

that as soon as she is in any degree independent and begins to make money (as one day she must) she will actively seek them herself and want to pour everything into their laps. However, when that day comes, we must see about protecting her."

Herr Harfenspieler was silent. His mind was not quite at ease as to this parting of the child from her friends; and yet, enthusiast as he was, his desire to hold her fast and continue his work in her made him rejoice at the decision of his friend.

After everyone was asleep in the Hall that night, the Harfenspieler sat at his open window fingering his violin tenderly and fitfully. The jasmine from without scented the air, and the old musician was living in other scenes where even such white jasmine wreaths had perfumed other chambers.

"Is it right, after all," he thought, "to play such tricks upon human hearts? Has not humble and holy love too often to pay the penalty for fame and the triumphs of art? Can we who rob this lowly nest say that the bird would not be happier singing in her native woods?"

But this mood of the old professor passed away with a few hours of moonlight dreams, and a restless night. The impulse of his genius was too strong for the more subtle tenderness of his heart. He was glad when he saw his young pupil running to meet him in the morning sun, and reflected that Lord Wilderspin's mysterious advertisement was on its way to the post.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XXIII.—"THE BIER THAT CONQUERED." THE STORY OF GODFREY OF TYRCONNELL.

I have remarked that the Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other. Illustrating this state of things, I may refer to the story of Godfrey, Prince of Tyrconnell—as glorious a character as ever adorned the page of history. For years the Normans had striven in vain to gain a foot-hold in Tyrconnell. Elsewhere—in Connacht, in Munster, throughout all Leinster, and in southern Ulster—they could betimes assert their sway, either by dint of arms or insidious diplomatic strategy. But never could they over-reach the wary and martial Cinel-Connal, from whom more than once the Norman armies had suffered overthrow. At length the Lord Justice, Maurice Fitzgerald, felt that this hitherto invulnerable fortress of native Irish power in the north-west had become a formidable standing peril to the entire English colony; and it was accordingly resolved that the whole strength of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland should be put forth in one grand expedition against it; and this expedition the Lord Justice decided that he himself would lead and command in person! At this time Tyrconnell was ruled by a prince who was the soul of chivalric bravery, wise in the council, and daring in the field—Godfrey O'Donnell. The Lord Justice, while assembling his forces, employed the time, moreover, in skilfully diplomatising, playing the insidious game which, in every century, most largely helped the Anglo-Norman interest in Ireland—setting up rivalries and inciting hostilities amongst the Irish princes! Having, as he thought, not only cut off Godfrey from all chance of alliance or support from his fellow-princes of the north and west, but environed him with their active hostility, Fitzgerald marched on Tyrconnell. His army moved with all the pomp and panoply of Norman pride. Lords, earls, knights, and squires, from every Norman castle or settlement in the land, had rallied at the summons of the king's representative. Godfrey, isolated though he found himself, was nothing daunted by the tremendous odds which he knew were against him. He was conscious of his own military superiority to any

of the Norman lords yet sent against him—he was, in fact, one of the most skilful captains of the age—and he relied implicitly on the unconquerable bravery of his clansmen. Both armies met at Credankille, in the north of Sligo. A battle which the Normans describe as fiercely and vehemently contested, ensued and raged for hours without palpable advantage to either side. In vain the mail-clad battalions of England rushed upon the saffron-kilted Irish clansmen; each time they reeled from the shock and fled in bloody rout! In vain the cavalry squadrons—long the boasted pride of the Normans—headed by earls and knights whose names were rallying cries in Norman England, swept upon the Irish lines! Riderless horses alone returned,

"Their nostrils all red with the sign of despair."

The Lord Justice in wild dismay saw the proudest army ever rallied by Norman power on Irish soil, being routed and hewn piecemeal before his eyes! Godfrey, on the other hand, the very impersonation of valor, was everywhere cheering his men, directing the battle and dealing destruction to the Normans. The gleam of his battle-axe or the flash of his sword was the sure precursor of death to the haughtiest earl or knight that dared to confront him. The Lord Justice—than whom no abler general or braver soldier served the king—saw that the day was lost if he could not save it by some desperate effort, and at the worst he had no wish to survive the overthrow of the splendid army he had led into the field. The flower of the Norman nobles had fallen under the sword of Godfrey, and him the Lord Maurice now sought out, dashing into the thickest of the fight. The two leaders met in single combat. Fitzgerald dealt the Tyrconnell chief a deadly wound; but Godfrey, still keeping his seat, with one blow of his battle-axe, clove the Lord Justice to the earth, and the proud baron was carried senseless off the field by his followers. The English fled in hopeless confusion; and of them the chroniclers tell us there was made a slaughter that night's darkness alone arrested. The Lord Maurice was done with pomp and power after the ruin of that day. He survived his dreadful wound for some time; he retired into a Franciscan monastery which he himself had built and endowed at Youghal, and there taking the habit of a monk, he departed this life tranquilly in the bosom of religion. Godfrey, meanwhile, mortally wounded, was unable to follow up quickly the great victory of Credankille: but stricken as he was, and with life ebbing fast, he did not disband his army till he had demolished the only castle the English had dared to raise on the soil of Tyrconnell. This being done, and the last soldier of England chased beyond the frontier line, he gave the order for dispersion, and himself was borne homewards to die.

This, however, sad to tell, was the moment seized upon by O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, to wrest from the Cinel-Connal submission to his power! Hearing that the lion-hearted Godfrey lay dying, and while yet the Tyrconnellian clans, disbanded and on their homeward roads, were suffering from their recent engagement with the Normans, O'Neill sent envoys to the dying prince demanding hostages in token of submission? The envoys, say all the historians, no sooner delivered this message than they fled for their lives! Dying though Godfrey was, and broken and wounded as were his clansmen by their recent glorious struggle, the messengers of Tirowen felt but too forcibly the peril of delivering this insolent demand! And characteristically was it answered by Godfrey! His only reply was to order an instantaneous muster of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell.

(To be continued.)

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