

improved the temper of either of us. As I have said, however, I should be disposed to waive my own claim to a daughter's duty and affection towards a father who has always idolised her if I could persuade myself that the extraordinary resolution you have taken of burying yourself from the world was attended with any compensating advantage, either to your own happiness or the reformation of the foolish boy to whom you are inconsiderately sacrificing so precious a portion of your youth and of your father's comfort. I am not surprised, however, to learn that you have consigned yourself to a hopeless and ungrateful task, and that you have not only failed to influence him for the better, but that he has of late fallen more and more into courses which young ladies of your age, brought up as you have been, cannot be expected to understand, much less to correct him in. You will sufficiently appreciate his position when I tell you that there is serious danger of his entangling himself in an alliance that would be disgraceful to our family, and that he is, I learn on the surest authority, involved deeply in an atrocious communistic conspiracy for an armed insurrection against the forces of the Crown and the abolition of property and religion."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXII. -How Glorious Limerick Once More Braved the Ordeal. How at Length a Treaty and Capitulation was Agreed Upon. How Sarsfield and the Irish Army Sailed Into Exile.

Galway surrendered on favorable terms ten days after the battle. Sligo also, the last western garrison, succumbed soon after, and its governor, the brave Sir Teige O'Regan, the hero of Charlemont, marched his 600 survivors southward to Limerick."

"Thus once more all eyes and hearts in the British Islands were turned towards the well-known city of the lower Shannon."

On August 25, Ginckle, reinforced by all the troops he could gather in with safety, invested the place on three sides. It appears he had powers, and indeed urgent directions, from William long previously, to let no hesitation in granting favorable terms keep him from ending the war, if it could be ended by such means, and it is said he apprehended serious censure for not having proclaimed such dispositions before he assaulted Athlone. He now resolved to use without stint the powers given to him, in the anxious hope of thereby averting the necessity of trying to succeed where William himself had failed—beneath the unconquered walls of Limerick.

Accordingly, a proclamation was issued by Ginckle, offering a full and free pardon of all "treasons" (so-called—meaning thereby loyalty to the king, and resistance of the foreign emissaries), with restoration for all to their estates "forfeited" by such "treason," and employment in his Majesty's service for all who would accept it, if the Irish army would abandon the war.

It is not to be wondered at that this proclamation developed on the instant a "peace party" within the Irish lines. Not even the most sanguine could now hope to snatch the crown from William's head, and replace it on that of the fugitive James. For what object, therefore, if not simply to secure honorable terms, should they prolong the struggle? And did not this proclamation afford a fair and reasonable basis for negotiation? The Anglo-Irish Catholic nobles and gentry, whose estates were thus offered to be secured to them, may well be pardoned, if they exhibited weakness at this stage. To battle further was, in their judgment, to peril all for a shadow.

Nevertheless, the national party, led by Sarsfield, prevailed, and Ginckle's summons to surrender was courteously but firmly refused. Once more glorious Limerick was to brave the fiery ordeal. Sixty guns, none of less than twelve pounds calibre, opened their

deadly fire against it. An English fleet ascended the river, hurling its missiles right and left. Bombardment by land and water showered destruction upon the city—in vain! Ginckle now gave up all hope of reducing the place by assault, and resolved to turn the siege into a *blockade*. Starvation must, in time, effect what fire and sword had so often and so vainly tried to accomplish. The treason of an Anglo-Irish officer long suspected, Luttrell, betrayed to Ginckle the pass over the Shannon above the city; and one morning the Irish, to their horror, beheld the foe upon the Clare side of the river. Ginckle again offered to grant almost any terms, if the city would but capitulate; for even still he judged it rather a forlorn chance to await its capture. The announcement of this offer placed further resistance out of the question. It was plain there was a party within the walls so impressed with the madness of refusing such terms, that, any moment, they might, of themselves, attempt to hand over the city.

Accordingly, on September 23, 1691—after a day of bloody struggle from early dawn—the Irish gave the signal for a parley, and a cessation of arms took place. Favorable as were the terms offered, and even though Sarsfield now assented to accepting them, the news that the struggle was to be ended, was received by the soldiers and citizens with loud and bitter grief. They ran to the ramparts from which they so often had hurled the foe, and broke their swords in pieces. "Muskets that had scattered fire and death amidst the British grenadiers, were broken in a frenzy of desperation, and the tough shafts of pikes that had resisted William's choicest cavalry, crashed across the knees of maddened rapparees." The citizens, too, ran to the walls, with the arms they had treasured proudly as mementoes of the last year's glorious struggle, and shivered them into fragments, exclaiming with husky voices: "We need them now no longer. *Ireland is no more!*"

On September 26 the negotiations were opened, hostages were exchanged, and Sarsfield and Major-General Wauchop dined with Ginckle in the English camp. The terms of capitulation were settled soon after; but the Irish, happily—resolved to leave no pretext for subsequent repudiation of Ginckle's treaty, even though he showed them his formal powers—demanded that the lords justices should come down from Dublin and ratify the articles. This was done; and on October 3, 1691, the several contracting parties met in full state at a spot on the Clare side of the river, to sign and exchange the treaty. That memorable spot is marked by a large stone, which remains to this day, proudly guarded and preserved by the people of that city, for whom it is a monument more glorious than the Titan arch for Rome. The visitor who seeks it on the Shannon side needs but to name the object of his search, when a hundred eager volunteers, their faces all radiant with pride, will point him out that memorial of Irish honor and heroism, that silent witness of English troth—*punica fides*—the "Treaty Stone of Limerick."

(To be continued.)

S L E E P.

And have I overthrown thine enmity,
Thine ancient enmity, O Sleep, that now
With phials in thy hand, and all thy brow
Dark poppy garlands, thou com'st wooing me
With magic, sure as night. I scarce can see
Thy form; I faint in thy rich breaths; for thou
Fillest my room, as might some Eastern bough,
Of swaying odors thick with lethargy.

I wish my eyes could pierce thy twilight veil:
If I saw triumph hovering on thy lips
That thou hadst won me from the yoke of pale
And earnest Fame, whose bondman never sleeps,
I'd break thy spells, fling casements to the gale,
And hallo out to the adventurous ships.

—DANIEL CORKERY, in *Studies*.

Always use "NO RUBBING" Laundry Help for washing clothes.

E. S. Robson

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