

I wanted to sing for nobody but him; and I am still the same. I would rather keep singing to him in a little quiet spot like this, with the flowers, and the birds, and the stillness all around us, and the heavens over our heads, than make ever so great a sensation among the finest people in the world."

The next morning she looked round for something to do, and said:—"Mamzelle, let us pay a visit to the Certosa! It is not far from here, and I want to see it."

Mamzelle yielded to her desire. And to the Certosa they went.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—HOW THE VAINGLORIOUS ENGLISH KING TRIED ANOTHER CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INVINCIBLE IRISH PRINCE, AND WAS UTTERLY DEFEATED, AS BEFORE.

Of this second expedition of King Richard there is extant an account written by a Frenchman who was in his train. In all its main features, expedition No. 2 was a singular repetition of expedition No. 1: vast preparations and levies of men and materials, ships and armaments, as if for the invasion and subjugation of one of the most powerful empires of the world: gorgeous trappings, courtly attendants, and all the necessities for renewed experiments with the Royal "dazzling" policy. Landing at Waterford, Richard, at the head of his panoplied host, marched against McMurrough, who, to a lofty and magniloquent invitation to seek the king's gracious clemency, had rudely replied "that he would neither submit nor obey him in any way; and that he would never cease from war and the defence of his country until his death." To the overawing force of the English King, Art had, as the French narrator informs us, just "three thousand hardy men, who did not appear to be much afraid of the English." McMurrough's tactics were those which had stood him in such good stead on the previous occasion. He removed all the cattle and corn, food and fodder of every kind, as well as the women, children, aged, and helpless of his people, into the interior, while he himself, at the head of his Spartan band, "few, but undismayed," took up a position at Idrone awaiting the invaders. Once more Richard found his huge army entangled in impenetrable forests, hemmed in by bogs, morass, and mountain—McMurrough fighting and retiring with deadly craft to draw him deeper and deeper into difficulty, "harassing him dreadfully, carrying off everything fit for food for man or beast, surprising and slaying his foragers, and filling his camp nightly with alarm and blood." A crumb of consolation greatly regarded by the mortified and humiliated English King was the appearance one day in his camp of Art's uncle giving in submission, supplicating for himself "pardon and favor." This Richard only too joyfully granted; and, allowing the incident to persuade him that Art himself might also be wavering, a Royal message was sent to the Leinster prince assuring him of free pardon, and "castles and lands in abundance elsewhere," if only he would submit. The Frenchman records McMurrough's reply:—"MacMor told the King's people that for all the gold in the world he would not submit himself, but would continue to war and endamage the King in all that he could." This ruined Richard's last hope of anything like a fair pretext for abandoning his enterprise. He now relinquished all idea of assailing McMurrough, and marched as best he could towards Dublin, his army meanwhile suffering fearfully from famine. After some days of dreadful privation they reached the seashore at Arklow, where ships with provisions from Dublin awaited them. The soldiers rushed into the sea to reach at the food, fought for it ravenously, and drank all the wine they could seize. Soon

after this timely relief, a still more welcome gleam of fortune fell upon the English host. A messenger arrived from Art expressing his willingness to meet some accredited ambassador from the King and discuss the matters at issue between them. Whereupon, says the chronicler, there was great joy in the English camp. The Earl of Gloster was at once dispatched to treat with Art. The French knight was among the earl's escort, and witnessed the meeting, of which he has left a quaint description. He describes Art as a "fine large man, wondrously active. To look at him he seemed very stern and savage and a very able man." The horse which Art rode especially transfixed the Frenchman's gaze. He declares that a steed more exquisitely beautiful, more marvellously fleet, he had never beheld. "In coming down it galloped so hard, that, in my opinion, I never saw hare, deer, sheep, or any other animal, I declare to you for a certainty, run with such speed as it did." This horse Art rode "without housing or saddle," yet sat like a king, and guided with utmost ease in the most astounding feats of horsemanship. "He and the earl," the Frenchman tells, "exchanged much discourse, but did not come to agreement. They took short leave and hastily parted. Each took his way apart, and the earl returned to King Richard." The announcement brought by his ambassador was a sore disappointment to the King. Art would only agree to "peace without reserve"; "otherwise he will never come to agreement." "This speech," continues the Frenchman, "was not agreeable to the King. It appeared to me that his face grew pale with anger. He swore in great wrath by St. Bernard that no, never would he depart from Ireland till, alive or dead, he had him in his power."

Rash oath—soon broken. Little thought Richard when he so hotly swore against Art in such impotent anger, that he would have to quit Ireland, leaving Art free, unconquered, and defiant, while he returned to England only to find himself a crownless monarch, deposed and friendless, in a few brief days subsequently to meet a treacherous and cruel death in Pontefract Castle!

All this, however, though near at hand, was as yet in the unforeseen future; and Richard, on reaching Dublin, devoted himself once more to "dazzling" revels there. But while he feasted he forgot not his hatred of the indomitable McMurrough. "A hundred marks in pure gold" were publicly proclaimed by the King to anyone who should bring to him in Dublin, *alive or dead*, the defiant Prince of Leinster; against whom, moreover, the army, divided into three divisions, were dispatched upon a new campaign. Soon the revels and marchings were abruptly interrupted by sinister news from England. A formidable rebellion had broken out there, headed by the banished Lancaster. Richard marched southward with all speed to take shipping at Waterford, collecting on the way the several divisions of his army. He embarked for England, but arrived too late. His campaign against Art McMurrough had cost him his crown, eventually his life; had changed the dynasty in England, and seated the house of Lancaster upon the throne.

(To be continued.)

"When lights burn low" where sweet babe sleeps,
While grateful mother vigil keeps,
Watching it breathing calm and free,
Her pet that yet the morn shall see—
O, what relief and joy is known
Where croup is foiled and overthrown;
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