as if he might spoil the plot of the other Doctor as well.

"If he only knew how my little plot has been spoiled!" sighed Miss Westropp, as Katie and she stood whispering apart. "I had everything so beautifully arranged to play the good fairy, and here I arrive, first to find that I'm too late, and then to find that, even if I were not, a stronger good fairy, and better fairy, has cut me out."

"What can you mean? and what is that paper you have never once dropped from your hand? You will tell me, won't you?"

"Oh dear, I had forgotten," she cried, looking at the document as one looks at a love-letter that has lost its spell; "what chance has it now against the Doctor's bag of sovereigns? Perhaps it would be resented as a grace coming from an enemy."

"Oh, Miss Westropp!" exclaimed Katie, completing her speech by taking the other's hand fondly, and kissing it before its owner could know the use it was to be put to.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—(Continued.)

Towards the close of 1865 came almost contemporaneously the Government swoop on the Irish revolutionary executive, and the deposition after solemn judicial trial, as prescribed by the laws of the society—of O'Mahony, the American "Head Centre," for crimes and offences alleged to be worse than mere imbecility, and the election in his stead of Colonel William R. Roberts, an Irish-American merchant of high standing and honorable character, whose fortune had always generously aided Irish patriotic, charitable, or religious purposes. The deposed official, however, did not submit to the application of the society rules. He set up a rival association, a course in which he was supported by the Irish Head Centre; and a painful scene of factious and acrimonious contention between the two parties thus antagonised, caused the English Government to hope—nay, for a moment, fully to believe—that the disappearance of both must soon follow.

This hope quickly vanished when, on reliable intelligence, it was announced that the Irish-Americans, under the Roberts' presidency, were substituting for the unreal or insincere project of an expedition to Ireland, as the first move, the plainly practicable scheme of an invasion of British North America in the first instance. The *Times* at once declared that now indeed England had need to buckle on her armour, for that the adoption of this new project showed the men in America to be in earnest, and to have sound military judgment in their councils. An invasion of Ireland by the Irish in the United States all might laugh at, but an invasion of Canada from the same quarter was quite another matter; the southern frontier of British North America being one impossible to defend in its entirety, unless by an army of one hundred thousand men. Clearly a vulnerable point of the British Empire had been discovered.

This was a grievous hardship on the people of Canada. They had done no wrong to Ireland or to the Irish people. In Canada Irishmen had found friendly asylum, liberty, and protection. It seemed, therefore, a cruel resolve to visit on Canada the terrible penalty of war for the offences of the parent country. To this the reply from the confederate Irish in the States was, that they would wage no war on the Canadian people; that it was only against British power their hostility would be exercised; and that Canada had no right to expect enjoyment of all the advantages, without experiencing, on the other hand, the disadvantages, of British connection.

It seemed very clear that England stood a serious chance of losing her North American dependencies. One hope alone remained. If the American Government would but defend the frontier on its own side, and cut the invading parties from their base of supplies, the enterprise must naturally and inevitably fail. It seemed impossible, however, that the American Government could be prevailed upon thus to become a British preventive police. During the Civil War the Washington Executive, and, indeed, the universal sentiment and action of the American people, had plainly and expressly encouraged the Fenian organisation; and even so recently as the spring of 1866, the American Government had sold to the agents of Colonel Roberts thousands of pounds worth of arms and munitions of war, with the clear, though unofficial, knowledge that they were intended for the projected Canadian enterprise. Nevertheless, as we shall see, the American executive had no qualms about adopting the outrageously inconsistent course.

By the month of May, 1866, Roberts had established a line of depots along the Canadian frontier, and in great part filled them with the arms and material of war sold to him by the Washington Government. Towards the close of the month the various "circles" throughout the Union received the command to start their contingents for the frontier. Never, probably, in Irish history was a call to the field more enthusiastically obeyed. From every state in the Union there was a simultaneous movement northwards of bodies of Irishmen; the most intense excitement pervading the Irish population from Maine to Texas. At this moment, however, the Washington Government flung off the mask. A vehement and bitterly-worded proclamation called for the instantaneous abandonment of the Irish projects. A powerful military force was marched to the northern frontier; United States gunboats were posted on the lakes and on the St. Lawrence river; all the arms and war material of the Irish were sought out, seized, and confiscated, and all the arriving contingents, on mere suspicion of their destination, were arrested.

This course of proceeding fell like a thunderbolt on the Irish! It seemed impossible to credit its reality! Despite all those obstacles, however—a British army on one shore, an American army on the other, and hostile cruisers, British and American, guarding the waters between—one small battalion of the Irish under Colonel John O'Neill succeeded in crossing to the Canadian side on the night of the 31st May, 1866. They landed on British ground close to Fort Erie, which place they at once occupied hauling down the royal ensign of England, and hoisting over Fort Erie in its stead, amidst a scene of boundless enthusiasm and joy, the Irish standard of green and gold.

The news that the Irish were across the St. Lawrence—that once more, for the first time for half a century, the green flag waved in the broad sunlight over the serried lines of men in arms for "the good old cause"—sent the Irish millions in the States into wild excitement. In twenty-four hours fifty thousand volunteers offered for service, ready to march at an hour's notice. But the Washington Government stopped all action on the part of the Irsh organisation. Colonel Roberts, his military chief officer, and other officials, were arrested, and it soon became plain the unexpected intervention of the American executive had utterly destroyed, for the time, the Canadian project, and saved to Great Britain her North American colonies.

Meanwhile O'Neill and his small force were in the enemy's country—in the midst of their foes. From all parts of Canada troops were hurried forward by rail to crush at once by overwhelming force the now isolated Irish battalion. On the morning of June 1, 1866, Colonel Booker, at the head of the combined British force of regular infantry of the line and some volunteer regiments, marched against the invaders. At a place called Limestone Ridge, close by the village of Ridgeway, the advanced guard of the British found O'Neill drawn up in position ready for battle. The action forthwith commenced. The Irish skirmishers appeared to fall back slowly before their assailants, a circumstance which caused the Canadian volunteer regiments to conclude hastily that the day was going very easily in their favor. Suddenly, however, the Irish skirmishers halted, and the British, to their dismay, found themselves face to face with the main force of the Irish, posted in a position which evidenced consumate ability on the part of O'Neill. Booker ordered an assault in full force on the Irish position, which was, however, disastrously repulsed. While the British commander was hesitating as to whether he should renew the battle, or await reinforcements reported to be coming up from Hamilton, his deliberations were cut short by a shout from the Irish lines, and a cry of alarm from his own—the Irish were advancing to a charge. They came on with a wild rush and a ringing cheer, bursting through the British ranks. There was a short but desperate struggle, when some one of the Canadian officers, observing an Irish *aide-de-camp* galloping through a wood close by, thought it was a body of Irish