

"Well, he was kneelin', wid his stole around his n-ck an' a soldier's coat upon him, attendin' to the dyin' on the hillside—hearin' their confessions afore they went to the other world. But Ireland was so strong in his head that he could not, even at that moment, keep from counsellin' what was best."

"He is a wonderful man, Oney."

"Wonderful?" said Oney, enthusiastically, "wonderful is no name for it. He spares himself no hardship or danger if he can do good or forward the cause. But he has not been the same since Ellen Maguire left us. He is downhearted like."

"Sorry for her, Oney?"

"Ah, they were old friends since they were little. If Frank Tully had not become a priest Lady Ellen Maguire would have taken him before the son of a king. But his mind was the other way. And may be it was all for the best. But it's a pity—oh, my! what a pity—she should have given up her own, in creed and land, an' joined the foe and the stranger; joined the Sassenach with his cold creed, and his hate an' scorn for hers and her race. Oh, my!"

Maurice's reflection left him but little room to attend to the jere-miad of Oney Na Coppal; his thoughts went from Ellen Maguire and Raymond Mordaunt to the radiant girl brightening like a ray of sunshine the gray castle of Aughnamagh. A gleam of sun-bright glory, streaming in through storied window in some gray and falling in mellow radiance on silver shrine, was the only parallel the cavalier could call up in his mind. His thoughts grew so intense that his anxiety to see her redoubled in his breast; and he was about giving the word to Oney to ride quicker when his attention was attracted by a curious figure advancing towards them. Puzzled immeasurably, he reined up his horse.

"Oney, what's that?" he asked.

Oney's thoughts, like Maurice's, had been absorbed, but in different ways and for different reasons, but now he raised his head, looked in the direction indicated, and after a pause said:

"That's the weaver—Manus."

"Who?" asked Maurice.

"Manus, the weaver—don't you remember?—in the nook at Dublin Castle—who came to the ship at—"

"Yes, to be sure. Is this he? Why, so it is, I declare. What brings him here? How strangely he looks!"

Manus did indeed look strangely. He would, from his hunch-back and dwarfed form, have seemed strange anywhere on horseback, but here he seemed a veritable elf grown out of the surrounding heather. Maurice looked at him with curious interest whilst he advanced and came near.

"Colonel O'Connor—Colonel Maurice O'Connor—"

"Yes, Manus," said Maurice, with unaffected delight. "I'm glad to meet you, and to thank you for—"

"Maurice O'Connor, I was about going as messenger for you. Miss Mordaunt—sent me for you—wants to see you—as quick as you can go."

"To see me!" said Maurice, with a pleasurable sensation, diffusing a thrill of joy at his heart.

"Aye. Ride, ride swiftly—that was her desire," said the weaver with a curious expression on his face. "Don't delay a minute."

"Carrie, sweet love, is as impatient as myself," thought Maurice blithely, as he put spurs to his horse and galloped off.

Arrived at the castle, he entered the courtyard; threw his reins over the iron crook that stood beside the door; passed through the ever open entrance; and ran up the broad and wide oaken staircase. He knew where Carrie generally read or reposed, and needed no guide.

But at the head of the stairs he was confronted by one of the young ladies clad in deep mourning. She placed her finger on her lip in token of silence.

Maurice paused in silence.

"Colonel O'Connor," said the pale girl, "sorrow comes to all they say. It came to us. I fear it is coming to you. Prepare yourself for a surprise."

Maurice, taken aback, thought that by some curious change in events, Raymond Mordaunt had come to demand his sister, and almost looked around for the armed forces.

"Where is Carrie, Una?—let me see her," he said—not knowing what else to say.

Silent herself from deep sorrow and sleepless nights she led him along the corridors. Through one window the mountains were visible, through the opposite the line of distant sea gemmed the horizon. The young lady opened a chamber door at the end.

"Follow me!" she whispered, "and command yourself."

Maurice entered.

"You are just in time, Colonel O'Connor," whispered a young lady who knelt by the bedside, arising and greeting him. "Carrie Mordaunt is not long for this world—she is dying."

Maurice, dazed, could not comprehend.

"She took ill this morning, and the doctor says she cannot last long. Heart disease," said the young lady, explainingly, "but she sees you—knows you too, poor girl! Look!"

With something of the sensation of one suddenly plunged from a height into pure space, conscious of some vague, impending danger which he could not stay, Maurice turned his gaze in the direction indicated. The blue eyes, filled with love-light, bright with rejoicing at his presence, were turned to him, and the sweet face still so full of wondrous loveliness, but, oh, how changed!

"Maurice!"

"Carrie, Carrie!" he cried, "is it thus I see you? Oh, Carrie, why was I not made aware you were ill?"

He placed his arms around her, and she threw hers around his neck.

"Maurice it came suddenly. The shock and fright of that night in the marshes, and the long ride afterwards! I am sorry to leave you, Maurice, for I loved you well and dearly—but it cannot be helped. Keep your arms round me, beloved of my heart, and let me feel when I am dying that you are near!"

"Carrie, Carrie," he whispered, brokenly, whilst a great weight pressed like red hot iron at his heart, do not speak so—it is a mistake—it cannot be. Death is *not* near. It cannot be. Heaven could not permit it!"

"Maurice, let me feel your arms around me. Speak to me—there are strange noises in my ears. Keep your face near me—strange lights are before my eyes. Maurice, my heart and my love was yours—remember me when—"

There was a shiver through the frame; she had lifted herself to press her lips to his when she fell back. The light had fled from her eyes; the pulses ceased at her breast; the voice and breath failed simultaneously. The throb of life was over—death, that cometh to us all at some time, had laid his cold hand on her heart—and all was still!

Maurice was led from the room; and for many months hovered between life and death—between the lamp of intelligence and reason always crowded, and sometimes well-nigh extinguished and still seeking to recover itself, and recurring periods of reason and intelligence.

The combat ended in his favour; the light of reason grew once more through the mists and clouded night of unconsciousness, and the life, well nigh stilled in his breast, grew and developed again. But the struggle lasted many months, and the form that was helped on the deck of the "Chartreuse" in one of the Wicklow bays, on his way to Spain, was very unlike the bright and handsome young cavalier who landed on the streets of Dublin city twelve short months before.

"Maurice O'Connor," said O'Byrne, who saw him aboard, "do you know who this is?"

"Oney Na Coppal," said Maurice, with a faint smile.

"And these two ladies, Maurice?"

Maurice shook his head; he did not remember them.

Oney whispered him. "This is Becca, Colonel O'Connor, and this is—"

"Maurice, do you not remember me? Maurice O'Connor, could you—could you—forget me?" cried the second, with an expression of blended pain and mortification, in her musical voice.

"Lady Clare!"

"Oh, Maurice O'Connor, Maurice O'Connor—if you had only taken my advice that summer night, amidst the thunder and the lightning, and gone back, what pain and trouble and torment would have been saved! Oh, Maurice O'Connor," she cried, as she held his hand and looked at his shattered form, "what an unhappy land this Ireland is! There seems a spell of sorrow and malediction over it. Will you let me sail with you away from it—never more to come near it; never more to come near the blood-stained and warring shores? Will you let me sail with you? I—Maurice O'Connor—I shall be your guiding star in the future."

And Maurice said—"Yes!"

Maurice O'Connor recovered his strength of mind and body rapidly.

To the efforts he made in Spain and France the Confederate Council owed their ability to carry on the war for freedom in Ireland so long as they did.

By degrees the incidents in Ireland became to him like a bazy dream, dimly recollected, like a painful legend travelling down the long descent of centuries and having no connection with the present and so by degrees there grew up another love in his heart on the ruins of that which had once been there, a love which was true and sincere as the first, and in which there came the shadow of no parting.

Lady Clare O'Connor had sufficient influence at Court to make reconciliation between her husband and the king, if, indeed, in the hour when trials and reverses surrounded him, he needed any better negotiator than the recommendation of a stout heart and strong arm. In many of the bloodiest battles of the War of the Revolution he rode beside Prince Rupert, and when the Cavalier chivalry went down before the Puritan spears and were rolled in the dust on the bloody day of Naseby the regiment that guarded the beaten monarch to Hereford and afterwards Abergavenny was commanded by Colonel Maurice O'Connor.

But he never saw Ireland again.

(THE END.)

FATHER MATHEW.

(Temperance column of the *Irish World*.)

THE writer of the following statement is a Protestant gentleman—Dr. Barter of Blarney—whose hydropatic establishment of St. Anne's is one of the best in the United Kingdom. This statement is the result of a conversation which I recently had with Dr. Barter as to the alleged power of working cures attributed to Father Mathew, and in which the doctor mentioned such facts—which came under his notice in the summer of 1853—as induced me to request that he would be good enough to reduce them to writing. This he willingly did, at the same time giving me permission to make the fullest use of his name. The following is the document written by Dr. Barter, and bearing his signature:—

"As a resident for months in my establishment, to which Father Mathew had come for the restoration of his health, I had ample opportunity of studying his character and habits; and well do I remember his unceasing labour in the cause of suffering humanity.

"The crowds that came daily from distant parts of the country to seek his aid were legion; yet to every one, from the highest to the lowest, he was ever accessible and never seemed tired of doing good. I often remonstrated with him on the injury which must follow from such severe physical and mental labour, but to no purpose; his love for his fellowman and his goodness of heart banished from his noble breast every selfish feeling and he disregarded my repeated warnings.