

had always hitherto done in every whining, sickish moment. And it was to the Hugg address in South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, his cab was now speeding with a celerity which yet, was not half impetuous enough for the eager, fretting fire within. For—who will sound that fathomless ocean of mystery, the ordinary human norta?—he who had stepped into the cab a chastened penitent, had already grown so rebellious-proud of his own virtuous resolutions that he burst into imprecations on the slowness of those infernal jades of cab-horses, and on stepping out felt coerced to present the cabby with an additional half-crown as a propitiatory sacrifice to his own conscience and cabby's outraged pride in his steed.

"Eh? 'Pon my soul, 27A is a dancing-master!" cried Lord Drumshaughlin, bounding up the steps, only to find the brass plate on the ground-floor suite sacred to M. Passeul et Filles, professors of the new waltzes. The first-floor afforded no better light. It was the dingy domain of a corsetiere of the same grand nation. "M. Ougg? mais non, monsieur," said the civil little corset-maker, shaking her head. "M. Ougg? Ah, my God, I recollect myself. A letter to that address entremêled itself with my letters one morning, there are some months, and the Madame d'en-bas—Madame la propriétaire—Madame Callaghan, charged herself with it. Sonnette de rez de chaussee, Monsieur—en bas," twittered the little staymaker; and Lord Drumshaughlin applied himself to the area-bell. The lady of the house, Madame Callaghan, a slatternly, bony woman, with a soft Munster accent disguised in a harsh voice, and in those tags of Cockney speech which the humbler Irish in England sometimes assume, as, in a way, taking out naturalisation papers, answered him at the area gate.

"No," said the Madame d'en-bas. "Mr. Hugg didn't live here, and she didn't know where he lived; but if there was any commands for Mr. Hugg she would take charge of them."—"Perhaps she would be good enough to say how soon she could convey a communication to Mr. Hugg?"—"Didn't know from Adam—maybe a week, maybe a month—a gentleman called and tuk away letters—didn't know how soon he'd call again, and didn't care."—"A gentleman called? Indeed! And pray might he inquire what sort of gentleman?"—"That he might find from them whose business to tell him," snapped the suspicious dame, banging the area-gate in his face.

"Yes, hang it! always failed in diplomacy—as what did I not fail in?" reflected his lordship, as he walked away towards the Chief Secretary's house in the adjoining square—"Shall have to fall back upon Hans Harman, as usual, he won't fail! He'd find Hugg. He'd tear all about him out of that damned surly old shrew faster than Torquemada would with his pincers. Hugg!—what a deucedly uncomfortable name—Bug, Mug, Lug, Tug, Dug, Jug, Drug, Slug, Thug—why, you might set a whole Chamber of Horrors to rhyme with it! But Harman'll be a match for 'em all. He'll get Hugg to extinguish Dargan, and then you'll have Harman coming down to extinguish Hugg, or trumping him with some other mysterious old financier—an astonishing fellow!—an invaluable fellow!—and, by Jove! he *did* warn me what would come of this madcap adventure of Mabel's—just as it turned out—Hah! glad to see I'm not wholly out of luck to-day. Chief Secretary in town, and I've run him down, too!" he cried, as he stopped opposite a mansion in the Square. The blinds were all close-drawn, and muffled in proper autumnal weeds of widowhood for a family out of town; but Lord Drumshaughlin espied two men of drilled backs, loafing in elaborate idleness about the railings, their real talking about as well disguised in civilian dress as the frog who would a-woooing go must have looked in morning costume.

"Would you kindly present this card to Mr. Jelliland, and say the matter is urgent?" he said holdly to the servant who opened the door, and who, with a glance at the card, said hesitatingly: "Not altogether certain whether 'ee's returned from the Hahirish Hoffice, h' lawd—p'raps your lawdsh'p would please to hentaw."—"Thanks; make your mind easy about that; his detectives are at the door," replied his lordship, resolutely pushing his way into the dining-room.

In a moment, the servant returned and ushered him upstairs into a snugery, where John Jelliland sat cowering over his desk by the fire amidst mountains of official documents, reports, and warrants, amidst which he ap-

peared to be burrowing for the bare life like a dormouse, in a particularly hard winter. The Secretary was woefully changed since we last saw him in the fresh gloss of his office. The little bald head that bobbed up to welcome Lord Drumshaughlin did so much less stiffly, and more amicably. The sparse hairs that peered about the edges of the bald wastes of his scalp on either side, like sad veterans inspecting the graves of their old comrades, had grown ever so much sparser and greyer within these few Irish months; and the keen little bird's eye with which John Jelliland took in the whole Irish situation at a glance had grown strangely dim and suggested spectacles. The fact of it was things had not turned out precisely as any reasoning being who was not an Irishman would have expected them to turn out in that provoking country. The army of projects with which he went to the country had not quite, as the French say, marched. It was not that he was beaten in fair fight; but, like the Earl of Essex's splendid cohorts, had got lost in the bogs. Most excellent and painstaking of men, he pegged away like a Titan at his *magnum opus*, or scheme for the reclamation of Slob Lands and the drainage of the Suck—a meandering, ne'er-do-weel river in Connaught, which spreads its lazy limbs over miles of country in the best months of the year for no other object in life than to suck haystacks, cornstooks, and weak-minded live stock into its worthless gullet—for, as the member for the county observed, "the blackguard river wasn't even fit to make whisky-and-water." John Jelliland had taken this common disturber of Irish peace and happiness by the throat. He set a Parliamentary Committee and a Hybrid Committee at the monster. He ran down himself to take personal cognisance of the river at its unholy work. He subsequently brought the House of Commons boating gently down the sluggish mazes of that incorrigible stream, in a speech of two hours' duration, in which he was accompanied by a beautiful serenade of "hear, hears." from the Member for the County, and at the termination of which a frivolous Member of the Opposition suggested that, if it was a Bill for the drainage of old Jelliland, as well as the Suck, the House would vote it *nemine contradicente*. It never for one instant struck the honest gentleman that all that was sound in Ireland was not watching with breathless interest his encounter with that Connaught river-demon; and, the devil once victoriously cast out of the Suck, and the river put peacefully to sleep in its bed, John Jelliland could see further conquests ahead in the way of cutting off a few more Bishoprics from the Establishment, and even rejoicing the soul of the Irish tenant with some modest legal *riaticum*, some slight testimony of natural regard, on eviction—the background always gleaming with an eventually happy, loyal, and contented Ireland, lapt in universal law, and having nothing further for the heart of man to desire except some state courtesies to the Cardinal's red stockings and charitable institutions, an occasional magistracy for a devout Catholic, or a Governorship of the Loochoo Islands for some Parliamentary Patriot of more than usually ardent spirit (or spirits).

Immersed in such flattering visions—floating gently along one evening upon one of those dreamy boating excursions on the broad bosom of the Suck—he suddenly met a man who said: "Jelliland, are you mad or dreaming? Don't you see that the people you suppose are watching you with admiring eyes from the banks are getting guns and pikes upon their shoulders? Have you eyes, that you don't perceive that it's not a question of the overflow of the Suck, but of the outburst of an insurrection? For heaven's sake, dock up your ridiculous boating apparatus—send it adrift to the deep sea or to the devil—ring the alarm-bell, and draft your Insurrection Act, or it's yourself and your empire that'll soon be drifting to the deep sea or—further!" It was upon that night many of John Jelliland's remaining hairs sickened and died, or survived as sadder and greyer monitors. That night also there was born into his brain an infant suspicion that that bird's-eye view of his had possibly overlooked some important elements of the Irish problem—that the policy of Blue-book Jelly must be postponed for a policy of Red-coat Steel—and that, in fact, Ireland was a country intended by an all-chastising Providence for the sole purpose of plaguing that England and those Englishmen whom Providence most loved. Ever since, it was rivers of blood and not of muddy Suck-water that overflowed the poor gentleman's vision, until now, when Mrs. Jelliland and the girls were away

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