

"Level, perhaps, you mean, ma'am?"

"Level or bevel, it doesn't much diversify; but I prefer the bevel to the level on all occasions. All I know is," she proceeded, "that it is a shame for any young lady, as is a young lady, to take a liking to a Papist, because we know the Papists are all rebels, and would cut our throats, only for the protection of our generous and merciful laws."

"I don't know what you mean by merciful laws," observed Mrs. Brown. "They surely cannot be such laws as oppress and persecute a portion of the people, and give an unjust license to one class to persecute another, and to prevent them from exercising the duties which their religion imposes upon them."

"Well," said Lady Joram, "all I wish is that the Papists were exterminated; we should then have no apprehensions that our daughters would disgrace themselves by falling in love with them."

This conversation was absolutely cruel, and the amiable Mrs. Brown, from compassion to Helen, withdrew her in a corner of the room, and entered into conversation with her upon a different topic, assuring her previously that she would detail their offensive and ungenerous remarks to her father, who, she trusted, would never see them under his roof again, nor give them an opportunity of indulging in their vulgar malignity a second time. Helen thanked her, and said their hints and observations, though rude and ungenerous, gave her but little pain. The form of language in which they were expressed, she added, and the indefensible violation of all the laws of hospitality, blunted the severity of what they said.

"I am not ashamed," she said, "of my attachment to the brave and generous young man who saved my father's life. He is of no vulgar birth, but a highly-educated and highly-accomplished gentleman—a man, in fact, my dear Mrs. Brown, whom no woman, be her rank in life ever so high or exalted, might blush to love. I do not blush to make the avowal that I love him; but, unfortunately, in consequence of the existing laws of the country, my love for him, which I will never conceal, must be a hopeless one."

"I regret the state of those laws, my dear Miss Follard, as much as you do; but still, their existence puts a breach between you and Reilly; and under those circumstances, my advice to you is to overcome your affection for him if you can. Marriage is out of the question."

"It is not marriage I think of—for that is out of the question—but Reilly's life and safety. If he were safe, I should feel comparatively happy; happiness, in its full extent, I never can hope to enjoy; but if he were only safe—if he were only safe, my dear Mrs. Brown! I know that he is hunted like a beast of prey; and under such circumstances as disturb and distract the country, how can he escape?"

The kind-hearted lady consoled her as well as she could; but, in fact, her grounds for consolation were so slender that her arguments only amounted to those general observations, which, commonplace as they are, we are in the habit of hearing from day to day. Helen was too high-minded to shed tears; but Mrs. Brown could plainly perceive the depth of her emotion, and feel the extent of what she suffered.

We shall not detail, at further length, the conversation of the other ladies—if ladies they can be called—nor that of the gentlemen after they entered the drawing-room. Sir Robert Whitecraft attempted to enter into conversation with Helen, but found himself firmly and decidedly repulsed. In point of fact, some of the gentlemen were not in a state to grace a drawing-room, and in a short time they took their leave and retired.

(To be continued.)

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## THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

### CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

Elizabeth's favorite, Essex, was despatched to Ireland with *twenty thousand* men at his back; an army not only the largest England had put into the field for centuries, but in equipment, in drill, and in armament the most complete ever assembled under her standard. Against this the Irish nowhere had ten thousand men concentrated in a regular army of movable corps. In equipment and in armament they were sadly deficient, while of sieging material they were altogether destitute. Nevertheless, we are told "O'Neill and his confederates were not dismayed by the arrival of this great army and its magnificent leader." And had the question between the two nations depended solely upon such issues as armies settle, and superior skill and prowess control, neither O'Neill nor his confederates would have erred in the strong faith, the high hope, the exultant self-reliance that now animated them. The campaign of 1599—the disastrous failure of the courtly Essex and his magnificent army—must be told in a few lines. O'Neill completely out-generalled and over-awed or over-reached the haughty deputy. In more than one fatal engagement his splendid force was routed by the Irish, until, notwithstanding a constant stream of reinforcements from England, it wasted away, and was no longer formidable in O'Neill's eyes. In vain the queen wrote letter after letter endeavoring to sting her quondam favorite into "something notable"; that is, a victory over O'Neill. Nothing could induce Essex to face the famous hero of Clontibret and the Yellow Ford, unless, indeed, in peaceful parley. At length, having been taunted into a movement northward, he proceeded thither reluctantly and slowly. "On the high ground north of the Lagan, he found the host of O'Neill encamped, and received a courteous message from their leader, soliciting a personal interview. At an appointed hour the two commanders rode down to the opposite banks of the river, wholly unattended, the advanced guards of each looking curiously on from the uplands." O'Neill, ever the flower of courtesy, spurred his horse into the stream up to the saddlegirths. "First they had a private conference, in which Lord Essex, won by the chivalrous bearing and kindly address of the chief, became, say the English historians, too confidential with an enemy of his sovereign, spoke without reserve of his daring hopes and most private thoughts of ambition, until O'Neill had sufficiently read his secret soul, fathomed his poor capacity, and understood the full meanness of his shallow treason. Then Cormac O'Neill and five other Irish leaders were summoned on the one side, on the other Lord Southampton and an equal number of English officers, and a solemn parley was opened in due form." O'Neill offered terms: "First, complete liberty of conscience; second, indemnity for his allies in all the four provinces; third, the principal officers of State, the judges, and one-half the army to be henceforth Irish by birth." Essex considered these very far from extravagant demands from a man now virtually master in the island. He declared as much to O'Neill, and concluded a truce pending reply from London. Elizabeth saw in fury how completely O'Neill had dominated her favorite. She wrote him a frantic letter full of scornful taunt and upbraiding. Essex flung up all his duties in Ireland without leave, and hurried to London, to bring into requisition the personal influences he had undoubtedly possessed at one time with the Queen. But he found her unapproachable. She stamped and swore at him, and ordered him to the Tower, where the unfortunate Earl paid, with his head upon the block, the forfeit for not having grappled successfully with the "Red Hand of Ulster."

The year 1600 was employed by O'Neill in a general circuit of the kingdom, for the more complete establishment of the national league and the better organisation of the national resources. "He marched through the centre of the island at the head of his troops to the south," says his biographer, "a kind of royal progress, which he thought fit to call a pilgrimage to Holy Cross. He held princely state there, concerted measures with the southern lords, and distributed a manifesto announcing himself as the accredited Defender of the Faith." "In the beginning of March," says another authority, "the Catholic army halted at Inniscarra, upon the river Lee, about five miles west of Cork. Here O'Neill remained three weeks in camp consolidating the Catholic party in South Munster. During that time he was visited by the chiefs of the ancient Eugenician clans—O'Donohue, O'Donovan, and O'Mahony.