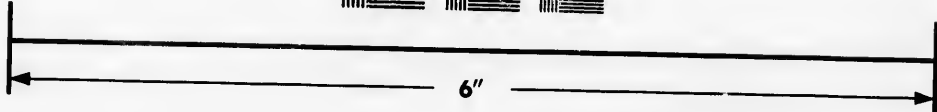
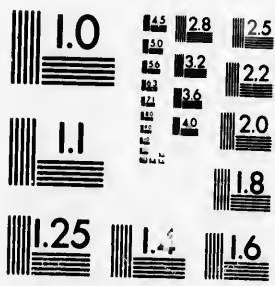
Behind, among the numerous rooms along the passage they had left, they heard sounds which told too plainly how rapidly the alarm had spread. They gained the passage, at the far end of which hung the lamp, now weak and waning in its socket. They flew down the passage guided by its faint, glimmering light. The staircase they had left shook with the footsteps of their pursuers. They rushed along the passage to a door that Joe had fortunately left open, flung it back upon the face of their







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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advancing foe, and found themselves in the long narrow passage which led to the street door, in safety, but in the thickest darkness. As they passed along this passage a door opened, and two of the gang (one holding a light) tried to intercept their flight, but they knocked them over and darted by them and gained the front door, guided by the lantern which lay upon the ground.

Imagine their dismay when, either through accident or by the desire of their fugitive companion to impede pursuit, they found it unexpectedly closed! The two villains had now come up to them, and close behind several more of the gang. Providentially for them, however, the passage was extremely narrow, and having had the good fortune to lock the room where the arms were kept, they had no fear of firearms being used. Therefore they felt confident of being able to keep the villains at bay until Richmond hit upon the method of springing the latch and so winning their escape from the infernal den of thieves.

While Richmond's left hand was employed in feeling for the spring of the latch, he made good use of his right in assisting Blake to keep their antagonists at a safe distance. But two of the ruffians came so close up to them with daggers in their hands that Richmond and Blake simultaneously fired in their face and dropped them close to the door where they stood. This enraged the others who cried out: "Kill them! down with them! down with them, before they open the door; stab them through and through. If they get off we will all be hanged. Fight

for yer lives boys," were shouted. "Go for shooters, break the door and fetch the arms!"

In the confusion and uproar Richmond had not been able to recall Joe's instructions in springing the latch. But at last, after puzzling his brains he remembered Joe's instructions and hit upon the spring correctly, and to his infinite joy the latch rose and he opened the door but not wide enough for them to escape through the aperture consequent on two of the enemy whom they had shot being lying against the door. The ruffians saw their escape at hand and cried out furiously:

"Rush them through, stab them, fell them." With these words the rascals pressed forward.

"Stand back, you cowards," cried Richmond, "or I'll fire on the first man that advances." With that the two front fellows made a sudden rush and a stab at Richmond and Blake, when they both discharged their revolvers right into the villains' faces; they both fell at their feet, the next two also advanced, when they met the same fate.

"Have you brought the shooters, Dick Firebrand?" shouted several rough voices.

"No," was the answer, "the armory is locked and the key cannot be found." This caused a tirade of oaths and curses.

"Get an axe and smash the door in," cried several voices.

Still the ruffians pressed forward, and as quickly were they levelled with the dust by the sure hands and deadly bullets of Richmond's and Blake's revolvers.

The move which the rascals thought would prove their destruction became their salvation, the dead and dying lay in piles two deep in the narrow passage, blocking up the hall, and forming a barrier against their further advance. Staggered by the fate that met so many of their companions, they relaxed a little in their efforts, so as to gain strength and to wait for the expected arms which an expert had gone to fetch. Richmond seizing the advantage of this momentary confusion, stooped down and pushed the two dead bodies from the door, thereby enabling him to open the door wide enough to make their escape, while Blake kept his revolver pointed at the foremost of the enemy if they attempted to advance. Richmond then threw wide the door and he and his comrade rushed out just in time, for the bullets from the expected arms came rattling against the door which they closed after they passed out. As they emerged from the den they met the detective of rubicund recollection with his seven-shooter ready waiting for them at the door. This gave our heroes fresh strength and courage, and mindful of Joe's admonitions, they turned to the right and fled onward with a rapidity which baffled and mocked pursuit, firing at their pursuers and knocking them over as fast as they closed upon them. The robbers having broken open the armory at last, armed themselves and gave chase, but seeing so many of their comrades fall from the sure and steady hands of Richmond and Blake, they gave up the chase, but our heroes and their mulberry-faced friend flew on, continually widening the gap be-

tween them and their enemies; at last they left the rabble far behind, and soon lost sight of them altogether.

The daylight was just dawning, but all was still and silent; their footsteps smote the solitary sidewalks with a strange and unanswered sound. Nevertheless, though all pursuit had long ceased, they still continued to run on mechanically till faint and breathless they were forced to pause. They looked round, but could recognize nothing familiar in the narrow, filthy streets; even the names of them were to our heroes like an unknown language. After a brief rest they resumed their wanderings, and at length came to a stand of two or three sleepy cabmen, and after rousing the front one they flung themselves into his vehicle and drove to Madison Square, where they parted with the detective, and after paying the cabman hastened to their rooms, and were soon in their beds fast asleep. It must be confessed that they had deserved "tired Nature's sweet restorer." Richmond had not been more than two or three hours in the land of dreams when he was awakened by some one grasping his arm. The events of the previous night were so fresh in his memory that he sprang up as if the knife was at his throat; his eyes opened upon the peaceful countenance of Mr. Joe Jebo.

"Thank heaven, you are safe, sir!" exclaimed Joe, "I had but a very faint hope of finding you here when I came."

"Why," said Richmond, rubbing his eyes, "it is very true that I am safe, honest Joe, but I believe I have few

thanks to give you for a circumstance so peculiarly agreeable to myself and my friend. It would have saved us much trouble, and some of your worthy chums their lives, if you had left the door open—instead of shutting myself and my friend up with your aristocratic club, as you are pleased to call it!”

“Very true, sir,” replied Joe, and I am extremely sorry at the accident, but I can assure you, sir, that it was done through utter unconsciousness on my part. I had not the remotest idea that the door closed behind me, and I made sure that you and your friend were close to my heels at the time, until I had run on a long way from the house, when I paused in my flight to take breath, and on looking behind, lo! I beheld you not. Therefore I knew it would be utterly useless to return then, but assuredly I had made up my mind that if you did not escape with your friend last night, that I would take the whole police force to the den this morning, and by turning state evidence have yourself and friend released.” I knew that I could be of no earthly use to you last night, and that if they had caught me it was all up with me in this world, for I well know what they are, and how little they think of taking away a man’s life.” I shall be on the road for Canada in less than three hours. I expect to be there before to-morrow night. Therefore I will thank you to furnish me with the ten thousand dollars at once, as my movements will be uncertain. Where I shall live hereafter is at present uncertain, but I dare say there will be few corners except New York in which I shall not make merry on your bounty.”



"You talk nonsense, my good fellow," rejoined Richmond, "never desert a country to which your talents do you such credit! Stay here and reform on your ten thousand dollars. If ever I accomplish my own wishes, I will consult yours still further; for I shall always think of you with gratitude, though you did shut the door in my face."

"No, sir, I could not entertain it for one moment," replied Joe, "life is a blessing I would fain enjoy a few years longer, and at present my sojourn in New York would put it woefully in danger of club-law. Besides, I begin to think that a good character is a very agreeable thing, when not too troublesome, and as I have none left in New York or in any principal town in the Union I may as well make the experiment in Canada. There are some smart rising towns in that rural district known as the Bay of Quinté, or along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway between Montreal and Toronto, where I think I could establish myself and regain my character. I purpose going to a town named Picton, which is situated in that rich and fertile county of Prince Edward, or that equally smart commercial city of Belleville on the Bay of Quinté. I think in either of those enterprising towns there would be a famous opening for a man of enterprise, ability and speculation like myself."

"Well, as you please," said Richmond, as he stood up and looked in the large mirror, and exclaimed, "Curse your scoundrels' cosmetics! How the deuce am I ever to regain my natural complexion? Look ye, sirrah! You

have painted me with crow's feet around my eyes, as if I were sixty years old, and deep wrinkles each side of my mouth, big enough to engulf all the beauty I ever had! Why water seems to have no effect upon it whatsoever."

"To be sure not, sir," replied Joe calmly, "I should be but a poor dauber if my paints washed off with a wet sponge."

"Great heavens!" cried Richmond, with impatience and a real panic, "you scoundrel; how in the name of Moses am I to get them washed off? Am I, before I have reached my twenty-second year, to look like a Quaker with a face the length of my arm, or a latterday saint on the wrong side of forty, you rascal!"

"The latter question you can best answer," returned Joe, "but with regard to the former, I have an ointment here, if you will suffer me to apply it, which will remove all other colours than those which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon your manly countenance."

With that, Joe produced a small box of unguent, and after a brief submission to his skill, Richmond had the ineffable joy of beholding himself restored once more to his original complexion, which elated his ruffled commotion. His toilet being concluded, he sat down and signed a draft on his banker for ten thousand dollars, and handed it to Joe, who thanked him with his usual politeness.

"Joe," said Richmond, "when you get settled in Canada, I should be glad to hear of your experience and achievements with the Canadians, and how you like that country. I may visit there myself before I return to Europe."

Joe promised to write and let him know all about himself, the country and the Canadians. They then took an affectionate farewell of each other, and parted.

"Adieu, sir," said Joe, "I depart into a new world, that of honest men."

"If so," replied Richmond, "adieu indeed!, for I suppose on this earth we shall never meet again."

As Joe was leaving the room he was met by the detective of rubicund recollection, who was calling on Richmond for the same purpose as Joe, *i. e.*, to receive his wages according to agreement.

"I think sir," said he, looking after the man of so many virtues, "that I have had the pleasure of seeing that gentleman before."

"Very likely," replied Richmond, "he is a young man of very peculiar abilities and very much about town."

Richmond then settled with the mulberry-cheeked detective to his entire satisfaction, and they parted with many expressions of friendship, well pleased with each other.

Blake was so completely exhausted by the superhuman exertions of the previous night, together with being so weak and macerated at the time, for the want of proper food and nourishment during his incarceration in the den of thieves, that he was unable to leave his bed for several weeks, during which time Richmond's unremitting attention and assiduity soon restored him to his usual strength and vigour. His money, however, he never recovered, notwithstanding he and Richmond ac-

accompanied by the detective and posse of police went in search of the den, but could not find it or any of the thieves. Whereupon they determined upon leaving New York ; Richmond having his mind fixed upon the purchase of a plantation, they both decided on going down South for the double purpose of pleasure and business combined. The steamer for New Orleans was to sail at nine o'clock the following day.

They therefore packed their portmanteaus and at the appointed time they were promptly on board, and soon afterwards the vessel swung clear of her moorings alongside the wharf and moved out slowly among the shipping in the harbour. They stood upon the deck inhaling the freshness of the morning air, and enjoying the varied and picturesque scenery that unfolded itself to view as the noble steamer glided swiftly along the coast. Here we will leave them for the present, and return to our heroine.





## CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRISONERS—THE RUSSIAN CAMP—PRINCE MENCHIKOFF—THE COS-  
SACKS' ESCORT—THE PRISONERS—THE MARCH—PAT McAVOY PRO-  
POUNDS A THEORY AND PUTS IT IN PRACTICE—THE BAZAAR—REAL  
GOLD STUFF—THE OLD WATCH-HOUSE—THE ESCAPE—PAT'S DISCOV-  
ERY—RESERVE YOUR FIRE, BOYS—THE CHASE FOR LIFE—THE FIGHT IN  
THE RIVER—THE ZOUAVES TO THE RESCUE—THE ESCAPE—THE CAMP  
—THE RECEPTION—PAT'S STORY—LORD RAGLAN—THE PROMOTION—  
OMAR PASHA—THE BRAVE TRIO—HEADQUARTERS—THE SULTAN'S  
FIRMAN—THE DUTIES.

AS our brave trio were being marched as prisoners of war to the rear of the Russian army, and the excitement of the battle over with them for the time being, it was found, by the dripping of blood as they marched along that Sergeant Clanronald and Pat McAvoy had been wounded, the former by a lance thrust in the shoulder, and the latter by a sabre cut on the head, which they took no notice of during the excitement of battle. But now as they rode along it became painfully evident that they were getting faint from the loss of blood. Sergeant Eyre, our heroine, was the first to detect the blood oozing from their wounds, and immediately requested the officer in charge of the party to allow him to dress their wounds, to which he very reluctantly

complied. After our heroine had staunched and bound up the wounds with a bandage which she carried with her for such emergencies, they resumed their march. As they rode along, the roar of big guns, the crackling of musketry, the rumbling noise of artillery and ambulance waggons, were deafening. They moved slowly, as the waggons were loaded with wounded soldiers. It was a sad and frightful spectacle to see these poor wounded Russians as they were crammed together side by side in the waggon, their ghastly wounds opening with every motion of the vehicle, while their wan, pale faces were convulsed with agony and suffering. Of every rank, from the captain to the humble private, and from every arm of the service, from the heavy dragoon to the Polish lancer, they were there in heaps. On arrival at the Russian camp our trio were confined in one small compartment by themselves with a sentry before their door, and without the slightest pretence of furniture or bedding of any description, save three dirty gray blankets which were thrown to them by a seedy-looking Russian soldier. The blankets they declined to make use of consequent on their doubtful appearance, and were therefore obliged to wrap their martial cloaks around them, and sleep on the bare, damp earthen floor or walk about in their cell during the night. At daybreak next morning the deep, full sound of the Russian bugles announced the reveillé. Forgetful of where they were, they jumped up from the floor where they had stretched to rest their weary limbs, and rushed to the hole that served for a window.

The prospect before them at once recalled to their memory that they were prisoners in the Russian camp on the north side of Sebastopol.

Fresh arrivals of wounded Russians continued to pour in from the battle-field, and the moans of the wounded and dying soldiers were heart-rending. The surgeons were so busily occupied amputating legs and arms that Sergeant Clanronald's and Pat McAvoy's wounds were totally neglected by them, but thanks to Sergeant Eyre (our heroine), whose skill and attention soon restored them to their former health, and at the end of five weeks their wounds were almost healed. Our heroine being flush with money, was enabled to bribe the Russian soldiers to furnish them many luxuries, which otherwise they could not procure; by this means she was able to nourish her patients, and restore them to their original strength.

One morning as our trio were standing at the hole in the wall already mentioned, watching the Russians with an eager eye, they heard the tramp of horsemen coming towards them, which consisted of ten or twelve cavaliers, whose plumed hats and glittering uniforms, bespoke them staff officers. As they rode past the guard turned out, and the sentry presented arms. This left no doubt upon their minds but that some officer of superior rank was amongst them. Soon afterwards, however, they heard the sentry on the door bring his musket to his shoulder, and the next moment an officer in staff uniform accompanied by an officer and six privates made

their appearance. The officer entered their cell and bowed politely as he advanced towards them, and requested they should follow him.

Then they were marched into another hut a few yards from where they had been confined. On entering they noticed a handsome military man of about forty years sitting at a table in the middle of the room, engaged in writing. They judged from his general appearance, the amount of gold lace on his uniform, and the number of stars and orders with which his breast was decorated, that it was no other than Prince Menchikoff before whom they stood. About a dozen of his staff officers stood round him *chapeaux* in hand. As the prisoners entered, the Prince (for it was he who sat at the table) and all his staff gazed with admiration on the three noble specimens of British cavalry. After feasting their eyes on the trio, the Prince then addressed them as became His Royal Highness, and asked to what corps they belonged. To which Sergeant Clanronald answered in a soldierly manner.

He then asked several questions of much military importance concerning the strength, position, the sort of arms used by the British army, and how they were off for rations and clothing, and many other questions of a like nature, to which Sergeant Clanronald and his comrades declined to answer, but politely replied that they did not feel at liberty to give such information.

"Well," said the Prince, "if you do not answer my questions candidly, I will have to send you to St. Peters-



burg, the capital of the empire, there to be imprisoned during the pleasure of our venerable and much beloved and mighty father the Czar of all the Russias."

To this decree the prisoners answered not a word.

"Captain Orandoff," said the Prince, "let the prisoners be marched off at five o'clock to-morrow morning under a strong escort for St. Petersburg.

The officer assented with a profound bow, and the prisoners were then marched back to their cell.

At an early hour next morning a Cossack officer strode into their cell and informed them that they were to march immediately for St. Petersburg. He was a thorough specimen of the Cossack lancer, yet a good-natured fellow, but who firmly believed that Russia was the greatest nation on the face of the earth, and the Czar the climax of the Russians. The prisoners were well pleased at their removal from the hovel in which they had been so long incarcerated, and were soon in their saddles, guarded by an escort of Cossack lancers, which consisted of one officer, one sergeant and six privates. Having been inspected by a superior officer, they were marched off. As they marched along, the road which had been broken up by heavy guns, and ploughed up by artillery, cavalry and infantry, was almost impassable. They could distinctly hear the roar of the heavy siege guns as the opposing armies replied to each other, while to their right they could plainly see the interminable white canvas tents of the British army in the distance. They rode forward at a trot, but in the

deep clayey soil, the horses sunk to their fetlocks at each step. The three prisoners rode side by side, and therefore were enabled to converse without being understood by their Cossack escort. As they drew near the Russian Bazaar, Pat. McAvoy, whose mind had been preoccupied in concocting plans of escape, had now commenced to enlighten the two sergeants on the subject.

"Begorra sergeant," said he, "its meself that's been thinking an' planning, how we can make our escape from these thivin' Rooshans."

"What is your plan, Pat?" queried Sergeant Clanronald.

"Well, sergeant avick," replied Pat, "aisy a while an I'll be afther tellin' ye. Its loike this, as we pass through the Russian Bazaar ye must ax lave of the officer to purchase some purvisions at one of the stores, an' be the way of good nature ye can thrate the officer an' escort to some av their native tangle-leg, for ye know that these Russians are mighty fond av liquor, an' while yer thratin' them I'll purchase a sufficient quantity av the same sort av fluid to set the whole av the thieves dhrunk to-night, an' when we get them asleep we can make our escape. Therefore as we pursue our journey we must take the lie av the country so as to enable us to find our road to-night in the dark, af we can succeed in giving them the shlip, d'ye mind?"

"Pat," replied Sergeant Clanronald, "I am proud of the country that gave you birth. It's only an Irishman that would propose such a courageous undertaking. We

will aid and abet you to the utmost of our power and ability to carry out your plan, and frustrate these semi-savages."

"Ah, then more power to both av ye," replied Pat. "Sure I well knew that the rale ould Irish blood wor in yer vains, an' wid the help of God we'll put the cum-hither on these haythens afore mornin'."

As they marched through the bazaar Pat's sharp eye detected a large liquor store, with the words, "Kinahan's Irish Whiskey," painted in large letters on the window.

"Be jabors," exclaimed Pat, "here's where they sell the rale ould stuff itself sure it does me heart good to see the name av Irish whiskey in these foreign parts, but to taste in a hathen country loike this goes beyond my comprehension entirely. Sergeant, avick, ax the officer to halt the party while we test it, for the sake av ould Ireland." Accordingly Sergeant Clanronald requested that official to allow them to purchase some groceries and other necessaries for the line of march, and also invited himself and escort to have some drink and refreshments, to which he gladly acceded. While they were getting their spirits up by pouring spirits down, Pat had purchased a sufficient quantity of tangle-leg (as he chose to call it) to set the whole escort drunk that night. The party having indulged freely at our heroine's expense (for she had supplied Pat with funds for such emergencies), they mounted their horses feeling in the best of spirits from the quantity of spirits imbibed, and resumed their march. Although the three prisoners appeared equally as much

under the influence of liquor as their escort, yet neither of the two sergeants had scarcely swallowed any of the soul-stirring element; but Pat was not so, he paid deep respect to the whiskey-flask and partook of a sufficient quantity to bring out his native Irish wit and humor and gesticulations with which he had the Cossack escort in roars of laughter during the remainder of the day's march; whenever they flagged he handed round his flask to help themselves, which they freely accepted and drank heartily.

"Now, sergeant," said Pat, "ye see them crass roads fornint ye?" The sergeant assented, "Well, if ye do, well an' good; that road on yer right leads to Balaklava, and crasses the Worenzoff road on the left bank of the Tchernaya river, just the other side av that mountain ye see over beyant to yer right. I know that same road well enough an' so ought ye too for the matter av that. Ye must remember the day when Lord Cardigan took the light brigade across that mountain on a reconnoissance, an' more betoken a purty severe brush we had that day wid General Luder's advance guard."

"Yes," replied the sergeant, "I recollect that memorable day well, for we lost a brave officer and six troopers on that occasion."

"Ah! then be me soul 'tis true for ye, we did that same, and more wor the pity," replied Pat, "he wor a brave soldier sure enough. I ought to know him, seeing that he wor the captain of my own troop, poor Captain Howard; it's himself that wor well loiked in the regiment,

an' so signs on it, we gave him a dacent funeral, rest his soul, Amin.

"Well, as I wor a sayin', if we can make our escape to-night from these rapsCALLIONS, that will be our road, mind. Sec, there are two big pine trees, one on each side of the road where we'll have to turn, do ye persave!"

"Yes," replied the sergeant, "we are taking particular notice of the line of route.

"All right then," said Pat, "be the piper that played afore Moses, my name isn't Pat McAvoy, av we don't give these cussidsacks leg bail for our 'onesty afore morn-ing. After we halt for the night, wherever it may be, we must lush these murtherin' hathens well, so that they may sleep soundly. I have got a plentiful supply of the needful for their delicate appetites. Sergeant Clanronald you attend to the officer, an' Sergeant Eyre you must help the Cossack sergeant wid a dhrop of the crathur, an' av I don't attend to the privates ye may call me an *aumathone!*"

"All right, Pat," said the sergeant, "you may rely upon us to act our part to your entire satisfaction."

"Ah then," said Pat, "be me soul it's myself that knows that same."

"But supposing that they lock us up in a room," queried Sergeant Eyre, "what are we to do in that case?"

"Faith," replied Pat, "it'll be a purty strong pen that'll hould us fur the night, I'll be yer bail. Howsomever, we'll be bether able to jidge av that same, when we take up our bivouae fur the night."

As they rode along in the midst of the escort, they could not help remarking the effect the liquor had taken on the Cossacks, and the good-natured smile that overspread their weather-beaten faces. The spirit of excited gaiety prevailed the whole party, as they watched the humorsome manner that Pat would pull out a skin of rum from the breast of his tunic, and then pass it round freely to the Cossacks, from hand to hand, and jests and jokes passed from one to the other. From the Cossack officer they learned that the Russians had really been beaten at Balaklava the day they were taken prisoners, and had fallen back behind the heights, where they are now encamped.

"They are, however" said he, "preparing for another attack on your lines, when we hope to retrieve our fortune."

"Bah," said Hubert laughing, "what could you do against the British army; you do not expect to beat us surely?"

"Ah!" said he, "the Prince is enraged with General Laprandi for having retreated that day at the battle of Balaklava; he says he could have advanced upon your cavalry after the charge. As it was, your columns got away without much loss. Ah! that was a fine charge."

"These words he muttered to himself, adding between, his teeth, five thousand killed and wounded."

"What was that you said? who were they?" queried Hubert.

"Our fellows," replied he frankly, "your cavalry swept

over us as if we were a mass of broken infantry or rebels, you have seen the number of dead and wounded as you passed along from the battle-field the day yourself and two companions were taken. That was the result of your terrible charge."

Hubert and his two comrades could not restrain an outburst of triumphant pleasure at this heroic feat of their gallant comrades in arms.

"Yes, yes," said the officer, "it was a gallant charge, but a heavy reckoning is at hand, mark me. But come along now, let us trot, the sun is getting low, and we have ten miles to march yet,"

They rode along at a brisk pace for about an hour, when they came to the foot of a steep hill, and as they mounted the high ridge the sun was just setting, when the officer pointed at a two-story house which, standing alone in the distant plain, commanded an extensive view on every side of it for miles around.

"There," said he, "we are to halt and rest for the night."

Hubert, seeing that they were so near their halting place, and mindful of Pat's injunctions, produced his flask, handed it to the officer, and politely invited him to help himself, which that cavalier gladly accepted, and clearly demonstrated his taste for the soul-stirring element, by the vacuum visible in the flask on its return to its owner. Our heroine and Pat were not backward in helping their Cossack escort to partake freely of their hypochondriac, and by the time they had reached the old watch-house,

for such it was, they were pretty well corned. On arrival they dismounted, groomed, fed and watered their horses, during which time the three prisoners were taking a perspective plan of the house and its surroundings. On ascertaining from the officer that their quarters were to be on the second floor, they lost no time in making the Cossack escort drunk before retiring for the night. While they were boozing and carousing Pat slipped out, walked round the yard and stables where he possessed himself of an old axe, a bill-hook and some rope halters, which he secreted under his cloak. The officer cunningly enough, on finding that the liquor was getting the upper hand of himself and his escort, ordered the three prisoners to their room. Before going, however, Pat left his skins of rum, unintentionally as it were, on the table, and hung up their three water-bottles, which were partly full of liquor, where the Cossacks would be sure to find them, well knowing that they would help themselves. The officer and sergeant having shewn the prisoners to their room, locked and bolted the door on the outside, placing a sentry with a drawn sword on the outside to guard the three unfortunates. This done they went down stairs and continued their libations, singing and carousing until they all fell down drunk, and shortly afterwards their nasal organs belched forth such inharmonious sounds as to indicate very perceptibly that their owners were sound asleep. After the officer had locked the door, the prisoners examined their quarters and found that it was almost impossible to make their



escape. The door was solid oak, and thoroughly secured by strong iron bolts. The small and only window was also firmly secured by strong iron bars. After surveying the apartment, and examining the door and window, they were silent, and looked at each other with a despairing countenance for some seconds before either spoke. At last Pat broke the silence and exclaimed, "Be jabers this is a stronghould an' no mistake, I never dreamt av bein' confined in such a fortress as this! But howsomever the ould saying 'pears to be true enough, that 'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

At this quotation of Pat's our heroine could not refrain from smiling.

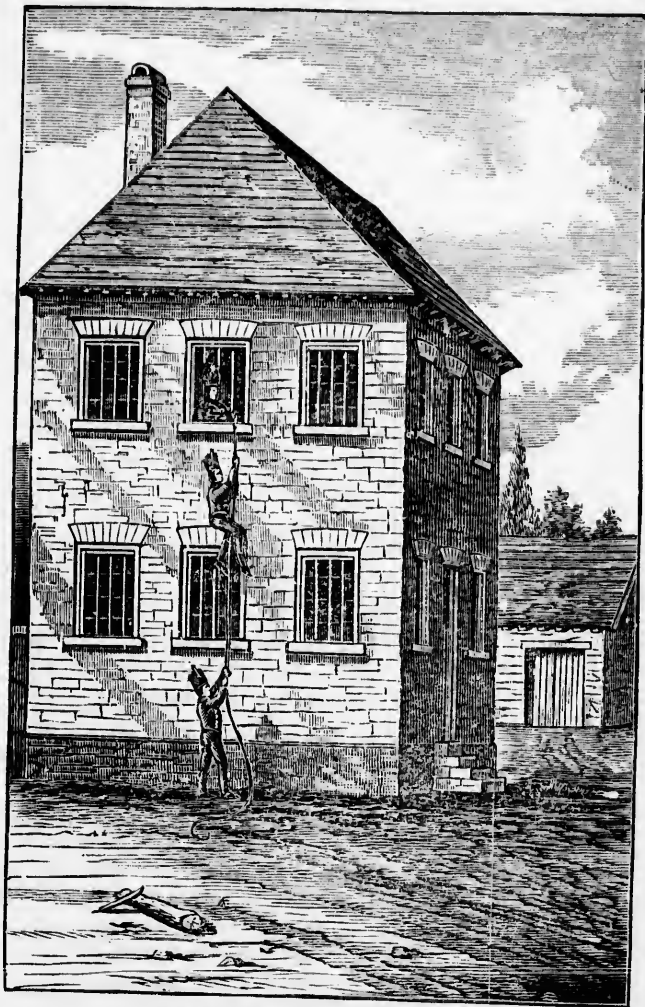
Pat then took off his cloak and exhibited the rope-halters, the axe and the bill-hook which he secured under his cloak while out in the stable-yard. He then put out his head between the bars of the window to ascertain how far they were from the ground; the moon was shining brightly so that he could plainly see that they were a great height from *terra firma*. He then contrived a rope out of the halters and their three blankets sufficiently long enough to reach the ground.

"Now," said he, "af I can get a couple av bars off the windy, I think we will be able to make our escape. But before we commence operations we must ascertain that they are all asleep, for I know they are all drunk, an' when wanst asleep I'll be yer bail it'll be hard to waken them."

Accordingly they listened at the door; they could hear

the sentry stagger about the hall, and the carousing down stairs growing fainter and fainter, at last after waiting a while longer the noise ceased altogether, and a short time afterwards they heard the sentry fall down, and soon had the consolation of hearing him give lucid demonstrations of being in the land of dreams. Pat then went to work with the bill-hook and axe, and by strength and perseverance inside of an hour he had removed two of the iron bars from the window. The opening thus left was just sufficient to admit of a man's body passing through. Having secured the rope to one of the remaining bars, Pat was enabled to pass out feet first and slide down the rope. But before he left the room, it was decided that in case he should not be able to procure a ladder, that the two sergeants were also to escape through the window. When Pat reached the ground he started in search of a ladder, but not finding one stood under the window and informed his comrades of the fact, whereupon the two sergeants escaped through the window and slid down the rope in safety. They then went around to the front, and peeped through the window at the Cossacks; everything inside was quiet except the simultaneous sounds of their nasal organs, which gave satisfactory evidence that the inmates were in the land of Nod. Pat then raised the latch, and entered softly with a step like that of a creeping panther, possessing himself of three sets of arms and accoutrements which he handed to the sergeants who stood outside as receivers. He then secured their own three water-bottles, and haversacks, taking in his hand the old

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THE ESCAPE FROM THE OLD WATCH-HOUSE.

lantern which stood smouldering on the table. The little noise he made was drowned by the chorus of the sleepers, who lay promiscuously around the room. He then closed the door gently and locked it. They then hastened to the stables—saddled and bridled their own three chargers, put out the lamp, mounted and moved off stealthily from the house until they got out of ear-shot from the Cossacks, when they gathered speed and rode along at a topping pace until they reached the two large pine trees at the cross-roads already mentioned, when they turned off the main road, and struck on to an unfrequented one, leaving Sebastopol on their right and Balaklava straight before them. On quitting the main road they slackened speed in order to rest their horses. Huge masses of fog-like vapour were fast succeeding the bright, cloudless night, but one by one, they moved onwards towards the sea, disclosing as they passed the darkly shadowed mountains which closed the back-ground looming even higher than they really were, while their summits were tipped with the silvery rays of the declining moon. On reaching the foot of a steep hill they halted for a short time and dismounted in order to rest and water their horses at a clear stream by the way-side.

Here they examined their water-bottles and found that two were empty, the Cossacks having guzzled their contents and more than half the third, as well as two skins of rum.

"Faith," said Pat, "it's lucky for us that the thieves have left us a drop at all at all."

As he spoke he applied the bottle to his mouth and helped himself, then handed to Sergeant Eyre (our heroine,) "Here sergeant avick," said he, take a gallogue av this it'll be afther warmin' the cockles av yer heart afore we start up this big hill."

"No, thanks, Pat," replied the sergeant, "I could not touch it for the world."

"The dear knows," rejoined Pat, "one would think you wor a young lady, you are so particular about tastin' a drop av the blessed spirits."

Pat's remark caused our heroine to smile instinctively.

"Here Sergeant Hubert," said Pat, handing him the bottle, "help yourself, I know that you won't refuse a drop this cowl'd night, sure it'll keep the life in ye."

Hubert took the bottle and helped himself to a little, as the night was cold and damp.

They then filled the empty bottles with the blessed clear water from the stream, mounted their horses and proceeded slowly up the hill. On reaching its summit the waning moon was fast sinking below the horizon, leaving the sole rule of mother earth to the myriads of twinkling stars. The watch-fires of the Russians who occupied the mountain ridge along the valley of the Tchernaya River, the shells of the opposing armies as they described a circle in the air, and the lurid flashes of big guns and bursting of shells, were clearly visible, while the booming of cannon and vollies of musketry told them plainly that a fierce battle was raging towards Sebastopol. They halted to gaze with awe and profound

admiration at the sublimity of the panorama now before them; the painter's skill fails to impart an idea of it, and the writer feels incompetent to describe its grandeur in the vernacular with such vividness and force of language as to bring out the details of such picturesque and peculiar scenery with sufficient clearness as to do it justice in the reader's imagination. I will therefore leave it to him to conjecture.

They then held a council of war, and decided that it was impossible to escape to the British lines without feeding and resting their horses, besides, they were very much in need of rest and sleep themselves; they walked on slowly talking the matter over, until Pat's sharp eye caught sight of a white house nestled among a clump of pine trees about a hundred yards from the road, with an avenue leading up to it.

"Begorra comrades," exclaimed Pat, pointing with his hand, "look there d'ye see a house 'mong them trees beyant?"

"Where, where?" cried the sergeants eagerly.

"There," said he, still pointing with his hand, "can't ye see the white house 'mong the trees an' the chimblly above them?"

"Yes, yes! we can see it now," exclaimed the two sergeants simultaneously.

"Well, if you can, well an' good," said Pat, "isn't that mighty obliging for that house to meet us here, just when we want it. Let us ride up to it an' rouse the people, sure we can rest for a couple av hours an' feed our horses anyhow."

"Maybe they'ud'nt have the heart to refuse benighted strangers lodgings such a late hour of the night as this. Ye who talk the Rooshan language can tell them that we're apostles av the Greek church goin' on a pilgrimage to the shrine av St. Spero. The Rooshans are mighty superstitious an' they'll only be too glad av havin' such pious pilgrims as ourselves under the same roof with them. I wish I could spake the Rooshan language, I'll be yer bail I'd be afther tellin' them plenty anyhow, divil a lie in it."

They rode up to the house, Pat dismounted and knocked at the door, but no answer; he repeated it several times without success, at last he raised the latch, the door opened and in he went.

"God'save all here," said he as he entered, but there was no answer. "Be the lace-o-my-coat! what heavy sleepers ye are in these foreign parts," said he, as he struck a match, and lit a candle, which he had the forethought to purchase at the bazaar the same time as the whiskey, when to his surprise he found the house empty. He then went and informed his comrades, when they dismounted, and the trio took possession of the house *pro tem.*, putting their horses in one room and occupying another themselves. After feeding and attending to their horses, and partaking of a slight luncheon, and a drink of cold water (Pat of course helping himself to a drop of something else to keep out the cold), they wrapped their martial cloaks around them, and stretched themselves on the floor with their valises

under their heads, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus—tired nature's sweet restorer. The sun was shedding his bright, warm rays in at the window next morning, when they awoke, gave a stretch, a yawn, jumped up and rubbed their eyes. "Be-the-lace-o-my-coat!" exclaimed Pat, "we've overslept ourselves as sure as my name is Pat McAvoy!"

"No matter" replied Hubert, "we were tired, and now we are refreshed, and capable of fighting our way through the Russian lines, if forced to do so."

"Be my sowl, sergeant," said Pat, "yer just shoutin', divil a lie in it."

"Here, Pat," said Sergeant Eyre, our heroine, stretching out her hand with a towel wrapped round it, "spill some water on this towel till I wipe my face a little, for I feel half asleep yet."

"Ah, then avick machree," replied Pat, "sure I'll be after doin' that same for ye."

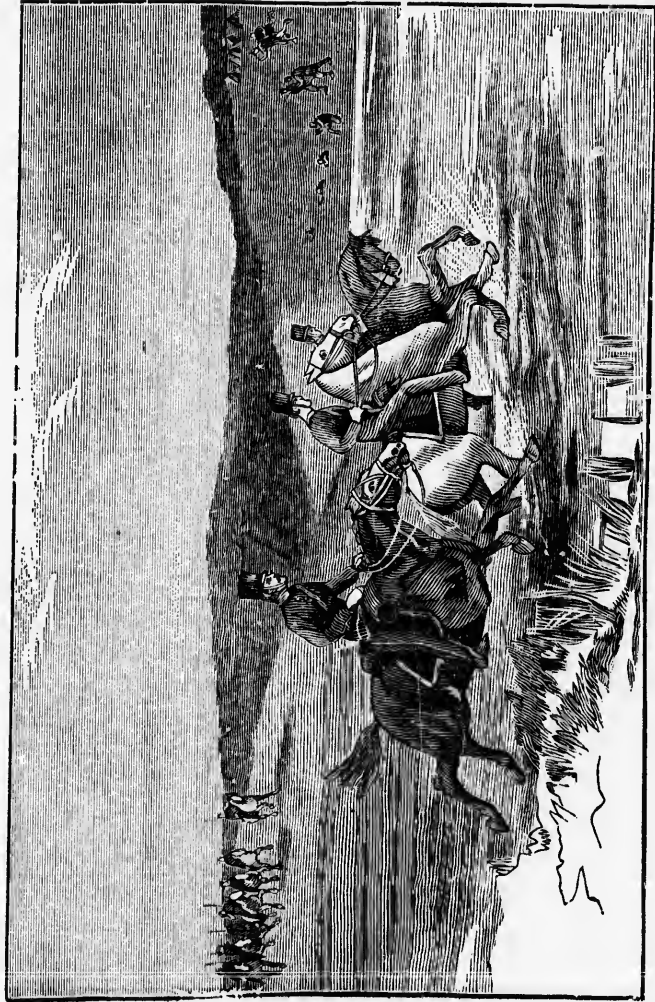
While the two sergeants were wiping their faces with a wet towel Pat was cleaning and feeding the horses. That duty being performed, they partook of a little breakfast from their haversacks and washed it down with a drink of water, Pat, as usual, taking the soft taste off the water with a little rum. Breakfast over, they looked well to their arms and amunition, brought their horses out, tightened their girths, mounted like one man and rode off. As they proceeded down the side of the steep mountain they had a perfect view of the Russian camp on the side of the opposite hill. Two hours'



ride brought them within two hundred paces of the old bridge which they had expected to cross in safety, but to their surprise and confusion they beheld a Cossack vidette in front of some tents by the wayside between them and the bridge, they then knew that there must be a strong picquet there. They saw also on their left a little cloud of dust, and heard the clatter of hoofs as a dozen mounted Cossacks dashed across the level space from the south, led by a sergeant; they were approaching at a rapid pace. The fates seemed against our trio; there was no time to spare nor to think. Nothing but a desperate attempt at flight was left them. The picquet in front had also detected the three British Hussars advancing along the road, and were already fast closing on them.

"Reserve your fire, boys," cried Hubert, "until we are cornered, and make straight for the river, forward!"

With these words away they flew as fast as their horses could run towards the Tchernaya river, opposite Inkerman, pursued by the Cossacks on each flank. On, on, on dashed the brave trio. It was a race for life. Ping, ping, ping, went Cossack bullets past them, but they took no notice of them, but continued their flight as fast as their noble steeds could bear them. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet, they reach the bank of the river, they dash into the stream and swim to the other side. Thickly flew the bullets tearing the dark waters into foam as they crossed. On reaching the bank in safety they saw that their pursuers had also



THE RACE FOR LIFE.

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taken the stream, when the trio wheeled round by word of command from Sergeant Clanronald and delivered a telling volley at the foremost of the advancing foe, knocking three of them over. This sudden shock somewhat deterred their pursuers. Taking advantage of their confusion our tric drew their pistols and fired again with effect, and continued to load as they retired. By this time a picquet of the French Zouaves who had witnessed the chase from their redoubt on the heights of Inkerman, ran to their rescue and just arrived as part of the Cossacks were emerging from the water, when they opened such a hot fire upon them that all who were not killed or wounded turned to the right about and skedaddled back as fast as they came. Thus our brave trio escaped from the thralldom of Prince Menchikoff and that potent despot, the Czar of all the Russias.

Hubert addressed the Zouaves in their own language, and thanked them most graciously for their timely assistance on that most auspicious occasion, and finished off by proudly and politely raising their busbies high above their heads with three cheers of *Vive Francais*, and *Vive L'Empereur*, to which the French responded heartily by waving their *chapeaux* high in the air, with vociferous cheers of *bono Anglais*, and *bono Victoria!*

Amid much cheering, bowing and raising of *chapeaux* our trio rode off towards the British light cavalry camp near Kadiki, to join their squadrons. Great was their joy as they rode through the French lines, and beheld their own countrymen in dense columns of infantry

alternating with squadrons of cavalry, or parks of artillery, the bright steel of the British columns glittering in the sun as they performed their field evolutions in the open space between their camps. On arrival at the light cavalry camp they rode to a group of their own officers who stood gaily chatting and laughing together before their lines.

They halted within a few paces of the group, when Hubert moved forward and, perceiving the adjutant, saluted him; and reported the escape of himself and comrades from the Russians. The officers having heard the news, gathered around and greeted the new arrivals, whom every body believed to have been killed at the celebrated light cavalry charge, but now seeing them safe, and alive, their joy and admiration knew no bounds. The commanding officer being in the orderly-room tent at the time, the adjutant conducted the trio before him, and reported their escape from the Russian camp. The colonel was agreeably surprised at their appearance, and complimented them on their bravery in a very flattering manner, then addressed the two officers whose lives they had saved at the celebrated light cavalry charge, and afterwards with Pat McAvoy's assistance, rescued from the Russians, who were marching them off the field prisoners of war.

"Are these the two sergeants whose bravery and gallant conduct at the memorable charge you have spoken so highly of, the details of which have already been reported in writing to the Field Marshal?"

"The same, colonel," replied both officers, "but as they were reported killed, there was no more notice taken of the matter then, but now, sir, as they have turned up alive and well, we hope their gallant conduct on that occasion will not be overlooked."

"Certainly not," replied the colonel, "I am not only too thankful to have such brave non-commissioned officers and men in my regiment, but am proud to have the honour of reporting their gallantry to Lord Raglan. I shall forward the report at once to the Commander-in-Chief." He then questioned Hubert concerning their capture by the Russians, and how they had succeeded in making their escape, which Hubert answered, as I have already related, but with such an ease and grace as to confirm the colonel and officers in their high opinion of his birth and education. He then asked Sergeant Eyre, (our heroine) several questions which were answered in a similar manner, and to his entire satisfaction. He then said, "Pat McAvoy," as he read the name on the report before him.

"Here, yer honor," replied Pat.

"I see your name here very favourably mentioned by Captain Hyde and Lieut. Ross for gallant conduct in the field," said the colonel.

"Thank yer reverence—yer honor, I mean," answered Pat.

"I see you are an Irishman, the west of Ireland, eh?" queried the colonel.

"No in troth, yer honor, but the south-west," said Pat.

"Ah, yes. Can you read and write?" asked the colonel.

"The narra one av me yer honor can do one nor the other," answered Pat.

"That's a pity," said he, "if you could I would have you promoted, but we will make it up for you some other way. I will recommend you for a meritorious conduct medal with five pounds gratuity."

"Musha then long life to yer honor for the same," replied Pat, "sure it'll help to pay a half year's rent for my mother, anyhow, an' it's glad she'll be to get it, for since my father lost the price of the cow, she wor left nothin' to pay it wid, 'cept to borry from the trust an' loan fund an' a hard job she'll have to pay that same wid heavy interest."

"How did your father lose the price of the cow, Pat?" queried the colonel, with a smile.

"Well, aisy yer honor, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye," replied Pat, "me father took the cow to the fair at Bala-haderreen to sell her for the rent, well, af he did, well an' good. Afther he had sould the cow what did he do but go into a sheebeen house an' buy a bottle of potheen whiskey, an' afther takin' a crapper or two wid one av the neighbours at the counther, start for home wid the bottle av potteen in his over-coat pocket, an' his money in his breeches' pocket, safe an' sound, except what he paid for the whiskey, d'ye mind? As he wor walkin' along the road as merry an' good-natured as ye plase, a temperance preacher, or as we call them in Ireland

'souters'—they stand in tubs preachin' an' spoutin' temperance or religion, whichever pays them best. Sometimes the same fellows are purty roughly handled, for the gorsoons do be peltin' rotten eggs at them whenever they can get a chance. Well, as I wor a sayin', sure one av these same lecturers overtook me father on the road as he wor strollin' home an' he singin' the Connaughtman's rambles for himself and accosted him very familiarly wid 'God save ye, Pat.' 'God save ye kindly, sir, said he.' Then he began to lecture me father about drinkin', so says he, 'come an' sit down behind the hedge here, an' we'll talk it over between us.' So in they went the two av them behind the fence, when me father produced the bottle av whisky from his pocket an' held it up before him wid a smile upon his countenance, then the preacher began to advise me father against drink, an' me father began to tell him about sellin' the cow.

"'She's gone, sir,' says he, 'well, well, och hone, no mather!' and his eyes filled with wather as he thought av the cow. So one story an' one pull from the bottle brought on another, for the sarrah glass they had at all at all. Faix, he wor a tender-hearted man anyhow, for as me father began to let the tears down when the bottle was near finished, divil rasave the morsel of the preacher but cried afther the poor cow as if she had been his own. 'Faix, he did,' said me father, 'an' signs on, it won't be the last drop we'll have together, plase goodness.'

"'Bat the best of the fun was that the drunker the preacher got the more he abused me father fur drinkin'.

Oh, then, bud he's the pious man when he gets the drop in his head. Faith, it's a pity that ever he'd be sober, he talks so much scripture an' devotion in his liquor. After he'd talked me father to sleep behind the hedge he fled. Next morning when me father awoke he wiped his eyes, staggered out on the road, felt for the price av his cow, but it was gone an' so was the preacher. Oh, divil a lie in it."

When Pat's story was ended the officers burst out in roars of laughter, and the colonel himself laughed till the very tears coursed down his bronzed features. The laughing having subsided, he dismissed the brave trio with marked respect and appreciation of their chivalrous conduct. As they proceeded among the tents to join their troop, they were met and surrounded by their comrades who hailed their return with the greatest enthusiasm and demonstrations of joy, and cheer after cheer rent the air as they joined their troop. Next day an *aid-de-camp* rode up to the commanding officer's tent and handed him a letter and soon afterwards the trio were ordered to proceed to headquarters, and in less than fifteen minutes they were on their way to Lord Raglan's, accompanied by the colonel and the two officers whom they had rescued from the Russians during that memorable cavalry charge. On reaching headquarters they were met by a staff officer who conducted them before the field-marshal, who sat writing at a table in his office. As they entered he raised his hoary head from the paper before him, and scanned the party with an eagle glance.



"Ah, colonel," said he, "it is you, eh? I have been waiting for you; are these the two sergeants you have so highly recommended for promotion?" "The same, my lord," was the answer, "and these are the two officers also, who gave such flattering testimony of their bravery on that occasion." His lordship then questioned Hubert and Robert Eyre, (our heroine), concerning their capture by the Cossacks and their treatment while prisoners in the Russian camp, and several other questions of much military importance, which our heroine and Hubert answered with such eloquence, ease and clearness that left no doubt upon his mind of their high attainments, birth and education.

He then said, with a smile of peculiar sweetness in its expression:

"Your very distinguished conduct at that glorious charge has been especially reported to me by your excellent commanding officer here! I have therefore sincere pleasure in promoting both of you cornets to the vacancies now in your own gallant regiment. I see in the report that you can both speak French. I shall therefore retain you on my staff. I am much in need of two such officers. Cornet Hubert Clanronald to be my aid-de-camp, and Cornet Robert Eyre I now appoint interpreter on my personal staff."

The newly-appointed staff officers thanked his lordship with such an ease, grace and soldierly attributes so suitable to that occasion as to impress him with a favorable opinion of their antecedents. He then turned round

and commenced talking to the two officers who had been rescued from the Russians, concerning the daring deeds of valor performed by the trio.

While they were thus occupied, Pat McAvoy whispered to our heroine in an imploring tone :

"Arrah Sergeant Eyre, agra, speak for me, maybe he might do something for me now as he's in such good humour, av it wor only to make me a tithe proctor." This idea of promotion caused the young cornet to smile.

"There are no tithe-proctors out here, Pat," said he. "When we get back to Ireland I will see that you are promoted to some lucrative situation. You know that the colonel would have you promoted if you could read and write."

"Faith 'tis true for ye, agra," replied Pat, "sure I know if I had book larnin' I could have got promotion long ago."

"What a pity this trooper can neither read nor write," said the Field Marshal, turning round towards Pat, as if he had heard Pat's remark.

"Yes, my lord, it is," answered the colonel, "he is an excellent man!"

"Ah, so it is, indeed, said his lordship, "but I see you have recommended him for a meritorious conduct medal."

"Yes," my lord," replied the colonel, "I consider him well worthy of that reward."

"I shall have sincere pleasure in forwarding his name for that honorable mark of distinction."

"I thank your lordship kindly," replied the colonel.

As they had finished speaking, Omar Pasha was announced and admitted. When the usual bowing and salaming to which such an eastern potentate was entitled were gone through, the Field Marshal introduced the two newly made cornets to the Pasha, and explained with vividness their admirable escape from the Russians.

"Allah! Allah!" exclaimed the Pasha, after he had read the report, "what gallant, noble fellows! I shall report these two officers' bravery for H. M. the Sultan's royal consideration, with a recommendation for some honorable mark of his Majesty's approbation."

Lord Raglan thanked him in a most gracious manner on behalf of the two young officers, and the trio were then dismissed, leaving the two celebrated commanders, the colonel and the other officers to confab upon the recent information received of the enemy by the two officers.

As the trio rode toward their camp they were in high spirits at the recent honor and rewards conferred upon them by the Field Marshal.

"Pat," said Hubert, as they rode along, "I regret exceedingly that you can neither read nor write. You see, had you only known how to read and write what a bright future there would be before you. How was it that you got no education, having such facility for learning in Ireland?"

"Well, sir," replied Pat, "aisy, an' I'll be afther tellin ye. Sure enough I wor sent to school when I wor only the hoight av yer knee, till I grew up a brave lump av

a gorsoon, but divil a thing I could larn but to ride asses an' mules. At last young Miles O'Grady took a loikin' to me on account of my smartness 'mong horses. He took me wid him to all the fairs an' markets to help to sell an' buy horses. One time he bought a pair of ould stagers for little or nothin', that drew Bianconi's car from Dublin to Sligo for many a long year. He groomed an' fixed them up for a couple av' months, and then took them up to Dublin for to sell as a brave team av' carriage horses.

"Miles himself wor as fine lookin' a young man at the time as ever got into a saddle. Well, if he was well and good, one day says he to me, 'Pat I am goin' out for a ride, an' I want you to dress yourself sprucely, an' follow me at twenty paces, wid Timbletoes, (that was the name av the horse I rode.)' 'All right master, I'm yer man,' replied I. As he were ridin' round Merrion Square an' I after him wid my corduroys and top-boots, an' by the same token my master wor forty pound worse nar nothin'," but no matter for that; ye see luck wor afore him. What do ye think, but a richly dressed livery servant came out an' stopped meself an' axed whose servant I was. 'Why then,' says I, 'bad luck to ye for a spalpeen, what a question do ye ax, an' ye having eyes in yer head! Hard feedin' to ye for a vagabone, don't ye see I'm my master's?' The Englishman laughed (for he wor a a cockney flunkey). 'I know that, Paddy,' says he, fur they call us all Paddies, as if we had only the one name among us, the thieves.

"But I wish to know his name," says he.

“‘Ye do,’ says I, ‘an’ by the powers but ye must tell me which side of the head ye’d wish to hear it on.’

“‘Oh! as for that,’ says the flunkey, not up to what I meant, ‘ye see I don’t care much, Paddy, only let me know it, an’ where he lives.’

“‘Just keep yer ground then,’ says I, ‘till I alight from this blood horse av mine, (the old garron not worth forty shillins,) and I’ll be afther tellin’ ye.’ So down I gets, an’ lays the flunkey sprawlin’ in the middle av the road. ‘Take that ye vagabone,’ says I, ‘an’ it’ll larn ye to call people by their right name again. I was christened as well as you, my name is Pat, there’s none av yer Paddies about me, d’ye mind.’

“‘All this time the lady wor lookin’ out av the windy, breakin’ her heart laughin’ at myself an’ the servant, but behould she knew a thing or two it seems, for instead av sendin’ a man any more at all at all, what does she do but sends her maid, a very purty girl, who comes up puttin’ the same question to me.

“‘What’s his name avourneen?’ says I, meltin’ to be sure, at the sight av her! ‘Why then darlin’ who could refuse yer smilin’ sweet face anything. But, ye jewel, be the hoky, ye must bribe me, or I’m dumb,’ says I.

“‘How could I bribe you?’ says she, with a sweet smile—for I was a good-lookin’ slip of a young fellow at the time, not all as one as now.

“‘I’ll show you that,’ says I, ‘if ye tell me where ye live, but for fear ye’d forget it with them two ruby lips av yer own, me darlin,’ says I, givin’ her a *slusther* av a kiss that ye could hear across the road.

“‘Come behave yourself, young man,’ says she, as she wiped her lips with the corner of her white apron, ‘don’t make so free till yer better acquainted. If ye want to know where I live,’ says she, pointin’ with her finger ‘there in that great house. My mistress is one of the beautifulest an’ richest young ladies in Dublin, an’ she wishes to know where yer master can be heard av.’

“‘Well, acushla,’ says I, ‘ye’ve a purty an’ innocent-lookin’ face, but I’m tould there’s many a trap in Dublin well baited. Just only run over while I’m lookin’ at ye, an’ let me see that purty face av yours smilin’ at me out av the windy that the young lady is peepin’ at us from.’

“This was done by a good deal of persuasion.

“My master, thought I, while she was gone will aisily find out what kind av a house it is anyhow. In a short time I saw her in the windy, an’ I then gave her a sign to come down to me again.’

“‘My master,’ says I, afther she had returned, ‘never was afeard to show his face, or tell his name to any one. He’s a might sergeant in a great militia regiment; he shot several men in his time, an’ the e’s not a gentleman in the whole country he lives in that dare say boo to him. And now what’s yer own name, ye flatherin’ little blackguard,’ says I.

“‘My name is Peggy McGuinness,’ says she.

“‘An’ next what’s yer mistress’ name, my darlin’,’ says I.

“‘There it is,’ says she, handin’ me a card.

“ ‘Yery well my dear,’ says I, lookin’ at it wid a great air, makin’ out that I could read, ‘this will just do, my sweet colleen-bawn.’

“ ‘Do ye read with the wrong side of the print upwards,’ says she, with a smile that revealed a purty dimple in her cherry cheeks.

“ ‘Up or down,’ says I, ‘sure it’s all one to me, but anyhow, I m left handed ye little deluder.’

“ ‘But to make a long story short, the upshot of it was that her mistress turned out to be a great heiress, an’ a great beauty, an’ herself an’ Miles O’Grady got married in less than a month.

“ ‘Myself wor payin’ my respects to Miss Peggy McGuinness in the kitchen from that out, till one night thinkin’ I had gone on a message into the country, she walked in a serjeant av the 11th Hussars an’ wor treatin’ him to a cowl mutton an’ Guinness’s xx<sup>o</sup> porter in the kitchen, when in I walked an’ caught the pair, with his arms around her waist an’ her head laid against his breast as loving as ye please. Oh ! divil a lie in it.

“ ‘Well, to tell nothin’ but the truth I was mad entirely, for I was mighty fond av the girl ; I thought she was as innocent as a new-born babe, but ye see I was desaved. I never spoke a word to her after that night except in common discourse. The serjeant continued to visit her in the kitchen an’ I went an’ ’listed for a soldier in the ‘cherry pickers,’ as we used to call them.”

Hubert and our heroine laughed heartily at Pat’s love story ; by the time it was finished they had reached the camp.

Next day the two newly-made cornets, amid hearty cheers from the officers and men, proceeded to headquarters to fill their respective positions on Lord Raglan's staff, which they did with the greatest ability and honor to themselves. One month after the interview with Omar Pasha, a large official letter was received at headquarters by Lord Raglan, with the royal arms of his Majesty the Sultan stamped in red sealing wax, the size of a silver dollar. This letter contained a firman from the Sultan conferring the order of the first class of the Medijee on our heroine and Hubert.

The readers of Eastern tales are aware that next to the supernatural power of the genii, a wonderful lamp, or a magic ring, there is nothing so potent as a firman of the Sultan.

My gentle reader may therefore wish to see in plain English the contents of a document which enters so frequently into the composition of the Eastern storyteller.

The firman issued by his Majesty, the Sultan, conferring upon Cornets Robert Eyre and Hubert Clanronald, officers of H. M. British army, the order of the first class Medijee, runs thus:—"Whereas Cornets Robert Eyre and Hubert Clanronald, the exalted in station, the endowed with sagacity and understanding, the companions of wisdom and superiority, the chosen amongst the elect of the British officers, the bravest of the brave among the followers of their wise and mighty commander, and superintendent of that powerful army belonging to the



great British nation, now before Sebastopol, having, on all occasions treated with due respect and marked consideration the loving subjects of our sublime Empire of Turkey, and whereas the nature of these services have been acceptable in the sight of the ministers and grand vizar of this victorious government. His Majesty, the Sultan, out of consideration and favour for the above named officers, and for the sake of the friendship and unity subsisting between the two great and powerful empires of Turkey and Great Britain, has in this auspicious year of the Lamb, measured the height of his ability, and ornamented and adorned their persons by bestowing upon them the decorations of the first class order of the Medijee, that they may make this order brilliant as the rays of the sun, the boast and glory of their own exalted breasts.

"Be it known to them that the excellences of their services have found favour in the sight of His Majesty the Sultan, and that by reason of them, and the fulness of His Majesty's bounty, the servants and loving subjects of our mighty empire, the centre of equity and justice, are commanded to be diligent in paying the above named officers every tribute of distinction and respect.

"The Secretary of State has received orders to register this in our everlasting archives. Given at our Royal Palace of the Sublime Porte in the ancient city of Constantine, in the month of Saphar, in the year of Hejira, 1270 (January, 1855.)"

The above firman was read at head-quarters by a staff

officer in the presence of the Field Marshal, generals, brigadiers, Omar Pasha and his staff and officers commanding regiments, in the midst of a hollow square formed by the light cavalry brigade, Omar Pasha, himself pinning the order on their breasts.

The ceremony having been performed, the officers were dismissed after a short address delivered by Lord Raglan, when the light brigade were marched off to their respective camps.

The promotion so graciously conferred upon our heroine and Hubert had raised them from the common drudgery of camp life and the misery of a crowded canvas tent. They now had a comfortable little bedroom each, close to Lord Raglan's, besides the honor and pleasure of living with him and being close to his person.

Our heroine had not been many days at headquarters before she found a vacancy for a mounted orderly, and Pat McAvoy was selected to fill the situation. This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to Pat, who also got his share of a comfortable room with others of the household, where he was enabled to attend more easily to the wants of our heroine, (Captain Eyre).

During the Crimean campaign promotion in the British army was rapid, and in the case of our heroine and Hubert, though their first great step from the rank of non-commissioned officers to that of cornets was due to those heroic deeds of valour and devotion in which men and officers of the light cavalry brigade vied with each other on that memorable day, yet it cannot be denied

that every action in which our heroine and Hubert were engaged proved amply that the promotion and decorations conferred upon them were most richly deserved. Our heroine's duties were to translate messages and letters entrusted to her, verbatim, into the language required, and also notes from Lord Raglan to expand into the necessary formal communications with the commanders and others of the allied armies. Hubert's duties were not quite so onerous, having only to accompany the Field Marshal and carry despatches.

Lord Raglan's gratitude and good feeling for having secured the services of two such useful and intellectual officers on his staff, led him to be one of the first to notice them otherwise than officially, and his example was soon followed by many other officers of superior rank and station. It requires only a very slight acquaintance with the condition of the British army in those times, to be well aware that the aristocratic feeling prevailed far more then, both in military, civil and social affairs, than it does at the present time.

The superior accomplishment and refinement, however, and the simple unassuming manners and mental acquirements, which our two newly appointed officers possessed, and which they were enabled to adopt towards the officers who now made them their companions, must have met with high appreciation, in order to overcome prejudices at that time so deeply rooted in the minds of military men toward those who won their promotion from the ranks by merit.

We will now leave them for the present, plodding through the quagmire of the Crimea, on Lord Raglan's staff, and follow Richmond to the United States of America.



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## CHAPTER IX.

THE VOYAGE—THE NEGRO TRADER—THE DIALOGUE—NEW ORLEANS—THE  
GAMBLING HOUSE—RESERVE YOUR FIRE—THE FIGHT—THE IRISHMAN  
—THE VICTORY—THE CELEBRATION—THE SPEECHES—BIG PAT—LOTS  
OF FUN—CALL A CAB—THE RIDE BY RAIL—THE HOTEL—'ZACTLY,  
KUNNEL—THE DARKEY—THE DESCRIPTION—THE DRIVE—GINGER  
PIECE—THE PLANTER'S LUNCHEON—THE INTRODUCTION—THE PUR-  
CHASE—THE OLD NEGRO—CHARGE YOUR GLASSES—THE TOAST—PART-  
NERSHIP.

THE sun was climbing up into a cloudless eastern sky, bathing in a flood of golden light, and tinting with silvery colours the undulating surface of the fretted waters, as Richmond and Blake walked up and down smoking their cigars and admiring the dense woods and forests along the banks, which were clothed with a mantle of deep green, in contrast with the snow-white sails of the numerous vessels that moved slowly to and fro as they glided along. After enjoying their smoke and the scenery they descended to the cabin, and sauntered about taking stock of the passengers, in the hope of meeting some genial spirit whom they could make themselves agreeable with during the voyage, but none could they find. After dinner, concluding that they were destined to make the trip by themselves, they were deter-

mined to make the best of it, so they went on deck again and took up their position near the bow of the boat, whence they had an uninterrupted view of the surrounding scenery, and lighting their cigars gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the picturesque scenery and the soothing influence of the weed.

"Kunnel," said a man addressing Richmond, "kin you giv' me a light?"

The voice proceeded from a person standing near him, leaning against the bulwark.

Richmond turned round quickly and looked at his interrogator with a searching glance.

He was a tall, thin, wiry-looking individual, with red hair, gray watery eyes, a carefully-curved mustache and a goatee of a red-pepper and salt color. The rest of his face was closely shaven, revealing a physiognomy, not remarkably prepossessing; he wore a light-coloured suit of home-spun material, a black felt hat, with a low crown and broad brim, and sported a massive gold watch-chain, and cuff-buttons the size of a Rix dollar. These observations Richmond made as he passed his lighted cigar, saying:—

"Certainly."

"Much obliged, kunnel," said the stranger, with a polite bow as he handed back the cigar.

"Nice sort o' mornin', kunnel," continued the stranger in a pleasant tone as he puffed away at his five-cent cigar, desirous of entering into conversation.

"Very pleased indeed," replied Richmond.

"Goin' ter New Orleans, kunnel?" said he.

Richmond had no occasion to ask what countryman he was, for he well knew that he was a Southerner. The fact that he called him 'colonel' satisfied him on that point; for everybody down South is either a colonel, captain or judge, and accepts the title as a matter of course. But the fellow was becoming too inquisitive; and yet he put his questions so pleasantly and with such good-natured expression of countenance, that he could not well refuse to answer them, and besides, both he and Blake were as anxious for conversation as the stranger. He therefore replied:—

"Yes, that is my immediate destination."

"Don't b'long thar' I reckon?" said he.

"No," replied Richmond, "I don't belong to this country."

"Jes so, I guessed ye wor a stranger in these parts," rejoined the stranger.

"Might I take the liberty ter inquire yer name an' kuntry, kunnel?" continued he.

"Oh, certainly. My name is Richmond Clanronald, and my country is Ireland."

"Ah! jes so. That's a strange name to me. I've heerd a name somewhat like it, though."

"I've heerd of Lord Clanricard, one of the Irish peers, yer name kums pretty near on ter it. Doin' business in New Orleans, I reckon?"

"Not at present," replied Richmond, "but I am going there on speculation."

"Zactly!" said the stranger, with a nod. "Goin' South ter invest, I calkerlate?"

"By Jove you have just hit it this time," replied Richmond, with a smile.

Now Richmond thought it was no more than equitable that the stranger should be as communicative as he had been, and so he assumed in turn the roll of catechist, and asked: "May I inquire your name?"

"Of course. I hain't nary objection ter tellin' my name. It ar' Joshua Upjohn, but they also call me Joss for short. I live down 'mong ter plantations mostly, 'cept when as at present, I ar off on biz."

"You own a plantation there, probably?" suggested Richmond.

"Darn yer plantations," ejaculated Joss, "that hain't my style, kunnel. I buy tools for them as hev' plantations, an' wants suthin' ter work 'em with. I'm a nigger trader."

"Oh, indeed! Going to New Orleans to buy, are you?" queried Richmond.

"Wal! may buy a few ef they kin be got cheap. I wants ter pick up about fifty, besides what I hav', an' then I'll make tracks with the lot down ter Louisiana 'mong the plantations. I hev' an order for thirty on 'em already."

"Where did you purchase those you have?" asked Richmond, with some curiosity depicted in his countenance.

"Wal," replied Joss, tossing the butt of his well-smoked



cabbage leaf overboard, and replacing it with a quid of Virginia twist, "some of 'em I bought over ter Yerkville, an' t' others I scraped up long ter banks of Mississippi, it took me nigh on ter a week ter buy a dozen. I kin remember when I could buy twice as many in a single day. But thar 'll be better chances in a few months more ter speculate than thar be now."

"How is that?" queried Richmond, "What will produce the change?"

"Wal, several things 'll hev' an influence on the market," replied Joss. "In the first place, old Abe Lincoln will be 'lected president this kummin contest by the cussed abolitionists, an' mor'n likely thar 'll be a free fight! Any row o' that kind 'll hev' a tendency ter onsettles the affairs o' Maryland, seein' as how she'll be gobbled up by the Yankees, an' thet 'll make nigs on-sartin' kind o' property. The result 'll be that everybody 'll want ter sell out, and we spekerlators kin buy 'em up dirt cheap. We who hev' been behind the scenes kin tell how the political cat ar' agoin' ter jump, an' don't you forget it. Lincoln 'll be 'lected. We split the Democratic party, knowin' thet the split would give Lincoln the majority. Once 'lected an' we fire the Southern heart, an' set up a gov'ment for ourselves. We shall lose Maryland, for old Abe 'll hold on ter her, but the other border States will go with us an' then we'll have a slave empire such as the world has never seen before."

"Being so well versed in the politics of the country," said Richmond, "perhaps you are also well posted on

the plantation question. I want to purchase a good one, somewhere near New Orleans if possible. Do you know of any for sale?"

"Jes so," replied Joss, "I guessed that wer what you wor arter. Wal, if I don't know there are no use in lookin' for a ma... what does, seein' as how I've been supplyin' every plantation in Louisiana wid nigs for the last five and twenty years. I knows a scrumptious fine plantation for sale 'bout — from New Orleans, an' it kin be got purty handy jes now; it lies south-west of the city an' ten miles from the railway station. But ef you invest in it you'll hev ter get more nigs ter work it, the present owner has let it run down a bit in thet kind ef stock."

"Well," said Richmond, "that will be a secondary consideration. What is the gentleman's name, who owns it, and what kind of a man is he?"

"Oh," exclaimed Joss, "old Gates are a first-rate fellow. Thinks the world o' 'em he takes a likin' ter, an' can't do too much for 'em, but I'd rather hev some one else for an enemy than him. He kin raise Old Harry equal ter the next one when he gets his back up, an' nuffin' 'll stir him up quicker nar talkin' agin the institooshun o' slavery."

"I am glad to hear that," said Richmond, "he and I are sure to agree, then, for according to my belief slavery is a divine institution and a very convenient one, too. Some people are under the erroneous impression that a nigger is as good as a white man, which is all bosh."

"I'm glad to hear you talk like that, sir," replied the

nigger trader. "I kin prophesy that you'll be one 'mongst us down ter Oakville. I hev been tradin' in nigs for the last five an' twenty years, an' I always consider my nigs same as my hox or my hoss, an' hav alus treated them as such."

"I quite agree with you," said Richmond, "and I believe a nigger has no rights that a white man is bound to respect."

"Wal," replied the nigger trader, "I agree with you 'cept on two points. I think a nig hes got two rights that we white folk ar' bound ter respect. The fust are the right ter hev' enuff ter eat ter keep them in good condition an' workin' order, an' t'other is the right ter be licked whenever they deserve it. Therefore, with these yar two 'ceptions I agree with you."

"Ah," said Richmond smiling, "I see that you are the real Simon pure. I am happy to make your acquaintance. I will go and see this plantation, and will be glad to have you accompany us if you will."

"Wal," replied Joss, "I don't live a great way off it myself, an' shall be happy ter accompany you ter it in 'bout a week or so arter I get through with a bit ef bizness I've got ter transact in the city."

"Very well," said Richmond, "that will suit me splendidly, as my friend and myself wish to stay a few days in New Orleans, just to see the city and visit some of the institutions."

"'Zacly," replied Joss, "that's just what ye want. New Orleans ar' a purty place; high-toned folk thar."

"Which is the best hotel in the city to stop at?" queried Richmond.

"Wal," answered Joss, "fur the highfalutin folks you'll find the St. Charles Hotel 'bout the best, but fur my own part, I like the Avenue best, I kin get my taste suited there the best, an' a doss for my nigs in the barn thrown in."

"Well," said Richmond, "every man to his fancy, we are not all constituted with the same tastes."

"Zacly," assented Joss, "that is so."

After a voyage of about six days they arrived at New Orleans, and drove in a cab to the St. Charles Hotel, where Richmond and Blake registered their names and were shown to a splendid suite of rooms. One evening while sitting over their wine and smoking their cigars, laughing and talking gaily as only young men with light hearts and no earthly troubles can.

"I say, old fellow," said Richmond, as he wiped and smacked his lips after tossing off a glass of crusty old port, "what say you to trying our luck to-night at one of those gambling houses to pass the time for a few hours, shall we venture a few dollars once more? I feel a presentiment that the blind jade fortune will favour us to-night."

"Agreed," replied Blake, starting to his feet, "but I hope that it won't turn out with me as it did in New York, but where shall we go to? We are both strangers in the city."

"Well," said Richmond, "look well to your revolver,

and come along, we shall soon find a place, I'll warrant you ; but stay, let us drink success to our adventure, ere we start."

They filled and drained their glasses, lighted their cigars, and went forth in search of a gambling house, which they soon found, and entering took their seats with others at the table.

Blake won and lost alternately, but luck was against Richmond at first, the fifty pound note which he had changed for American money was gone. It was necessary for him to apply to his purse for more. As he did so he saw the greedy eyes of the surrounding gamblers endeavouring to make out its contents. It was impossible for him to detach a note from the roll of bills without exposing the fact that there were many others of equal value. Richmond surmised this, and also knew that his very motions were watched by over a dozen pair of greedy, eager eyes. However, he continued to play on, barely holding his own. At last after long patience on his part, suddenly the luck changed, and he won more rapidly than he had before lost.

Being a professional gambler, he could detect the strange excitement the game had caused on the losing parties. Richmond continued to win heedless of the ominous signs, whispers, murmurs, and occasional insulting remarks and rough slang directed at him for the purpose of exciting him and drawing him into a quarrel, of which he took no notice but kept cool and attended to his game, determined not to fall into the trap. The more he won

the more convinced he became that he would certainly not be allowed to leave the room with his winnings, perhaps not without being robbed of all he had, if the gang could prevent it.

By this time Blake had ceased playing altogether, so that all the interest was centred on Richmond, who was playing against the bank. One by one all present took the bank, but never succeeded in winning, generally losing heavily. Richmond now became alarmed at the excitement among the losing party and gathered up the notes and gold he had won, and carefully placed them in his pocket book, with the exception of about one hundred dollars in American bills. Every eye around the board watched him with an eagle glance, and there was a simultaneous motion among the crowd which Richmond interpreted correctly to mean mischief to himself and his comrade should they attempt to leave the den with their spoils.

"Come, I say," said one of the losing party to Richmond, "you haint agoing without giving us a chance to retrieve our fortune. That won't do." "Look here captain, sit down," said another, half threateningly, half jocosely; "your in luck to-night, sit down and play it out, you'll win all the money if you keep your weather eye open, mind I tell you, and don't you forget it, you may bet your bottom dollar."

None of them took the trouble to move towards the door to prevent his egress, for they well knew that it was locked.

"No," replied Richmond, calmly, "I am not going yet, but I feel somewhat pickish and inclined for a snack of something at the sideboard. Here Blake," said he, addressing his comrade, "take my place for a few minutes."

So saying he carelessly sauntered over to the sideboard on which the refreshments were spread out, and there helped himself to some cold ham and chicken. This he did with such an easy, unsuspecting air that the gamblers were completely thrown off their guard. Meanwhile Richmond, apparently intent on helping himself to the good things before him, had hastily, and as it were, carelessly, scrawled a few lines with his pencil as follows:

"Look out, old fellow, these men mean mischief. I know now that they are as great a set of blacklegs and ruffians as ever sat at a gambling board. They will never let us go out with our purses or our lives unless we are able to frustrate their design, for I perceive that they are concocting plans for our capture, which they think are not noticed or understood, but there's where they make the mistake. Therefore we must force our way from this den and fight hard for our freedom. Look well to your revolver, and reserve your fire till we are closely cornered, then don't spare a man of them. Take your place between the table and the door. Wait till I rise, then when I say I have an appointment and cannot stay any longer, run right at the door and burst it open at once by throwing your whole strength against it. You must be as quick as a streak of lightning, mind, for this is a serious business; I can read them like a book."

Having finished this note he crumpled it up in his hand and resumed his seat at the gambling-table, and as he did so contrived while changing with Blake to slip the note into his hand unobserved.

While waiting for the cards to be dealt out, Richmond gave a rapid searching glance round the board. He was too sharp an observer not to be perfectly certain that an attempt would be made to rob them by force, should cheating at cards fail.

The gamblers were still using the most obscene and insulting language, in order if possible to ruffle Richmond's equanimity, in the hope by so doing to divert his mind from the game, but all their schemes and contrivances were futile, for he kept as cool as a mint-julep. He thought discretion the best part of valour at such a time and in such a place. There they were in a gambling den, surrounded by over a dozen of the worst black-legs and card-sharpers, with large winnings and a large sum in reserve, therefore he thought it would pay him best to keep his temper.

"Why don't you stake more?" said one of the losing party, when Richmond only put down ten dollars.

"Will that do you?" was the reply, as he laid down one hundred dollars.

"Ah, that's business," was the rejoinder. But Richmond won again.

"This can't be fair," cried the loser, furiously, "let's have the deal over again!"

"No," said Richmond, coolly, "I will not have the



deal over again, but I will stake all I have won on the table if you will cover it."

"Agreed," replied his opponent, producing a roll of bills from his pocket and laying the required amount on the table.

The cards were then carefully shuffled and dealt, when the play went on in breathless silence, when Richmond won again. He then coolly and deliberately gathered up the pile of bills from the table, rolled them up and placed them in his pocket-book without taking the slightest notice of the signs and ominous glances which were passing from one to the other of the sharpers, who had, it seems, on this occasion at any rate, met with their match at cards.

"Are you deaf?" shouted the last loser across the table, seeing that Richmond took no notice of his clatter. "I'll go you for the whole."

At the same time Richmond saw him substitute another pack of cards for the one with which they had been playing. It was clumsily enough done, as the fellow was excited and furious at his heavy losses; he was nervous and lost all control of himself.

"Wait a minute till I light my cigar," said Richmond, as he rose from his seat and walked across to the side-board on which the refreshments were laid and where a taper burned, and there deliberately lit his cigar with an air of the greatest nonchalance, at the same time glancing at Blake, who was standing in the place indicated to him and, catching his eye, knew he was ready. Rich-

mond then returned as if going to resume his seat; slipping, however, between the table and the door and a few paces from Blake, he pulled out his watch and exclaimed, "by Jove, I'm late. I must go, gentlemen, I shall play no more to-night as I have an appointment."

At this they all started to their feet and exclaimed, loudly:

"But you will though," shouted all the losers. You shan't leave this room until you've given us a chance to retrieve our losses, it haint gentlemanly nor honorable to go away like that with our money in your pocket."

"No, it haint," cried a dozen of menacing vulgar voices, "nor you shan't go neither, and don't you forget it."

"Sit down and give us our revenge," cried several, "or it'll be worse for you."

"Look 'out for the door," cried another who moved stealthily round the table, apparently intent on getting between Richmond and the door.

"I shall not play any more cards to-night!" exclaimed Richmond in a sharp, quick and decided tone. "I cannot stay any longer."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Blake dashed with all his might against the door, and being a strong powerful young fellow, with plenty of pluck and metal, it gave way outwards before him like a sheet of pasteboard. Richmond, seeing there was no time to be lost, instantly turned round and rushed after Blake, and in doing so let out his left hand with force

full between the eyes of the fellow who attempted to intercept his egress, flooring him half way across the room, making the claret flow profusely from his nasal organ.

"Give him a slug shot!" "knife him," shouted others, as they rushed after him.

However, one bound brought him through the opening where the door had been at the head of the lobby, whence he could see Blake at the bottom of the stairs trying hard to open the front door.

"Kick it open," cried Richmond, "if you can't open it." At the same time pointing his revolver at the gamblers in the room, threatening to shoot the first man that came near the door, or attempted to draw a pistol. The door way was narrow and only one man could pass through at a time. Click, click, went several pistols at Richmond, who retreated slowly backwards still keeping his revolver levelled at the party in the room. Blake worked hard to force the outer door open, which was considerably stronger than the one he had already burst through. The door fastened with a spring and Blake was unable to find it, still he tried hard to force the door. Ah! it yields slightly! Richmond still retreated slowly backwards down the stairs, keeping his seven shooter levelled at their heads. He hears a click and sees a pistol uplifted among the crowd in the room. He knew there was no time to be lost. After discharging his pistol at the foremost of the gang he turned suddenly around and rushed down the stairs, dashing himself with

his force against the door, which with the additional strength of Blake coming against it, the lock already beginning to yield, now flew open, when they fell headlong into the vestibule, but they were soon on their feet again and in the street.

By this time the party in the room rushed down stairs with shouts of rage, oaths, and threats of vengeance, firing their revolvers in rapid succession as they advanced, but whether they were too much excited and nervous or not, their bullets missed their mark and whistled harmlessly over the heads of the pursued.

On emerging into the street Richmond noticed that a large crowd had gathered in front of the gambling-house, attracted there, no doubt, by the row and uproar inside, as well as by the smashing of the doors and the pistol shots. He noticed also that a considerable portion of the crowd was composed of strapping big Irishmen, and that many of them belonged to the navy and the labouring class. He thought it unlikely the crowd would all side against him, though it was of course to be expected that the rowdy portion would naturally take the part of the gamblers.

When, however, the baffled ruffians came rushing down stairs after them, intent on following up their intended prey, Richmond and his companion by no means felt inclined to make a bolt of it, notwithstanding the gamblers numbered over a dozen desperadoes, and by their cries and the responses from the crowd he knew that they had many friends there. But Richmond, knowing that

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the Hibernians were numerous there, and well knowing how to touch their Irish hearts and gain their sympathy, sings out at the top of his voice so as to be plainly heard, "Hurrah boys for ould Ireland an' the sky over it," putting on the brogue as strong as he knew how. "Come an ye divils, every mother's son av ye an' don't see a real Irish gentleman thrashed by these murtherin' thieves an' blacklegs!"

"Eh! what's that, Barney?" queried a tall, sturdy Irishman, in the crowd.

"Be jabbers! Pat, there's goin' to be a free fight an' lots av fun, d'ye mind. That tall, gintlemanly young chap wid the long surtout cries cut 'Hurrah for ould Ireland an' the sky over it.'"

"Bedad, I'm wid him there, Barney, an' no mistake, ar'nt ye, eh?"

"Troth am I wid him to be sure, for the sake av ould Ireland. D'ye think I'd be afther goin' back an my country in these foreign parts. The nara wan av me thin."

"All right, yer sowl! Come along then!" said big Pat, tossing his hat high in the air, and jumping about three feet from the ground in the height of his mirth, and an Irish hurrah, which the other Irishmen responded to, by shouting "come along my boys, we'll give these thieves a taste av the Connaughtman's rambles in fine ould Irish style!" Suiting actions to words they were instantly in the thick of the fight.

Then the wild Irish hurrahs were mingled with the

oaths of the gamblers, and those of the rough crowd who took their part.

The gamblers used their revolvers with some effect at first, but the fight was so furious and hand-to-hand, that the revolvers could not be used without endangering friend as well as foe.

The party of Irishmen who gathered round and took Richmond's part were fully as numerous as that of the others, and although they were unarmed, except that most of them carried a *kippeen* of a stick, they were far superior in strength and courage, so that the battle was short and decisive, the defeated gamblers and the roughs who backed them seeking safety in flight, leaving Richmond and his party victorious.

"Be gorra!" exclaimed Pat, the big Irishman, addressing Richmond after the fight was over, "I'm proud av the country that gave ye birth, it's yerself that fought loike a divil entirely, so ye did. Here," said he, handing Richmond his well-filled pocket-book. "Bedad, sure enough I saw it drop from yer coat pocket when ye wor nearly upset by two av them thieves. I jist put my foot an it till I could pick it up widout gettin' a crack on the skull for my pains d'ye mind. Ah!" continued he, "if we wor back again to the ould sod it's yerself 'ud be the *bouchal* I'd be afther choosin' to go wid to the fair or the pathern. Be me sowl I'd pity the faction that 'ud stand up against us. But thunder-an-ages what am I thinkin' av at all at all? I wish I hadn't begun to manuscript an account av it anyhow, 'tis loike a hungry man dhramin'

av good feedin' and aftherwards awakin' an' findin' his belly an' back-bone on the point av union. This little scrinidge reminds me av ould times, God be wid them, when we used to have such purty fightin' an' divarsion at the fairs an' patherms in the ould counthry many years ago, when the real ould factions wor wont to meet each other in mortal combat wid their nate an' well seasoned *kippeens*, an' our spirits well up by the amount av the real spirits we used to pour down; but agra, them good ould times are past an' gone an' more wor the pity, avick machree. The divil a lie in it."

Had it not been for honest Pat Richmond would have lost his pocket-book and its contents after all the pluck and courage himself and Blake had evinced in the defence of it as well as their lives. Thus it very frequently happens that a man fights desperately for the attainment of an object which at last is placed in his grasp by pure accident or the humblest agencies.

"All right my lads," cried Richmond, "you are all honest, brave fellows; come along and have something to drink in order to celebrate our victory over that rabble of thieves and blacklegs."

A loud hurrah greeted these words, and Richmond was pronounced a hero by those good-natured, simple sons of Erin.

"Blake, where are you?" shouted Richmond.

"Here I am," was the reply.

The voice proceeded from the opposite side of the street. Making his way over there, he discovered that

Blake had received a rather severe wound in the head, and was having it dressed and bound up by one of their allies.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Richmond.

"No, not much, only a slight scratch," replied Blake, "the bleeding has stopped now, thanks to this good fellow's assistance. I am at your service." So saying he rose from the door step, where one of the Irishmen had dressed and tied up his wounds. Taking Richmond's arm they walked off in search of a saloon wherein to celebrate their victory, followed by their allies, who shouted and cheered them lustily.

On entering a saloon Richmond was shown up stairs to a large sitting-room, followed by Blake and the Irishmen, the latter cheering and laughing in the height of their glee.

"Order, lads, if you please," cried Richmond. "Here, Pat, you sit beside me and assist in keeping these comrades of yours in proper order."

"All right, yer honor," replied Pat, proud of the distinction.

"Be-jabbers! I'll keep ordher fur ye; I'll be yer bail. Will ye be quiet, ye set av spalpeens," he shouted, "an' listen to what the foin gintleman has to say to ye. Ordher there, don't ye hear me speakin' in plain English? none av the bog Latin that ye've been used to, ye parcel av *omathauns*, that can't conduct yerselves while the gintleman spakes, bad luck and hard feedin' to ye. Ill fortune to me, bud I'll be a'ther crackin' the skull of the



first spalpeen who spakes a word above his breath, I will, be me sowl. Arrah now, be aisy wid ye, an' if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can."

Richmond took his seat at one end of the long table. After order had been restored and a sufficient supply of the needful placed on the table, Richmond arose and addressed the company in something like the following words:—

"Fellow countrymen, I thank you kindly on behalf of my friend Mr Blake and myself, for your timely assistance in helping to repel such a cowardly attack, and gaining such a decided victory,—a victory of honest men over a pack of thieves, blacklegs and cutthroats. We are now here to celebrate your noble achievement and glorious victory; thanks to your strong arms and stout hearts, the arms and hearts of Irishmen. Yes, of Irishmen I say, who have fought, bled and conquered on almost every battle-field on the face of the earth; and I myself am proud of having the honor to be reckoned amongst the brave sons of the Emerald Isle. Now fellow citizens of this fair and free land of America, charge your glasses, I'll give you a toast:—'Here's health and success to all honest men, and confusion to all blacklegs, thieves and vagabonds.'"

The glasses were drained, and Richmond resumed his seat amidst the most tremendous cheers and hurrahs, when big Pat got on his legs once more to keep order and respond to the toast.

"Will ye be quiet now," cried he, "while I make a spache, an' thank the gentleman.

Order having been once more restored, Pat proceeded: "His honor, here," said he, "has given a toast, an' be the powers of Moll Kelly, we've drank it loike Irishmen. Phil McGowan, why don't ye sit down an' keep yer tongue within yer cheek an' don't be afther makin' an omathaun av yerself, interruptin' me in me spache, bad luck ter ye; sure any dacent man that 'ud see yer Mile-shan physog' couldn't be afther expectin' anything else from the loikes av ye. I till ye, Phil, *me bouchal*, ye wor born for the encouragement av the hemp manufacture an' ye'll die purmotin' it. Now, gentlemen, as I wor a sayin', when I wor interrupted by that blackguard. Now, it's only purliteness, education and good breedin' to drink another toast to his honor's self, d'ye mind, countrymen. Now, comrades, fill yer glasses to the brim an' let the toast go round; we'll drink the health av a rale right down smashin' Irish gentleman that's as gentle in war as he's terrible in pace. Ye may laugh, yer honor, but be me sowl it's nothing bud the gospel truth that I'm tellin' ye. Now, mind, I want every mother's son av ye to empty yer glasses in regard av the gent'eman, and more power to him, do ye mind." The glasses were drained amidst cheer after cheer, and singing "He's a jolly good fellow." Fast and furious grew the fun as the potent whiskey asserted its sway.

At last the worthy host entered and reminded them of the small hours, when Richmond consulted his chronometer, and suggested the advisability of an adjournment. Therefore they all agreed that it was time to break up the party and retire.

"Barney avick," said big Pat, "run off an' fetch a cab fur the two foine gentlemen, sure yer the smartest, sein' that ye wor always good at runnin' iu Ireland, more 'specially whin the peelers wor afther ye. Maybe ye'd find a cab over beyant at the next corner forninst ye." The cab was soon in readiness, when Richmond and Blake, followed by Pat and his companions shouting and singing, passed out into the street. The fresh breeze blew softly in their faces, fanning their flushed and feverish cheeks, while their blood-shot eyes told a tale which no one could mistake who was interested enough to take the trouble to look.

"The St. Charles Hotel," said Richmond to the driver, at the same time waving an adieu to his gallant defenders.

After about ten days' sojourn at New Orleans, Richmond and his comrade prepared for departure to Ginger-piece plantation. Joss, the nigger trader, having called according to promise during the interim to inform them that he was through with his "bit of biz," as he called it, and was now at their service whenever they thought proper.

Accordingly they started at nine o'clock the following morning accompanied by Joss, and were driven to the railway depot by the carriage from the hotel. On reaching the station, after tickets were purchased and baggage checked, the trio entered a Pulman palace car. Just as the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced their departure, they settled themselves comfortably at the win-

dows among the soft cushions of the elegantly-fitted car, to gaze with admiration on the panorama of woodland scenery along the line of railroad, the train rushing along gaily at the rate of thirty miles an hour, stopping, however, for a short time at the intermediate stations. They scarcely noticed the time passing, their minds were so preoccupied by the picturesque scenery, when they were aroused from the sublime to the reality by the conductor entering and shouting out at the top of his voice, "Oakville!" which was their station, and a short time afterward they found themselves on the platform and saw the train of cars rushing out of sight around a curve in the road. No sooner had they stepped off the cars than a darkey runner sings out at the top of his lusty lungs, "Confederate Hotel, sah?"

"All right," replied Richmond, handing him his checks, "have our trunks taken to the hotel at once."

"Yes, sah, massa, me tote 'em right thar in no time."

The hotel was only a few paces from the station, and the walk thereto had the desired effect of stretching their limbs after a ride of sixty miles in a railway carriage. On reaching the hotel, which was a frame building, sadly in need of a coat of paint, the landlord met them in the hall and greeted them with "good morning, gen'men," and a splendid smile all over his rubicund face, which had once no doubt been rather prepossessing, but now the purple tinge and blue little veins on the top of his nasal organ demonstrated more definitely than I can describe, that in by-gone days that necessary appendage

had snuffed more than its quantum of the soul-stirring element rather freely. His wig was pushed a little to one side, which made him look somehow as if he was going to say something to make every body else laugh.

"D'ye want rooms, gen'men?" said he.

"Not at present," answered Richmond, "but we want a conveyance to Ginger-piece plantation. Can you let us have one?"

"'Zactly, kunnel, I've jes' got whet ye want. Please walk inter the front parlor and set down fur a few minutes. I'll order the kerriage an' team at oncet an' hev ye toted right thar in less than two hours."

The carriage was soon brought round to the door when the trio entered it.

The darkey who fetched the trunks from the station was their driver, and a genuine nigger, whose phrenological developments took shelter from the rays of the scorching sun beneath a broad-brimmed straw hat, encircled and adorned with a broad red ribbon and a bunch of maple leaves. He wore a blue coat of antique régime, adorned with large brass buttons. The coat must have done faithful duty to its predecessor, for it was threadbare and sadly out at the elbows. His nether garments must have been fashioned before he quit growing, for they were at least six inches too short, thereby displaying to advantage his mammoth understandings, which were innocent of covering. His shoes he said were a great bother to him, "de wan't ob no sort ef use." I expect the truth was that he could not find any that

would fit him. As he cracked his whip behind the horse's ear, the animal shook his head, lashed his long tail across the darkey's face and started off at a brisk pace. An hour's drive brought them within view of the village of Milford.

As they approached it, "Kunnel," said Joss, pointing with his hand at a white frame cottage away in the fields, "thar's whar I hang out my shingle."

"What do you mean by hanging out your shingle?" asked Richmond.

"I mean thet ar' my domicile whar I kerri on biz."

"Oh! I understand," said Richmond, "I am glad to know where you can be found should I want your service at any future time."

"Zackly so," replied Joss. "Wal," continued he, "Ginger-piece plantation ar' jes ten miles from my house. I ought ter know the distance, seein' as how often I've been thar on partic'lar biz wid old Gates."

"We shall soon be there, then," suggested Richmond.

"I guess so," replied Joss, as he consulted his watch, "it ar' now a quarter ter twelve, we'll get thar I reckon 'bout half past one, jes in time to lunch wid old Gates."

"We shall see the old mansion arter we pass through this heyar village. Kim Judas," continued the trader, addressing the driver, "lay on the gad, an' stir up them er' nags ef your'n, an' push them through a little brisker."

"Kee-he! he!" laughed the driver with a broad grin, his mouth extended from ear to ear.

"Darn you fur a nig," said Joss, "what d'ye mean by grinnin' like thet when I speak ter ye?"

"Duanu any pusson ob de name ob Judas roun' har, sah. Ef ye means dis chile, ye mus call um 'Gustus,'" replied the darkey, laughing heartily at his attempt at wit, showing a double row of ivories as his embrasure expanded to a prodigious extent. Satisfied that he had turned the laugh on the nigger trader, he yelled at the horses and then laid on the gad, which made the poor animals spurt at a topping pace through the village, if I may be pardoned for the appellation, as it only could boast of about two dozen frame houses, a small grocery store and a whiskey mill. On they drove past the latter institution a motley crowd of questionable exterior greeting Joss with a familiar nod and a smile of recognition,

A short time after passing through the village they came in sight of Ginger-piece plantation. They could plainly see the red brick chimneys of the mansion above the trees that surrounded it,

"Thar," exclaimed Joss, pointing at the house nestled among the trees, "ar' old Gates' domicile, an' a scrams-bunctious place it ar'."

"' Haint the view from hyar purty, kunnel?"

"Yes, indeed it is," replied Richmond, "the surrounding prospect is charming."

"Ah," rejoined Joss, "a purtier situvation ar' not ter be found in Louisiana than that ere."

A little further on they entered a broad avenue that

led to the mansion, which, although built of wood, seemed substantial, airy and comfortable. It was surrounded with an abundance of shade and ornamental trees. The grounds were tastefully laid out, and adorned with shrubs, vines and the choicest of flowers.

Away towards the south, nearly as far as the eye could see, spread large fields of cotton, corn and other crops, all in luxuriant growth.

On reaching the house they alighted from the carriage, and rang the bell. Their summons was answered by a negro girl, to whom Richmond made known his desire to see Mr. Gates, at the same time handing her his card.

The girl took the card and showed them into a large and well furnished parlour, in which the evidences of wealth, luxury and comfort were abundant. A square American piano, splendid mirrors, pictures, and a carpet of velvet pile, assured the visitors that the proprietor wanted for nothing that was to be procured by money. They had sat in the parlour but a few moments when the door opened, and the lord of the manor and plantation entered the room, holding Richmond's card in his hand.

He was tall and well proportioned with black hair slightly tinged with gray, and small piercing eyes, well shaded by a heavy pair of shaggy brows, and a chin whisker.

As he entered, Joss stood up, and greeted him with, "how do, Boss."

"Ah! Joss, you here, eh?" said he.



Joss then introduced Richmond and Blake, as well as he knew how. The introduction and salutations having been gone through, Richmond at once opened negotiations.

"Having heard that your plantation was for sale," said he, "I came to have a look at it, and if I find that it would suit me, and that we can agree on the terms of purchase, I will buy it."

"Well," replied the planter, "I have advertised the property for sale, some time ago. My wife and daughter think this country place too dull for them, and want me to sell out and go live in the city. I have a fine town house in New Orleans, so, taking every thing into consideration, I have made up my mind to sell this property. I've had a list of everything on the estate drawn up by my foreman, showing the lowest possible price opposite each article, also a map of the whole institution, which you can have a look at."

With that the negro girl announced luncheon ready.

"Come along, gentlemen," said the host, "we'll feel better able to talk business after we've had lunch; there's a time for everything."

At this invitation they all rose, and, preceded by the planter, entered a large and well-appointed dining-room, where the large family dining-table literally groaned under the superabundance of good things, as if nature was lavish with her gifts. Here Richmond and his companion were introduced by the planter to his wife and daughter, the former, a stout, matronly woman of about

forty; the latter, a tall and well proportioned young lady, apparently in her teens, and looking very bashful before the august strangers. Her blush of female modesty had the effect of heightening her beauty, which was fascinating enough to strike the visitors with admiration, bright, laughing, hazel eyes, light brown wavy hair, fresh rosy cheeks (that bespoke pure country air), with two bewitching little dimples; and when her ruby lips parted into a charming smile, they revealed two rows of pearly white teeth.

During luncheon the host showed his guests a good example by partaking freely of the excellent wine, which he said he had purchased many years ago when the genuine article could be got, and he got "keyed up" to a good pitch—a height from which he surveyed all the glory of his ancestors, and felt that nothing but royal blood flowed in his own veins, and who knows but the blood was royal? It might have been the wine,—but no matter for that, the old man descanted a long time on the glory of his family and the pride of his race, claiming relationship to that great American General Gates, who, he said, intercepted Burgoyne and his army of 7000 men, in their advance on New York, and all the Gates by name, who were of any account; spoke of their natural pride, and that they were always ready to avenge any insult to their name or their country, come from whatever source it might, and so forth. It was in vain that Richmond tried to turn the discourse into a different channel. Talk the old man would in his own way of his an-

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cestors. At last Richmond, after being nearly talked to death, thought it best to let him have his talk out, and blow off his extra gas; so he turned his attention to the young lady, whom he found much more agreeable. Joss however, encouraged the old man and drew him out. Blake kept silent, except now and then, after tossing off a glass of the planter's best wine, smacking his lips approvingly, and praising the excellent beverage. At last, like every thing else in this material world, that pleasant little tiffin came to an end.

When the ladies retired the gentlemen lit their cigars, and the planter proposed that they should take a ride around the grounds, in order that Richmond might view the property. This proposition being agreeable, horses were ordered and away they rode, the old planter leading the way. After a pleasant ride around the plantation, partly of inspection, they came to a halt before the hall door, where they dismounted and entered the house, after giving over the horses to the foreman and his assistants. The planter then ushered them into the parlour, when they sat round the table where wine and cigars were ready for their use. After discussing the merits of the wine, they lit fresh cigars, and then the proprietor laid a map of the estate and a list of the property before Richmond with the terms of the purchase.

"These," said he, as he laid the papers on the table—"are my terms. I have had many offers for the property, but I never would alter my price. I don't belong to the class of people who ask and take as much as they

can get. Those are not my politics. I belong to the old, Democratic party, and always keep to my text."

"I am thankful to have the honour of dealing with such a man," replied Richmond, "those are also my politics. Now," continued he, "while we have my friend Joss here, had we not better have your stock of niggers passed in review before us, in order that he may assist me to determine their value."

"Certainly, by all means," replied the planter, at the same time ringing the bell for the servant. When the negro girl appeared, "Go," said he, "and tell the foreman that I want him."

"Yes sab, massa," answered she with a courtesy and retired. Shortly afterwards the foreman made his appearance.

"Ruben," said the planter, "march the whole of the hands to the front of the house as soon as you can get them ready.

"All right sir," replied Ruben, as he made his exit.

"What's ole Ruben a comin' dis way fur at such a rampageous pace?" exclaimed a gray, frizzly-head old negro woman, "he 'pears ter be in a great hurry. I've seen that ole nigger trader roun' wid massa an' some oder gen'men. I 'spect the massa ar' a goin' ter sell anoder lot of us, der be alus some tradin' agoin' on whin-eber thet ole Joss am aroun'."

The old woman had scarcely done speaking when the overseer, a burly-looking man, came up to them and called all the niggers, when they came running from their cabins and stood before him waiting for orders.

"The boss," said he, "wants all you niggers up at the house right away. So you must jes' pick up your feet an' tramp. Fred," said he, to one of his subordinates, "tell them niggers sunning themselves along the fence ter kim along, for the hull lot of ye ar' wanted. Don't make me kum arter ye agin, for I warn ye thet I won't kum fur nuffin this hot weather." So saying he turned round and walked briskly towards the house, turning round frequently to satisfy himself that they were all following him.

"I 'spect de boss been drinkin' too much ob that niew brandy an' gin," muttered the old negro woman, as she headed the gang, "an' wants ter count us double, or else ter sell us ter ole Joss. From sich a misfortune de good Lor deliber us. I don't know how I could lib widout Topsey an' Liz an' der two babies."

When they arrived at the house they were drawn up in single rank, and numbered forty, exclusive of children.

All being reported present by the overseer, Richmond accompanied by Joss and the planter inspected them, and found they were healthy-looking and in good condition. They were then marched back to their cabins, and Richmond closed the bargain. He then dismissed Joss after paying him liberally for his trouble, telling him at the same time that should he want his services again he knew where to find him and would either write to him or call upon him.

"Stay a moment," said the planter, "come in until we drink success to the new proprietor."

This proposition was gladly acceded to, and they entered the dining-room where well-filled decanters and wine-glasses had been previously placed on the table in anticipation of the event.

"Charge your glasses, gentlemen," said Mr. Gates, "until I give you a toast." At this invitation they all filled their glasses with the sparkling wine.

"Gentlemen," said the planter, "here's success to the new proprietor of Ginger-piece plantation, and may the plant that clothes the world and helps to keep it spinning flourish under his special care, and may prosperity stare him in the face." This toast was drunk with a hearty good will.

"Gen'men," said Joss, "charge yer glasses again. I have a toast ter propose also. Here is," said he, "Death ter the Abolitionists, may the Confederate eagle spread an' flap his wings over the Yanks, and the older he grows the louder he screams an' the higher he flies."

The toast was drunk and glasses drained with a hearty zest, and drew great applause. With many congratulations to Richmond and the planter, Joss took his departure.

"Yourself and friend are not going to leave the house to-night?" suggested the planter, "we have plenty of rooms fitted up for guests, and I think you will be more comfortable here than in the village."

"Thanks," replied Richmond, "we will accept of your generous hospitality with great pleasure."

When Richmond and Blake had retired to their rooms

for the night they had a long conversation concerning the recent purchase.

"Here, Blake, old fellow," said Richmond, "what say you of going halves with me, and let us run the concern jointly as partners?"

"Agreed," responded Blake, "I will go you halves by all means, for I think you have made a good speculation."

Here we will now leave them for the present, propounding the best theory of running the plantation business jointly, and return to our heroine.





## CHAPTER X.

THE PIERCING COLD BLAST—THE VAST CAMP—THE DREAM—THE ENEMY ADVANCING—THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN—CAPTAIN CLANRONALD—CAPTAIN EYRE—PAT MCAVOY—PAS DE CHARGE—BLOOD AND CARNAGE—THE VICTORY—CAPT EYRE—THE WOUNDED—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN—VIVE L'EMPEREUR—OUR HEROINE—HUBERT—BURYING THE DEAD—THE REDAN—THE FLIRTATION—THE VIVANDIERE—THE ZOUAVE—THE EMBARKATION—THE EUXINE—THE GOLDEN HORN—DESCRIPTION—THE BAZAAR—THE DEPARTURE—PAT MCAVOY—THE DIALOGUE—THE ÆGEAN ISLES—QUEENSTOWN—THE LEAVE—THE HOTEL—THE LETTER WRITING—THE CHANGE OF COSTUME—THE SURPRISE—THE LOVE SCENE—THE MARRIAGE—THE HONEYMOON.


THE piercing blast that chilled the very marrow in the bones of the brave warriors who lay huddled together for warmth around the tent pole; the cold mist of rain and fog that hung heavily over the dreary plateau of the Chersonesus; the dark, starless night, the solemn challenge of the sentinel, his muffled spectral figure slowly pacing up and down; the feeble flicker of the waning watch-fires that served as beacons to the field officer going his weary rounds of duty; the unusual silence of the siege guns before Sebastopol, seemed the precursor of to-morrow's winding-sheet, and of the grave yawning for twenty thousand dead. All in that camp of the belea-



guering armies were as silent as the tomb. But hark ! what sound is that which the damp wind, shaking the sash and agitating feebly the loose pane of glass in our heroine's bed-room window, bring to the ear of the sleeper and alter the current of her dreams? Far over the sea fancy has wafted her. The sterile plateau with its mantle of fog has vanished. Her sword she has sheathed and doffed her soldier's uniform, and all the glory of a bright May morning smiles on the gay landscape of the Emerald Isle. The aroma of a thousand flowers perfumes the zephyr that fans her peachy cheeks. The little birds cooing and nestling in the ivy-clad battlements of her father's aucestral castle all seem to welcome her.

The village girls are gathered on both sides of the entrance to the little church, with bouquets of fresh flowers, with which to strew her path, as she, crowned with a bridal wreath of orange blossoms, alights from her carriage, and leaning on Hubert's strong arm, passes into the ancient edifice, while from its tower comes forth a measured chime. Then he whom she loves fondly steps down and sweetly whispers in her ear. "The bridal morn has come at last."

Oh ! phantom of hope, and omen of delusion vainly cherished !—faintly borne upon the night wind from Sebastopol, comes the slow and solemn toll, toll, toll. Not for a bridal chimes yon distant bell. Oh, no ! it is for something more solemn. Amid the light of wax torches and the pomp of gorgeous ritual, the Greek priests excite to frenzy the Russian soldiers, who at dawn of day will



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sally forth like semi-savages upon the unsuspecting sleepers in the British camp.

Next morning (5th Nov.), Captain Eyre (our heroine), awoke from her slumbers with a pleasing smile of pleasurable delight on her classic features, after a night of sweet repose and pleasant dreams. But the latter have faded away like castles in the air, and she finds herself in her military suit translating letters and despatches in the next room, when she was startled by a mounted officer dashing into the court yard, who, throwing the reins of his bridle to an orderly, dismounted in great haste, and abruptly entered the room where she and Hubert were occupied over their official documents, exclaiming in an excited and nervous voice, "Captain Clanronald please inform Lord Raglan at once that the Russians are advancing in immense force!"

The words were scarcely uttered when his lordship, who was dressing in the adjoining room, and having overheard the report came forward at once and said:

"The enemy is advancing, did you say?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the aide-de-camp, "the outlying pickets who occupied the advanced posts on the extreme right of Inkerman heights were surprised early this morning and forced to fall back on their camp, but contested every inch of ground bravely as they did so. On arrival, the sergeant quickly made the report that the Russians were advancing in great force from the valley, choking up the passes and covering the ridges, swarming, rushing and roaring like a pack of hellhounds that had

just broken loose from the bottomless pit. Vainly did the picket discharge several volleys into their huge expanding masses before they were shelled from their post. The fog had rendered their forms dim and indefinite at first when the picket had perceived them, but they soon came near enough to see their long grey coats, black belts, and broad forage caps with narrow bands of red cloth.

"Captain Clanronald," said his lordship, "go and order our horses at once."

"Yes, my lord," answered the aide-de-camp, touching the peak of his cap, and then withdrew to perform that duty.

"Well, Sir John," said his lordship, addressing Sir John Campbell, who was the bearer of the sad tidings, "what has been done to repel the attack?"

"On the first alarm being given," began Sir John, "the first regiments that got formed were marched at the double to the front in order to check the advance of the enemy's columns from the valley, while orders were given to the artillery to cover the advancing columns of our infantry."

"Well done," exclaimed Lord Raglan. "Here come the horses, let us now away to the scene of strife." So saying, he wrapt "his martial cloak around him," with the greatest *sang froid* mounted his charger and rode off towards the heights of Inkerman, accompanied by his two aides-de-camp, Captain Eyre, Captain Clanronald and his other staff officers, as fast as their noble chargers could bear them through the deep quagmire. As they approached

the contending armies, the thundering of big guns, the whistling and bursting of shells, and the continuous roll of musketry told them plainly that a terrible battle was raging.

On arriving at the scene of action, his lordship, with his staff on either side of him, took up a position on the top of a knoll in the hope of getting a view through the fog of the fierce battle which was raging in the ravines and up the side of the hill among the thick brushwood. The round shot and shell fell thick and fast, tearing and wounding many of the latter fearfully.

"Captain Clanronald," exclaimed Lord Raglan to his aide-de-camp, "go over and tell Gouldie to reinforce Sir George Cathcart, I see that he is closely pressed by the enemy who are trying to surround him in the ravine."

"Yes, my lord," replied the aide-de-camp, saluting with his sword and bounding off heedless of the numerous missiles which flew past his ears. His thoughts then flitted to other scenes. He remembered his dear Iris, to whom he had bid a fond adieu. He seemed to see her handsome face lighted up with the same sweetness of expression, sincere love and regard for him, which it had worn at the last moment when they parted in her father's castle. He thought of how she would mourn his loss, and the deep grief and pangs of sorrow that would rend her tender, sympathetic heart, should he have the misfortune to fall a victim to one of the many iron messengers of death that flew past him. Little did he think at that time that his dear Iris was then sharing

the same danger as himself at that moment. Had he known it, his thoughts would have been different. However, he kissed the ring which she had given him before they parted, breathed a silent prayer, then committed himself to the Giver of victories, nerved himself for the danger before him, and dashed forward with renewed vigour. After he had delivered the message, he was about to return when he saw Sir George Cathcart fall from his horse as he was rallying his brave men on against columns of Russians. Captain Clanronald, seeing the danger and the party without a leader, rode forward and encouraged his men by his personal bravery.

A remnant of the 88th regiment got so far towards the front that they were hemmed in and surrounded by the Russians, who would certainly have annihilated the brave fellows only for the timely assistance of Captain Clanronald and his gallant band, who charged the enemy, broke through their ranks and released their noble comrades. Soon after this heroic feat Sir George Brown got struck with a bullet and fell from his horse. At this time a fearful contest was going on between his division and overpowering masses of Russians who were five times their number. Lord Raglan, having observed through his field-glass this terrible but unequal battle, called Captain Eyre, whom he always kept by his person as an interpreter, but now having despatched all his aides-de-camp, was forced to send him with orders of emergency.

“Ride over,” said he, “and tell General Pennefather

to send four companies to the right attack where our gallant fellows are fighting against five times their number. As you go past Dickson's battery tell him from me, "well done!" I see that he is doing good work with his battery."

"Yes, my lord," answered Captain Eyre, as he put the spurs to his horse and dashed off at the top of his speed. The bullets fell thick and fast past him, but he heeded them not. His solicitude for Hubert's safety drove all other thoughts out of his mind, save that of his duty. Pat McAvoy, who was present as orderly to Lord Raglan, heard the order given and saw Captain Eyre, his companion in many dangers, despatched, and, anxious for his safety, dashed off after him in order to watch over him should any danger befall him. After Captain Eyre had delivered the order to Pennefather, that officer told off the four companies under the command of the senior major. When the party marched off, preceded by the young aide-de-camp, whose rosy cheeks, flushed with such thrilling scenes of battle, together with his youth and gallantry, drew great admiration from the major and his party of brave soldiers for the noble young officer who led the way through brushwood amid all sorts of iron messengers of death and destruction. At last they arrived at the scene of action, all that was left of them, for many had already fallen during their advance. Here they found their comrades overpowered by the Russians, but encouraged by Captain Clanronald's bravery, they never wavered in the

least, though mass after mass came against them. When Captain Eyre's party arrived they gave one loud hurrah, and then charged with all their might against a phalanx of Russians who howled like demons. As fast as a column was repulsed another advanced in their place against our blood-stained and war-begrimed poor fellows who were falling fast. While this dreadful slaughter was going on another reinforcement of the guards, led by their right royal commander Prince George, rushed forward at the *pas-de-charge*. This gave fresh impulse to their wearied comrades, who joined in the onslaught with renewed vigour and a loud British cheer that struck terror into the enemy's other advancing columns, which paused instinctively for a moment ere they encountered such Alcideans. But their officers having rallied them, they came on again with renewed courage, when a desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and for a short time victory seemed to hang in the balance. But Adam's and Pennefather's brigades with the light division made another heroic charge, while our field batteries swept their columns down like the hand of the destroying angel. The volleys of musketry, the clash of steel and the salvos of cannon, resembled one of those thunder storms with bolts of lightning which sometimes raze houses to the ground and uproot monster trees in its fury. Notwithstanding this infernal roaring of big guns, bursting of shells and rolling of musketry, the sharp ears of our exhausted soldiers heard above the din of battle the joyful notes of the French trumpets sound-

ing the charge, when the French Zouaves rushed forward to their assistance with the light of battle on their bronzed and weather-beaten features. The Russians, already broken severely by the impetuosity of our charges which were renewed again and again, were now attacked by the Zouaves, together with the French artillery, who co-operated with the British all along the line. This onslaught became over a match for the Russians, who, seeing that the fortune of the day was lost, began to retire, and at last their broken and discomfited battalions were driven pell-mell towards the gates of Sebastopol, and history inscribed another victory for Great Britain on tablets more durable than marble, and whenever the flag of Old England unfurls to the breeze it shall reveal the word "Inkerman!"

#### THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

'Twas nigh the noon of night before the roaring guns did cease,  
 And at the smouldering fires of war we lit the pipe of peace.  
 At four, a burst of bells arose thro' night's cathedral dark,  
 It seem'd so like our Sabbath-chimes, we could but lie and hark ;  
 So like the bells that call to prayer in the dear land far away,  
 Their music floated on the air, and kiss'd us—to betray.  
 Our camp lay on the shadowy hill, all silent as a cloud,  
 Its very heart of life stood still—and the white mist brought its  
 shroud.

For death was waking in the dark, and grimly smiled to see  
 How all was ranged and ready for his sumptuous jubilee.  
 O, wily are the Russians, and they come to their wild work—  
 Their feet all shod with silence in the heart's blood of the Turk !  
 While on the heights our fiery tide of war serenely slept,  
 Their subtle serpentry up crept and stealthily they stept !

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In the ruins of the valley do the birds of carnage stir !  
There's a rustle in the gloom-like wheels ! feet trample—bullets  
whirr—

Great heaven ! the foe is on us— Now the trumpets with a start  
Thrill—like the cry of a wronged queen—to the red roots of the  
heart ;

And long and loud the war-drums with throbbing clamour roll,—  
A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering soul.

The worn and weary soldiers leapt up, ready, fresh, and true !  
No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour turned to dew  
Majestic as a god defied, arose our British host—

All for the peak of peril rushed—each for the fiercest post !  
We thought of queen and country, and we swore to strike fierce  
blows ;

Then all along the leaguered line the crash of battle rose,  
The banners waved like blessing hands, and we knew it was the  
hour

For a desperate grip till fingers met in the throat of Russian power ;  
And at a bound, and with a sound a coward's heart might kill,  
The Lion of old England leapt like lightning from the hill.

All hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling demons came—  
The red-mouth'd cannons' fiery tongues licked all the hills with  
flame.

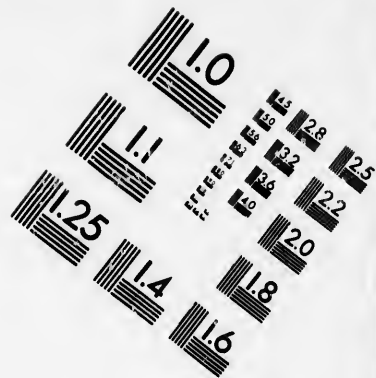
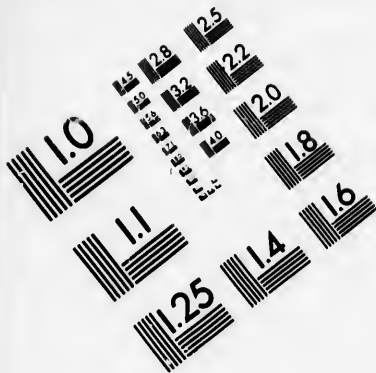
And whistling shell, and sneering shot, with awful glee went past,  
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the battle blast.

No sun ! but none is needed,—men can feel their way to fight,  
With the glow of battle in their face—eyes filled with fiery light ;  
And long ere dawn was red in Heaven, upon the dark earth lay  
The prophesying morning-red of a nation's glorious day.

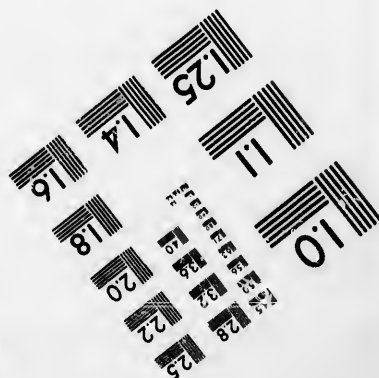
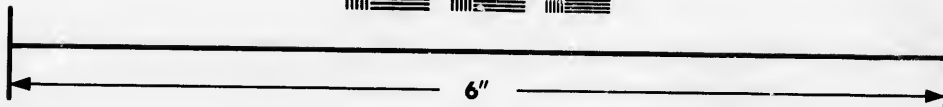
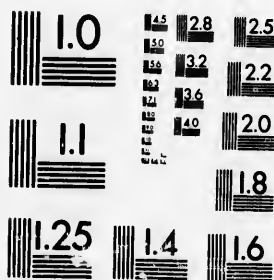
Like the old sea white-lipped with rage, the foe dash, in despair,  
On ranks of rock ; and what a prize for the wrecker death was there !  
The Guards went to the fight in gray, but now they're gory red—  
Heaven save them ! they're surrounded ! Leap your ramparts of the  
dead,

And back the desperate battle, for there is but one short stride  
Between the Russ. and victory ! On, on ! you true and tried !  
The Red Caps crest the hill—now the Zouaves rush with pride,





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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Down like a flood from Etna, pours their valour's burning tide.  
 Hurrah for Merrie England ! 'Now ! Hurrah for France the grand !  
 As we charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand to hand.  
 Hurrah ! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent heat,  
 And against our side the ebbing flood does faint and fainter beat.  
 From morn till night we fought our fight, and at the set of sun  
 Stood conquerors on Inkerman—our soldier's battle won.  
 That morn the legions stood like corn in its pomp of golden grain !  
 That night in ruddy sheaves they lay upon the misty plain !  
 Our heroes fell in boyhood's bloom and bravery's lusty pride,  
 But they made their bed o' the Russian dead, ere they lay down  
 and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and gray,  
 And thought of those who ranked with us in the morning's quick  
 array—

Our comrades of the field who came no more from that fell fray !  
 We thought of the salt tears wrung out in green dells far away—  
 And the stern white faces of the dead that on the dark ground lay  
 Like statues of old heroes, cut in precious human clay—  
 The household gods of many a heart were dark and dumb to-day !  
 And hard, hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank down to  
 pray.

To the mighty Mother England came the radiant victory  
 With laurels red, and a bitter cup of widowed agony.  
 O, the dim divine of distance fades—the purple fast grows wan  
 Before fame's crowning glory o'er the heights of Inkerman.

In that last and glorious effort thousands of brave fellows had fallen victims to the many military engines of devastation. Captain Eyre (our heroine), had a most wonderful escape. While rallying his men, who were sorely pressed by the enemy, his horse was shot under him, in front of the Russians, four of whom were charging at him with their bayonets and would have made short work of him (for he was badly stunned and bruised from the fall)

only for the timely assistance of the redoubtable Pat McAvoy, who followed him up closely, and seeing his horse fall, dashed forward to the rescue, and with his carbine and holster pistols knocked over three of the ruffians, while with his long sword he cleft the other to the ground, jumped from his charger, took the handsome young captain in his arms and placed him on his own horse, sent him back to Lord Raglan, and returned himself on foot, covered with bruises, blood, wounds and glory. Captain Clanronald had received a bullet wound in the left arm, while gallantly leading his men, but the greatest wonder was that he had escaped so well from the murderous onslaught directed at him, in the position in which he was placed.

It is remarkably strange what marvellous escapes the most daring and reckless of life had experienced, while others more cautious and less daring perhaps, suffered the penalty of death, on that memorable morning.

How wonderfully an over-ruling Providence baffles the most ingenious designs of human invention, mocking the counsels of craftiness, and turning wisdom and strength into folly. This marvel is nowhere more conspicuous than on the battle-field, where the most extraordinary blunders have been so often crowned with success.

Everything, however, that could be done to ensure victory to their arms was done by the Russian authorities, besides the presence of their Grand Duke (who was regarded by the soldiers as super-human), who harangued his army with false anticipations of driving the allied armies into the sea.

Yet, however laudable it may be for us to trace the protecting hand of the God of battles as the cause of our victory over five times our number, it becomes presumption when we attribute disaster to His Divine displeasure.

Many causes have been assigned for the failure of the Russian attack. Some say that the feint on Balaklava was too freely executed to effect any important results. But let that be as it may, I believe that the real cause of their defeat was the irresistible pressure of cold steel brought against them by the Allies.

But we are digressing from the thread of our story. When Capt. Eyre approached Lord Raglan's staff after his marvellous escape from the Russians, his joy was exuberant on beholding Captain Clanronald (whom he feared had fallen in the battle) sitting majestically in his charger as if nothing unusual had happened to him. For Captain Eyre was much more solicitous for Hubert's safety than his own. Captain Clanronald on the other hand was agreeably surprised at seeing his young companion in arms approach them apparently little the worse for the fearful encounter. But when Captain Eyre had delineated his miraculous escape by the timely interposition of Pat McAvoy's bravery, their admiration was spontaneous and Pat's gallantry loudly applauded by Lord Raglan and his staff.

By two o'clock there was not a Russian to be seen outside the fortifications of Sebastopol.

The wounded having been cared for, the commander-

in-chief, with the co-operation of Marshal Canrobert, issued orders to the officers commanding divisions to march the remnants of their gallant corps to their respective camps; let the men have dinner, call the roll, and report to headquarters the names and number of killed, wounded and missing.

Soon after the victorious allies were in motion, plodding wearily across the mud-covered plateau. Yet although much fatigued, hungry, torn by brambles and bloodstained, with melancholy thoughts for their fallen comrades, their hearts bounded and responded with the light of a glorious victory in their eyes as the bands struck up "Rule Britannia," "Garryowen," or "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." While the French also, with their bands playing, drums beating and trumpets sounding in the distance, were no less enthusiastic.

"Now then, gentlemen for luncheon," exclaimed Lord Raglan, as with an easy and tranquil smile he turned his horse's head and cantered across the plain towards headquarters, accompanied by Marshal Canrobert and all their staff.

As they passed through the lines a cheer burst forth, and corps after corps took it up so simultaneously that it must have been heard by the discomfited Russians in the beleaguered city. He lifted his plumed hat above his hoary head, and with a slow and graceful bow acknowledged their devotion, while acclamations burst forth in joyous and triumphant strains of God Save the Queen and *Vive l'Empereur*.



The thought that two veterans who met in mortal combat on the memorable 18th of June, at Waterloo, under the command of the two greatest chiefs the world ever produced, now rode side by side warm friends and victorious allies, who by their united efforts and bravery that day on Inkerman Heights vanquished, like the destroying angel, the mighty hosts of the Czar of all the Russias, and that the two flags of two great and powerful nations, which have for centuries regarded each other with the bitterest animosity are now unfurled in a common cause, calls back the days of chivalry when the armies of France and England went forth against the Saracen.

The fog had now begun to break and the sun burst forth in all his glory between the dark clouds that lifted themselves from the moist soil and floated with light wind towards the sea, while the bright steel bayonets of the receding columns glittered in the sunbeams.

That night, before retiring to rest her bruised and weary limbs, Captain Eyre (our heroine), prostrated herself in humble prayer, praise and thanksgiving in the secrecy of her little chamber, and poured out her soul before that God who in His infinite mercy and almighty strength had overthrown their enemies and delivered them from death, and the hands of the foe that stood up against them. Then she went to bed, and with a smile of innocence on her handsome face was soon asleep, and we must admit deserved well tired nature's sweet restorer. Next morning she rose with a light heart and as fresh as a

daisy, but rather stiff from recent bruises. During the ensuing week she felt indisposed to perform any out-door duty, but was quite able to perform her allotted task within.

Hubert was placed by the doctor on the sick list, and by the professional skill of that gentleman, as well as our heroine's unremitting attention to his wants, his wound, though a severe one, began perceptibly to heal in a few weeks. Our heroine would gladly have read to him during his convalescence, but she was fearful that he might by any chance whatever detect her sex, which would entirely frustrate her plans. Instead of which, she took good care to keep him supplied with interesting books, that amused and occupied his mind, which she well knew would wander instinctively far over the sea, where he expected the darling of his heart was solicitous for his safety, and in suspense awaiting his return; little dreaming that the young aide-de-camp, who now watched over him like a guardian angel, attending to his smallest wants, was no other than his affianced bride, the thoughts of whom had brought fresh strength and courage to his genial spirits in the hour of danger and difficulties. Besides what he had to suffer and contend with in the Crimea, the thoughts of his uncle's displeasure with him for a crime of which he was innocent, had often filled his heart with sadness that overshadowed his manly features. Our heroine, anticipating what his thoughts would dwell on, did all in her power to amuse and interest him during the monotonous hours of his

illness. At the end of two months, though not quite recovered from the effects of his wounds, Hubert buckled on his sword once more and took a share of his companion's toils.

Now began the dismal reign of mud, cold and stormy weather. Day after day, week after week, month after month, Captain Eyre (our heroine) and Hubert performed their usual duties in cold, rain, snow and frost, while the men were dying off daily from hunger and exposure to the terrible winter, fattening the inhospitable soil by their ashes. Patches of rank grass wave high above the mound in the enclosure which marks the spot where many brave fellows rest from their labours.

On the 18th of June, our heroine and Hubert were in attendance on the commander-in-chief at the assault on the great Redan. Their duty on that memorable occasion was of the most arduous nature, and fraught with danger, dashing to and fro with orders and despatches to the different points of attack where the bullets whizzed thickest, and the iron storm of grape and canister had swept past them, after fulfilling its message of death on the blood-begrimed stormers. Amid the toils, dangers and struggles that surrounded them on that eventful day, while traversing a great portion of that Haceldama, they displayed a degree of fortitude which no doubt was equalled, though it could not have been surpassed.

Next day, during an armistice to bury the dead, it was their sad duty to ride over the battle ground, where lay in ghastly heaps the mutilated remains of the brave

fellows, whose heroic assault on the Redan had failed through some mismanagement of the authorities. Here were a party of men standing over a yawning grave from ten to twenty feet wide, five feet deep and thirty feet long, at the bottom of which in every conceivable attitude, lay packed closely together, the bodies of the dead. Some in the act of taking aim, others with hands upturned as if in supplication, others with earth and grass clutched in their hands as they caught it in the last throes of agony.

Fatigue parties with stretchers toiled slowly along with a heavy burden for the grave, or, subject for the doctor's care. Other parties were searching through the grass and brambles, or among the rocks and chasms, for dead or dying who had crawled there for protection when wounded. Here and there were pools of blood in which the flies were battenning, and from whence the honey-bee and the snow-white butterfly strove in vain to free their tiny pinions, and before the apex of the Redan were men of all regiments blended together, some without heads or legs or arms, bowels torn out, brains scattered, blood oozing from the eyes, or ears, or mouth—blood! blood! everywhere! for it was there that grape, canister, and shells, had bowled through the advancing columns.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" the dry mould is thrown upon them, and the last shovelful is smoothed over with a silent prayer by their sorrowing and faithful comrades, and they were left alone in their gore and glory. No, not alone, for the affections of wives

and children, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and mayhap sweethearts, lie buried with them, The hillside and the space between the quarries and Redan, and all along towards the Malakoff, afford such sights as these.

Many Russians were also buried by the French and English.

Oh, Despot, behold thy work ! Thy human brethren mangled with shot and shell and buried in heaps, whose blood cries from the earth for vengeance. Yes, thy Maker's image defaced ! Behold, I say, thy work ! and envy the meanest serf in thy vast-spreading empire whose hands are free from the blood of his fellow ; who, far removed from scenes of grandeur, knows neither the splendid dreams of ambition which haunt the minds of the great, nor the dark desolation in which they often vanish amidst the tears of the widow and the fatherless.

Those by whose sanction war comes—those who make men resemble savage beasts and kill their fellow men—will have a fearful account to render to the righteous Judge above.

Say, wouldst thou learn, relentless autocrat, how glow the hearts of thy vassals with holy zeal for a sacred cause.

Many of the wounded who were borne away to hospital, were fitting subjects for Chelsea, "the poor soldier's last home in the land of the living," but many were fated to die of their wounds ere the sun of the morrow lit up the waters of the Black sea.

One day after the assault on the Redan, our heroine

was sitting at her window translating some despatches which Hubert was waiting to transmit to General Canrobert, when she was rather disturbed in her composition, by a flirtation going on under her window by a French Zouave and a pretty little vivandière who belonged to the same corps, whom our heroine remembered well, for she saw her frequently under circumstances that could never be forgotten, in fact, under fire at the head of the regiment, on the heights of Inkerman, on the day of the terrible battle. She was a smart little *Parisienne*, possessed of great beauty, with eyes that sparkled like the diamonds in her ears. She wore a pretty blue Zouave jacket, fringed with silver lace, over a pretty chemisette, and her black hair smoothly braided under a coquettish little scarlet kepi, which bore the regimental number.

As our heroine peeped out of the window to ascertain what was going on, she saw the fair Amazon helping the soldier to a mouthful of brandy from her little keg which she carried over her shoulder. Our heroine, full of love and romance herself, sympathized with the lovers, but not wishing to be an eavesdropper or to disturb their flirtation, resumed her writing, but she could not sit at the window without at least hearing some of the banter.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Joséphine," said the Zouave, in his most dulcet tone, "you--*mon Dieu!* you look so lovely that ——"

"That what—what—Jules?" asked she.

"Well, so lovely this morning that I am quite afraid ——"

"To kiss me—is it not so, Monsieur?"

"Yes, *tres bien*. Take courage, *mon comarade*."

"Mademoiselle Joséphine, you quiz me," said he.

"A Zouave and afraid," exclaimed the vivandière, and then followed a little smack, there was no mistaking, which made our heroine long for the time when she could make herself known to Hubert and divulge her secret to him.

"You are indeed beautiful, Joséphine," said he. "There is not a vivandière in the whole French army like you."

"Yet, I may die an old maid," said she, demurely.

"You may, eh?" replied he, with a smile.

"Yes, Jules," rejoined she, coquettishly.

"Then it will be your own fault, *ma belle coquette*, and not the fault of others," said he, touching her under the chin.

"*Parbleu!* I sha'nt marry a Zouave, at all events."

"Don't speak so cruelly, *ma chere*. When I look on your charming face, I always think of glorious Paris,—Paris! Ah, *mon Dieu!* shall we ever see it again?"

"Why did you leave it, Jules, and your studies at the *Ecole de Medecine* to fight and starve here?"

"Why?" exclaimed the Zouave, rather nonplussed.

"Yes, *mon ami*," reiterated she, emphatically.

"*Sacre*, if you must know," replied he, I will tell you. 'The old girl at the wheel, Madame Fortune, proved false to me. I lost my last money, fifty Napoleons, at the *rouge-et-noir* table at the *Palais Royal*. I was ruined, Joséphine, and as I had no wish to jump into the Seine,

and then to figure next morning on the leaden tables of the morgue, like a salmon at the fishmongers, I joined the 2nd Zouaves in the snapping of a trigger, and so am here and at your service, my most adorable, *en amourette*."

"You will return with your epaulettes and the cross of the legion of honor," said she, teasingly.

"I don't think so," said he, "kiss me at all events, *mabelle*."

"I see you are getting spooney, Jules," said she, with a laugh.

"*Mon Dieu*, I can't help myself when I gaze into them black, bewitching orbs of yours."

"Well, *camarade*, if a kiss will console you take it." Another sound reached our heroine's ears which made her feel quite nervous, when she tried to close the window quietly, but the lovers outside heard her, on which Jules saluted the staff officer as he thought and looked very unconscious, while the pretty vivandière gave a military salute, and tripped laughingly away singing *La Marseillaise*.

Everything in this world comes to an end some time or another, and so did the Crimean war. Corps after corps marched to the place of embarkation with a joyous heart and a light step, preceded by their bands playing lively airs, and embarked at Balaklava. The French embarked at Kemisch bay. As they marched past headquarters, our heroine was much amused at the Zouaves with their vivandières at their head and their



little stock of supplies strapped over their shoulder. This corps presented a stirring spectacle, those swarthy, lithe and black-bearded fellows, their faces bronzed by the hot sun of Africa. Their turbans, and baggy breeches of scarlet, gave them a very Oriental aspect, but their swinging gait and rollicking air, together with the free-and-easy manner in which they marched at ease, and the songs they sang, announced them all sons of *la belle France*.

Their long brass trumpets played some strange but not unwarlike measures, to which they all stepped in rapid time, and in the intervals of the music many of them joined in a song, which was led by Mademoiselle *Joséphine*, who was riding *à la cavalier* at their head, in rear of the staff officers, with her little brandy keg slung over her left shoulder.

About the 15th May our heroine and Hubert joined their corps, which embarked at Balaklava with other detachments—hospital staff, and many wounded; the latter were borne to the ship on stretchers, some minus legs and arms, hands and feet, with faces pale and emaciated.

All that were able assembled on deck, with tears in their eyes, to take a last look at that dreary Chersonese where they had left so many noble comrades behind, so far away from friends and relatives.

These thoughts filled them with sadness, as they responded to the cheers of the crews on other transports that were waiting to receive their living freight, as the

noble ship steamed out between the rocks which overhang the narrow entrance to the harbour. The receding shore, where the iron voice of the cannon so frequently rang the death knell of many a brave human life from battery and bastion; the last rays of the sun, as they lit up the impending bluffs of Cape Aya, and ruddied all the rocks of red and white marble that guard the rugged coast and repel the storms of the Euxine, all these, as they had melted into sea and sky, seemed like an old dream now to our heroine and Hubert as they stood on the quarter-deck watching the receding shore.

It seemed but yesterday all those hussars who had died of cholera at Varna or elsewhere, and those whom they had seen cast into the yawning grave, had been alive, and by their side. They now thought of those comrades with tears in their eyes. Be a soldier but for six months and you will never forget the new world that is open to you, a respect for your comrades, and a kindly feeling for the old number of the regiment; it lasts all the days of your life.

But their minds dwelt on that ghastly trench in the valley of death, and the pale upturned faces of their comrades who slept there, as they watched the receding shore.

"God bless all who lie there, and green be the graves of our soldiers in the Crimea," was their prayer, as they bid farewell to the land where so many of their comrades lay sleeping.

After these sensations had passed away our heroine

turned her thoughts to other events, after giving thanks to God for the great mercy He had shown in bringing them safely through all the dangers and death-struggles that had surrounded them. Her heart was overflowing with gratitude, and joy filled her breast to see Hubert by her side.

The weather was all that could be desired, and their progress across the Euxine was rapid. As they entered the Bosphorus their speed was increased by the strong current that sets in from the Black Sea, and which runs at the rate of five miles an hour, together with the united influence of fair wind and steam, and they were enabled to reach Constantinople before sundown the third day, and anchored at the mouth of the Golden Horn.

Our heroine was greatly impressed with the panorama of scenery which was presented to their view, as the ship swung to her moorings.

The sun was fast sinking behind the hills, throwing the city into shade, but lighting up the golden summits of the numerous minarets like balls of fire. For a time the bright glare dazzled the view, and rendered indistinct the prospect, but as the evening fell once more all was fair, and bright, and rich before them.

The night at length closed in, when all was involved in darkness and silence, save the Sultan's harem, which was the only place lit with gas, and the silence was only broken by the voice of the patrols, the challenge of sentries, and the howling of dogs that prowl through the streets. The moon rose about eleven from behind the

distant mountains, lending to the landscape a hue of sombre shade, while the outline of the objects appeared spangled with silver, and marking the calm waters with a tall pillar of light.

Next morning our heroine and Hubert, with other officers, were rowed ashore by eight blue jackets from the ship.

Having been chumming it together since they landed at Varna, they now struck off by themselves to see what they could of that historic city.

But those who landed with no other ideas of the Orient than such as were inspired by the "Arabian Nights" and Byron's poetry were somewhat disappointed on beholding dingy, queer, and quaint dilapidated rows of high houses on either side of the narrow, dirty, tortuous and ill-paved streets, of this ancient cathedral city. They were amused at seeing the various groups which gathered about the bazaars, and the coffee-houses. There was the grave Armenian with his black fur cap, and long flowing robe; the great solemn Turk with his Tarboosh, ample breeches, vast green turban and silver beard, which steel had never profaned; the dirty, hawk-visaged Jew, attired like a stage Shylock, waiting for his pound of flesh, and the half naked Nubian slave. They looked in vain for pretty women, but not a trace of the boasted Eastern beauty was to be found in those females whose costume seemed a mere bundle of clothing, the feridjee surmounted by the yashmak, through which peered two black eyes like those of a white owl, and

ended in boots of yellow leather, as they flitted like ghosts about the streets and gates of the bazaar. They were all indeed plain, even to ugliness.

In the bazaar Hubert purchased a beautiful little box of eastern ornaments, inlaid with gold and pearls of the richest and most exquisite workmanship and design, and other rare articles of great value, all of which he intended for a present to a lady.

Although our heroine was not naturally inquisitive,—besides well knowing the intended donee; yet she ventured to suggest:—"I see, captain," said she, "that time and distance have not banished from your thoughts those fair friends at home. Need I ask if these valuables are intended for a present to a lady?"

"Yes," was the reply, "they are for a young lady with whom I have been acquainted since she was a child,—seeing these rare curiosities I gladly secured them for her; knowing that she will graciously accept them from my hands, and be delighted under the circumstances."

"I should think she would," said our heroine, "they are really very handsome presents and from such a brave cavalier!"

With that they heard a shrill whistle.

Then they repaired to the ship, which was already getting up steam, the band playing "Rule Britannia," forward, while the sailors and soldiers kept time to the music, manning the capstan. As the anchor was tripped, the sails were unfurled, and they steered down stream, rounded the Seraglio point, passed the

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Seven. Towers on the right, and slowly the picturesque scenery of the Bosphorus, with the ancient city of Constantine, faded away in the distance, as they stood away into the sea of Marnora.

Next morning at ten o'clock the ship was running in smooth water along the banks of the Dardanelles, the weather was fine, and the air salubrious.

Our heroine and Hubert were standing at the taffrail admiring the picturesque scenery, when Pat McAvoy came along and (pointing with his finger towards a Turkish shepherd, who stood before a cot tending his sheep), exclaimed: "That I may'nt sin, but there's the greatest sim'larity betune that there an' the purty little burn above Portumna, an' the banks av the Shannon, which all the world knows, wants only houses an' inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town av Cork itself. At the foot av the little hill, just undher the shelther av a dacent pebble av a rock, ye could see if ye knew how to look sharp, otherwise ye might n't be able to make it out, from the gray rock above it, 'cept by the smoke that riz from the chimbley, Ned Mallory's cabin, for all the world like that one fornintst ye; an' there's ould Ned himself with his caubeen pulled down over his eyes. Divil a lie in it.

"Upon me reputation, bud for I know that this is a h'athen land, I 'ud be afther takin' me davy that it wor ould Ireland."

"Well, Pat," said our heroine, "you will soon be back to your native hills once more."

"Musha, Captain Eyre, agra," replied Pat, "I wish ye wor spakin' the truth; seein' as how I've only tin years sarvice."

"Ah, yes," said the captain, "I forgot that you told me so once before. But when you complete your time, a good pension will be your reward, then you can live on the Shannon in peace."

"A good pension, eh? yes, av I can keep clare av a captain an' four."

"What do you mean by a captain and four, Pat?" asked Captain Eyre, our heroine.

"Oh, a coort martial, to be shure."

"Oh, I perceive," said the captain, "in order to secure a good pension on discharge, it is absolutely necessary to be clear of a court martial."

"That's jist it," replied Pat, "an' a purty hard job it is to steer cl'ar av that same. Shure if a man only looks crucked sometimes, he'll be tried. I know an ould sojer at home named Briney Meehan, who sarved in the Peninsular undher Wellin'ton, an' fought many a battle agin Bony. Shure he often tould me that only he had a crucked eye he'd hev' got one shillin' a day."

"How is that, Pat," asked the Captain, "what had his eye to do with it?"

"Well, aisy a while, an I'll be afther tellin' ye. One day Briney wor at dhrill, an' the sargeant giv' the word, 'Eyes frunt, an' divil a one of Briney could do it.'"

"'Why don't ye do as I ordher ye?' says the sargeant.

"'Bekase I can't,' says Briney.

“‘Is it givin’ back talk ye are in the ranks?’ says the sargeant. “Bad end to me, if ye spake agin ar’ look crucked, bud I’ll put ye where yer neighbour’s dog won’t bite ye.’

“‘An’ where’s that?’ says Briney, lookin’ over his nose loike a fifer goin’ to church, as innocent as ye plase. ‘In the guard room,’ says the sargeant. An’ shootin’ the action to the word, marched poor Briney to the guard-room.

“Nixt day he sint in a crime agin Briney that ud hang a man, presarve the hearers. Anyhow, he wor tried be a coort-martial, an’ whin he wor discharged, shure enough it stood up agin him, for he only got sixpince a day fur two years.

“Shure there wor more nor twinty others that I know in the same parish, some is blind, some has lost an arum, loike that poor man there,” says Pat, pointing to one of the wounded men on board who had lost his arm; “some has ne’er a leg left to stand on, an’ others is broke up entirely, an’ the divil a ha’porth one av them has got be-kase they had’nt their time in. At laste there’s a boy called Terry M’Guire, an’ he’s the best off, fur they give him a wooden leg an’ sixpince a day fur six months.”

Several officers who had gathered round to listen to the loquacious Irishman, said something to one another in hearty condemnation of the iniquitous system pursued with regard to disabled soldiers discharged from the service with insufficient pensions.

At six next morning they passed Gallipoli, and amid



the haze of a summer's evening shot past the famous castle of the Dardanelles where Sestros and Abydos stood of old, guarding its entrance, whose cannon now saluted them, while the Turkish sentries presented arms.

The following day it was the Lemnos, where Vulcan fell from heaven and where his forges blazed. Then Mytilene, the most fertile of all the *Ægean Isles* "where burning Sappho loved to sing," and where Terpander strung the lyre anew. One day it was Siphanto's marble shore, where ireful Apollo flooded the golden mines; Chios, in pagan times the land of purity, in latter days the land of slaughter; then Milo, with Elijah's lofty peak, its smoking spring and hollow sea-soaked rocks that rose upon the lee. They pass the coast trending away to the right, showing rugged masses of mountains capped by snowy peaks, and occasionally some good-sized towns were visible on the brown hill sides.

Here they thought that the ship's captain had succeeded to the bag of wind which King *Æolus* gave to the wise and gentle king of Ithaca. Thus a few days more saw them running before the wind at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, through the classic waters of the Mediterranean.

The homeward voyage was rapid and pleasant, now passing the old rock of Gibraltar, rearing its lofty bald crest to the sky; on through the straits with studding sails set, like some huge bird of prey, and four days afterwards entering Queenstown harbour, where they had to run in for coal, not having sufficient to take them to Portsmouth.

During the latter days of their voyage our heroine and Hubert, after much debating, had finally decided on applying for three months leave.

They made out the applications, got them endorsed by the commanding officer, and placed them in the mail-bag ready for despatch to the War Office on arrival.

They also applied to the colonel for temporary leave to stop off at Queenstown, where they intended to stay until their official leave from the War Office had arrived. This the colonel willingly granted, when they prepared to disembark. As the ship was not to leave port before the following day, many officers availed themselves of the favourable opportunity of visiting that famous summer resort. Therefore our heroine and Hubert were not the only ones that went ashore.

After landing they were driven, with other officers, in a 'bus, to the Royal Hotel, where those who came ashore had a good time during the evening. Our heroine before landing had written a telegram which she marked "private." It was for her old nurse Nanny, directing her to forward her trunk by express at once to the Royal Hotel Queenstown.

After despatching the message she joined Hubert at the hotel where he had secured rooms for them.

Next day after dinner she and Hubert drove down in a carriage to the wharf to bid their friends a good-bye, and wave farewell to their gallant comrades, as the transport moved slowly out of the harbour and stood out to sea.

After this they drove back to the hotel. On alighting from the carriage our heroine intimated that she ought to write some letters.

"Ah!" said Hubert, "that reminds me that I have a similar duty to perform also."

"What say you then if we go and write our letters before dinner?"

"I am quite agreeable," replied Hubert.

"Ah, yes, I forgot," said our heroine, with a smile, "you must write to that fair young lady for whom you purchased that beautiful present, and acquaint her with your arrival; she may be solicitous."

"That's a fact not to be questioned. Come along then," replied Hubert, laughing. So saying, they proceeded to their rooms for that purpose.

Instead of writing letters, however, our heroine started to unpack her trunk (which had arrived late the previous evening), and attire herself in female costume. After spreading out her clothes on the bed, chairs, and tables, in order to take out the creases and see how they looked, she found that Nanny had taken good care of them. It took two long hours to complete her toilet, during which Hubert came to her door twice, and called out "Eyre, are your letters ready? The mail closes in half an hour, you will have to look sharp."

"All right. I will soon be ready," was the reply.

At last she had finished, and after satisfying herself before the large mirror that she looked herself again, though sadly tanned from long exposure to an Eastern

sun, and the recent voyage, she tapped on the wall and called Hubert, whose room was next to hers, and in less than one minute that gentleman was standing before her in amazement, but more like one under the influence of mesmerism. Lady Iris seeing him get very pale, like one going to faint, threw her arms around him and exclaimed, "Oh, dear Hubert, I am your own Iris! Do you not know me?"

There was a long pause, but no answer.

At last, Lady Iris, terrified and fearful for his mental equilibrium, helped him to an arm chair, loosened his necktie, sprinkled his face with a little rose water and opened the window, then sat down beside him and commenced fanning him. She just made a move to ring for the servant when he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Where am I? or do my eyes deceive me? Is that really you, Iris? When did you arrive? Where is Captain Eyre? I thought this was his room!"

"I was Captain Eyre," she answered, "but now I am your own dear Iris."

He then looked around the room, and seeing the hussar's uniform thrown on the bed, the truth flashed to his puzzled brains that Captain Eyre was no other than Lady Iris.

He then seemed to lose himself in the delight of being with her. There he sat looking at her with fond, admiring eyes, as if she had come upon him suddenly as a revelation of hitherto unknown loveliness and delight. At last he found his voice, but not for any brilliant ut-

assurance,—“Iris, do really tell me what does all this mean, or if it is a dream?” said he.

“My dear Hubert, cheer up, it is no dream! I am your own Iris who accompanied you through all your trials, dangers and difficulties, watched over you in the hour of peril, and you never suspected that it was I. Have I not carried out my secret cleverly, eh?”

There is a subtle power in the love which keeps silence, mightier than all love's eloquence.

A hand that trembles when it touches another, one swift look from loving eyes, a sigh, a tone, will tell more than an oration.

He then took her in his arms, and impressed several kisses on her white forehead, which still bore a red mark left there by the hussar's forage cap; then bent his head and kissed her bare hand—a lovely, tapering hand, that could only belong to a lady; a hand which any lover might be proud of, that bore on its third finger the very ring which he had given her.

He then stepped over to the bed, and lifted the hussar's jacket, forage cap, and sword, so lately doffed and thrown aside by Iris, and examined them with doubt and curiosity.

It demanded every effort of his reason which was somewhat overbalanced for an instant, to believe in the testimony of his sight. When suddenly it recovered its unanimity and he exclaimed,—“Dear Iris, do you mean to tell me that you have been personating Robert Eyre through all the hardships, privations, sickness and battles of the Crimean campaign along with me?”

"Yes, dear Hubert," answered Lady Iris, with an emphasis, "in truth I have, and stuck by you through thick and thin, and now am here of a certainty, little the worse of the wear, except a little bronzed; but beauty you know is only skin deep."

"Tell me, darling," asked he, "what was your motive for undertaking such a dangerous and trying adventure?"

"Well," answered Iris, with a gracious smile, "after your departure from your uncle's castle, I got no peace from Richmond nor my father, the former protesting his love and throwing himself on his knees to me whenever he got the opportunity, and the latter terrifying the life out of me night and day with pleadings in behalf of Richmond's suit, which he said was the only real ambition he had ever set his heart on. Wherefore I would face all the hardships and dangers that I have been through over again for your sake, rather than stay at home to be bored to death by those two, and forced to marry a man whom I loathed, for I know he is deceitful, and the cause of your banishment.

"He thinks that having my father on his side, and you out of the way (as he supposes) forever, he would have no trouble in gaining my consent, but I will let both him and my father see that they cannot force me into a marriage against my will," "I need scarcely ask," said he, "does your father know, or even suspect, that you had disguised your sex and enlisted as a trumpeter in a cavalry regiment."

"No, indeed he does not," was the answer, "nor, would I have him to know it for the world. I led him to believe that I joined Miss Nightingale's staff of nurses who proceeded to the seat of war in the East to nurse the wounded and sick soldiers. I left a letter on his table when I came away, explanatory of my supposed movements."

"Oh, my own darling!" exclaimed Hubert, laying his hand caressingly on her head and touching her playfully under the chin with the other, "you are a brave, faithful and affectionate girl. I think you must be more than mortal, or you could never have accomplished what you have been through. The idea of my never having the slightest suspicion that it was you, is what puzzles me quite. It is true that Robert Eyre often reminded me of you, but then it never entered my imagination that you would ever think of playing a fictitious character."

"Well, dear Hubert," said she, with a charming smile of innocence and love beaming in her sweet face, "I did it all for your sake. You know when we exchanged rings what we both said?" He assented. "Very well," continued she, "therefore, in order to keep my engagement with you, I had to leave home or marry Richmond, and not feeling inclined just then to go through that disagreeable ceremony, I thought the best way to keep clear of it was to follow you in the garb of a soldier and watch over you in dangers and difficulties." Lady Iris was so overflowing with love and happiness, now let her heart go out to her lover without reserve. She was not

afraid to let him see her fondness. She did not seek to make her love more precious to him by simulated *hauteur*. She gave him all her heart and soul, as Juliet gave herself to Romeo.

"Oh, my own darling," cried Hubert, "I am not worthy of such fidelity and love. You are too good for me, I feel myself unworthy of such a brave, noble, loving girl. Oh, my darling, my adored one, if I felt myself worthy of you my heart would scarce hold my happiness. Who am I that aspires to your fair hand? An outcast, an exile banished forever from my home and my inheritance. Why should I expect to drag you from the lap of luxury to that of beggary? But if an honest heart, true love and affection, lips that never breathed a word of love to any but yourself, eyes that have never looked into a lover's but yours, are any compensation for the filthy lucre of this world, I can offer them at your shrine with unreserved adoration and fidelity."

His deep humility seemed to ask for pity, and a woman is never better pleased with her lover than when he has need of her compassion.

"Dear Hubert," said she with a coquettish smile, "gladly will I accept of yourself and your offerings; you know I care little for riches without you. I have sufficient for you and me to live on happy and comfortable, what more need we require? Besides, I have a presentiment that the crime imputed to you will some day be brought home to the villainous perpetrator, God in His mercy will not allow the innocent to suffer for the guilty always."



"My own darling," said he, with her hand in his, her head leaning against his breast, his arm round her waist, her eyes hidden under drooping lids, as they gazed dreamily downwards at the bright flowers of the carpet beneath their feet, "we will have patience and trust to Him for that. But in the meantime what are we to do? Have you any preconcerted plans for our future?"

"No, dear Hubert," replied she, raising her long lashes and looking at him with a roguish smile, "I will leave our future movements to your wise consideration. You shall be my lord and master, the sun and centre of our little universe, and my general counsellor."

"Then in virtue of my prerogative," said he, stooping down and softly whispering in her ear as if an unspeakable bashfulness seized him at that particular moment, "I propose that we get married at once."

"What a proposition!" cried Iris, with pretended astonishment and a roguish smile of delight at the idea.

"Yes, love," continued he, "it is the best thing we can do now, then proceed incog. to Dublin, where we can buy a house or rent one somewhere in the suburbs. I think Kingstown or Black Rock would be a charming locality. We could then sell out of the army. I will manage that with Cox & Co."

"After our honeymoon you will be able to join your father at Marcourt hall. He will move to his town house shortly for the winter, which will be favorable to our scheme. I shall live in seclusion and disguise, trusting Providence will clear up the mystery that hangs over me. What do you say to this project?" said he coaxingly.

Iris was so full of delight and laughter at the thought of getting married so soon, and under such quiet romantic circumstances, that she could not answer his question for a few seconds. When equanimity returned, she wiped the tears of love and joy from her eyes, and answered with a bright smile :

"Dear Hubert, I am so delighted with your arrangement that I can scarce repress the laughter. It is just as I had been planning during the last days of our voyage. Do you not think it a most singular coincidence that we should be of one mind in that respect?"

"Yes my love, and I trust it augurs well for our future destiny," said he, toying with her hand which he held in his. "When will we be married?" continued he; "we ought to get it over as soon as possible. Have you any preparations to make?"

"None whatever, dear," was the reply, "I am quite ready." "Then I will go to-morrow and buy the ring, get the license, and see the clergyman," said he, drawing her closer to his heart.

They were both happier that evening than they had ever been before. The room lit dimly by a waning fire-glow in the polished grate, threw grotesque shadows on the wall behind them, like phantom forms of guardian angels hovering round them as they sat side by side cooing like two doves. They had opened their hearts fully to each other during that long summer's evening, until the silvery rays of the declining moon shone in at the window, when they reluctantly separated for the night,

both being much in need of repose after the long voyage. Hubert felt himself the happiest man that ever lived, while Iris knelt down in her room ere she went to bed, and thanked God with as light a heart as Juliet's, when she came to the friar's cell to be married.

They slept a sweet, sound sleep, and were up betimes, beautifully refreshed, the following morning. After breakfast Hubert set out with a light heart to perform those pleasing missions which he had imposed on himself the previous day. After completing all his arrangements for the marriage, which was to take place at eleven next day, he returned in good time for luncheon. "I found," said he, "a most obliging old clergyman, who quite entered into my views when I told him that for certain reasons, which I need not explain, I wished my marriage to be kept quiet."

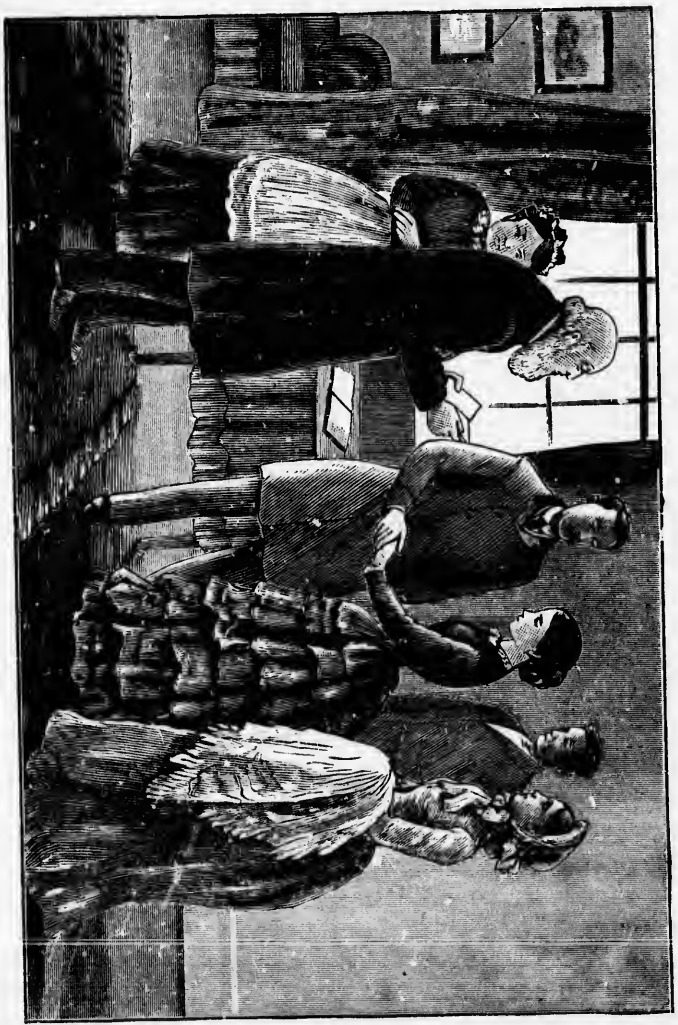
"I will respect your secret," replied the good old man, "and I'll take care that my clerk does the same."

During the afternoon they made the acquaintance of a young lady and gentleman who were stopping at the same hotel, to whom they made known their intentions, and requested the pleasure of their company to church next day, to which they graciously acceded. At ten the following morning, both couples entered a carriage and were driven to a little church five or six miles in the country.

On arrival they were met at the door by the sexton, who ushered them before the altar, where a hoary-headed venerable old gentleman was already dressed in his white robes awaiting their arrival.

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LADY IRIS AND HUBERT GET MARRIED.



The pastor read the service clearly and impressively, the happy bridegroom spoke out clear and distinct when the time came, nor did Iris's voice falter when she spoke the word that bound her for life, for "better for worse." Never had Iris looked lovelier than when she stood beside her husband in the vestry to sign her name in the old register, never had she felt happier than when they walked away from the church, after a friendly leave-taking of the minister's housekeeper, who had the honor of giving Lady Iris away, and the good old soul himself, who blessed them and wished them "God-speed," as if they had been born and bred under his paternal care. They then got into their carriage and were driven to their hotel where a cosey little breakfast was waiting for them.

The clear, fresh air of the summer's morning had sharpened the young people's appetite and gave a zest for the substantials before them. Then there was a good deal said in praise of the host's ability and hospitality. Thus the wedding breakfast, which was quite a cheerful little affair, under the circumstances, went off very agreeably.

We will now leave Iris and Hubert enjoying their honeymoon, and waiting the arrival of their documents from the war office, and go back to the time that Peter Quigley blackmailed Richmond out of five hundred pounds to take him to America.

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## CHAPTER XI.

GINGER-PIECE—THE SURPRISE—PETER QUIGLEY—THE STORY—THE PRISONER—THE TRIAL—RESCUED—THE ELECTION—THE NIGGER TRADER—THE ABDUCTION—THE HALT—WHO COMES THERE?—THE CONFEDERATE CHIEF—THE EXECUTION—THE YANKEES ARE ON US—THE SECESSIONISTS—LOUISIANA—VOLUNTEERS—PETER—QUIGLEY—THE ATTACK—THE DEFENCE—THE HOUSE ON FIRE—THE LETTER—NEW YORK.

THE lingering rays of the setting sun poured a flood of golden glory between the openings of large pines, oaks and shade trees, one summer evening as Richmond sat on the veranda of Ginger-piece mansion, solacing himself with a highly flavoured cigar, and enjoying the cooling zephyr that wafted the aroma of flowers and shrubs, while a young negro with a large banana fan kept at wheeling distance from his person the mosquitos and other insects peculiar to the Southern clime that terrify flesh and blood during the hot seasons, when, to his surprise and consternation, Peter Quigley, whom he never expected to see in the flesh, or to cross his path again, entered the front gate and advanced boldly towards him with a broad grin, exclaiming :

“Musha, masther dear, how is every lingsh and breadth av ye ? shure I thought I'd niver see ye agin.”

Richmond was so thunderstruck with the sudden apparition, that in his imagination he saw the fair young girl whom he threw over Banagher bridge into the deep stream beneath, now coming towards him by Peter's side, which caused him to grow deadly pale, and so faint that he could not articulate for some time. At last he somewhat revived, and cried out excitedly: "Peter where the deuce have you come from? I never thought I should see you again, eh?"

"Begorra, yer honor, neither would ye only we happened to meet in these foreign parts, shure they say it's a lucky thing fur ould friends to meet anyhow. Faith it's meself that's glad entirely to see yer honor wunst more, d'ye mind."

"Well, Peter, how have you got on since we parted in Ireland?"

"Begorra, bad enough yer honor."

"How is that, Peter?"

"Well, yer honor, aisy a while if ye can spare the time, an' I'll be afther tellin' ye."

"All right," replied Richmond, "go on with your narrative."

"Bedad, sur," began Peter, "whin I left the castle that afternoon which ye giv' me the money, I wint to pay Mrs. McGee a thrifle I owed her, an' take me lave av a few dacent nabors afore I started. Well, if I did, well an' good. Whin I wint in they all gathered round to see who'd thrate me first, Mrs. McGee wipin' away a big tear wid the corner av her apron. 'Wisha, Pether asthore,'

says she, 'It's meself that's sarry entirely for losin' sich a customer.' 'Zounds, Pether,' says Owen Tierney, 'come an' hav' a sup afore ye lave us, anyhow! Mrs. McGee, put up the pins and bring in a quart av yer best liquor.

"The dacent widdy, glad to get the ordher, soon laid the whiskey an' glasses an the table.

"Mrs. McGee," says I, "afore I titch a dhrop av the blessed spirits I'll pay the little I owe ye. How much is it?" 'Well, agra, reckonin' the pint ye sint the gorsoon fur last night, it comes to one pound two and tin-pence-half-penny.'

"'Here's yer money, says I, rub thim chalk marks aff the windy shutter.'

"'Throth will I, an' glad I am to do that same,' says she, countin her money. 'That's jist it, agra, God reward ye. Och hone, thin it's yerself that wor ever an' always the quiet an' 'onest Pether to pay yer debts whether ye owe any or not. Not loike some people who ar' so contrary that they are niver quiet bud when they ar' quarrelin' an' never satisfied bud when they are discontented an' in debt. It's sick people, Pether, that should go to Ameriky, or some uninhabited, unknown counthry which they can't find out, an' not let their relations or friends know where to find them. Thin, whin they wor all alone, if they should have a row or a quarrel wid their nixt neighbour, to save pace an' quietness, an' purvent blows, fight it out wid thim loike min. That's the way every dacent man should lead the way in society, while his best friends an' neighbours goes afore an' respect him.'



“Troth, thin, yer right enough, marm,’ says I, ‘shure divil a wan av ye ever spoke bud ye’d say somethin’.”

“Wid that I handed her a bottle, ‘here, Mrs. McGee,’ says I, ‘fill that wid a drop av yer best.’

“‘Troth will I, Pether agra,’ says she, ‘if I hav’nt a sup in the house.’

“Aftther we finished a couple pints, I shook hands wid them.

“‘Pether, *ma bouchal*,’ says Owen Tierney, ‘mind they don’t put the come-hither an ye out in them furrin parts, always dhrink slow, and don’t mix yer liquors, nor sit wid yer baek to the fire, an’ ould Nick himself can’t throw ye aff yer legs.’

“‘Thank ye, Owen,’ says I, ‘for sich a friendly advice,’ makin’ a start for the door.

“Oeh, me darlin’! sich a hullabaloo as wor thin, at last I got clear av them.

“The widdy threw her ould slipper aftther me for luck—an’ away I wint to Cork’s own town.

“Faix aftther I got out in the air the strong liquor took effect an me intellect, an’ I got so fuddled the divil a wan av me knows to this day how I got to Cork at all at all. Anyhow I found meself walkin up Cork Hill three days afttherwards as gay as ye plase, when who did I meet but Miles Quigley, a very dacent slip av a boy indeed, av I do say it meself, seein’ as how he’s me own first-cousin by the father’s side. He wor wid two av the Cassidy boys who came from beyant Tullamore. They’re related to me sisther-in-law, Nancy Quigley, be her first husband’s

brother-in-law's uncle. They came into Cork till the 'sises, bad sess to them, wor over, for ye see they wor in a little throuble, no matter what fur, bud I thrust an' pray they may come safe out av it, poor boys, for they are dacent father an' mother's childer' anyhow. Shure I ecouldn't do less nor ax thim in an' take a sup, for gra we met.

"'Cordin'ly in we goes to a public house on the Coal Quay, kept be one Larry O'Leary, a distant relation av me own from Banagher, whose father was transported a short time hack in regard av a gauger who had been found drowned in a well wid his neck broken. Anyway the ould man wor accused, tried an suspicion and sint acrass the say fur it at the Queen's expense.

"Some people said that ould O'Leary desarved what he got, an' others said that the gauger got what he desarved. So betune them be it. Anyway, Larry wor very friendly to meself. 'Larry, avick,' says I, 'bring us a quart av yer best whiskey.'

"'Never feer,' says he, 'bud I'll giv' it good to any boy from Banagher, anyhow.'

"Divil a long till he laid it afore us. Bedad, it 'ud have done yer heart good to see the bade on it. Och! murther, *elish!* that's the rale ould stuff. 'Larry, where did ye get it?'

"'Oh, never mind, Pether,' says he, 'shure, it's not every one that 'ud get it in that state.'

"Upon me reputation, one crapper av that 'ud bring the tears, if possible, to a young widdy's eyes that had

buried a bad husband. Shure, it's too strong entirely to dhrink it nate, 'Larry, bring some hot wather an' sugar.'

" 'All right, yer sowl,' says he, givin' one spring behind the little counther fur it.

" 'Now, boys, Granuail.'

" 'Erin-go-bragh,' says I.

" 'Ceadh-mille-failthe,' says they.

" 'Here's to Amerikey,' says I.

" 'Ould Ireland furever,' says they.

" 'We thin sat gosterin' about furrin parts. I'm on me way to New York, boys,' says I.

" 'Musha, thin Pether, dear, ye don't say so,' says they.

" 'Divil a lie in it,' says I.

" 'Why, thin, God send ye safe across the says,' says they.

"The more intimately we became acquainted wid each fresh jug av punch as it circulated round the table, the more book larnin' wor displayed. The most uncompatible, the most unamalgamatable, an' the most uncomeatable qualities that iver refused to 'sociate in the same individuals had no scruple to unite to ours, wid submission to yer honor. But I dislike mataphynisrics, which I lave to the machanical philosohophurs, an' purceed to state that we wor jist commincin' to discuss hemetically, hydroshtatics an' hydrophoby, whin in walks a sailor who turned the discoorse in another channel altogether."

" 'Any won here to go aboard?' says he.

" 'Yes, to be shure there is,' says I. 'Take a sup av this yer sowl afore ye lave, it 'll be after warmin' the cockles av yer heart,' says I.

“ ‘Here’s to a full sheet an’ a flowing say, an’ the lass that loves a sailor,’ says he.

“ More powder to yer magazine, me son, sit down an, take a *gollogue*,’ says I. ‘Here’s a hot corner an’ Killenny coals that’s half sulphur, to the villain that grudges ye to do that same,’ says I.

“ Well begorra, by great persuasion the sailor sat down an’ joined the discourse. Faith he did, an’ we had a foine time entirely, the sailor being a moighty larned man in navigashun. Divil resave the rope nor mast in the ship bud we pulled to pieces, an’ mixed them wid the punch, an’ parallels an’ whiskey, an’ longitudes an’ wather. ‘Pon me reputation, bud me head got so dizzy from the graditional quensequences of whiskey punch upon me equilibrium, that it upset me equanimity so perceptibly, that I lost my balance and wor purcipitated to the floor, where I measured me length benaath the table, metamorphoyed into a baste, savin’ yer honor’s favour. Somebody took me aboard, howsomdiver, in a state av ‘tossication an’ threw me down in the hould where I fell sound asleep, an’ niver awoke till I heerd a sailor cry out, ‘land oh,’ ‘that’s Long Island,’ says another.

“ Ye may laugh, bud divil a word I’m tellin’ bud the truth.

“ ‘Bud-an-agers,’ says I to meself, jumpin’ up, ‘am I dhramin? I don’t know. Och, murther *elish*, maybe I didnt heave ahead in my sthomatics, ay, sufficient to induce me backbone an’ me ribs to form a joint stock

company, d'ye uind. Begorra, to tell nothin' bud the truth, I wor sick entirely until long afther I landed, whin I met a boy on the quay, who axed me home wid him. Sure I wur glad to meet a dacent man, an' I went wid him, Goin' along we discoursed about the ould country. 'I hev a brother who knows all about the parts you come from,' says he.

"' Musha d'ye tell me so,' says I.

"' Divil a lie in it,' says he.

" Whin we got to the house his wife, I bleeve she wor, made me welcome. Afore we sat down to dinner, in walks his brother an' exclaimed in a very friendly manner, 'Musha, Pether Quigley, tundher an turf, how ar' ye?'

" Bedad, barin' me bowels that are in an uproar, an' me head dizzy from the effects av the say sickness, I feel purty well I'm obleeged to ye,' says I.

" Well to make a long story short, afther dinner we *gosthered* away about the ould country while we dhrank a quart av spirits (which I paid fur). Afthur we finished the liquor we felt purty well, 'Pether,' says the man who pretended to know me, 'udn't ye loike to come till I show ye the sights av the city?' 'Be dad I don't care if I do,' says I. 'Pether,' says he, as we walked along, 'if ye have any money I'd advise ye to deposit it in the bank fur safety, till ye want it. There's many thieves in this large city that 'ud soon 'ase ye av it.' 'Well, avick, I thought he wor an' 'onest man, an' away I wint wid him an' deposited me money (£400) in the bank (as I thought). 'Now,' says he, 'I'm contint in me mind, that

yer money is safe.' 'Troth it makes me own mind asy,' says I. Bedad he took me every place worth seein', an' be the same token I had to pay the piper fur both av us.

"'Be the hokey, I'll hev' to dhraw more money from the bank, sure all I've kept by me is gone,' says I.

"'Pether, yer too free wid yer money,' says he, as if he war me own brother. Bedad I had the greatest confidence in him regardin' the good nature he showed me.

"'Well no mather, sure I'll dhraw a trifle out anyhow,' says I startin' aff.

"But, lo, an' behould! whin I got there the place war locked. Throth I bleeve af ye stabbed me ye 'udn't dhraw a dhrop av blood, I war so dumbfounded. Well back I goes to look fur me wictimizer; but divil resave the foot av him war there.

"I thin axed a nabour hard by where he war gone. 'Oh! that party wor thieves an' had to fly, the bobbies ar' afther thim,' says he. 'Mille murther!' says I to myself, 'thim thieves hev' robbed me.'

"Back I goes agin to the bogus bank, bud could get no admittance. 'Bad cess to mè bud I'll break the bank or get me money,' says I.

"Away I goes an' borrys a crow-bar from some min who wor diggin' a foundation.

"'Be Jeburs Chrips I'll break the door,' says I. No sooner had I lifted the crow-bar, nar I war saized be two peelers from behind an' widout time to spake had the bracelets round me wrists, an' dragged me aff to the lock-

up, where they crammed me into a black-hole widout the least ceremony.

"Next morning I wor marched afore a big man wid a red nose, who surwayed me wid the scruthiny av a man whose eye wor practiced in scannin' culprits.

"Ah, constable,' says he, 'I see ye've nailed one of the gang at last.'

"I 'spect so, sur,' wor the reply, 'af he's not his sign boord belies him badly.'

"Bad luck to ye fur a thief, is it me ye mean?' says I. 'Hould yer tongue an' don't spake to the constable that way,' says the big chap on the bench.

"*Mahuop an dhowl!* it's not enough to be robbed av me money, but ye must be thratin' me loike a thief, hard feedin' to ye fur a parcel av vagabones,' says I.

"Constable put him in irons. But stay! yer quite sure that ye caught him in the act,' says he.

"Oh! quite positive sur, and here's the crow-bar we took from his hands while in the act of burstin' in the door.' 'That's conclusive evidence enough,' says the big chap.

Here I attempted to snake, but the man wid the red nose held up his finger, sayin',—'Whist, not a word above yer breath.'

"Take him away constable, get yer witnesses ready for the sessions next week, we'll hav' it tried first as a precedent; this is a very important case, it may lead to other arrests. 'I havn't the slightest doubt bud there's a gang of thim in the city, they scarce ever send out a lone bird,' says the policeman.

“ ‘Why, sir,’ cries out another peeler, ‘this is the fellow I saw no later nar ere yestherday in company wid Pug O’Neal an’ his chum, Dick the wedger, two av the most notorious house-breakers an’ blacklegs in New York.’

“ ‘I’ve followed thim to nearly ivery crib in the city, bud at last they give me the slip.’

“ ‘I can’t be mistaken in the scoundrel’s identity at any rate, fur a glimpse at that phiz, even by starlight would be sufficient to recognize that bull-dog head av his at the North Pole.’

“ ‘What’s yer name?’ says the magistrate.

“ ‘Pether Quigley, yer honor,’ says I, wid submission. ‘Why yer very name an’ yer looks ’ud be sufficient to condemn ye. I have no doubt bud yer one of the gang. Begorra yer playin’ yer thricks upon strangers nicely any how,’ says he, in a kind av a quizzin’ tone.

“ ‘Plase yer honor, I’d take it as a great convanience, —I mane as a favour af ye’d bleeve that there’s a small taste av a mistake, sure I don’t belong to any thevin’ gang at all at all. Bad luck to their sows, sure they ’ased me av all the money I had any how,’ says I.

“ ‘Before I could further explain, the magistrate cries out. ‘What further need hav’ we av questionin’, he confesses bein’ wid the gang. Take him back to the cell an’ put him in irons.’ Wherewith I wor dhragged an’ kicked be four peelers, into the gaol yard, where to my infinite dismay I found meself placed ’mong the most villainous an’ ’describable crew that iver graced a prison. They wor arranged two deep like sogers. ‘Hould up yer



head ye villain, an' don't be ashamed to look yer friends in the face,' says the gaoler, with whom I attempted to parly, bud wor near feelin' the weight av his heavy keys fur darin' to approach a man placed in such authority. All efforts to 'stablish me innocence, or to extricate me-self from the hands av the Philistines wor futile.

"Every word I said was put down as a cunnin' device to evade the lash av the law.

"Put that ruffian in cell No. 5,' says the gaoler.

"Come this way, Quigley, folly me, yer goin' to be put where ye'll have an opportunity av sayin' yer prayers,' says the turnkey.

"Musha, thin, sweet bad luck to ye fur villains, is it goin' to put me in quod ye are fur nc rason whatsome-diver. To the divil's warmin' pan wid ye all fur a pack av spalpeens. Divil fire me, bud ye'll suffer fur this false 'prisonment. - What can ye do bud hang or thransport me, ye pack av hell hounds that ye are! Be the Rock o'Cashel, if a man's sowl had a crust av sin a foot thick, the best way to get it aff 'ud be to shoot a few dozen loike ye. Divil a bether way he could 'complish corporal works av marcy. Hell saize the day's pace or happiness ever 'll be in the country till jidges, gaolers an' hangmen are all swept out av it. Sure they call this a free country, divil fire me av its half as free as ould Ireland, bad as it is. I scarce landed when I wor pounced upon be two thieves, robbed and afterwards crammed into gaol fur nothin' at all at all. Och! murt' er, sheary, af I wor back wonst more in the ould sod the divil an'

Docthor Foster 'ud niver persuade me to come to 'Merikey agin, worra, worra.'

"'That's a purty spache,' cried the turnkey, 'it 'll sarve ye very much I don't think whin yer thrial comes on.'

"I consigned him to a very warm climate in reply an' lay down on the floor from sheer exhaustion, where ye may 'asily 'magine what I felt an' thought. I cursed the day I ever came to the counthry. Whilst thus dispensin' me execrations, I fell off into the arms av Murphy, an' niver awoke till the turnkey introduced the toe av his brogne to me posterior nixt mornin', sayin' :

"'Get up an' pay fur yer doss.'

"I wor knocked about from post to pillar by thim thievin' turnkeys, who have no more feelin' fur a human bein' thin af he wor a nager. At last the day av thrial came, an' glad I wor fur that same. I wor paraded wid a pair av bracelets on me wrists an' marched atween two peelers from the cell to the court-room. What a strange feelin' came over me afther lavin' the lonely cell, in regard av the crowded court whose looks av eager curiosity turned towards meself as I enthered the dock. The usual ceremonial went forward, the ju'y wor 'pannelled an' the state clerk read aloud a whole rigmarole av charges agin meself.'

"'Are ye guilty or not guilty av these charges?' says he, afther he had read them.

"'Pon me faix, thin I'm not,' says I. This answer he wrote down carefully in his big book. The jidge then

axed if I wor purvided wid a counsel. 'Divil a won av me knows what ye mane,' says I, in bewilderment.

"'Have ye any won to spake fur ye,' says he.

"'The narra won yer honor,' says I. Then he 'pointed a lawyer to act in me behalf. 'Musha, thank yer honor fur that same,' says I. 'Keep silence,' says he.

"In the manetime the counsel fur the state surveyed me wid that eagle glance peculiar to his purfession. First he looked at me through his goggles, an' thin he stared at me above them, he measured me from head to feet, he noticed every little circumstance av me dress an' behaviour, as though to catch some clue to me thoughts.'

"Never did a kingfisher look so sharply at the unfortunate innocent little fish in the clear blue wather, upon which he was goin' to pounce with his talons with more penetratin' eyes than did the lawyer regard meself.

"'Yer name is Pether Quigley,' says he in a manner calculated to upset me equanimity.

"'Yes, sur, an' it's meself that isn't ashamed av the name,' says I.

"'Hav'ye iver been called be any other name?' says he, starin' at me as if I wor a thief.

"'The narra name but Pether Quigley did I iver pussess, 'cept when I wor a gorsoon the boys used to call me a blockhead.'

"This answer drew a big laugh from the audience which caused the lawyer to look very crass at me over his specks.

"Thin the two peelers who arrested me wor sworn an'

'identified me as the man they caught burstin' in the door, and purduced the crowbar wid which I war armed.

"Everything now seemed to go agin me. I thought I was doomed to crass the says agin. Heretofore I 'udn't be allowed to spake a word to clear up the mistake that I well knew the peelers made in arrestin' me instead av the rale thieves.

"Bud now the judge says to me, 'Have ye any witnesses to call in yer defence?'

"The narra wan, me lord, 'sept perhaps the captain av the ship.'

"What ship d'ye mane?' says he.

"The ship I came across the says in, me lord,' says I. Thin I tould him the name av the ship, when he sint for the captain an' two sailors who had seen me an board.'

"Well, ye see there's conclusive evidence agin' ye,' says he. 'Hav' ye nothin' to say in yer own defence?'

"Faith, me lord, I 'udn't be allowed to open me mouth in me own behalf till now.'

"Well, it's time enough now. What have ye to ad-duce now that can confute the testimony already against ye?' says he.

"I thin up an' tould him ivery word as I have tould you, how I lost me four hundred pounds be puttin' it in a bogus bank.'

"Sometimes a flash av lightnin' will disclose what in the sunshine has escaped the eye. So did conviction break upon the minds av judge an' jury that I wor innocent av the charge preferred agin' me.

"From that out I could plainly see that the judge an' jury wor all an me side.

"Afther I had finished me story the lawyer stands up an' says :

"That's a very feasible story, me lord, it's jist loike what an accomplished housebreaker 'ud conceot. Will ye allow me to swear the fellow ?' 'Yes,' says the judge.

"Afther I wor sworn.

"Are ye acquainted wid any persons in New York ?' says the lawyer.

"Divil the wan 'sept the turnkay, who has so frequently an' unceremoniously introduced the toe av his brogue to the broadest part of me anatomy, in the cell,' says I. (This caused an uproar of laughter 'mong the audience.)

"I see ye'r a wit, Pether,' says he.

"Bedad I'm not, sur. Af I war sure I 'udn't be here afore this coort to-day.'

"Do ye mane to tell me that ye don't know any pick-pockets or thieves ?' says he.

"I thought he wanted to 'trap me in regard av the fellows that robbed me. So I stared at him without answerin'.

"Why don't ye answer me question ? You look at me as if I wor a rogue,' says he.

"To be sure I do,' says I. (Big laugh 'mong the spectators.)

"Upon yer oath ye think me a rogue,' says he.

"Pon me faith, to tell nothin' bud the truth, I don't

think yer an honest man,' says I. (Continued laughter.)

"Ye swear to that an yer oath?"

"Troth I do, to be sure; an' what else could I be afther thinkin," says I.

"Now, be good enough to tell me why ye think so," says he.

"Bud-an-agers bekase ye'r doing ye're level best to make me perjure meself, says I." (Roars of laughter.)

"Wid that the lawyer jumps up in a rage an' cries out at the top of his voice, 'Me lord, I appeal to ye for protection; will ye suffer a man that's been through the several degrees of the legal purfession, to be made a laughin'-stock av in an open court, by such a bull-dog lookin' scoundrel as this?'"

"Musha then devil fire ye for an *omathawn*, what matter how many degrees ye've been through, faith me mother had a calf that sucked two mooly cows, an' she found that the more he sucked the bigger calf he grew, d'ye mind, says I, as cool as a cucumber.

"Wid that the decorum av the audience gave way entirely to the wildest excesses av applause—the court, the jury, an' even the old jidge himself laughed till the tears came to their eyes, an' though the crier loudly purclaimed silence, the tumult continued; all simblance av respect seemed suddenly annihilated. At last ordher was partly restored, an' while the sounds av mirth wor subsidin', the jidge stands up, takes aff his glasses, an' looks at meself wid 'stonishment an' a repres't smile on his ruddy face an' exclaimed, 'Do ye know where ye ar', sur?'"

"Faith thin I do, me lord, wid submission; 'tis the first time I wor iver in such an awkward situation as this, an' I hope it'll be the last."

"Wid that the cap'ain an' two sailors av the sh.p which I come over in made their appearance, an' wor examined separately. They testified that I came across from Cork wid thim, an' afther landin' they saw two land-sharks grab me, an' walk me aff. They didn't think I had any money an' me or else they'ud hav' given more attention to me welfare.

"Besides this, the police wint down to the bogus bank where I had deposited the money, an' found it an empty room which had recently been occupied by thieves, who wor obliged to fly, afther takin' me money. Afther all, the testimony wor heard wid the greatest attention.

"The jidge briefly addressed the jury an' directed thim to deliver a verdict av not guilty. The word wor reiterated be the jury amid loud cheers av applause from the audience, whin I wor borne from the dock on the shoulders av me cuntry-men who wor there watchin' the trial an' well plased at my release.

"They thin made up tin dollars 'mong thim for me, an' afther purchasin' a railroad ticket fur Albany started me off on the cars wid seven dollars in me pocket.

"When I arrived in that city Robinson's circus wor purformin' there. So what did I do bud hire wid the manager fur twenty dollars a month. In which situation I continued till the sheriff saized on the circus for debt, in a town called Algiers on the Mississippi.

"They owed me over six months' wages at the time, but divil resave the *keenogue* av it I iver got. I wor thin as poor as a church mouse, begorra I did'nt know what to do.

"Any way I started for the counthry, where I wint into a farmer's house while the family wor at dinner, an' bein' ould counthry people they were very friendly an' axed me to join thim. Not wishin' to make strange at sich a time I gladly 'cepted their hospitality, havin' previously put four bricks into me valise to make people bleeve it wor full av valuables; while it didn't contain any thin' else 'sept a little hay wrapped round the bricks to keep thim from quarellin' wid each other.

"Afore I sat down I handed the valise to the landlord, sayin', 'plase take particular care av this.' Bedad durin' the male we gostered foynly. I could pursave be the discourse that they wanted to pump me regardin' me business.

"In troth I'm goin' to purchase a farm of land somewhere round these parts, I loike the locality moighty well.' There wor two marriageable daughters listenin', an' whin they heard I wor goin' to buy a farm they kind av warmed to me an' axed me to stay wid thim while I wor lookin' round fur the farm. Afters a great dale of persuasion I consinted to stay.

"I thrust ye're an 'onest man,' says I, 'bekase I'm about to place great confidence in ye.' 'Well, sir, if I turn out dishonest to you, it's more nor I did in me 'hole life to any person, 'sept to Ellen there,' says he, pointin'



towards his wife. 'Here thin,' says I, dhrawin' out a large black leather pocket book, well secured by a strap that locked wid a spring, 'keep this safe till I want it. I'm goin' to look round fur a suitable farm, which I can invest the money in.'

"That book contains all the money I'm worth, therefore ye'll pardon me to be cautions about whose hands I trust wid it.'

"Och, *alanna!* I'll warrant ye it'll be as safe as if it wor tin fadoms undher ground.'

"I'll pud it wid our own thrifle that's in small bills; an' afther that, let Ellen alone for' keepin' it safe,' says he, goin' up stairs wid it at the same time callin' meself to follow till he'd show me a bed room.

"I stayed there fur a week, an' made thim bleeve I wor lookin' out fur a farm.

"I'm goin' about tin miles to-day to see a property that's fur sale,' says I, one mornin' afther breakfast, 'I may be back by supper time. Bud stay *bud-an-agers*, I'm goin' wid empty pockets, give me a few dollars,' says I to the landlord.

"How much 'll do ye,' says he, goin' up stairs.

"Oh! 'bout thirty or forty dollars.'

"Begob, sur, here's all the small change Ellen has, a twenty dollar goold piece an' a dollar in silver, bud I'd take it as a favour if ye'd be contint with the goold piece, and lave me the small change, fur ye see the fact is this, sur, plase, she——,' says he, wid a shrewd wink an' a nod, pointing wid his thumb over his shoulder as he spoke,——she wears the——what ye know, sur.'

“ ‘Pon me reputation I thought so, bud a man av yer size to be hin-picked, must be a deluder entirely, or yer bether half ’ud allow ye more liberty. ’Pon me veracity, I shan’t giv’ ye a cent till aafter I return, then if it be agreeable to yer wife I may giv’ ye a thrifle,’ says I walkin’ aff.

“ I heard that about a month afterwards the family opened the pocket-book an’ found a large sheaf of circus play bills packed closely together, an’ on openin’ the valise found it contained four red bricks carefully wrapped up in a hay *sugawn*.

“ Aafter that adventure I done a little with the cards that kept me in spendin’ money.

“ Whin I got to New Orleans I heard that a rale Irish gintleman bought a plantation.

“ ‘Begorra,’ says I, to meself, ‘I’ll bet me reputation that’s me ould masther.’

“ Sure I often hard him spake av purchasin’ a plantation down South. Bad sess to me ef I don’t go down an’ see ef it’s him at any rate, maybe I’d get a job any how down ’mong thim rich planters. So away I came, an’ here I am yer honour’s most obedient servant.” “ Pether, said Richmond, “it’s a great pity that they did not hang you before you got this far.”

“ Och ! murther sheery, masther dear, why do ye spake loike that, aafter all I have done for ye ? ”

“ Have I not paid you well for your services ? ” said he.

“ Paid me well, did ye say ? I wor the manes av

winnin' fifty thousand pounds fur ye on the Curraugh, and all ye iver giv' me wor five hundred pounds, afther promisin' to make a man av me, ef ye won the races. A purty man ye made av me, be sendin' me out to this hathen land loike an exile of Erin. Ef ye call that payin' me well, it goes beyant me comprehension entirely. Bud in regard av what I did fur ye in the horse jockeyin' an' horse doctherin' line I don't value it a *thraneen* compared wid that murtherin' business on the bridge, presarve the hearers. Bad sess to me af there's a night since bud I see that sweet colleen in me dhrames, 'sept when I go to bed, tossicated, which I often do 'purpose to get a night's rest in pace. Sometimes I see her strugglin' in your arms an' hear her call on me to save her. Other times I 'magine I hear the splash in the wather, whin her heart-rendin' screech wakes me an' I jump up in a fright. I don't want any more sleep that night lest I'd be afther seein' her agin."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Peter," exclaimed Richmond, "don't talk to me any more about that night or you'll drive me mad. I thought you had forgotten it before this."

"Faith, so I 'ud af I could, sur, bud me conscience won't allow me to forget it at all at all. Pon me faix, it's true enough what ould Nanny tould me that the colleen's spectre 'ud haunt me an' disturb me dhrames wherever I wint. In troth, af the truth wor known, sur, yer own pace av mind can't be very sweet, 'cordin' to ould Nanny's purdictions, an' I bleeve every word she tould me."

"Peter, you had better go down to the kitchen and tell the cook to get you some dinner and something to drink, for you must be thirsty after all you have been talking."

"Bedad, sur, I'll do that same fur I'm much in need av 'freshments. Bud afore I go, sur, wid submission, I'm entirely out av money, an' I'd take it as a great favor af ye' let me have a few dollars."

Richmond, glad to get rid of the loquacious rascal, put his hand in his pocket and handed him fifty dollars, saying, "There, don't let me ever hear you mention that transaction again."

"Musha, then in troth, there's little fear av that as long as ye don't see me short av a few dollars whin I want thim."

Richmond sat motionless and in deep meditation after Peter's reminder. His deranged thoughts reverting back to that dark night on the bridge when that poor farmer's daughter whom he seduced, struggled in his arms and prayed for mercy.

Peter, well knowing by his ghastly features and vacant stare that his thoughts were far away, started for the kitchen where he introduced himself to Phillis the colored cook, who soon dished up a good dinner for him.

Richmond, on returning to his usual equanimity after Peter's exit, exclaimed with vehemence, "Curse that scoundrel! I thought I should never see him again. But now I have a presentiment that he'll do me some mischief if I don't have him put out of sight some way or other. He knows very well that I am in his power,

and will have to come to his terms every time whatever they may be. What misfortune I had to leave myself in the power of such a base villain."

Meanwhile Peter initiated himself amongst the hands round the house and did almost as he pleased at Ginger-piece. Richmond was obliged to supply him with money whenever he wanted any, and that was often enough, for he was continually drinking and gambling with the vulgar herd of the village. Confident that some favourable opportunity would unfold itself of driving Peter from his path for ever, Richmond closed his eyes to many of his rascalities. At last, after suffering untold mortifications from the frequent blackmailings resorted to by Peter to extort money for villainous purposes, the time had arrived for Richmond to move in the matter, without any danger of having his own neck stretched. The country was in an uproar over the presidential election, which took place on the 6th November, 1860, and resulted in the choice of Abe Lincoln, when the ambitious and unprincipled leaders of the Southern States set diligently to work to accomplish the long cherished design of upsetting the government established in the days of yore by their forefathers, that they themselves might rise to power and position.

By means of inflammatory speeches and appeals to the masses, they succeeded in "firing the southern heart," plainly shewing that madness had usurped the throne of reason.

Shortly after the secession of Southern States, the

Union troops were soon on the march, and great was the terror and commotion amongst the inhabitants.

The most bitter feelings of animosity were engendered against the Northerners residing in the Southern States. Many were floggèd, mobbed, tarred and feathered, or hanged, according to the whims of passions engendered. Merchants, peasants and others were robbed of their goods, and notified to leave without time to collect their debts or dispose of their property. Traders on the Mississippi were driven from their schooners by gangs of marauders.

"How do, Joss?" said Richmond, on meeting the nigger-trader one morning while out walking.

"Purty well, sir, considerin' the onsettled state of the kentry," was the reply.

"Yes, indeed," said Richmond, "it's troublesome times. Have you heard," continued he, "that we have seceded from Abe Lincoln's government and have set up one on our own account?"

"Oh, yes," answered Joss, "and I know thet the hull kentry ar' up in arms. Troops ar' bein' concentrated on the banks of the Miss. Thar' ar' awful work agoin' on, I reckon we ar' a hangin' every cussed abolitionist we kin katch. Thar's no use in foolin' any longer. It's got ter kum ter blows at last, an' we calculate on gettin' the fust shot at them darned Yanks ef we kin. By hangin an' tarrin' a few on 'em at oncet 'll have the effect ef checkin' their little game, I reckon."

"I quite agree with you," said Richmond, "every

abolitionist in the country ought to be hanged. The time has arrived for every true Confederate to stand up and do his duty."

"That's so, sir," said Joss, "an' ef thar' be any persons har 'mong us who ar' gettin' thar livelyhood at our hands, an' yit ar' ag'in us its time thet we ought ter know it. So as ter help him to leave, or hang him"

"Well," said Richmond, "there's a cursed Irish-Yankee around here that ought to be seen to at once, for he's stirring up the minds of my niggers. Yesterday in the hearing of my foreman he told them that inside of a month they would be set free by the Yankees."

"What's his name?" asked Joss, "he ought ter be seen ter at oncet."

"Peter Quigley," replied Richmond, "one of my own hands, he's an idle, good-for-nothing scoundrel, that's always hanging round the tavern either gambling or drinking,"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Joss, "it's my friend Peter, is it. I should think I do know him, an' I'd like ter see the one, that don't round these parts. He's alus purty flush with money at any rate. But no matter that's neither her nor there. Ef he's an abolitionist, he's got to get up an' get, or we'll help him purty quick I reckon."

"Here are two hundred dollars," said Richmond, handing Joss the bills, "I want that scoundrel put out of sight, so that I may never see him again. But whatever you do don't hurt him," continued he with a knowing wink, "you understand what I mean, don't you, eh?"

"I rather think I do," replied Joss, "hangin' don't hurt, does it sir?"

"Don't know," was the answer, "I never tried it. But, I never heard of any one that was hanged complain afterwards!"

With that they joined in a hearty laugh.

"We'll see to this Irish Yank any how," said Joss. "The time hav' kum to do our duty," continued he, "an' ef thar' be need we'll hav' ter proceed to the front an' giv' them blarsted Yanks a good lickin'. But I don't calculate we'll be called on, fur them cowardly Unionists hav' no spunk ter fight any how."

"But stay," cried Richmond, "return to me by the end of this week with some satisfactory testimony that this job has been successfully carried out, and you shall have a rich reward. Deliver this note," continued he, handing Joss an envelope addressed to Gen'l. Ewell, Cont'd Army, Miss., "he is an old friend of mine and will give you any assistance you may require."

"All right, sir," said Joss, "trust to me and let mum be the word."

About nine the following evening Peter Quigley with a few others of his convivial associates, were enjoying their wonted social dram, debating rather boisterously the probabilities of a free fight between the North and South, not suspecting for a moment the plans that were then being propounded for his capture and execution as a Yankee spy, by the nigger trader whom he had often treated to his skinful of tangle-leg, at the whiskey mill,



but who was then the leading member of a party in an adjoining room of conspirators against him.

"Wal, lads," began Joss, "what I want to enlighten you 'pon ar' this.—I calculate thet it ar' a darnation shame fur us to stan' round hyar a doin ef nuffin an' the hull kentry busily hangin' an' tarrin' those hyar cussed abolitionists. I kin tell ye thar's a feller livin' right hyar in our midst, thet ar' a blarsted Yankee Irishman an' or'ter be swung right away, for he's raisin' particular fits 'mong the nigs on Ginger-piece, fillin' them with false hopes of freedom."

"Who is he?" cried his compatriots.

"Peter Quigley," replied Joss, "don't you hear him in the next room backin' up the Yanks?"

"But, maybe his boss, who ar' all right fur the South, wouldn't loike ter hav' us a meddlin' with his hands," suggested one of the conclave.

"Oh! I'll answer fer thet," said Joss, "as I happen ter be posted on that point. He'll not only be thankful ter us fur the job, but he'll recompense us handsomely, an' you all know he's got the stamps ter do it with."

"Wal, whet do ye calculate to do with this hyar Yankee-Irishman, any how?" asked one of the gang.

"Hold on a few minutes, let's hav' a drink first, all talk an' no cider ar' very dry biz," said Joss, touching the bell as he spoke.

"I'll tell you my plan arter I wet my whistle. Waiter," said he, as that personage made his appearance, "brin' us a quart ef your best Bourben, some ice-water, lemons, two dozen cigars and some matches."

After the soul-stirring-element was placed before them they drank deeply to the cause of the Confederacy, and death to abolitionists.

After lighting their cigars and placing their feet on the table, Joss commenced :

"Dick, you'll go down to old Buza an' get his hack, thar's the stamps ter pay fur it," said he, throwing the bills on the table. "You kin thin drive down toward Ginger-piece an' wait fur us on the road.

"We'll watch an' wait on the skunk, I know he'll be well corned. We'll help him inter the keerage an' take our seats each side of him. Then you'll drive ter camp where thar stringin' up Yanks by the dozen. He bein' a spy, of course, we'll have him hung at oncet. Old Ewell 'll send an escort with us ter do the biz. I know the old cuss like a book, I does. He thinks no more on shootin' an abolitionist than he would of a woodchuck."

Accordingly they started out on their nefarious mission, after getting their flasks filled with Bourbon at the bar. Dick got the carriage and drove slowly, while the other three marked time on the road which they well knew Peter would return by. They had not long to wait, however, for soon after the tavern was cleared of the whiskey-sucking loafers and closed for the night, they heard Peter coming, staggering from one side of the road to the other.

"Good night, Peter," said Joss, as he came up to them.

"Musha, thin, Joss, *ma bouchal*, is that yerself?" at

the same time stretching out his hand, "lave it there fur Auld Lang Syne," exclaimed Peter, in a jovial rollicking manner.

"Say, driver," cried Joss, on coming up with the carriage, wouldn't ye give us a lift?"

"Certainly, jump in," was the reply.

Whereupon they got in, Peter in the centre, and away they drove at a topping pace. Before they had driven a mile Peter was fast asleep. It was twelve miles to the rebel camp. The road being good and the night fine they drove it inside of two hours. On reaching the camp they were startled by the sharp challenge of the sentry, who cried out at the top of his voice,

"Halt! who comes thar?" at the same time bringing his musket down with a sharp motion to the charge, the bayonet glistening in the starlight.

Whereupon the carriage halted, when Joss got out, advanced toward the sentry with a timid, nervous step and cried in a subdued tone, "It are friends, comrade."

"Advance friends, all's well."

"Sentry, haint there a General Ewell around these parts?" enquired Joss.

"Yes, there's his quarters," replied the sentry, pointing toward a large farm house among some trees. "The division he commands are encamped north of the house."

"I've heard," said Joss, "that he's a tip-top 'un fur our cause. I hev a dispatch fur him an' hev kum from Gingeepiece with a blarsted pestiferious Yankee spy."

"Well," replied the sentry, "here comes the orderly officer, he will instruct you."

When that personage came up Joss laid his case before him as above, upon which that official showed them into an empty room, saying,

"You can occupy this room to-night. The chief is a-bed and don't wish to be disturbed unless there's something very pressing, but this job will keep till morning."

They carried Peter into the room where they laid him on the floor and soon had the satisfaction of hearing him give lucid demonstrations of being in the land of dreams, when they slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

Dick put up the horses, after which they drew forth their flasks of liquor, lit their cigars and lounged round the room till morning, drinking and smoking.

"Comrades, you keep your eye on thet skunk," said Joss next morning, pointing to Peter as he lay asleep, "while I go with this hyar dispatch ter the general."

"All right," replied his associates, "we'll 'tend ter him."

"Tell the boss," said Joss to a rebel soldier who answered his summons at the officer's door, "that I want ter speak with him on particular biz."

"Walk upstairs, sir," said the rebel chief, who overheard the discourse. "What's the matter?" said he, as Joss approached him.

"Here's a dispatch sir, from Squire Clanronald," said Joss, handing him the letter. "I hev' travelled twelve miles durin' the night," continued Joss, "fur the good ef the Confederate cause, seeing as how the kentry are

over run with Yankee spies. We happened ter nab one of the worst sort incitin' the nigs agin the South, an' playin' particular fits with the cause."

"All right," cried the "rebel chief, we'll soon stop his wind-bag, as we've done many more. Orderly," said he, "tell Lieutenant Gilbert I want him." Soon afterwards that officer stood before him. "There's another Yankee spy to be executed to day," said he, addressing the subaltern, "march him under the usual escort to the place of execution and string him up in the usual manner. It's the only way of striking terror into these cussed Yankees. I calculate they'll get tired before we do," said the rebel chief, as he coolly lit his cigar.

When the officer entered the room Peter awoke, and, finding his wrists encircled with a pair of bracelets, jumped up, stared at the soldiers and exclaimed in a very excited tone,

*"Murther elish!* what 'ud ye be aafter doin' to me, ye parcel av thieves?"

"You jist shet up," cried one of the escort, at the same time administering such a blow with the butt of his musket as laid Peter measuring his length on the floor, and closed his mouth from further palaver. Then he shoved him down stairs without ceremony and marched him off to the place of execution, which was a clump of oak trees about a mile from the camp. As they marched along in silence Peter ventured to address the officer, although in doing so he ran the risk of feeling the weight of a clubbed musket. "Sir," said he in a supplicating tone, "I'd

take it as a great favour if yer honor 'ud allow me to spake a few words?" "Yes," replied the officer, "your time in this world is drawing to a close pretty fast, you haven't many minutes to live, anyhow. So you can go on and make the best use of the short time you have. If there's anything very heavy disturbing your conscience repent at once!"

"What have I done?" queried Peter, "to be handcuffed an' a prisoner loike this? Please tell me who is the cause of it?" "Wal," replied the officer, "you've been sent here a prisoner by Squire Clanronald, of Gíngér-piece, for being a renegade Irishman and a Yankee spy, and one of the worst and meanest kind! The death of a dog is too good for such varmint! A strong rope and a good lift is the best persuader to cure such scum as you of your Yankee proclivities!" The truth flashed on Peter's mind that he was sold by Richmond, in order that he might get rid for ever of the only witness (as he thought), to that murder which he had committed on the bridge.

Peter knew there was no use in further palaver with the escort, so he said no more, but resigned himself to God.

On arrival at the spot whereon many Yankees had suffered the penalty of death at the hands of the rebels, for their fidelity to their country the officer gave the command: "Halt, bring a rope here, one of you!"

A good sized rope was then produced, this being an indispensable part of camp-equipage among the rebel army. Besides it cost less money than powder and bullets.

The noose was placed around Peter's neck, who closed his eyes and offered his soul to God!

"Get up one of you," said the officer, "and slip the rope over that strong limb." One of the soldiers got on his comrade's shoulders for the purpose of reaching the required branch, when a bullet passed through his head, and down he fell lifeless to the ground, his life blood spattering over Peter as he stood resigned to his fate with the rope round his neck.

A volley of musketry rang on his ears knocking over several of the party.

"The Yankees are upon us," was the sudden cry, and away the rebels ran as fast as their legs could carry them, pursued by the Union troops who came upon them unawares while advancing to surprise the rebel camp, and seeing the man about to be launched into eternity fired upon the party, and doubled to the rescue. All the rebel rascals they did not shoot down they took prisoners.

They then released Peter, took the handcuffs from his wrists, and sent him back to their own camp, where he gladly joined the Louisiana volunteers.

After Joss and his compeers had seen Peter marched off to the place of execution, they entered their carriage and drove back, but not before Joss had obtained a certificate from the rebel chief, verifying the completion of his commission.

This voucher he handed to Richmond on his return with the demeanour of a man who had performed a most important and trying task for the cause of the Confede-

raey. Richmond being satisfied with the authenticity of the document handed Joss the promised liberal reward.

In the meantime the Union troops advanced cautiously, and surprised the Confederate camp, dealing death and destruction to the foe, who fled from the frightful onslaught and took to the woods, hot y pursued by their bitter and determined enemy, old Ewell, their chief, barely escaping the death which he so richly deserved by a precipitate retreat across the country as fast as his horse could carry him. The surprise of the Confederate camp was hailed with demonstrations of joy throughout the state by the Unionists, while the Secessionists raved and swore with bitter indignation.

The commotion increased hourly, placards were posted all over the Crescent city, and intelligence of the disaster spread like wild-fire all over the country.

The Secessionists now driven to desperation, rushed headlong toward the levee, hurling incendiary torches among vast quantities of cotton-bales and other stores, when clouds of smoke and lurid flames burst forth rolling in opaque volumes heaven-ward. In the meantime the Union gun-boats appeared on the river and threatened the Confederate cause with destruction. The gallant Unionists advanced rapidly after the retreating rebels, bearing their proud flag of liberty flaunting in victory's van, striking terror into the hearts of Secessionists.

As the Louisiana volunteers advanced on Ginger-piece mansion, "There's the house, sur," exclaimed Peter Quigley, addressing the captain of his company, "where



that traitor Clanronald lives (that I tould ye av) who belied an' bethrayed me into the hands av the rebels to have me hung."

The report was duly made to the commanding officer, who ordered the house to be attacked, the rebel proprietor captured, and his property confiscated.

Richmond having been warned of the enemy's advance, barricaded the lower part of the house until it was pronounced impregnable by the garrison. Then after arming himself, Blake, and the foreman with revolvers, and the niggers with a couple of shot guns and other missiles of destruction, took post at the upper windows determined to hold the fortress or die in the attempt.

On approaching the mansion the troops were deployed into line and halted in front of the house, when Richmond was called upon to surrender. "What do you want?" cried he.

"We want you down here at once or you'll have to put up with the consequences," was the stern rejoinder. "Then you can't have me, and I want yourself and your cursed followers to get off my premises at once. A man's house ought to be his castle."

With that the window from which he spoke was made the target for over a dozen of bullets. A party of soldiers advanced with clubbed muskets to break the door open. But all their strength and ingenuity to force an entrance was futile, when they were forced to retire through the heavy fire of the besieged at the windows.

Now the fire opened with a vengeance on both sides ;

the besiegers, who were without cover, suffered severely from the steady aim and sure fire of Richmond's and Blake's revolvers. The officer, seeing so many of his men fall without making any progress, or even breaching the fortress, ordered the house to be set on fire and surrounded. This movement had the desired effect. As the flames increased the besieged were forced out to be knocked over, shot down, or stabbed by the troops. Richmond now in despair cautiously crept through a man-hole, known only to himself, at the back part of the house, and succeeded in making his escape to the woods unobserved, while Blake, in attempting the same plan, was knocked over insensible. The foreman and the niggers who took part in the fight were either killed or wounded. The troops scoured the woods after Richmond, but could find no tidings of him. He had run over twelve miles through the woods as fast as his legs could carry him till he reached the railroad station, where he took the cars for New York, and put up at his old rooms, Madison-square.

The morning of the raid Richmond had received a letter which bore the Canadian postmark. But though he shoved it into his pocket without opening it on account of the excitement, the next morning after breakfast, however, he opened it and found it was an effusion from the pen of the exemplary Joe Jebo, the contents of which I trust will be sufficiently interesting to warrant its perusal :

PICTON, ONT., — 18—.

SIR,—Having promised to write you from Canada, I hasten to do myself the honor of redeeming my word. I reached Belleville safely about eight o'clock the evening after parting with you, and rode in Lake's 'bus from the railroad station to the Dafee House. I cannot refrain from the liberty of congratulating you upon the success of your newly acquired enterprise, an account of which I have had the pleasure of reading in the *Louisiana Herald*. I have heard that the den are greatly incensed and swear vengeance against me, but as I have not betrayed a tittle against them except to release your friend, I trust ultimately to pacify the club and return again like the prodigal son to be received and affiliated once more with the society, for I do assure you, sir, when I gaze into the blue and interminable vault of the firmament and behold the myriads of bright stars that illumine the earth, my thoughts wander to that glorious and beloved flag of liberty which dips not to thrones nor powers nor principalities.

I am convinced that a true patriot never leaves his native country if he can avoid it. Even should I, through the little delicacies of art which I execute so well, ever have the misfortune of falling into the hands of the Philistines and be compelled to board at the public expense, the ties of birthplace and my old associates are so strong within me as to induce me to embrace the first favourable opportunity of returning.

I cannot say that I am very fond of the Canadians; the majority of them are a penurious people compared with the Americans. The only way that can be accounted for is that the country is overrun by "cannie Scots," who know how to cling to the bawbees.

A few days after I arrived in Picton, where I went after I left Belleville, I saw, while sitting at dinner in the hotel, a young fellow of the most prepossessing exterior secrete something which I could not clearly perceive, as he stowed it away carefully in a table napkin before placing it in his pocket. I calculated that it must have been something valuable, a silver tankard or something of the sort. However, I followed him and soon got an opportunity of transferring this purloined treasure to my own pocket. Imagine my astonishment after hastening to my room where I opened the

little parcel carefully, to find—yes, to find a dozen of common crackers. Oh, the meanness of some people. The fact is I would have despised the lower order of the profession had I not valued myself upon giving them a charm, and investigating them with a dignity never bestowed upon them before. Who would be a slovenly thief when there is such respect and advantages in being a high-toned smart one. I was greatly surprised at meeting one of our hive located in this country.

He had to fly from New York like myself for betraying the boys to the bobbies, selling his birthright in the club for the paltry sum of two thousand dollars. He started operations here in the County P. E., under the *alias* of A. Geeley. He bought five hundred acres of land by paying a couple hundred dollars down, then mortgaged it for all it was worth. Would you believe it? He once ran for member of parliament and actually got elected. He afterwards, through political influence, got sheriff of the county, a lucrative office by-the-by. But, I was glad to hear that he never demeaned himself or his old profession by hanging a man during his shrievalty. He was what they call in these parts a smart man. But when he let the bank and a few of the leading politicians in for a few heavy drafts, they came to the conclusion that he was also smart at penmanship, for some of the names he so cleverly forged had to respond and pay the notes. But he had to fly to a fresh field; some of the names (had he stood his ground), would be apt to get him ten years free rations in that strong boarding-house at Kingston. But the meanest trick he played round here was to let an old soldier and an honest carriage-builder in jointly for a large amount.

“I might have related many amusing and interesting incidents that came under my notice in Picton. But already I have intruded too much on your patience, and apologize for the prolixity of this epistle which has grown beneath my hands to a length I had never anticipated. I hope I shall soon be able to return to New York again. And now wishing you all the happiness this world can afford,

I beg to remain your obedient, humble servant,

JOE JEBO.

Richmond knowing that Lady Iris had returned from her mission of mercy in the East, and trusting that time, and the privations which she must have suffered during that memorable campaign, had obliterated all her prejudices against him, and cleared her mind from romantic ideas, had now made up his mind to return to his uncle's castle and sue once more for her hand, the possession of which he had no doubt would be easily secured.

Accordingly he took a passage in the steam ship "Adriatic," Captain Cameron, White Star Line, and embarked at New York for London.

I might state here also that the author of this story had the pleasure of crossing the Atlantic in the same ship. The voyage was a memorable one, for many reasons of a pleasurable reminiscence. Although we had heavy gales and a head wind during the whole voyage, the waves rolling mountains high, still the good ship braved the mighty billows majestically, and the passengers had the greatest confidence in the ability of Captain Cameron to navigate the ship safely into port.





## CHAPTER XII.

THE HONEYMOON--THE SHAMROCK COTTAGE--LADY IRIS--THE CASTLE--THE RECEPTION--THE CHAMBER--THE CONGRATULATIONS--THE DINNER PARTY--THE DIALOGUE--THE PARTIES--THE TRAIN TO DUBLIN--THE TOWN HOUSE--THE BALL--THE COUP-DE-GRACE--SHE VISITS HUBERT--RICHMOND'S RETURN--THE RECEPTION--THE INVITATIONS--SIR CHARLES LAMB--THE DINNER--THE LADIES RETIRE--THE SINGING--WHAT RARE CLARET--THE SOLILOQUY--IRIS AND MAUD--THE MISSION OF MEECY--OLD KITTY DALTON'S MYSTERY--THE DIALOGUE--VISITS BETSEY--DUBLIN--PETER QUIGLEY'S LETTER--THE GUESTS--HUBERT AND RICHMOND MEET FACE TO FACE SUDDENLY--HUBERT PROVES HIS INNOCENCE--THE EVIDENCE--RICHMOND FLIES FOR HIS LIFE--THE CHASE--HUBERT--THE RESTORATION--THE CONFESSION--REJOICING--THE NEW WILL--THE VAST POSSESSIONS--RICHES AND HONOUR--THE CONCLUSION.

LADY IRIS and Hubert had been enjoying the sunshine of their honeymoon at Queenstown one week when their leave of absence, which had been endorsed at the War Office, arrived, whereupon they proceeded by rail to Dublin thence to Black Rock, where they rented a charming residence which rejoiced in the emblematical title of "Shamrock Cottage," nestling among ornamental shrubs and shade trees in a secluded and picturesque locality. In the interim they had sent in their papers to the army agent, with a view of selling

their commissions. Lady Iris had also written a very filial and affectionate letter to her father, informing him that she was on a visit to a friend, but would return to her paternal home in the course of two or three weeks.

Thanks to Lady Iris's skilful and refined ideas, their cottage was elegantly furnished with all the modern improvements of luxury and taste. Never, perhaps, did a young married couple enjoy each other's society with more rapturous delight. They gave themselves up to the goddess of love and pleasure, having the ordinary means of enjoyment at their disposal, *i. e.*, youth, health and competence. Common sense dictated that the best method of employing life is to enjoy it. A reciprocity of feeling existed between them that gave a zest and freshness to life which intoxicated the young couple. Lady Iris was prudent and loving, with the playfulness of a child, and the tenderness of a gazelle, when she laughed one would imagine that Paradise opened in her face; if she looked grave it was with a lofty, yet charming and refined solemnity, that you might have thought from the contour of her physique that a new order of celestial beings between love and wisdom had been created. When she spoke it was with such propriety of thought and diction that made you regret when her voice had ceased. It seemed as though some dulcet symphony had suddenly stopped. Her beauty was not of that nature which rests solely upon the freshness of youth, nor even the magic of expression, it was as charming as it was dazzling, no person could deny its perfection.

She had none of that feigned, modest ease and apparent quiet dignity about her, that are ascribed to romantic heroines, which sophists dilate upon with such applause. Her's was more like the centre of attraction, that draws all bodies towards it, shedding a bright lustre of happiness and pleasure to all around. She was always open-hearted and full of animation, gay on the serious, and serious on the gay, few people were more popular in society; her manners were perfection itself, her smile enchanting. She now lived, moved and breathed only for Hubert's sake, and he was not ungrateful for the constancy of her devotion. We can imagine then his ecstasy of joy and pleasure during, to him, the short three weeks of their honeymoon. But like all other sublunary delights it passed away, and the morning of Lady Iris's departure for Marcourt Hall had arrived, when they parted with the tenderest expressions of love and fidelity. There was something romantic in their parting, although it was only *pro tem.* for Lady Iris had arranged her future movements so as to return again within a month, after she had seen and cheered her father's heart. Still the quivering lips, gushings of their sympathetic hearts, told plainly their feelings, that while the mighty and restless tides of passion were thus fettered and restrained, all within was abounding in love and affection. The parting took place in their own cottage; a carriage being in readiness at the door, Lady Iris entered and was driven to the Western Railway station where she purchased a ticket for Ballinasloe, after tele-



graphing to her father to send a carriage for her to the station on the arrival of the train from Dublin. After her departure, Hubert's heart seemed as the earth without sunshine. All the senses appeared to have lost for him their customary allurements. But the thought of seeing her again shortly, somewhat dispelled the heavy cloud and revealed the rays of light in the distance. He now turned to his books, and seemed to make his companions amidst the past. He lived here in disguise and in the most ascetic seclusion from his kind, indulging in the bright dreams of the future, and under a fictitious name which we need not mention here. He kept aloof from social intercourse with his proximate neighbours, which served to increase their respect, though it prevented their affection.

As Lady Iris stepped from the railroad carriage on her arrival at Ballinasloe, to her infinite joy and delight, her cousin and social companion Miss Cuffe stood on the platform to receive and accompany her. After an animated greeting they entered the old family carriage and were driven home. When they were announced approaching in the distance, by the servants who were on the lookout for her, old Nanny ran to open the front gate, so as to be the first to welcome her beloved young mistress, while Lord Marcourt walked in front of the castle, anxiously awaiting his daughter's arrival. When the carriage halted at the hall door he hastened to greet his child, and assist herself and Miss Cuffe to alight.

"Welcome back, at last, my own darling," exclaimed

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he, in a paroxysm of pleasure and delight, his features radiant with infinite rapture, as he embraced her fondly.

"Oh, my own! my child!" continued he, as the tears of exquisite joy coursed down his proud cheeks, "thank God I behold you once more!"

Lady Iris's joy was no less animated with affection; her arms were encircled around her father's neck while tears of filial devotion coursed down her beautiful cheeks.

The servants were assembled in the hall to welcome their young mistress, whom they almost idolized.

After receiving their hearty congratulations with visible gladness and animation, she retired to her chambers accompanied by Maud, to rest themselves before dressing for dinner. Thus the young heiress of Marcourt Hall entered her paternal home after an absence of nearly two years of hardship, exposure, difficulties and dangers.

She now stood on the right side of twenty-one, and gazed into the solemn temple of womanhood with its chequered pavements of many colours. On entering her chambers she was agreeably surprised to find that they had been renovated during her absence, and were now models of comfort, luxury and splendour. The walls were beautifully set with plum-coloured silk velvet panels framed with polished Irish oak, with elaborate convex mirrors supported on marble statuettes between the windows, which were hung with richly embroidered damask curtains, gracefully looped back on either side of the large bay windows. The furniture was of the richest design, with silk cushions to match the hangings, and a rich

Turkish green velvet pile carpet of a handsome flowery pattern.

On her carved walnut toilet-table were laid out all the paraphernalia of a fashionable lady's requisites, and last, but not least, several rich and handsome sets of jewellery of priceless value.

After a lengthy *tete-a-tete* with her cousin Maud, by consulting her little chronometer which she carried in a convenient pocket at her girdle, she was reminded that it only wanted two hours of seven o'clock, which was the time fixed to dine.

Thereupon they repaired to dress for dinner. After making their toilets they descended to the drawing-room where many guests were assembled to do honour to the newly arrived heiress. Lady Iris wore a rich cream-coloured brocaded silk dress, and looked charming in her mother's diamonds, which she chose to wear on that occasion, more to please her father than anyone else, while Miss Cuffe appeared to the greatest advantage, though somewhat Quakerish, in a maroon silk dress, and a blushing rose in her jet-black hair.

As Lady Iris entered, all the guests rose, advanced one by one, and paid their court and congratulations to her; last, but not least, came Lord Clanronald toward her, with outstretched hand and a smile of happiness on his noble countenance, as the gong sounded for dinner, when they all paired off to the dining-hall preceded by Lord Clanronald and Lady Iris.

The illustrious guests formed up in rank on either side

of the long dining-table, which literally groaned under the superabundance of good things, as well as from the weight of silver plate and the colossal candelabras, the clear soft light of which threw a nimbus round the crystal decanters that glistened with the richest wines. Epergnes filled with the choicest flowers lent a heavenly charm to the scene, as well as filling the apartment with their fragrance. In truth it was a charming picture, well worthy an artist's study.

Lord Marcourt stood at the head of the table ready to take his seat, his face radiant with smiles of delight, as his eyes rested with natural affection on his charming daughter, who was now the chief centre of attraction.

Her eyes were as blue as the Italian sky, her complexion the most delicate carnation, you could not detect the smallest fault in the rounded, yet slender symmetry of her chief attractions. While they were utterly different from those of every one else, you could not in the least discover in what the difference consisted, but in my opinion it was the real test of gentle refinement and good breeding. While you are enchanted with the effect, you are at a loss to guess the cause.

After grace had been said by a patriarchal clergyman, they took their seats, when dinner went on and off like all other dinners. Many subjects were propounded and discussed.

Lady Iris's knowledge of Miss Nightingale's staff of nurses was frequently put to the test by Lord Clanronald, who, by-the-bye, was greatly edified by her information on that subject.

"I do not see your nephews here," suggested Lady Iris, wishing to turn the thread of the conversation into another channel.

"Oh!" replied he, "Richmond left soon after yourself; he has been away now nearly two years. I do not know, nor have I heard where the other rascal betook himself, after the perpetration of that dreadful attempt on my life, of which you have already heard."

Lady Iris seemed greatly surprised at this information. "Yes," rejoined she, "I have heard of it. But do you know I never could comprehend how Hubert could or would ever be guilty of such a treacherous, cowardly, mean act. He always seemed too high-minded and noble to stoop to such a base deed, and somehow I can never bring myself to believe him guilty, there seems to be some deep mystery hanging over it."

"Well," replied he, "I had the brightest and highest hopes of him myself, and loved him as I would my own son, for his straightforwardness and pleasing manners, and never would have believed him capable of such villainy had I not beheld it with my own eyes, and you know seeing is believing. If it was his brother did it I would not have felt so bad, for he was always more reckless and vicious in his youth than Hubert."

Lady Iris thought it prudent not to say any more on that subject for the present, but was determined to search with diligence, and notice any casual sign, transaction or incident which might lead to the true secret.

Dinner being over, the ladies retired, and the gentlemen drank smoked, and talked politics,

Next morning Lady Iris entered the breakfast room a little before the guests (who stayed over night), had come down, in order to superintend its arrangements and see that everything was in unison with her wonted taste and style. She looked charming in a becoming morning costume of white cashmere, trimmed with blue, and a fresh plucked rose in her hair. She enlivened the guests by her facetious discourse and experience in foreign travels.

After breakfast the ladies passed through the folding doors into the conservatory where grew the choicest flowers. Tall palms spread their broad leaves along the roof, and fuchsias, crimson, purple and rose, hung their dazzling little bells from the trellised frames as if to invite the hands of the ladies who loved them. After an agreeable *tête-à-tête* and a delightful promenade through the pleasure grounds, where they supplied themselves with fresh flowers, they returned and joined the gentlemen, to play croquet till luncheon, after which they paired off to either ride, walk or drive, according to the dictates of their fancy.

Thus nearly a month was spent by Lady Iris giving and attending dinners, picnics, and other parties of pleasure.

She and her father scarcely ever dined quietly together since her return. But now, mindful of her promise to return inside of a month she led her father to believe that she was getting tired of these country parties, when he immediately proposed that they should move up to town for the winter. This being exactly what she wanted, she

willingly acceded, whereupon they proceeded to Dublin and occupied their palatial residence on Merrion square.

In expectation of his heiress's return her father had his town house also renovated and embellished. All the old-fashioned furniture had been removed to his country seat, and replaced by others of modern style. Every luxury which wealth could procure had been provided, in order to grace this old edifice of antediluvian age that had withstood the storms and revolutions of Irish history. Such was Lady Iris's town mansion—stately and elegant—kept so thoroughly in good order by the old butler and his wife, who looked after it during the family's absence.

Her father, imbued with aristocratic propensities, which his ample inheritance had always permitted him to indulge, had now on the approach of his heiress's majority thrown open his town house for the entertainment of company.

His dinners, balls and parties became proverbial for *bon ton*.

Notwithstanding the *ennui* of these gay rounds of fashionable company which imposed on Lady Iris a weight of responsibility, she managed, with the assistance of old Nanny (to whom she confided her secret), to brighten Hubert's solitude nearly every night, while she gladdened her father's heart by day, but in order to facilitate this stratagem, she always conformed to her father's wish for the old-fashioned plan of dining early and finishing their gaieties before midnight, when she re-

tired to her chamber and there, by Nanny's *coup de grace*, was transmogrified from a handsome young lady to personate that of a decrepid old woman. Then she made her exit by a private passage through the side door, walked to the station, and there took the cars for Black Rock, where Hubert was sure to meet her at the depôt and conduct her to his sequestered cottage.

Nanny invariably slept in her lady's chamber, in order that she might answer inquiries, as well as to admit her mistress every morning. Should Lady Iris not return in time to breakfast with her father, Nanny excused her by saying she had a headache or some other ache peculiar to the fair sex.

In addition to these schemes she not unfrequently pretended to visit her friends for a month or two at a time, when she spent the interval with Hubert.

Thus she and Hubert spent the first six years of their conjugal life, but during the summers they were more separated, consequent upon Lady Iris living with her father at their country-seat. Even then she frequently brightened his hermitage by her presence for a week or two at a time.

The shimmering rays of a declining moon that struggled feebly in an eastern sky, reflecting a pillar of silvery light from the surface of the tranquil Shannon, was fast yielding supremacy to the myriads of stars that twinkled in a clear blue sky, as Richmond was driven in a livery coach from Ballinasloe depôt to Clauronald Castle, about the first week in July, 1861, on his return from America.



On arrival, his uncle, who was tempted by the clear salutary evening to smoke his wonted cigar outside before retiring for the night, was walking up and down in front of the castle, and received him with visible demonstrations of kindred affection. He lit a cigar and joined his uncle, after paying and dismissing the driver.

While they smoked and walked up and down in the bright starlight, for the moon had sunk below the horizon, Richmond recounted such incidents of his travels as he thought best calculated to please his uncle, who, in return detailed all the local news to his nephew. The news of his arrival soon spread throughout the neighbourhood, when he was besieged, day after day, with invitations for parties and dinners.

"Iris," said Lord Marcourt, about a week after Richmond's return, "I have asked Richmond, who has just returned from his American tour, and Sir Charles Lamb, to dine with us to-morrow evening at seven. I hope you will give Richmond a warm reception; I want you to look your best and in gay colours."

"Dear father," replied Iris, "I will wear any colours you like; what colour would you wish to see me in?"

"Oh," said he, "I fancy you always look best in something bright and cheerful. Remember, you are now in your twenty-first year, and I think it is time you came out in gayer colours than you are wont."

Iris, wishing to please her father whom she loved with the warmest filial affection, gave an assenting smile that sent a thrill of paternal gratitude to his heart, as she

bounded off like a young fawn to join Miss Cuffe, who was waiting in the hall to accompany her for a walk.

"Maud," said Iris, as they tripped gayly along the green sward together, for the double purpose of a constitutional walk and a quiet, confidential chat, "we are to have two celebrities to dine with us to-morrow."

"Who are they?" asked Maud.

"Sir Charles Lamb and Richmond Clanronald, the latter has just returned a few days ago from a tour abroad. I know," continued Iris, "Richmond means to worry me now as he did before he and I went away, with his reiterated protestations of love, but I mean to baffle him this time as I did then. Therefore, in order to do so, dear Maud, I want you to aid me as you always have done."

"Dear Iris," said Maud, "I shall be most happy to do anything within the compass of my ability to assist you."

"I know you will, my dear, but now all I want you to do is to accompany me wherever I go while Richmond is in the house, in order that he may not have an opportunity of making love to me alone. By this means I will be able to escape his invidious protestations. I don't love him, nor can I ever be anything to him more than a friend."

The following evening they were dressed betimes for dinner and down in the drawing-room waiting to receive the guests. They were attired in the gayest and brightest evening costumes that their wardrobes could boast,

and looked more like celestial than terrestrial beings. Lady Iris reclined on an ottoman, gazing in vacant silence, while Maud amused herself looking over some pieces of music on the piano, and listened with complex emotion for the guests' approach.

Lady Iris's thoughts now reverted back to the happy days when she gambolled in her childhood with Richmond on the green sward. But the few years that had passed since had wrought a wonderful change.

The peculiar position in which she now stood prevented her from receiving him with that unmixed felicity which her father desired.

They were about ten minutes waiting when a carriage drove to the door, and the two expected gentlemen alighted, sprang up the steps and entered the drawing-room, where they were received by the ladies with formal politeness but cold reserve.

"Mr. Clanronald," said Iris, as she held out her hand, "I am glad to see you once more."

"Oh, Lady Iris, I am delighted to see you again," exclaimed he, advancing quickly and grasping her extended hand warmly, which he tried to detain, but she drew it from him with a haughty repellent gesture, and then turned round to greet Sir Charles.

After the reception dinner was announced, when they advanced by double files to the dining-room led by Lord Marcourt.

The conversation during dinner was general.

Richmond, however, told many amusing episodes of his

travels, which he graced with American phrases that caused much merriment and badinage.

Dinner being over, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, where Iris took her seat at the piano and began to sing one of her father's favourite ballads, accompanied by Maud. The gentlemen, who were in the next room enjoying their cigars, were so elated with the singing that they rose from their wine and joined the ladies, the symphony of whose voices so charmed them that they were forcibly reminded of two of the three sirens who dwelt on one of the *Ægean Isles*, who sang with such sweetness that they who sailed by forgot their country and died in an ecstasy of delight; or the *Theban prince* at the sound of whose lyre stones came together and formed the walls of *Thebes*. They acquitted themselves at the piano with marked ability and distinction to the inexpressible delight of the gentlemen, till the time-piece on the mantel struck eleven, which reminded the ladies of the hour, when they arose, shook hands with the gentlemen, bade them good night and retired. *Richmond* gallantly escorted them to the foot of the stairs, and expressed his regret at their sudden exit.

"It is so exquisitely delightful to get back again and have the great pleasure of seeing you and hearing your sweet voice once more, *Lady Iris*," said he, holding her hand in his.

While he yet spoke she could not help noticing the wonderful alteration in his appearance. She saw dissipation imprinted in his features, as their eyes met for a moment, when his drooped before her truthful gaze.

She read also that selfishness, the great substratum of his character, still remained.

"I perceive your travels in America have not materially changed your sycophantic attributes of sophistication, Mr. Clanronald," rejoined Lady Iris, sarcastically, who, drawing her hand away, with a trenchant smile bade him good night, and taking Maud's arm went up stairs to her room, leaving Richmond standing like a statue at the foot of the stairs, gazing in admiration at the classic forms of the two receding figures, in a state of perplexity, endeavouring to construe Iris's recent phraseology.

At last, satisfied with its signification, he joined the gentlemen in the dining-room, whence they repaired after the ladies retired, where they continued their libations till the small hours after twelve. Here Richmond ingratiated himself with her father in behalf of his charming daughter, and helped him most admirably to do justice to his crusty old port, "O'la Roso" claret, and some superior "Duff Gordon" sherry.

"What rare claret!" exclaimed Richmond, as he smacked his lips approvingly after emptying his glass, "what a body! and let me add, what a spirit beneath it. Who would drink wine like this? It is only made to taste. It is like the first love—too pure for the eagerness of enjoyment; the rapture it inspires is most soul-stirring."

After doing justice to the excellent wines and cigars, their carriage, which had been ordered, was brought to the door, when they rose and lit two fresh cigars, exclaiming as they shook hands warmly,

"We leave you, my lord, with regret."

"I part from you," replied he, "with the same, it is a rare treat to entertain such persons at dinner, I can assure you."

With many expressions of pleasure and friendship, they entered the carriage and drove off.

"Yes," soliloquized Richmond, as he walked up to his uncle's castle after parting with Sir Charles at the lodge gate, "I expected a warmer reception from my fair Iris, whose physique, hauteur and marble-like coldness favours that statue of the goddess whose name she bears. I perceive by her frigidity that the time she has had to consider my suit has made no change in her feelings favourable to me. Surely, she cannot be thinking of Hubert yet. No, I imagine he must have been forgotten, and her heart estranged from him ere this. I wonder where the fellow is, or whether he yet lives. In either case I have no anticipation that he will ever trouble me again. I have nothing now to fear since that scoundrel, Peter Quigley, cannot upbraid or blackmail me any longer, thanks to Joss the nigger trader." With these reflections he retired to his room vowing an emulation in himself which it was reserved for time to ratify or deride.

When Iris and Maud entered the bedchamber of the former they sat down to enjoy a quiet *tete-a-tete*, and laugh and joke at their adroitness in frustrating Richmond's intended flirtation.

"I anticipate he will be over here betimes to-morrow, being disappointed last night," said Iris, "I imagine he is

greatly desirous of a quiet conference with me. Therefore, in order to defeat his project, I will go out to visit the poor in the afternoon. While I am gone you can flirt with him, and tell him where I am gone if you wish."

"Yes, indeed," replied Maud, "flirt with your cavalier. What would mine say to such conduct, I wonder?"

This witty reply produced a prodigious amount of laughter and badinage.

"Well, my dear," said Iris, with a smile, "treat him as amorously as your conscience will permit during my absence."

"All right, my dear," replied Maud, "I will receive him as he deserves; he ought to understand by the coolness shown him last night that he is not wanted here uninvited."

Next day after luncheon Lady Iris ordered her pony and phaeton to be brought to the door, when she got into it accompanied by her maid Norah, and drove off on her mission of charity. It was one of those salubrious afternoons in July when the decline of day assumes a calmness and repose resembling what you might imagine to have irradiated the garden of Eden when our first parents walked therein before their fall. She drove round to these poor people whom she was wont to visit on former occasions. She took down in her memo. book a list of such necessaries as they stood most in need of. They all knew and welcomed her, and were delighted to behold their benefactress. There was not an old woman or

child on the estate but knew her; so well they might—many a time she had relieved them in their distress both by food and raiment. The dogs of the village knew and acknowledged her kind word by wagging their cannie tails as she drove past. Even the donkey browsing in the field where she passed would raise his stupid head from his evening meal, stretch his neck over the fence and cock his long ears in response to her gentle, caressing phrase.

“Here, Norah,” said Iris, handing the reins to her maid, “walk the pony up and down while I visit old Kitty Dalton.”

She then entered the cabin, where Kitty was sitting at her own well-swept hearth, knitting a pair of stockings for her son-in-law, Mickey Naymina. The dog lay barking in his dreams by the fire, and the cat sat purring placidly upon his back, from which even his occasional agitation did not dislodge her. Over the door and on the threshold were nailed two horse-shoes, and against the copestone of the gable on the outside, grew a large bunch of house-leek, as a specific for sore eyes. Under the window grew a few stalks of tansy to kill the worms in the childher, together with a little burdock, feverfen, wormwood and chickenweed, each for some medical purpose. The bogbane, for the heartburn, grew in the corner of the garden behind the house. In fact Kitty had within her reach a very fair assortment of herbs to form a local dispensary, and had the reputation of curing more pulmonary diseases than any physician in the



neighbourhood. In addition to her knowledge of physic, she was famous as a fortuneteller; many country rustics and fair maidens visited her to have their fortunes told. She always carried a charm, like the necromancers of old, in a broad ribbon round her right arm, in which was enclosed the dust of what had once been a four-leaf shamrock, an invariable specific for seein' the good people if they happened to come within the bounds of her domain.

When the cows calved, this most eccentric old woman tied with her own hands a woollen cord of three strands around the butt of their tails to prevent them being overlooked by evil eyes, or blighted by the fairies, who seem to possess a peculiar power over females of every species during the season of parturition. She possessed a variety of charms for that torturing malady the colic, for tooth-aches, head-aches, and for removing warts and taking motes out of the eyes. She made a concoction of herbs for the prevention of quarrels or the slightest misunderstanding between man and wife, as well as creating an affectionate feeling in the breasts of young couples; this decoction she sold at one shilling a bottle. She invariably kept a wee dhrop av the rale ould mountain dew for certain internal complaints, of course she would not sell a dhrop of the latter, no,—under the rose be it spoken, gentle reader,—“except to a few particular friends, 'd ye persave?”

As the lady entered Kitty arose, made three profound courtesies, and exclaimed :

"Musha! then Lady Iris, me sweet colleen, ye're most heartily welcome to poor ould Kitty's cabin," at the same time placing a chair in front of her, "sit down *alanna* an' rest yerself, ye must be tired this warm day."

"Thanks," said Iris, as she accepted the seat.

"Kitty," continued she, "I have called to see how you are, and to learn if you are in need of any assistance."

"Och, hone, me honey!" exclaimed Kitty, "what a blessed angel ye are, sure it's like yer kind mother for ye to be charitable! Throth there worn't the loikes of her to be found in the whole country. God rest her sowl."

"The grace av God on ye *alanna*, shure it wor no later nor ere-last-night that I war thinkin' av ye an' sayin' to meself what a pity to see that sweet colleen—," here Kitty paused, as if sorry for what she commenced to relate.

"What's the matter?" said Lady Iris, "why do you not go on?"

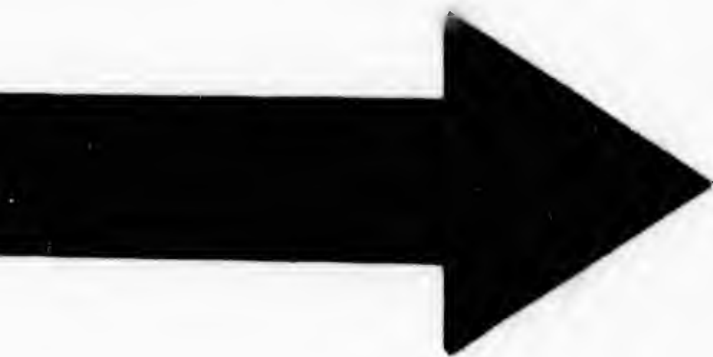
"Dear knows, *alanna*! I hardly loike fur fear av offendin' me sweet lady; shure only I hav' yer welfare at heart, sorra won av me 'ud hav' spoken av what I wor agoin' to say."

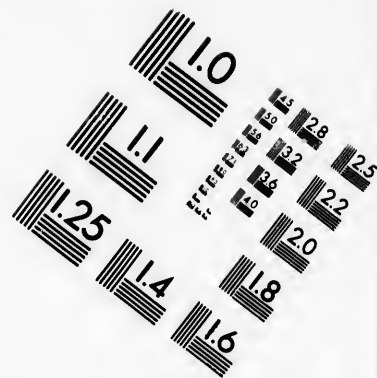
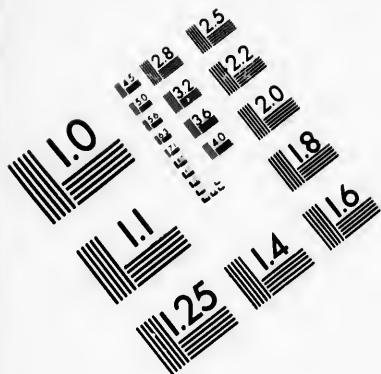
"Kitty, I can assure you," said Iris, "I will not be the least displeas'd with you whatever you say; so now go on with your narrative, and do not keep me longer in suspense."

"Bud me honey, av ye love him perhaps I'd be afther doin' wrong fur to tell ye."

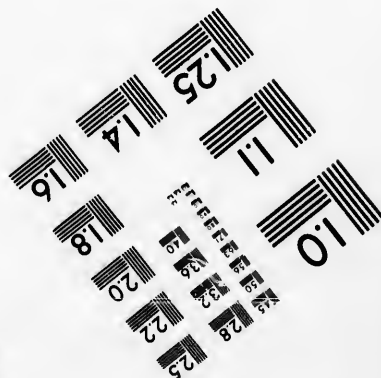
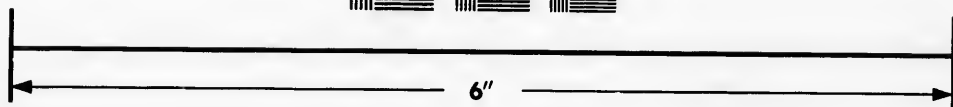
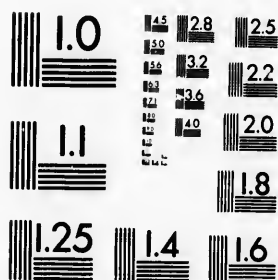
This hypothesis made Lady Iris more anxious, when she exclaimed with animation :







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"Kitty, for pity sake ! what do you mean ? love whom ? pray tell me at once."

"Ah, then mavourneen villish !" replied Kitty mysteriously, "I will relate what's troublin' me mind in regard av yer sweet self, af ye promise not to be crass wid me fur that same ?"

"I have already declared," said Iris, "I will not be displeased, whatever you say." "That will do then, *alanna*," said Kitty, and then commenced with a peculiar gravity of expression.

"Shure, avourneen, the nabours say as how yourself an' Richmond Clanronald are to be united heart an' hand in the holy bands shortly, that yer father and his uncle have settled the match an' every thin' be now ready for the nupitals."

"Well, suppose such a marriage were to take place," said Lady Iris, "would there be anything wrong about it ?"

"Ah, me honey," answered Kitty, "it 'ud be natural enough only he's not worthy av such an innocent sweet colleen."

"How is that ?" asked Lady Iris with apprehension at the weird and mysterious features of her informant, "what has he done to make him unworthy of me ?"

"Throth bekase," replied Kitty, whispering in her ear, "he's a murderher ! presarve the hearers !"

With that Iris started as if she had been stabbed, and staring at Kitty with amazement, wonder and emotion,—exclaimed,

"What do you mean ?"

"Troth, alanna, I mane what I say, and what I can prove!" You remember that sweet colleen Maggie O'Shea," continued Kitty, "who wor dhrowned at the bridge, an' the inquest brought it in shusy-side!"

Lady Iris assented.

"Well, asthore, af ye do, well ap' good. Shure the villain couldn't be satisfied wid seducin' that creatur, but to add more wickedness to his crime, threw herself an' unborn over the bridge (an that dark night which I can niver forget). He thought there wor no witness to his dreadful crime, 'sept Pether Quigley, his varlet, who helped him wid more villainy nar that! Och hone, alanna, shure her screams an' cries fur marcy as she struggled in his arms 'ud have softened the hardest heart, worra! worra!

"Throth, alanna, meself wor so frightened that I crouched down in a dark corner on the bridge close to where they stood, wid me heart in me mouth, lest he'd see me; faith af he did its little he'd have thought av pitchin' me afther his victim!"

"Kitty," cried Iris, with a shudder, "can you swear positively to this statement?"

"Throth, can I, alanna, a'fore God and the saints, an' so can Pether Quigley, fur he wor wid his masther at the time!"

"Where is Peter Quigley now," asked Iris, anxiously.

"Shure he's out in the American war," replied Kitty. "Betsey Flynn, wid whom he wor pullin' a cord a'fore he wint away, got a lethter from him last week."



"What caused Peter Quigley to leave Richmond's service?" asked Iris anxiously. "I know he had a good place there."

"Dear knows asthore, there's somethin' mysterious about it!" exclaimed Kitty, "fur he wint away soon afther that attempt on the life av Lord Clanronald! It alus 'peared to me," continued she, "that Hubert wor too 'onorable to make sich an attempt on his uncle's life, as wor laid to his charge, an' fur which he had to fly the counthry, poor boy!"

"I quite agree with you," rejoined Iris, "I will go and see this Betsey," so saying she arose shook hands with Kitty, leaving something substantial in her palm, promised to call again, and departed.

Next day Lady Iris drove to the little cottage by the lake-side, wherein lived Betsey, whom she questioned carefully concerning Peter Quigley's movements. "I think," continued she, "that Old Kitty Dalton has told me that you got a letter from him."

"Yes me Lady, here it is, perhaps ye'd loike to read it," said she, handing her that important document, a copy of which I hercin transcribe for the edification and curiosity of my gentile reader:—

"Dear Betsy,—Faith maybe ye won't be surprised to hear that I 'listed in the Yankee Army. an' got wounded stormin' a forthress. Bud, now I'm invalided wid a broken arm an' a pinaion.

"That murderin' villain Richmond Clanronald betrayed me into the hands av the thievin' rebels, as a Yankee spy, an' I'ud have been hanged bud fur the Union Sojers came up as they had the rope around me neck an' rescued me! Shure he done worse

nor that to his own innocent brother, whom he pursonated, 'an thin shot his uncle, in orther to have him banished that he might come in fur the estates as well as that innocent creature Lady Iris. Bud, it'll all cum hot an' heavy 'pon him whin I get back to ould Ireland, I'll be yer bail, 'd ye mind!

"Faith he had to run fur his life from here any how, or he'd be shot as a rebel, 'devil a lie in it! The country is greatly disturbed entoirely, as I write this, the Yankees are chasin' the murtherin' rebels, so that every thing here is at a standstill. While I'm armed to the teeth wid a gun in each hand an' me sword in the other. I hope ye'll excuse this lift handed writin' as me right hand is powerless! The day I got wounded we give the rebels a good batin' entoirely, not a mothers' son av thim escaped 'sept a few who wor dhrowned in the Miss., an' soon afther, devil a thing wor heard but silence.

"Remember me to Mrs. McGee at the crass roads, and tell her the sarra dhrop av dacent spirits to be got in this country fur love or money, 'cept what the Yanks' call tangle-leg, which the timperance people have stopped the dhrinkin' av be day light. I'spect to be home 'bout the beginnin' av agust, God willin', whin I'll boord wid Mrs. McGee till what ye know be settled, d'ye persave, ye deluder?

"Shure I need'nt be sindin' me love in this letter; I'll soon be there meself.

"Address, av ye write, to—

"Peter Quigley, Louisiana Volunteers, Miss.,  
Union Hospital, America.

"P. S.—Av ye don't write an' answer, ye need'nt sind the address.

"Yours, dead or alive,

"PETER QUIGLEY."

After she had perused the letter, she requested Betsy to allow her to retain it for a short time.

"Musha then, alanna," said she, "ye can keep it an' welcom', as long as ye loike. I only wish it wor betther worth keepin'."

After requesting Betsey to be sure and write to her directly Peter had arrived, she handed her a few glittering coins that brought a bright smile to her face.

Having received a satisfactory answer in the affirmative, she entered her phaeton and drove home with a heart full to overflowing with joy at the clue which she had discovered through her own assiduity and unremitting exertions, to the long wished-for secret.

She then acquainted her father with the desire she entertained of visiting a friend in Dublin (to which he willingly acceded; being an only child, her will was his pleasure).

Next morning she left the castle in time for the ten o'clock train to Dublin, and at two was with Hubert in the Shamrock Cottage at Black Rock. Here she hurriedly and briefly detailed, with enthusiasm, to Hubert the discoveries which she had made.

"Oh! that I may have heard you aright, my dear!" exclaimed he with animation, as he gazed with amazement at her wondrous blue orbs.

"There," said she, with a radiant smile, her cheeks like a new-blown rose, and a beating heart, as she handed him Peter Quigley's letter. "Read that, and believe!"

"Oh, my own dear Iris!" exclaimed he with fervour, as he kissed and embraced his wife, after he had read the letter, "you are the light of my soul! You have dissipated that cloud of obscurity which seemed to overshadow our future existence, and brought that mystery to which we have both been a sacrifice for nearly seven years to light by your unremitting exertions!"

What a number of bright anticipations glimmered around that loving couple, as they laid their plans for the purpose of clearly asserting Hubert's innocence, and reinstating him in his uncle's good graces? What years of happiness unfolded themselves before their imaginations, how quickly past sufferings were forgotten in those moments wherein a whole future was revealed!

During the interim, while anxiously waiting Betsey's announcement of Peter Quigley's arrival, the presence of Lady Iris amidst her little family circle lent a charm to the scene. There herself and husband rejoiced with rapturous emotions at the angelic voices of two cherubs waking the peaceful echoes in their sequestered cottage; there a blooming little Iris, with bright, blue laughing eyes and golden ringlets, and a curly-haired Hubert, gambolled round their parents' knees, or, perchance, learn a taste of her native brogue from old Nanny, who amused them during their mother's absence.

At last the much desired epistle from Betsey had arrived, which informed her of Peter Quigley's arrival.

Therefore after deciding with Hubert on their future procedure, she started for her father's country-seat, where she arrived at three p. m. Her father was delighted with her elated appearance, and suggested that she ought to visit more frequently, since it made such a wondrous change in her physique.

Next morning she visited Peter Quigley, who verified the statements made by old Kitty Dalton, as well as that mentioned in his own letter to Betsey *i. e.*, that Richmond

personated his brother Hubert, by dressing in his clothes and changing his features by the help of cosmetics, went into his uncle's room with his loaded revolver, and fired it at his lordship! Then ran back to his own room, changed his dress, washed the paint off his face, and went down stairs in great wonder, pretending not to know anything of the occurrence. After arranging with Peter Quigley and Old Kitty to proceed unobserved by any person to her chambers by one o'clock the following day, she drove home, where she expressed to her father a desire to give a luncheon to Lord Clanronald and his nephew, to which he graciously acceded. She then telegraphed to Hubert to be in her room with Nanny and the two children before two o'clock next day.

The invitations were sent and accepted, for Lord Clanronald was anxious to have the match between Lady Iris and Richmond consummated.

Accordingly the above parties were secreted in one of her rooms, but Richmond happening to see Hubert enter Iris's room, had dispatched a message for two policemen, whom he instructed to be in readiness when called upon.

"Oh!" said he to himself, "I see why she is so estranged from me, she has that brother of mine, whom I thought had fled the country, hanging round, and visiting her clandestinely, but I will now have him nabbed when he least expects it." These spiteful words he chuckled to himself as he entered the castle and joined the guests. The luncheon went on as usual, very quietly; Maud prattled away in her wonted amusing strain.

Richmond sat moodily, scarce taking notice of anything that was said.

Iris was not aware that he had detected Hubert entering the room. Luncheon being over, the ladies retired; Iris joined Hubert in her own room to wait while the gentlemen finished the subject they were discoursing upon.

After the ladies had departed, Richmond arose and said, "Now uncle if you come with me I will show you where Lady Iris has that scoundrel, who made that dreadful attempt on your life!"

"What," exclaimed his uncle, "can it be possible that he is round here after what he has done?"

"Yes, he is now concealed in her room," asserted Richmond exultingly.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed her father with excitement, "surely you must be mistaken, my daughter could not be guilty of such a misdemeanour as that in her father's house!"

"Well, come and see for yourself," replied he, advancing, followed by the two noblemen, and seeing the two policemen in the hall he beckoned them to follow.

On approaching the room they were met by Lady Iris in the hall, who, anticipating Richmond, opened her room door and asked them to walk in.

After they had entered, not seeing Hubert there, Richmond exclaimed with emotion, "I am quite positive I saw him going into this room."

"I knew you must have been mistaken," cried Lord Marcourt with an emphasis.

"No," rejoined Lady Iris, "he is correct there, Hubert is here." So saying, she opened another door and desired him to come forward and answer for himself.

Whereupon Hubert came forth boldly, and standing before them, exclaimed in a manly, firm voice:

"Uncle, here I am, an innocent and much persecuted man, who has been driven away from your protecting hand, to wander as an outcast under the ban of an assassin for nearly seven years, through the deceit, treachery, and villainy of that unnatural brother of mine; who, in order to have me banished that he might get into your favour, committed that fearful crime which has been laid to my charge! I now stand here to prove to you my innocence, and assert that he personated me, went into your room, and fired that shot at you!"

Richmond attempted to interrupt him several times by protesting against his allegations, but was sternly silenced by his uncle, who now observed the picture of guilt in his ghastly countenance.

"Can you in any way prove these statements?" asked Lord Clanronald, with emotion.

"Yes, my lord," replied Hubert, "I have the proof here."

With that Peter Quigley and old Kitty Dalton came forth from the inner room. When Richmond saw Peter Quigley, whom he imagined had been hanged by the rebels in America, he staggered and turned pale as death. After recovering from the sudden shock he glanced excitedly toward the door, which was guarded, according to

his own instructions, by the two policemen. Peter Quigley having been examined by Lord Clanronald, detailed all the circumstances of his evidence clearly and distinctly, how Richmond personated his brother and shot his uncle as already detailed. Also, how he seduced Maggie O'Shea and afterwards threw her over the bridge. They then questioned old Kitty Dalton, who fully corroborated Peter's evidence. Richmond, apprehending the danger in which he now stood, gathered all his strength for the occasion and with one sudden and mighty effort dashed through the door, knocking the two policemen over as they attempted to intercept him, and tore from the room.

"Catch the villain!" cried his uncle, at the top of his voice, passionately.

Cries of "catch the murderer!" rose fast and loud from those around, when the excitement became general. The two policemen, who soon picked themselves up, were joined by the male servants and gave him chase, but being much smarter on foot than those who followed him, and knowing the woods so well, he got away from his pursuers.

"My dear boy," exclaimed Lord Clanronald, on returning to Lady Iris's room with Lord Marcourt, after further pursuit of the fugitive had been abandoned, "I regret exceedingly that I have been so villainously duped by that scoundrel. I often thought over the matter and wondered what could have induced you to inflict such bodily injuries on me who always loved and cherished you as if you were my own son. I thank God with all



my heart that the fellow's wickedness has been brought to light, and that you will now once more be reinstated in my confidence and your rightful possessions."

Hubert thanked him fervently.

"My poor boy," continued he, "where have you been, and what have you done with yourself since that unfortunate occurrence ?

Here Hubert related what the reader is already acquainted with, *i. e.*, that he joined the British army as a private soldier, had been through the Crimean campaign, distinguished himself, and had been promoted to the rank of captain, and his appointment on the field marshal's staff. This recital brought the tears down his uncle's sympathetic cheeks.

"Thank providence," exclaimed he through his tears, "though I heartily regret that you should have been driven to such an extremity, yet I am proud and thankful that by the impulse it gave to your life you entertained within your manly breast that fire of ambition and zeal for your country's cause to embrace the honourable profession of a soldier, which has been your beacon-light to honour and distinction."

"Dear uncle," exclaimed Hubert, with a serenity of countenance peculiar to a brave and honourable man, "all the wealth and distinction that has been acquired by me in this world, I value as nothing when compared with the honour conferred upon me by Lady Iris, who has made me the proud possessor of her faithful heart and hand.

"Allow me, dear uncle, to have the honour of introducing to you my beloved and beautiful wife, who has been my companion in trials, difficulties and dangers."

After he had finished speaking he took his wife's hand, and they both kneeled with humility before the father and uncle.

Lord Marcourt sat staring in silence at both of them in amazement and wonder, vacillating between joy and admiration.

Here Lady Iris modestly implored forgiveness for the step she had taken without her father's consent.

"God bless you both, my children," exclaimed Lord Marcourt with enthusiasm, and tears of joy in his eyes. "Arise, you have my forgiveness and my earnest blessing!"

While they were yet kneeling, old Nanny advanced with the two beautiful children from the inner room.

"This little boy and girl," said Hubert, as he presented his two children, "are the precious fruit of our conjugal and happy union."

"Arise, my children; God bless the happy family," exclaimed both the noblemen, and taking a child each in their arms, kissed and fondled them with joy and paternal affection.

"I say, Marcourt," cried Lord Clanronald, "do you know that all this excitement has made me wonderfully thirsty. What say you to a glass of wine?"

"I quite accede to your proposition," said that gentleman, "I feel very thirsty myself."

Therefore they all arose and advanced to the dining-room preceded by the father and the uncle bearing the children in their arms.

Here they charged their glasses and drank toward the health and happiness of the newly acquired young family.

Lady Iris now made a full confession of how she had deceived her father in leading him to believe that she had accompanied Miss Nightingale, instead of which, through the love for Hubert (whom she well knew had been wronged), and the fear of being forced by her father to marry Richmond, disguised her sex and enlisted as a trumpeter in a light cavalry regiment, and like Hubert distinguished herself—was promoted, and placed as an interpreter on Lord Raglan's staff.

Having thus briefly recited her adventures, she drew forth her own and Hubert's medals and decorations, and laid them before the uncle and her father, with a copy of their commissions and discharge from the army, and lastly, but not least, their marriage certificate.

"You are a brave, noble girl," exclaimed her father, "and well worthy of the honourable name you bear; you have my forgiveness for everything you have done, but you ran a terrible risk of being killed or disabled for life in that memorable campaign."

The joy and happiness that existed in the minds of the two noblemen, as well as the young couple, can be more easily imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that the father and uncle laughed heartily over their wine,

and much hilarity existed throughout the household. After a sumptuous luncheon next day at Lord Clanronald's castle, where the distinguished young couple and Lord Marcourt were the principal guests, Lord Clanronald had a new will drawn out (by the solicitor who had arrived from Dublin), bequeathing everything he possessed to Hubert.

This, together with Lady Iris's vast inheritance, amounted to an immense fortune.

Thus riches, as well as honours, have fallen to the lot of our hero and heroine, their heirs and successors.

The silken thread of our narrative is now nearly spun out. The gentle and patient reader who has followed us through so many thrilling scenes and intricacies so far, however, deserves to be informed what has become of the other characters. Therefore, in order to satisfy that individual's curiosity, I take great pleasure in stating that Maud Cuffe, still in single blissfulness, visits her cousin at the castle, where a Galway man frequently calls to see her. Peter Quigley had to take the temperance pledge before Betsey would marry him. They now live happy and comfortable in the stone cottage by the lake side, where Betsey has converted him from the wickedness of his ways. Pat McAvoy is now coachman to Hubert and Lady Iris, who bought him out of the army. Richmond escaped the pursuit of the police by taking refuge in a friendly farmer's house, where he disguised himself in a peasant's costume for a few days, until he saw a favourable opportunity to proceed incog. to Cork, where he took

passage in a steamer about to sail for New York ; but of him more anon.

And now, gentle reader, before the finale, believe me, whatsoever you may think of the author's narrative or his frailties, it is with a genuine desire that you may gain both knowledge and pleasure by its perusal, that I now bid you a kind ADIEU !



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