

"Yet you were so confident, Rory."

"My dear Hugh, with an evening advancing on us—was that a time to bear a doubting heart? But I tell you what, Hugh, there has been treachery somewhere. I dread these Pale Lords; they are neither true nor honest. Think of them appointing Mounsgarret, a dotting old fool, to the chief command. An uncle of Ormond's, too. The lives lost in the pass of Mageney, to-day, and the hills of Kilrush, are on their hands."

"Your fault, Rory, if you will excuse me for saying so. I never liked that alliance of Knockcroftly," said O'Byrne, slowly.

"It were well enough with honest men, but everything fails before treachery and dishonesty. These Catholic Lords of the Pale are honeycombed with falsehood and timidity."

"It is an evil ending for such a bright and hopeful commencement," remarked the Wicklow chief, gloomily.

"Don't speak of ending. It has not well commenced yet," replied O'Moore, hopefully. "Out of this disaster Ireland will arise with fresh energy and bolder spirit. Else she would not be the Ireland I hope and believe her to be. Mark me, we are only at the beginning of it."

"What do you propose? Have you any project for retrieving the disaster?"

"One, only one—but it is enough. Owen O'Neale must come over—come over at once, mind you, and take the command. And, by the way, Colonel O'Connor, was not that mission entrusted to you?"

"It would be too long to tell why it was not carried out," said Maurice, who had been riding beside and silently listening. "But it shall be soon. I am weary of this ill-fated land—wearied of seeing gallant lives lost—of seeing men brave and valiant, but undisciplined, led again trained troops, led to hopeless slaughter."

"Maurice has all a martinet's belief in the power of discipline and drill," observed O'Moore, with a touch of sarcasm. "Bold hearts, high spirit, and gallant patriotism go for little with him."

"I confess I share his beliefs a good deal," said O'Byrne. "But this is useless talk. Let us think over what can be done."

As they rode along rapidly to overtake the body of horsemen retreating in advance, they discussed the steps that should be taken. Finally, they agreed upon this. Maurice should sail at once for Spain. He should urge O'Neale's coming at once. The interests of Ireland that someone had, and that a strong one, should take up and bind together the scattered and diverse interests of the Irish chiefs. And who so fitting for this as the gallant officer who so splendidly represented on the Continent the great and warlike house of Ulster?

He should also invoke the Court of Spain for supplies, not of men, but of arms, ammunition, and guns. He should also apply to the Pope.

With hopes and suggestions such as these Roger Moore beguiled the way, until their hearts rose again and their spirits grew bright under the influence of his high and hopeful courage.

When they emerged from the bog and passed some miles towards the mountains in the distance, and as the shadows of night began to darken around the retreating and beaten force, O'Moore left them and turned his horse's head in the direction of Dublin on his way to his own home near the Boyne.

"By the way, Hugh," said he, coming back after he had ridden some distance, "I have information that may interest you, though I forgot it in the pressure of more disastrous news—Lady Ellen Maguire is married."

"Married!" cried O'Byrne, with a start.

"Aye, indeed. Better you should hear the news now than at another time. One pain neutralises another."

"To whom, Roger?" asked the chief in a halting whisper.

"Raymond Mordaunt. Father Tully had induced her to leave Dublin, and retire to her estates. Unfortunately, Mordaunt, who had been in danger of being captured by the troops returning from Drogheda, and had made a wide detour to escape"—

"Remember," interposed Maurice, whilst O'Byrne remained silent.

"To escape, came up with her carriage by pure accident. She was going away in anger with him, for some fancied neglect. A reconciliation was effected. Romance, distress, peril, manhood, heroism, and all that was on his side—and blind, infatuated love on hers. They were married, Hugh; married in Dublin, with her friends and kinsmen in arms or in prison, for religion and country, in a Protestant Church, and unless I am mistaken, she has abandoned her ancient creed as well as her ancient name. So much for woman's faith and truth, Hugh!"

He turned his horse's head northwards once more and disappeared in the gathering dusk.

O'Byrne rode forward, sunk in silence. It was long before he lifted his head to speak, but when he did, it was evident he had conquered the pain of heart the news occasioned him. If there were aching wounds of unreturned love in his breast, he closed them up, and spoke not of them.

From him Maurice learned of the relationship that existed between the Connaught heiress and Frank Tully. They had been foster brother and sister, and were, it was believed, attached to one another in early life by more than usual bonds of affection. Circumstances had parted them. Whilst, yet, with the glowing dreams of boyhood around him, Tully went, as many of the Irish youth then did, to the Continent, and had there renounced the world and embraced a religious life. Full of religious fervour, full of patriotic zeal, combining at once the highest culture with the most intense faith and love of land bordering almost on recklessness, he had come across to stir up the zeal of the Irish people for liberty and for Holy Church. He had—to his horror and mortification—early learned of the bent of Ellen Maguire's feelings, and had laboured to turn them into another current. He knew well that his affection for her Puritan lover would lead her eventually away from the Church. Perhaps from over-zeal, perhaps because her love or infatuation was unconquerable, the steps he took failed in their object and only aided that which they were meant to prevent.

(To be Concluded.)

WESTPORT CHRISTMAS GLEANINGS.

WE have been favoured this Christmas with real West Coast weather—rain, nothing but rain, the sun peeping out occasionally from behind dark, murky curtains, to remind us that he still retains his place in the firmament, so that one might well say of Westport, as the poet Laureate of Ireland said of Lisdoonvarna,

"There's not a pain,
To vex the brain
Except the rain"

in Westport. But rain or sun-shine, everyone seems bent on enjoyment, and to recount the several ways for doing so would be both tiresome and useless. "*Chacun a son gout.*"

But the principal *pièce de résistance* to my mind, was the Bazaar held in Hughes' Hall, in aid of St. Caim's Church, where one had an opportunity of blending innocent enjoyment and real Christian charity. This affair was organised by the ladies of the town, who have worked quietly but with energy for some time, with the result that the four stalls at the Bazaar were literally heaped with all that goes to beautify the person or the home—the work of their own nimble fingers, or the gifts of generous friends. The hall was ornamentally decorated, the walls draped with beautiful flags, and pretty bannerettes pendant from the ceiling. On entering, the whole scene presented a brilliant appearance. The bazaar was formally opened by his Worship the Mayor, Mr. Marshall, who, on being introduced by the Very Rev. Father Walsh, rose, and in a short neat speech, after referring to the usefulness of bazaars, praised the Catholics for having erected a church which was an ornament to the town, complimented the lady stall-holders on the magnificent display of goods, and advised the gentlemen present to yield up the contents of their pockets with as good a grace as possible. He then declared the bazaar open, and hoped that the result of their labours would be the wiping away of the debt on their beautiful church.

I have great pleasure in saying that the gentlemen present (and conspicuously among them were many of other denominations) did take the Mayor's advice, considering "discretion the better part of valour," they quietly yielded to the persistent pressure of the stall-holders and their young assistants. Many of the latter were dressed in fancy costume. The Misses Pain, Tempest, Roche, and Brind contributed the musical part of the programme.

The hall was crowded during four nights, and at the finish not one single article remained untraded. Too much praise cannot be given to the ladies who organised the affair, and made it so brilliant a success. I feel that any words of mine would be inadequate, but the manner and spirit in which they entered into their work and carried it out to the end, all working harmoniously together, can only be accounted for in this way, that it was to them, indeed, a labour of love.

Over £300 was realised, thus clearing away the debt on the church and leaving a handsome balance to form the nucleus of a fund to still further adorn it, and beautify its approaches.

The four stalls were called the "Rose," "Shamrock," "Thistle," and the "Young New Zealanders," each stall having a device emblematic of its nationality.

Mesdames Lempert, Lebart, and Power presided at the "Thistle," and their receipts were at the head of the list. Next in the running came the "Shamrock," ably presided over by Mesdames Pain and Daly. "The Rose" was next, and to the splendid management of Mesdames Munns and Lamplough it owes its precedence. The "Young New Zealanders," was ably piloted by the Misses Carr and Cooney. Mesdames O'Malley and Collins presided at the refreshment stall, and were liberally patronised. The following gentlemen, Messrs. H. McConnell, T. MacLaughlin, T. James, B. and W. Carr, J. Scanlon, and M. O'Malley gave effective help to the management.

Altogether we have been rather fortunate with regard to Church matters this time. That gifted preacher and proved philanthropist, Father Ginaty being with us, permitted our esteemed pastor, Father Walsh, and his zealous curate, Father Morrissey to perform religious services at remote places in this extensive parish. Father Ginaty has been visiting every centre in the district in aid of his splendid Institution at Mount Magdala, Chrys Church, but Westport has been specially the scene of his labours. Forming new religious societies, putting fresh vigour into those already established; at morning and evening services preaching continually, never tired, ever fresh, forcible and eloquent.

The singing and music of the Church choir was very effective, a new feature in the playing of the celebrated violinist, Herr Von Zimmerman, was a source of joy and admiration to all.

The Old Year was ushered out and the New one welcomed in by a brilliant display of fire-works in Palmerston street. The Naval band paraded the town, immense crowds walking in procession. A Highland piper made the Weikin rig with airs from the "Land o' Cakes and Burns." Wishing the TABLET a prosperous New Year—"Au revoir."

A committee has been formed at Chicago to arrange for a Catholic section in the great World's Fair to be held in that city in 1893.

The projected railway up the Jungfrau goes to a height of 13,000 feet, far above the lowest limit of perpetual snow, and it is proposed tunnelling the mountain the entire distance.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth gives general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read.—[ADVT.]