

bitterly atoned for by many a tear in the long hours of your absence from my side. I tell you once more that Clarendon shall suffer severely should we find him in the slightest way implicated in this rising. Small mercy shall he meet with, any more than if he were an alien to my blood; or, indeed, the fair Florence O'Neill either, should she be involved or mixed up with mischief, as the *protégé* of my gracious step-mother is likely to be."

"Ah, indeed, and pending that matter of the girl," said the king, "I have sent to Ireland to require the immediate return of St. John, and if it be true that she has dared refuse him for his known fidelity to myself, it will be matter for conjecture as to what course she will now pursue."

"Poor fool," said Mary, laughing, "did I not dislike her for the unwarrantable prejudice she presumes to entertain against us, I could almost have pitied the agitation she suffered when I spoke of our interesting ourselves to hasten her wedding, and that you had summoned St. John hither. She played her part well, but is too unsophisticated to have gained any mastery over her features. Indeed, the mistress whom she almost adores, for she regards Mary of Modena. I have been told, with feelings little short of veneration, has taught her no lesson on this point, for she herself is the creature of impulse, as your majesty well knows, and by look, or word, or hasty exclamation, is sure to discover to the world all she feels; and no small wonder that this minion, who holds her in such veneration, imitates the idol at whose shrine she bows. But I will watch her well and closely, and if I find foul play to your interests, my liege, depend on it, your loving wife will not spare her power to avenge and punish, whether the transgressor be Clarendon, in whose veins my own blood flows, or the fair descendant of the O'Neill's, on whose face I never looked till now."

Thus spoke the wife of William of Orange, when bidding adieu for a few hours to the man at whose word she had forsworn every other tie and trampled under foot the holiest affections of our nature. It is a historical fact that it was the constant aim of William to root out of her heart every natural emotion; and well did he succeed; for she soon imbibed the naturally cold, apathetic disposition of her husband, and centred all her ambition in deserving the epithet of a humble and obedient wife.

It is hard to look back into the records of the time of which we write, and not feel indignant at the subservient devotedness of this misguided princess, who, whilst she deliberately crushed every emotion of filial affection beneath her feet, carried her attachment to her husband to a maudlin sentimentality, servile in her submissiveness, and idolatrous in her love of one who, cold as was his nature, had a warmer spot in his heart for another than his wife, and who, to say the least, was but a cold and indifferent husband.

SKETCHES OF IRISH SCENERY.

A VISIT TO THE CAVES OF MITCHELL'S TOWN.

THE "Scotchman's Cave" was of an irregular shape, about forty feet in length, running east by south. In it we observed myriads of long, thin, transparent stalactites, clear as crystal, and looking like very old quills, some being two feet in length. From every portion of the roof they were hanging. In the corner was the "Cow's Skin," a very curious stalactic formation, which looked like a skin. When the candles were placed inside the bands of color were very brilliant. This cave opened into "O'Callaghan's Cave"—a long, uninteresting one, without any grand proportions, but here and there relieved by the ever-present stalactic vagaries. At the end—which was 500 yards from the opening in the quarry—we discovered a beautiful little reservoir of deliciously clear water that had dropped from a hanging stalactite, and, contrary to custom, had formed a basin below. A few bottles lying near showed that it had been visited before. We gladly sat down for a rest and drank from the basin the greater portion of its refreshing contents.

At this point Tim was inclined to become discursive; tenderly taking up one of the bottles he said, with a regretful sigh: "Ah! God be wid the night that bottle was left here. Faix, young Mr. O'Flanagan, wid two comrades an' another dog, brought me in here wid them one night. Ah! the Lord be praised, he was the man that had the aisy hout iv the bottle. His delight would be to see you stretched on the flure with the dint of drinking. Success to them all!" Tim sniffed at the bottle, and shook his head over it meditatively; then rousing himself from what seemed a pleasing reverie of bygone delight, he said:

"Maybe yer honor would like to know how the caves were discovered here." Of course, we were ready to listen.

"Well, on the 22nd May, 1833, my uncle—God rest his soul—was quarren' stones in the quarry above, when the crowbar fell in through a hole he was makin', and after blastin' away the rock, they kem on the caves. First, they went only a short distance, but but little by little, we found all we know iv them; but shure, yer honors, there's miles iv caves that no man ever seen yet."

"Where is the Styx that we have heard about?" asked the Colonel.

"Arrah the devil a stick over I seen in the cave, yer honor," said Tim: "shure they do be tellin' stories that way, but don't believe them."

"I mean the river, Tim. Is that far away?"

"Och, no sir; we won't be long gettin' to it afthur we pass the 'chimney' again, for we must go back to that. But, as I was sayin', gentlemen, though the caves wor only known forty years ago, there was always an ould cave and the people say that the Earl iv Desmond was once on his keepin' there in the ould ancient times. The way of it was, you see, that in a hall in England, he gev some sort of above to one iv them queens—'twas Bess, I think—an' she was that mad that she sed she'd give a grate dale for his head. So over he kem, and went on his keepin' in the ould cave;

an' bedad, what do you think, but the man that showed it to him, although he was a near friend iv his, betrayed him, the blaguard."

Having rested ourselves, listening to Tim, we retraced our steps, exploring every crevice as we went along. On the south side we entered a narrow opening, and after creeping through a small passage, came upon a large cave with a giant stalactite, more beautifully draped than any we had yet seen, depending from the centre. Tim assured us it had never before been discovered, and our triumph was great. Already we had named it after the manner of great explorers; but when we went to examine it more closely, what was our disgust to find in the white fold the name of "J. Brogden, 1861." How we hated Brogden!

Back through the trying "Pilgrim's Progress," we crept, and after the same feat that Tim's intimate knowledge of anatomy had before suggested at the point, we sat down at "the Chimney," and talked less decidedly of exploring the unknown depths.

A passage north-west brought us to the river that my imagination had pictured as a mysteriously awful current. We passed *en route* a blind passage, about thirty yards in length, half blocked by a large stalactite. On a ledge in this passage are the only living things ever observed in the caves; numbers of minute white worms about a sixteenth of an inch in length, crept about with great sprightliness. Living and thriving on nothing particular, there lives would seem to come under the head of "uneventful;" yet, perhaps, if we could see into their minds, they have their likes and dislikes—love, hate, and jealousy—as fully developed as the higher levels in the great scale of evolution. If so, we created a void in some happy homes—perhaps cruelly prevented an assignation and wrecked the happiness of some expectant fair one—by carrying off a number, with a view to microscopic examination that has not yet come off. They did not appear to be much affected by the light, and most likely have no eyes, which does not make my conjecture less probable, as all lovers are blind.

We came to the river at last, and here our first disappointment awaited us. It was no river at all; simply on the lowest level of the caves a quantity of water had collected, which was slowly percolating through the bottom. We searched carefully but found no opening, so, passing through it, part being up to our hips, we commenced, what we looked upon as our real work—explorers having been, with few exceptions, stopped by the pool. A long passage in the north easterly direction took us to "Cust's Cave," a square chamber, with the usual graceful appendages: this had previously been the "Ultima Thule" of exploration. North from that, about twenty yards, we came to a cross, from which four passages led towards the cardinal points: we explored them all thoroughly. The north passage was about eight yards in length, and led into curious chambers where the huge masses of rock appeared to have been displaced but a short time since. The fractures were quite fresh, and no stalactite had even commenced to form. An earthquake must have shaken them down, for in no other way could they have been disturbed. The east passage was devoid of interest; but at the end of the west passage, about a hundred yards, where it narrowed so that we were obliged to creep, we found a small hole that our candles showed us led to a large cave beyond. The place was closed by a grating of stalactites which we broke away with some trouble; and then, cautiously getting through the opening, we found ourselves in a spacious cave. Again we gave a cheer for our success. Here, at last, we made a discovery. Searching round we made an exit, creeping through which we stood in a cave of such dimensions that a blue light was necessary. The first flare disclosed to us "The House of Commons!" We had solved the problem as to the unlimited extent of the caves, and found ourselves where we had started. From here we now went to the only portion of these underground regions that we had not yet seen. North of the "House of Commons" we entered by a long and lofty passage into "Saddler's Cave." Here we examined the stalactite, "Lot's Wife," which is thirty feet round the base, but a close inspection showed that it enclosed a large rock. From here we went to "Kingston Hall," north by east, a cave, formed like a long tent, made by hanging the cloth over a pole: it was about twenty yards long. In two places the stalactic exudation had formed perfect curtains, through which doors were cut. One was called the "The Veil of the Temple." The colors were very distinct, black, brown, pink, and white, alternating in regular bands. At the end we passed round the corner, and returned through "Sand Cave," which was parallel to "Kingston Hall." Off Sand Cave there are twelve small caves, called "The Closets." On our way back we lighted up "The House of Lords," and were, if possible, more charmed than at first; and as the clock struck seven we emerged from the caves tired and dirty beyond expression, but satisfied that we had done as we proposed.

The whole extent of the caves is under an English mile and the only portions worth the trouble of exploring are those parts easiest of access—the House of Lords and Commons and "Kingston Hall." These places can be visited in less than an hour, and will amply repay any person who hungers for a sight of some of the buried beauties of nature.

No remains of any kind have been discovered in the caves, nor is there evidence that any living thing has ever, previous to the late discovery, disturbed the quiet contemplation of the spirits of the earth, for whom Nature has built so gorgeous a home as "The House of Lords."

The special train in which the Duke of Edinburgh travelled on the occasion of the opening of the Leeds Arts Exhibition accompanied the distance between London and Leeds—187 miles—in three hours and fifty minutes. The maintenance of this rate of speed over so long a distance with remarkable ease and steadiness in the running, is stated to be the most perfect example of train-working that has ever been achieved.