

Harry, proudly. He was astounded to find himself gradually rising from a position in which he had honestly regarded Quish the bailiff as a more gifted being into heroic proportions which enabled him to look down upon Guardsmen.

The girls floated away to discuss what could be done with Lord Clanlaurance's starved greenhouses.

"I wonder could a fellow—an outsider, I mean—ever understand Ireland!" said Reggie, actively applying for information to his moustache.

"Come along, and show me the stables, and give me a cigar, and I'll tell you all about it," said Harry. "I know so devilish little, 'twon't take long. We're going to fight you, whenever we get the chance. That's all. Girls will always talk such poetry about things."

"I wish I could fall into the habit," said the Guardsman with a groan, as he lit his cigar. "If it were only as easy as the fighting!"

Miss Westropp was not a person to do things by halves. She had received the strangest exhilaration from circumstances that would have repelled and horrified any young lady of well-regulated mind with whom she was acquainted. But the discerning reader will have seen long ago that Miss Mabel's was by no means a well-regulated mind. She would never have carried off the premium for ladylike deportment at a young ladies' finishing academy. I am free to confess that the influence which had led Harry to prefer the stables to the club as a social resort had, in a very different order, imparted an element of wilfulness and neglect to the character of his beautiful sister. Her mind was not at all a Dutch flower-garden cut to pattern. It was as fair as Glengariff, but had something also of Glengariff's wildness and unaccountable shadows. So far from being shocked to find her brother leagued with low people for some madcap feat of arms, it gave new fuel to her belief in Harry's reclamation. She felt to some extent the intoxication of the explorer who has rushed on undauntedly against all warnings, and has found a North-West passage where all the world prophesied eternal ice. She now knew the worst; and what had all the dark hints of shameful passion and unspeakable conspiracy come to but a boy's unspoken love and a soldier's fight for freedom? Why should he not fall in love with the miller's daughter? Her gentle eyes could never lead him into perdition. Was he to fall in love with Miss Deborah Harman? Rebellion might or might not be a rash thing—even a deadly thing—but could it possibly be worse than a life spent at Moll Carty's in a soulless bondage to Quish?—nay, could it possibly be more ignoble than the vacuous lives of the pimply young squires who dawdled at the Club in the cast-off fashions and vices of last year's London season? Her life at the Castle, which seemed so bleak and sterile, had all of a sudden flowered into interest. Her sympathies ran like a wild vine in search of things to cling around; and, lo! not only was Harry submitting to her graceful chains, but there was not a cabin far or near to which her wild festoons were not extending. She no longer felt herself under the chilling suspicion of coming as one of Miss Deborah's missionaries to the Ranties. She had got a key that opened every cabin and every heart in it, and she felt a new entrancing spirit expanding within her as her eye ranged over the royal picture spread under the Castle windows, to think that she could now understand not only its mountains, woods, and waters, but its past and future—that the mission of the Westropp race for the future was to brighten the hearths and not quench them—that the curls of smoke along the hillsides rose like maledictions no longer, but like blessings from the simple glowing hearts within. In addition to the divine necessity of the perfume-laden rose which she felt to spread herself abroad, she was indulging the wilful blood of the Westropp in doing as she pleased, and gratifying a feminine foible also in doing as the spiteful little coteries of Drumshaughlin society did not please. She sent presents of grapes and peaches to Myles Rohan's sick-bed, and placed at his disposal the old bath-chair

to which her father had once been reduced by violent access of the gout—which, however, the sturdy miller resisted as a well-intended but intolerable imputation of effeminacy. When the alarm at the Mill was over, she availed herself of Mrs. Rohan's circle of introductions to the pinched and aching clients of her Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Life was not worth living, in Mrs. Dargan's eyes, for quite half a day after they beheld so astounding a freak on the part of the great lady at the Castle. The presidency of the St. Vincent de Paul Society had never before struck her as at once so offensive a work of holiness and yet so legitimate an object of pious ambition in the right hands. Katie Rohan Miss Westropp could not make much of. The shy creature shrank from notice like a frightened fawn. Though she was almost her own age, Mabel felt strong enough to take her in her arms as she would a timid child. Captain Mike MacCarthy she met early, and liked cordially.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXIII.—How the Treaty of Limerick was Broken and Trampled Under Foot by the "Protestant Interest," Yelling for More Plunder and More Persecution.

There is no more bitter memory in the Irish breast than that which tells how the Treaty of Limerick was violated; and there is not probably on record a breach of public faith more nakedly and confessedly infamous than was that violation.

None of this damning blot touches William—now king *de facto* of the two islands. He did his part; and the truthful historian is bound on good evidence to assume for him that he saw with indignation and disgust the shameless and dastardly breach of that treaty by the dominant and all-powerful Protestant faction. We have seen how the lords justices came down from Dublin and approved and signed the treaty at Limerick. The king bound public faith to it still more firmly, formally, and solemnly, by the issue of royal letters patent confirmatory of all its articles, issued from Westminster, February 24, 1692, in the name of himself and Queen Mary.

We shall now see how this treaty was kept towards the Irish Catholics.

The "Protestant interest" of Ireland, as they called themselves, no sooner found the last of the Irish regiments shipped from the Shannon, than they openly announced that the treaty would not, and ought not to be kept! It was the old story. Whenever the English sovereign or government desired to pause in the work of persecution and plunder, if not to treat the native Irish in a spirit of conciliation or justice, the "colony," the "plantation," the garrison, the "Protestant interest," screamed in frantic resistance. It was so in the reign of James the First; it was so in the reign of Charles the First; it was so in the reign of Charles the Second; it was so in the reign of James the Second; it was so in the reign of William and Mary. Any attempt of king or government to mete to the native Catholic population of Ireland any measure of treatment save what the robber and murderer metes out to his helpless victim, was denounced—absolutely complained of—as a daring wrong and grievance against what was, and is still, called the "Protestant interest," or "*our* glorious rights and liberties." Indeed, no sooner had the lords justices returned from Limerick, than the Protestant pulpits commenced to resound with denunciations of those who would observe the treaty; and Dopping, titular Protestant bishop of Meath, as Protestant historians record, preached before the lords justices themselves a notable sermon on "*the crime of keeping faith with Papists.*"

The "Protestant interest" party saw with indignation that the king meant to keep faith with the

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