

This seemed to be the last straw for Malone.

'Ah—oh my!' he said gulpingly. 'Yes, I know. I forgot all about the cartridges. Never once thought of 'em, no more than yourself. Oh, my! Do you know what we'll do, Mick?'

'What?'

'We'll make for Darrycorrig. It's all we can do. We'll get shelter there a bit.'

'But what's the good of that?' broke in Maher, with something like a sob. 'They can shoot us from the banks, like hares in a trap.'

'It's the only thing to be done. It's better than hiding in the boulders here, where they could stalk us at their ease like deer. Isn't it growing frightfully dark?'

It was indeed growing frightfully dark, as their horse, under its double weight, stumbled along. One would think old Carn Tual was putting on mourning for them—as indeed well he might. Men could not be in much more deadly plight—in worse extremity!

They had some six miles to go, perhaps eight, to reach Glenmalure. They might as well try to make their horse fly to the moon! They had only three to reach Darrycorrig—they might, by a miracle, reach that. It was not much; but, as Malone had said, it was the only thing to be done.

Darrycorrig was a narrow ravine—something like what they call a canon in Arizona—about a mile long. In the long aforetime, when Wicklow was trest and rent and torn by convulsions of Nature, before the form of Man had been seen on this round globe, it had been made. Just as the Scalp had been rent asunder—just as the severance where the Avoca runs through at Cronbane had been made—just in a similar manner had Nature made this great rent. It was not more than twice the length of a horse's leap in width, but it was very deep. Its sides were studded with protruding rocks, out-cropping granite, and among these grew in places straggling whin bushes. Otherwise its walls were steep as the side-walls of a house. And below, in the bed of the ravine, ran a tiny brook—tiny now in the summer, but roaring wild in the winter, when Carn Tual caught the rains and the snows melted on its tall summit and sides. To its shelter they turned their horse's head.

Pounding down the rocky ways, floundering across the spaces of shaggy heath, laboring heavy and with dead, lifeless strides, their steed finally reached its edge, about centre ways in its length. They did not expect he would do so much. But he did; and whipping off the winkers, they turned him loose and crept over the edge of the precipice, just as the yells and shouts of their pursuers came on their ears from behind the boulders, not three hundred yards away.

It was not much of a shelter, when there.

Each bank commanded a complete view of the opposite side, and if the soldiers went to the far bank they could pot them at their leisure—riddle them with holes, like a cullenedr, while they were helpless to reply; or they could comedown the canon from either end, or both ends, and capture them. From the near side, the projecting stone under which they crouched protected them in a degree. The darkness, or cloud, or whatever it was—so very unusual of a summer's day—protected them also. But it was a poor shelter, and a dismal business at the best, and Death was spreading his wings very close to them. They could feel his icy, shivering breath on their faces.

The second plan was that adopted by the soldiers, perhaps in ignorance of the ground—perhaps because they wanted to take them alive to wreak more tortures on them. The Ancient Britons were a nice lot, and, if anything, the Hessians were worse.

One party rode up and, dismounting at the Carn Tual side, entered the gorge; the other went to the lower end and entered there. They were caught as a hare between two nets, or a salmon in the weir.

'I knew we'd be caught here,' Mick Maher said. 'We're just like rabbits in a ditch, wid the ferrets thracking 'em up.'

'We have done the best we could.'

'God help us! An' that's not much.'

'Well, crying will make it no better. Say a prayer or two and I'll share my cartridges with you. We'll make a last fight for it, any how,' Malone said.

'It's so dark I can hardly see your hand,' said Mick, after a minute or two, as he reached out for the cartridges. 'What's amiss with the day at all, at all?'

'I'm blest if I know,' said Malone, as a mortal fear for the first time grew over him. 'God bless us! It's like a day would be going to thunder, and yet it don't.'

'I never saw a thunderstorm come like this, whatever it means,' observed Mick.

They were quite right in saying so, for the blackness was not that of a thunderstorm. A blanket of heavy clouds had covered the face of the sky, obscuring it completely—the result of a long spell of very hot weather. But it was not that blanket so much that made the intense gloom. Over the sea, down Barrindarrig way, there descended a funnel-shaped cloud, intensely black, almost blue-black, from the clouds. And forthwith rose up from the sea another, cone-shaped, to meet it—forming a water-spout. And thus went whirling, revolving, landwards. The two fugitives saw not all this. But they could see the top of the enormous cloud, and they could see the intense blackness of the day.

'Listen! Eh! What's that?' as a dull, subdued, sullen roar burst on their ears. 'Was that a volley fired?'

'No,' Malone answered. 'Too dull to be firearms. I think it must be thunder.'

'It isn't thunder, whatever it is,' Maher said.

And then, presently, the sky cleared and the summer day shone out, revealing all things plainly.

'We had a better chance while it was dark,' Maher said again. 'Give me the cartridges. We ought to stay a bit apart. I'll fire at those coming up—you at those coming down.'

'The very thing, Mick. God send they don't go to the other bank facing us. There's no hope then. But, eh? See here! What is up? The stock of my gun's all wet.'

They had been hiding very near the bottom of the canon, and the barrel of Malone's gun was between his knees, the stock below.

'In the name of God! Look! The stream's rising!'

It was, indeed, rising—fast, too. Rising by the half-foot per second—so very fast that there was nothing for it but to climb up by bush and rock as quick as they could. Even so, the rising stream caught them, and their feet and boots got wet.

They lifted themselves swiftly to near the brim.

'Oh! glory be to the high name of God! Mick Maher'—as he grasped the other's arm with fingers that seemed grown into steel—'there! See there! Was ever anything like that! Was ever anything like that!'

Not often, indeed. Quarter of a mile higher up, a living, green wall came swooping along. Roaring with a mighty rush. It was high as a two-storey house, and its front was perpendicular as a cloven cheese. It carried rocks, shrubs, trees—everything—before it and with it. Grasping one another, with a fear to which their former fear was as nothing, they watched it come. It did not take long to come and sweep by; but that passing, though instantaneous, seemed a generation in time.

'Father in Heaven! Did you see that?' whispered Malone in awe-struck tones.

'I did! I saw it—saw them,' said Maher, whilst his form shivered and shook, and his face had grown the color of the newly dead.

In that momentary rush by, they had seen men's forms sweep by on its surface like straws. They had time in that swift glance to note the faces of the red-coated men, and to see the terrible look of unspeakable dread that was on them—a dread that there are no words given to any language to describe. The look that Dante tells us comes into the eyes of those sinners who see Death before them—and Hell after.

The two men, unspeaking, stood there for full half an hour watching that stormy rush of raging water. It passed like one solid mass, and fell as swiftly as it rose.

The apparition was afterwards simply explained. The whirling water-spout, coming inwards, had struck Carn Tual and at once dissolved—fell in one mass. It had poured down the mountain sides and to the lowlands by the one way open it—through the ravine or canon of Darrycorrig. Thence down the Carraway Slack, into the valley of Glenmalure, whence it rushed, doing immense mischief, back to its home again in the sea.

There were less thankful men in Ireland that day, and a good many less religious, than George Malone and Mick Maher, as they emerged on to the solid bank and looked around them on the smiling summer noon.

There was but one soldier left, he who had care of the picketed horses, and him they had little difficulty in securing. The troop of horses they led with them over the uplands and down into the valley. Then turning their faces westward, from the direction in which the rushing waters had taken, they came to the end of Glenmalure and deflected northwards.

The summer eve was falling, and a peaceful haze setting in over the Avonmore, what time they stood in the shadow of Derrybawn, and handed Michael Dwyer the letter with the welcome news of Ballyellis.—*St. Patrick's.*

The Catholic World.

CANADA.—An appreciation of the Catholic Clergy.—

The well-known novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker, in dedicating his latest work to Sir Wilfred Laurier, says:—'I have, as you know, travelled far and wide during the past 17 years, and though I have seen people as frugal and industrious as the French Canadians, I have never seen such frugality and industry associated with so much domestic virtue, so much education and intelligence, and so deep and simple a religious life: nor have I ever seen a priesthood at once so devoted and high-minded in all that concerns the home life of their people as in French Canada.' Lord Durham in his 'despatches' paid a similar tribute to the priesthood, and he wrote that the people were 'mild and kindly, frugal, industrious, honest, hospitable, and distinguished for a courtesy and real politeness which pervades every class of society.'

ENGLAND.—Presentation to the Rector of Chorley.—

The Rector of St. Mary's, Chorley, Father Crank, was recently presented with a purse of gold by the members of the congregation as a mark of respect and esteem.

The Late Superior of the London Oratory.—

An earnest wish has been expressed by friends of the late Very Rev. Father Gordon, Superior of the London Oratory, that some permanent memorial to him should be erected in the church, and a committee has been formed for the purpose.

The Vicar-General of Westminster.—

Monsignor Canon Fenton has been appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Westminster in succession to the late Provost Barry, and Canon Gildes has been nominated dean and rector of St. James' Church, Spanish Place.

Death of the Pastor of King's Lynn.—

King's Lynn is mourning the demise of its Catholic pastor, the Rev. George Wrigglesworth, who died a few minutes after he had attended the meeting of the Board of Guardians. The little church of which he was pastor had a prominence of its own—for it is the nearest Catholic church to Sandringham, and is, therefore, attended on