

At Dungarvan seven Irish fishing boats caught 260 mease which sold at from 15s to 36s 6d per mease, which may be considered fair prices.

The Sheriff and one hundred policemen proceeded to the farm of Pierce Hennebery, at Mount Bolton, near Waterford, recently, for the purpose of evicting him. Finding the house strongly barricaded, the bailiffs began to smash in doors and windows. While so engaged bottles and other missiles were thrown at them. The police were ordered to close in and storm the house, which they did after vigorous resistance. Some arrests were made and the prisoners were sent to gaol.

## THE BANSHEE'S WARNING: A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Clobogue," "The Cross of Glencarrig, etc., etc.")

### CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

Pale, distraught, with torn dress in which the burs and brambles caught in her thorny way were stuck, and boots which the mud of the river covered cloggingly—as great a contrast as well could be to the handsome, elegant, graceful girl that glided across the drawing room of her brother's house, Carrie Mordaunt stood before them!

"Maurice!—Maurice O'Connor!" came pantingly from her lips in the moment of entering.

"My God!" cried the astonished prisoner, believing some strange change had come over his eyes, calling up visions and apparitions. "What—who is this? Not—no, it couldn't be! Yes, it is. Carrie—Carrie Mordaunt! In the name of all that's wonderful how came you here?"

The bonds that tied him had been only half cut through by the weaver; but he burst them in twain by the excitement of the moment and slipping quickly over, caught her in his arms.

It was but little wonder that he at first doubted her actual presence. The marshes that surrounded the mouth of the river Liffey were notorious to sailors the world over for the eerie and uncouth things seen in them. Airy ships, manned by the ghosts of the dead and drowned, came out of the swamps and tall bullrushes and glided over the waters; masts and spars, with dead and drowning men clinging to them, appeared off the entrance to the river, the latter vigorously signalling for help; but, when hands eager to save life pulled the lusty oars thereto, behold! nothing save the swollen frame of a dead dog with a long rope attached to it was to be seen! Marching sailors, bearing the coffin of a deceased messmate, repeatedly emerged from no-one knew where, and walking across the swampy lands, one and all disappeared into the sea. In the fall of the eve, strange barques, curiously rigged and of quaint and outlandish form, were seen sailing inwards, were heard casting anchor, and making all apparent preparations for a long stay; but, when daylight came and men looked eagerly for them, behold! the strange craft had vanished. In the haze of a summer eve, people had been known to say they had seen galleys, triremes, such as were used in the days of Alcibiades and Xerxes, engaged in battle outside the harbour, and could hear the rattle and swish of the long tiers of oars as they moved in the rowlocks, or dipped in the sea. Two thousand years had passed over since vessels of their build had floated on the water. And, in the moaning midnight, the chanting of seamen's voices for a drowned comrade—most lugubrious and distressing of all known chaunts—was frequently heard to come from the neighbourhood, whereof the moraing light when it came, revealed no cause.

Such and such like were the rumours current among sailors on all seas, and such and such like were among the strongest beliefs of the good people of the metropolis. Nothing but dire necessity would bring a solitary person along these marshes after dark, nothing but the power of overwhelming excitement could strengthen the failing nerves of a weak girl and make her dare these terrors; or—the force and fervour of all-sustaining love!

It would have been little wonder if Maurice had failed to recognise her, her appearance was so much altered. But the look of love and delight that floated from her eyes when she looked on his face and heard his voice gave evidence to his quick eyes of her bodily presence; and as these were rapidly replaced by a look of intense fear and affright on her whole face, Maurice, seeing how much protection seemed necessary to her, clasped her in his arms. Her form trembled in his embrace, and the dark tresser, moist with dew and marsh-fog and vapours, felt wet and cold against his cheek.

"Carrie! Carrie!" he cried, "beloved of my soul! dearest to me of all on this wide earth—what brought you here? What came you here for?"

For the instant it struck him that possibly her mind had grown overturned with the excitement surrounding her.

"Carrie, Carrie, it was more than your life was worth to tempt the rough ways and dangers of a journey from the city here. You are wet, and cold, and shivering, and there is no one here to tend you! Speak, Carrie darling! Speak, and let me hear your voice."

For a brief second she lay trembling and panting in his arms.

"Maurice, fly! fly! Don't stay! Fly! Don't stay a second, if you love me—oh, my God!"

She could get no further. The excitement and love which had borne her thus far, all at once failed her, fainting in his arms.

"Heaven! What does all this mean? What can have happened the poor girl?" asked Maurice, in great perplexity. "What can be done?"

"Folly her advice," said Manus, sharply, "She knows what she says, I'll go bail. She didn't take this journey for nothin.' Fly—take take her advice and fly!"

"And she in this condition?" said Maurice, abruptly. "Certainly not. While she is here, I'll remain here."

"A wilful man must have his way," said Manus in a state of utter-desperation. "Here, let me put this to her lips. There now, see, she's better. Leave her to me, and go! I'll take care of her. Go, man! I'll mind her, an' tend her same as if she wor a saint come down to us from the seventh heaven!"

Maurice, impressed by these vehement appeals though he was, could not quite make up his mind to go. The strange scene around, the faint light, the quaint figure of the hunch-back, his face alight with energy and impatience, the half-swooning and dragged girl in his arms, her face still beautiful but stamped with the pale impress of woful terror and affright; and the low black roof of the deck overhead, the huge beam-supporters, and the dim port-holes through which for a brief second, eyes seemed to peer in out of a pallid face, formed altogether a scene that held him spell-bound.

"Maurice O'Connor, will you go? Will you fly at once?" cried the weaver, boiling over with fury and impatience at his delay. "Don't you see she's getting batter? An' you rikin' what she ventured her life to save! Oh my! oh my! Miss Carrie, rouse yourself an' bid him go."

"Oh, Maurice, go—fly! For God's sake—for yourself, for me, for our love—fly! There's death, and worse, coming—go! go! go! —Maurice, go!—if you love me go!"

Struggling against her weakness, the sense of the imminence of the danger to him, contending with her failing nerves and frame and muscles, she managed to get out these words. There was a desperation and excess of entreaty painfully manifest in them that could not be resisted, and Maurice, pressing his lips to hers in one long, pitying, passionate kiss, let her stand alone and prepared to go. He buckled the sword which hung beside him to his side, placed the pistols in his belt, placed the cavalier's hat, with its curving feather, on his head, and he could not go without once more bestowing a tender loving farewell on the lips of his betrothed, and then he turned with beating heart and quick steps to the door.

The faint light of the candle could not illumine the darkness thus far, so that the door stood in more or less indistinct gloom. Wherefore it was that Maurice did not see, indeed in the number of passing individuals around him it was impossible that he could take time or concentrate his attention sufficiently to see that a face, pallid with compressed anger and darkened with excessive malignity, in which was set two eyes of cold and unvarying stern watchfulness, was looking on at the proceedings out of the darkness of the doorway.

The apparition was so completely hidden and unsuspected that Maurice nearly struck up against it before he saw it, and started back as if he had come into the presence of a ghost.

At the same time a cry—a cry of intense agony and pain—behind him made it palpable that other eyes had seen it too; and at the moment Raymond Mordaunt stepped out of the gloom and darkness and emerged into the light. As if he had made up his mind what to do, and that his determination was too settled and unmistakable to make itself manifest in outward sign, his face lost that outward look of anger and malignity, but retained its intense pallor, whilst his eyes had the cold gleam of passionless fixity of purpose which conveyed more meaning than the most furious outbursts of passion.

"I see," he said quietly, his naked sword in his hand, its blue gleam no colder than the light in his eyes. "Another act of treachery! Another traitorous release! And so you, my sister, were playing us false all the time. It was you who freed the man before; it was you that—forgetful of your mother's blood and your father's name, and our uncle's death and your own position—came through the night and the marshes, where soldiers would even in numbers fear to go to do me and the State a vile and treacherous wrong?"

"Oh, Raymond, Raymond," cried the agonised girl, throwing herself at his knees, "forgive me—forgive me—have mercy on me; but I could not help it, for indeed I love him—I do indeed. Oh, Raymond, Raymond, forgive me and pardon me!"

"Rise up!" said he with cold impassiveness. "It is not under these circumstances, nor to me, you should kneel. Rise up. You have shamed me, your blood, and your land; you have wronged yourself, your country and race by acts of treachery and treason; you are sister of mine no longer; you shall go back whence you came where you shall no longer have chance to shame the blood that flows in your veins. Stand up!"

The weeping and affrighted girl, scarce comprehending what he said, did as he commanded.

"And you, too—Manus the weaver—you, too, here?"

"Why, as to that," said Manus coolly and firmly, "I don't like to see any man in prison, and—"

"I know what you would say. I am under obligations to you myself. I thank you, but I should not have accepted them at your hands did I know how equally ready you were to serve friend or foe."

"I have neither friend nor foe to serve—all are friends of mine. I—"

"Peace, fellow, keep a quiet tongue. As for you," he said addressing Maurice, who stood listening to this discussion quietly, "you have proved more than traitor. You came into my house a guest, by stratagem, on the eve of the 'rising' wherein massacre and murder were meant for us, to obtain information that might suit you."

"The charge is false," said Maurice, indignantly. "It was the merest chance and accident that—"

Raymond Mordaunt interrupted him with a wave of his hand, and continued: "You came—you, one of the leaders—into our house. You came again—leave the room, sister, I have something to say that even you, false as you are, should not hear."

"Raymond, Raymond!" cried the girl, who, whiter than the whitest sheet, stood tremblingly listening to this singular conversation, "don't be angry with me—don't speak so to me! Raymond, don't. I have only done what my heart impelled me to do."

"Miss Mordaunt shall not leave this room," said Maurice, in a burst of anger, forgetting the conditions under which he was there, "at your bidding or that of any other. She is your sister, but she is my betrothed—my wife in all but name. She is nearer and dearer to me than to you, and I shall protest while there is life left in me."