

"Indeed!—is this true, Carrie?" he asked, with a thrill of surprise breaking through his stern and icy coldness.

"It is. Oh, Raymond, don't blame me—I couldn't help—I could not, indeed—but I love him, and would willingly give my life for his."

"There is no need to say more," he said, after a pause, turning from her and continuing to address Maurice. "You came into our house on a false message, the agent of a falsar king."

"It is untrue; the lips that say so lie, and prisoner though I am, I shall not, whilst I wear the sword he gave me, bear words of falsehood and insult spoken of the King," said Maurice, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword.

But the other went on unheeding:—

"You have returned the hospitality then shown you by deluding this young lady"—he would not call her sister—"by poisoning her mind, by causing her to liberate you and others, and by inoculating her with the frenzied belief that she—psah!" he broke off, in bitter hate and contempt.

"Raymond, it is true," she cried, now more firmly, her late hesitation gone. "I do love him, with all my heart and soul!—and I shall be his to the death."

"Come over to my side, foolish woman!" he said, sternly, "mad and ungrateful as you have been, I cannot forget whose blood flows in your veins."

"No. I shall go to him who has given me his love, and to whom I give mine in return," cried his sister, trembling still, but determined, and instead of doing as he desired went over and stood by her lover's side.

"And I shall cherish her love, and but for that love I should even here make you atone with your life the insults offered me and my Sovereign. Even as it is—"

He placed his hand on his sword and drew the blade, but Carrie Mordaunt, in an agony of trouble, placed her arms around him.

"Nay, Carrie, there are some things that even love cannot weigh—"

But while he spoke, Colonel Mordaunt stamped on the deck, and at the signal a number of soldiers who were outside rushed in, musket and bayonet in hand.

"Yonder is your prisoner!" he said. "Take him. See that he is bound and ironed until he is safely lodged in Dublin Castle. I shall vouch for it that he does not escape this time. The rack shall extract some of the secrets of his hidden mission."

He turned on his heels as the soldiers rushed over to seize the prisoner—who, finding defence useless if not absurd, sheathed his sword—but returned again.

"You had better come with me," he said, addressing his sister. "A felon's companion is even still not the fate I would wish you."

"I shall not leave him!" cried the agitated girl. "I shall never again part from him till death or the prison door parts us. Maurice—Maurice—"

Raymond Mordaunt waited to hear no more, but, with a face through whose palor the hot flush of anger and vengeance now appeared, strode outside, up the companion ladder, and giving some directions to the men there, descended the side of the vessel, and was rowed over to the place where his men awaited him.

By and bye, Maurice, his bonds once more on him, together with Manus was rowed over; and, again, by herself, his lover.

It took some time before arrangements for the march homewards was effected, horses being reserved for the two prisoners—for Manus might almost be considered as one now. Desiring therefore two of the soldiers to yield their horses to them and to remain on board the vessel until the sleeping men should recover, Colonel Mordaunt in this way solved portion of the difficulty. But he was sadly puzzled to know how his sister should be conveyed. To walk along the miry paths by which she had come was out of the question; equally so to permit her to ride with the detachment, thus exposing her and himself to curious comments. A thought at last struck him, and taking off his horseman's cloak he wrapped it around her, and ordering a third horse to be brought him desired her to ride beside him at the head of the detachment, trusting that by keeping at a distance and in the shadow of the night little observation would be caused. His proud heart was stirred with bitter feelings, and his proud blood humbled. That one of his blood and race should have given her love to the stranger and the alien; that she should let her infatuation lead her into acts of treachery—for so he considered them—whereby the prisoners were freed; that she should have done all these things stealthily and concealed them from him made the blood boil in his veins. His sister! Carrie Mordaunt—whom he would have trusted as he would Borlase or Parsons themselves. And, talking of the Lords Justices, how could he break the news to them—how tell them who it was, within their very gates, that was acting the traitorous part? How tell them whose was the hand that had been doing these undiscoverable things that had been such a mystery and such a puzzle? The very gall rose up, curdling his blood in the excess of his humiliation.

These thoughts had filled his mind so much that he was perfectly abstracted mentally from his men sitting waiting in their saddles for him. He was, therefore, unaware that there was considerable commotion and subdued excitement among them, and that curious whispering was going on in their ranks. Strange noises arising out of the reedy sedges, hidden afar off in the darkness, had fallen on their ears; strange gleams had flickered up for a second and disappeared. All the stories current about the apparitions of the swamp rose up in the men's minds—the spectre forms that marched and hammered and clanked of nights were present to their sight and hearing; the misty coffin borne on dead men's shoulders, attended by spectral lights, marching from the mysterious swamp and disappearing in the sea! Brave enough against earthly foes, these sudden sounds and lights created a great sensation among the soldiers. It was but the confirmation of the stories they had often heard. Each man's ears were alert for further sounds; each man's eyes were directed to the spot where the disappearing lights had glamed. Whispers went round the ranks, and some of the men with

keener eyes than the others, pointing, averred they saw ghostly forms through the night and mist. In a word, a panic had set in, and, but for the number present, the eerie feeling among them was quite sufficient to make them bolt at once. The sergeant of the troop thought it but right to communicate what they had seen and heard to the commander. Colonel Mordaunt, however, having thoughts of his own too serious and painful to listen to nonsense of this character, dismissed the man with a harsh and peremptory command to return to his charge.

Meantime, however, the sounds still continued, and though the lights no more glinted through the darkness, noises not unlike their own came vaguely through the fog—champing of bits apparently and motion of horses' accoutrements. Had the restless spirits of the marshy wastes got up a rival column of their own in mockery of them? Soldiers instinctively looked around to see if no ghostly horsemen stood silently at their elbows.

It was with no little relief that the prisoner and his sister being properly fixed, the soldiers heard the Colonel give the order to march, and moved on.

The sounds that smote on their ears now—were they caused by themselves or others? The jingle of accoutrements and champing and neighing of horses—were they echoes of the noises in their own ranks given back by the marsh mists, or were they veritably that of ghostly horsemen mocking them on their departure? There is electricity palpably in bodies of men strangely stirred, surrounding them like some impalpable influence, and Raymond Mordaunt caught the infection. He reined up his horse and listened; then rode quickly forward to give the order.

"Sergeant Walford—you had better ride over and—"

But, whatever the command was about to be was never complete, for at that moment there was the tread of horses' feet, a shaking of the miry ground, an unmistakable clatter and clank of arms; and before the officer or soldiers had time to put their thoughts into shape, strange horsemen were charging on them, overturning men and horses, sabring indiscriminately as they tore through!

There was no time for defence—the ranks were broken instantaneously; and, before they could draw swords, the mysterious swordsmen had cleft and cut, and maimed and slain, without mercy and without opposition. Some broke and fled—small blame to them in the peril and surprise of the moment—but the greater number of saddles were empty and their riderless and wounded horses galloped wildly hither and thither.

(To be Continued.)

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, M.P., IN BELFAST.

SIR THOMAS ESMONDE opened the session of the Belfast Young Ireland Society on October 22. In introducing the speaker to a crowded and enthusiastic meeting the President of the Society, who took the chair, spoke as follows, as reported by the *Morning News*—

The lecturer of this evening is undoubtedly one of the best representatives we have of Irish independence and of Young Ireland (applause). Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde is a great-grandson of the glorious Henry Grattan—(loud applause)—the Protestant who gained Irish independence for us in 1782, and he gained it very much indeed with the help of the Irish volunteers, most of whom were from Ulster (applause), and those Irish volunteers considered that "it was illegal, unconstitutional, and a grievance for any body of men to make laws to govern Ireland except the King, the Lords, and the Commons of Ireland" (applause). Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde is not only a great grandson of Henry Grattan, but he has sprung from a stock that has poured out its blood freely for the cause of Ireland (applause). And every one acquainted with the history of Ireland knows something of what the Esmondess did for Ireland (applause). In the troubled times of '98 his great grandfather was hanged for Ireland (applause), and on the maternal side of the Esmonde's family there was another Esmonde hanged, I think in Wexford, in '98, and who willingly gave up his life and heart's blood for the cause of Ireland (applause). But Sir Thomas Esmonde needs no recommendation of the kind. He would have been as great to-day if these men had never lived (hear, hear). From the earliest years of his life he devoted all his time and talents to the cause of Ireland. I question if there is a man of his years who has travelled over so much of the world. He has been in America, Australia, and New Zealand, and he has met at least a dozen of kings in some of the smaller islands that he has visited (laughter). And before all these democracies and all these royalties—excuse me for putting the democracies first, but I could not help it—Sir Thomas has never failed to plead the cause of Ireland, and has sent home right good help to keep the cause going on (hear, hear). Before going out on his last mission he expressed regret to me that he could not keep his engagement with the Belfast Young Ireland Society before going to the Antipodes. I told him he knew little of the men of Belfast if he thought they would not willingly forgo their claim upon him when they knew the mission he was going on, and that they would give him a greater reception when he returned (applause). Ladies and gentlemen, he is here to-night to receive that welcome (renewed applause).

Sir Thomas G. Esmonde, on coming forward, was received with loud and continued applause. When silence had been restored, he said:—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen,—It will very likely be said to-morrow that he was a very curious manner of man that the Young Ireland Society invited to Belfast, and that some of the citizens came to listen to, in that he was introduced to them as deserving of a cordial welcome and a hearty greeting because both his grandfathers had been hanged (laughter). Well, perhaps it is typical of the country in which we live that there are a great many Irishmen living to-day who can boast of a similar episode in their family history, but, like myself, all those Irishmen are not in the least ashamed of the occurrence, but, on the contrary, they very much glory in it (hear, hear), and I think if there is anything indecent—I don't think there is much