

ready to unfurl a pair of wings and fly along the track so wearily travelled by her friend so many years ago.

"To London," said Mrs. Webb. "But calm thyself, my child; I cannot tell thee where he is now. He wrote to me from London many times; he was always searching for thee, and always disappointed. He obtained some employment with a bookseller, and I have had means of learning that he gave himself up to study and developed some unusual talents. A literary gentleman took him up, and they went travelling together, and have never returned."

Fan's face had become more and more radiant as the Quakeress went on speaking. The fact that she had caught sight of him only to lose him again could not cloud her delight. Her faith in him had been verified, and at present that was enough. He had really been in search of her; he was educated, talented, and living with people of refinement. What did it signify that they were still to be apart? He lived in the world, and so did she; and with the happy audacity of youthful hope she felt this sufficient guarantee of their ultimate joyful meeting.

Glowing with excitement, beaming with triumph and joy, she turned to Captain Rupert, who had been a silent witness of this scene; but she met no sympathy from him; he turned away abruptly and looked out of the window, with a clouded face. The whirl of her thoughts would not allow her to guess at the cause of his coldness; she only felt him unkind, and remembered, with a sort of pity for his want of judgment, that he had never been able to believe in Kevin. A little laugh rose in her throat, as the picture of a coarse peasant, with which he had lately succeeded in frightening her, flitted across her mind.

Here someone announced that the storm was over, and the horses at the door. Fan hurried away to prepare for departure, and was soon riding homeward with Captain Wilderspin.

Very few words were spoken between them during the ride. Rupert could not bring himself to congratulate the young girl upon the discovery she had made, fearing it involved the ruin of his own hopes. The story he had heard had sounded to him like a page out of a fairy tale, and it seemed cruel of Fate to contrive circumstances so exceptional for the purpose of robbing him of his coveted happiness. Upon his exertions to find a low-bred and vulgar Kevin he had rested his expectation of winning Fancher's affections; but he could do nothing to bring about her meeting with such a man as had just been described. Her little outbursts of gaiety as she rode along by his side, the lark-like joy in her voice as she broke out into raptures about the beauty of the clouds, the landscape, anything that caught her eye and became for the moment transfigured by her own delight, annoyed him beyond measure, feeling, as he did, that the fact of his own existence had no part in producing her satisfaction. Yet his unresponsive gravity gave her a slight chill in the end. If he really had any regard for her, she thought, why could he not be glad in her joy?

"I think you are not pleased at my good news," she said, looking at him wistfully when he had lifted her down from her saddle. Captain Rupert turned pale, but smiled, and for an answer raised her little hand to his lips.

"She is such a child," he said to himself. "How can I confess to her that I am jealous? After all, she looks on this Kevin as a brother. If I can win her for my wife beforehand, why should I not be satisfied to see them meet?"

(To be continued.)

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## THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

The famine now raged with such intensity all over Ireland that it brought about a suspension of hostilities. Neither party could provision an army in the field. King Robert of Scotland, utterly disheartened, sailed homeward. His own country was not free from suffering, and in any event the terrible privations of the past few months had filled the Scottish contingent with discontent. King Edward, however, nothing daunted, resolved to stand by the Irish kingdom to the last, and it was arranged that whenever a resumption of hostilities became feasible Robert should send him another Scottish contingent.

The harvest of the following year (1318) was no sooner gathered in and found to be of comparative abundance than both parties sprang to arms. The English commander-in-chief, John De Birmingham, was quickly across the Boyne at the head of 12,000 men, intent on striking King Edward before his hourly-expected Scottish contingent could arrive. The Irish levies were but slowly coming in, and Edward at this time had barely two or three thousand men at hand. Nevertheless he resolved to meet the English and give them battle. Donald O'Neill and the other native princes saw the madness of this course, and vainly endeavored to dissuade the king from it. They pointed out that the true strategy to be adopted under the circumstances was to gain time, to retire slowly on their northern base, disputing each inch of ground, but risking no pitched battle until the national levies would have come in, and the Scottish contingent arrived, by which time, moreover, they would have drawn De Birmingham away from his base, and would have him in a hostile country. There can be no second opinion about the merits of this scheme. It was the only one for Edward to pursue just then. It was identical with that which had enabled him to overthrow the Red Earl three years before, and had won the battle of Connoyre. But the king was immovable. At all times headstrong, self-willed, and impetuous, he now seemed to have been rendered extravagantly over-confident by the singular fact (for fact it was) that never yet had he met the English in battle on Irish soil that he did not defeat them. It is said that some of the Irish princes, fully persuaded of the madness of the course resolved upon, and incensed by the despotic obstinacy of the king, withdrew from the camp. "There remained with the iron-headed king," says the historian, "the lords Mowbray de Soulis and Stewart, with the three brothers of the latter, Mac Roy, Lord of the Isles, and Mac Donald, chief of his clan. The neighborhood of Dundalk, the scene of his triumphs and coronation, was to be the scene of the last act of Bruce's chivalrous and stormy career." From the same authority (McGee) I quote the following account of that scene:—

"On the 14th of October, 1318, at the Hill of Faughard, within a couple of miles of Dundalk, the advance guard of the hostile armies came into the presence of each other, and made ready for battle. Roland de Jorse, the foreign Archbishop of Armagh, who had not been able to take possession of his see, though appointed to it seven years before, accompanied the Anglo-Irish, and, moving through their ranks, gave his benediction to their banners. But the impetuosity of Bruce gave little time for preparation. At the head of the vanguard, without waiting for the whole of his company to come up, he charged the enemy with impetuosity. The action became general, and the skill of De Birmingham as a leader was again demonstrated. An incident common to the warfare of that age was, however, the immediate cause of the victory. Master John De Maupas, a burgher of Dundalk, believing that the death of the Scottish leader would be the signal for the retreat of his followers, disguised as a jester or a fool, sought him throughout the field. One of the royal esquires named Gilbert Harper, wearing the sur-

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