

Silence, in which only their breathing could be heard, fell upon them, and their eyes sought the floor. After a moment Palmetto said stiffly, "You have a right to ask any favor that will make amends for my reading your letter."

"Ah, that letter!" exclaimed Rodrigue. "It is of that I would speak. It was written the day before Fredericksburg, and you answered it for Miss Chandler in the negative, and I took that 'no' into battle with me. Now we are looking for another fight, and I am going back to my command. May I—may I take with me—another answer from you, and for yourself?"

"Do you mean—" gasped Palmetto.

"I mean will you give me permission to ask you for yourself if I come out alive?"

Palmetto could not speak. She closed her eyes. In a moment there flashed through her mind—as in other great crises—everything that could be thought. The brilliant soldier suing for *her*. She knew that if she lived a hundred years she would never see another whom she could so love, whom—strange, incredible incident of war—she believed she did love.

Then came pride to forbid this hasty wooing and winning. She opened her eyes.

"No," she said; and then, seeing him stand before her handsome and sorrowful on the eve of battle, made a plunge as into cold water and murmured "Yes."

His face became radiant, and hers suffused with blushes as he raised her fingers to his lips.

Just then the silence was broken by the heavy, booming sound so familiar in the beleaguered city, shaking the walls and setting all the air a-tremble. Palmetto started violently. Rodrigue changed color.

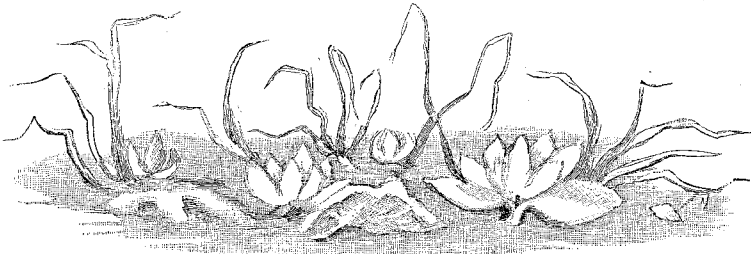
Hostilities had begun again.

"I must go," said Rodrigue, with his hand upon the door. "Remember, if I come back."

"If—if you come back!" faltered Palmetto, pale as death.

"Boom, boom, boom!" roared the guns again. Ah, how quickly they shook down the walls of conventionality! Palmetto extended her hands. Rodrigue caught her in his arms, and then, pressing a kiss on her flushed and innocent cheek, was gone into the night.

Mary Spear Tiernan.



ESTRANGEMENT.

I ENTERED, upon a day, at the house of my friend to give him greeting. Then I saw that in the face of my friend there was a change, and that he did not look upon me with the same eyes as heretofore. "There is a change," I said. "There is no change," he replied.

So I gave him messages then, and greetings of gladness, and told him new things, and called him by an old name, and I staid with him, and we spoke together; but, nevertheless, I saw that a change had come over him. So I said, "My friend, there is a change come over thee."

And he said, "Nay, no change." So we conversed together again; and the hour came for departure. Then my friend bade me stay, but I saw that even in his bidding there was a change. So I said to him, "There is a change, which thou canst not deny. Wherefore art thou changed?" And my friend said to me, "Farewell!" So I departed and left him.

But my heart within me cried out against that estrangement; and my soul was broken daily, so that I could not live.

Therefore again upon a day I entered the house of him who was my friend, that I might upbraid him; and my friend moving towards me, I cried out against him as he came, "Wherefore art thou estranged from me?" But my friend, heeding me not at all, said, "Wherefore hast thou delayed so long?"

And I looked upon his face, and he was exceeding bitter sorrowful. Then was I wroth within my mind, and knew not which way to turn. For I saw that the change that had been was in my own soul.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

FAIRIES AND DRUIDS OF IRELAND.



THE trouble with the old archaeologists was, and it remains the trouble with those Irishmen who refuse to look at their island as a part of Europe subject to the laws governing humanity everywhere, that they treated Erin as if it belonged to some other planet. This comes from the great wealth of legend with which the country teemed after it had almost vanished from the larger part of the rest of Europe—at least from that part which was educated. If in “Pagan Ireland” I have asserted that we have strong evidences in the island of the primeval warfare between intrusive Kelts and the Turanian or Finno-Ugrian tribes which at one time held all Europe, it is not done to belittle the Irish, as some of that sensitive folk may suppose. The Turanian element is not wanting in Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians; it is present among the English in a very marked degree, and will be acknowledged some day when prejudices based on false teachings, ignorance, or pride shall give way before the arguments of scholars. The selection of Ireland as the place where these arguments are applied brings into relief the now well-known value of her old literature, manners, customs, and myths as documents in reading the past of our common family of nations.

The Fenians have always been a stumbling-block to native and foreign students, owing largely to the oriental allusions in the old literature and the similar sound of Phœnicians, but also to ignorance of the literature itself. So with Druidism. It has been denied to Ireland outright, because in the records that came through Christian hands there were fewer allusions to the order than were to be expected. As definite facts about these bodies of men were wanting, the native archaeologists drew on their imagination, having always behind them, however, the traditions that lurk obscurely in the people. The distinction between historical figures enveloped in an atmosphere of myth, and mythical figures to whom historical events have been fitted, is naturally difficult to draw; it is hard enough with all the facts that are now at our command, and was manifestly impossible in previous periods. The earliest records of Ireland refer to bands of settlers coming from the mainland, to gods and guardian deities so closely connected with places and specific human acts that their divinity is almost gone, and to historical tribes and men to whom semi-

divine or magical attributes have been given. Where are we to draw the line between man and myth, between fact of history and shadow of some old superstition? It will be something gained if we can assign the chief fairies of Ireland to those invading swarms whose deities they appear once to have been. For be it known to those little read in Irish literature that of old the fairies were not trivial folk at all, but powerful champions and wizards who lived in great state inside the hills with their horses and hounds, banquets and retinues, like the nobles they were. Fairy princesses had too often a leaning for mortal heroes, and lured them into their palaces for a year and a day. It seems at one time to have been the fashion in Ireland to couple the name of a fairy with each hero or great chief, as we find Latin legendary giving Egeria the nymph to the wise Roman king. It will be a gain, too, if we can connect Druidism by the aid of languages with a simple religion that lies at the bottom of all the old pagan faiths, just as the Turanian race seems to enter into the composition of most of the peoples of Europe. I shall continue to draw attention to the analogies between the Finnic past as seen in the Kalewala and the Irish past as shown by her literature, because the Finns have kept themselves least mixed with other stocks and therefore represent best the population of Ireland when the Kelts arrived. But we must not understand this arrival in the sense of sudden conquest by an entirely different race. The Kelts would conquer Turanians in Gaul and Holland, and the first swarm into Ireland would be a mixed swarm. At a later date came the horde of purer Kelts.

In 1857, while living in Brooklyn, L. I., John O'Mahony translated a history of Ireland written in Gaelic by Geoffrey Keating. It is only one of many instances of his wisdom that he should have put his finger on the key to the meaning of many obscure points concerning the earliest inhabitants of Ireland. Speaking of Cichol Gri the footless, a chief of the Fomorians, he says: “There are traces of such people, *living by fishing and fowling*, a people of perhaps Lapponian type, and they it was that probably left those stone implements improperly called Celtic.” And again, speaking of those who think the Fomaraigh came from the Baltic, he says: “They must have been Finns or Laps, who perhaps were the predecessors of both Celts and Teutons in Western Europe, for in those times it is not