

painting the willowy figure, the showery yellow hair, the sweet sincerity of his goddess; and he would not have been a vocalist if he had omitted her artless compliment to his singing, nor a lover if he had not constructed out of this and several other the like fairy filaments, quite a glistening fabric of hopes for his wooing.

"Yes, she is very lovely, and, I think, better even than she is beautiful," said Ken Rohan fervently.

"What! Do you know her?" asked the other, with a sudden pang.

"By Jove, old fellow, you *are* in love! There are a thousand jealous devils in that look of yours. You may disband your devils. I am the most harmless of mankind to you. I only met Miss Westropp accidentally with Harry, and I am not likely to meet her again. But I say, Jack," he continued, not exactly discerning in what direction he could suggest hopes that would feed his friend's daring ambition to Lord Drumshaughlin's daughter's hand, and quite alive to the folly of disheartening him, "how the deuce did you pick up with that fellow Harman?"

The other colored slightly. He had passed over this part of the narrative in a sketchy manner. With any other censor he would have sported his acquaintances at Stone Hall as a feather in his cap; but Ken's glum stoicism made him uncomfortable about his innocent little vanities. Still he made a gallant rally to carry it off impudently.

"Oh," he said, "Harman and I pound the piano together a little sometimes. You see we may have differences enough in Ireland without differing as to musical notation. A man may deserve to be shot as an agent and play a very passable thing from Bach *en attendant*."

"These are dangerous times," said the other, gravely. "Harman is a cunning fellow, and would not be half so dangerous only for his candor."

"I believe well! But I humbly pretend to the talent to *ménager* my acquaintance as well as choose them," replied Jack, a little nettled. "Besides," he proceeded more placably, "a footing in the enemy's camp is ever useful. Harman is up to everything that the police think is worth knowing. *Par exemple*, he dropped me a hint about that fellow Dawley—you would hardly believe it—of course, it was only a hint. But damn Harman and Dawley to the lowest cellar! What brings their infernal names into the same world with Mabel Westropp? Ken, she is the loveliest—the most adorable——"

"God prosper you, Jack!" said his friend, pressing his hand. "I envy you—your hope!" He had almost to choke himself to swallow down a moan that came from his own lacerated heart. "Come," said he, with a good-humored smile, "it is my turn to tell you it is growing late. You find something better than goat's milk and whisky on the Glengarriff Hills, after all?"

"Ah!" cried Jack Harold, with a happy laugh, "because those heather hills of yours now have the grace to blush and acknowledge their goddess."

(To be continued.)

SPLEEN AND IDEAL.

Facing the twelve steel rifle-barrels he
Stood smilingly; rose cheek, blue eye, gold hair
Warmed with their blossoms of gay purity
The sombre fitness of the barrack square.

He thought of radiant talks in one old wood
Where angels flower-strewed him to his goal;
He thought of all he read; and as he stood
A smile tripped down the violin of his soul.

When in the pallor of the guns he saw
A taut-strung virgin Ireland, aye, he smiled
At that wide Empire where there was no flaw.
But when he saw the worn shoes of a child

A sob untuned the violin of his heart.
Then roared the rifles: *what thou art thou art*.
—PETER O'BRIEN, in *Studies*.....

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXI.—(Continued.)

The staff crowded around the fallen commander in sad dismay. The brigade itself, ignorant at first of the true nature of what happened, but conscious that some serious disaster had occurred, halted in confusion. Indecision and confusion in the face of the enemy, and under fire of his batteries, has ever but one result. The brigade broke, and rode to the right. No one knew on whom the command devolved. Sarsfield was next in rank; but every one knew him to be posted at a distant part of the field, and it was unhappily notorious that he had not been made acquainted with any of the lost general's plan. This indecision and confusion was not long spreading from the cavalry brigade which St. Ruth had been leading to other bodies of the troops. The Williamites plainly perceived that something fatal had happened on the Irish side, which, if taken advantage of promptly, might give them victory in the very moment of defeat. They halted, rallied, and returned. A general attack in full force on all points was ordered. "Still the Irish centre and right wing maintained their ground obstinately, and the fight was renewed with as much vigor as ever. The Irish infantry were so hotly engaged, that they were not aware either of the death of St. Ruth, or of the flight of the cavalry, until they themselves were almost surrounded. A panic and confused flight were the result. The cavalry of the right wing, who were the first in action that day, were the last to quit their ground. Sarsfield, with the reserve horse of the centre, had to retire with the rest without striking one blow, 'although,' says the Williamite Captain Parker, 'he had the greatest and best part of the cavalry with him.' St. Ruth fell about sunset; and about nine, after three hours' hard fighting, the last of the Irish army had left the field. The cavalry retreated along the high road to Loughrea, and the infantry, who mostly flung away their arms, fled to a large red bog on their left, where great numbers of them were massacred unarmed and in cold blood; but a thick misty rain coming on, and the night setting in, the pursuit was soon relinquished."

The peasantry to this day point out a small gorge on the hill-side, still called "Gleann-na-Fola ('the Glen of Slaughter—the Bloody Glen'), where two of the Irish regiments, deeming flight vain, or scorning to fly, halted, and throughout the night waited their doom in sullen determination. There they were found in the morning, and *were slaughtered to a man*. The slogan of the conqueror was: "No quarter!" *

About 500 prisoners, with 32 pairs of colors, 11 standards, and a large quantity of small arms, fell into the hands of the victors. The English loss in killed and wounded was about 3000; the Irish lost over 4000, chiefly in the flight, as the Williamites gave

*-Moore, who seems to have been powerfully affected by the whole story of Aughrim—"the Culloden of Ireland"—is said to have found in this mournful tragedy the subject of his exquisite song, "After the Battle":—

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightning showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint—but fearless still.
The soldier's hope—the patriot's zeal.
For ever dimmed, for ever crossed!
Oh! who can say what heroes feel
When all but life and honor's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
And valor's task moved slowly by;
And mute they watched till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die!
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright op'ning be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

E. S. Robson

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