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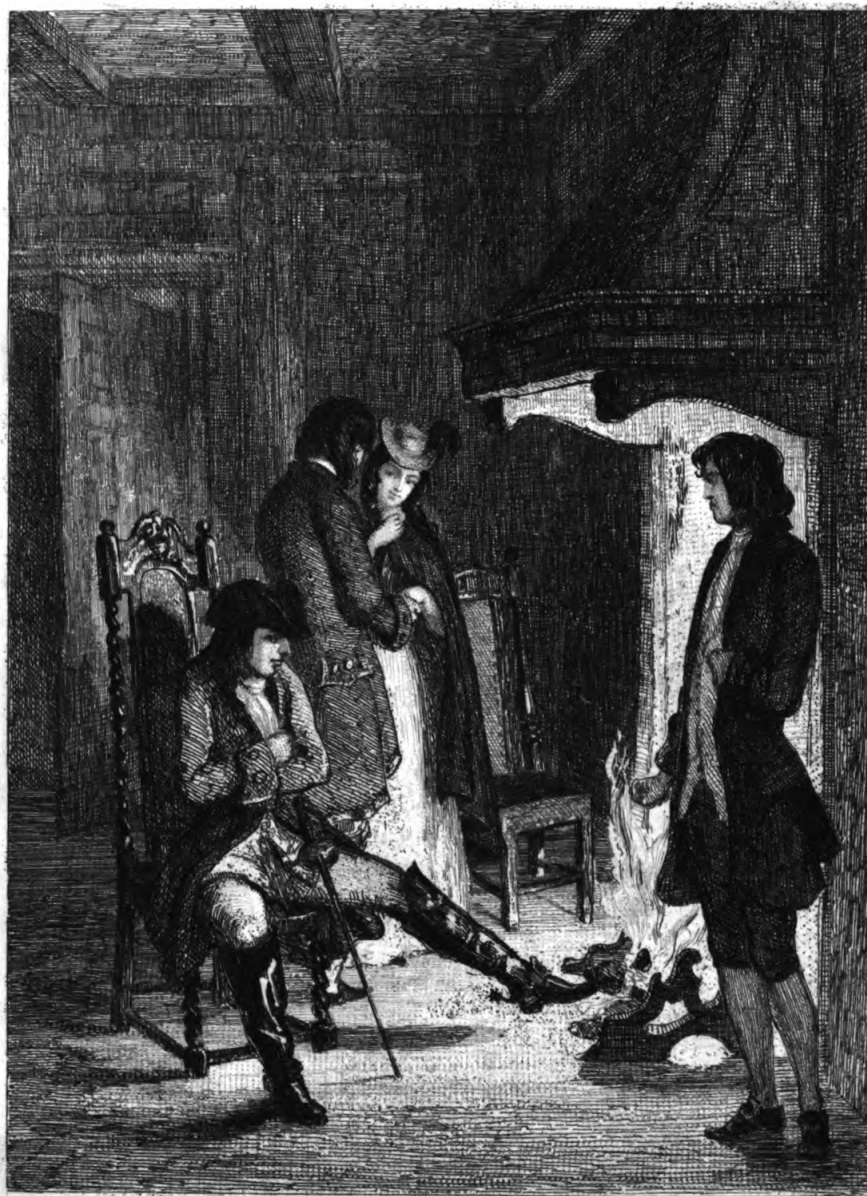
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For Love and Money.



S. S. S.

The Old House in Galway.

London: F. & J. Aldine Chambers, Paternoster Row, 1848.



A FEW WORDS ABOUT

£ S. D.

IF any reader should think the title of my book an odd one, and mutter to himself, “£ S. D. !—£ S. D. !—what does that mean ?” —to him I beg, in Irish fashion, to answer by putting another question, “What does it *not* mean ?” These Roman initials for Pounds Shillings and Pence, have a more extended meaning than could be treated of in a Preface,—a deeper hold upon human affections than many would like to own. There is magic in this triumvirate of letters, which, representing money, governs the world.—Youth and beauty are slaves to age and ugliness, by £ S. D. Valour and good faith are beaten by cowardice and treachery, through £ S. D. Wars have begun, and peaces have been bought, through £ S. D. National rights and national wrongs have been based on £ S. D. Where lies the root of most senatorial questions ?—In £ S. D. The aspirations which stir our souls, under the name of ambition, are too often but the illuminated letters, £ S. D. In short, the golden fleece is branded with £ S. D.

In placing Irish Heirs and £ S. D. in juxta-position, I have made an alliance quite in the spirit of a work of fiction, for, unfortunately, the Pounds Shillings and Pence are not, in reality, the invariable concomitants in Irish Heirships. Irish Heirs too often find themselves in the position of that particular one once described to an inquiring traveller by his Hibernian guide, who said that Mister So-and-So “was heir to five thousand a-year—*that was spent.*”

But such are the heirs for the author.—There is nothing to be said of a man who inherits a fortune smoothly, lives a regular respectable life, and dies decently and quietly in his bed. Out on all such ! Were the world made up of these, what an unromantic world it would be ! As Irish Heirs seldom have the luck to be such uninteresting persons as these who have raised my indignation, they are the heirs after an author's heart ; and as their patrimonies mostly departed with their forefathers, waifs and strays and money found must be considered legitimate Irish Heirships ; and with this declaration I start with a tale of TREASURE TROVE, as the first of the series of £ S. D. ; and, as I very respectfully present £ S. D. to the public, I hope they will generously return £ S. D. to their obliged and grateful servant,

SAMUEL LOVER.

CHARLES STREET, BERNERS STREET, LONDON,
January 1st, 1843.

ACCOUNTS OF IRISH HEIRS.

Treasure Trobe.

CHAPTER I.

It is about a hundred years ago that the hero of the following tale "lived, and moved, and had his being." He lived in the town of Galway, moved in the humbler walk of life, and had his being from one Denis Corkery, an honest and wealthy trader in the ancient town aforesaid, and Molly his wife. This son of Denis, however, was christened Edward, in deference to his mother, who thought it more genteel than Denis,—but Denis took his revenge by never calling him anything but Ned.

Ned, however, inherited, in the female line, a desperate hankering after all that belonged to the upper ranks. Even when a child, his very name sounded unpleasantly in his ear ; he would mumble over "Corkery" to himself in disgust, and wish he was called Burke, or Blake, or Fitzgerald, or Macnamara. As he grew up, he looked wistfully after every well-mounted cavalier who pranced gallantly up the street, and the full-toned rumble of some grand family coach was music to him, while the sharp rattle of a country car was a nuisance. He would run to the counter of his father's shop and listen eagerly to the more refined accents of a lady or gentleman customer, but he showed no desire for that place of business when vulgarians were carrying on their traffic. These peculiarities of the boy (whose mother died while he was young) were unnoticed by his father, a plain pains-taking man, who, having scrambled his way upward from the lowest class, had the ambition, so general in Ireland, to see his son possess "school knowledge," the want of which he so much regretted,—

and, perhaps, overrated, as men do other things of which they are not possessed. Accordingly he gave him all the advantages of the best school within his reach, whereby the boy profited so well, that the master soon bragged of his pupil, and the father looked forward to the cultivated mind of his son with a prospective pleasure never to be realized; for all this but stilted the boy more and more above his natural level, fed the mental disease with which he was infected,—in short, to speak antithetically, *strengthened* his *weakness*. The more Ned learned, the more he liked *gentility*; and when, having learned just enough to make him conceited, he retired finally from school, his father's friends and acquaintances, whom, with a profuse hospitality, the father gathered round him, were looked down upon for their ignorance and vulgarity; and the more the youth grew, the more repugnance he showed to engage in his father's trading, which could open to him no better company than the punch-drinking community amongst whom he was daily thrown. It may be questioned, how a boy should entertain a dislike to vulgar company without ever having seen what was superior; many believing that we can only arrive at conclusions upon this subject by comparison. But the more observant may have had occasion to remark, that, in some minds, there is a natural dislike to every thing coarse; and examples may be seen, even in the same family, of the wide difference often existing between children whose education has been equal, in their native adaptation to vulgar or refined habits. On a mind open to impressions, the slightest opportunities will suffice to stamp the difference between vulgarity and good breeding. In his father's shop, the boy had observed the contrast between the superior orders of his father's customers and his father's acquaintances. The stripling, further grown, on the neighbouring race-ground, was not insensible to the difference between the daughter of a farmer on her pillion, and the daughter of the squire on her side-saddle. The more refined accent of the one fell on his ear more graciously than the broad brogue of the other, and what produced a coarse laugh in the country girl awoke but the smile of the lady. Such things will always make their impressions on intelligent minds, let those who like say nay; for occasional glimpses of refinement may sometimes effect more results in a sensitive shopkeeper than an academy of punctilio could produce upon an obtuse man of a higher grade. But, be this as it may, such an action was going forward in young Corkery's mind, however it got there, and soon began to produce unhappiness between the father and son; not that the latter ever openly expressed his feelings, but the former was shrewd enough to see, almost as soon as the other felt, this growing repugnance to the consequences of his station; and many was the

accusation of "Puppy," and "Jackanapes," hurled at poor Ned by the indignant trader, who occasionally, when moved overmuch, relieved his mind by indulging in sundry curses on the hour that "put it into his head to rear up his own child to be ashamed of the *father that bore him*." Now this was not fair to the youth, for it was not true, and only aggravated the cause of disunion.

Did the stripling wish in return he had never been educated?—No. To whatever trials or troubles one may be exposed by education, however much it may render the feelings by cultivation more sensitive, and, consequently, more liable to be wounded, I believe none who ever possessed the prize would relinquish it. The utmost the young man ever ventured to retort, was the natural question—if his father could expect that education would not make some difference in him?

"To be sure, I think it should make a differ. It should make you more knowledgable; but instead o' that, it's a fool it made o' you. And it should make you conversible; but, instead o' that, it's the divil a word you'll say to any body,—thinkin' no one good enough to spake to you. And it should make you more 'cute in thrade by rayson of fractions, and algibera, and the cube root; and a betther marchant, by rayson of jogriphy, and a knowledge o' foreign parts, and the like of that; but it's thinkin', I am, you turn up your nose at a marchant, my young masther; and it's po'thry, and pagan hist'hry, and panthenions, you have crammed your numskull with, till there's no room in it for common since, at all, at all. What is it you'd like to do wid yourself, I'd like to know? I suppose you'd fancy an aisy life, and would like to be put 'prentice to a bishop—eh? Or, maybe, it's a jintleman all out you'd like to be? Well becomes you, indeed!—owld Corkery's son a *jintleman*, and his owld friends laughin' at him!"

If the son attempted to slip in an apologetic phrase, as "Indeed, sir!"—or, "'Pon my word, father!"—he was silenced directly with a "Whisht, whisht, I tell you!—howld your tongue—didn't I see you lookin' at Miss Macnamara the other day? Bad luck to you—how dar you lift your eyes to a Macnamara—the owldest blood in the counthry? The dirt on her shoes is too good for you, you puppy!"

"Indeed, sir——"

"Whisht, I tell you!—shut your face, and give your red rag a holiday—you're too fond o' waggin' it, so you are. The consayted dhrop's in you, I tell you. What am I to do wid you? Thrade's not good enough for you! How genteel we are, to be sure!—your sarvant sir! I suppose you'll want to *turn prodistint* next. You'll be of the *ginteele religion*, I go bail. I wouldn't wonder! Faith, you'll go to the divil yit, Ned. Oh, wirra! wirra!"

The end of these frequent bickerings was, that Ned, to escape from his father's trade, his father's reproaches, and his father's friends, requested permission to go a voyage with the captain of a trading ship whom the old man chanced to know in the course of his business. This was not quite to the taste of either of the parties,—the father disliking it decidedly, the son only looking forward to it as a step to something else. The latter, by reading romantic scraps of sea voyages, got his imagination inflamed with the charms of nautical adventure. The former made a long calculation that a voyage in a trading ship was at least a step towards commerce, and hoped that when his son should be sufficiently tired of "sailing," as he called it, he might settle down into a mercantile man.

Under these circumstances it was agreed between the parties that three months should elapse before the decisive step should be taken, after which time, if Ned found he could not settle down to business at once, his father consented to let him try the sea. During these three months, therefore, Ned had more liberty and fewer reproaches than he had ever known in his life,—the father hoping, by such indulgence on his part, to make the shore more agreeable, and the sea less tempting; and Ned was not slow to take advantage of this leave.

Among other amusements, Ned especially loved horse-racing; and a forthcoming trial of strength between some of the best horses and most dashing bloods in the country promised rare sport, and set the pleasure-goers on the tip-toe of expectation. At the approaching races, one match beyond all others excited most interest, to be run between a pair of celebrated horses ridden by their owners, both of sporting notoriety, but of very different characters,—the one being rather conceited and stand-off in his manners, the other familiar and frank; the former being satisfied of his great attraction among the fair sex,—the latter quite as anxious for, but not quite so sure of, their smiles; Mr. Daly being perfectly certain he had but to ask and have favours, while young Kirwan (or *Kierawaun*, as the admiring peasants called him) was grateful for as much as was granted. They were both handsome, only that the good looks of the latter were increased by the expression of gay good humour that played on his sportive countenance, while the *temper* of the former often militated against more than his good looks.

On the day of the race in question the neighbouring town poured forth the sport-loving portion of its inhabitants, and the peasant population were, as usual, in great force on the race ground. As the hour of trial drew near, so did the ponderous carriages-and-four of the gentry, with the gay cavalcade of the rank and *younger* beauty of the neighbourhood, whose heavy saddles, studded with silver nails and ornamented with gold fringe, marked a distinction in rank which the plainer

equestrian appointments of our time do not indicate. Amongst *these* beauties was the identical Miss Macnamara, to whose pretty face Ned had been accused by his indignant father of lifting his eyes, and maybe Ned was not there in time to catch the first glimpse of the graceful Amazon as she cantered up the course towards the group of carriages and glittering cavalcade that clustered round the winning post.

But ah!—fleeting is the triumph of beauty!—even the triumph achieved over the hearts of despairing burghers. Before Miss Macnamara had arrived, a newer and more commanding *belle* had displaced her in the heart of the susceptible Ned, who stood transfixed as he gazed on the face of a young and lovely girl whose beauty attracted universal attention, as she took up her place beside a stern-looking man of middle age, whose costume of somewhat heavier cut than that of the gentry surrounding, and bronzed visage, imparted a foreign air to his appearance. A servant, mounted on a stout horse, was in attendance upon them, and many questions passed amongst the assembled throng touching “who they were,” but no one knew. Ned took up the closest position he could maintain near them, and while he feasted his eyes on the unknown beauty, little dreamt of the damage he was doing to his heart all the time.—It was that sort of entrancement which woman alone can achieve, and which tongue or pen cannot tell, and those can only know who have felt; therefore we shall say nothing about it, but leave it to the imagination or sympathy of the reader to guess or feel how Ned was suddenly enslaved.

A shout disturbed him from his trance;—it was the appearance of the racers, who paced before the assemblage of the *élite* as they passed onwards towards the starting post. The usual bustle of the moment prevailed—the admiration of the horses, the expression of hopes for one and doubts of another, the excitement of betting, the watchfulness of the start; and then, as the changes of the race round the plain were perceptible, the intenser interest of the brief struggle, till the last breathless moment of suspense, when the straining steeds, urged to their utmost energies, are seen coming up to the goal—the sod resounds beneath their rapid stroke—the thunder increases—the very earth trembles—they seem to fly!—they are past!!—a shout rends the sky!!!—the race is over.

Brief pleasure!—not so the pain for those who have lost their money. Such were races then—as they are now—*only they were somewhat honester.*

That race being over, the most interesting contest of the day was next in succession. The company had not long to wait;—a cheer announced the approach of Mr. Daly, who, mounted on a splendid horse and exquisitely dressed, approached the principal group of spectators.

He paraded up and down for some time, manifestly pleased to exhibit himself and his horse, and a furtive glance cast into the principal carriages betrayed his desire to know how much he was admired.

While he was thus amusing himself, a thundering shout, mingled with roars of laughter, disturbed his serenity, which was soon overcast by an expression of the darkest anger as he saw the cause of the cheers and the merriment, which were provoked by the appearance of young Kirwan, cantering up towards the group of rank and beauty on a shaggy little pony without a saddle, while he himself was attired in a coarse frieze jacket, tied round his middle with a straw rope, while on his head, instead of hunting cap, a peasant's *caubeen*, with a *gad* * for hatband, holding a *dhudeen*,† was rakishly stuck on one side. From under this hat Kirwan's sportive smiles displayed his white teeth, as he rode laughing up and down along the line of carriages, whence answering mirthful recognition was showered upon him, while his rival horseman could not conceal his rage at thus having his trim attire ridiculed as it were; he approached Kirwan, and said with as much calmness as he could command,

"Do you mean this for a joke or an affront, Mr. Kirwan?"

"A joke, to be sure."

"It is a very bad one, then, sir."

"Sure an affront would be worse."

"It *may be so*," said the other, putting spurs to his horse, intending to gallop to the starting post; but the horse, an ill-tempered animal, instead of obeying this summons as it was meant, plunged violently and engaged in an angry struggle with his rider, who finally conquered, however, and rode him to the post.

This was all Kirwan wanted;—he knew the horse and rider were both ill-tempered, and his grotesque dress was assumed for the purpose of provoking the fury of the animal through the vanity of his master, and thus, with a horse of inferior power, but gentler nature, securing the winning of the race. After making a few jokes with the ladies, who were yet enjoying his absurd costume, he cantered his pony after his angry rival, and, on arriving at the starting post, alighted, and sprang into the saddle of the racer, which was there held in waiting for him. After some false starts, arising from the sulky horse of Mr. Daly, "Whip, spur, and away!" were successfully answered to, and off went the competitors. But the tustle between Daly and his steed were fatal to his hopes.—If there be a time when horse and man should, as the Mexicans imagined, be one animal, it is in the race; if they go not together they go not at all.—For a time the race was contested,

* A peeled osier twisted.

† Stump of a pipe.

but the temper of Daly's horse, once roused, was irretrievable, and the brute, bolting at the last turn, Kirwan won in a canter.

The shouts of *Kierawaun ! Kierawaun !!* were deafening, and Daly made the best of his way to the stables.

Immediately after this race, while Ned was bestowing his attention on the fair unknown, the gentleman with whom she rode addressed some words to her, and afterwards to their attendant, and she at once cantered off the course, followed by the servant, while he of the bronzed visage followed in an opposite direction, in the wake of the crowd, which, as soon as the heat was over, rapidly cleared the course, and hurried to an adjoining field, where cock-fighting occupied the intervals between the races. The cock-pit was very simple in its construction—no regularly levelled platform for the combatants, nor inclined planes of seats for the spectators. The fairest portion of a pasture ground was taken for the field of battle—a circle, marked by fresh-cut twigs stuck in the earth, around which gentle and simple crowded and got a sight of the sport as best they might,—the gentle mostly mounted, it is true, who thus overtopped their neighbouring pedestrians; but often, as a late arrival on horseback placed the new comer beyond the point of view, he would dismount, and leaving his horse to the care of some *gilly*, push amongst the mass of the peasants, who made ready way as his presence declared him to be of the upper class, while, if “the handlers” within the ring caught sight of such a personage, they urged the populace to give place by strong representations of their unworthiness to see the sport before their betters.

“Back out o’ that, Dimpsy, I tell you!—Is it stoppin’ his honour o’Menlough you’d be?”

Dimpsy made himself as small as possible, and the Blake came forward.

“Cock you up, Shaughnessy, and is it you ’ud see the cock-fight afore the quality?—Make way for his honour, Misther Lynch.”

Shaughnessy squeezed back, and Mr. Lynch pressed forward, while another handsomely dressed candidate for the front row followed in his wake.

The handlers shouted, “Way for his honour the honourable Misther Daly—hurra ! for Dunsandle ! way I bid ye !”

While such exclamations were ringing on every side, and the crowd swaying to and fro, Ned had obtained a foremost place amidst the bystanders around the ring, and observed, conspicuous amongst the horsemen, him of the foreign aspect.

His attention, however, was more forcibly arrested by the presence of a blind man, who struggled hard to keep a foremost place in the ring, and whose endeavours for such accommodation every one of the

peasantry seemed willing to aid, while kindly expressions towards his pitiable state were mingled with merry allusions to the utter uselessness of one deprived of sight occupying a front rank to *see* the sport. But at the same time that this mingled pity and merriment went forward, there seemed to exist a degree of respect towards the man, quite at variance with pity or jesting, and difficult to account for, but for the leathern pouch at his side, whence some ivory-tipped tubes of box-wood protruded, and showed cause for the affectionate attention of the peasants.—He was a piper ; and who, in the Land of Song, would not stand well with the minstrel ?—one, ever prized in Ireland, through the most endearing associations, either as the traditional transmitter of ancient bardic effusions at the wake, the mirthful stimulator of nimble feet at the fair, the contributor to love or fun in musical plaint or planxty ; or, perchance, the exciter of sensations darker and more secret, by the outpouring of some significant strain which had hidden meaning in its phrases, and bore hope and triumph in its wild cadence.

All the influence arising from such causes *Phaidrig-na-pib** held pre-eminently ; and “ Stand fast, Phaidrig,” and “ I’m with you, Phaidrig,” and “ Hold by me, Phaidrig,” were amongst the ejaculations which greeted the piper, as offers of assistance were made to him on all sides. The “dark” † man was pitied, though the blind witness of cockfighting might make food for mirth. But, though he could not see, he took deep interest in the savage sport, and would bet on the fate of the battles, inquiring only who was the owner of the birds, and what their colours ; on knowing these, his knowledge of the various breeds of the cocks would decide him in backing the combatants, and mostly he was right in his selections.

The ring was now crowded to suffocation, and a movement between the handlers promised a commencement of the encounter, when a fresh commotion in the crowd indicated another struggler from the rear to the front. He was caught sight of by the officials within the ring, and “ Room ” was called for his honour Misther Bodkin ; but the serried mass seemed too compact to admit of another being. “ Arrah, boys, is it keeping out Misther Bodkin you’d be ? ”

“ Faix, and if he was a needle instead of a bodkin, ’twould be hard for him to get in here,” said Phaidrig.

“ Sure he’s like a needle in one respect, any how,” returned the handler—“ he has an eye in him ; and as you have not, you might give him your place, and stand behind.”

“ Sure, if I’m blind, that’s a rayson I should have a front place,” says Phaidrig, “ as a man with eyes has a better chance of seeing.”

The crowd paid the good-natured tribute of a laugh to Phaidrig’s

* Patrick of the Pipes.

† A phrase applied to the blind.

pleasantry upon his own misfortune, and the handler sought another person to displace for his honour Misther Bodkin, who at length got into the front, and the battle began.

The usual hasty offers and acceptances of wagers on the contending birds rang in rapid succession among the mounted gentlemen in the crowd, and those who held the front standing-places in the circle. It was the first time Ned had ever seen a cockfight, and his attention was distracted for a time between the fierce conflict of the birds and the sounds of triumph or dismay which followed the blows or the falls of either, and the bets which were offered or doubled in consequence ; but all these gave place at last to observation of the blind man, whose excitement surpassed that of all others as the fight proceeded, and who appeared by his exclamations to know, as well as those who could see, the vicissitudes of the battle ; his sense of hearing seemed to give him the power of distinguishing between the strokes of the combatants, as an occasional exclamation of "Well done, red cock!" sufficiently proved ; and the crow of each bird seemed as familiar to his ear as the voice of an acquaintance.

The fight between the first pair of cocks was over, and a fresh pair produced : as they were brought into the ring, one of them challenged, and on hearing his bold, clarion-like defiance, Phaidrig's countenance brightened, as he exclaimed, "That's the cock for winning—I know his shout—'tis the Sarsfield breed."

"That is not the name I give the breed," said a handsome cavalier, of noble appearance, who was mounted on a splendid horse.

"But that *is* the breed, my lord," said Phaidrig, nowise daunted by the voice of the nobleman ; "sure I know it, egg and bird, for long ago—and what better name could a bowld breed have?"

Phaidrig's answer was relished by the crowd, who evinced their pleasure by a low, chuckling murmur, over which the voice of the nobleman was heard rather reprovngly to the piper, telling him "his chanter* was too loud."

"Sure the noble Clanrickarde should be the last to turn a deaf ear to the name," retorted Phaidrig, "when one of the fair daughters of De Burgo was wife to the bold Sarsfield."

"Put down the cocks," said Lord Clanrickarde, anxious to terminate the parley.

As the birds were set opposite to each other, the strange cavalier exclaimed, "Five guineas on the black bird."

As the Pretender was known to be often designated in Ireland under the *sobriquet* of the "black bird," every eye was turned towards the

* The principal pipe of the set.

stranger as he uttered the words, and angry glances, as well as those of admiration, were bent on him,—the angry ones openly, from the consciousness that those who gave them were backed by authority,—the others, timidly and furtively, as indicating an unlawful desire.

A stern horseman beside the stranger, in answer to his offered bet, said, "The black *cock* you mean."

"The black bird!" returned the stranger.

"The cock!" repeated his neighbour.

"A cock is a bird, sir, I believe," the stranger returned, coldly, and then repeated his bet, "Five guineas on the black bird!"

"Done!" said his stern neighbour, more influenced by the spirit of political opposition than cockfighting.

This altercation had so far operated on the handlers, that they paused in their duties, and the battle did not begin until the word "Done" had been uttered; then the birds were let loose, and rushed eagerly on each other.

An interest was imparted to the contest beyond that of the mere sport, from the words by which it was preluded; and the spectators saw in the two cocks the champions, as it were, of two parties; and hopes and fears, almost superstitious, were attached to each stroke of the combatants, whose blows were exchanged fiercely and rapidly, for both the birds were high game. At last the black received a double stroke of his adversary's spurs, which brought him to the ground, and a cheer of triumph rose from the surrounding gentry, as the handlers rushed forward to disengage the birds.

"Two to one on the red!" cried several gentlemen, and another cheer arose on their part, while a breathless silence reigned amid the crowd of peasants, foremost amongst whom Phaidrig-na-pib bent his head over the ring in the act of eager listening.

"'Twas only a body blow, you say," muttered Phaidrig to a neighbour.

"Yes," whispered the other.

"Then, no matter," said the piper; "he'll bide his time and hit his match in the head. I know the breed well—they always strike for the head."

The birds were again set in opposition. The black went in boldly, and made a vigorous dash at his enemy.

"Well done!—he's strong yet!" muttered Phaidrig.

A bold bout now ensued between the birds; their wings flapped fiercely against each other, and some ugly blows were exchanged, but it was evident that the double stroke the black had received was telling against him; he bled profusely, and exhibited symptoms of weakness, yet still his courage failed not, and he continued to exchange

blows, until another heavy stroke from the red brought him down, and a fresh shout of triumph rose from the gentlemen.

"Behold the fate of your 'black bird' now, sir!" said he of the stern visage to the stranger.

"A battle is not lost till it is won, sir," was the answer.

A dead silence ensued, during which the handlers were counting time, for the victorious red cock, having disengaged himself, was left to tread the field in triumph, while his sable adversary lay drooping on the ground, which was stained with his life-blood.

For a few seconds the red eyed his stricken foe, and stood as if on guard, in expectation of a fresh attack; but when he saw his head gradually droop, he seemed at once to understand that so bold an adversary must be beaten, or he would return to the assault, and with an air of conquest he stepped proudly towards him, and standing right over him, flapping his wings, and raising his head to its proudest height, he crowed his triumph over his fallen foe.

The sound acted like magic on the dying bird. The trumpet of victory could not more have stirred the heart of a vanquished hero. It was manifest the cock could not have struck another blow, if his enemy had not crowed over him; but the insult roused him at his last gasp, and the defenceless position of his foe placed him within the reach of vengeance. And vengeance was the work of an instant; he made one convulsive spring from the ground, and his spurs clashed together through the brain of his exulting adversary, who dropped dead under the expiring victor. A wild shout rose from the peasantry, and vexation was depicted in the countenances of the gentry.

"Is he dead?" asked the owner of the red cock.

"As a stone, your honour," answered the handler.

"And there goes the black now;" said the other handler, as the gallant bird stretched himself in death. "'Tis a pity such a bit of game should ever die!"

"Give him into my hands here, for one minute," cried Phaidrig-na-pib; whose request was granted by the handler.

Phaidrig pressed the bird to his heart, and in his native language vented a wild out-pouring of eloquent lament for the "*black bird*," in which many an allusion of an exciting character was caught up by the populace; and Lord Clanrickarde, not approving of the temper they exhibited, very judiciously put an end to the cock-fight, by saying it was time to run the last heat of the race.

He gave example to the gentry by his own act of galloping at once to the winning post, and was followed by a crowd of horsemen, most of whom cursed the unlucky chance of the fight. The peasantry drew off in another direction, in the train of Phaidrig-na-pib, who, "yoking"

his pipes, poured forth the spirit-stirring strain of "*The Blackbird*," and the shrill chanter, as it rang across the plain, to such admirable music, but questionable loyalty, was—

"Unpleasing most to noble ears."

The Blackbird.

(With spirit, but not too fast.)



CHAPTER II.

AFTER this day of excitement, the night brought, with its darkness, silence, also, over the town of Galway; and, to judge from the quiet within its narrow streets, out of doors, one might think it brought peace likewise; but it was not so. Could the interior of many of its ancient domiciles be seen, the excitement of more than wine would have been apparent, and the turn the cock-fight assumed brought from its lurking-place many a feeling laid by, as the possessor thought, for ever. But such feelings, like our great grandmothers' state suits, were too often laid by only to be brought out on favourite occasions, and sometimes, more unfortunately, were left as heirlooms. And though it is long since we have laughed at this custom of our grandmothers, the other we have likened to it has, unfortunately, long survived it, and is only now left off because, thank Heaven, it is worn out. Party will lose its pattern as well as silk, and time crush the stiffness of creeds as well as brocades; hoops and wigs will flatten and lose their beauty in spite of buckram and powder, and other high things, as well as high-heeled shoes, be content to come down to a reasonable level.

But, to return to Galway; many a dinner and an after-bout of drinking the town saw that day, comprising the proudest names and the humblest. A sporting occasion, such as the one just mentioned, is sure to spread the board, even in our degenerate times, which are as nothing, if we may believe chronicles, to those of our fathers, when the "pottle-deep" potations were in vogue, and a more indiscriminate hospitality exercised. It will not be wondered at, therefore, that, at a later hour of the night, many a hot-headed blade had to traverse the dark town, more ready to give than take an affront, and the better-humoured ready, at least, for "sport," which, after dinner, in all times, meant giving somebody else annoyance, and bears the same definition to this day.

Ned Corkery was one of the out-of-door people, who was returning, after a dinner, to the parent roof, where he expected a reprimand for staying out so late, when his attention was attracted by a lantern, borne by a gentleman, on whose arm a lady leaned; and, as Ned

passed, the light of the lantern, flashing on her face, discovered the features of the beautiful girl who had so smitten him on the race-course. He paused as they passed; they were followed by a blind man and his dog, and Phaidrig-na-pib was easily recognised. Ned followed the light of the lantern with longing eyes, knowing it showed the fairy foot of the sweet girl where to pick her steps; and when a projecting abutment of one of the ponderous old edifices with which the town abounds to this day screened the lantern's gleam, he could not resist following. A thought of his father's additional anger for every additional minute came over him; but the desire to know where that matchless girl lodged was a superior consideration, and he pursued the *magic* lantern—to him, a magic lantern indeed! for, strange and wild were the shapes which, through its agency, his future life assumed.

He had not followed far, when the party stopped, in consequence of a servant saying he had dropped some money, and begging of the gentleman to lend him his lantern to search for it. The request was granted, and, after a few seconds, the man joyfully exclaimed, he had found the money, and, laying the lantern at the gentleman's feet, ran off. He who had conferred the obligation, remarked, that he thought the man might have been civil enough to hand him the lantern he had lent; but how much greater was his surprise, when, as he stooped to take it, the lantern was pulled suddenly upwards, till it swung from a projecting beam above; and a loud laugh from a distant part of the street showed it was a practical joke which had been played off upon the unsuspecting stranger, the servant of this "sportive" party only having feigned the loss of the money, and, while he affected to look for it, tying to the ring of the lantern a string, which was pulled by the remote jokers! The gentleman was very indignant, and shouted loudly some opprobrious names, meant for the persons who had treated him so scurvily; and, at the same moment, Ned advanced, requesting him to be calm, as he would recover the light for him. The stranger thought this might be some fresh jest, and intimated as much; but Ned assured him he would scorn conduct so "ungentlemanly," and requested immediately that Phaidrig would stand beside the heavy porch of an old doorway, and enable him thereby to clamber upwards. The suggestion was obeyed; the youth sprang upon the shoulders of the stout piper, laid hold of the projecting entablature of the ponderous masonry, and twining his legs round one of the pillars which supported it, thus climbed his way to the top of the pediment, whence he was enabled to reach the beam where the lantern swung. As he was about to lay hands on it, the string which the distant party held was relaxed, the lantern lowered, and Ned near tumbling. A fresh laugh was raised, and

another curse uttered by the impatient gentleman ; but when Phaidrig was told what had occurred, he called his dog, and placing him on his shoulders, and stooping, that the animal might gain a spring from his back, cried, " Seize it, *Turlough*."* The dog obeyed the command, sprang at the lantern, and laying hold with tooth and limb, clung to it ; but the string was sufficiently powerful to haul up both dog and light to the beam, which fresh trick was accomplished ; but Ned was enabled to catch the rope, and seizing the dog, drew him, and with him the lantern, to the platform on which he stood, and, spite of the tugging of the party who still bellowed forth their laughter, held fast, till he was enabled to cut the cord, and regain the light. This he lowered to his friends beneath, and began to descend himself, when he heard the rush of the defeated jesters coming forward to make good the capture of the lantern by downright assault. He hastened his descent, therefore, and sprang to the ground, just as he heard a voice from the assaulting party exclaim, as the light flashed on the face of the stranger, "'Tis he, by Heaven !—down with the traitor !"

" Mither Daly, I know your voice," cried Phaidrig-na-pib, " take care what you're about !"

" Ha ! you rebel rascal !" cried another voice, " you there, too ?"

" That's Mither Burke," said Phaidrig ; " you'd bettther not brake the pace, gintlemin, or see what the mayor will be saying to you to-morrow morning !"

There was a momentary parley among the bloods ; but an angry voice (it was Daly's) was heard above them all, saying, " By Heaven, I'll take him on my own responsibility !"

At the same moment, his sword flashed in the lamp-light, and the stranger, knowing the disadvantage in a fight a light is to him who holds it, extinguished it promptly, and drew his sword. His daughter clung to him.

" Nell, release me," he said, in a low voice, as he freed himself from the obedient girl, who now eagerly seized the arm of any other protector, and that arm was Ned's. He felt the might of giants, and the courage of heroes, at the touch.

" Seize him !" again shouted the enraged Daly.

" Beware, sir," returned the calm but determined voice of the stranger, who stood on his defence. It was only in time, for his blade encountered that of his assailant. The clashing of the swords was the signal for a general fight. That between Daly and the stranger was brief, for the latter was an able swordsman, and, in the dark, had the advantage, as being superior in *feeling* his adversary's blade. A few passes convinced Daly he had enough to do, and a few more made him quite sure the surgeon would have something to do next, for he received a

* Anglice, " Thunderer."

severe thrust in the sword arm. His friends, on finding he was wounded, became savage, and rushed on more fiercely, but they were held at bay; for the blind man's keen sense of hearing enabled him to strike with his heavy stick with wondrous precision; and, as soon as the dog heard his voice engaged in the fray, the snappish whining which he had uttered on the top of the portico in his desire to get down, was changed for a fierce yell, and springing into the midst of the combatants, he gave the first on whom he alighted an unpleasant memento of the night's amusement. Then, cheered by the voice of his master, he bit at their legs, and gave such terrible annoyance, that the odds were lessened against the little party which yet held the portico; but still numbers were against them. Fortunately, however, they were enabled, from their position, to keep a close front, the portico in their rear forming a defence for the lady, and leaving her protectors at ease upon her account, certain she could receive no injury amid the storm of blows which were falling thick and fast. Ned had wrested a sword from the first assailant who had fallen foul of him, and though his position in life debarred him from wearing one, he nevertheless knew its use, his genteel propensities having urged him to learn fencing from an old sergeant, who had seen service in the Netherlands. Ned poked away fearlessly, and pricked one of the party pretty smartly, so that the bloods, finding themselves so stoutly resisted, and two of their set wounded, were fain to beat a retreat, venting curses, and threatening vengeance. It may be imagined there was no desire to follow them; the moment the road was free, the little party who held the portico hurried down the street in an opposite direction, when, to their dismay, two men, bearing lanterns, led by a gentleman who seemed hurrying to the scene of action, appeared coming round an adjacent corner, the leader exclaiming—

“Peace in the king's name! keep the peace.”

“By Jakers, that's the mayor!” said Phaidrig.

“Then strike out the lights, and let us force our way past them,” cried the stranger, with more of anxiety in his manner than he had yet exhibited. “You take the right hand one,” said he to Ned—
“I'll manage the other.”

With this determination they advanced, and the demand of the mayor to “stand in the king's name,” was answered by each lantern-bearer being attacked. He who fell to the stranger's share was overpowered instantly, and the heel of his heavy boot went crash through the lantern; the other was yet tustling with Ned, when the stranger turned to his assistance, but, in engaging in this service, he himself was collared by the mayor; whereupon Ned, who had got disengaged, bestowed such a hearty blow under the worthy mayor's ear, that the portly dignitary measured his length beside the first lantern-bearer,

over whom he tumbled, as the other was in the act of rising ; this left the third quite helpless, and after laying him sprawling, and extinguishing the light, the adventurous little party ran for it, *the blind man leading* at a smart trot, his dog keeping close to him, a little way in advance.

"Take care of yourself, Phaidrig," said the stranger, as he hurried after with his daughter, beside whom Ned kept up his guard at the other side.

"Never fear me," answered the piper, "with the help o' Turlough, I could thread the darkest lane in the town without spoiling my beauty—mind, a sharp turn to the left here—that's it," and they dived down a narrow alley, as he spoke. "Divil a light we want as far as finding the way goes, only the young misthress will slop her purty little feet ; but dirt rubs out aisier than the grip of the mayor's bailiffs——Whisht!"—and he paused a moment—"by the powers they are afther us hue and cry—hurry ! hurry !" He quickened his pace, and after one or two more windings, which were executed in silence, the dog stopped before an entrance, and began scraping at the door fiercely.

"Knock, Phaidrig," said the stranger.

"No, your honour—no—the knock might be heard by our pursuers, and the scratching can't—but will give *them within* notice."

The result proved Phaidrig right ; a step was heard stirring inside the house, and soon after the drawing of a bolt and an open door admitted the fugitives to a timely sanctuary, for the shout of pursuit was heard at the entrance of the "close," and the portal was barely shut and barred, when the heavy tramp of men was heard rushing past, the hunters little suspecting that the thickness of a plank only was between them and the prey they sought.

The party within made no move till the tramp of the pursuers died away in the distance, then Phaidrig, with a low chuckle spoke. "Close work," said he, "as the undher millstone said to the upper, when there was no corn."

"'Twould have been grinding work, sure enough, had we been taken," said the stranger.—"You tremble, Nell," said he in a gentler tone to the girl.

She only answered by a long-drawn breath.

"All safe now, my lady," said Phaidrig ; "put your little hand on my arm, and I'll lead you—for we must have no light."

She obeyed his summons, and was led by the blind man into an apartment, where the low embers of a fire gave a faint glimmer, and where the sound of rushing waters was heard.

The rest of the party followed.

"Could you get the boat ready soon?" said Phaidrig.

He who had opened the door answered in the affirmative.

"Then we had better cross the river, your honour," said the piper ; "for it might come into their heads, them haythens of bailiffs, to go searching the neighbourhood, and once we are over the wather into the Cladagh, we are safe, for it's more nor a mile round by the bridge, and they could never catch us, even if they got the scent.—Bad luck to the mayor, though he's a worthy man ! why did he come out at all ? it was no harm pinking the bloods, for that's as common as bad luck, but knockin' down the mayor will make a stir, I tell you, in Galway, where they are so proud o' their privileges—there is no standin' the consait of the mayors of Galway, ever since Walther Lynch hanged his son—get ready the boat, Mike."

The stranger now addressed Ned in terms of thankfulness for his first polite assistance, and for his gallant bearing in the riot, and concluded by expressing his regret that he should have been involved in such a serious brawl, with hopes it would be of no material injury to him.

"Faix, he's in throuble, I tell you," said Phaidrig. "Sure it was himself that gave the mayor the *polthoge* that upset him—faix, my young masther, you have a delicate taste, considering your youth and inexperience, that nothing less than a mayor would sarve you."

"'Twas in *my* defence," said the stranger ; "and I regret, young sir," said he to Ned, "that my circumstances are not such as to offer you protection adequate to the risk you have encountered for my sake."

Ned made a flourishing speech here, declaring he never was so happy in his life—that to render a service to a gentleman—and—a lady—and Ned stammered as he dared to allude to the lovely cause of his dilemma.

"Indeed, sir, I thank you," said the girl, in a sweet voice.

Ned felt more than rewarded, even if he fell into the power of the offended magistrate.

Phaidrig here quitted the chamber, to "hurry Mike with the boat," as he said ; but as he left the room, another person entered, and approached the stranger and his daughter, with whom he conversed in an under tone ; and even the glimmering light cast by the fire, enabled Edward to see that his bearing towards both indicated the most intimate familiarity between the parties. In a few minutes the father was silent, and the conversation continued in low whispers between the lady and the young cavalier, while the father, as if lost in thought, threw himself into an old chair that stood before the fire-place, and, as if unconsciously, began to stir the dying embers with the toe of his heavy riding boot. A bright flame flickered from the smouldering heap, and revealed to Edward the person of young Kirwan, whose attitude was expressive of the most devoted attention, as he still continued to converse, in whispers, with the attentive girl.

Edward felt anything but comfortable, as he witnessed the courtly address of the handsome Kirwan to the lady. The folly of such a feeling was apparent to himself, yet still he could not conquer it ; the influence that had been cast over him by his admiration of the morning, and the adventure of the night, seemed to himself as extraordinary as it was unreasonable. Why should he be angered that the gay and gallant Kirwan should pay his court to a lady of his own rank, immeasurably above a trader's son, and to whom *he* might not address a phrase beyond that of the humblest courtesy ? His heart could only answer with a sigh ! This being, whom he had seen but twelve hours since, with whom he had not exchanged twelve words, and to whom he dare not aspire, nevertheless had filled his heart with passion ; the pang of hopeless love was there, aggravated by the seeming favour in which another was held, and poor Ned became the prey of a jealousy as intense as it was absurd.

With a painful watchfulness he marked how closely they talked together, while Kirwan held the lady's hand all the time. He would gladly, at that moment, have engaged the favoured cavalier at the sword's point !

Phaidrig now returned, and announced the boat "ready." Ellen's father rose, and taking Kirwan by the hand, said, "Here we part for the present. You shall know where to find me—farewell !"

"Farewell !" returned the other, with an energy of manner, and hearty shaking of hands, denoting between the parties deep interest, and warm fellowship.

"Allow me," said the stranger, "to recommend to your care this youth, whose brave assistance makes me so much his debtor, and places him in some jeopardy for the present. You, I am sure, will give him shelter."

"Willingly," said Kirwan.

Ned recoiled from the thought of accepting safety at such hands, and replied, that he did not fear returning at once to his own home.

"*Baidershin !*" said Phaidrig, "how bowld we are !" Then addressing the stranger, he added, "If your honour will be advised by me, you will take him over the river with you, for, 'pon my conscience, the sweet town of Galway is no place for my young mather to-night."

"Be it so," said the stranger ; "and now for the boat." Kirwan offered his arm with courtly grace to Ellen, but her father drew her arm within his own, and said, "A truce to compliments now. You shall hand her to her carriage, when we see you at ——"

Ned could not catch the name of the place the stranger said. Ellen, and her father, hurried from the chamber, and Phaidrig, taking Ned

by the arm, the party proceeded in silence and darkness, along a passage, through which a current of cold air was felt, and the roar of a rushing torrent heard; a small door was reached, which opened directly over the rapids that hurry the foaming waters of Lough Corrib to the sea, below the ancient bridge. The sheet of white foam was visible in the darkness, and made the boat, some feet below the door, perceptible, as it plunged on the eddying current.

"Let the heaviest go first," said Phaidrig, "'twill steady the boat." The stranger going on his knees, and laying hold of the threshold of the door with his hands, let himself down till his feet touched the gunwale of the boat, where, taking his seat, he called out to the piper to take care of his daughter.

"Now, my lady, steady—don't be afeard," said the piper—"don't be angry with my rough fist for taking a sharp grip o' you; give your other hand to the young gentleman at the other side."

Ellen silently obeyed the instruction, and a thrill of pleasure shot through Ned's heart as he held firmly the delicate hand of the girl, in assisting to lower her to the boat, where her father received and placed her in safety beside him.

"Now, young master, in with you," said Phaidrig.

"Had not you better go first?" said Ned. "I may assist you from above."

"My own grip is worth all the assistance in the world," said Phaidrig,—"'obliged to you, all the same. I go bail I'll not leave go of the threshold till I feel a good howlt with my foot in the boat."

Edward lost no time in obeying, and the piper followed in safety.—"Off with you now, Mike!" said he.

The boat swept down the current as he spoke.

"Where's the dog!" cried Ellen, anxiously.

A splash in the water followed her words.

"There he goes," said Phaidrig; "his own bowld heart and strong paws would put him over a wilder stream than this; the dog who can't swim is only fit for drowning."

The boat now plunged over the boiling waves of the rapid, and Ellen instinctively held her father with a close embrace as they hurried through the hissing foam, which soon, however, became less and less as they swept onward, the waters gradually darkening as they deepened, streaked only here and there with long lines of surge, and the heavy gurgling of a strong current succeeding the roar which had appalled the ear of Ellen.

They were soon enabled to pull the boat shoreward from out of the current; and, as they touched the strand, Turlough was waiting, ready to receive the party, snorting, and shaking the waters of Corrib from

his brave sides ; a few minutes more placed them all under the shelter of a fisherman's cottage, and, while horses were being prepared for the stranger and his daughter, the former repeated his thanks to Ned, shaking him heartily by the hand, and commending him to the care of the fisherman. The latter promised safe keeping of him for the present, and undertook to communicate with Ned's friends in the town, on the morrow, swearing " by the hand of his gossip," that he would have good care of the youth, for "*his honour's sake*."

The nags were soon ready, and Ellen was lifted to her saddle by her father ; but, before parting, the gentle girl presented her hand to Edward, and expressed a fervent hope he might incur no injury from his generous conduct.

Edward stammered an unintelligible reply, and ventured to press the little hand. The next instant the horses were in motion; the rapid clatter of their feet up the stony path died away in the distance, and Ned, with a sinking heart, retired to the fisher's hut. Burning with curiosity to know who these gentlefolks might be, he thought the fisherman would inform him, and asked a question with that view; but the fisherman, returning him a glance that had in it much of displeasure, replied :—" They did not tell me who they were, sir, and *I* asked no questions." Ned felt the reproof keenly ;—it seemed there was some mystery about the stranger, and then, for the first time, Ned began to consider in what an awkward adventure he had become involved.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning the fisherman, at Edward's request, went into the town to communicate with worthy Mister Corkery, who already had heard an exaggerated account of his son's adventure, so that the real truth, though bad enough, lifted a weight of horrors from his civic heart, which had sunk to the lowest depths of despair at the thought of the city's peace being broken by a boy of his, and the daring hand of Corkery lifted against the mayor, and that the mayor of Galway. When he found, however, that Ned had not murdered six men, as was reported, and only *tripped up* the mayor, (though that was dreadful,) he was more comfortable, but desired Ned to lie quiet, and he would write to him in the evening. All that day the trader worked hard at a letter, which was a mighty task to him, and at night the fisherman returned, and bore to Ned his father's epistle:—

“Deer Ned,

“Mi hart is Sore, and the mare's hed kut, and His Wig will nevr doo a Dais gud, the Barbr tells me, fur sartin—his blew and gool kote all gutthur. O Ned, to tutch a mare is a foalish bizniz,—i no foalish aut to bee spelt with a YEW, but I kan't make a YEW to know it from an EN. Yew must get out off this kounthry for sum tim—praps the sailarin bizniz is the best now til The storee is past and gone, and when y' unfortnate tale is not tuk up by the foals, but let too dhrop, w^h is the prair of y' offended but afekshint father,
“ Denis Corkery.”

“i send 5 ginnys by the barer, for the rod to Dublin, wher Mc Guffins ship iz—ax for the industhery, thatz hur nam—you will see hur on the blind K.

“lite gool duz for the rod, so the ginny's iz lite.

“mi hart is hevvy, Ned.

“i wood go see yew ned, but Am afeerd they w^d watch and trak me, for y^e mares i iz on mee.

“ Beewer ov bad Kumpiny.

“ Yours, D. C.”

Ned, in obedience to orders, prepared to start for Dublin; he wrote an obedient and repentant letter to his father, hoping forgiveness, and promising good behaviour for the future. In the dead of night, when

the slumbering majesty of Galway's civic dignity rendered it most convenient to make a start, Ned set out for the metropolis, and, before dawn, had put several miles between himself and danger. Dublin was reached in safety, and as swiftly as Ned could accomplish it; and on the Blind quay, sure enough, he found the good brig, *Industry*, and the exemplary Captain McGuffin, who was to sail with the next tide for London.

Before Ned was over the bar, it was all over with him. Sea-sickness contributes much to feelings of repentance, and Ned began to entertain flattering notions of the susceptibility of his conscience, which his stomach was more entitled to; he wished for nothing so much as death, and hoped the Land's End would have made an end of him; but he survived the Channel, and, after doubling the North Foreland, found his appetite again. On passing the Nore, he was as fresh as a lark, and while tacking up the Thames nearly created a famine on board. After this, Ned liked the sea well enough; in short, it suited him perfectly.

In some respects, he felt that, under certain circumstances, he could love it; but the captain of the trader was a sober, steady man; and the monotonous life on board of a merchant-vessel, whose voyages were confined to the British waters, had not enough of excitement and interest for a spirit like his. Nevertheless, he served nearly eighteen months in this way, patiently looking forward, however, to better things some day, on board of a nobler craft, whose wings might be spread for longer flights. During all this time, many a fond thought reverted to the fair girl of the race-course, whose image was as fresh in his memory as though he had seen her yesterday. But, notwithstanding this youthful love-sickness, he employed himself diligently to become as good a sailor as circumstances could make him, and, for a mere coasting mariner, was a very smart fellow. Ever, on his return from sea to Dublin, which was the port whence the vessel traded, Ned found a letter from his father waiting for him, in which lamentations for his "foolish bit of consait" in the streets of Galway continued to be made, with recommendations to keep away for some time yet, as it was "not forgotten to him." Sobriety, industry, and frugality, were recommended, with this assurance, that

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;"

and, furthermore, this solemn fact was put forward, that—

"A pin a day, is a groat a year."

On the receipt of such letters, Ned generally muttered, that he wished his father would send him a little less advice, and a little more money.

But in uttering this wish, Ned was unreasonable. The old man, though frugal, was not parsimonious; and allowed his son quite enough to enable him to enjoy himself reasonably on shore, when the duties of his ship did not demand his presence on board; for it was no part of his intention that Ned should be screwed down to *all* the hardships of a sailor's life, though he did not wish to make that life too fascinating to a young fellow of naturally an erratic turn. He remembered that Ned, when in port at Dublin, must see some friends there, and it would never do for a respectable citizen of Galway to let his son appear in the "slops", of a captain's mate.—No, no; Ned was well supplied with the means of casting his marine attire, and assuming a landsman's garb befitting his station ashore; and from his innate tendency towards gentility, his clothes were rather of a smarter cut than he had quite a right to indulge in, and certainly far finer than he would have dared to assume in Galway, where his father's eyes, to say nothing of neighbours', were as good as sumptuary laws. Considering the old man rather objected to the pursuit of the maritime profession for his son, it may be wondered at he did not make him feel as much privation as possible, in the hope of inducing a distaste for it; but, on the other hand, when it is remembered that an only son was forced to seek shelter on board ship, to save himself from the consequences of a mischance; that he was forced to fly his native town, and that without even the paternal embrace, who can blame a father for having yearnings of compassion for his absent boy, and seeking to make his exile as bearable as it might be?

Truth, however, compels us to say that Ned thought much more of the beauty of the race-course than of his father; and the decking of his person in something of a superior costume, was insensibly influenced by the desire to see himself look as well as possible for her sake, though, in all human probability, he should never see her again. But this is no reason why an ardent imagination is not to think of an object by which it has been excited; and, in truth, there was seldom a day in which Ned's heart did not wander to the recollection of the day he first saw her—that eventful day, which brought love in the morning, pleasure at sundown, and jealousy before midnight.

He was not mad enough to suppose, in his wildest moments of dreaming, that the events of that day could ever "come to anything;" but still the recollection of them clung about his heart, and though he dared not hope, he could not forget.

How many a night, on his cold and dreary watch, did the memory of the parting pressure of the fair girl's hand return upon him! At such moments he would pace the deck, and, looking upwards at the stars, inwardly exclaim, "Oh, that I could see her once again!—Yet

why indulge in these foolish yearnings?—As well might one of those stars be mine, as that lovely being!”

Perchance a shooting star darted across the heavens as he spoke, and as its brightness vanished, Ned, indulging the superstitious fancy of his country, would curse his stupidity for not wishing for her while the star was falling.*

At length it chanced his ship was ordered to Hamburgh, and Ned was delighted at the thoughts of making a foreign port, which, in good time, was achieved; and, after discharging cargo, he lost no opportunity, while lying in port, to see all he could of this far-famed city. The remarkable and picturesque costumes of the surrounding neighbourhood—the grotesque old houses which towered over its canals, which, like so many veins of wealth, carried commerce into the heart of the town,—its ancient churches, its dancing-halls and theatre—all these, and more, filled Ned with wonder, and fed that greedy desire which youth always has for novelty.

But exploring different quarters of the city was his principal pursuit; and, in doing this, he had occasion to remark the absurd custom of the Hamburghers in the profuse use of carriages in streets so narrow and so crooked, that their vehicles could scarcely get on, from the mutual impediments they presented. In one of these frequent “jams,” just as one coach was passing another, he caught sight of a face that set his heart all in a flame: it seemed the face of the beautiful girl of the race-course, and he sprang forward, in hopes to assure himself it was so; but the coach became disentangled before he could look into it, and drove on;—he pursued it, but could not overtake it, and it soon turned into a gateway, which, when Ned reached, was closed. He lingered about the place for some time, provoked and disappointed; he could not be satisfied whether his notion was true or not; he could not even ask to whom the house belonged, for he was ignorant of the language; so he was forced to retire in a state of excited imagination, which not only deprived him of sleep that night, but kept him on the alert for several days, as he became possessed more and more with the idea, that the beautiful girl was in Hamburgh.

Full of this notion, he looked into every carriage he saw, frequented the theatre and other public places more, and made a point of going to “The Maiden’s Walk,” at the hour it was most frequented. Just as he was one day entering upon it, the truth of his surmise was realised; he saw the idol of his wild passion at the opposite side of the canal, going to church, as he thought, from the servant who followed her, with a prayer-book hanging upon one arm suspended by a silver chain, and

* The superstitious say that if you express a wish before a shooting star vanishes, it will be realized.

a brass stove suspended from the other. The canal lay between them, and he looked out for a boat, and, perceiving one lying opportunely near a neighbouring stair, ran towards it, and, springing into it, almost like one who was crazy, astonished the phlegmatic German by his urgent signs for speed, which the boatman, who was smoking his pipe, not being willing to obey, Ned seized the oars himself, and pulled vigorously across the canal, on whose opposite bank he sprang, without paying Mynherr, who was at once stimulated to activity; and a double chase ensued—Ned after the girl, and the boatman after Ned: it made quite a sensation on the Maiden's Walk to see a handsome young fellow hunted by a pursy boatman, hallooing after him a "thousand devils," and swearing for his *denier*. Ned heeded not; he had caught sight of the last fold of his fair one's skirt, as she went round a corner, and for that corner Ned made all speed; but when he reached it, out of breath, no lady was to be seen, but the fat boatman was close at his heels, saying a great deal to Ned, which it was well for the boatman Ned did not understand; but guessing the cause of his pursuit, and remembering he had forgotten to pay him, he threw him a *groot*, and continued his search. The boatman caught the coin, and looked at this increase of the sum demanded with wonder, (though it was only a penny,) and, raising his eyes to heaven, ejaculated an aspiration to the Deity, with the remark, "What extravagant robbers are the English!"

Ned searched every church in the neighbourhood, in hopes of finding the object of his wishes, but in vain; indeed, it was useless, for the service was over in all. So the lady had been returning *from*, not *going to*, church, as her pursuer thought.—Ah! lovers are very liable to make mistakes!

The theatre he now thought the most likely place to see her, and here he constantly resorted. It was the last place he would have gone to, otherwise, for, not knowing the language, the entertainment could not be very amusing, though indeed, for that matter, any one might understand the greater part of it as well as the Hamburgers, for it consisted, principally, of practical witticism, such as cuffs and kicks, smart boxes on the ear, hearty cudgellings, alternated with hugs and kisses. Nevertheless, all this buffoonery our hero sat out, night after night, in the hope of seeing this phantom of beauty, which seemed to appear only to elude him. At last his perseverance was rewarded. One night, as he was talking to an obliging stranger, who could speak English, and had been explaining some passage in the play, he saw the lovely girl, listening to what appeared to be courtly compliments paid to her, judging from the gracious manner of the handsomely dressed person from whom they proceeded, and the half diffident, yet smiling, manner in which they were received.

Ned was breathless!—there was the beauty of the race-course!—she, for whose sake he had engaged in a street riot, angered his father, and was forced to fly his native town, and for whom he would have made far greater sacrifices.

There is nothing, perhaps, so totally subversive of self-possession as the unexpected sight of one we love. It paralyzes by the too great intensity of its nervous excitement. It smites the heart to its very core, and the stream of life is arrested in its course;—we cease to breathe;—every function of life seems suspended, but that of sight;—the eye usurps, as it were, the power all other organs have lost, and we can only gaze.

Ned was disturbed from this state of fascination by a tap on the shoulder from his obliging neighbour, who had acted interpreter.

“I say, sir, that’s the star you sail by, I reckon,” said the new acquaintance, with a knowing toss of his head towards the quarter where Ned was still gazing in admiring wonderment.

Ned could neither speak nor withdraw his eyes.

“Hillo!” added his friend, “dumb-founded—eh? If you can’t speak, you’ll never win a woman.”

Ned attempted a faint smile.

“Where did you see her before?”

“Before?” echoed Ned.

“Ay—before. No one ever looked at a woman for the first time, as you did at her,” said the other, sharply.

“I saw her in Ireland.”

“Ireland?—ho, ho—shouldn’t wonder!—but it’s rather a hot place, I should say, for Count Nellinski.

“A count?” echoed Ned, in surprise.

“Oh—counts are common enough in *Ja-armany!*” returned his informant, with a laugh.

“She is going,” said Ned, looking up at the box, and rising to follow her example.

“And you are going, too?” said the stranger.

“Yes.”

“I don’t care if I do the same—the play is dull work.” Ned hurried to the entrance, and watched eagerly for the appearance of the beautiful girl, but in vain, and after some time perceived his new acquaintance standing near him.

“Can’t see her, eh?” was the question he put, while a provoking smile played across his countenance.

Ned answered in the negative, with a chagrined air, upon which the other laughed outright, saying, he was watching at the wrong entrance, for that the game was flown by another.

Ned was half inclined to be angry at the seeming enjoyment the other took in his disappointment, till, with a voice of the most cheery kindness, the stranger slapped him on the shoulder, and said,

"Never fret, man!"—I know the hotel she stops at, the *Kaiser-hoff*; see her there, if so be you want it. Come along and sup with me—the *Weinkeller* furnishes good tippie and victual—come!"

So saying, he drew the yielding arm of Ned within his, and they bent their course to a celebrated cellar, then of great repute in Hamburgh, where the best company in the city, both natives and strangers, resorted to drink Hock, of which wine this cellar contained the choicest store, whence the government drew a large revenue. On their entrance, Ned saw but a confused mass of people, for the dense tobacco-smoke in which they were enveloped rendered a clear perception of any distant object difficult; and, as soon as they could find a seat, he and his companion had a flask of right Johannesburg set before them, which Ned at that moment was most willing to enjoy, as he considered himself under the influence of the happiest fortune in having met, in the person of a stranger, one who gave him the means of once more seeing the lovely being who so enslaved him.

The stranger filled his glass, and spoke;—"My service to you, Mister—what's your name, if I may make bold to ask?—mine is Hudson Finch, at your service."

"Mine is Fitzgerald," said Ned, who was ashamed to give so vulgar a one as his own to so dashing a gentleman; but he blushed as he spoke, for the ghost of the departed name of "Corkery" rose up reprovingly before him. But he swallowed his shame and a glass of Rhenish together, to the health of Mr. Finch, who returned the like civility to Mr. Fitzgerald, with the remark, that it was a good name. Ned thought, at the moment, that good names, like other good things, had the greatest chance of being stolen.

Finch now pointed out to him several persons among the company worthy of note, with amusing anecdotes of almost every one he indicated.

"Do you see those two in yonder corner?"

"Smoking and drinking so hard?" asked Ned.

"The same. Now, I would wager a trifle those two poor devils are spending here to-night every stiver they are worth."

"Why do you guess so?"

"They are young graduates in law:—now, how do you think they live?"

"By their profession, I suppose," said Ned.

"No, but by their *processions*."

"How do you mean?"

These younger graduates, sir, have scarcely enough to keep life and soul together. There is not a *Häringsfrau* in all Hamburg who does not know the whole tribe; for pickled herrings and beer are what they mostly live upon, and the "God-send" of a procession alone can enable them to show their noses in the *Weinkeller*.

"But you have not yet explained to me about these same processions."

"Why, sir, these proud citizens of Hamburg love processions almost as well as beer and tobacco, and the smallest occasion is seized upon to get one up; sometimes to present an address to somebody, for nobody knows what; and as a procession is nothing without good company, these younger members of the learned profession are regularly engaged and paid to make the thing look respectable, and render the compliment greater."

"And is this well known?"

"As well known as the Bank."

"Then how ridiculous to have recourse to it, when all the world can see through ——"

"Through the '*humbug*,' you were going to say?—My good sir, is not the world itself one great humbug?"

"I confess that's new to me," said Ned, simply.

"Because you are new to the world," was the other's prompt reply.

"How many forms, laws, customs, names, *et cetera, et cetera*, are bowed down to—how many things are in a flourishing existence round us, which are rank humbugs—which are known to be humbugs—admitted to be humbugs—and yet are not only permitted to exist, but respected? Oh, my dear young friend! *Monsieur* the WORLD has a very large nose; and whoever, whichever, or whatever, can lay hold of it, *Monsieur* the WORLD, follows as tamely as a lamb."

This outpouring of contempt for the world made Ned think Mister Finch a very clever man. He remarked, however, that he thought the Germans more prudent than to spend their money on one expensive entertainment, when they were forced to live mostly, as Finch said, on pickled herrings and beer.

"My dear fellow, that is a part of their game," said Finch. "They must have good clothes, and be seen sometimes rubbing skirts with gentility, or they would lose their employment."

"Oh! I perceive," said Ned.

"For instance, those fellows who are so jolly over there, I saw this very day, in a funeral procession, looking as if their hearts would break. The deceased was a tailor, whose kith and kin prided themselves on having law students among the mourners. Very likely they got a new suit of clothes on the occasion;—but, hold—look over there!—do you not perceive?"

Ned looked in the desired direction, and was delighted to see his bronzed friend of the race-course—the Count Nellinski himself. Ned would have given the world to speak to him, but the count was engaged in earnest conversation with a military man, of iron aspect; so earnest, that Ned felt it would have been intrusion to attempt a word with him: therefore he continued to listen to Finch's lively raillery, though, truth to say, he did not comprehend much of it, so totally was his attention absorbed by the father of the lovely Ellen.

This distraction of mind, however, did not long continue, for the count soon after rose, with his companion, and retired. Ned looked hard at him, in hopes to catch his eye as he passed out, but the count seemed too absorbed in his own thoughts to heed external objects. Ned consoled himself with the hope that he should see him on the morrow, at the *Kaiser-hoff*.

As no object now intervened to disturb his present enjoyment, Ned did the duty of the hour like a man, and, after a jolly supper and a merry drinking bout, the acquaintances separated, Ned thanking fortune over and over again for the chance she had cast in his way; but the slippery jade was laughing in secret at Ned all the time, for she was at that moment but playing him a scurvy trick; for when, after a night of feverish dreaming, in which a German supper, strong Rhenish, and love, strove for mastery, Ned rose with a hot head, and hotter heart, and, making himself as smart as he could, set out for the *Kaiser-hoff* to inquire after his enchantress, he heard, to his utter dismay, that the Count Nellinski and his daughter had left Hamburgh that morning.



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ON the 7th of August, 1841, the following announcement appeared in the *Literary Gazette*:—

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“With so largely increased a stake in its prosperity, the Editor begs leave to say that he will earnestly endeavour to infuse fresh spirit and vigour into its pages; will associate new and able allies in its various departments, and spare neither labour nor cost in making it worthy of general approbation. But to the numerous friends which it has made, and the multitude whom it has brought forward and served in literature, in the arts, in the sciences, and in other refined and intellectual pursuits, he would add, that no combined effort and expense are so effectual in producing excellence, as the assistance and co-operation of individuals who will think it worth while to communicate even the smallest articles of information upon the subjects embraced by the publication. Such aid he respectfully and cordially invites from his personal well-wishers, and from those who have been the well-wishers of the *Gazette* to the present day. Even already, within a few weeks, it has experienced the benefit of this feeling in a singular increase of circulation; and this cheering prospect will further animate the exertions to render it still more deserving of support and patronage.”

At the commencement of 1842, the Editor was enabled to announce the growing progress which had resulted from this statement; and to appeal to every page of his publication in proof of its having hastened to fulfil the promise therein held out, and truly affirm, that, however brief and popularised, in order to be acceptable to many classes, there was hardly a paragraph in the *Literary Gazette*, and never an opinion or criticism in the various branches of literature, science, and the arts it embraced, which was not derived from the mature judgment of several of the greatest men who adorn our age and country; so that, in the whole, for articles of scholarship, professional interest and practical inquiry, chemical, mechanical, or philosophical, in every sheet published it might claim an authority, from the characters of the coadjutors whose aid had been secured, such as could not be surpassed in Europe. “Truth, facts, and high unbiased decision, in the plainest and shortest language,” it was added, “fulfil our ideal of a Journal to deserve general confidence and encouragement; and such we have endeavoured to make the *Literary Gazette*.”

To this he will now only add, that the year has not passed without multiplying and improving his resources; and he confidently refers to the Volume for 1842 as amply confirming the success of his renewed exertions, verifying the claims of the past, and giving assurance of the faithful performance of what is announced on the other side of this Address.

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