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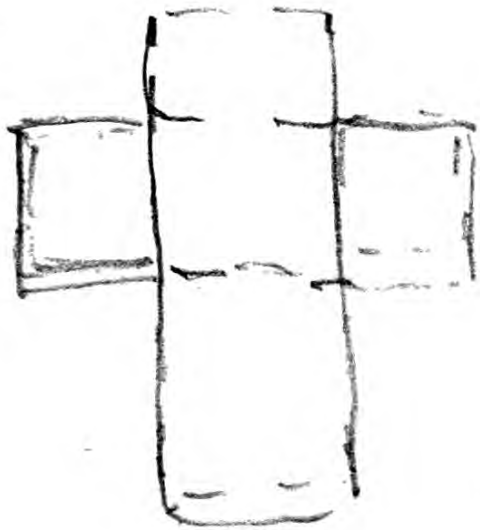


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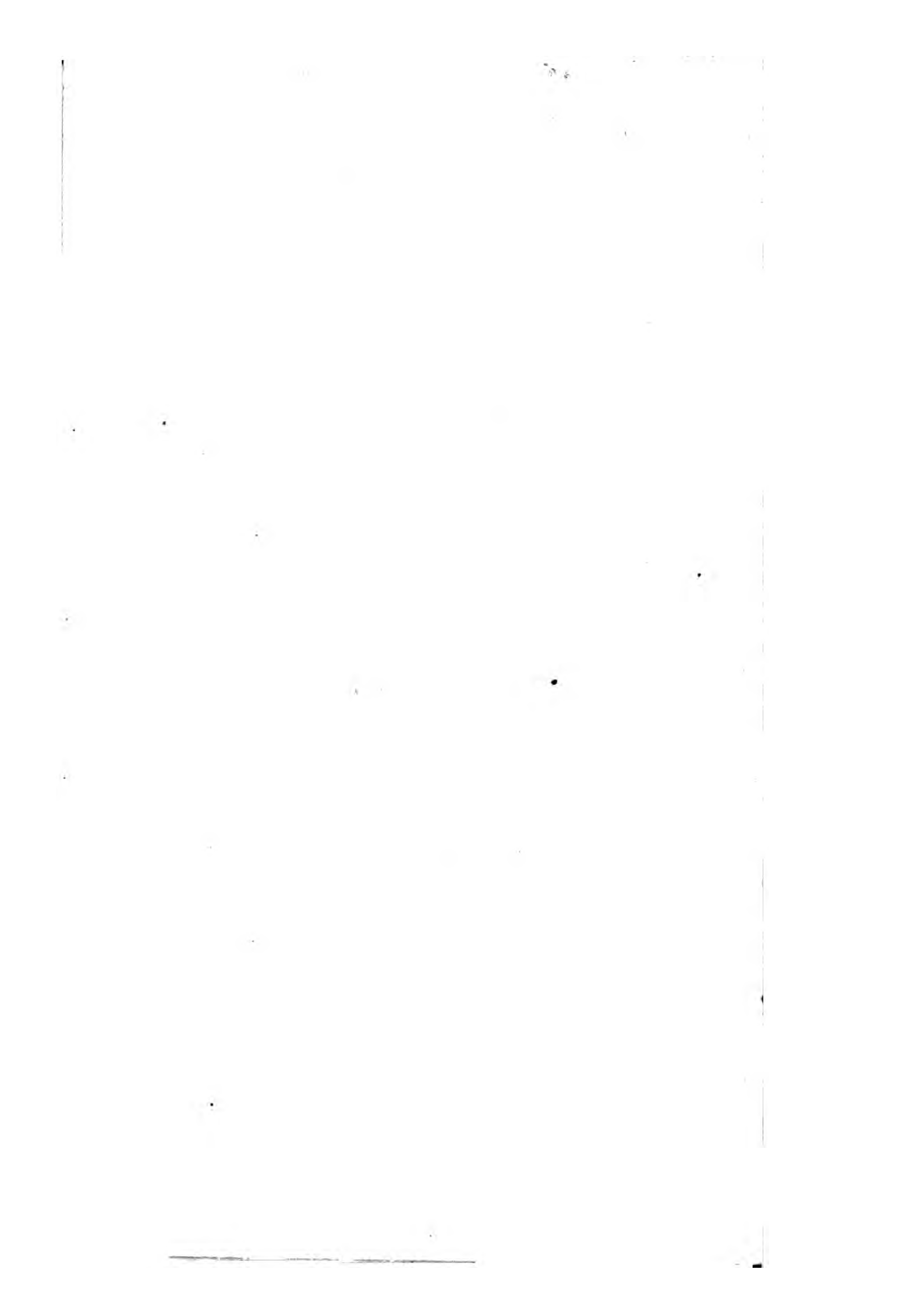
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TALES,

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY:

CONTAINING

CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK,
THE FETCHES, AND JOHN DOE.

“ Quid ? ille ubi est Milesius ? ”

What has become of the Milesian ?

TERENCE, *Adelphi*, Act IV. Scene I.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

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**J. M'Creery, Took's-court,
Chancery-lane, London.**

CROHOORE
OF
THE BILL-HOOK.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

WE have said it was the assizes time of Kilkenny. Pierce Shea arrived there before the morning sitting of the court. In two hours afterwards he was put upon his trial before God and his country. The evidence was conclusive against him, on different charges; and here he saw he had again to encounter the cool and well-concerted machinations of Crohoore-na-bilhoge: one of the witnesses was the assassin of Ballyfoile; the same who, obviously

under the influence of Crohoore, had personally attempted his life ; and Pierce felt it not difficult to conceive that, having failed in the attempt to assassinate him, the murderer now hired this wretch to swear away his life in a court of justice.

The man was cross-examined as to the fact of his having been employed to fire at Shea ; he denied it sturdily and scoffingly ; two persons only could contradict him, Doran and Andy Houlohan ; but Doran did not appear, as he was himself hiding from justice ; and poor Andy felt so truly bewildered by the situation of his dear foster-brother, that when called upon, he could neither answer nor recollect any thing with the necessary distinctness.

This person deposed to the presence of Shea at the attack on the dragoons. One of the surviving soldiers also easily identified him ; and the proctor, with equal readiness, accused him of having assisted in the outrage on his person. It was, however, elicited in cross-examination, that Pierce had subsequently saved his life at peril of his own ; and, owing to this slight extenuating fact, the criminal was allowed forty-

eight hours to prepare for death. Sentence was passed on him at two o'clock in the afternoon of the morning of his arrest, which was a Tuesday.

About eleven o'clock the next night, Wednesday, a thundering knock pealed at the door of a splendid mansion, situated in the great square of Stephen's Green, in the metropolis of Ireland.

The proprietor of the mansion was a young gentleman of family, talent, and education; and, though young, (not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age,) he held an office of trust and consideration under the Irish government, and was the representative of one of her boroughs, in the then native parliament. Other, and more private anecdotes of him, claim our attention.

Since his father's death, which happened in his childhood, Mr. B. had been landlord of Clarah; and, when a boy, his school vacations were often spent in the hospitable farm-houses of Ned Shea and Tony Dooling, where he found comfortable accommodations, and abundance of joyous exercise and country sports; with, in the

person of Pierce Shea, a companion every way fitted to share or lead his rural pursuits. Pierce rode as good a horse as his young landlord, and rode him as well; he was as good a shot; a better courser, and knew to a certainty where game of every kind could be had for the starting. Their ages were alike; their tempers both amiable; their tastes too, notwithstanding the difference in social rank, similar; for, as we have before observed, Pierce's education had by no means been neglected; so that if he could not invariably follow the more extended or more systematic attainments of the young squire, as shewn in their occasional conversations, it required but little effort to make him do so; and his youthful zeal and quickness in asking questions were repaid by the ingenuousness of his admiring tutor, who, along with the wish and pleasure of communicating knowledge, felt, perhaps, a degree of natural vanity in displaying superior acquirement. In fact, they became friends; and, an accident further served to fix and enlarge the good-will Mr. B. bore his esteemed young tenant; Pierce had preserved, if not his life, his limbs at least, by checking, with

imminent danger to himself, on the verge of a precipitate quarry, a restive horse, over which his companion had lost all control, and which was plunging headlong to the precipice.

With maturer years, indeed, came different occupations; distinct places in different ranks of society; and, of course, mutual estrangement and regulation, if not some forgetfulness of the early intercourse of boyhood. But Mr. B. was too worthy a young man to have altogether a bad memory.

The tremendous knocking at his door, roused Mr. B. from a sound sleep; for he had gone to bed early. He listened; it was repeated; he rang his bell violently, and shortly appeared his favorite attendant, with a light in one hand, and a letter in the other. He snatched the letter; glanced over it, and asked with much interest,—

“Who is the bearer of this, Pat?”

“As ugly a little fellow, please your honor, as ever you’d wish to see.”

“Leave the light, and shew him instantly up stairs.”

“Into which room, Sir?”

“ Into this—this room ; make haste.”

“ I’m thinkin’, if your honor war afther seein’ him, you wouldn’t bid me let him up.”

“ That will be decided when I do see him—begone, Pat, and obey my commands.”

“ Faith, it’s quare enough,” muttered the servant as he descended, “ to go an’ bid us shew the spalpeen of an ugly little divil, all the way up to his own bed-room.—Will you plase, sir,” standing at the head of the staircase that commanded the hall, “ will you plase, sir, to walk up to his honor’s bed-room ?”

“ An’ I don’t plase ;—I’ll stay where I am for your master’s answer.”

“ Eh !” said the servant staring.

“ Are you deaf ?—Didn’t you hear me ?”

“ Do you mane that I’m to repate afther you, to my own masther, in exchange for my civil message ?”

“ Yes, tell your own masther I don’t choose to go up, but will wait here for his answer ; that’s what I said afore ; can’t you hear me yet, that you look so foolish ?”

“ Musha, ’pon my conscience, but it’s a high joke, sure enough,” mumbled Pat, turning up

stairs; "tell your mather, says he," squatting down, to reduce himself to the height of his subject, while he mimicked his words—"tell your own mather *I* don't choose to come up—well; sorrow the like ever cum across me; an' he looked as if he had a grate mind to ate a body, though, upon my honor, I think he'd fit in my riding-coat pocket."

He re-entered his master's chamber.

"Faith, glory to your honor, if the dawny, ugly-mugged fellow that brought that same letter isn't grate, in one way, he's grate another way; tell your mather, says he to me, I don't choose to come up, but 'ill stop where I am for his answer." Again stooping on his haunches, and making a hideous face, to render evident the cause of his surprise or amusement.

"Will you ever be serious, Pat?" asked Mr. B., who was now up, and attired in his morning-gown.

"When we're both married, plase your honor."

"Well, well; tell this mighty great little man I shall come to him."

"Ulla loo!" said Pat, as he again withdrew,

“this bates all before it.” He tarried a moment on the landing-place, to study how he should address the strange animal below; and ere he had proceeded farther, his master passed him, descended the stairs, and approached the stranger.

The almost exhausted lamp had been re-lighted in the hall, but was not sufficient to illumine the spacious apartment; and in the remotest gloom, leaning against a pillar, stood the diminutive figure of the midnight courier. He put his hand to his hat as Mr. B. approached him.

“Miss Lovett writes me that she owes you much for a signal service, my good friend.”

“I thank her for owning it to your honor.”

“But she writes in a hurry, and without any particulars: pray, how did the cause for obligation arise?”

“Doesn't Miss Lovett mention it in the letter?”

“She does not—I have said as much before.”

“Well, your honor; self-praise is no praise; an' I'm a bad hand at it, any way; but you'll be in Kilkenny yourself early to-morrow, plase God,

an' then you'll have it from her own mouth; an' it's thought," he added, with a frightful grin, "your honor wouldn't wish a better story-teller."

"Very well, sir," replied Mr. B, whose cheeks coloured a little;—"it is certainly my intention to be in Kilkenny by twelve o'clock to-morrow; and you may be assured that—exclusive of the lady's request, which is law to me—I should, of my own free will, do my utmost in this matter."

"May your honor get your reward; an' you'll have more than one grateful heart to bless you."

"When did you leave Kilkenny?"

"Ten hours ago:" the distance was fifty-seven miles.

"Indeed!—then you have not loitered."

"No, your honor; nor can't loiter now, I have much business before me, yet; and must be back in nine hours, if the horses meet me fair."

"You will convey these few hasty lines to Miss Lovett," giving him a note.

"That I'll do, please God, early in the mornin' o' this day, comin' on:"—he turned to go—

“ an’ we may depend on your honor in regard o’ what Miss Lovett writes about ? ”

“ Yes, you may ; my eyes shall not close ’till I am in Kilkenny, and the prayer of the letter you have brought me fulfilled.”

“ The time is short.”

“ This is Wednesday night—and—let me see—to-morrow at noon you say ? ”

“ To-morrow at one o’ the clock, your honor.”

“ Then depend on me ;—farewell.”

“ Well ; I must be for Kilkenny this moment ; and so I wish your honor a good bye.”

“ Open the door, Pat : ”—and Pat, running down with a light, obeyed in increased wonder. When it was opened, the stranger slowly moved from his position ; gained the street steps ; pulled off his hat, and with a “ God guard your honor,” flung a paper into the hall ; just as he turned to walk down the steps, the light held by Pat fell on his face, and Mr. B. started suddenly at the now well-known features of one about whom he had reason to feel peculiar interest.

“ Seize that person, Pat ! ”—he exclaimed,

stooping to pick up the paper. The servant shot through the hall door; his master read the document; and when he had done, said—"This, to me is wonderful." In a few minutes Pat returned alone, his clothes soiled with the mire of the street, and his countenance pale and agitated.

"What's the matter with you, man?" asked Mr. B.

"Faith, an' I don't well know, plase your honor," answered the servant, now gravely enough; "I cum up to the little man two dours off, just at the turnin'; an', come back if you plase, says I, the masther wants you; what's his business, says he, stoppin' and facin' round upon me; he'll tell you that, when you cum, says I; then he'll never tell me, now, says he, for I'm in sich a hurry I can't cum back at all; be asy, says I, an' I put out my hand to grip him; when—I lave it to my death that I don't know how he done it—but up wid my heels, and down wid my head, any how; and before I was upon my legs again, he was on the back of a horse I didn't see 'till that minute, and away wid him like the divil in a high wind—and by

Gor, savin' your honor's presence, the divil himself couldn't do the whole thing a bit better, if he was ped for it."

"You are a goose, Pat," said Mr. B.—"but now no more of this; prepare with all speed for my immediate departure."

CHAPTER XVIII.

“MURDER, murder, won't you let me see him at all?”—petitioned Andy Houlohan, clinging to the bars of the iron grated door of the prison in which Pierce Shea was confined.

“Go along out o' that, you ugly-lookin' thief,” answered the gruff voice of the ruffian who filled at once the offices of jailor and turnkey, as he locked the door, after admitting the broken-hearted old Ned Shea to a last interview with his son, on the morning of the day of his appointed execution.

“Och! you don't know that we war reared up together, amost ever since the day we were born,” poor Andy continued, in tears.

“Ha! ha! aye; an' maybe, deserve to be hung up together, the last day o' your lives, just to keep you from parting,” retorted Matthew.

“An' aint I poor Pierce's own foster-brother?”

“ Rot you, have you the sheriff’s ticket ?”

“ Ochone, I dunna know what it is.”

“ Put your hand in your pocket and try :”
looking knowingly, and making a shew as if reckoning money on the palm of his hand.

“ It’s not mooch that I have, God help me, bud I’ll give id wid a hearty good will, wishin’ it was more for your sake, sir,” and he handed a sixpence through the bars.

“ The curse of Cromwell on you, for a poor beggarly rogue, I thought as much ; you have no money thrashed,” putting it up deliberately.

“ Musha I brought no more out wid me.”

“ Nor left none at home, I’m thinkin”—and Matthew turned off towards the interior of the prison.

“ Oh, the Lord protect you, an’ won’t you let me in, afther all ?”—

“ Is it for that ?—no, no ; I’ve let you take a peep for your sixpence ; but two thirteens for a turn in ; that’s the rule.”

“ Murther, murther, iv I had a bit iv a sledge !” said Andy, dancing with madness, and making several ringing blows at the bars with his alpeen.

“Sodger!”—said Matthew, returning, and speaking to a sentinel outside—“Sodger, turn this thief’s breed from the place he ought to be put in.”

“Sodger, ma-chree,” in his turn exclaimed Andy to the grenadier, who quietly pressed him back with the butt of his musket—“you’ll be pitiful to me, an’ ax ’em to let me see my poor Pierce Shea!”

“No concern of mine—stand back.”

“He’ll never die asy widout just saying God be wid you, Andy.”

“Back, man—can’t tell, I’m sure—back.”

“Considher, sodger, a-hudg ;—you might be in his case yet.”—

“Damme, fall back.”

“An’ how would you look if they kept your own poor foster-brother frum you?—

“No more talk, or”—presenting his bayonet, —“Musha, thrust away; little mysef cares I was kilt dead this moment.”—

And Andy scarce stirred, until the sentinel, again reverting his piece, shoved him off his post with sufficient force to send him staggering

among the crowd his cries had attracted in the street before the prison.

“ He’ll never get a word o’ me!—He’ll die widout partin’ frum me! an’ I’ll never know pace again, ’till the sod covers mysef!” it was now past nine o’clock.

“ Andy Houlohan!”—whispered a sharp voice in his ear.

Andy turned to the speaker; it was Paddy Loughnan: but Andy did not recognize him.

“ There ’s pity on my heart for you,” Paddy continued.

“ Musha, good loock to you; fur it ’s little iv id is to be found here.”

“ What ’ud you do for a body, supposin’ he got you inside the dour o’ the cage?”

“ I’d lay my life down for him the next moment.”

“ That ’ud be no great bargain; little I’d get for it; bud I ax no sich thing; just keep your eye on me, an’ cum when I call you.”

He moved to some distance, and Andy saw him lay hold of a helpless little cripple, who, seated in a small car, had just been drawn by a

more active mendicant before the prison gates.

“Och, Lord save us! what ’ud you want wid a poor lame crature?”—asked the cripple.

“None o’ your divil’s tricks, now,” replied Loughnan; “you made a fool o’ me once on a time, an’ that’s more nor the law allows; so, come your ways; by good loock we’re nigh hand to a lodgin’ for you.”

“I’m a crippled body that does harm to no one, an’ don’t you harm me, if you’re a christhen.”

“By the vartue o’ the oath I tuck on the green cloth, you can tell as big a story as if you war the size o’ the house—come in here.”

“Help, help, good christhens, for a poor cripple!”—cried the little fellow in the car.

“That’s Loughnan, the bum-bailiff,” said a young man in the crowd.

“Touch his head to the paving stones,” said another.

“Clean the kennel with the thievin’ bum,” said a third.

“Loughnan, take your hands from the cripple,” exclaimed several.

“What call have you to him?”—asked a

stout-built shoe-maker, who, with his hands under his well-waxed leather-apron, now advanced.

“Ax that o’ one that ’ill tell you,” answered Paddy; “an’ take away your big fists there, from my prisoner.”

“Divil a take, to plase you.”

“Neighbours, don’t let a poor crature, wid-out power to help himself, be ill-used for nothing at all,” still appealed the cripple.

“Let him go!”—resumed the commiserating crispin.

“Bother!”—replied Loughnan, dragging the object from his car.

“Where’s your warrant?”—demanded the shoe-maker, with a face of knowledge and importance.

“Musha,” laughed the bailiff, “what a way you’re in, to know; an’ ’tisin’t the way you’re in, but the figure you cut; come along, a-bouchal.”

“Let him go this moment,”—the champion stept up fiercely.

“Right, Joe”—and—“that’s the way to serve him”—and—“smash the bum!”—cried his seconders.

"God bless you, honest good gentlemen," prayed the subject of dispute.

"I'll tell yez what," roared Loughnan; "he's a fair caption; there's lawful money ready for the job; an' I'll sware a sazure agin every ugly mother's son o' you."

"Curse your law," resumed crispin; "do you think we'll take it from you? Shew your warrant, an' then no harm done: if not, let God's cripple alone." And there was a general shout, as prefatory indication of putting into force their resolve to rescue the cripple. Loughnan tugged at his prisoner, and received many smart blows on his hat from behind, some of which sunk it over his eyes; he shoved it up, looked round, and could see none but demure faces, but was again similarly assailed; turned again, and again could see only countenances of fixed gravity; it was evident that, fun as much as compassion was the motive to a row. He now became assured he could not carry his point by himself; and,

"Where are you at all, Andy Houlohan!" he cried.

“ Here I am,” answered Andy, jumping thro’ the ring, alpeen in hand.

“ Tell the divil’s-limbs who this is,” Loughnan continued, snatching off the hat and blanket of the supposed cripple.

“ Oh, Dieu-na-glorive !” shouted Andy, as he jumped back in horror—“ ’tis Crohoore-nabilhoge !”

“ An’ what did he do, Andy ?”

“ Och ! the Lord keep us frum all harm !—sure didn’t he murther Tony Doolin an’ his wife in the middle o’ their sins !”

“ Oh-ho,” said the shoe-maker, wagging his head knowingly, and replacing his hands under his apron, “ that ’s a horse of another color ; we all heard of that bloody business, and of a certainty, just such a kind o’ crature they say done it.”

“ Ram him in ! ram him in !” was now the general cry.

“ Andy,” said Loughnan, “ ketch your own houl’t o’ the cullaun, an’ you’ll get snug into the crib for your throuble, where there ’s some, this moment, just as mad to get out.”

We omitted to say that the sturdy beggar who drew Crohoore to the front of the jail, had disappeared into the crowd at the beginning of the scuffle ; but Crohoore now seemed to invoke him, or some other individual.

“ Sheemun ! Sheemun ! ” he exclaimed, starting on his legs, and clapping his hands, while his face was stern rather than agitated—“ run for me, now, or I’m lost ! You know the road they took—run, run ! ”

“ I’ll do my best, plase God ! ” answered a voice in the crowd. No one could tell the other who had uttered the words.

“ He’s spakin to the divil, ” remarked Paddy Loughnan ; “ they’re just like two brothers, together ; but let me once get him inside, an’ the ould bouchal may have him afterwards, if he doesn’t repent iv his bargain : ” and so saying he dragged Crohoore to the prison-door ; Andy, who but for the reward held out, would not have laid a finger on him, cautiously assisting.

“ Here, ” said Paddy, as the jailor appeared, “ just let this bouchaleen into the rat-thrap. ”

“ On what account ? ” asked the gruff Matthew.

“ Did you never hear tell o’ one Crohoore-na-bilhoge ?”

“ Whoo! he’s heartily welcome; an’ his nate dry lodgin’ ready this many a day:” the door opened to Paddy, Andy, and the at last captured Crohoore?—and, “ Lug him along, lug him along,” barked out Matthew as he waddled before.

They had, for some distance, to walk through a low arched passage, until they arrived at a trap-door, which, by means of a step-ladder, gave descent to the lower regions: and before they arrived at this point, Paddy Loughnan spoke half to himself, half to Andy Houlohan.

“ Well; he’s no witch afther all; I ought to be tied to a cow’s toil and sthreeled to death; arrah, what a purty hand I made of id in the ould cave o’ Dunmore; I was ashamed to bid the good-morrow to myself even the next mornin’; to go for to run away, as if it war the livin’ duoul that crossed me; an’ it was only when I got home on my sort iv an ould horse that I consithered an’ thought o’ the thing; why bad end to you, Paddy Loughnan, says I, ’twas only Crohoore that made them noises, an’ gave

you them blows that you couldn't see, an' said them dushmal things to bother you; an' his two eyes, an' nobody's else, that looked at you out o' the ground, when you roared out to Pierce Shea that you saw the horned divil, an' frightened him, too, an' tumbled him down by the little river: an', Paddy Loughnan, you're not worth a thrawneen, to let sich a little sheeog iv a thing make an ownshuck o' you; then I swore a big oath I'd never rest asy 'till I had a hould o' the lad; an' sure now I'll sleep in a quiet conscience: aye, faith; an' some good monee undher my head to snore on."

They gained the trap-door; Crohoore was heavily ironed and handcuffed at its edge, and then shoved down to his straw and his reflections.

Soon after, Andy was able to reach the cell where old Ned Shea had previously arrived to take a last farewell of his son.

The young spirit springs lightly from the pressure of affliction; but when the frosts of many winters have stiffened the fibres of the heart, and that the pulse within is but a puny

throb, the blow of calamity shatters as it falls on them, and the beatings of hope are not heard triumphing in the silence of that wreck. When the old man entered his child's cell, the poor criminal could scarce recognize his father. Little more than a short day had elapsed since the preserved rose of youth cheerily blushed on the cheek that was now white and livid; and the eye that, secure in happiness, used to sparkle with almost boyhood's fire, was beamless and hollow. He appeared at the low door, as doomed and judged a being as the prisoner he came to visit; one for whom there was no longer a hope or purpose on earth; one from whom the world and life had passed away; who was indebted to the one but for the light it lent, and which he loved not, and to the other for a puff of breath, to which he was indifferent.

After Pierce, springing from the bed-side, on which he sat with his confessor, had clasped his father in his arms, and both had remained long in the wordless agony of their meeting, they parted a moment to gaze on each other. Then the father reeled and staggered; and as

the son strove again to support him, he, too, felt the tremors and weakness of anguish and despair, and tottered under his sad burden.

“Put me somewhere to sit down, Pierce,” said old Ned Shea; “neither of us can stand.”

The clergyman assisted them to the side of the wretched bed, the only sitting place in the cell; and there Pierce still held his father in his arms.

“Oh, Pierce,” he continued, gasping and choaking, “I am struck down; the ould heart is as weak as it will soon be desolate: I am come to speak to you for the last time in this world; to kiss your cheek for the last time; to feel your arms round me for the last time.”

“*I cannot speak to you, father:*” answered Pierce.

“Pierce, Pierce, don’t turn the face from me; soon, an’ I’ll see it no more—the face of my only child; an’ thry an’ spake, à-vich; thry an’ spake; for your voice, too, ’ill soon be gone from my ear; an’ sit closer, an’ let me hold you; for the could clay will soon hide you from your father.”

“You are terribly changed, sir,” said Pierce,

endeavouring to say something, and in a rallied tone.

“ Oh ! I thank my God for that ! ” replied the old man, in a loud shrill voice—“ ’tis a good sign, Pierce, a good sign ! ”

Pierce shuddered in his soul.

“ Father, for the love of God, be comforted.”

“ Comfort ? Comfort ? there is none for me, boy ; an’ I want none ; none when you are gone ; all my comfort will then be with you in the grave ; an’ there I’ll look for it.”

“ Father, father, you break my heart, and make my death too bitter.”

“ Well ; I never wished to do that ; I’d wish your sufferin’ an easy one, Pierce ; but oh, Father of all, look down on us this day ! come, à-vich, come to me—this is the only time I can lay my hand on you.”

“ Oh, have pity on me, father.”

“ But no ; I spoke wrong ; once again I will lay my hand on you ; but then,”—he added, in a voice of the blackest despair—“ then, Pierce, you will be a strangled corpse.”

“ Ned Shea, compose yourself,” interrupted the clergyman ; “ your good son will then be

with the Great Father you have invoked, in heaven."

"Thaih, thaih!* you are not an ould man like myself, and you have no boy like mine"—and he pushed back the curling and clustering hair from his son's forehead, and with a quick glance ran over his features—"you have no boy like mine, the joy and pride of your heart, to be taken from you—and taken for ever."

"Yet can I feel for your lot," resumed the priest; "do you feel for his and mine; he has but a short time, dear friend, to prepare for a long account; and I, to assist him in his duty. Let us kneel and pray together."

"Yes, let us pray together," repeated old Shea; but as they moved, he again caught his son in his embrace:

"And, Pierce, Pierce," he said, "the—the poor mother could not come to see you!"

This took Pierce unprepared, and went like a knife through his heart; he shrieked in agony, and cast himself on his rustling straw.

The clergyman again gently exhorted to prayer; and after some time all were about to

* Father—as the Irish call their priests.

kneel, when a bustle in the passage attracted their notice, and Andy Houlohan rushed by the under-turnkey, who appeared at the open door of the cell.

“ My poor fellow, have you come to see me!” said Pierce, holding out his hand, as Andy, now stationary in grief and horror, stared upon the group.

“ Yes, à-vich—just—just to say—God be wid you,” stammered the faithful creature.

“ We were going to pray,” resumed Pierce; “ come over, my dear Andy, and join us—father, when I am gone, you will be kind to this poor lad, for he was kind to me.”

A feeble moan came in answer from the father.

“ I’m thankful to you, Pierce, a cuishla-machree,” continued Andy, still standing;—“ but there’s no need; no need; I’m not goin’ to stay in this part o’ the counthry.”

“ God bless you, wherever you go, my poor Andy,” said Pierce, pressing his hand.

“ Don’t spake in that manner—don’t, Pierce—or my throat ’ill burst!”—he put his hand to his neck, and his face became red, swollen, and distorted; and a catching and wheezing

of the breath arose, gradually louder, until it gained a terrible gush of rough sorrow; and, "I'm lookin' at you," he resumed, "never to look agin; we war childer, together; we war gorçons, together; I thought we'd be ould, together; but now you lave me behind you; I'll put the sod on your early grave."

"This must not be," again interrupted the priest; "my penitent must be left alone with me;" and just then the entrance of the jailor served to assist him in putting his wishes into effect.

"The curse o' Scotland on you," said this man, turning to Andy, "what brought you here, or how did you come here?"—for he had not recognized in the person that helped to bring in Crohoore, the same he had ordered from the gate—"be off, you jail-bird; or maybe you'd get the length o' your tether, afther all."

Andy flew to Pierce's arms; the jailor tore him away; and he continued to look on his foster-brother, as he continued to go backwards, 'till the cell door was dashed in his face. The clergymen then silently led the father and son to a last embrace. It was wordless, as the first they had

exchanged at their meeting. After a long pause, in obedience to a whisper from his ghostly adviser, Pierce sunk on his knees, crying out,

“Father, your benediction! and a forgiveness for the disobedience that brought me to this fate!”—

But the moment he undid his arms from his father, the old man fell, a dead weight, on the echoing floor of the cell. Pierce cried out, for he thought his father was dead. The priest soon ascertained, however, that he had but fainted; and urged Pierce, as soon as the slightest symptoms of recovery appeared, to consent, before old Shea could again recognize his situation, to a parting; it would be kind and merciful, he said, and easiest for both; the criminal at last yielded; and when, over and over, he had embraced his insensible parent, the old man was, still in a state of unconsciousness, conveyed out of the prison.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE lark,

“ His feathers saturate with dew,”

was mounting to salute the risen sun with the first song of spring, as Mr. B., to whom we have before introduced the reader, was far on his way from Dublin to Kilkenny. At an inn, about ten miles from the last-named city, where he had stopped to change horses, and while his servant Pat was busy seeing that every thing about the carriage was “nate and purty,” and occasionally inspecting the operations of the village smith, who exerted his skill to set to rights one of the wheels that had somewhat suffered in the rapid journey, Mr. B., referring to his watch, found, in considerable alarm, it was an hour later than he supposed it could be. He wondered how the miscalculation could have occurred; it was, in fact, now

half-past ten o'clock, and even if the despatch of the smith should allow him to start that moment, he scarce expected to complete the ten long Irish miles still before him in less than an hour and a half: so that it must be noon as he reached Kilkenny; and if any other accident or delay should occur!—if the smith did his work badly—if the wheel failed again—if but a pin—or a brace—or a pivot gave way!—his heart beat high, and the blood tingled through his frame at the thought.

He rushed from the inn-door to question the smith. The man was pausing for the return from his smithy, at some distance, of a gorçoon he had despatched thither, to fetch a something or other, Mr. B. did not care to listen what. He stamped, and called for a hackney coach. There was not one at home. For a horse!—a horse was led to him on three legs, for the wretched animal only touched the very point of the fourth, to the ground. “Good God!” Mr. B. cried, “what is to be done! at such an hour!”—And now came the only comfort the smith, innkeeper, hostler, waiter, and chambermaid could afford him; his honor's watch was

too fast, they said ; much too fast, they assured him ; “ them Dublin clocks and watches often set people asthray ;” and even so, though “ the chay ” was not just then at home, it was expected every minute, fresh from the road ; so little time would be lost, after all, even supposing his honor’s own carriage wasn’t done up before that.

Endeavouring to believe and rely on these people, and urging the smith, whose gorçoon now appeared in distant view, Mr. B. stood silently for some time, until, even in the agitation of the moment, he was interested by a new circumstance. At a part of the road-side, a little way down from the inn, there was the termination of a thick grove of firs ; and through it suddenly broke the figure of an old man, tall, straight, and hale, and though his garments were wretched, of striking character. But what most attracted Mr. B. was his action the moment he appeared. The old fellow stood on the edge of the fence, and, with hat in hand, and his long white hair shaken by the breeze about his face, raised himself to his full height,

as he strained his eyes along the road in the direction of Kilkenny. Intense anxiety was in his look. In a moment he bent down a little, raised his hand over his eyes, as if to make sure, by a second critical glance, of the approach of some person he had wished to see; and then, apparently assured, clapped his hands in self-congratulation, jumped with the vigour of youth on the road, and using his long two-handed stick, that had a great knob at the end of it, slowly approached the group near the inn-door, and leaned against a house immediately opposite; his eyes drooped, and his air now seemingly indifferent.

In a few minutes a devious-looking figure made his appearance, mounted on a still more rare animal. It would be difficult to penetrate his mind through the expression of his countenance; for whether it betokened folly or knavery, or such a mixture of both as we sometimes meet with, was a question. He wore a hat, bruised and battered, open at the top, that is, without a crown, leaving, to the visitation of whatever weather happened to blow, the pate it served but to adorn: and this relic

of a chapeau was stuck at one side of his head, almost as if it had hung against a wall, giving a finish to the idiot impudence of his look. If his face puzzled a physiognomist, the most expert Moses in Monmouth Street would feel at a loss to determine the texture or material of his attire; so besmeared was it with grease and filth; and shewing such a sovereign disregard of button and button-hole, that a pin, a skewer, or any other random means of fastening, was the only agency to keep its parts together. Then his shirt (any colour excepting white the reader pleases) was open at the throat; his shred of a vest and the knees of his *culotte* swung wide; his pieces of blue stockings were clustered round his ankles, leaving his shins, marbled with the fire, bare; and his old brogues,—(or if not old, like rakes, prematurely so,)—would have fallen from his feet, but that they were secured by cords; and this was the sole symptom of providence about him. In his mouth he held a short pipe, black from constant use; the shank of sufficient length to allow the barrel to project immediately under

his nose; so that by the same instrument he gratified two of his senses; for when he had enough satisfied his palate with the vapour he drew in, he sent it forth again to ascend his nostrils, as kitchen smoke ascends a funnel.

He bestrode a rib-marked, lob-eared horse, of which the trappings were in character with those of their owner and the miserable beast they—we cannot say, furnished: consisting of a rusty bridle, knotted in many places; a “suggaun,” or hay-rope, looped at either side, through which, by way of stirrups, the knight thrust his feet; while he sat on a large wallet, equally laden at both ends, that in a degree served charitably to hide the ribs of the poor horse over which they hung.

The inn-door at which Mr. B.’s carriage stood was at the side of the road, and the way was nearly blocked up by it and the four horses that stood unharnessed, and the other four, “putting to:” nevertheless, the new comer might easily have passed if he wished; but this did not seem to suit his humour.

“Do yez hear, ye scullions; move a one side

wid yourselves, an' let a body pass," he cried out, stopping a few yards from them.

They took no notice of his command, and he personally addressed the hostler, who was now leading off the jaded horses.

"Come, my cullaun; lug dat umperin'-box out o' my road;" meaning the carriage, and speaking in the town slang to be met with in Dublin and Kilkenny.

On such an occasion, Ned hostler might have been a little hoity-toity, and nothing more, with his superior; but not relishing this language from the kind of person that now addressed him, he looked fiercely over his shoulder, and threatened to roll horse, rider, and wallet, in the kennel.

"Musha, never mind him," interrupted the old man we have before spoken of, looking up for the first time—"that's Tim Lyndop, the butcher, from Kilkenny; a half naatur'l."

"De divil take de liars between you an' me, Sheemun Croonawnee," was the courteous reply: "an' what brings you here?"

"As I hope fur glory, then, it was yourself I wanted to see—wid another by your side, I

mane : I have a message from his father : where is he ?”

“ Ax *him* dat takes care of him ; how do I know ?”

“ Why, ye war in the sthreets o’ Kilkenny, this mornin’, arly ; an’ he was to take the road wid you.”

“ He turned back, den, to see de hornpipe in de air, at one o’clock to-day,” answered the traveller.

“ O-ho !”—observed Sheemun, and quickly resumed his station at the road-side, from which he had advanced to converse with his friend.

Mr. B. overheard the whole of this dialogue, and felt much interested with the speakers, particularly with him who had last arrived : and as his carriage was at last almost ready, and his mind more at rest, he hazarded a question.

“ And pray, what have you got in the sack, my good fellow ?”

“ It’s a token you don’t know, or you wouldn’t inquire,” replied the impudent dog, not a whit influenced by the evident rank and gentlemanly address of Mr. B.

“ Why, plase your honor,” said Sheemun,

“ it’s a thousand to one bud he has some honest poor man’s bacon in id.”

“ What a guess you make, Croonawnee; why den, for all your knowledge, of ould, you know just as much about it, as a cow does of a holiday, or a pig of a bad shillin’; an’, Croonawnee, you had betther be quiet; for by my sowl, an’ dat’s an oath, maybe you oftener helped to shove in a poor man’s door, wid de head o’ your walkin’-stick, aye, an’ a rich one’s, too,—oftener dan he would let you for de axin.”

He was moving on, and approaching Sheemun as he made an end of speaking; but whether he had touched his friend in the sore point, or whether, from his downright detestation of mal-practices, Sheemun felt indignant at such an attack on his honesty; or that some other motive weighed against the traveller, which at present we cannot elucidate; certain it is, that the mendicant, having started a moment aside, and whispered Mr. B.—“ I had no message for him or his comrade, but I was on the look out for ’em both—mind this, now!”—having, we say, directed these words to Mr. B., Sheemun suddenly raised in both hands, his long staff,

and planting under the left ear of Tim that very knob or head, so uncautiously spoken of, down came the unlucky satirist; and down came, with him, the wallet that had served as a saddle, and was the cause of the incident.

The assaulted person had, indeed, seen his coming danger, and endeavoured to escape it; with the heels of his brogues he thumped against the ribs of his steed; but while the hollow sound thereby produced clearly denoted it was no pampered beast, and therefore should have been no restive one; and while intimation was further given that the state of its stomach agreed with the marks of piety on its knees, with the single difference only, that it knelt of its own accord, but fasted perforce; while all this became evident, still the old adage, "a friend in need is a friend indeed," was also illustrated;—a look convinced the most casual observer that neither its rider, nor any one for him, had ever been cordial to the poor animal; had ever excited its gratitude by treating it well; and now, therefore, it left its proprietor in the lurch. The only acknowledgment of the buffeting on its sides shewn by the creature was to shake its head slowly to

and fro ; it would have kicked up its heels, had it been able ; but this, and a stock-still stand, as if it had reflected and reasoned on the matter, and calculated that the descent of Sheemun's staff would free it of its old tyrant, were its sole proceedings ; and when the butcher and his wallet plumped on the road, it only wagged gently the bare stump of its tail, in token of satisfaction, turning, philosopher like, and resolved to make the most of the opportunity, to pick a fresh morsel of grass from the neighbouring fence.

Meantime, while the noise of the butcher's fall seemed to create around only unmixed indifference, if not satisfaction, the noise of the sack caused a stronger feeling ; for, as it struck heavily upon the hard road, there was a clashing, jingling sound, very like what might happen had it been filled with large pieces of silver. This roused the suspicions of all who heard it ; and of Mr. B. in particular.

In an early part of the story, we have said that daring robberies had of late been very frequent in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, with which it was supposed Crohoore-na-bilhoge was secretly connected. A few nights before

the transaction here detailed, an outrage of the kind was perpetrated in the house of the father of the young lady from whom Mr. B. received the letter in Dublin; and Crohoore, as it had often before happened, on similar occasions, was seen near the spot. A considerable quantity of plate had been rifled from Mr. Lovett's house; Mr. B. of course knew of the facts; and it now struck his quick mind that the butcher's sack, and the butcher's self, might help to throw light on the subject.

He therefore instantly gave orders that the prostrate hero should be secured; and that he and his wallet should be conveyed into the inn, for the purpose of undergoing an examination. The man would answer no question directly or seriously; but the sack being opened was found literally to contain a heap of silver plate; part broken up, and part yet perfect. A tankard which Mr. B. took in his hand still bore undefaced the crest and cypher of his friends. Further investigation enabled him to discover the same marks on many of the broken pieces; and on other articles, different crests that belonged to different families, who had also been

plundered by the yet unknown gang. He was still engaged in the examination when the fellow, in whose possession these articles had been found, and who having in the first instance refused to answer any questions, Mr. B. had sent out of the room, again, by his own motion, appeared before him.

Not entirely recovered from the effects of Sheemun's staff, his former foul attire rendered more foul by the puddle of the road, he appeared a very disagreeable object; and Mr. B. was struck, too, by the altered expression of the wretch's face. When he had first seen it, saucy idiotism seemed its prevailing character; and a cast of silliness derived from the, perhaps intentional, dropping of the lower jaw, still attached to it; but there was also a newly-come scowl and gloom of dogged ferocity; and Mr. B. thought that murder glared from the large, dull, gray eye, overshadowed by thick eyebrows, heavily drawn together, and forming a black rigid line across the forehead.

Mr. B. placed him before the strong light of the window, and looked long into those eyes;

but the disgusting stare of the other never winced: and at last—

“How did you come by this stolen property?” he demanded, in his sternest tone.

“Tunder-an’ ouns! what news you want:” was the only answer.

“You should be aware, my good fellow, that your life is, this moment, in the hands of the law; I am a magistrate of the county of Kilkenny; and you should also know, that your sole chance of mercy depends on a full and prompt confession; for your life’s sake, then, do not dare to trifle with me; where did you get, and from whom, the plate that now lies before me?”

“Och-own?” prefaced by a smack of the tongue against the palate; “an’ so, all you want to know is fere I got it?”

“For the present, no more.”

“Did you ever hear tell of how de divil got de friar?—by cripes, he got him just fere he was; and dat’s your answer, a-bouchal, an’ make much of it.”

Mr. B. declined, for two reasons, any further

communication with a creature so loathsome ; first, because he had not patience to continue his interrogatories ; and next, because his carriage was now announced as quite ready, and a more pressing duty hurried him away ; nor must the reader suppose, that even for an investigation of such moment, any time beyond that which the smith's preparations rendered unavoidable, was spent by Mr. B. in the inn ; in fact, though our description has been necessarily long, scarcely more than ten minutes elapsed from the arrival of the old bocchoch, to the termination of the young gentleman's inquiries of the butcher ; and now, rapidly replacing with his own hands the pile of plate in the wallet, he put it into his carriage, flung himself after it, ordered his servant to follow in the chaise that had just arrived, with the suspected person in custody, and giving directions for fiery driving to his own postillion, started off for Kilkenny. But, we should not forget to say, that on his quick passage from the inn to his carriage-door, he looked round in vain, and inquired in vain for the old man, whose strange whisper, before he wielded his staff, now recurred to Mr. B.'s

mind, as something very necessary to have explained. Disappointed, however, in seeing him near, Mr. B. could, in his urgent despatch, only leave additional commands with his servant to look after this person, and, if possible, convey him also to Kilkenny.

Pat gaped, thunderstruck, at the order to sit down in the same vehicle with the greasy and otherwise soiled butcher: and just as his master drove away,

“Plase your honor,” said he, “wouldn’t it be well done to make the hostler rub him down a bit, he’s so mortial dirty?”

“Pat,” answered his master, “your wit, as I have frequently told you, is often ill-timed; obey my commands carefully; look to your pistols; and see that you have this man forthcoming, within two hours, in Kilkenny.”

“Upon my conscience,” resumed Pat, as the carriage dashed off, “it’s a mighty purty joke sure enough; faith he might just as well say to me, Pat, put a hape o’ manure in the chay, an’ take good care of it; it bates all I ever hard of.”

“Ullaloo, Pat,” here interrupted his charge, as two men approached to place him, bound, in

the chaise; "yez are goin' to put me fere I never tought I'd see myself; well, by de hokey, de butcher boys o' Kilkenny 'ill have fun for a week, fen dey sees myself peepin' out at 'em from a grand pò-chay windee: I say, mather Pat, you scullion, you, come wait on me."

"Get out, you nasty baste," answered Pat.

"Get in, you mane; an' here I goes; an' fait, a-graw-baun, I'm the boy dat never liked to be tumpin' trough de gutter, upon a long-road, fen 'tis so very asy to get an umperin' all de way home for notin'."

"Move over to the far corner," said Pat, as he ascended the steps of the chaise, to place himself by his scurvy companion.

"None o' you gab, you lick-plate; an' how daare you spake to your betthers?" said the other; and the tone, only, of Pat's indignant rejoinder was heard, as the chaise drove rapidly away in the track of Mr. B.'s carriage. But when, some three miles on the road, the postilion pulled up a moment to take his "offer" of strong liquor, and *en passant* peered into the windows of the vehicle, the appearance of the servant, nearly as soiled as his fellow-traveller,

with a swelled lip, that must have come from the knee or head of the other, and that other's battered eye and blood-besprinkled visage, plainly told they had not agreed so well as might have been expected from the coolness of the butcher, or from Pat's genuine good-humour.

CHAPTER XX.

THE hour for Pierce Shea's execution on the gallows, or rather for his progress to it, sounded from the town-clock of Kilkenny. All was ready for the terrible procession from the prison-door to the gallows-green, at the extremity of the city, where he was to suffer. The guard of horse and foot, and the hushed multitude without, awaited the appearance of the doomed man: and in a few minutes, an universal murmur of commiseration, with audible prayers for mercy on his soul, and happiness in the life to come, announced his entrance into the street.

He came forward, clad in a jacket of white linen, leather small-clothes, fitting tight to his limbs, white stockings, and shoes with buckles. His head was bare; and its long, fair locks, decently combed back, hung in curls around his

face and shoulders. At the instant of his appearance, the young man's face was flushed, even beyond its natural ruddy hue, to a scarlet blaze, the evidence of the burning fever of mingled emotions that reigned within him; of human shrinking from his horrible fate, and manly effort and religious zeal to brave it; but the moment his eye met the gazing crowd, it fell, and his cheeks rapidly became livid as death. This change was not however the effect of moral cowardice; and he was soon able to man himself again, and take a second and composed survey of the thousand living creatures that stared so strangely and so fearfully upon him. His countenance then assumed an expression in unison with the prepared and resigned state of his previous thoughts; and which, together with his manly form, drew down unqualified pity and compassion. All was once more prepared. The soldiers closed around him and his priest; his arms were pinioned; with the left, however, he linked his reverend companion; his right hand held a prayer-book; and the cavalcade moved on.

The sheriff, with his white wand, attended

by the still gruff jailor, immediately preceded him; and a car, holding Pierce's coffin and his executioner, the last agent of the law—disguised from popular recognition by a large outside coat, a slouched hat, and a black mask,—closely following.

As they very slowly moved along the streets of the city, the shops, to prevent accidents from the crushing crowd, were closed; and this arrangement gave an appearance of mute sympathy with the mournful exhibition. It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly; yet none of the influence of a fine day was felt; and, somehow, the sun-light seemed to fall with a strange and unusual glare, making no one and nothing cheerful. The windows of the houses were partially occupied by those among the inhabitants whose nerves or curiosity were strongest; and now and then a female might be observed hazarding a hasty glance at the poor young culprit, and instantly retreating to the interior of the room, struck with awe or horror, or overpowered by more tender emotions.

We were young and giddy on that memorable day, and pushed with childish eagerness

to behold so novel a sight; yet we remember to this hour the impression made on our tender minds by the face and manner of the unfortunate man. The character of both was unearthly and startling; bearing and shewing a something not of this world; and he seemed a creature of a different kind from the living among whom he walked; the grave had already stamped him with its likeness. His eye kept no recognition for the beings or things around him; it strayed not, here and there, as man's eye will stray to catch notice of, or help, or gratification, or assurance from the bright varieties of animate and inanimate creation; and though he stept with a firm and courageous step, that action seemed the result of a previous command of the will, still unconsciously obliged by the muscles of his body, rather than a continuous exercise of mental and animal function. His parched lips moved rapidly in prayer; so rapidly, that one might have thought he feared to miss, in making his great preparation, a second of his measured time; and when, occasionally, he knelt with his priest at different turns of the streets it was terrible to see the up-turning of his eyes,

that rolled and strained to heaven in supplication, or else shudderingly and darkly inward upon himself, until nothing of them appeared but the dull blank white, without life or meaning.

The procession gained the last turning of the last suburb street it had to traverse. The high gallows-tree was straight before the culprit. At first sight of it he stept back a little, and pressed tight the arm of his priest. A few words of kind and sublime encouragement from the zealous clergyman, gave him new nerve; and now he walked on quicker than ever. At this moment some stir and noise in the crowd behind diverted general attention from the chief object. The bustle increased; the crowd fell back; a carriage drove furiously up in a cross direction; and a voice was heard crying out, in accents hoarse with earnestness and emotion, —“ Mr. Sheriff! Mr. Sheriff!”

A hum of eager conjecture, and of hope, they knew not why or wherefore, ran through the crowd; and poor Pierce himself started from the deathly trance that had fallen on him, and listened to those sudden words with a hysteric

catching of breath that betokened only a half-consciousness of their having sounded on his dulled ear, and an effort, like that of a bed-ridden and doting old man, to connect some past recollections and present knowledge with the accents of a long-known but long-forgotten voice.

The sheriff instantly hastened to where the carriage had drawn up, and was seen to listen to some rapid instructions addressed to him by a person within. In less than a minute the conference was over; the sheriff bowed profoundly at the carriage window, and the carriage again drove away towards the main streets of the town; followed by a post-chaise, from which Tim Lyndop the butcher nodded smilingly on his many acquaintances among the crowd, to their utter astonishment, and for the sake of human nature we blush to record, merriment too; for even amid the horrors of such a scene, our fellow creatures can be merry.

The greater part of the multitude were, however, too remote to be influenced by the shameful occurrence; and, as the sheriff returned, they only whispered, and conjectured, and still hoped something or other. But he gravely

took his place at the back of the culprit, and gravely motioned to proceed to the fatal spot: all again moved on, more melancholy than ever; Pierce seeming to have lost power or will to follow up any thing distinct from his situation, or which was not at once made clear to him; and the crowd concluding that the communication with the chief officer could have had no concern with him.

The culprit and his priest stood under the gallows. Pierce saw the guard of horse and foot close darkly and sternly around him; he felt that they came, like the shadow of death, between him and existence. Still he stood bravely, as a christian man, looking from this world into the glory of the next, and therefore able to think more of what he hoped to gain, than what he was about to lose. The clergyman, a young man like himself, held his hands, and with tears of mingled grief and zeal running down his cheeks, continued to speak the last grand words of comfort and promise. Then he kissed the sufferer's lips, and intimated to the sheriff that his penitent was ready for his fate. But scarce had he spoken, when a

piercing scream was heard without, and a young woman, rushing like lightning through the throng and the guards, broke into the inward space, and clasped Pierce in her arms : and he, as if heaving off the pressure of the grave, in which his thoughts already were interred, gazed at Alley Dooling.

Her cap had been rent from her head in the wild struggle ; her mantle too, she had left in the hands of the resisting guards ; her bosom's covering was partially displaced, and her shining auburn hair fell luxuriantly down, as if anxious to supply its absence ; and alas, from her fair temples a ghastly stream of blood,—the effect of a blow given her by one of the soldiers, more cruel than the rest,—ran over her ashy cheek and beautiful neck.

Her lover had but one sentiment for Alley, as he now stood encircled by her arms ; he looked at her with love alone ; all her late conduct was forgotten. He could not return her embrace, because his arms were pinioned with the felon cord ; but his head sunk on her shoulder, and he wept the only tears that had that day escaped him.

And she, too, acted and spoke as if her love for him had never been excelled by woman's love for man, and as if she never had let it cool or slumber in her bosom. She was, indeed, distracted with the agony of that hour, and her words were those of a lunatic. Addressing the guards around, she told them they could not, dare not part her from her lover: *she* would not part him from her arms; he was her own Pierce, and she was his own poor Alley Dooling: and then turning and smiling frightfully in his face, she asked him to confirm what she had said, and to declare he would come home with her, and not stay near them.

Pierce pronounced her name, and she started and looked at him, and watched his lips, as if to listen to her own sentence of life and death. One advanced to part them; her quick eye caught the person's motion, and again screaming wildly, she clasped him closer, and hid her face in his bosom. But her terrors were vain; for at a signal from the sheriff, the soldier withdrew to his ranks.

"God bless you, sir," said Pierce, addressing the humane officer;—"I ask but a moment's

indulgence ; our young hearts loved each other ; and though this is the last parting, it shall not be a long one ; I did not wish it ; but now that it is come upon me, I thank you for your kind permission to go through it as I can.—Alley, dear Alley,” he continued, “ I cannot take you in my arms ; the cords will not let me ;—clasp me close, then ; kiss me ; and let me die like a christian.”

He bent his head ; their cheeks only touched ; for Alley could attend but to one word of his address ; and that word—“ die !—die !”—she repeated in shrieks that rose to the heavens. All the while the sheriff had appeared as if watching some sound, or the approach of some one from a distance, more attentively than the scene of which he might have been so close a witness ; and at this moment, as Alley’s terrible shriek was interrupted by a very faint and distant shout, he was seen to strike his rod smartly against the ground, and clasp his hands joyfully. All heads instantly turned in the direction from which the shout came, and Pierce and his mistress stood silent and motionless ; in the action of statuary only.

The cry was repeated and repeated, nearer and nearer; indeed it seemed one unbroken roar of human voices, rather than intermittent shouts. The crowd around started into livelier action, and broke their own dead silence; first whispering quickly; then muttering; then talking loudly, in question or assent; until, at last, as the foremost of the running throng came near enough to convey their extatic word to the outskirts of those who surrounded the gallows, the people present burst into one mighty answering cheer, and—"a reprieve!—a reprieve!"—they exclaimed to a man, jumping here and there as they spoke, and throwing up their hats and caps; yet only shewing, in the whole of their mad joy, at the saving of one fellow creature's life, how dear, beyond words or utterance, is the love of life in the general human bosom.

The tumult rose higher, as the noise of carriage wheels was again heard approaching the gallows-green, and as all caught the sight of a white handkerchief waving high in the air at the top of a long rod.

"Make way! make way!"—cried the sheriff—"soldiers, fall back, and make way!"—

“ Make way! — way, way ! ” — echoed every voice, the soldiers themselves sharing the gladness and zeal of the multitude ; joining their shouts ; but further manifesting an active spirit, somewhat to the annoyance of their civil brethren, as with the butts of their muskets, and the flat of their swords, they carried into effect the orders they had received, more promptly than the motions of a distracted and unreflecting crowd could, with all their eagerness and rapture, anticipate.

At last a clear way was made to the sheriff, and in drove the carriage that had before been seen ; Pat, seated on the box with his rod and white flag, and Mr. B. appearing half way out at the window. It stopped ; Pat was down in a twinkling, to pull the door open ; Mr. B. jumped out and handed a paper to the sheriff ; and that officer instantly confirmed, by officially repeating it, the magical word the crowd had a thousand times before shouted ; and with which they once more rent the air, in a final acclaim, that, reinforced by the presence of the second throng, was tremendous.

In the next instant, Mr. B. was by the side of Pierce Shea, assisting in tearing away the cord that pinioned him, shaking his hands heartily and triumphantly, and speaking rapidly to ears that heeded him not.—We have not attempted to describe the workings of Shea's heart during the last few minutes; nor shall we now attempt it. For all our previous detail we have had the visible facts before us; but here should be an effort of imagination alone; and mere imagination cannot pretend to reach the extraordinary mysteries of the human soul in such a conflict of feeling. We content ourselves therefore with relating the appearance only of Pearce Shea, at this great moment.—He stood without word or gesture; he stared beseechingly around him; he seemed incredulous to the announcement of preserved life, and a long vista of happy days to come. Death and he had already made acquaintance; they had shaken hands on the very limit of the unknown world, as the youth's back was turned on the reality of this, his eyes withdrawn from its sunshine, and his ears shut against its happy sounds; hope had quite, quite fled his heart;

the last, last hope of life; he had even ceased to think he lived! and now to be told it was a dream! to be told that death had yielded up his victim! to be told of life again, and of days and years of blessed life! to feel the second birth of hope within him! he looked, we say, as if he durst not believe it.

Mr. B. soon saw the inutility of continuing to give a series of information to his young friend, and for the present attended only to his situation. He gently released Alley from his hands, whom, as she fainted under the first announcement of the joyous news, Pierce had mechanically caught and held from falling. Then, causing wine to be brought to the spot, Mr. B. gave some to the rescued man; made him seat himself; and by degrees restored the tone of his thoughts and sensations, until poor Pierce could at length gratefully and rapturously return the salutations of Mr. B., and kneel down in thanks to heaven and to him.

And now, too, he was able to understand the subjects his zealous friend and patron had before vainly endeavoured to explain. Mr. B. stated, that owing to the suddenness of the account he

had received of Pierce's misfortune, the late hour of the night at which it had reached him, and the necessity for instantaneous departure from Dublin to Kilkenny, as scarce a minute could be spared, he had preferred a first application to the judge by whom Shea had been tried, and who was on the spot, rather than run the hazard of remaining an hour away in negotiation with the vice-regal government. The letter he had received in Dublin, together with his personal knowledge of Pierce, enabled him at once to give the judge such information of his character, of the circumstances by which he had been reduced into White-boyism, and of his guiltless conduct during the outrage on the proctor, as at once procured the respite of which Mr. B. was the bearer, and would finally insure a free pardon from the lord lieutenant: so that Pierce had now but to endure a few days of confinement, rendered happy by the certainty of coming enfranchisement. Mr. B. added, that his own mind had suffered exceedingly on the road to Kilkenny, particularly when, after starting from the stage where we last left him, his carriage-wheel again failed, and much pre-

cious time was spent in repairing it. In fact, as we have seen, he had nearly come too late ; and his first interview with the sheriff was before his application to the judge, to create time, by praying of that officer, to whom he was well known, a short pause, till he could return from the county court-house, whither he hastened to appeal to the sitting judge on the very bench of justice.

After this explanation, Mr. B. again shook hands with Pierce, and got into his carriage ; acquainting him, that he had pressing business of another nature to transact at the instant, with Mr. and Miss Lovett ; which allusion partly bore reference to the detection of the stolen plate, and partly to the general statements the young lady had made in her letter of Shea's White-boy connexion.

The carriage drove off amid renewed cheers. The guards once more closed round Pierce, to re-convey him to his temporary imprisonment ; but ere he left the spot, he observed an old hag make way through the crowd, and attend on Alley, who was just recovering from her swoon in the arms of some female, to whom Mr. B.,

in his haste, had been obliged to consign her. Shea had never before seen this person; but she looked mean and squalid, and, as he wondered how such a creature could presume to exercise over his mistress the command and officiousness he now saw her evince, remembrance, bitter remembrance awoke; Alley's behaviour during their interview in the glen of Ballyfoile came to his mind; and the sad thought, that she was unworthy of his love, checked the exultation of his vivified spirits, and cast a shade even over the daylight to which he had just been so miraculously restored. As he lost sight of the place they occupied, Alley withdrew through the crowd, clinging to the old woman.

But, at this moment, a new occurrence attracted him. An amazing yell, superior to the din of all the other voices that still kept cheering and huzzaing, came up the street, along which the soldiers conducted their prisoner; a hat was cast into the air, three times higher than any other hat, and a bare-headed fellow appeared running at the top of his speed, against them; jumping and capering, and smiting the stones with his tremendous alpeen, and

terrifying all that beheld him. He pranced and bellowed like an escaped bedlamite; he pushed aside, or shouldered, or knocked himself against every one he met; and the women of the suburb houses, running to the doors as he passed, raised their hands and eyes, and hastily pulled in their children. Some fun-loving boys, who had at first looked at him in amazement and misgiving, ventured to join their "shiloo" to his, and then set scampering at his heels; they were soon strengthened by others; and all proceeded towards the soldiers; the mad fellow leading the way, and the delighted urchins mimicking, as far as in them lay, his cries and gestures.

They gained the slow-moving body of soldiers, and Pierce recognized his foster-brother. Andy made a headlong jump upon the guards, to reach him; he was at first violently repulsed; but, at a word of explanation from the prisoner, they paused a moment, and admitted him. He plunged on Pierce like a tiger; squeezed him desperately in his gigantic arms; let him go; danced round him, yelled again, and again smote the paving stones at every bound; then sud-

denly darting through the soldiers, raised his voice louder than ever, and galloped off, in a contrary direction ; no one knew whither, why, or wherefore.

But Andy knew very well. He raced, followed by his own admiring crowd, to the gallows-green ; made a rush at the wooden paraphernalia there erected ; in two jostles it was prostrate ; and he leaped and danced on it, while there was a fresh shout for him and his achievement.—An old man, leaning on a staff, while he swayed from side to side, not able to support himself, even by its assistance, stood near ; feelings not yet vented had left his face a ghastly blank ; he did not weep nor smile :—with one side-wind of his alpeen, Andy Awling struck the staff many yards away, and old Ned Shea deprived of his prop, fell to the earth. There was a horse and car near the old man, just about to be led off ;—to this Andy next directed his attention. As he too rapidly approached, an individual in a black mask, protected but by a single soldier, and one who had attentively watched the hero's last movements, jumped from the car, and very wisely ran to-

wards the main body of guards. Andy sent an expressive shout after him, and instantly bounding on the vehicle, tore from it a coffin, which he flung to the ground, jumped upon, again and again, and soon reduced to splinters.

The work of destruction done, he instantly retraced his steps, still at utmost speed, through the town, until he again came up, on their solemn march, with the guards that surrounded his foster-brother: and here, while he still pounded the paving stones and mud around them, splashing the well-whitened small-clothes of the tolerant soldiers,—who, by their passiveness, evinced as much good nature as could be expected from soldiers;—while he flourished the primitive and yet formidable weapon over their heads, or gaily shouldered it, and walked, an imitative animal, by their side; and, while he bent down his very back to “screech,” or shot upward and downward like the rod of a steam-engine, Andy occasionally addressed them.

“Whoo!—*chora-ma-chree* war the sodgers! —whoo! to the duoul wid the skibbeeah!—long life to the sassenachs, an’ glory for ever!”

And, when they had delivered their charge to the thereby discontented jailor—

“Stay, a bit, my darlins!—ma-curp-on-duoul! we must have a dhrop together, afore we part! —the best in the town, an’ your skins full iv id!—Bad end to me, your honor”—addressing the officer whom he just then perceived, and whose face, he thought, conveyed a doubt as to the intended treat—“Bad end to me, your honor, but themsefs an’ yoursef must have as mooch an’ as good as ever ye can suck in!—lashins an’ lavins! whoo!”

It was necessary to put him aside at the point of the bayonet, before they could get rid of his importunity. But Paddy Loughnan and two or three of his cast were lookers on; and determining to take advantage of Andy’s generous mood, he proposed that his companions and himself should accept what the churlish red-coats refused. In his moment of exuberant rejoicing, Andy Awling made no prejudiced calculations, but pulled them all into the next public-house; and the same evening saw the three limbs of the law swearing assault and battery against their entertainer and his alpeen; for he

no sooner got tipsy enough to recollect the kind of persons with whom he was associated, than his natural antipathy to all of their tribe returned full upon him, and he took the first favourable opportunity of breaking their pates. Even had the soldiers accepted his invitation, he would, most probably, have treated them just in the same way; for, if from his cradle, a bailiff of any kind was with him, synonymous to a thing made and ordained to be pounded whenever and wherever one could meet with it, Andy entertained a like jealousy of red-coats, or sassenach soldiers; disliking the colour of the king's livery, as heartily as the great big turkey-cock at Ned Shea's barn-door; and, as to a plausible reason or motive for such swelling hostility, no doubt the one could assign it as well and as distinctly as the other.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE have detailed the manner in which, a few hours before Pierce Shea was led out for execution, Crohoore fell into the hands of Paddy Loughnan, and under the lock and key, bolt and bar, of Matthew the grim jailor. It was the very last day of the assizes, and he was almost immediately arraigned and tried on the charge of having murdered his master and mistress, and their poor female servant. All those requisite as witnesses were in Kilkenny, to be present at the execution of Shea, and not a moment's indulgence was thought necessary towards a wretch who stood accused of crimes so monstrous. The trial rapidly went on; the chain of evidence was conclusive. The fact of his sharpening the bill-hook on the night of the murder; the quarrel, and the blow given him by his master, which, operating on a nature so dark

and misanthropic, seemed the immediate cause for a vengeance that had been long threatened, or at least indirectly alluded to; the marks of feet on the litter at the stable-door, exactly corresponding with the pair of old brogues found after him; the print of bloody fingers on the hasp, as he went in to steal the horse; and finally the encounter with him on that horse, as he bore away the wretched daughter of his wretched victims; nothing, exclusive of the testimony of an actual witness of the bloody scene, could be more convincing; and Crohoore-nabilhoge stood convicted, to the satisfaction of a crowded and abhorring court, of a cruel and hideous murder of three human beings. When the verdict was returned, without the jury leaving their box, there even arose a murmur of approbation, louder than the decencies of a court of justice could at any time admit.

He had called no witnesses; he had examined none of those produced against him; he had made no shadow of defence; his face, during the trial, had undergone no change; on the contrary, as the whole terrible detail proceeded, he was observed to stare about him with a care-

less and hardened air ; and Meehawl, or Mickle, whom the reader will please to recollect as one of his first acquaintances at the wake, and who was now, notwithstanding all his horror of the crimes committed, rather an unwilling witness, made his own shrewd surmises, whispering to a neighbour, "that it was nonsense from beginning to ending; Crohoore-na-bilhoge 'ud never be hanged; because he had them for his friends that war well able to snap him from among forty regiments o' red-coats, in spite o' their bagnets."

At the moment of his conviction, something like a spasm of terror shot however across the wretch's uncouth features; and as if to hide from all that looked on him the evidence of that emotion, he bent his head, and rested it on the front of the dock.

After going over the usual preamble, in a mumbling voice, the clerk of the crown called out, in a rather more distinct pronunciation.

"Crohoore-na-bilhoge, otherwise Cornelius Field, what have you to say why sentence of death and execution should not be pronounced upon you?" and a pin might be heard to drop

in the crammed court, as the convicted murderer, slowly raised his head from the edge of the dock, and looking with a composed eye around him, finally fixed it upon the judge, who, his little black cap put on, sat ready to pronounce the law's dread sentence.

All shrunk from that cool and assured look ; given as it was by a creature of such revolting physiognomy, and who stood branded with murder of the most appalling kind ; a general drawing in of breath told the general shudder, and the seated judge, himself, as the deep red eye fastened on his, scarce was able to hold the solemn self-command of his features. For a moment the dwarf did not speak ; and whilst he remained silent, hasty whispers flew from one to another of the crowd. " What a murderous face he had !—how expressive of his acts and his nature !" was the common remark, fearfully communicated. No spark of pity touched the breast of one human being that gazed upon him.

He opened his large bloodless lips to speak, and the silence became breathless.

" My lord the judge," he said, in a steady

and not unmelodious voice,—it was nature's sole gift to a being she seemed otherwise to have formed in aversion; and the full unquailing tone slowly rolled over the deep pause.

“My lord the judge, go on; I stand here to listen to your sentence: nothing have I to say against it; my time to spake is not yet come; you will tell me I must hang like a dog upon the gallows; but—” a grim smile crossed his features—“the skibbeeah's fingers will never be laid on my neck; do your duty, my lord the judge; your words cannot harm me; no more have I to say.”

Another murmur of astonishment and terror arose; some there were that trembled, and the great presiding magistrate himself again felt an impression for which he could not account. While the criminal stood undaunted and fearless, his whole appearance in unison with his words, the judge, after some moments, began to pass sentence.

“Cornelius Field,” he said, “you have been found guilty by a jury of your country, of a cool and deliberate murder; and one of a character the most frightful that ever shocked a court of

justice; language cannot express the enormity of your guilt. You have cruelly and savagely taken away the lives of your benefactors; of those who found you a deserted, helpless infant; who saved you from the perishing death to which you were left exposed; who nurtured you as their own child; brought you up in their own house; gave you to drink of their own cup, to eat of their own bread, and to sit at their own fireside."

At this part of the address tears started into the convict's eyes, and the hectic struggle of some great and overpowering emotion, warped his disagreeable features; he brushed the tears away with one hand; bent his head on the other; and when he again looked up, his face was calm as before. The judge continued.

"You have deluged with blood the hearth that so long cheered you,—and with the blood of your generous protectors; and for all kindnesses and charities received, you have brought down woe in every shape on their happy and hospitable roof. For it also appears, and in the crime you further stand convicted, that you have torn from the home, drenched in her parents' blood

the miserable and only child of your victims. In my long experience of the horrors of a court of justice, no such criminal as you has ever stood before me; you are out of the pale of men; human nature shudders to behold you. Prepare for a terrible and prompt reckoning. But before I proceed to pass upon you the sentence of the law, I would, for your soul's sake, earnestly advise you to offer to an outraged God, and a detesting world, by restoring—if she yet lives—the probably ruined creature you have carried off, the only slight propitiation it is in your power now to make.”

“I will restore her,” interrupted the culprit, slowly and deliberately.

“Do so; and heaven give you the grace to keep that expressed resolution, during the very short space of time allotted you on this earth. The sentence of the court is, that you be taken from the place where you stand, to the place whence you came, and in one hour——”

“In one hour!” again interrupted the wretch, at last completely thrown off his guard, and clasping his hands in evident terror and confusion—“In one hour, my lord judge!—oh, be

more merciful! I can do nothing in one short hour!—I cannot keep my promise!”

A person who leaned against the lower part of the side of the dock, here turned his face half round to observe the prisoner, and Crohoore, suddenly changing his manner, darted his body over the barrier, and with the ferocity and certainty of a wild beast, clutched him by the breast: and,—“Help, help! give help, here!” he roared. The court became a scene of confusion:—“he will murder the man!” was the universal cry.

The judge called loudly on the sheriff to quell the tumult, and restrain the maniac violence of the desperate culprit, ere mischief could be done: and that officer, not being himself a very athletic, courageous, or active person, ran to collect the force in attendance. Matthew, the jailor, who occupied his usual place on the barrier between the outer and inner docks, strove, with all his might, to tear away the hands of the dwarf from the breast of the person he held; but the gripe was kept with almost superhuman force. The man himself, a powerful, athletic figure, exerted his strength to the utmost. At

first he pushed with his arms against the side of the dock, and swung out from his captor ; then he was seen to snatch a pistol from his bosom, and ere hindrance could be offered, he fired it in Crohoore's face ; but, from their struggling, the shot took no effect ; glancing upward, fortunately for the spectators also, and striking near the ceiling of the court-house. Then Crohoore redoubled his efforts. Hitherto he had stood on a form, placed in the dock to elevate him sufficiently before the eyes of the court ; from this he jumped into the body of the dock ; there, still holding firmly to his man, flung himself down ; and by the hanging weight of his body, unwittingly assisted indeed by Matthew's continued tugging, as well as by the amazing power of his own arms, actually succeeded in dragging over the wooden bar, the object of his unaccountable hostility.

Both rolled on the ground within the dock, and a dreadful scuffle went on between them. The man fastened his hands on Crohoore's throat, and the dwarf was nearly suffocated. Again he cried out for help ; and,—

“ Ho ! ho ! ” he continued, half choking—

“ my lord the judge, give your orders to saze upon this man—I’ll have more than an hour, now, if a friend is as loocky as I am—help, or he is gone! he chokes me, to keep down my words!—saze him!—FOR THIS IS THE MURDERER OF THE DOOLINGS!”

“ Yes, sir,” exclaimed Mr. B., rushing in and addressing the sheriff, who had just re-entered with his force; “ here is your warrant for the apprehension of that man; as a magistrate of your county, I commit him to your charge.”

“ Thanks to your honor,” said Crohoore, loosing his grasp, when he saw his antagonist secured by other hands; “ I give your noble honor thanks from my heart; I knew you’d be in time to stand my friend;” and he lightly bounded to the form, upon which he had formerly stood, at front of the dock.

“ My lord,” continued Mr. B., addressing the judge, to whom he was personally known; “ accident has this morning put into my hands one of the real perpetrators of the murder with which the person at the bar stands charged, and of which he is convicted; but, my lord, he is innocent as I am; the man he has, himself,

just seized, and whom I have now arrested, is one of the true murderers; the other I have spoken of as secured also."

A burst of astonishment and incredulity escaped all the hearers, as Mr. B. passed to the bench to converse with the judge: and while one neighbour whispered his doubts or wonder to the other, that other might be seen smartly turning his head, compressing his brow, and throwing all his wisdom into his look, as in brief speech he asserted, what he knew in his heart to be untrue, that, all along, he had expected something of the kind: and every one evinced sympathetic sentiments of surprise, caution, or assent, by up-raised hands and quick shakings of the head, while the rapid comment flew around, in different directions. "It bates ban-nacher," said some, meaning to express their surprise or consternation;—"Tut—it can never be;—look at him," observed others, who persisted in their skill in physiognomy;—"Faith, after all," whispered the most credulous or charitable, "he's as ugly as sin; but handsome is that handsome does; let us see the rest of it;" and then each made the most of the place

in which he happened to be stuck ; and bodies were protruded, and necks and noddles poked forward, mouths opened wide, eyes and ears distended and pricked up, and a vast quantity of idle breath held in, to see, hear, and if possible understand, the wondrous sequel, that by their own calculations was immediately to follow.

And all eyes were of course now bent on the man who had been so unexpectedly taken into custody, and so suddenly accused of the dreadful crimes for which another was about to suffer. He stood, surrounded by the sheriff's power, in an ample outside coat, of which the standing collar reached above his ears, and was clasped with a hook-and-eye over the lower part of his features: a large black patch covered one of his eyes; and a black silk handkerchief, as if applied to an ailing part, extended along one side of his face; while his hat, of unusual dimensions in the leaf, and which he had hastily put on in the scuffle, slouched down so far as scarce to leave a trace of feature visible.

“ Take off his outside coat from the prisoner,” said the judge, pausing in his conversation with Mr. B. His commands were obey-

ed; and the handles of two large pistols, exclusive of that discharged at Crohoore, and which he had dropped, were seen projecting from the bosom of his inner garb.

“ Remove his hat, and the patch and handkerchief from his face,” the judge continued; this, too, was done; and the guilt-stricken countenance of the real murderer was that of our old acquaintance, Rhia Doran.

Here was fresh occasion for the wildest wonder, as Doran’s person had been previously well known by most of the lookers-on, of town and country; and after a new buzz, the crowd once more prepared themselves to witness a grand explanation of the whole mysterious case. But their curiosity was doomed to disappointment. As matter of form, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of death on Crohoore, who was then conveyed to the dungeons underneath; and Doran also experienced the tender care of the jailor.

CHAPTER XXII.

INTO the domestic sitting apartment of the trust-worthy jailor we have next to introduce our reader: and before we communicate the wished-for eclaireissement that there occurred, it seems desirable to describe the place itself.

The smoky walls were decorated—without any view to uniformity of position, for some of them hung upside down—with sessions and assizes notices, “last dying words and declarations,” hue and cry proclamations, and rough draughts of jail calenders, interspersed with many ponderous keys, polished from constant use; not rusty, as they used to be in the old romances. A large cumbrous clock, without an hour-hand, furnished one corner; its drowsy and laborious tick, tick, like the heavy breathings of an asthmatic man, indicating the loads of dust and oil that clogged its lungs; and in

the diagonal corner stood an immense old carved cupboard, inlaid and japanned, and fretted and filigreed out of all meaning or purpose. The rest of the furniture consisted of a huge oak table, with falling leaves two inches thick, and stout turned legs, terminating in sprawling claws of tiger, lion, or any other beast the fancy might suggest; and four or five massive chairs of different shape and material, some oak, some ash; picked up, here and there, as chance threw them in the way; the whole set commanded by an amazing two-armed superior, of roughest workmanship, which from its weight was never stirred out of the snug corner by the fire; the seat hollowed into two distinct concavities, to receive the two fat thighs of the fat Matthew.

In speaking of this chair, we have been induced to say it commanded, or seemed to command the others; from a similitude that has since occurred to us, when we beheld the scarlet and embroidered bravery of the city in which our tale finishes, what time public danger threatened the state, and the peaceful followers of trade assumed the martial costume, and left

the quiet entrenchment of the counter to shoulder "those vile guns." They were drilled by a bluff, portly man, transcendant over the rest in size of paunch, and weight of flesh, who would try to bring the word of command to the dull capacity of the "transmogrified" traders, by shewing that, at the "present arms!" "the lock of the musquet should just touch the waistband of the breeches." Such as this commander, by a peculiar association in our minds, was the vast two-armed chair; and, such as the soldier-merchants, were its awkward squad, strewn about Matthew's apartment.

In Matthew's apartment, however, such as it is, are now assembled the persons whom, we flatter ourselves, the reader is disposed to follow any where, that he may witness the investigation with which they are engaged.

They consist of Mr. B., aided by two other county magistrates; the hitherto formidable Crohoore; Pierce Shea—the rescued Pierce Shea; Rhia Doran, well guarded and handcuffed; his acquaintance, Tim Lyndop, also attended; Sheemun Croonawnee, whom Mr. B.'s servant

failed to secure, but who, nevertheless, now came at call; Andy Awling, as Pierce's shadow; and the jailor himself—(being master of the house he could not with decency be excluded, although we have no immediate concern with the man); and a low female figure, cloathed in a faded and tattered crimson cloak, the gathered hood hanging over her head and face, and covering whatever other drapery she wore.

“Now, gentlemen,” began Mr. B. addressing his brother magistrates, and handing a paper, “have the goodness first to read that deposition: 'tis Miss Lovett's: and of much importance.”

They did so. Mr. B. then stept to the door, and returned, leading in the lady and her father.

“Is that your signature, Miss Lovett?” asked one of the magistrates, shewing the deposition.

“It is my signature,” answered the graceful and beautiful deponent.

“Have you read the contents of this affidavit, and are they true?”

“They are,” and Miss Lovett swore to their truth.

Mr. B. now led her towards Rhia Doran, and demanded, "Is that the man?"

"That is the man," said the young lady; and with her father left the room.

"By this evidence, then," resumed Mr. B., "the taller of the prisoners clearly stands accused of having led the gang of robbers, who, only a few nights ago, plundered Mr. Lovett's house.

"The plate I have shewn you, gentlemen, and part of which, by the crest and cyphers upon it, is proved to have been carried off in that robbery, I found in the possession of the other prisoner; and he, therefore, also stands charged as an accomplice. Let us now trace their common connexion with a more horrible outrage. Jailor, remove out of hearing, into separate places, the two prisoners and the mendicant."

Doran, Lyndop, and Sheemun, were accordingly led out, and the door closed.

"Crohoore," Mr. B. continued, "go on with the explanation we are all anxious to hear."

"Will your honor gi' me my own way?"

"Yes: proceed."

"Come forward, Dory Shea, the sister of

Ned Shea, and the aunt of Pierce Shea, who is to the fore; come forward, an' first tell in the face o' these good gentlemen, an' o' your own nephew, who and what I am;" and the speaker elevated his low figure to its utmost height, and a smile of pride and triumph gave a new, and not unpleasing expression to his generally repelling features, as the little, stooped hag tottered from the background at his word.

"The name you got when the soggarth christened you," she began, in a shrill, piercing voice, the same that had grated on Alley's ear the night of her abduction; "the name you got when the soggarth christened you was Anthony Dooling; and the murdered Tony Dooling was your father, an' the murdered Cauth Dooling was your own mother. I am ould, an' I am withered, an' I am sinful," she continued, flinging the hood of the cloak from her head, and pushing back the matted white locks that fell about her wrinkled face, while a spark of more than age's usual intelligence lit her dark eye—"but I was once young, an' blooming, an' happy; aye, Dora Shea was once the delight of many an eye, an' the ache of many a heart, 'till

she left the joy of her father's roof to wandher the world wid a beggar: then, sufferins an' sin soon changed me, an' when I prayed charity from my father, wid heavy sthrokes he dhrove me from his dour, an' didn't know his daughther.

"When this crature saw the light," she continued, turning to Crohoore, "I came a beggin' to his father's house; my own child died in my arms undher Tony Doolin's roof; I tuck him from the cradle, and put the stiff cauld infant in his stead; the father thought his son died, and Cauth Doolin dhropt mother's tears over him. Afther some little time I gave over the *shoolin* life; my husband, Garodhe Donohoe, the bocchoch, went to live among the hills, where, fast by his cabin-dour, he had a way into the ould hidin'-place in the rath, an' people called him Sheeum-na-Sheeog; I didn't want Tony Dooling's boy to help me beggin', any more, an' I left him where his father found him:" here the screaming voice of Dora Shea failed.

"You have more to tell, à-roon," said Crohoore.

"Yes, I have; an' I will tell it. It was many years afore the murther that young Athony

Dooling, now fornent ye, came wid his gun among the hills, an' sthrollin' into my cabin, found out the sacret o' Gorodhe Donohoe's place in the green rath; an' to keep him silent, for he was a hearty boy, not afeard o' the fairies, nor to be imposed upon, like the others, I tould him—God forgi' me all my long sins! I tould him he was my own son; an' I reminded him of a mark upon his body, no one but himself or a mother ought to know; it was plain to me he wished he never saw sich a mother, but I found him good an' dutiful, like a son, from that day out: and he never knew the thruth of his real birth, 'till the night he brought his own sisther Alley to my cabin, an' then, wishin' to save him from a sin I now know he never intended, I whispered in his ear, the minute they came together afore me, the words that gave him all the knowledge."

"Aye," said Crohoore, interrupting the narrator, "I was then tould I had a father I could be proud of, an' a mother I could love, an' I knew they lay murdered that very night. All my life I was a poor friendless crature, the thing to be jeered at, an' throd upon, an' abused by

every body; an' the words o' my mouth grew rough an' passionate, but meant nothin'; my heart was only desolate, an' dark, an' scalded; it loved none, because none would let it love 'em; but it never had malice against a livin' thing:—an' I was tould I had a father, but he was gone; I was tould I had a mother—she was gone, too—oh! I thought the heart in my body would burst that night!" the tears ran down his cheeks, and sobs rent his bosom.

"An' now," said he, when he had gained some degree of composure, "I must tell your honors all I know about that night.

"On that night, that bloody night, I stole out, afther the family rested in their beds, as I often done afore, not to go wid the good people, as the charitable bodies said o' me, but I went to set snares for rabbits, to give my ould mother, as I then thought her. I had a lantern in my hand. Returnin' nigh to home, I hard a screech from the house; I said to myself it was odd; but I walked on. I found the house open; I found the murther done; I lifted the ould man's corpse, an' my hands were bloody; I didn't know I was lookin' at my dead father

then. I went through the house an' found that Alley Doolin was gone;—Alley Doolin—the only one in the wide world that ever was poor Crohoore's friend, because her nature was as sweet as herself was comely. I tuck the best horse; I stayed not for a saddle; I guessed the way the murtherers went, by the screechin' that still I hard; an' I dashed across the counthry, to be on a turn o' the road afore 'em. The moon was bright; I tied the horse undher the shade o' a fence; an' I stood on the fence, where a bush gave me a sure hiding place. While I waited there, an ould man, Sheemun Croonawnee, the bocchoch, came to me, by a cross-cut in the fields, on his way to Garodhe Donohoe's rath, an' I beckoned to him, an' made him stand to watch along wid me. We spoke never a word. The villains soon drove up. I had only a large stone in my hand; I knew Doran; I minded no other, because he had Alley on the horse afore him; I aimed my blow well; he tumbled on the road; Sheemun and I jumped out, an' they speeded away widout their plunder.

“ I put Alley on the horse, senseless, and turned my face, Sheemun near us, but out o'

sight, to her bloody home. She came to herself; knew me; an' called me her destroyer, prayin' me to restore her to her father. In a minute, I saw how the case was; Alley never seen who carried her off: the bandage was on her eyes 'till I removed it; now she thought I was the man; I feared to be called a murtherer; every thing was against me; I feared to be made suffer for the deeds of others: I knew I had no friend to stand by me; not a human crature to believe the ugly shingawn innocent. So, I made up my mind to take Alley away; to hide her; to bear the charge; an' in sacret wid auld Sheemun, who, for all his *shoolin* thrade I found loyal, to work heaven an' earth until we made off the only man that could fasten the crime upon the throe person:—I mane the man that rode by the side o' Rhia Doran, that night, and whose face we saw well enough never to forget it.

“ I joined myself to the bocchochs; I paid 'em high; I made Alley sure, by other tokens than what ould Dora Shea has told your honors, that I was her born brother, an' I acted by her like a brother; she told me where I'd get mo-



ney hid in her father's house, that Doran and his man did not come upon; an' I visited the spot red wid their blood, to bring away the manes o' revengin' the death o' my father an' mother: that was the night o' the wake. I followed Doran's thrack to find the man I wanted along wid him: Doran was a robber; I paid Sheemun an' another to come round him; they done their business well, an' brought me word of all his doins; but tho' they an' I watched him an' watched him, we could not for many a long day, find that man in his company."

"By the book, an' it was hard for you," interrupted Matthew, who had returned alone, "when I had the lad in the stone jug, 'till he was let out, the fair day of Kilkenny."

"An' it was on that very day," resumed Crohoore, "that my spy first saw Doran an' himself together; an' I came to take a look at 'em, but they were gone. This mornin' arly he saw them agin on the sthreets in this town, wid the knowledge that Lyndop was to be on the road to Dublin to sell what was in his wallet; an' Sheemun an' myself were to thrack 'em, on two good horses, whichever way they went, in com-

pany or alone; an' I only came, like a cripple in a cart, to meet ould Ned Shea comin' out o' the jail, an' to spake the word o' comfort to him, becace I knew his son would not die; but I was taken there."

"Are you sure of the face and person of the man you saw with Doran, on the night of the murder?" asked Mr. B.

"As sure as of any face an' man I now see forenent me; he was in the room, just now."

Mr. B. whispered Matthew, who again withdrew, returning with at least a dozen ill-looking fellows about him.

"Is he in the room, at present?"—asked a magistrate.

Crohoore took only one keen survey of the group, and immediately identified the butcher.

"Call in the mendicant; and you, Crohoore, do not now speak a word."

Sheemun made his appearance, and in clear answers to a raking cross-examination, corroborated Crohoore's statements, in the minutest particular; and then being desired to look at the crowd under Matthew's direction, also identified, without hesitation, the skulking Tim Lyndop.

“So far, gentlemen,” our evidence seems connected and consistent, Mr. B. went on, to the magistrates; “but perhaps you have wisely said, that on the charges of Crohoore and the mendicant alone, however they support each other, some question of doubt may arise; if however, we are able to support the character of this extraordinary Crohoore, in more than one instance, and by the mouth of more than one person, with whom he could have held no collusion, that, I presume, will enhance his and old Shemun’s testimony, so long as both agree as they now do.”

The magistrates assented; and Mr. B. produced another deposition from Miss Lovett, which set forth that, under the following circumstances, she owed her life and honor to Crohoore. On the night of the attack on her father’s house, the leader of the gang, Doran, after having rifled the other apartments, entered her chamber and laid ruffian hands upon her; she screamed and struggled for some time, in vain; until at last a body of servants, led on by Crohoore, rushed in and saved her, the villain

escaping, through an open window: he wore a mask, but it fell from him in the shocking struggle, and Miss Lovett was therefore enabled to swear positively, as in her previous affidavit she had done, to his face; the ghastly wound on his jaw rendering it peculiarly remarkable.

Here Pierce Shea could not but recollect the prophecy he had hazarded when he inflicted the wound—"that, under God, it would one day help to hang him."

The evidence of a servant now called in, supported that of Miss Lovett. The man declared, that when the robbers came to his master's house, they surprised and immediately bound himself and his fellow servants, and locked them up in a room, while they proceeded to rifle the premises; that while they lay in that state, a strange man suddenly entered a window at the back of the house, cut the cords that bound them, and led them to rescue their young mistress; and that man he recognised in Crohoore.

"Yes," said Sheemun, "the night of Mr. Lovett's robbery, Crohoore an' myself, guided by the Lord, were close at the heels o' the

gang, on our own business we hard the lady screechin', an' he left me, like a bould fellow, to save her."

"This is almost conclusive," said the magistrates.

"And it is most remarkable," rejoined Mr. B., "that of leading this very gang, to whose career he seems to have proved fatal, this very poor man, Crohoore, was long suspected: I, myself, believed the conjectures of the county magistrates to that effect; and when he brought me to Dublin the letter from Miss Lovett, that, along with the request to save the life of my young tenant, Shea, contained the first intimation of his own good services, and when, at his departure from my door, I got a glimpse of his face, which I had often before seen in the country, my immediate impulse, notwithstanding the recommendation of him I had received, was to arrest Crohoore as a robber, and, indeed, also recollecting the other horrible charge against the friendless creature, as a murderer, too."

During this speech, Pierce Shea felt the strongest emotions of surprise; and only waited 'till it was done to ask Mr. B.—"Was Cro-

hoore the bearer of the letter that saved my life, sir?—

“He was, indeed,” replied Mr. B.—“Miss Lovett pressed upon me, as the only return he would take for his important service, and therefore as the only proof of gratitude she could evince, my immediate interference in your behalf; more than that, her letter gave the heads of the extenuating circumstances under which you had been seduced, I may say, into White-boyism, and Crohoore himself left an authentic paper of the proceedings of those unfortunate men on the night of your inauguration, that explained the lady’s rapid allusions.”

“Then, Crohoore,” said Pierce Shea, advancing to him, “you have twice preserved my existence,” and he wrung his hand, gratefully and warmly. The tears ran down poor Crohoore’s cheeks as he answered,

“Yes, Pierce;—I knew that the man who struck your palm in friendship, was your betrayer; I knew all his plans; he put a fellow upon shooting you; this failed, because I was near; an’ then he made you a White-boy, an’ brought the same fellow to hang you for it;



an' that very man set you for the soldiers at your father's house."

"A third time, then, I am your eternal debtor!"—Pierce again took his hands.

"Say no more of it, à-vich," replied Crohoore, in a broken voice,—“say no more; any thing I done was too little for this; too little to see myself, at last spoken kindly to, by a fellow-creature: oh, this is a great day!”—

The magistrates had been privately consulting during this explanation: Mr. B. again spoke aloud.

"That the accused man has acted as he declares he has towards the young woman, I shall soon make appear; first let me add to all the previous evidence of the commission of the murder by Doran and Lyndop, this decisive proof," and Mr. B., referring to the butcher's sack, produced the handle half of a large table spoon and two tea, or dessert spoons, entire;—"I discovered them," continued Mr. B., "when at my leisure I went attentively through the different articles of plunder;—your worships will perceive on those spoons the initials A. C. D.—Anthony and Cathering Dooling, the first letters

of the names of the murdered parties from whose house they were stolen; examine them: and now attend to their farther identification."

He withdrew, and came back with Alley Dooling by the hand. She was sworn, and positively deposed that the two smaller spoons had been her father's property. Mr. B. seated her near him, and Alley never turned her eyes around.

"Your honor's sarvant has just come in wid the auld bird, hot from the nest," here observed Matthew.

"Has he!"—cried Mr. B. with vivacity, and not at a loss to understand the jailor's slang—"that tells well; he would not bring the old gentleman for nothing; call him in."

Pat appeared, attended by two baronial constables. They stated that they had gone, with some military assisting, to old Doran's house; searched it closely; "and along with other nice little things, your honour," continued Pat, "sure we found this, that one o' the men thought he knew;"—he drew from his pocket a large watch; Alley screamed when she saw it; it was her father's; Pierce also identified it. "If we wanted

any further proof," said Mr. B. "this, then, supplies it." The magistrate instantly assented; and their clerk began to make out a committal for the two Dorans and their filthy friend.

"And one point more seems necessary for my poor protégé, Crohoore," continued Mr. B., "you are sworn Miss Dowling; please to give an account of this man's conduct towards you, in your concealment."

"It was the conduct of the brother, he proved himself to be," answered Alley; "all the comfort he could procure me in the secret place, where, along with my unfortunate old aunt, and her husband, I remained, Crohoore kindly provided; seldom, indeed, did he visit us; but I knew he was out in danger for my welfare; I knew, in fact, that Doran, for his own purposes, still tried to get me into his power; and I was content to stay where I was, under his protection, until better days might come for me—and others:" at her last words, Alley's eye turned to Pierce Shea.

"I presume, gentlemen, I shall now have your cooperation in forwarding to government

such a vindication of this very surprising man as shall induce an immediate rescinding of the unmerited sentence passed upon him?" asked Mr. B. His brother magistrates expressed their great willingness and anxiety to make the necessary statement; and once more the gentlemen conversed in secret, as Pierce Shea, recovering from a sudden convulsion of new and joyful feelings, that during Alley's answer had crowded round his heart, advanced to her, exclaiming—

"Great God! how have I been every way imposed upon!—Alley, answer me one question; why did you refuse to accompany me from the glen of Ballyfoile?"

"Because, Pierce, on that very night, we had information that Doran, while he planned your arrest, was more busy than ever on the search for me, and I had no sure refuge but the place I came from to meet you."

"But why was I assailed by those men?"

"Sheemun will tell you that," said Crohoore.

"Musha, God forgi' me my sins, I can, sure enough, in regard I was one o' them myself, an' Shaun Law Tchaum another, an' poor Ris-

thardh Bocchoch, an Padre Keaoch along wid us; an' after Shaun gave him the warning at the fair, may I never die in sin but we just wanted to have him out o' Doran's way, till Doran himself was put up safe."

"An' now, Pierce Shea, friend of my father, is your mind at rest?" asked Crohoore.

"It is indeed," answered Shea; "but I have wronged poor Alley beyond forgiveness."

"Never say that," resumed Crohoore; "since we hid our plans from you, as we thought you too hot to be guided by 'em, or to keep 'em close, no wondher you had your own thoughts about us;—but we never changed from you; here Pierce, ma-bouchal, take her from her poor brother's hand, as good a colleen as the sun ever shone upon; an' as you can't have the father's blessin,"—his voice again failed—"take mine."

The young couple were in each other's arms: and at the moment, all the persons assembled started round at a sudden whoop, uttered from a corner by no other than Andy Awling; who, when Mr. B. rather sharply inquired the cause of his indecent interruption, thus explained—

“ We ax your honor’s ten thousand pardons but it’s a fashion we have in screechin’ that-away, when we’re glad, or sorry, or mad, or a thing o’ the kind; an’ by the holy an’ blessed chair in my hand, my heart, this moment, is as big as a house; for, barrin all we see an’ hear, at prasant, there’s a crature, at home in Clarah, ’ill be as glad as myself; one that’s willin’ to be married to a body I know ;” and Andy walked once more temperately to his friends.

“ Masther Crohoore,” scraping respectfully, “ may be you’d tell a body a matther or two, that he’d be very glad to know ?”

“ Any thing, Andy, an’ welcome.”

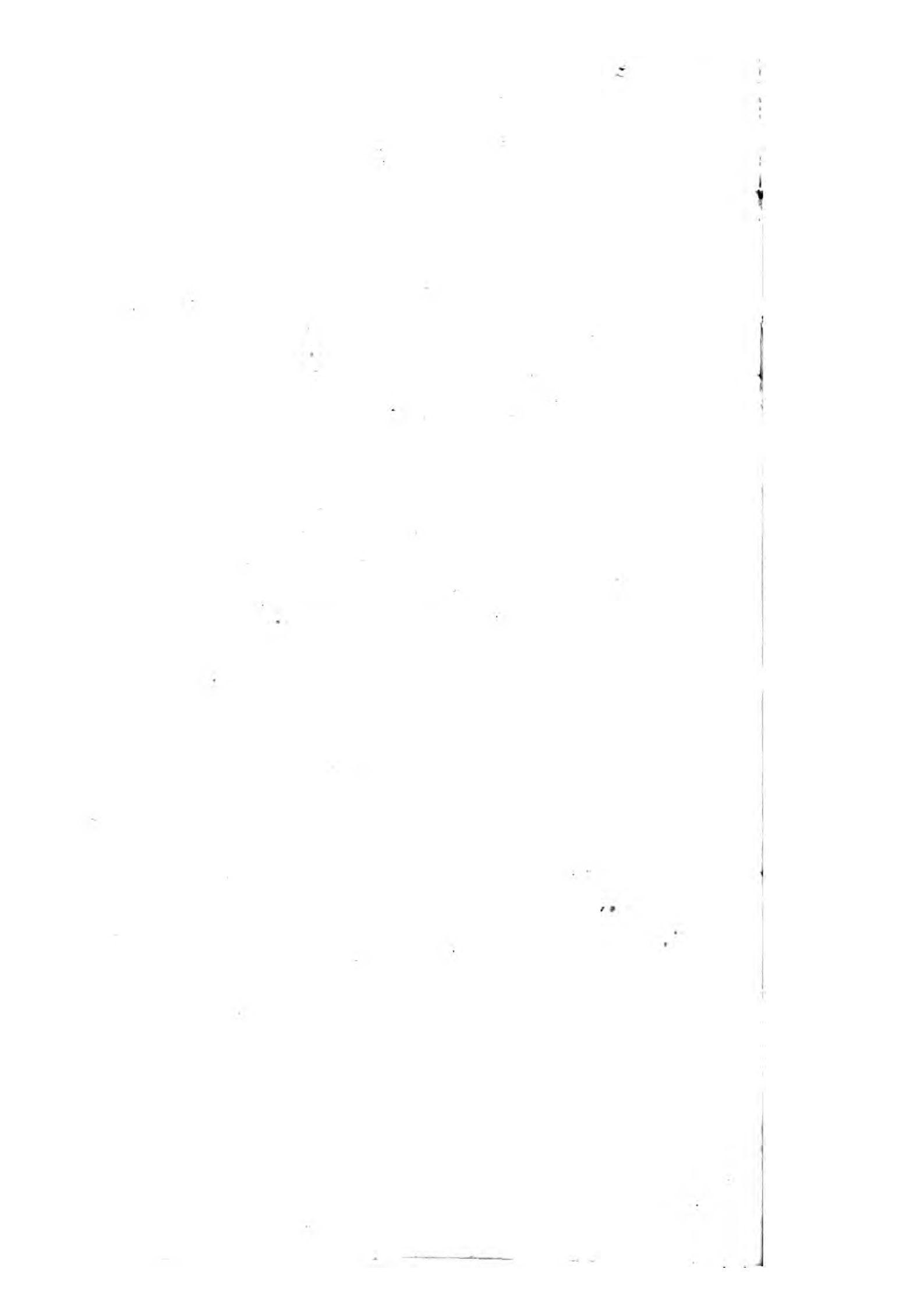
“ Was id only a *morya* iv a *thigha*, * we seen one night in the ould castle among the hills ?”

“ It was myself,” interrupted old Dora Shea ; “ some people war bringin’ sthray cattle to Gorodhe Donohoe’s hidin’-hole, an’ becace Alley was wid us, I went out to warn ’em away; an’ when I saw ye goin’ into the ould castle, wid guns in your hands, I knew ye war after Crohoore ; so while ye lay asleep, I poured wather in the guns to keep ’em from doin’ harm.”

* A pretended Ghost.

“ Then, little wondher we didn’t hit him across the sthrame;” said Andy, musing;—
“ bud, Crohoore, à-vich, the time I shot you in the head, outside o’ the cave—what’s the rason you warn’t kilt dead, then, at any rate?”

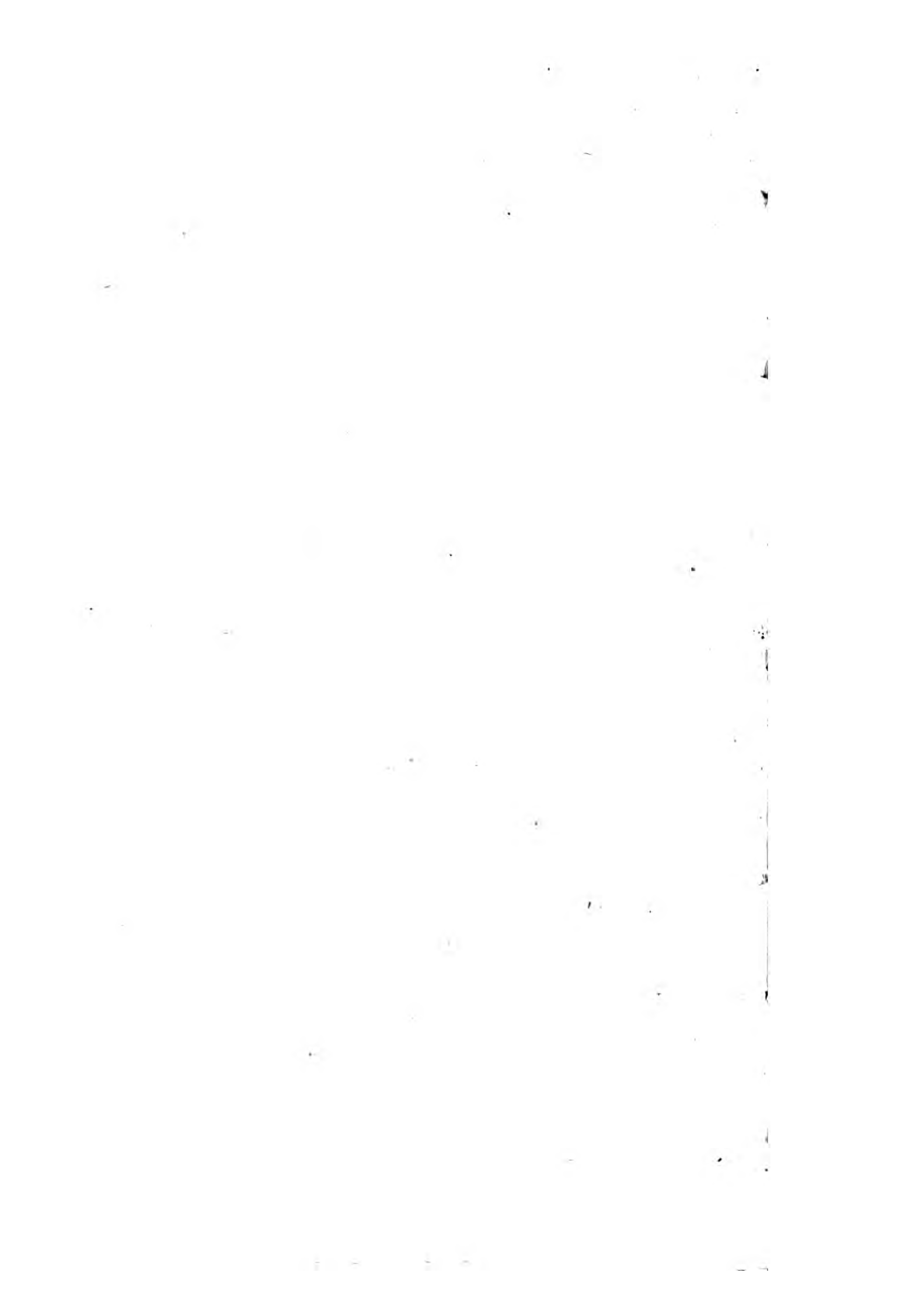
“ Oh, that’s a story to be tould, Andy; an’ some long winther’s night, when our griefs an’ our throubles are past by; when Pierce is married to Alley, an’ when Bridge Chree has your own legs spanselled, Andy, we’ll tell it all over, round the fire, plaise God.”



TALE II.



THE FETCHES.



THE FETCHES.

INTRODUCTION.

*Letter from Mr. Abel O'Hara to Mr. Barnes
O'Hara, Gray's Inn, London.*

Inismore, December 4, 1824.

MY DEAR BARNES,

AT last I send you, by a careful friend, my long-promised contribution to our series of Irish Tales ; having nothing to say in excuse for my remaining so long behind-hand with it, but that I could not, by possibility, finish sooner. I am at a loss, indeed, to account for my slowness in composition, when I hear of other folk throwing off their twenty or thirty pages of an even-

ing; as Richard, for instance, boasts he did with his Crohoore-na-bilhoge, and as he says you have done with your John Doe. The five hours, each day and night, for which you stipulated, and which I agreed to, I have faithfully spent in my study; but, not to impose on you, I further admit, that scarce more than one hour out of the five was employed in actual writing. I do not know how it is; my general plans and notions come well enough, but the misery lies in torturing my brain to divide them into a succession of incidents and situations. If you had seen me at work, and if your old vivacity has not forsaken you, you would have laughed heartily. I often laughed, myself, when I caught, in a looking-glass that sometimes stood on the table, the pinched and hard-pressed expression of my naturally sharp visage, and when I called to mind that, for the hour before, I had been leaning back in my old leather-bottomed arm-chair, unconsciously regarding every accidental spot or stain on the ceiling, and biting and nibbling away till "my ould pen was worn to the gristle." Heaven send, something has at last come of all this hideous labour.

I have not adopted for my tale any of the popular superstitions you recommended, although you gave me my choice of "the good people," or of our peculiar fraternity of ghosts, or of our still more eccentric sisterhood of witches. You will perceive I have taken leave to decline all these subjects, in preference to one you had overlooked; I mean the Fetch superstition, so prevalent in this part of Ireland. Yet I did not reject the others merely on account of my liking for this one, but as much because I despaired of giving to any of them the effect of which I feel they are, individually, susceptible, and, indeed, which the greatest men have tried and failed to give them; and how could I dare, by using other means than those great men had used, attempt my own contemplated and different result?

You will ask what I mean by this half-modest half-impudent theory, and you will also call on me to yield better satisfaction for my breach of your sovereign commands. I obey, on condition of your extending to me your fraternal indulgence; it is already granted, I know; and here, then, you may peruse in detail, my chief

reasons, or whims, as, perhaps, you will call them.

The efforts of literary men, even of the highest class, to embody national superstitions, to give them action and scene, have, to me, almost always seemed in a degree abortive. They do not come up to my own pre-conceived notion of the legend, deposited, heaven knows when or how, in my own mind; of the immaterial actor, or the fairy ground, from which such pictures profess to be drawn. They do not, in spite of myself, chill and awe me like the authentic prepossessions of childhood. On the pages of the *Fairy Queen*, or of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mab is a different personage from the creature of my established superstition; in fact I can scarce separate her from the mere palpable dramatic personæ, with whom Spenser or Shakspeare have surrounded her. Her limbs are not less corporeal, her language is not more intelligent, her motion is not lighter. I am obliged to look on her body, face, and features; she smiles or frowns, laughs or weeps, like any every-day little lady of my acquaintance. The worthy Bottom with his bewitched head resting

on her real lap, is not a more real individual: nay, the "Welsh Fairy" at Heron's Oak, who could not, the moment he opened his mouth, deceive even the conscience-smitten Jack Falstaff, represents her as well as she represents my intellectual Mab or Titania. And this I may call disagreeable,—distressing to me: the misty quietness of my early dream is by it broken up; the visionary weavings of my brain, from which I own I have derived pleasure, and which, perhaps, most of us love to enjoy in the twilight of the closet, or in a sequestered situation—all is brushed away; and I only see a well-drawn academic group, indifferent to me from the very correctness of their outline, the symmetry of their proportions, and the common reality of their existence.

Ghosts appear to me to have been, if possible, worse treated: I ought to say they have been well drawn, and that would convey all my objection: for I believe they should never have been delineated. I believe the failure to have arisen from the effort to give us fixed ideas of them. We do not want those fixed ideas—I, at least, do not: on the contrary, they are pre-

cisely the things to destroy the only true notion I can have of ghosts. For instance, what downright-alive creatures Æneas and Telemachus meet underground—for it is only underground; the identical men, using the same feet and hands, with whom they had before held intercourse, dined and supped in—the world. Why, this is but sailing to Van Diemen's land, or, at best, descending into a mine to visit an old acquaintance. As to stage ghosts, they are my laughter; "enter the ghost of Banquo!"—the very sound of the words unghost the third-rate actor before he comes in. In fact, since the first existence of the literary world, and throughout its whole range, it has only thrice been visited by your true legitimate spectre. One appeared to Eliphaz the comforter, in the land of Uz; the second, to the mad author of Ossian's poems; and the third is the Bodach-Glass of poor Vich Ian Vor. You will immediately recollect each of these, therefore I need not quote any of them: but I must call on you to observe, that all are fascinating and sublime, because they are sketches only, loose and general as our own nursery ideas of what such beings are and

ought to be. In them, person or materiality is not even indicated; they exist we know not how; they come and go, we know not whence or whither; they are and they are not.

Although the depicting of witches does not require the same beautiful indistinctness of execution, and although we do not contemplate them as immaterial creatures, yet I have been also inconvenienced by the violence done on my primitive notion of witches. I cannot, perhaps, readily express the reason why; but let me endeavour to illustrate. Otway's famous witch only disgusts—she does not control nor agitate me: she is a feeble, squalid old woman to whom I could fearlessly walk up, in the most elfish solitude, and give an alms. Macbeth, too, seems to me a silly person to be at first so much moved by his weird sisters; they are mere animals, and of the very poorest class of animals; one could coolly hand them over to the parish beadle and see them put to hard labour. But this, I could not do with the weird sisterhood of my own imagination, whom, though they wear a fashion of the human form, I have been taught to regard as possessing a por-

tion of super-human spirit and existence: and while wandering in silent, deserted places, among the cowering loneliness of deep hills and forests, I confess I have often felt that I should have instinctively shrunk from the sudden vision of an ancient gentlewoman, shaped, featured, and habited, out of the picture-gallery and wardrobe of my childish prejudices, which, after all, give the only sovereign impressions of supernatural appearances and agents, that it is the poets' business to copy and reproduce before us.

With these views I declined, for that time at least, your suggestion to mould out of ghost, fairy, or witch, my Irish tale; because, as I before said, I would not presume to try, with any one of them, for an effect different from the effects already relied on by great and immortal hands, and still worse for me, accepted by the world; and to imitate where I disapproved seemed only a cold and repulsive task. But this leads me to the more direct object of my letter, as I rather write to acquaint you, my dear Barnes, of some circumstances that, while I wavered and was uneasy for a new subject,

caused me to select that which is at length before you.

I was sauntering in hot summer weather by a little stream that now scarce strayed over its deep and rocky bed, often obliged to glance and twine round some large stone, or the trunk of a fallen tree, as if exerting a kind of animated ingenuity to escape and pursue its course. It ran through a valley, receding in almost uniform perspective as far as the eye could reach, and shut up at its extremity by a lofty hill, sweeping directly across it. The sides of the valley bore no traces of cultivation. Briers and furze scantily clothed them; while, here and there, a frittered rock protruded his bald forehead through the thin copse. Ponderous stones, rounded or polished by the winter impetuosity of the now trickling streamlet, lay hurled along its mountain course in different shapes and irregular grouping. No shadow broke or relieved the monotonous sheet of light that spread over every object. The spare grass and wild bushes had become parched under its influence; the earth, wherever it was seen bare, appeared dry and crumbling into dust; the rocks and

stones were partially bleached white, or their few patches of moss burnt black or deep red.

Up the valley, far as my eye could travel, and at last, over the broad bosom of the distant hill, which seemed torn and indented with the headlong torrent it had once poured down, far and uniform on every side a vertical July sun was shining. The whole effect was fiercely brilliant, and so unbroken, that a sparrow could not have hopped, or a grass-mouse raced across, even in the distance, without being immediately detected as an intrusion upon the scene; as a sudden speck with which nothing else must have held any relation or keeping.

The desertion and silence of the place, sympathized well with its lethargic features; the peasant seemed to have shunned it—(no theory is, you know, forbidden to the rapt vision)—as haunted or unholy ground. Not a single cabin met my eye through the range of the valley; over head, indeed, the gables of one or two peeped down, half hidden by their sameness of color with the weather-tanned rocks on which they hung, or with the heather that thatched them; but they and their inmates were

obviously unconnected with the solitude in which I stood, their fronts and windows being turned towards the level country, and thence the paths that led to them must also have diverged. No moving thing animated my now almost supernatural picture; no cow, horse, nor sheep, saunteringly grazed along the margin of my wizard stream. The very little birds flew over it, I conveniently thought, with an agitated rapidity, or if one of them alighted on the shrivelled spray, it was but to look round for a moment with a keen mistrustful eye; and then bound into his fields of air, leaving the wild branch slightly fluttered by his action. If a sound arose, it was but what its own whispering waters made; or the herdsboy's whistle faintly echoed from far-off fields and meadows; or the hoarse and lonesome caw of the rook, as he winged his heavy flight towards more fertile places.

Amid all this light and silence, a very aged woman, wildly habited, appeared, I know not how, before me. Her approach had not been heralded by any accompanying noise, by any rustle among the bushes, or by the sound of a footstep; my eyes were turned from the direc-

tion in which she became visible, but again unconsciously recurring to it, fixed on the startling figure.

She was low in stature, emaciated, and embrowned by age, sun, or toil, as it might be; her lank, white hair hung thickly at either side of her face; a short, red mantle fell loosely to her knees; under it a green petticoat descended to within some inches of her ankles; and her arms, neck, head, and feet, were bare. There she remained, at the distance of only about twenty yards, her small grey eyes vacantly set on mine; and her brows strenuously knit, but, as I thought, rather to shadow her sight from the sun, than with any expression of anger or agitation. Her look had no meaning in it; no passion, no subject. It communicated nothing with which my heart or thought held any sympathy; yet it was long, and deep, and unwinning. After standing for some time, as if spell-bound by her gaze, I felt conscious of becoming uneasy and superstitious in spite of myself; yet my sensation was rather caused by excitement than by fear, and saluting the strange visitant, I advanced towards her. She stood

on a broad slab in the centre of the bed of the stream, but which was now uncovered by the water. I had to step from stone to stone in my approach, and often wind round some unusually gigantic rock that impeded my direct course; one of them was, indeed, so large, that when I came up to it, my view of the old woman was completely impeded. This roused me more: I hastily turned the angle of the rock; looked again for her in the place she had stood—but she was gone.—My eye rapidly glanced round to detect the path she had taken. I could not see her.

Now I became more disturbed. I leaned my back against the rock, and for some moments gazed along the valley. In this situation, my eye was again challenged by her scarlet mantle glittering in the sunlight, at the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile from the spot where she first appeared. She was once more motionless, and evidently looking at me. I grew too nervous to remain stationary, and hurried after her up the stony bed of the stream.

A second time she disappeared; but when I gained her second resting-place, I saw her stand-

ing on the outline of the distant mountain, now dwindled almost to the size of a crow, yet, boldly relieved against the back-ground of white clouds, and still manifested to me by her bright, red mantle. A moment, and she finally evaded my view, going off at the other side of the mountain. This was not to be borne : I followed, if not courageously, determinedly. By my watch, to which I had the curiosity and presence of mind to refer, it took me a quarter of an hour to win the summit of the hill ; and she, an aged woman, feeble and worn, had traversed the same space in much less time. I have since supposed the circumstance might be owing to my ignorance of some clear and unobstructed path, of which she had availed herself. However this may be, when I stood on the ridge of the hill, and looked abroad over a widely-spreading country, unsheltered by forest, thicket, or any other hiding place, I beheld her not.

Cabins, or, to use the more poetical name authorized by the exquisite bard of " O'Connor's child," sheelings were now abundantly strewed around me, and men, women, and children, at work in the fields. I concluded they, at least,

must have tracked her, and proceeded to make inquiries of them; but one and all they assured me no such person had, that day, met their notice, and added, indeed, it was impossible she could have crossed, where I asserted she did cross, without becoming visible to them. Then I went into the cabins and tired myself to no purpose with other inquiries. I never again beheld (excepting in my dreams) that mysterious visitant, nor have ever been able to ascertain who or what she was. Meantime I believe what I like about her; and leaving you also to exercise your discretion, I shall proceed to mention—while, at the same time, I forward the purpose of my letter—the only opinion, apart from my own, that has since reached me on the subject.

After having spoken to the peasants, I continued my walk, descending the breast of the mountain which faced the valley, but now avoiding the latter, and sauntering against the thready current of the stream, with no other feeling that I can recollect, but an impatience to ascertain its hidden source. It led me all round the base of the hill. I had a book in my pocket, with

which I occasionally sat down, in an inviting solitude ; when tired of it, I threw pebbles into the water, or traced outlines on the clouds ; and the day insensibly lapsed, while I thus rioted in the utter listlessness of, perhaps, a diseased imagination. I thought of ghosts, witches, and apparitions of every class and name. I wished for their appearance, and had courage enough, in anticipation, to commune with them if they would only become visible. I called ; but to the discomfiture of a more potent challenger, Hotspur has, long ago, proved that any one may " call."

Evening fell. I found myself, in its deepest shades, once more on the side of the mountain opposite that which turned towards the valley. I sat upon a small knoll, surrounded by curves and bumps, wild and picturesque in their solitude. The dark-green furze-bush spread a sombre mantle down to the foot of the knoll, and the party-coloured patches of vegetation, which in daylight had beautifully chequered the prospect around me, were now almost entirely blent up with the tintless expanse. I was listening to the shrill call of the plover, which sounded

far and faint along the dreary hills, when a vivid glow of lightning, followed by a clattering thunder-crash, roused me from my reverie ; the big, heavy drops were already beginning to fall ; I ascended the mountain's side, studiously bent on getting home time enough to evade the storm ; but had not reached the ridge, when it became too unreasonable for farther opposition, so I was glad to take shelter in one of the cabins, which I have described as rather numerously strewed in that direction.

The poor people of the cabin received me with an Irish *Cead Mille Phalteagh*—a hundred thousand welcomes—and I soon sat in comfort by a blazing turf fire, with eggs, butter, and oaten bread, to serve my need as they might.

The family consisted of an old couple, joint proprietors of my house of refuge ; a son and daughter, nearly full grown ; and a pale, melancholy-looking girl of about twenty years of age, whom I afterwards understood to be niece to the old man, and, since her father's death, under his protection. From my continued inquiries concerning my witch of the glen, our conversation turned on superstitions generally.

With respect to the ancient lady herself, the first opinion seemed to be—"the Lord only knows what she was:" but a neighbour coming in, and reporting the sudden illness of old Grace Morrissy, who inhabited a lone cabin on the edge of the hill, my anecdote instantly occurred to the auditory, one and all; and now, with alarmed and questioning eyes, fixed on each other, they concluded I had seen her "Fetch:" and determined amongst themselves that she was to die before morning.

"The 'Fetch' was not entirely new to me, but I had never before been afforded so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its exact nature and extent among the Irish peasantry. I asked questions, therefore, and gathered some—to me—valuable information.

In Ireland, a Fetch is the supernatural facsimile of some individual, which comes to insure to its original, a happy longevity, or immediate dissolution: if seen in the morning the one event is predicted; if, in the evening, the other.

During the course of my questions, and of the tales and remarks to which they gave rise, I could observe that the pale, silent girl, listened

to all that was said with a deep, assenting interest; or, sighing profoundly, contributed only a few melancholy words of confirmation. Once, when she sighed, the old man remarked —“ No blame to you, Moggy mavourneen, fur it's you that lives to know it well, God help you, this blessed night.” To these words she replied with another long-drawn aspiration, a look upwards, and an agitation of feature, which roused my curiosity, if not my sympathy, in no ordinary degree. I hazarded queries, shaped with as much delicacy as I could, and soon learned that she had seen, before his death, the Fetch of her beloved father. The poor girl was prevailed on to tell her own story; in substance as follows.

Her father had, for some days, been ill of a fever. On a particular evening, during his illness, she had to visit the house of an acquaintance at a little distance, and for this purpose, chose a short cut across some fields. Scarcely arrived at the stile that led from the first into the second field, she happened to look back, and beheld the figure of her father rapidly advancing in her footsteps. The girl's fear was, at

first, only human ; she imagined that, in a paroxysm, her father had broken from those who watched his feverish bed ; but as she gazed, a consciousness crept through her, and the action of the vision served to heighten her dread. It shook its head and hand at her in an unnatural manner, as if commanding her to hasten on. She did so. On gaining the second stile, at the limit of the second field, she again summoned courage to look behind, and again saw the apparition standing on the first stile she had crossed, and repeating its terrible gesticulations. Now she ran wildly to the cottage of her friend, and only gained the threshold when she fainted. Having recovered, and related what she saw, a strong party accompanied her by a winding way, back to her father's house, for they dared not take that one by which she had come. When they arrived, the old man was a corpse ; and as her mother had watched the death-struggle during the girl's short absence, there could be no question of his not having left his bed in the interim.

The man who had come into us, and whom my humble host called "gossip," now took up

the conversation, and related, with mystery and pathos, the appearance to himself of the Fetch of an only child. He was a widower, though a young man, and he wept during the recital. I took a note of his simple narrative, nearly in his own words ; and a rhyming friend of yours and mine has since translated them into metre. As I think the verses read better than my own poor prose, I here subjoin them.

The mother died when the child was born,
And left me her baby to keep ;
I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
Its cheeks were so ashy pale ;
Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
Out in the sharp, fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
And laughed the hours away ;
Or sung me the merry lark's mountain song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
With the hedge-rose and hare-bell, blue ;
I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose I thought, never shamed her cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it ;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break,
Through the blue-bell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walked through the mountains, lonely ;
I was far from my darling, Ah ! many long miles,
And I thought of her, and her only ;

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
In that solitude far and drear ;
I spoke to my child ! but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear :

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow—
I knew her Fetch ! she was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.—

After the adventures and anecdotes of this day and evening, you may believe I comforted myself with having found, what I had long sought, a subject for my tale ; and while turning the matter over in my mind, chance still more befriended me. You recollect the celebrated Doctor Butler, of whom we have, in our childhood, heard so many traditionary wonders, and who, on the faith of the old ladies of

this, our native place, was assuredly endowed with skill superior to any living Sangrado ; I suppose that almost the first, if not the very first regular practitioner in so small a town, and in the primitive times, might well attract such admiration, and, indeed, nearly superstitious homage. Well, speaking of my Fetch-anecdotes to a lineal descendant, by the female branch, of this gentleman, the lady recollected some papers, professing to be in his handwriting, that contained notes of a true and real Fetch history, the actors in which were known to the good doctor. At my earnest entreaty, and after wading, "with spectacles on nose," three or four days, through old chests, choke full of old papers and other trumpery, my excellent acquaintance presented me with those notes, and the result is before you. Of course I have used my discretion with the materials thus submitted to me ; still, however, the leading incidents pretend to the authority of Doctor Butler, whom, by the way, you will meet as a principal actor in the scenes he has, himself, called into existence.

And now adieu. Shall we really see you at

Easter? I am desired by all at home to ask that question, and to add that your old seat, at your old corner of the table, shall, with anxious expectation, be placed for you. The green spectacles you recommended me to get during the slow progress of this tale I found of considerable use: do you adopt them, yourself? Farewell, my dear Barnes, and believe me, in true affection,

Your brother,

ABEL O'HARA.

CHAPTER I.

KILKENNY College was the most famous as well as the most ancient preparatory school of Ireland. It commenced as an appendage to the magnificent cathedral of Saint Canice, for the preservation of which, after Cromwell's spoliation, we are indebted to the classic Poccocke, and was then situated, according to Stanihurst, "in the weste of the church-yard" of that edifice, and had for its founder Pierce or Peter Butler, Earl of Ormond and Ossory. And "out of this schoole," continues Stanihurst, "have sprouted such proper impes, through the painful diligence and laboursome industrie of that famous lettered man, Mr. Peter White, as generally the whole weale publicke of Ireland, and especially the southern parts of that island, are greatly thereby furthered." We have a sure clue to the date of its first erection,

by the same writer mentioning that fact as "of late;" and also by his proceeding to inform us that (under Mr. Peter White, the original master) "it was my happie hap (God and my parents be thanked) to have been one of his crue'; and I take it to stande with my dutie, sith I may not stretch mine abilitie in requiting his good turns, yet to manifest my good will in remembering his pains. And certes I will acknowledge myself so much bound, and beholden to him and his, as for his sake, I reverance the meanest stone cemented in the walls of that famous schoole."

In 1684, the first Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, granted a new charter to Kilkenny college, vesting in himself and his heirs male the appointment of masters, and the office and dignity of patrons and governors of the establishment. The statutes passed by him on this occasion, no less than twenty-five in number, are each of formidable length, regulating every thing, from the master's morals, religion, and salary, to the punishment to be inflicted upon an urchin for "cutting or defacing the desks or forms, walls or windows of the

school." Under this new arrangement the college also changed its situation from "the weste of the church-yard" of Saint Canice, to a large building at the other extremity of the town of Kilkenny, which, together with a fine park, and the rectories and tithes of several parishes, near and distant, the patron granted, in trust, for its uses and advantage.

But during the short and inauspicious Irish reign of James II., that soon after ensued, this endowment was frustrated. The first master, appointed by the Duke of Ormond, fled on account of his politics; and "King James," says Harris, "by a charter dated the 21st of February, 1689, upon the ruins of this school, erected and endowed a royal college; consisting of a rector; eight professors, and two scholars in the name of more; to be called the Royal College of St. Canice, Kilkenny, of the foundation of King James:" and then followed "Articles conclus du consentement unanime des regents des ecoles de Kilkenny, sous le protection de l'illustrissime et reverendissime l'évesque d'Os-sory," as curious, at least, as the state laws previously passed for the same establishment

under hand and seal of the representative of majesty. William triumphed however, James sought the retirement of Saint Germain's, Ireland once more rested beneath the reflux of protestantism, and Kilkenny College, in common with every other public institution, reassumed its protestant charter and arrangement, and to this day continues to enjoy both, with, we should perhaps mention, only one difference from the whole economy proposed by the first Duke of Ormond; and that is, remarkably enough, a lapse of the right of presentation to the school by the Ormond family, in consequence of the attainder of the duke in 1715, and the vesture of said right in the provost and fellows of Trinity, Dublin.

It has been seen that Stanihurst was a "proper imp" of the old establishment; Harris, by his own acknowledgment too, was also educated in Kilkenny college, under the first master nominated by the Duke of Ormond; as also were, subsequently, Thomas Prior, George Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne, and other celebrated characters, among whom, if our recollection does not fail us, we believe we may rank

Swift. In fact, it was after its return to the hands of protestant masters and governors that this seminary rose to the height of its fame, and that young Irish noblemen and gentlemen crowded its classes for the most approved preparation for university honours. It might be called the then Eton of the sister country.

We find it necessary to observe that the building to which the title "College of Kilkenny" now applies, is not the same endowed by the Duke of Ormond. The Irish tourist is at present shewn, from an opposite bank of the Nore, a large, square, modern house, three stories high, dashed or plaistered, and flaunting with gay and ample windows, and this, he is informed, is the college. Turning its back, in suitable abstraction, upon the hum and bustle of the small though populous city, it faces towards the green country, an extensive lawn spreading before it, and the placid river running hard-by, and is, altogether, appropriately and beautifully situated. But the original edifice, that existed at the time of our story, was pushed farther back, faced into the street of the town, and was a gray, reverend pile of irregular and

rather straggling design, or, we should perhaps say, of no design at all; having, partly, a monastic physiognomy, and partly that of a dwelling-house, and bearing, to its present gay successor, about the same likeness that the levee skirts of Ann's time bear to the smart swallow-tail of the last summer but one. We surmise that, at a more remote period, it belonged to the old and beautiful Augustinian Abbey of St. John, of which the main building was not more than three hundred yards distant, and which was richly endowed "for the salvation of his soul and those of his predecessors and successors" (as Ledwich abstracts its charter) by William Marshall the elder, Earl of Pembroke, in 1220. The entrance to the school-room was immediately from the street, through huge oak folding doors, arching at top to suit the arched stone door-way, and gained by two grand flights of steps at each side, that formed a spacious platform before the entrance, and allowed under them a passage by which visitors approached the college. To the left was another gateway where carriages had egress. The whole front of the building was of cut stone, with gothic

windows composed of numerous small panes of glass, separately leaded, and each of diamond form; giving the appearance of a side or back rather than of a front, on account of its grotesque gables, chimneys, and spouts, the last of which jetted into the street, to the no small annoyance in rainy weather of the neighbours and the passengers: while from the platform before the school-room entrance, the lads of the college contrived, in all weathers, further annoyances of every description.

But in the past, as well as the present time, the lawn of the college was devoted to the exercise and sports of the students, and had, for its left-hand boundary, "the dark walk," a shrubbery so called to this day, though its appearance, and indeed identity, are changed, and for its right the crystal Nore, of which the opposite banks were flanked by a wall some forty feet high; and over this wall,—its foundations on a level with the top—towered in uncouth grandeur, amid throngs of luxuriant trees, the old family castle of the all but regal Ormonds. Close by the dark walk, at the left

of the lawn, there ran, too, as there at present runs, an artificial, but deep, rapid, and sufficiently broad stream, conjectured to have been an aqueduct formed by the old monks of St. John's Abbey, that while it discharged its immediate agency of setting in motion the water-wheels of more than one grist-mill on its course, served, at the same time, to cut off the college grounds from the adjacent gardens of the poorer class of people who inhabited the near outlet.

If local fame errs not, however, neither the broad Nore, nor the mill-stream, nor yet the high front wall that ran from the side of the college to the brink of the latter, completely succeeded in keeping within proper bounds, at improper hours, the mettlesome race of young students, that, in the old time, frequented Kilkenny college. Stories are whispered on the spot of stolen orgies at midnight, in confidential taverns through the town; of ardent breathings at the windows of not the ugliest lasses in the suburb; of desperate wars between the native youth and the fiery sojourners; and all

the *et cetera* that springs from proximity to a small town of such an establishment, and which Harrow at this day might illustrate.

Some time after the final re-establishment of this college, under the charter of the Duke of Ormond, a young gentleman of the name of Tresham, the descendant of an English family, settled in the south of Ireland, came to spend a few months at it, previous to his entrance into the Dublin university. His age was scarce eighteen; yet, though so young, he had visited London, and some of the best parts of the continent, acquiring, wherever he travelled, literary friends and information alone; for his mind had early taken a studious, or rather inquisitive bent, and imbibed with avidity all the novel scientific systems, prevalent among the learned of the world.

Hitherto, Tresham's education had been neglected, as, perhaps, is the case with most young persons of genius; he had read the classics a little; rudimental science a little; and in this unprepared state, the crude metaphysics of the time most of all. But some grave and influential friends having pointed out the necessity of

regular acquirement, Tresham determined to amend his course, and posted to Kilkenny to recal his dead-letter Greek and Latin, and be, for six months, nothing but a classical student. The resolution was kept so far as related to his actual use of books; but his imagination still wandered through the regions in which it had long rioted; so that while his bodily eye hypocritically dwelt with Homer or Tacitus, its mental brother shifted, in no definable investigation, through a wilderness of abstract reverie.

The winter came and went; Tresham's few months for preparatory study were over, yet he was still a devoted classical student at the college of Kilkenny. But winter came and went in the company of a fair and new friend, and Tresham was happier than Greek or Latin could make him. And now, and more than ever, his philosophic visions crowded upon him. The idleness produced by love was a favourable season for their influence, and they thronged in their power and fascination. He had twice been refused admission into the head-class of the college; but a beloved object had not refused him admission into her heart; and, the classics for-

gotten, he enjoyed the most delicious life that youth, fancy, love, and system-making can impart to an enthusiast. Universality of essence was Tresham's darling speculation. At times he became anxious to deny himself, even unto himself, and would have preferred a demonstration of his "inherency" in a wild flower or a weed, to one clearly proving his distinct identity. So he loved and philosophized, sighed and mused; every blade of grass in the college park, every leaf on every tree in its shrubberies, and every smile and pout of his mistress, supplying endless subject.

During the long winter's evenings that had passed, and the long summer walks that were now in season, Tresham failed not to tincture, from the illusions of his own mind, all his conversations with his young mistress; and with such topics as we have glanced at, he occasionally mixed up the still wilder phantasies of Rosycrucianism, which had not yet withdrawn its spell from the imaginations of even the accomplished portion of society. On this topic, Tresham was intelligible to his fair pupil, whose almost childish thoughts, fretted with the com-

mon superstitions of her own country, were fearfully pleased to meet, under the borrowed name of philosophy, a downright system suited to her wildest day-dreams; and she listened in awe and terror that admitted every thing. But of this young lady's state of mind, in consequence of her intercourse with Tresham, we may refer to the opinions of a close and affectionate observer.

At the time of his arrival in Kilkenny, the family of Ruth or Rothe was, throughout its various branches, one of the most considerable of the town or vicinity. A branch, with which we are interested, consisted of Mr. Ruth, a gentleman advanced in years; his lady; and three daughters, of whom the eldest was nineteen, the second fifteen, and the third a child of ten or eleven. They had many connexions of every age, who often visited them, and all formed a happy family circle round the fire of a winter's night, or while they watched the rising moon in the twilight of a soft summer evening.

For a year previous to Tresham's appearance at the college, the eldest girl, Maria, had been attached to a young military gentleman, who, however, was absent at that period, and absent

in peril, too, on service with his regiment in America. Months rolled away, and he was still in a foreign country; but Maria received letters from her lover, full of good spirits, that told of good health, and exemption from all the ghastly visitations her fancy and affection had strown in his path: and at last came the news of peace, if not of victory, with another letter, giving promise of a meeting on a certain day, nay, at a certain hour; which promise was, to the day and hour, kept.

The usual scene of lovers' welcome over, Mortimer inquired after the health of Mr. and Mrs. Ruth, and of, as he called her, "his dear little sighing sister, Anna."

"Father and mother well, and Anna better and worse than when you left us," Maria answered.

"Better and worse!"

"Yes; for, first, she has the useless thing she so long sighed for."

"A lover, I suppose?"

"Indeed; and therein is Anna better, is she not?"

"I am bound to believe so; but worse?"

“ In the kind of lover.”

“ Is he unworthy ? is he base ? who is he ?”

“ Neither base nor unworthy ; and for whom and what he is, believe him a youth well-born, handsome, (very handsome, Mortimer)—affluent, honorable, and amiable. His father and ours were old friends, in the old times ; here he came to study at our college, bringing letters to us from his father ; was cordially received, and became a constant visitor.”

“ But, Maria, you describe a gentleman, and in words that give a strange sound to your first objection, if indeed you make any, against such a lover for our sister.”

“ I will go on in my own way. The boy came, I say ; Anna Ruth was young, beautiful, and romantic ; Harry Tresham was also young, also handsome, and also romantic ; and so—in short they did what you and I did.”

“ Fell in love with each other ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, Maria ? Anna is little the worse for that, I suppose. Is the difficulty in your father’s opinion ?”

“ No. Our father saw no difficulty if his old

friend saw none; Tresham wrote home to ask; a favorable letter came, permitting every thing, provided that Harry's love did not interfere with his classics; this, our good and prudent sire took upon himself to regulate; and so, almost ever since you went away, the student has been received among us, saying and doing all you used to say and do, and, in fact, filling up your old place completely."

"And to the satisfaction of every party? Well, well, Maria, it has been fortunate for me, I see, that this pale student had eyes for the black tresses and pensive brow of one sister, rather than for the yellow ringlets and red-and-white-common-place of the other. But still I am unable to see the harm to Anna."

"For the first, first; be assured we never missed you. Harm, did you say? I do not know what to call it; nor, seriously, can I tell you all I mean. But, before every thing else, Tresham is a deep reader, and an exceeding visionary."

"Oh—a book-architect? a builder-up and puller-down of worlds?"

"Superstitious, moping, and melancholy—"

“What!—a Rosycrucian, in good earnest? a soothsayer and ghost-seeker?”

“Something of all that, I fear. Born in the wildest part of our wild country, and having spent a sickly and solitary boyhood among its horrid mountains and forests, and still more horrid peasantry, he travelled to the continent, ill-prepared to resist the infatuations you speak of; then his stolen studies here do not make him wiser; all his resolutions to hold to one course of reading have lately given way, and he plunges, deeper than ever, into the most approved metaphysics. You smile, sir—is it not the word? I am sure 'tis the one himself taught me—and he affects to gain from them much help in his wildest notions.”

“I now understand your fears, Maria, and share them. I am very sorry for this. Your sister Anna was, of all creatures, most likely to be injured by society such as his, and topics such as they chatter on, together; and if she indeed loves Tresham—”

“Oh! she dearly loves him; with all a pure girl's first love; and most, I believe, for the sake of his theories. I have seen them talk to-

gether of shades, and shadows, and of the world of shadows, until their voices sunk into mistrusting whispers, and you could hear their hearts beating in the echo of the fear they had made contagious to one another."

"Absurdity! we shall speak with this boy, and laugh him into manhood."

"Then you may soon begin—see!" Maria continued, leading Mortimer to a window, and pointing out—"yonder they walk, together; and now they have been moping through that dark shrubbery I cannot tell how long, feeding on the deepest philosophy, or the most frightful and abominable nursery tales."

"And," said Mortimer, "are still absorbed; Tresham in narrating and expounding, and Anna in listening and wondering. At this first look he seems an interesting youth; and something, I know not what, strangely fixes my attention to him."

"My poor Anny! how like a cheated child she looks!" Maria went on, smiling through sudden tears of sisterly affection.

"And this, I think," resumed Mortimer, "may be a lecture on universal essence, as the

puzzlers call it, rather than a ghost story; for, see, Maria, overcome by a confused notion of all he says, the little girl now looks as if she doubted the very presence of her lover, and ventures her blushing cheek to his, as if to reassure herself of his undiminished identity."

"Yes—and Tresham now disproves all her doubts."

"How?—I do not see how."

"Why, with—a kiss," Maria answered, laughing, and blushing too, as she glanced at her lover.

"The clever fellow! to teach me how to prove I am by your side!" said Mortimer, giving the same demonstration to his mistress: "but they disappear, before I can view him closer, and now, I suppose, approach the house by that turning."

"Yes, thou practical philosopher; and, Mortimer, you shall love our Harry Tresham, who, with all his whims, is a boy of much promise."

CHAPTER II.

ARM in arm, Tresham and Anna entered the room, a few minutes after. Without much of what is called the glow of health on the cheeks of either, this young couple awakened at first sight, much interest; more, perhaps, or of a keener kind than we feel at the view of voluptuous cheeks and laughing eyes, and all the picture of mountain health, youth, and beauty; though, that, too, is so wonderful and delightful, and a sight to praise the God of nature for.

Early and habitual thought, and, for the whole theory of mind and existence, a reverential wonder of soul, had fixed in intense, though not disagreeable paleness, their naturally pale complexions; it was the nameless hue, rich without a tint of colour, of enthusiasm and genius. They were like each other. Their

foreheads were marble white, high and broad, clear and calm, and unsullied by a line or curl of grief or bad passion: clouds of dark hair gathered round their brows; and those well-defined brows lay, on the snow of their foreheads, in the repose of power and character. So far were they like; but while their eyes were also of one deep hazel-colour, Tresham's had a more assured expression than his mistress's; his look evinced more satisfaction, more dependence on himself for all he thought and felt; hers darkled or flashed in the reveries or efforts of a novel excitement, and as if in a seeking and asking way to her lover. His lips were usually closed, though not compressed; hers, of beautiful form, and richly red and moist, as usually remained apart; unfolding themselves in a continued question, as it were, or as if impatient of some anticipated or half-conceived idea.

Both handsome, and in their very spring of life, their features, figures, and mien, shewed all that a statuary might seek for the chaste expression of that blent character; yet the girl, though nearly three years younger than her

lover, approached nearer to perfect form; she wore her first firm roundness of womanly charms and fascination, while he was not, proportionately, so square and muscular; in fact so manly.

Young, in their blossom of youth, of mind and body, of heart and passion; good, pure, gifted, and loving, trusting, and happy in each other; arm and arm, and their thoughts and eyes still glowing with the topic they had been engaged in,—lovelily did they now enter the presence of Maria and her friend!—In this first and happiest time of power to bless and to be blest, why does the backwardness of reason, or the frown of the world, forbid the interchange of such affection?—We plead not for ourselves; for alas, we have passed out of the fairy circle of youth, even while it was drawn around us; enthusiasm, love, the shrined image of beauty, and the dream, so much better than the reality of happiness, have departed from us; with locks scarce silvered, we tread, by necessitous anticipation, the crisp paths of old age; all that youth was, or is, or may be, we think of, as of a sound half forgotten and never fully dis-

tinguished ; no, we plead not for ourselves, but for the fair, the freshly young, and the joyous and generous of our species, may we not ask,— why should enjoyment entail bitterness, and yielding to their own pure hearts be a curse, and this beautiful earth be not enjoyed, but dreaded like the walls of a prison, or the voice of a keeper? It is so, it must be so, and it is right it should be so; but why should it be right?

Anna entering suddenly, and without knowing that Mortimer had arrived, almost screamed out when she saw him, and with a—“Mortimer! our dear brother, welcome!”—ran to him and offered her cheek, now wrapt in the warm blush that told of its having just come from the heart.

But Mortimer, not content with the permitted favour, inflicted a soldier's salutation on the very lips of his fair sister: and,

“Are *you* quite as well and happy as when I left you, my sad philosopher?” he whispered, motioning his head, though without looking, towards Tresham;—“what!—this our Anna? and where is the shadow of a girl I left behind

me?—why, child, you were then of no more meaning or consistency than a long-drawn sigh; a thread-paper, stuffed with sighs, might have stood for you; and now comes out a divine and awful creature of flesh and blood! a little earthly divinity,—and gainsay it who dares!”—and he repeated his freedom, making it a case of necessity that Anna should now frown a little, as, by a rapid glance, such as women only know how to give, she saw Tresham’s eye kindling.

“ Captain Mortimer, you shall bow, and apologise for all this, to our new brother, Mr. Tresham,” said Maria, advancing with Tresham by the hand.

“ I shall be proud of your friendship, sir,” Mortimer began, also advancing; but he had not taken many steps when he suddenly started back, and with a slight contraction of brow, and distension of eye, stared in silence on Tresham.

The student returned his stare in utter astonishment, that soon began to change into displeasure; Maria looked on, in amazement, too; Anna in terror; she grew deadly pale, and drawing Maria aside—“ good God, sister!”—

she whispered—" what is the matter with him? Why does he look so on Harry?—They never met before—it is impossible!"—

Maria's answer was interrupted by Mortimer, who, recovering himself, walked fully up to Tresham, and holding out his hand, said—" excuse me, Mr. Tresham; but—I—I was struck with your likeness to a person I before saw—in fact an old friend—we should be brothers, sir."

" It shall be my study to merit the name, Captain Mortimer;" and Tresham gave his hand, but to a nice observer, not perfectly satisfied with Mortimer's explanation. The gentlemen conversed, however, freely together.

" You have heard him account for it, my love," Maria now answered, still in an aside to Anna—" for heaven's sake what could you think?—do not, dearest Anna, allow every common occurrence to fret and disturb you."

" You will charitably excuse, brother Tresham, my want of ceremony with our sweet sister, here," Mortimer went on;—" I know it is not to be learned from looks; but, after the camp and the march, and all the rest, you have

no idea how a poor fellow's heart opens to his fellow-creatures; how it thirsts and hungers after any one that loves it; and I know I am a brother to Anna:" he continued, now gently taking her hand like a brother, indeed.

This speech brought him off well, and the young party passed some delightful time together, until Mortimer, with many regrets, mentioned a necessity for keeping an appointment on particular business, which, he said, must deprive him even of the pleasure of returning to his friends that night. All heard this with expressions of sorrow, and after he had taken leave of Tresham in a friendly manner, Mortimer retired, accompanied to the door by Maria.

Anna and Tresham stood for some time silent, both engaged, perhaps, with the same thought; but of the two Anna seemed most agitated. At last, as if starting from the inward touch of something very disagreeable, she laid her hand on Tresham's arm, and, looking down, pronounced his name.

"My Love?"—Tresham said, abruptly too, and in an anxious tone and gesture.

“ You noticed Mortimer’s start when he saw you ?”—Anna asked.

“ Why—scarcely—yet I noticed it,” Tresham replied, willing to relieve the distress he saw his mistress feel, but from which he was not, himself, free.

“ Could you have ever met before ?”—she resumed, fixing her bright, mysterious eyes on his.

“ To my mind, no; excepting, perhaps, in the awful interchanges of dreams, which, I believe, I have satisfactorily unveiled to you.”

“ But he explained it,” Anna continued, afraid of, rather than satisfied with, the entangling solution of her lover, and eagerly adopting a more homely one: “ did he not ?”—

“ He did ;” replied Tresham, but with little earnestness.

“ Satisfactorily, you think ?”—urged Anna.

“ Why, perhaps so ;” another pause, again broken by Anna, ensued.

“ Tresham—that superstition of the Fetch, about which we talked so much while approaching the house, interests me beyond expression.

Let me hear more exactly the popular account you have received of it."

"Thus, Anna. Of some person appointed to die, a double or counter-part becomes visible, before his or her death, at a time and place where the original could not by possibility appear. Is this your Kilkenny creed?"—

"Exactly; with the addition that the Fetch or double must—to insure the death of the reality—be seen in the night, or evening."

"And now I remember that, also;" Tresham paused a moment, then with a deep sigh, added —

"I have some melancholy authority for the truth of Fetches."

"You alarm me, Harry; let me hear what you mean; but see—your servant."

They had gained, purposing to walk in the garden till dinner, the bottom of the staircase; and, in the corner of the hall, now saw a low round lump of a man, who with hat in hand, and his large heavy eyes bent on the ground, stood motionless, silent and inexplicable.

"Well, Larry?" said Tresham to this person.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

“ Yes to what, you goose ? ” —

“ We *are* well, thank God an’ you, sir.”

“ Pho, pho—do you seek me ? ” —

“ No, then,” answered the servant, gravely.

“ And what, then ? ” his master asked, impatiently.

“ Sure we find you, Masther Harry,” was the reply, still without any appearance of jest, whatever might be the intention.

“ And for what purpose do you find me ? ” —

“ None in the world, afther all, I’m thinkin’.”

“ No ! ” — repeated Tresham, smiling, as he recollected his man’s unaccountable humour.

“ No, in throth ; I came here to bid *you* come home to your buke, an’ that’s to no purpose, God help me that lives to see id ; if you did come, you wouldn’t read it to any purpose ; an’ if you did, sure the class-hour is past an’ gone, an’ so it ’ud be read to no purpose.”

“ Idiot ! did I not charge you, over an’ over, to warn me of the class-hour ? ” —

“ An’ sure myself charged *her*, over an’ over.”

“ Her ! — what *is* the cause of your negligence, sirrah ? ” —

“ Mrs. Catty, Sir.

“ I comes, an hour ago, to Mrs. Catty, in the kitchen, an’ Mrs. Catty, my darlin’, says myself, warn my masther o’ the hour ; will you taste a bit o’ toasted cheese, Larry ?” says she, “ Warn him, for the love o’ God,” says I ; “ a dhrop o’ the right kind,” says she, “ Warn ——”

“ Ass !” interrupted Tresham, seriously displeased ; then turning to Anna—“ my dearest love, we must part, that I may look after this disagreeable blunder ; you know him, and what a life I live with him ; faithful and attached, indeed, he is, and for that reason, as I believe I before told you, forced on me as my attendant and pest, wherever I go, by the anxious love of my dear mother ; but look at him—is he like any thing in creation ?—and then I am quite at a loss how to treat him ; sometimes, if not always, he seems to me a hard-grown boy, and if I was not sure of this, I could control the fellow ; but in my conscience I suspect he is rather an elderly person, old enough to be my father ; and under this apprehension one cannot—in fact, I do not know what to do in the matter. But farewell, my dear Anna. You, sir, follow me to college.”

"The evening, Harry; you will certainly keep your evening's appointment?" said Anna.

"True as the dial's hand"—and the lovers parted; Tresham going out at the door, and Anna returning up stairs. But Larry remained stationary, in the darkened corner of the hall, his hat still in his hand, and his eyes buried in the floor.

After a considerable pause, he muttered, however, taking up the last word his master had addressed to him, and which, notwithstanding some lapse of time, fretted his ear—

"Ass!—How so, then? Becase I toasted cheese wid a woman, an' missed the class-hour. Aye; who missed it at the same prasant time? One that called me ass; my own mather. Well à-vich: an' how did himself miss it, too? Troth, I could tell him, if he put me to id;" and his hat was now fixed on, and he moved heavily and aukwardly towards the door, when a female voice cautiously pronounced—"Larry! Larry!"—and Larry graciously turned, with—

"Is id yourself, agin, Mrs. Catty?"

"That's a bitther salutation, only you're a bit too friendly to mane it, Larry," said Mrs.

Catty, Kitty, or Catherine, advancing to his side; "Mrs. — to a Kilkenny lass, isn't the hoighth o' good manners, Larry; you had that in Munsther."

"Aye, faith, then; an' my first wife along wid id, Catty," he said, in the words of an unmeasured lie, invented at the moment, to serve his crabbed humour.

"Plain Catty is betther, among friends," resumed his companion; "only, Kitty, or Kate, or, for the matther o' that, Catherine sounds my name a little genteeler. The poor woman! —an' she died?"

"An' I was left a dissolute poor boy," said Larry, recollecting, only to misuse it, one of many words he had endeavoured to imitate during his attendance on his master.

"Och!" Mrs. Catherine exclaimed, putting her cross-barred check apron to her eyes.

"Don't take on, Catty; don't take on; it was a change for the good o' both of us; I'm resigned."

"Och! she was a blest woman wid the likes o' you!" still sobbed Mrs. Catherine.

“An’ so I often tould her,” said the valet.

“Musha, then, is id the happiest state, entirely, Larry?” altering her voice into a tone of simple interest.

“Why, faith, d’ye see me, Catherine, as I often said in regard o’ that, a bachelor can only be well enough by himself, while two people may go wrong together.”

“Avoch, an’ a thrue sayin;—you’ll be lookin’ afther your heaven on earth, again, Larry?”

“Just as a wise child afther his cake, Kitty—any where bud among the coals,” he added, indistinctly.

“You’re a vartuous boy, Larry; an’ though I say it, a pATTERN in these uncivil times. But we know you love your masther too well to lave him:” this was half remark, half query.

“D’you hear her, now?” asked Larry of himself; then aloud, “I love my masther, Catty, but if he doesn’t mend, let God help him to another man.”

“Lord save us! if I ever thought he was so bad.”

“I said nothin’ bad, about him, Mrs. —

that is, Kitty, Miss Catherine, I mane; bud his visitors, Catty—look down on us an' keep us!—they're too much for the likes o' me; if—forgive us our sins!—he isn't one o' them, his own self, Catty, à-roon." During this speech Larry took off his hat and raised his eyes; his face and action expressing, or well affecting, much mysterious trepidation.

"Musha, then, Larry, a-gra, don't go frighten us in sich a manner," said Mrs. Catherine, drawing nearer; "what do you mane, at-all-at-all?"

"Why, then, I'll tell you," he resumed, imitating, or sharing the earnestness of his friend; "gettin' wages, as, far from me be id to say I do not get, to act the part of a christen saarvant-boy, by him, little 'ud myself care, Catty, how many fellow-creatures, like me, Masther Harry 'ud have about him; bud, d'ye see me, it's another thing, when, afther sendin' me off for the night, he calls down—or up—bad end to me if I knows which"—

"Och! spake out, Larry, darlin', spake out! an' look stout like a man, or I'll dhrop, stone dead, afore you!" intèrrupted Mrs. Catherine,

pressing still closer, and stretching, perhaps, even her fears too far, as warrant for the familiarity of her manner :—" did ever you lay your eyes on 'em, à-vich ?"

" No, Catty; bud I hard them; often an' often."

" Who? what?"—and she locked an arm in Larry's.

" Outside iv his-dour, I hard him whisperin' wid 'em, an' callin' to 'em, at the dead hour o' the night, Catty; an' sometimes he unlocks it, Catty, an' creeps out to take an' arin' wid 'em, in the lawn; an' —— what's that?"

The autumn evening had just begun to set in, and the ever-gloomy old hall in which they stood, grew deeper with shadow, while Larry, thus interrupting himself, pointed to its extreme end. Mrs. Catherine screamed with terror, yet under her breath, and in an agony, half feigned, half real, whispered—" Look, yourself, Larry, honey!—look, and tell me if it 's there!"

" Not now, I think; that is, I hope, an' pray God," he said, playing with the nervousness which, to say the truth, he had groundlessly excited, purely for the purpose of freeing himself

of Mrs. Catherine's close and unwelcome approaches: "bud, as I was fur tellin' you, Catty, a-gra; there was one night I left him in bed, sick enough to stay there, an' to keep him from roamin' about, an cullogin' wid 'em, to his no great good, myself just locked his dour, an' put the kay in my pocket: well, à-roon; down I went, by myself, on the road to my own bed; down, down, all the crooked staircases; when, just at the bottom o' the very last flight—the Lord keep us an' save us!—what d' you think I saw, standin afore me?"

"Your masther, Larry!" whispered Mrs. Catherine.

"Or somethin' very like him," answered Larry; "bud see, Catty!—see agin—just turn your head the laste bit round."

"Och! ah! I daar'n't!" hiding her head and mob-cap in Larry's bosom.

"Thonomon-duoul!—my name isn't Larry, if his own white face—or one that the divil makes as near to it as an egg to an egg—may I die in sin if I don't see it lookin' at us from behind the ould clock that ticks so dushmul;—I know; didn't follow him h o me, in time, an' this is

his other, cum to send me packin' to himself; och! murther! I'll get my fairin' betuxt 'em!" —and Larry at last disengaged himself from Mrs. Catherine's embraces, and broke into the street, while she trundled down stairs to her kitchen.

CHAPTER III.

IMMEDIATELY after dinner, Anna retired, alone, to the drawing-room, and in about half an hour was followed by Maria, who, on entering the apartment, found her deeply engaged in the perusal of a manuscript essay she had got from Tresham, and of the nature of which the elder sister was aware.

Evening brought on her increased shadows, yet, by what light was still afforded, Anna, with some difficulty, continued to read. Maria proposed to have candles, but her sister rather earnestly objected. "I have much reliance," she said, "on the doctrine of coincidences and sympathies; and in this dim twilight, I can, perhaps, better appreciate the subject of my present study: at least I feel I can." She resumed her reading, and Maria taking up a volume that lay near her, sat down with her young

sister in the recess of the old-fashioned window, and for some time also endeavoured to read.

But at last smartly shutting the book, and laying it upon her knee, she protested against any further effort, and again admonished Anna to call for lights, or else prepare for their intended evening walk with Tresham. The other, in rather an impatient tone replied—

“ We need not expect Harry this half-hour, sister; and do let me get through this most interesting part without interruption.”

“ I suppose I must, or should ask your pardon, Anna; but I thought an elder sister might have said so much without being accused of interruption; whether or no, I shall venture to say more, by expressing my entire dislike of your spending your time over such a subject as that now in your hands.”

“ Sister!” Anna replied, in a tone of surprise and chagrin,—“ but I am sure if you thought of what you were then going to say, you would not have said it; this is an essay, Maria, written by Harry Tresham; I shall add nothing else; surely that is enough to shew you the severity of your remark, and to warrant me in not quite recollecting it. Pray read your own volume,

and while delighted with its wonderful passages, do not envy me a higher pleasure."

"It is now too late to take advantage of your advice; so I will, instead, try to say a word in answer to your speech. Don't you think it sometimes happens, Anna, that where affection, and talent, and virtue, join to avoid giving pain or doing harm to a beloved object, weakness or infatuation of mind inflict the blow?—and let me say, that although Harry Tresham is the very last man I could suspect of intention to lead you astray, I am not so sure of his ability always to turn your young thoughts into a proper path; or, if they should wander, to guide them from an improper one—pray, my dear sister, hear me out. I do not wish to hazard a word in defence of the poor volume I took up; it is only a popular novel, that does not even pretend to help our serious moments, or to form our principles, or wed us to theories; yet, God knows I had rather have you make such books the only reading of your life, than see you for one hour disturbing your delicate mind with the strange visions contained in that manuscript."

"I will take it for granted, sister, it is not

your meaning to be cruel, or—offensive with me ——”

“ Anna, Anna, you should be sure of that!” —interrupted Maria, tears which her sister did not see, rolling down her cheeks, although her voice was but little affected.

“ Well, sister, I am sure ; yet, indeed, I must say your words are more—are less kind and good to me, than ever they were ; you call Harry weak and infatuated—excuse me in turn, for I will go on ;—but the truth is, Maria, we ever try to bring down, in others, what we do not understand in them, nor possess in ourselves ; and therefore, why should I wonder to hear you speak hard of him, or of the studies he recommends to me ? As to your own fine book, I say again, you are free to admire it, and as much for the giver’s sake too, as you like ; if you will only let me read and value this essay for the same reason.”

“ Mortimer, who at his last parting gave me the poor novel you speak of, is not a school philosopher, Anna ; but he is still an educated gentleman of mature taste and understanding.”

“ I have made no comparisons—I wish to

make none Maria; and perhaps you ought to be just as indifferent as I am to do so," interrupted Anna, her love, her vanity, and her enthusiasm taking fire at this turn in the conversation.

"Perhaps," Maria rejoined; "but be that as it may, Anna, let me now assist you to put up those braids which the last toss of your head has shaken about you; stoop forward a little, my love; for after all, our Harry must not find his favourite style of hair neglected; come;"—and Maria was proceeding in her sisterly task, when Anna, with some ungentle, and indeed unusual briskness of manner, tossed back her head more violently than ever, and saying, "thank you, thank you very much, sister, but I can use my hands, at least," began to twist and re-twist, and pile up her fine hair with great rapidity, and into most uncouth forms and coilings; continuing, after a moment's pause, to speak in a sharp and quick voice—

"But, Maria, since we have chanced on Captain Mortimer's name, may I inquire if, before he left the house to day, he thought proper to

explain to *you*, his strange manner when he was presented to Harry Tresham?"

"We have never since spoken on the trifling matter," Maria replied, still calmly; "nor do I care to trouble him farther about it;" this last assertion was, however, a little overstrained, as Maria really purposed to interrogate her lover on the subject.

"You might ask the gentleman, to oblige *me*, I think," said Anna, in increasing coldness.

"To oblige my sister in her slightest wish I would anxiously do any thing," resumed Maria; "but, one word, dear Anna, on a charge you have just made. You say I am ignorant of the matter you hold in your hands, if not incapable of understanding it. Let me inform you that since you got the manuscript from Harry, and while it lay on the table in this drawing-room, I attentively read it; and not unwarrantably either, though you look at me so, for you may recollect you said as much as that I might take that freedom. I read it, Anna, and perhaps understood it too; and it is from this knowledge of its nature and tendency I now speak."

“In the first place, then,” rejoined Anna, with vehemence, “you think me the child that must not be allowed to share the strong food that is harmless to a more womanly appetite; else why forbid me the consideration of this very essay you have yourself perused?—and next, let me ask you, sister, from what particular passage you judge the manuscript to be improper or dangerous?”—

“Taking up your last word, in preference, I do not hesitate to say that the whole is dangerous.”

“General assertions prove nothing, sister; you ought to be aware of that,” said the young logician, playing off some airs of superiority; “and since you have so attentively gone through the whole, you can surely afford to be more particular.”

“I admit I am no casuist, Anna, and you will not therefore expect from me a very correct method; nor, indeed, the good words you use with such ease to yourself; yet I can point out a particular passage. The object of the entire paper is to prove the re-appearance on

earth of the dead; and history, biography, and anecdote, nay, scripture itself, are all quoted to support the now childish belief. But the essayist, having to get over one unplausible common-place, namely, the rare occurrence, at present, of his supernatural visitations, has recourse to a theory of his own; he supposes"—

“That the visitation does not cease, although we are blind to it!”—interrupted Anna, in a deep whisper, suddenly bending forward and catching her sister’s arm—“that they come and go, over and around us, and are with us and present to us in our blindness!—that the air, and the shadows of the air, and the recesses, and the depths of place, teem with the busy and mysterious denizens of another world!—while to the eyes, made dim by the gross mind of our latter days, there has ceased to be given the seeing power of the days that are gone; though, if the primitive spirit could be reinstated within—and there is a way, sister, to bring that to pass—it would see, and hear, and understand, in a total freedom from vulgar fear, and in the wonder of knowledge, only, such signs and whispers of the to come, as must re-

deem us out of the bondage of mere human speculation, and elevate man's soul, even while pent up in man's body, to the intelligence of angels!"

Anna's enthusiasm had fully escaped during this piece of oratory; which, delivered as it was in a voice and manner of the strangest energy, while her jetty eyes flashed through the twilight, so much affected the rational calmness of the hearer, as, for a moment, to surprise and make her silent; and in the pause Anna triumphantly resumed, by asking—"and now, sister, shew me the danger of this!"

"It is easily done," answered Maria, successfully rallying her spirits;—and she was about to continue, when their younger sister, Bessy, accompanied by three of her playmates and cousins, entered the apartment, all inquiring why Tresham was so long absent; for he had made himself a great favourite with the juniors of the family, by his gentleness of manners, and the wondrous anecdotes he readily told for their amusement.

This interruption reminded Anna of the lateness of the hour; and sending the children

for their walking attire, the sisters agreed to suspend till another opportunity, their unfinished argument; for they made no question but Tresham would be with them in a moment; and their difference of opinion, and any little bitterness it might have drawn forth, were now more than forgotten in the sweet kiss, and the sweeter tears, interchanged between them; Anna, after a moment's reflection, becoming the first to negotiate a penitent, loving, and unqualified peace. Of the immediate point at issue, indeed, nothing was said; but it was acceded by the one that Harry Tresham was an amiable young person, of uncommon genius; and, by the other, that Mortimer was a finished gentleman, a worthy soul, and a gallant captain.

The children returned with hats, scarfs, and shawls, and the sisters assisted each other, in the scanty light, to adjust their habiliments. Then all sat down, anxiously expecting to hear, at every moment, Tresham's knock, below.

But some time escaped without his appearance; and, at first, Anna was surprised, and very much surprised; then she thought it unkind of Tresham, and very unkind; and, at last,

and when nearly an hour had elapsed, she grew angry and fidgetty.

“It is now so much past the time that I am sure he will not come,” she said, turning to Maria.

“He appointed to come?” asked her sister.

“It was his own particular appointment; and yet to leave me waiting for him, without a line, a word of apology, when he knows I wait for him and expect our evening walk—he never did so before—and is it kindly done, now, sister?”—

“It is not well, indeed, if he cannot well explain it.”—

“Oh, Harry Tresham has got another lady to love, that’s the whole of it,” said Bessy.

“Fie, Bessy, my love,” said Maria; “you should not let your good spirits teach you to say such strange things.”

“But I’m sure of it,” re-urged Bessy—“because sister Anna, herself, told me, that gentlemen never stay away from the lady they love first, until they begin to love another, better: and, besides, I heard you say to her, when Harry first came to the house, that you feared he was too young and romancing to love long

and in earnest. But I'll blab no more about it, if Anna finishes for me, and Mary, and Patty, and little Kate, here, the terrible story she began for us last night."

"Where did I stop, Bessy?"—asked Anna, willing to forget her disappointment in a theme always fascinating to her.

"Just where the spirit of the woman's husband appeared to her, twenty years after he was murdered, and in the very bed-room, a hundred miles from their own home," answered Bessy, under her breath, and moving, with her young companions, nearer to the elder sisters.

"Well," Anna resumed; "the shade told her to have a certain part in the inn-yard dug up, and there she should find the skull, with the hole in the right temple, made by the hand that killed him; and to get a certain chest broken open in the very house where she then slept, and there she should find the purse she had herself given him on the unhappy morning of his departure."

"Oh, 'tis frightful!"—whispered the child, whose merry laugh was now silenced, as, with her playmates, she cringed closer to the speaker.

The room they sat in was unusually spacious; and unusually gloomy too, as from the whim or bad taste of its original proprietor, the walls were divided into oblongs, covered with the raven-black marble for which the quarries adjacent to Kilkenny are celebrated. In the middle of the wall at the remote end, a door led into an inner apartment; and this was now open, giving an uncomfortable feeling of desolate space, and admitting through a window at the back of the house, the pale and visionary rays of the rising moon, which, intercepted and disturbed by the fluttering tops of trees that shot up to a level with the window, crept over the floor within, in a kind of self-animated motion. After the child's last words, a general pause ensued; and in a hush, like death, all seemed to hearken to the conclusion of the tale: the sharp tick of the old clock on the landing place, and the asthmatic breathings of a dog who slumbered on a mat at the near door, becoming, in the silence, painfully distinct: while by pressures of hand and foot, the terrified children directed each other's atten-

tion to remote parts of the room, where fancy had pictured some hideous chimera.

“ Did she obey him, Anna ? ”—at last resumed Bessy, in a voice that would have been inaudible but for the intense silence—

“ She did, and the skull and purse were found,” answered Anna, now not able to exert her own voice beyond a murmur ; “ and the next night, as she sat alone and expecting him in her chamber—that very same chamber—and by the beams of a late moon, the woman thought she saw ”—

“ Oh, stop, sister, stop, or come out of this large place ! ” interrupted Bessy.

“ Do, Anna, forbear, and let us go down to the parlour—or I shall myself go for lights ”—said Maria, who, in spite of herself, began to feel nervous, and was anxious to break the gathering illusion.

“ No, Maria, let us be as we are,” rejoined Anna ; and then continued, not observing that Maria had gone out through the near door—
“ I love this creeping gloom, though it chills me. The moon rises abroad in mist ;—and see ! almost the very effect I was describing :—look

through that door into the other apartment;—accidental folds of drapery, and other common forms seem to get horrid motion—cloudy masses curl through the corners—the darkness itself becomes instinct with life, as if the awful dead were there, listening in gratified silence, the tales of their own wondrous agency!—as if one of them was this moment moving towards us!”—

Another short pause of unmixed dread succeeded; and while the little hearts of the hearers throbbed in their bosoms, the door through which Maria had passed again slowly opened—then there was shrieking and clinging to each other!—But Tresham quietly entered to give re-assurance to the agitated group.

Anna did not rise to bid him welcome, for she was pettish at his breach of appointment, and her pride expected an apology before it would allow her affection to speak out. Her lover had slowly walked towards her and sat down by her side, and she waited and panted for his explanation. But none was offered. Not a word was spoken. The offended girl grew doubly hurt, and turned her head to look out at the window. Still he spoke not. Nay—

moved not; but there sat, wordless and motionless, like a stony image of himself.

The younger part of the company regarded this scene, first, with interest; then with astonishment; then with superstitious misgivings; and at last with terror. The attachment of the lovers was no secret to them, and all stared in wonder to see such a meeting between two who had never so met before; and soon the recent frenzy of their minds began to invest the scene with, perhaps, not unappropriate horrors. They looked close into each other's eyes; pressed each other's hands; and if they dared venture a whisper, it was only to remark how pale and paler he grew; how deeply his eye burned; and how unusually dark was his drapery. At length Bessy, either more courageous or more terror-stricken than the rest, and snatching energy from her very terrors, exclaimed—"Speak—speak, Harry Tresham!—My God! why do you not speak, sir?"

The words died away through the large and lofty apartments, but no answer was returned. Another pause followed; the children cringed, in a knot, together, and wrapt and wrung their

hands and arms around each other; then, after a moment, and as if by mutual consent, though no words had preceded the action, they slid softly from their chairs, and keeping their looks rivetted on Tresham, crept by him, until they gained the door, and then rushed wildly through it.

Anna was left alone with her unaccountable lover: and still she would not speak; though something more than offended pride now kept her silent! She had participated the shocking fancy of the children—she feared it was not her lover who sat beside her!—All their former discourses—all her cherished legends—the hour—the darkness—the predisposition of her mind—the tomb-like silence, only alive with the echoed pulsation of her own heart—every thing added to the horrible conviction.

She controlled her own respiration; she stretched the very nerves of her ears to hear him breathe—but she could not detect even that faint indication of humanity!—one flutter—one catch of his breath would have been rapture—would have flung her into his arms—but it came not!—

Amid all the whirl of her feelings Anna was, however, able to ask herself if it could be a trick that Tresham was practising upon her.—She recollected their conversation of the day, and for an instant thought it probable; and a recurrence, in the same breath, to her first cause of quarrel with her inattentive lover, came with still more effect to Anna's relief, who was yet sufficiently the woman to master even her consternation by her vanity: or, perhaps, she wished to assume an unconsciousness of real emotion, as the best means to escape the influence of the being who caused it.

“So—Mr. Tresham!”—at last, she cried out—“so, sir—you come here after your breach of appointment with me—to frighten the children of the family—and myself among the number!”—she paused for an answer: none came! and slowly rising she continued—“making me ridiculous to them—and ungraciously withholding the explanation you know to be due to my love and confidence!”—

Again she stopt, and only heard the muttered repetition of her own words, by the echoes around her. She dared advance a step—but

she had to pass him: and her voice at least must bear her company—"then, sir, if such silly and insulting silence is your humour—excuse me if—if I leave you to - - - - enjoy it!"

During the pause we have indicated in the latter part of the sentence, Anna swept by him, like a breeze, towards the remote door; as she approached it, he moved!—and this, although a moment before it had been the assurance she gasped for, now made her delirious with terror;—she plunged into the inner room—looked behind her—he was at her back!—The door closed on them; and in the outward apartment they had left, Maria, who had just then returned with a servant bearing lights, heard a heavy fall and a scream; and then all was silent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE same night, Tresham's servant, Larry, was aroused, by a great knocking, from a deep sleep into which he had fallen on a sofa in his master's chamber. Upon the first appearance of this person, we could not say of him as much as he deserves; but while now asleep, and before the knocking has called him into active re-existence, we shall make him and the reader better acquainted.

It would wrong many species of what are called the lower animals of the earth, to give Larry, equally with them, the instinctive cunning by which alone he walked his path of life; yet if nature had not allowed him enough of this attribute to make him a rogue at once, she certainly had allowed him enough to make himself one at his leisure; and perhaps, with the exception of pocket-picking and petty larceny,

he was not the lazy steward to hide his talent under ground. Even our exception may be disputed on the faith of certain anecdotes of Larry's conduct abroad, of which his master made no secret. Now and then, while sojourning in France and Italy, Tresham had given entertainments to some polite friends, and it was Larry's business, as well as his pride and glory, to see the table "furnished forth," for the honour of "ould Ireland and the young mather," as gaily as the tables of those at which they had been guests. Tresham's travelling plate-chest was not, however, equal to Larry's ambition; that is, so far as he allowed himself to canvass the matter, Tresham was of the same opinion; and some surprise therefore crossed his mind to see, on banquetting occasions in his lodgings, and just when his friends were about to sit down, various fine pieces of table equipage, of which he could not recollect he had before been master. On the first or second occasion of his surprise Tresham, supposing he must have miscalculated the extent of his own riches, said nothing, when new provocations to wonder appeared however, he ventured some inquiries that were

only carelessly answered ; 'till at last, startled by the appearance of a still new and massive piece of plate, in which part of the dessert was served up, and which he was quite sure did not belong to him, he turned to Larry, who stood at one side, rubbing his hands and gravely eyeing his master, and asked, "where did you get this, Larry?" but the sole reply was, while the man gave a kind of soldier's salute, by turning out the palm of his hand over his forehead—"up the country, your honor."

If any doubt existed, notwithstanding, of Larry's honesty, none could exist that he possessed, to a pitch of excellence, the inventive talent. Others might boast of having never told a lie ; it was his peculiarity that, to the best of his knowledge, he had never told truth ; certainly he had never yet told the whole truth ; and from consistent use, since his infancy, of this wariness of disposition, it now arrived that, even if he had wished, he could not tell it. Cunning, and a liar, and perhaps a thief, it might seem to follow that he was an immoral character ; but this would be rather an uncharitable deduction ; Larry told lies, not from a vicious love of

falsehood, but from the pleasure it gave, or the advantages he thought it might yield; he was cunning, because he had no other mental faculty to exercise; because of reason, in the true meaning of the word, he had not a jot: so that when he was not cunning, he was nothing beyond a misshaped mass of inert clay; and when he filched, it was only as the fox throws a goose over his back, without ever breaking the commandments.

Some, indeed, conceived that he was an accountable agent, inasmuch as he possessed, above the regular quadruped, glimmering notions of another world; but these notions existed in one shape only in Larry's mind; namely, a jealousy and fear of that world's undue interference in the concerns of this; and here was the puzzle of his character; how he could be very cunning and very credulous, appearing, at first sight, anomalous. To those who knew the history of his early life, and who had any experience of the inveteracy of early impressions, this seeming contradiction, however, soon vanished. Under the immediate tutelage of his mother, in whose

cabin Tresham, when a sickly child, had also received the elements of his present absurdity, Larry, from his cradle, was a firm believer in supernatural agency; nor could the maturity of his natural talent, nor yet his knowledge of the world, remove prejudices thus unconsciously formed and deeply stamped. The only way in which his cunning operated in this case, was to enable him occasionally to assume an apparent indifference of the terrors that ruled him; or to enjoy the terrors of others, or even to increase them, by exaggerating his own, some proof of which we have already seen in his conversation with Mrs. Catherine. But for this he suffered well when he was alone. Like philosophers, who sneer at misfortune in books, but who almost invariably cringe to it in their parlours or garrets, Larry, before others, strove to banter with his tyrants, but to himself and to his pillow, admitted in utter fear and trembling, the very great chance of a visitation.

Such finesse was partly the result of his travels, that in other respects scarcely improved him. Laughed at for his folly, wherever he

went, he had fortified himself against unnecessary humiliation ; and the world thus taught him to trifle with his mortal fears, in the same way that it teaches other ingenious young persons to trifle with the good principles they sometimes bring into it. And here we should mention lesser points of character that the wholesome ridicule of his fellows, particularly during his residence in England, had fixed in him. Larry began his travels the most broad-spoken and long-winded of Irishmen ; but, shouted at for his brogue and idiom, even more unmercifully than for his superstition, he admitted,—from the shyness of any thing national that invariably attaches to the vulgar of his country,—the justice of the rebuke, and did all in his power to benefit by it ; assisted by his cunning, and his watchfulness of himself and others, he spoke less and listened more ; retrenched his rich expressions and roundabout ; aped the words of his betters ; tried pithiness and briskness, now and then ; and grafting every thing on his still predominant brogue, at last partially succeeded in proving to the world that there moves

not on its surface so ridiculous a creature, when not of the first class, as a travelled and improved Irishman.

Strange, after all this, that he had a strange liking for his master; he would himself call it "a hankering regard;" but he had. It did not, indeed, resemble the love that any other creature bore Tresham, or could bear him; it was uneven, capricious, arbitrary, and in right of the patronage of the student's mother, bordering on the tyrannical. Perhaps their continued sympathy in the nonsense with which their brains (if one of them was blest with any) had been stuffed, might have helped to strengthen the bond between master and servant. Tresham,—although his supernaturals were now systematized so as to suit his intellect and education, while Larry's still lay huddled together in the primitiveness of raw material—liked to have some one to listen to his rhapsodies, and Larry, generally speaking, liked to listen, and felt perhaps a little vain, if not grateful, at being called to the office of listener; yet even this is uncertain, inasmuch as out of Tresham's new notions

on such subjects, or his presenting an old notion in a new shape, which was all the same to the hearer, Larry drew cause for serious remonstrance and misgiving. He did not admire Tresham's venturing alone into dangerous ground, whither, as may be inferred, he was unable to follow him; he did not admire the student's muttered soliloquies and aspirations, and his lonesome walks in the park, which now became frequent; in fact, he had a bad opinion of his master's ways altogether, and began to imbibe an undefined awe of his secret practices, with vague bodings of indifferent results. Very lately, they had spoken a great deal of the supposed power of the Evil One to confer superior knowledge and riches, on certain terms; and to Larry's view, Tresham pressed the subject too far, and persevered too long and too earnestly in getting an account of all he knew of the advantages derivable in such a case; he had even proposed to his servant such startling questions, as, "did he think the individual had ever really appeared at a summons? was it easy to obtain an interview with him?"

might he be depended on, in a fair bargain? and was it possible to overreach or outwit him?" Larry tried in vain to shift the subject when it came to this; gave evasive and temporising answers; drew a holy sign with his thumb on his forehead, and prayed aloud that his master and himself might be kept out of temptation and danger; and when it was his duty to leave Tresham for the night, withdrew in no very assured state of mind; he would say nothing; little said was soonest mended; but might he never see glory if himself liked to think about it.

On the evening of the adventure at Mr. Ruth's house, while ostensibly awaiting his master's hour for retiring to bed, Larry locked himself in, a prey to bodings of unusual force, and out of a certain pocket extracting a certain flask, called on it to dispel the terrors of his solitude, and, as we have seen, afterwards fell asleep. The furious knocking before mentioned caused him to jump up quickly, out of a slumber of he knew not how long; and then, after some staggering and scrambling, he shambled to the door, and, expecting to admit his young master,

opened it—but drew back on the moment; for there, instead of the person his half-closed eyes anticipated, Larry beheld, in the depths of the twilight, a tall, black figure, topped by a fiery-red face of severe and peculiar expression, with eyes that flashed, and a mouth that leered, he thought, maliciously at him. This personage also wore—a queue, the simple witted had called it; but, notwithstanding its point of origin, Larry to his grief and horror thought it might pass well enough for a tail; and in his hand, as he slowly paced after the servant into the middle of the room, he carried a shining black wand.

“I don’t like him at all,” muttered Larry, as he heard, unanswered, some questions concerning his master put to him in a hard tone by the stranger.

“Mr. Tresham not here, then?” repeated the visitor.

“What hour o’ the blessed night is it for the likes of him to walk in among us?” continued Larry, still in an under-tone discourse with himself.

“Tell me plainly is he here, fellow?” resumed the object of his suspicions, in a high passion.

“Not in this room as you persave—sir,” at last answered Larry; then aside—“musha, he’s as black as——.”

“Do you know me?” suddenly asked the stranger.

“Why then, not over-an’-above-well,” still edging off, and venturing a sly look at the visitor’s lower extremities. The other caught his glance; and then, after a moment’s pause, burst into a harsh and loud laugh, that, to Larry’s increased consternation, lasted some time, gradually gaining a horrid climax, as the provocative, whatever it was, became keener, until at length it reached an explosion of shouts that rang through the old building.

“Turn away your head, a moment,” resumed the visitor, in his own time; Larry complied, and this individual walked, with stumping feet on the boards, behind an old leather-backed chair, that completely hid the lower half of his figure, and resting his hands on it, continued:



“ Can you even throw a guess at me ? ”

“ I was a bad hand at a guess from a child up ; but myself thinks your honor looks like a civil gintleman.”

“ Do you believe that in your soul ? ” asked the stranger, eagerly ; “ answer me truly.”

“ I wouldn't like to cross your honor in any thing, or to say any thing wrong before man or my Maker ; but sure it can be no harm fur the likes of a poor boy like me to keep a civil word for his betthers.”

“ Am *I* your better ? ” still questioned the visitor, in a slow emphatic tone ; “ tell truth, I warn you again ; but that's no matter ; I can easily know whether you do or not.”

Under these circumstances Larry was silent. The question was repeated, and before it had been fully pronounced, he clapped his hands in the most natural way, looking out at the window, and said—“ oh the poor young mather ! its rainin' on him ! an' sure enough I hard himself say this very mornin' we were to have a gineral cessation of wet weather ; does your honor think so ? the Frenchmen are great judges o' the wea-

ther; they say it *plews*, when we say it's rainin', an' it *fais froid*, that is, it makes the frost, when we say it's only freezin'; musha, I always thought that very droll; was your honor ever among the parley-wows? they're a quare set o' sprissauns, every way: but where's the masther, is what I wondher."

"Aye, where is he?—not keep his appointment with me! and after calling me so often!—has he left the college, man?"

"Myself doesn't know to a sartainty; but I'm thinkin' your reverance 'ud maybe cum across him in the park, out there."

"*My* reverence! what name is that you give me?" said the stranger, very angrily, and his eyes looking dangerous; "tell me, fellow; what is your private opinion of—the old gentleman himself?"

"Murther!" roared Larry, suddenly thrown off his guard; but, reining himself in, he continued—"we ax your honor's ten thousand pardons—it was a cramp, or a thing o' the kind, that I got abroad wid the masther, an' it ketches a hould iv me, bad manners to id, an odd time,

in the calf o' the leg, here," and to keep' up *vraissement*, Larry stroked the part with his hand.

"Does it? suppose you were ketched, as you call it, by both legs together?"

"The Lord save me an' keep me! long threatenin' cums at last—I'm done for," shaking and chattering, and wringing his hands.

"Have a care what you mutter there," continued his tormentor—"do you smell any thing?"

"The nose o' me is no great things, please your honor; bud, if I war to say it, myself thinks there's as nice a scent as ever I got in my born days," answered Larry, in a real effort to cheat the devil in the dark, for, from his fright and fancy, it seemed to his nostrils as if the room had an abominable stench of sulphur.

"Well for you you think so; it saves you some time in altering your likings; but answer my question, plainly; do you hate and defy the individual I spoke of, or what? out with it."

"Please your honor, we're tould not to judge on no account, for fear of being judged in our turns; an' hard words upon people we know

nothing of, isn't a christen turn, the world over."

"Christian!"

"Yes, sir—or a thing that-a-way; a good turn, or a kind turn, or whatever plaises your honor best; an' sure, myself knows little o' the good gintle—the gintleman, I mane, in regard I never laid my two eyes on him."

"Look up!—are you sure of what you say?"

"Oh, my leg, my leg!"—stooping down, and rubbing hard with both hands—"oh, the divil, sich a cramp—the Lord forgive us! an' no offence to any one—bud the likes o' this cramp never ailed a born creature besides myself."

"You have twice heard my question without answering, and silence gives consent; that will do; say your pater-noster backwards."

"That's more nor I could do if ever so wil-
lin', in regard I never larnt it forwards, your honor; they had throuble enough wid me at home, about id, but sorrow a farther nor 'daily bread,' myself was able to get, from that day to this."

"All the better. Give me your hand."

“Bad end to me if I do then!”—muttered Larry, after another roar, and a plunge towards the wall, for to the door he could not get, as his visitor stood between him and it; then in a tone of simple humility, exquisitely feigned, he continued aloud—“*Me* give a hand to your honor? *Me* put my poor crooks under a gentleman’s five fingers?—avoch, we thank you kindly, sir, for the honor an’ glory you mane us, bud we hav’n’t forgot our manners so mooch as that, any how; we didn’t go among the Frinch for nothin’.”

“Did you ever hear from the person we talk about?”

“Musha, never, never; an’ I call God to witness, this blessed an’ holy night.”

“Are you so sure of that, either?” continued his catechist in a thundering voice;—“who bid you steal the silver cup at Venice?”

“Ja—s presarve us! it’s all over wid me!”—cried the discomfited man-servant; then turning round—“Stale, your honor!—stale a cup!—musha, then, what cup?—or what ’ud your honor mane at all?”

“Or the candlestick you slid into your pocket

at the saint's shrine in Paris?—who whispered into your ear to do that?—or the large salver you buttoned into the breast of your coat off the cardinal's side-board at Rome? who helped you then? Ungrateful scoundrel! is this the way you remember an old friend?—You! a fellow, that if the angel Gabriel came down, would have a grab at his silver trumpet!"

"Savin' your honor's favour," cried Larry, a little relieved that, after all, his companion did not know the true facts of the case, "an,' under your honor's tinder mercy, I'll tell you the rights of all that in a minute, an' as throe as if it war my dyin'-day; the little matther of a cup was bought out of my own lawful money, saved out of my lawful wages; an' it's now, I remember, that a little, bare-legged gorçoon—garçon they say among the parley-wows, an' it's very like the Irish, isn't id, your honor?—he cum up to myself in the broad noon-day, an' in the open sthreets, offerin' to sell id for a song; sure the silver-smith an' himself are alive an' to the fore this very day; an' as for that big ould silver dish—"

“ Silence, man!—I know you, and you know me; so enough for the present; what is your master doing in the park yonder? ghost-hunting?”—

“ Under favor to them, sir, myself has a kind of a notion that they’re kind to him.”

“ I long suspected it; and even now, I suppose, he invokes them under the moon in some of the shrubberies?”

“ Many’s the word is throe in guess, sir.”

“ Silly man, listen to me;” the stranger advanced.

“ Any thing in raison, sir;” and Larry drew back.

“ Stand where you are, and listen to me. Your master and you shall give up all this ghost business, and attend to something better that I can teach you both; and if I detect you humouring him in such nonsense—nay, if you do not this instant renounce and laugh at them and it”—

“ I was hired for a steady man, your honor, by his own mother, God help me”—demurred Larry.

“ You shall laugh with your whole heart and soul, I say !”

“ I can't, your honor ! myself doesn't know how.”

“ Or feel what I hold in my hand—come !—laugh out at all the ghosts in the world, or that ever visited it !”

“ I can't, sir ;—musha, I never could ! 'twas a want wid me, from my cradle !”

“ Then am I to work a miracle—laugh !” and he gently belaboured him.

“ An' wid my mother, sir—an' her mother afore her—it ran in the family !”—as in odd capers he expressed his dislike of the test.

“ Did it ? did it ?”—resumed the stranger, increasing his assault.

“ Hi, hi, ho !”—

“ Louder—a hearty laugh !—a laugh in earnest !”

“ Ho, ho—oh !”—and here he dropped on his knees.

“ What do you kneel for, now, you precious fellow ? But no matter ; kneel still, and listen to me further. Tell your master I am much displeased he should have left his chamber, to-

night, after my express commands to the contrary. You mark me?"

"I do—sir; we're afther markin' ach other."

"Say, too, I now go to seek him; and that if we should not meet, I will certainly come back to-morrow early. Did he bleed at the mouth since morning?"

"Only a little, your honor."

"How long have you waited on him?"

"Och, musha, sense we war weenuchs o' that hoighth, together," answered Larry, extending his hand, to illustrate his words, about five or six inches over the floor, for he was still in a kneeling position; "it was the will o' God that we war born for ach other; an' a bitther bargain he is to me from that day to this; for betuxt himself an' his friends, myself hasn't the life of a christen dog."

"Was he ever ill in this manner until to-day?"

"Once, sir, afore we went among the parley-wows; an' once over agin, afore we came to this place."

"Well; deliver my words carefully; and, ha, ha!"—he continued, raising his black wand at the door as he went out.

“Hi, hi,” responded Larry, and his visitor retired.

“What’s the use o’ my sayin’ the divil go wid him, sense every mother’s son goes away along wid his own self?”—he soliloquized still on his knees. Then Larry brought to mind, with remorse and apprehension, the words he had been compelled to use; the hour of the night and the place; for he recollected that only a few steps from where he knelt, there was a villainous black closet where Tresham kept unholy piles of skulls and loose bones, which the student consulted in his leisure hours of anatomical study: and, overcome with this knowledge, he asked pardon, in a mental aspiration, for his late transgressions, and was so zealously engaged that he did not perceive the entrance of his master, until, close at his back, he heard him say—

“What, at your devotions, Larry?—This is right; but I did not think you so godly.”

Taken by surprise, and under the influence of brandy only half slept away, Larry asked—
“*Are you the masther?*”

“ Why, you and I say so, Larry ; what’s the matter ? ”

“ Masther Harry honey, is id yourself ? ”

“ Fool, you rave out of sleep, or have been tippling : get away to bed ; or no ; stay a moment. ”

Larry convinced, arose, and said, “ I had one along wid me, sense, masther Harry. ”

“ Indeed, Larry ! may I believe you ? ”

The servant bared his arm, adding, “ I can shew you the naked thruth, sir. ”

“ What ! an evil spirit ? ”

“ The ould father o’ them all ; an’ more be-token, he left a message wid me for you ; bud am I to keep promise wid the likes of him ? ”

“ How did your visitant look ? what kind of person ? ”—Larry minutely described the face, figure, and dress of the individual, and Tresham turned away with a “ pshaw ! ”—disappointed and somewhat humiliated, that in the faithful portrait he could not avoid recognizing his medical attendant and old friend, Doctor Butler. This discovery produced another train of thought : “ The good doctor thinks too much of only slight symptoms and would inconvenience me with his rules ; yet I feel feverish and ex-

hausted ;” and the student flung himself on the sofa.

The moon, fully risen, streamed through a gothic casement at his back, and flickered on the opposite wall. Tresham looked long at it with half-closed eyes ; and he thought—fancy and fanaticism as usual on the wing—that spectrallight most fit to afford a doubtful illumination to the troops of spirits he believed to be busy in its beam. Wishing to enjoy it unmixed with the struggling rays of a lamp his servant had just lighted, he desired Larry to remove the lamp into the closet. The valet did not answer nor stir ; and when the command was repeated, asked—“ Which closet, masher Harry ? ”—

“ Which, fool ? there is but one ; quick, remove it.”

Larry at last took the lamp, with little energy of action, and scarcely opening the closet-door, thrust it in at arm’s length ; then hastily shuffled back to stand behind the sofa on which his master reclined.

“ How intensely the hour and the situation affects me ! ” resumed Tresham ; then, in a low, yet enthusiastic tone, he continued—“ Oh ! if

the shade of my dear departed brother could now unveil itself to us!"

"A merciful God forbid, sir:" said Larry.

"Appear, oh, appear, if you can, and if in zeal and belief, and simplicity of heart, I am yet worthy; appear, beloved Michael, and fill and enlarge my soul with the eternal secret!"—

—Something agitated the darkness near the door, and in a second after, a faint form shot close by the wall, intercepting and catching for itself the weak moonlight. A dim face turned towards him, and a clouded eye rested on his—it was Anna's!—changed in character and expression, as if countless time, and unimaginable events and existence, had come between him and her since their last happy meeting, still it was Anna's!

As Larry fell with a groan behind the sofa, Tresham started up, and at first free from supernatural fears, approached the figure, as for a moment it rested in the moonshine; and—"Good God, Anna!" he cried, "can it be you?—how generous to a poor invalid—I—" but he was here interrupted by the resumed

motion of the figure, which, before he had advanced two steps, faded back into the mass of shade, that, like funeral drapery, surrounded the door; and then it was seen no more in the apartment.

Tresham hastened to follow, when Larry cried out from behind the sofa, "Her Fetch! her Fetch!—don't daare to cross it, Masther Harry! don't stir a foot!"

"Fetch! Fetch!" echoed Tresham, the dreadful idea now for the first time seizing his mind—"Her Fetch! you have not seen the figure,—you could not! It was not like her—or if it was—she has heard I am ill, and though the hour is late, comes to visit me—It is so!—but let us be sure—follow me!"—and he rushed through the door.

"Never an inch if I could help it, an' if it was good to stay here alone," said Larry, standing up and looking round him. His first instinct was to arm himself with a light, and forgetting in the superior agony of the moment, his terrors of the closet, and only calling to mind that there was the help he wanted, he ran to the door and pushed it open. The violent

shock disturbed the peaceful fragments of mortality that lay on shelves around, and some of them rolled down, while all moved; the lamp, which burned in the middle of the small nook, glaring upon, and bringing out their ghastly whiteness. Utterly confounded, Larry emitted a cry, and snatched at the lamp, but in the unusual effort stumbled over a skull that kept a rolling motion on the floor, and not able to recover or balance his ill-contrived figure, fell flat; this brought a horrid clatter on his head; he scrambled about, grasping something cold and loathsome at every turn; finally, he kicked down, broke and extinguished the lamp, and soon after gaining his legs, ran, yelling, after his master.

Tresham, returning from a vain pursuit, met him outside the door, when Larry flung himself at his knees, and clung round them. The student, excited and over-wrought by other feelings, had no sympathy for his servant, but hastily disengaging himself, passed him and re-entered the chamber, and was in the act of shutting the door, when Larry with continued cries cast himself against it, pleading and

straining hard for re-admission. Tresham resisted him, and it became a trial of strength between master and man.

“ Let me in, for the love o’ the mother o’ saints ! let me in, an’ may you have a long life, a good death, an’ a favourable judgment !— Murther-anowns, Masther Harry, let me in !” he reiterated, growing furious, and redoubling his efforts—“ Would you shuv me out along wid her ?—what is to become o’ me, or where am I to go ?”

“ To bed—or to the devil !” answered his master, at last successful in slapping the door in his face ; and he instantly locked it and flung himself once more on the sofa.

“ You’ll suffer for this !” exclaimed Larry, outside, and now boisterous in despair—“ You’ll suffer for it, if there’s one in heaven, or your own mother on earth, to judge betuxt us !—I renounce you for a brute-baste of a masther !—I’ll quit you, an’ your ways, to-morrow mornin’ early, an’ tell, up to your mother’s face, how you’re goin’ on, an’ how you trated me !—let me in, I advise you !” —

“ Begone !” cried Tresham, “ or by heaven

"I'll shoot you as dead as Julius Cæsar!" and he rose, as if to prepare for executing his threat. The desired effect was soon produced, Larry, suddenly decamping, but not until he had growled, in much bitterness, and from a safe position at the side of the door—"Och! never fear you!—it's in you, to do it!—what's bred in the bone 'ill break out in the flesh!—God forgive you! an' the Redeemer look down on me this night!"—the last words were uttered as he descended the stairs, and Tresham at length had quiet, and opportunity to think.

The damp over-spread his forehead, the breath was pent up in his heart, his very life was chilled; yet Tresham felt more anguish than fear. Had he seen an unreal semblance of his mistress? This question, built upon his superstitious prejudices, was agony; he could not follow it. Was it herself, her real self, as he had supposed?—the probability was slight, yet he clung to it; affection and anxiety might have prompted her visit, and feminine delicacy might have caused her to shorten it, and act the silent and strange part she had acted. Then came another fancy. Although he had

been at first convinced that the appearance bore a likeness to Anna, still he argued to assure himself that he might have been mistaken; and he strove to forget its relation to her, by investing it with the character of the apparition of a beloved sister, who, some years older than Tresham, had died long before his visit to the continent. There was no time, he recollected, to form correct observations, nor ought he to pretend, in the imperfect light that the hasty moment had afforded, to have come to any different conclusion. He invoked the spirit of a brother, and the spirit of a sister attended him; he substitution in Tresham's conceit was plausible; as he dwelt upon it, the idea fully occupied his mind, and his bosom thrilled with a peculiar interest.

He had seen a supernatural being! and now first experienced the truth of a long-cherished theory. Tresham was brave; and even if he had not been an enthusiast, the recollection must not have unmanned him; but none save an enthusiast can tell, with what ease, with what deotion, enthusiasm "commends the ingredients of her poisoned chalice to her own lips."

Tresham had not power to admit the sentiment of fear while his soul revelled in the consciousness of direct communion with a spiritual essence.

In such a heated state of mind he thought it was impossible he could sleep, and therefore declined any preparation for bed; but he slept, notwithstanding, even where he was, out of place on the sofa. He slept, yet had no rest nor refreshment. The toiling spirit still sweated within, and Tresham was not sufficiently aware that physical disease lent to mental anguish its treacherous aid to shake and convulse him. Nightmare, in hideous variety, and accompanied by the sense of real occurrence that so terribly heightens the visitation, came upon him. He had not distinguished his lapse into slumber, and through the seemingly continued action, there was none of that rapid and mysterious self-relief that—by an agony of mind or soul too subtle and complex for waking recollection—gives, in the thick horrors of some hellish dream, the blessed assurance of our being only fettered in the “pains of sleep,”

which after a time of tyranny, shall leave us free and unharmed.

To Tresham's apprehension he still lay awake on his sofa, and he could distinctly mark each old familiar object in the apartment. In this state he saw the corse of her he loved stretched loneliness on the middle of the floor. He looked in stupified dismay, and then came in a crowd of people, some known to him as her friends and relations, but the greater part, strangers, and the voice of woe arose, tears blinding the faces of those who wept, till they blurred and grew indistinct under his gaze. He strove to start up, but a heavy weight held him; and now the corse hung with death-locked clasp around his neck, its icy cheek laid at one moment close to his, and in the next, removed, as the helpless head slipt off and dangled over his shoulder. He tried to scream, but, as is usual, without effect; and from a succession of such miseries Tresham awoke, haggard and very ill, in the morning light, to a certainty of real existence that proposed no immediate balm to the sufferings he had undergone.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY on this morning Mortimer called, by appointment with Maria, at Mr. Ruth's house. He found his mistress much agitated; she rose the moment he entered, and cast herself weeping into his arms.

"Tears, Maria! what has happened?"

"Oh, our poor Anna will go distracted, I think; such a scene as we had here last night, Mortimer!—Tresham—for who can assent to the childish superstition they would force upon me?—Tresham came late in the evening in such a shocking way to frighten us all; acting the part of his own Fetch—you know what the vulgar superstition is—sitting down in the drawing-room by Anna's side; there remaining motionless and speechless, and at last stalking away as he had entered, without a word of explanation."

“ Did you see him ? ”

“ No, I had just left Anna and the children together ; returning to the drawing-room, I found it empty—the children were escaped in terror to the parlour ; a servant attended me with lights, and as we stood a moment, wondering where all could have gone, a doleful scream reached us from the back drawing-room—the door was shut—I opened it—and discovered Anna, lying senseless at the threshold.”

“ Alone ?—was not Tresham with her ? ”

“ No—nor in the house, nor have any of us seen him since : but Anna remains convinced it was his Fetch, and has passed a dreadful night ; indeed, Mortimer, I fear for—for her reason, if not for her life ! ” and the sister relapsed into showers of tears.

“ The silly boy carries this too far, and must be checked,” said Mortimer, after a remarkable pause ; “ where can he be found ? ”

“ In his college rooms. But this seems to affect you differently from any thing I could anticipate, Mortimer. I knew that Anna’s indisposition, or any prospect of harm to her, would have grieved you, for all our sakes ; but now I

think you appear, along with your regret, to be moved by a kind of wonder and mystery ;—why did you pause so long, and look so absent when I spoke of Tresham's rudeness ?”

“ It was nothing—nothing, indeed, Maria,” he replied, with more endeavour to convince than the occasion required.

“ And now I recollect,” continued Maria, “ I have another question, though I rather dislike to ask it—why did you start yesterday when you met him ?”

“ To speak very candidly, Maria, I had rather not answer you—not at present, at least ; I know it is all folly—yet even folly grows dangerous by participation.”

“ You terrify me more than the story could ; I entreat you to answer me.”

“ Then to prevent worse, sit down with me and I shall. Previous to our breaking-up in America, we had an extensive encampment on the shores of one of those fine lakes that abound in the country. Almost the last night I spent in my tent, I remained up to a late hour. It was sultry weather, and I suffered the entrance

to be open, in order to enjoy the fresh breeze from the lake. After some writing and reading I reclined on a sofa, or a substitute for one, which, without facing the entrance, still allowed me, by turning a little round, to contemplate a glorious effect of the setting moon upon the water. In this situation I thought I caught, with my side-sight, the figure of some person passing at the back of my couch. I turned rapidly round. No one was there; but when I resumed my first position, I distinctly saw a stranger—and what made it then most remarkable, not in uniform; standing outside the entrance, and looking stedfastly upon me. The features were so peculiar, and their expression so unusual, that both sunk deep in my memory—that is, I thought they did.”

“ And Tresham’s features brought them to your recollection ?”

“ Yes, for an instant: but, as I before said, I have since felt convinced of the absurdity of the mistake, and I pledge my word I now regard the whole as a delusion.”

“ Did you ever see that stranger again ?”

“Never.”

“Did you speak to him at the time?”

“No: for on snatching my sword, and rising to challenge him for his name and purpose, he—it, I should rather say, or, in better words still, the whim of my own fancy, was no longer visible.”

“And when did this occur?” asked Maria, now for the first time infected in her turn with a superstitious feeling.

“Perhaps three months ago, or more,” he answered.

“I could heartily wish it had not happened,” resumed his mistress, “’tis a most distressing coincidence.”

Mortimer addressed himself to the task of assuaging Maria’s fears, when Tresham rapidly entered, ghastly and wild in his face and manner, and out of breath with anxiety to see Anna once more before him.

“She is not here,” he said, the moment he came in, “Good day, Maria—good day, Captain Mortimer—can Anna be seen, Maria?”

“I shall seek her for you,” said Maria, glad

to have an opportunity of consoling her sister with the news of Tresham's appearance, although, when he entered, Maria felt more alarmed than pleased at the changed expression of his face:—"you may come with me to the garden when I shall have got Anna down," she whispered to Mortimer, in passing him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Tresham," said Mortimer, so soon as they were alone, "that almost our first word must be one of formality; but I think you owe some explanation to the ladies of this house for your strange conduct last night."

"I know it, sir, and came prepared to offer it," said Tresham, "and to the lady who might have been particularly inconvenienced, I shall readily and anxiously apologize."

"Excuse my zeal, sir, but it was necessary."

"Oh, Captain Mortimer, in your place I might have so acted," said Tresham, indifferently, his whole soul bent on another subject.

"And you can also, perhaps, excuse my standing here till I witness the explanation."

"Sir!—this is over-chivalrous, I think," said

Tresham, more ruffled than at a less embarrassed moment he could have been. Mortimer was proceeding to speak when Maria re-entered, leading Anna by the hand.

The young lovers both started at the first sight of each other, their mutually disturbed and altered features, together with their mutual recollections of the past night, causing a common revulsion of feeling. But Maria whispering to Tresham—"she has been indisposed," he immediately recovered himself, and affectionately and gracefully advancing, said—

"My dearest Anna, you are resolved to chide for my strange behaviour, last night; but you will forgive me, when you hear me. I, too, was ill in the early part of the evening, and afterwards too stupid to explain, as I know I should have done."

"Ill, Harry!—oh! I am sure you have been very ill!"—said Anna, fixing upon him her eyes, that from an expression of wild agitation, had softened into tenderness, and now swam in tears; and she held out her hand, and both turned to converse at a window.

"You hear he has fully accounted for it,

Maria," said Mortimer, also drawing his mistress aside.

"I think so—I am sure he has—and I hope, to the entire satisfaction of Anna," Maria replied.

"Doubtless; her full confidence returns, see—she speaks to him without any restraint," continued Mortimer.

"It is quite enough, I am convinced, for the present fears and affection of my poor sister; and her natural anxiety about his health will serve to lull a crowd of smaller doubts and calculations of circumstances."

Here Tresham turned round, with—"Are you yet satisfied, Captain Mortimer?"

"Perfectly, brother, as you will permit a soldier again to call you."

"Now, my dear girl, are you not undeceived?" asked Maria, in a low tone, as the gentlemen discovered.

"I believe I should be—and yet——"

"Come, come, Anna, there is no truth so bright, but a willing mind may blow a doubt upon it."

"I will pray to the good God to put it out of

my mind—indeed I will,” answered her sister. Mortimer now led Maria out, and Tresham and Anna remained together.

“How very poorly you do look, Harry!” said Anna, after some indifferent conversation—“but come—the fine morning—if indeed you can attempt our old walk,” she added, sorrowfully.

“I can now attempt any thing,” he interrupted, forcing a smile.

“Then let us be gone,” she rejoined—“stay a moment, I will return equipped to accompany you.”

She gained the door, turned to look at him—and—“terribly changed!” poor Anna added, as she left the apartment.

“How shall I make my all but certainty certain?” thought Tresham, now left alone; “I durst not ask herself if last night she ventured forth to the college,—such a question must imply or reveal the circumstances—and *that*, to an over-sensitive mind like hers were no less than destruction; if indeed she has not been with me; if, indeed, it was the dreadful omen I fear it was!” for Tresham’s morning recollec-

tions did not permit him to call back, with any reliance, the notion of another agency, and his whole mind was at length divided between the appalling question of a real or supernatural visit from his mistress. Occasionally, perhaps, there stole in a doubt of the reality, in either shape, of the appearance; but as this implied a doubt of his own infallibility, or of his power to decide on the certain operations of his own senses, Tresham's vanity and fanaticism rejected it whenever it occurred; and he was willing to be supremely miserable rather than suppose, in his own person, a delusion that many have experienced.

The idea of speaking in confidence to Maria presented itself; but a fear that one sister might keep nothing from the other, a jealousy of Maria's incredulity of supernatural matters, of which he was well aware, together with a disinclination to give pain, joined to make him decline this course also. Tresham next thought of employing his servant; and perceiving, after a moment's reflection, no reasonable bar to such a course, he opened the parlour door and called Larry, who stood in his old place in the hall;

and who, forgetting all his extacies of the night, had, at an early hour shewn himself in his master's chamber, calm, if not penitent or sorrowful, and without uttering a word, began a general shaking of phials, in order to compound a morning draught for the invalid: "so, Larry; you will speak with the house-keeper before you return?" asked Tresham.

"If Mrs. Catty is willin'," said the attendant.

"Do so—and—and as you converse together, contrive to ask her, carelessly, if"—Tresham paused.

"I know, sir; the—the lady," whispered Larry.

"Why, yes, discover at what hour the ladies generally retire for the night: in fact, at what hour they retired last night."

"Afore twelve, masher."

"Then you have already asked the question?"

"Not yet, sir; bud do we want a witch to tell us?"

"Peace; and obey me. I have already charged you, on your life, to conceal from every human

being, the circumstances you last night witnessed in my chambers."

"An' so you did, sir, God bless you."

"By heavens, if you dare divulge a sentence—a whisper, I will with my own hand ——."

"Avoch, we know all that; an' we thank you."

"Sirrah?" Tresham looked angrily at him.

"An' for the same raison we'll take good care," continued Larry, moving towards the door.

"Stop a moment—you followed me out?"

"I think I remember it," replied the servant.

"Did you observe any thing?"

"Not at that present time, sir; but afther."

"That is, when you went down stairs?"

"I believe so."

"Well—what did you notice—and where?"

"When I got to the top o' the stairs, her ladyship's reverance standin' at the bottom."

"Did you descend that flight?"

"Aye, sir, God help me."

"And then?"

"An' then her grace was on the next landing-place; under me, still; an' then on the next;

an' so on 'till she wanished round a pillar in the great hall, houldin' up her finger as much as to say—no farther, Larry, if you're not out o' sorts with the little life I've left you ; I didn't take her advice, bud was fur goin' into my room, when, just as I had my hand on the latch, an' the door open, I fell over her in the dark, where she stretched at last, a could stiff corpse, across the threshold."

The student shuddered as this brought to his recollection the throes of his own wretched sleep.

"Were you tipsy, last night?" he asked, in a moment after.

"Why, then, not over an' above," was the answer.

Tresham remained silent. "I may go to Mrs. Catty, sir?"

"Aye, hang, or drown—or damn!" replied Tresham.

"Avoch, we thank you kindly;" and Larry withdrew.

"Mysterious power!" thus arose the aspirations of Tresham's heart, while he remained alone. "Great Cause and common Father, who sendest thy signs and revealings for preparation,

make this untrue! Summon not yet—oh, not yet! from thy beautiful world, the fairest and gentlest being thou has sent to adorn it!—oh! it is thrice terrible to stand by a creature so fair—to hear her voice—touch her hand—and see her shining and breathing near us, yet know, that, in the house of death, the dim dead await her, counting every pulsation of her heart, till that which shall complete the fated number.” He wept and spread his hands over his face, and was thus surprised by the hasty entrance of Anna.

“ Now, Harry—but why are you agitated?” she said.

“ A passing pain, my love—’tis gone.”

“ Entirely gone?” she continued, advancing and taking his hand, her mind wrung with pangs of the very same nature of her lover’s.

“ Oh, yes!” he replied, smiling faintly, as, with action that betokened a mixture of deep love, sorrow, and almost reverence, he breathed a kiss on her beautiful forehead.

“ Let us have our walk, then,” Anna resumed, “ and for your sake we shall walk slowly, Harry:—but tell me;” and she stopt at the

door—"I think you yesterday said that you were, yourself, a melancholy authority for the truth of —— Fetches."

"I spoke to that effect, indeed," said Tresham, scarcely able to conceal his emotion.

"Indeed!" resumed Anna, echoing his word with an alarmed tone—"there is a deep meaning in every thing you say—let me ask you how?"

"Some other time, my beloved—or after our walk—the morning wears away—some other time"—and offering his arm he strove with poor smiles, to disguise his own heart, and comfort hers.

"It must be now, Tresham," said Anna, disengaging herself, and sinking in a chair, while she earnestly motioned him to sit beside her. Influenced by the solemnity, if not command, of her tone and manner, Tresham, after a pause, obeyed.

"I had an elder brother. He was, too, my only brother. He went with Wolfe to America, and I remained in my father's house. Many months lapsed after his departure, before we received any letter from him, and our anxie-

ties rose very high. One night I dreamt a dream—one night that, in tears and misery on his account—for I loved him as my own heart's blood—I had lain down in bed. I was in a street, in a strange town, and followed, I knew not how, in the mournful train of a soldier's funeral. The roll of the muffled drums, and the occasional thump of the great drum, together with the shrill, and, always to me, heart-rending hymn or lament, played by the fifes on such occasions, filled my ears, and I wept even before I had a more immediate cause for sorrow. After some time the dream changed. I was in a lofty church, also strange to me. I looked around; the mouth of a vault was open, and a coffin, that which I had followed, lay near to it. I advanced, and looked upon the coffin-lid, and the name of my brother, with his age, and the date of his death-day, now met my eyes, printed in black letters on a ground of white metal. I shrieked and awoke. It was past midnight. I arose, got a light, and from the distinct and vivid perceptions of my dream, made in my common-place book, which I will shew you, a sketch of the coffin and inscription. The date,

by an inconsistent anticipation of the vision, was of the next day after my dream. But it was the true day," added Tresham, in a sunk voice.

"He died on that day, then?" Anna asked, and her lover assented by a mournful inclination of the head.

"But, Tresham," she resumed, "this is a dream, and not a Fetch story," and Anna felt and looked relieved.

"Listen. I have commenced with this, only for the purpose of leading to the matter in point. After the close of the next evening I sat, alone, in my study. I should, indeed, say it was night, though not far advanced into the night. A figure came before me. Wrecked and wretched as he stood, I knew my brother! The figure, when, for a moment it had shot its unearthly eyes into my soul, passed through a door to an inner chamber, from which there was no returning but back again into that it had left. Thither I followed, locking the door after me, that the vision and I might be alone, together."

"Horrible!" said Anna, drawing in her breath.

"Thither I followed—but saw nothing. And

I never saw my brother more!—That night, and that hour, he expired in America.

“That hour and night!”

“Yes. As in the former case, I took a note of the day of the month and week, and the hour of the night, at which the Fetch had appeared to me; and our minute and authentic accounts afterwards pointed to the very moment.”

“’Tis dreadful. Come—the morning is far advanced:” and Anna, suppressing her feelings, and trying to hide them under the appearance of a bustling arrangement of her dress, rose up.

“Dreadful it is, Anna—but oh—too true! This has affected you; or, you are more seriously indisposed than to my inquiries you will admit—or—or—have watched late last night—oh Anna!” — Tresham continued, as, overwrought and almost thrown off his guard by the increased conflict of his recollections and terrors, he was on the point of asking a solution of what he most feared and doubted. He grasped her hand—looked into her eyes—but in a moment checked himself, and extending his arm—“Come, then, our walk!” he said, and led his mistress out.

CHAPTER VI.

MEANTIME, Larry, in obedience to his master's commands, obtained a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Catherine. It may have been observed, from this person's former style of conversation with Larry, that, either she thought he had a tender inclination for her, and saw no reason for discouraging it, or she wished to inspire him with one, and was therefore very sweet on honest Larry. What may have been his opinions on the point it is hard to say ; but on the whole we rather predicate that he had a general apprehension of the state of Mrs. Catherine's heart, or of the drift of her politeness, and affected accordingly the utmost innocence and unconsciousness.

In truth, the housekeeper was arrived at, if she had not passed, the grand climacteric, under the influence of which, with reverence be it

spoken, ladies of all ranks feel disposed to do strange and startling things, rather than any longer run the chance of a certain odium. Nature had not been as bountiful to Mrs. Catherine's face, as to her undisputed talent for jellies, jams, pickled mushrooms, and conserves of every description; and during her unlovely youth, the virgin, yet too green to stoop to a renouncement of her sex's privilege by originating any solicitation, remained unwooed, and, of course, unwon. After the pure and peaceful lapse, of nearly twenty years, she began however to look about her; and, despising the scruples of her teenish days, bluntly, or adroitly, ventured many a "bold stroke for a husband." That she had hitherto failed, her present anxious situation made known—(notwithstanding the matronly affixture to her familiar name, which by the way was of long standing, and a cruel anticipation, by the world at large, of a fate which Mrs. Catherine neither courted nor, indeed, merited)—and we record the fact, rather in astonishment of the blindness of man, than with any triumph over the unwilling maiden.

At the time that it is to our purpose to be-

come eaves-droppers on the conversation between her and Larry, we discover the valet evincing considerable uneasiness at a chance remark that fell from his admirer: and—"what? eh? last night, Kitty?—how, Kitty?"—he said.

"I tould you once afore, Larry, as much as that I thought my name sounded betther, another way. But no matter for that, only as the hereafter may be; I say he cum here, last night, stalkin' in, an' stalkin' out, like his own ghost, an' never sayin' a christhen word, but lavin' my poor Miss Anny stone dead on the carpet."

"An' deliver us from all evil!"—muttered Larry, concluding aloud a prayer he had, in his consternation, mentally begun. This rather discomposed his friend, and she inquired—"Didn't he come? didn't he? oh, Larry, honey, didn't he come? or—as Miss Anny said—was it his Fetch, indeed?"

"I see my way in a vartuous lie"—thought Larry, afraid, as much as he was cautious of the black secret of which he thus thought himself possessed to Mrs. Kitty—he continued—"in troth an' he did; an' for why, no?—an' what

use of a man's ghost, when his own flesh an' blood is ready and willin' to stand in his place, —Catherine?"—

"Then he *did* come?"—

"He did, to be sure; an' myself had to wait for him an hour at the college."

"Musha, good loock to your heart for that, Larry; I said it to Miss Anny, all along, an' now I can make her so sure, entirely, poor thing!"—

"Arragh, do now, Catherine, an' God 'ill bless you."

"Faith, an' I will then, an' more an' more for your axin' it, Larry. But, Larry, agra, you're in grief, killin' grief—he's quite changed since yesterday, poor fellow," continued Mrs. Kate, in a reverie: "he thinks there's sich a differ' between us; but he's a claner boy nor that big rap, Paddy Kinshela, that passed me by in the chapel-yard, last Sunday se'n'n't, after last mass; a better boy, too, an' a gentleman's own man——Larry, à-vich, never let it break your heart, I say," she concluded, again addressing him.

“What does she mane at all?”—queried Larry to his own breast—“did I tell her yet?—Musha, I’m a blind kitten aff I think I did.”

“Take courage, man; a faint heart never won a fair lady; out with it; what kills, cures,” continued the housekeeper.

“Does she want to pump me?—two words to that bargain,” reasoned Larry.—“Catherine”—

“Well, honey?—he looks just as if he’d come down with it, at once,” added Catherine to herself—“only for his modesty, an’ all that.”

“Aff a simple boy might ax you, Catt—Catherine, what o’clock do you all go to bed at, in this house?”

“There’s a round biginnin’, tho’, after all his modesty!”—thought Mrs. Catherine, chuckling in her very heart—“Why, then, to tell the truth, Larry, one may say about eleven, tho’, sense you must know all, myself sometimes stays up, at one matter or another, after the young ladies, good loock to them; an’ a weary hour I have of it, Larry; for of all the hours from Monday-mornin’ to Saturday night that we poor sarving women know, there isn’t one so lonesome entirely, or one that gives us the

heart-scald so well as that; it's then we think of all we have to do an' look after, an' all the odds an' ends we have to put together, an' divil a drop, God forgive me for swarin', to rise our hearts, for we never taste it alone; och! musha, you know little about it; a noise frightens us—an' it's only the big red cat, an' no sweetheart, after all; instid of one like him to be talkin to us, the window goes backards an' forwards with the wind; if a scratchin' comes to the dour, it's only a rat as big as a calf; an' thin the clock strikes twelve to warn us of going to bed an' gettin' up ever so early; an' so we say our prayers for nothin' an' lie down in our bed as could as any thing."—

"Musha, more's the pity; an' myself is long-sorry for your lonesome hour,—about eleven, isn't it, one time with another?—*they* never stir, after?"—

"Between ourselves, Larry, hardly ever; an' my saarvice to you, Larry," continued the house-keeper, sipping a glass of cordial, after she had filled and pushed another to the valet—"bar-rin some odd nights; some out-o'-the-way-nights, like last night, now—"

“ Avoch, aye ; sure I know you were all up late, last night,” said Larry, very simply, while he drank to Mrs. Catherine’s health.

“ Oh, the prowlin’ dog ! he saw the light at my windee !”—surmised Mrs. Kate to herself—
“ yes, indeed, Larry ; I wasn’t in my bed till after twelve.”

“ An’ the ladies afore you, by coorse ?”—

“ Aye, faith, Larry, honey, more nor half an hour.”

“ An’—my saarvice to you, Catharine,—case, a body axed, if people that can love, ever step out o’ nights, when the family are snug, asleep, to whisper a bit with their sweethearts ?”—

“ Oh the impident thief ! the plotter ! the brazen-faced fellow !” she inwardly ejaculated—
—“ Musha, Larry, agra, you have no shame in you, nor no fear o’ God or me ; an’ yet, to be genteel with you, I may say—tho’ *I* say it that shouldn’t—that supposin’ myself, here, loved so well, entirely, as to do the likes, faith, I might step out, for a start, into the garden, or a thing that-a-way”—

“ An’, unknownst to any one ?” asked Larry.

“ Musha, yes, unknownst to the wide world,

Larry; that is, case why, I liked a body; for likin', you know, goes a good way; tho', for that matter, it 'ud well become me to be on the look out, as the ladies sleep so near me—"

"Do they, faith? aha, Kitty! so *you* might, only if you liked, an' they couldn't, if you didn't like it, too? isn't that the way it is?"

"Sure enough, Larry, à-vich."

"So, Catherine, there's last night, now, you might if you liked, an' none of them might if they liked? an', I'll be bound, you could give your oath, for every night in the year, that, down to this blessed moment, they never tried any sich thing?"

"Aye, my book-oath; you're a witch, Larry."

"I'm a conjuror's walley-the-shambles," answered Larry to himself—"or I saarve two masters, or a limb o' the divil; an' when he's married," he went on, beginning, unknown to himself, to articulate his thoughts—"then I'm to saarve two misthesses, into the bargain:" and he groaned aloud.

The word married reached, above all that he had muttered, Mrs. Catherine's ear, and his groaning affected her with an ungovernable com-

miseration; so that now assuming her softest tone, she said—"but, Larry, jewel, I'm for rather givin a spare hour, here, at our own fire, snug an' warm—the best nights are couldish, Larry—than in the out-o'-dour way you spake of."

Larry was silent. In fact, he heard her not.

"So that, Larry, if a body tapped—as low as any thing—at this little windee, to-night, about half after—Musha, what ails him?" she continued to herself—"if ever I saw sich a man in love, in my whole life, afore!—but it's the truest love"—then aloud—"or, as for the matter o' that, an' sense you're for spakin' so soon about comin' together in the hould-fast way, Larry, sure there's father O'Shaughnessy that we both know"—

"Bother!" interrupted Larry, on whose abstracted sense the last serious words had made some confused impression; and he rose up.

"Bother!" echoed Mrs. Catherine, "why, you good-for-nothin' thief, would you wrong me, that-a-way? ax me your questions, an' then say, bother!"

"Gatty," said Larry, manning himself with gravity and dignity; "I'm a boy, d'ye see me,

to cry bother whin, an' where, an' how, I like, sooner nor make away with my mother's son."

"Make away!" Mrs. Catherine repeated, also rising, after having first snatched back the second untasted glass she had filled for her imaginary lover; her face assuming, from its first furnace-glow, a livid paleness, and her lips sharing the angry convulsion that shook her whole body.

"Make away! och, I'll larn you to do that! get out you—you—" spasms of anger choked her further speech, or the epithets she thought worthy of Larry were not so easily found, or her mighty conceptions were too big for utterance; "you—you—" she repeated, clenching her hands by her side, stamping her foot, and gradually advancing on Larry, who, however, was not to be had in such a way; for from the moment Mrs. Catherine snatched his glass of cordial, he foresaw the coming storm, and arranged to avoid it, taking, for every step she advanced on him, as good a step backward, till at last, and ere she had power to use tongue or claws, he was over the threshold, and the door banged in his face.

“ Well, à-vich; glory, honor, an’ praise for all,” he afterwards soliloquized, in christian patience, on his way to the college; “ an’ yet here’s one poor boy like me, in the coorse of one night an’ mornin’, visited an’ bet to chaff by ould Nick; put on a ghost-hunt; sent to hang, drown, or to blue blazes by his jewel of a mather, an’ now trated in this manner by an ugly woman.

“ Well. Any more o’ the yarn? My name is Larry, an’ I keeps with an evil deception, a divil’s make-believe, a divil entirely, I think, that puts on my mather, that he may make sure of my mather’s man. But if it’s not himself, where did I lose him? Did we lave him after us, abroad, or—thonomon duoul!—was he never with me, at all, at all?—I’ll make him say the Lord’s prayer along wid myself, this holy an’ blessed night, which no imp daares do—an’ I’ll have none of his beginnin’ at the wrong end, either—aye, I’ll do this, or ax my death for not knowin’ my catechism.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE young lovers took their morning walk. Romantic minds will seek out romantic and lonesome scenery, and Tresham and Anna, declining the more frequented promenade that followed the windings of the Nore, at the side opposite the college, chose a wilder path, upon which they arrived, after walking through a crowded and disagreeable suburb. It was locally called "the Lacken," (a term expressive, we believe, of precipitous ground, when it overhangs water,) and also led along the banks of the Nore, facing the public walk, but was sufficiently distant to escape intrusive observation, and offer all the pleasures of free discourse.

In the helps it gave for enjoying prospects of the beautiful and peculiar scenery of the distant town and accompaniments, this walk had another advantage over its fashionable rival.

Sometimes ascending half way, and sometimes entirely to the tops of a chain of precipitate hills, that for more than a mile attended its course, it alternately supplied picture and bird's-eye views; and at its various well-known points of sight, Tresham and Anna often lingered, pleased to divert, though in silence, their mutual depression of spirits, by gratification in the least sensual way of, perhaps, the most sensual of our perceptive organs.

From a particular spot they dwelt long on a singularly fine view. To their left, in the middle distance, arose the old Ormond Castle, now displayed in its separate parts, that is to say, two circular towers connected by a comparatively low line of building, in the centre of which was a spacious arch-way, the entrance to the courtyard: from one of the towers, and at about right angles with the first-mentioned sweep, approached, in perspective, an imposing mass of the edifice, commonly regarded as the castle's front, shooting up, over the roof, a battalion of gothic chimneys, and abounding, as did also the two towers, and the roof, in square or an-

gular-topped windows of various size, round each of which was an indented edging, painted white upon a cool gray ground, the pervading colour of the pile. - It would be difficult to assign this building to any order of architecture, classic or gothic; still some features of both, the gradual intermixture of different eras, appeared; much of the character of an old dwelling-house, independent of either, might also be traced through it, but on so large a scale as not to take away the more important idea of a castle; it was altogether a noble and picturesque object; and there it sat upon its green lawn, and amid its rich trees, visible from the foundations over a flanking wall of forty feet high, at the base of which swept the public walk, still rising many feet from the bed of the river; and at last shone out the unruffled river, narrowing as it curved round the college park in the distance, but spreading as it came nearer; those stony barriers that cause a fulness of stream for manufacturing purposes, checking it at two different stages, and forming alternately a placid lake or reservoir, and shooting falls of foamy,

roaring water; a different river from what it was when Spenser sung it,

—“The stubburne Neure whose waters gray,
By fair Kilkenny and Rosponde bord’”

To the right of the castle came in—as a painter would say—bits of the town, caught through masses of foliage; in nearly the middle of the picture arose two spires, one of St. Mary’s church, the other of the market-house; lower down in the same line was the old college, bounding its park, and half seen through trees, still; yet further to the right appeared the grotesque steeple of the cathedral of St. Canice, and by its side, one of the highest of those famous round towers, of which the purpose, era, and indeed, entire history, remain a puzzle to antiquaries; and as at the left-hand the picture commenced with the Ormond Castle, it was balanced, at the right, by another old fabric, about equi-distant, but in ruins, and with a freedom of touch that even a master can only imitate, painted by the pencil of time, into every variety of brown, gray, and yellow tint. We have said that, as they swept to the right from the castle,

the houses of the town were only occasionally seen through intercepting foliage; this feature ran over the whole scene, so as scarcely to give the idea of a busy haunt of men, nearly two miles in extent; and thus the curious eye had a rare subject of city and landscape going hand in hand; of nature and art; of embowering solitude and hidden bustle; of the freshness of God's work, and the pilings-up of man's labour. Behind the whole middle distance of spires, towers, glinting slate roofs, trees, and water, rose the more distant country, sloping and swelling, spotted with villas and plantations, and bathed in the blending mist and sunshine of the morning; and farther still appeared doubtful lines of blue mountain, brought out, or mixed with the wreathed clouds, according to the changes of the dazzling light, and swimming atmosphere. Notwithstanding that it was the hour for kindling fires in every town and city the world over, no foul interfusion of smoke dimmed the brilliance of this favoured view; Kilkenny being protected from such a nuisance by a clause of the old proverb (quoted even by Ledwich) that blesses her with "water without

mud, land without bog, fire without smoke, and streets paved with marble;" so that a summer-morning sun and air sparkled and wafted over the lightsome and unique beauty of the scene, as freshly as it might have done over far and uninhabited solitudes.

The lovers pursued their walk along hill and river, narrow path and green sward, until they at last reached a plantation of old trees, known by the name of "the wilderness," where the near noise of waters came upon their ears, and all else was repose.

They sate on a shelving bank that had the boiling stream below, and the gnarled oak overhead; both were unusually silent. Even the charms of the scenery, as they came along, had not had power, however they might have mutually enjoyed it, to provoke much observation from either; Tresham spoke not a word; while Anna's voice, when she ventured a remark, sounded tremulously and broken. They continued for some time watching the bubbles that, self-blown and self-burst, chased each other away, and were no more: a fit image of the troubled and vain thoughts, which occupied the

minds of both. At last, after many catching efforts to begin, Anna abruptly broke silence.

“ Might not that appearance of your brother be a delusion, Harry? Might not a mind, filled as yours was, by your fears and previous dream, with one object, paint it to the eye so vividly as to deceive the eye ?”

“ Perhaps;” he inwardly shrunk as he spoke, “ yet, according to the consistency of things, certainly not; a mere delusion, such as you mean, would be more fleeting, more undefined, more general, more unreal, and above all, less capable of the continued deceit of continued action, than a Fetch, such as it is described to us—and—indeed, such as I have—once—seen it.”

“ You told me the other day you had been considering a theory to prove, on consistent grounds, the reality of Fetches; I should like to hear it now, Tresham.”

“ It would be too long and complex for your attention,” he said, painfully anxious to avoid the torment he had created for himself. But Anna seemed resolved that the childish scourge his own weak hands had prepared, should vi-

sit his proper back; as to herself, her mind was in that battling state of suspense, that urges to tempt the worst certainty rather than remain in doubt.

“I am not the mere girl your answer would seem to make me, Tresham; I can here mention the preparatory argument which you told me should go before the direct proof. Did you not say it was necessary to begin by shewing that the creatures and scenery of our dreams are not the imaginings of the mind, but real beings which occur to our waking souls, or through which our souls wander for the time?”

“That is the first step, indeed,” he answered, somewhat beguiled by the flippancy of his mistress, “and it gives me inexpressible pleasure thus to witness the gradual arrangement of your naturally fine mind, Anna;” and Tresham kissed his pupil.

“Then go on, at once, with your theory,” she resumed; “first make me understand the system of dreams; I shall listen attentively.”

Tresham’s love and vanity balancing his more bitter feelings, he obeyed this command; and in order to shew the kind of boyish puzzle with

which he was in the habit of tantalizing his own and his mistress's intellect, his theory is preserved.

“If dreams happen in the mind, they are its acts. That is a simple proposition, and one easily understood.”

“I understand it perfectly.”

“There cannot be an act of the mind without the mind's own knowledge. You might as well suppose animal motion without life; for, in truth, consciousness is the life of mind; without it you not only can have no mental act, but you destroy mind itself. I think—that is—*I know* I think—and therefore I am—was the brief but profound syllogism of a great philosopher, who spent years in an inquiry after his own possible existence. You follow me, Anna?”

“Every step. Proceed.”

“Thus, then, the mind never acts but when it knows it acts. Recollect that. There is an after-operation by which it can assure itself it has acted; and another by which it perfectly remembers the knowledge it had of its own act while performing it; and both are as neces-

sary as the first to stamp any act as its own, to satisfy it; for unless it be thus satisfied, it has not acted at all. Can you shew me, by an illustration, that you understand this?"

"Yes—I think I can. This morning, very early, I wished to see you before me. That wish was an act of my mind; first, because I knew I was wishing at the time; secondly, because I now remember that knowledge; and thirdly, because I can call up the wish as my own. Am I right?"

"Perfectly. Let us take another step. Belonging to these necessary tests for ascertaining its own act, are smaller powers of the mind, which may be exercised whenever the great ones are exercised: and one of these is its assent to continued action, or its capability to break up continued action, at pleasure; to change, or stop it, altogether. For instance; if a man is thinking of a horse's head, he may, if he chooses, change his thought to the spire of a steeple, before he has proceeded to consider any other part, or limb of the animal; or if his ideas range over the side of a mountain, he may rapidly transfer them to a crowded street, before they

have extended themselves to the summit of the mountain. Is this plain?"

"Nothing can be more so."

"Now, then, we have to try a dream by these rules, and so decide whether or not it is an act of the mind, occurring in the mind. Has the mind any such attendant consciousness of dreams? any such after-recognition for them? Certainly not. I particularly speak of continuous dreams; not the snatchings of a second; not points of action; but such as are made up of the flowing of those points into connected lines of performance. And here we see the *human mind* admitting its non-consent to the action of a dream; its want of power to have accompanied it, to have broken it up, to have changed or stopped it. But all these privileges it should have necessarily possessed in order to stamp the dream as its own act. Possessing none of them, the dream cannot be its act; cannot have happened in it; and is consequently an occurrence distinct from the human mind. I appeal to your own recollections and experience, Anna.

"What you have said is very clear. I cannot deny it. Yet I have a difficulty. Only

one person can have one particular dream. If it is not the act of his own mind, it must be the act of some other—some—I am getting a little confused—of some other individual. So, here is another person dreaming my dreams, and—” continued the metaphysical girl, with a half smile and whole blush—“ I do not understand this, Tresham.”

“ Nor is it natural you yet should ; you have all the merit, however, of seeing the difficulty : and it remains for me, by my new system, to reconcile this obvious contradiction in the old one.”

“ Then since we have seen that dreams are not the acts of the mind, you must shew an impossibility, by still connecting them with the individual who dreams them.”

“ The thing is far from impossible. Attend.

“ Every human individual is composed of three distinct parts ; namely, body, mind, and soul ; the soul as different from mind, as mind is from body ; the soul immortal ; mind, as well as body mortal, and to perish with it : the soul created before both, and to live after both, independent of every thing but God ;

and here, in the better part of our present selves is our future and better existence; an existence of full apprehension, unshackled by the mechanism of mind; by reasoning, recollecting, or combining."

"That gives me a new, and awful, and sublime idea," interrupted Anna.

"But, by a decree of God," continued Tresham, "we live on this earth, less by our soul than by our mind and body; that is, in the compound machine, man, mind and body predominate over soul; and although it is the true intellectual prompter, the source of perception and power, we can only become conscious of its workings and nature at the pleasure of the mind, to which it is always bound to communicate itself, and which, lamely and imperfectly, re-models such communication. By an inscrutable decree, man is thus doomed to know and estimate himself for a time, by the predominance of an inferior portion of his mixed being, only."

"It is wonderful and beautiful!" said Anna, her cheeks and eyes lit up.

"This thralldom of the soul must continue,

during life, with the exception of snatches of freedom which it enjoys when the mind and body suffer the temporary death of sleep. But, then—as, after their final death it shall escape into everlasting liberty—the never-winking spirit sometimes eludes its vulgar and tyrannic keepers; being compelled by destiny to return home to its house of bondage, so soon as the mind and body recover their inertness; in other words, so soon as they are awake. And now, Anna, we approach our preparatory point.

“ In this state of occasional freedom the soul wanders alone, and independently, over the universe. Other disenthralled souls meet it; and then we have the people of dreams; it visits other places, and then we have their scenery.”

The pupil looked wise and puzzled in a breath, and paused too long for the vanity of the lecturer: but at last took heart to say,

“ If dreams happen apart from the mind, how does it afterwards know any thing, even imperfectly, about them?”

“ I have said that the soul is obliged to return to its union with the mind the instant it and the body resume life. I have also said that a like

necessity urges the soul to hold continued converse with the mind, during which it must impart all its acts. Upon its return home, then, as it were, it recounts its adventures. The mind, along with a natural incapacity, ever to clearly conceive the operations of soul, is now but half recovered from its lethargy, and admits the relation in an indistinct manner, and as indistinctly recollects it. Here I may instance the vague and jumbled notion we always have of dreams. We call them back rather as the acts of another individual, than of ourselves; we confound persons, places, time and space, cause and effect. The soul only saw causes; the mind must drudge from cause to effect; the soul began where the mind ends; for causes are first to spirit and last to mind; with the one, first is first; with the other, last is first."

This happy conflict of terms completely bewildered Anna, and she admitted every thing.

"But now," she resumed, "let me hear how, by the application of this theory, you are able as rationally to account for—Fetches," and Anna's voice, and the expression of her countenance, changed, as this one talismanic word

chased away all her scientific enthusiasm, and awakened her to human feelings. Tresham, also, in an altered tone, continued.

“ You are convinced that, after death, the soul parts the mind and body, and enjoys perfect freedom ; you are further certain that, because sleep is a temporary death of mind, the soul has, during sleep also, opportunity for some hours of enfranchisement. Any other cause, then, which, for a moment, deadens the mind, must allow the soul a momentary liberty, during which it may leave the body, and become visible in another place, no matter how distant. Severe bodily pain, or exhaustion, will produce this benumbing effect on the mind ; and thus, under a visitation of either, the soul may for an instant separate itself from the mind and body, and give the appearance called a Fetch. It is remarkable,” concluded Tresham, shuddering as he uttered the sentence, while Anna partook of his horror, “ that whenever a Fetch is seen, it represents some person at that moment indisposed.”

“ Hoity-toity ! riddle-me-ree ! and long life to cosmogony and abracadabra !” now shouted a

stentorian voice at their back; and turning round, the lovers saw their old friend, Doctor Butler, who, not finding Tresham in his chambers, when, according to appointment with Larry, he made an early visit, had pursued the student hither, in some honest, professional indignation that his commands should have been disobeyed.

“For heaven’s sake, my good young people, have you nothing to do with your precious time? Here have I stood for some minutes wondering if I heard two accomplished persons, come to years of discretion, or two great children broke out of the nursery, mutually imposing on each other’s common-sense. My pretty Miss Anna, these are no topics for you. As for you, Harry Tresham, I have a crow to pluck with you—but what’s the matter now? What, but a result of obstinacy and disobedience?” he continued, assisting Anna to support her lover, who, more ill than to himself he would allow, grew faint in the effort to rise.—“Lean on me, Harry—there—you are better: and now home to a late breakfast: the worst meal that ever entered a boy’s stomach.”

They retraced their steps to the town. At

the entrance Butler whispered to Tresham—
“ I shall call on you to day, at three ; do not
disappoint me—I breakfast near this place—”
and parted. The lovers proceeded ; and Tre-
sham left his mistress at her father’s door, so-
lemnly engaging, at her request, to call early in
the evening : “ be punctual,” she continued, with
a faint smile, “ if you do not wish to see me lose
all sense of shame, and invade your retirement.”

CHAPTER VIII.

“ IN this matter, Harry,” said Mr. Butler, when he had made the appointed visit, “ you will permit me to use more than common authority : first, there is clearly my professional right to command obedience ; then I am an old man, and ought to command it ; and lastly, I am your good father’s old friend, and would serve, as I love him, your father’s son : and in fact, I must predominate,” he added, stamping with a good-humoured air of dictation, his celebrated black cane against the carpet.

“ I am grateful for your kindness, Mr. Butler.”

“ No, sir, you are not ; for if you were, my wishes and injunctions together would not have been despised ; yet last night you went a ghost-hunting, and this morning a philosophizing in their teeth ; and you see the consequences ; an

increased attack, since you came home, with—
for I shall speak out—symptoms very alarming.”

“ It is nothing, my dear doctor; I shall
mind.”

“ Veritably yes, if I can help it; but you
know I have prescriptive right to be the more
obstinate of the two, and it must be exactly in
my own way, and no other. Or, Mr. Harry
Tresham, tell me at once you resolve to be your
own physician, and, though with sorrow and re-
gret on my part, we may soon cease to be trou-
blesome to each other.”

“ God forbid I should be so wayward, Mr.
Butler.”

“ Well, then, God forbid I should be so ma-
licious as to give you up to yourself: so, come;
in the first place, no stirring out to-night, or
until I shall have approved of locomotion:
agreed?”

“ Agreed,” said Tresham, with a deep sigh—
“ I shall write a note of apology to Mr. Ruth’s,
and my servant shall deliver it.”

“ So far, so good. Next, then, no books;
no stewing of any kind; and, least of all, over
the German fairy-tales—agreed also?”

“Also,” repeated Tresham, “though I scarcely know, Doctor Butler, what books you honor with that name.”

“No matter; we shan’t stick at words; and now with respect to your regimen; I have taken my vegetable dinner with you here to-day, and indeed staid too late from another appointment, in order to set you a good example in your hermit diet; and it must continue during my pleasure; wine, strong liquors of all kinds, and even simple old whiskey-punch also to disappear. And now, where is your servant to take the note?”

Tresham rung to command Larry’s attendance.

“A-propos of this same Larry, as you call him; I do not know a more entertaining rascal; I think he fears ghosts, and all the et-ceteras, as a mad dog, water; only the canine lunatic has, even in the shallowness of his bug-bear, a better excuse for being nervous; you cannot imagine what a fine scene I had with him here in your unadvised absence, last night; ’twas the first time we met, and I saw by his looks and manner that he took me for the devil the mo-

ment I entered the room; and we afterwards discussed metaphysics to some purpose."

"Could he indeed have consented to such an illusion? Something of the kind I now recollect he mentioned to me; but I supposed he jested."

"Jested! never was certainty more certain; I see you have no notion how a weak and contemptible mind can impose on itself; but as I humoured the idiot's prepossession the instant I perceived it, and left him with it fully established in the space inside his skull, we can still, with your leave, follow up the scene; I hear his foot on the stairs, and there is twilight enough for our purpose. It is a good opportunity to lecture master and man," added Butler to his own mind.

"You have my full consent, doctor."

"Then I shall just step behind this screen; do you get him to stand away from the door, so that I may intercept his retreat, and then judge for yourself: he doesn't know I have come in."

As Larry entered the apartment, Butler had established himself in his position, and, accord-

ing to arrangement, Tresham got the valet also favorably placed, and began to write a note. After a moment's pause, the doctor stole softly behind Larry, and laid his hand on his shoulder; a quick turn-round, a spring towards the door, a shout, and then a run close to the wall, when he found his retreat cut off, were the immediate results. Tresham only looked up, recognized Butler with a slight nod, and resumed his writing, while the doctor closed on Larry.

“Spake to the masther, sir—spake to him, masther Harry—ye know more of ach other nor what I do,”—exclaimed the alarmed servant, with more courage, however, derived either from his doubts of his tormentor's identity, or from his not now being alone, than had marked their former interview. Tresham took no notice.

“Lives your melancholy mother yet, Larry?”—said Butler, very near him.

“In spite of all, yes,—plaise your worship,” answered the abhorring, yet temporizing valet.

“I must see her, Larry, in common charity, for *I* can be charitable; indeed all your kith-and-kin of that branch; you'll be a merrier family after me.”

“ They may laugh that wins, sir,” replied Larry.

“ Winners, then, you shall be, depend on it. To begin with yourself; how much do you think you should want?”

“ I wants nothin’ at all, your honor, while I have an honest masther, an’ knows how to bless myself.”

“ That is to say you will take nothing from me?”

“ Myself isn’t for throublin your rev—— worship I mane.”

“ So; how many keys between laugh major and laugh minor, Larry?” The black cane made a slight motion, and Larry emitted a strange “ hi, hi,” while Tresham again looked up, astonished at the novelty of the sounds.

“ Hi, hi!—and is this all?”—said Butler, sternly.

“ Hi, hi, ho!”—

“ Say these words after me. I, Larry—what’s your villainous name?”

“ Larry O’Donohoo, sir.”

“ I, Larry O’Donohoo, hereby laugh at all the ghosts, my master or myself ever talked of.”

Larry endeavoured to mince the matter, and Butler added:—

“What, you lump of a rascal! say the words plain, or I’ll make a hole in your head to let some brains in:” and the servant at last faithfully complied. “Very well: and with your permission, Mr. Tresham, we shall now send him on the errand we spoke of.”

“How far might it be off, mather Harry?” inquired Larry.

“What’s that to you, man? do you dare dispute our united commands?” exclaimed Butler.

“Myself only wants to know where I’m for goin’, first,” observed Larry, in some horrible misgiving.

“Here, Larry,” said Tresham, who on account of the allusion to himself during this scene, now wished from wounded vanity to end it—“here sir—this note to Mr. Ruth’s, for Miss Anna:” Larry hastily took it, and by a round-about manœuvre gained the door.

“And one note for me before you go,” resumed Butler, but the persecuted servant conceiving himself beyond the limits of the charmed circle, only answered with a gruff “bother!”

and—"I don't care a blackberry for you, soul or body, whoever you are;" and then went down stairs as fast as possible.

Butler laughed heartily, and turning to Tresham—"Farewell, Harry; I leave you with my commands to get to bed immediately; nor need you—aye, your very self—defraud the nursery by conjuring the ghosts from it this blessed night."

"Sir?" interrupted Tresham.

"Come, come, never mind me; we all know your insanity as well as yourself, and well enough to be entertained by it; only it is believed that your accomplished and respectable man-servant carries the method of the disease to more perfection: farewell, to-morrow morning early I shall revisit you," and the doctor retired, well pleased with the offence he had given to Tresham's prejudices, and resolved, though he would not intimate his purpose, to surprise the student with another call that night.

Of all the injunctions laid upon him by his medical friend, Tresham thought least of obeying that which would consign him to his pillow.

at such an early hour. Sleep, he concluded, was completely out of the question; so, till the return of his servant, he reclined on the sofa, pondering, over again, the mysteries of the former night.

From Larry's report of his conversation with the housekeeper, Tresham had been able to extract nothing; as, in fact, that afflicted person did not think proper, from motives of affection, perhaps, as well as prudence, to be very communicative. He rather conveyed on the whole, an impression that Anna might have really made the so much dreaded visit; and Tresham had now to comprehend why she should have done so, since in their various meetings his mistress had never spoken of it. In this view it was only to be accounted for by supposing that she wished, in consequence of their recent conversations, to playfully impose on her lover; and though Anna's general character weighed against such a case, Tresham allowed himself to believe it might be probable, particularly when he recollected her parting allusion of the morning, which, at the time, gave him great relief.

In the midst of these reveries Tresham was, contrary to his own calculations, again surprised into a slumber. It was however but a light and fitful one, of that kind which, while it crowds one half of our mind with rapid and vague chimeras, leaves the other half, if the terms may be so disposed, confusedly alive to a waking sense of place and surrounding objects. And in this state Tresham's eye, whether his waking or sleeping eye he could not himself determine, fixed on a pale figure that seemed to stand in the space of the open door of the chamber. Starting up, and now in the darkness of the night, which,—only relieved by one struggling ray of the rising moon that obliquely shot across the apartment,—thickly surrounded him—better awake, though not entirely so, Tresham rivetted his eyes on the door-way. The single moon-beam struck through it, and, just as he turned his glance, lightened, he thought, over a flow of white drapery. He shrunk back; recovered himself, and looked again; but all was repose and blankness.

He issued through the door, and quickly descended to the exterior of the college. At an angle of the building that turned towards the

park, Tresham again caught the indication of a receding figure ; and still he pursued. In the open space of the park nothing appeared, however ; and after some research, he was about to regain his chambers, when, as if it had arisen from the earth, or come down from the heavens, or formed itself out of the column of air that the previous instant filled its place, Tresham beheld, straight before him, the figure of his mistress. The decayed trunk of an oak partly flung off the moon-shine from her white drapery, and for one instant her altered eye communed with his: the next, and while he moved a step to greet her, she turned from him into the dark shrubbery, and became again invisible.

There could now be no further question as to the resemblance—but was it Anna, in reality? Tresham once more and rapidly brought to mind her parting jest, and wildly hoping to be blest with the truth, rushed into the shrubbery, determining also to hasten, if she still evaded him, to her father's house.

The shrubbery had two paths ; his mistress did not appear in either, and Tresham hesi-

tated to choose that by which he should seek her. At length he took one at random, which terminated in a small circular space, over which the trees matted, and almost excluded the moonlight. In the centre, on a platform of fresh grass, was a monumental urn, erected to the memory of an esteemed professor of the college: and at the base of the urn he discovered a sitting, drooping figure, that seemed as if it had been designed and executed with the marble, but Tresham knew it was an intrusion there.

Still he approached, and at about ten yards, recognised Anna. Again she looked on him; but it was a look of vacancy; a blind, stony gaze, as if she had indeed been the inanimate thing he at first supposed her to be.

“Now, certainty or the worst!” cried Tresham, “my beloved! my life’s blessing, Anna! speak, if it is you, and if you would not destroy me! speak! sickness and agony are together at my heart—feebleness is in my limbs—fear and horror are in the marrow of my bones!”—he stood within almost touch—tears scalded his cheeks—his knees smote each other, and his hair stirred, “speak!” he continued, “I im-

pløre you in the name of the great God! save your wretched Harry!" He advanced another step with intent to catch her in his arms, but his strength failed him, his eyes swam, a cold perspiration burst thro' his frame, and he fell, helpless and senseless, at the base of the urn.

CHAPTER IX.

“NEVER, never, while I brathe the breath o’ this life,” said Mrs. Catherine to Larry, in reply to his humble solicitations for pardon, when, in consequence of Tresham’s commands, he had arrived at Mr. Ruth’s house, with the note of apology.

“Never is a long day,” Mrs. Catherine, observed Larry.

“Never—if I died by it,” she persisted.

“Then, only carry this little bit of a letter from my young masther to your young mistress.”

“Letter me no letter—don’t dare to open your mouth to me—an’ now, what’s the raison o’ your followin’ me?” she continued, as Larry prepared to accompany her out of the hall, down stairs. “Who gave you lave to thrapse through a dacent house in this manner?—Who

wanted you?—Who sent for you?—Who are you at all?”

“ A friend o’ yours to the back-bone, Kitty.”

“ Friend, inagh!—go home to Munsther, an’ tell the likes o’ that to your beef-to-the-heel draggel-tails; but we’ll larn you manners here.”

“ Musha, what ’ud you make o’ me at all, Catty? sure, this mornin’ afore, you riz a scrimmage on me, an’ scowlded me till the dogs wouldn’t pick my bones; an’ throth, you’ll soon lave not as mooch flesh on my bones as ’ud bait a mouse-thrap; consither my case, Kitty.”

“ What case, you poor omadhaun?”

“ You ought sooner for to cheer up my dispondin’ hopes, Kitty, nor go on in sich a way, as my masther often says to myself; the poor young masther that has betther speech, nor ever myself hard out of the mouth of a livin’ sowl; och! if you war to hear him among the mounseers, botherin’ them all wid their own words, that he tuck out o’ their own chops; the poor crature, that’s now for losin’ his speech entirely: for he’s goin’ to die, Catty, an’ myself ’ill have no new masther, at any rate,

whatever we do in other predickymments ; an' so, he can't creep out to coort your young misthess to-night, Kitty, agra, an' here's his come off to her—take it, won't you ?”

“ An' is this all? Take id yourself, you dhaltheen, it's work too good for the likes o' you, sich an' ugly man an' a bad christhen.” Mrs. Catherine turned to go away.

“ Catty, chora-ma-chree you war, don't lave me by myself in this way ; an' a burnin' shame it's for you, Kitty, to be spilin' your own purty face wid mindin' any foolish word I might say ; the eyes o' you that are like the bluest blue-bell myself ever seen, an' your nose so long and so sthraight, an' wid your two cheeks like any roses, an' your mouth, as it's in the song, far an' wide, like the fresh strawberries smothered in crame ; an' och, Kitty, when you stand quiet an' aren't for risin' your hand to a body, what two arms you have, so round an' so round ! not forgettin your —do, Catty, honey,” continued Larry, interrupting himself in his best suavity of tone—“just take id ; myself is a shy boy, an' don't care to be goin' among the ladies in the night-fall, when one o' them is maybe by herself—do, Catherine,

an' God bless you;—if you please, Katty—*si wow plait*; there, now, an' glory to you!"

"Bother, Larry!" answered Mrs. Catherine, looking full in his face, and then trotting down stairs.

"Musha, the death of a sour crab-apple souched in a lough o' wather, to you!" ejaculated Larry, alone; "och! there's no bearin' wid your likes, an' all because an honest poor boy wants to keep himself out o' harm's way, an' have nothin' to do wid your pair o' cat's eyes, that are as green as a leek, and the image o' two burnt holes in a blanket, an' your nose as sharp as a hatchet, and all-a-one-side, like the handle of a can, only it's as red as the red-hot iron out o' the forge; an' your chops hangin' down like a sheep-skin; an' your mouth, that the sight of id 'ud turn a horse from his oats, or make a dog sthrike his father, to say nothin' o' your two arms, that are just the things for two rowlin'-pins, wid elbows that 'ud pick an eye out of a snail. I must take id up my ownself, then, prayin' her ladyship mayn't be all alone, for curp-on-duoul! what 'ud I do if I gave id to that other?" And reassuming his station in the corner of the hall,

Larry debated with himself, in recollection of the scene of the previous night, the propriety of at once venturing up stairs.

In the drawing-room above, Anna, Maria, and Mortimer, who now had apartments in Ruth's house, together with the old lady and gentleman, sat listening to a musical professor of some local eminence, who, accompanying himself on the now antiquated spinet, entertained them with the good old music of that day. Mr. and Mrs. Ruth had chairs towards the middle of the room; Mortimer stood with Maria over the instrument; and Anna chafing to her own recollections and feelings, occupied a distant seat by herself; all the lights in the apartment were collected round the performer, so that its remoter parts were wrapped in shadow.

Anna had not for some time spoken a word, and it was evident to her anxious sister that Harry Tresham's second disappointment caused her great depression of spirits.

"The night has closed, Mortimer," Maria whispered, "he should have joined us an hour ago; he will not come to-night, and Anna is terribly afflicted."

“ He shall come, or he shall stay away for ever ; the peace and happiness of a being so amiable, and so dear to us, must not be sacrificed to the whim of a giddy boy,” answered Mortimer, “ but, has she entirely recovered the fright and agitation of last night ?” he continued.

“ Anna *says* she has, but does not *look* she has,” resumed the elder sister.

“ Why, there can surely be no doubt in the case, after the explanation we all witnessed, Maria; and pshaw, how puerile in me to talk of it, or allude to it for a moment,” said Mortimer.

A pause here occurred in the music, and Anna was heard requesting the performer to sing and play a small piece she had before named to him ; the gentleman complied : it was a translation by Tresham from a German poet, and the music, also German, was of a very high character, and calculated to excite in the mind sentiments of a thrilling and supernatural cast.

We subjoin the words

Shadowy dead ! silent dead !

Dwellers in a land unknown !

In awe-tamed hope and holy dread,

Your viewless sway we own !

Around, resound
 Your voices, though we cannot hear—
 Above, below,
 Ye come, ye go,
 In throngs, though we are blind from fear!—

A vision of the church-yard fell
 On me, your midnight sentinel.
 I looked about me and beneath,
 And—while not a wind could breathe,—
 Whisperings stole through all the ground,
 And then an undulation round ;
 Every particle of earth,
 Every rank blade of its birth
 Moved and crept ;—a muttered sound !
 A spreading stir ! like that which crawls
 In Summer, o'er the dank pool's brim,
 When the sun's heat fiercely falls,
 And insect-hosts are born to him :
 I looked, I looked, and glassy eyes
 Thickly strewed as stars in skies,
 O'er the cleaving surface gleamed ;
 And in their own weak death-light beamed
 Faded cheeks and brows that seemed
 Never born, but faintly dreamed !
 And then a hurry past along !
 A rush without a sound ; a throng
 Voiceless, save that for revel-song
 The bloated beetles as they fit
 Thro' the thick air, darkening it,

Or on their long legs stalk about,
Drone a drowsy measure out ;
Or that the frog hath waked to croak,
Or the distant cock hath spoke ;
From stars that fail a ray ye have,
And glow-worms glinting round each grave ;
Silent tumult ! dreamy light !
And so ye hurry thro' the night.

The air was yet unfinished when a low and shuddering scream escaped from Anna. She had been sitting with her eyes upon the far door that opened into the inner drawing-room; while she looked, it opened, and Tresham appeared standing beyond the threshold, dimly shewn by the moon's rays that quivered around him. The music suddenly stopt, and all turned to Anna; and, when they saw the direction of her eyes, to the door; but though she still gazed on it, the door was now shut, and no one could solve or surmise the cause of her exclamation. Maria approached her to ask a question, but, ere she had moved two steps, was arrested and fixed in her place by a piercing cry that sounded from the upper part of the spacious old mansion; and in an instant after, Mrs. Catherine broke into

the apartment, wild with terror, and crying out,

“ Oh, my misthesses, my misthesses !” —

“ What’s the matter? What has happened? speak, speak! — said all but Anna, who still sat motionless and dumb, her body and neck bent forward, and her eyes unwinkingly fastened on the remote door. “ Oh, my misthesses an’ my masther! — he’s comin’! — he’s comin’ down!”

“ Who? Mr. Tresham? why should his coming frighten you in this manner?” —

“ Och, not him, not him! for Larry left him sick at home in the college!” —

“ Who, then, who then?” — pealed every voice.

“ He — that is — not he! — Masther Harry — that is — not Masther Harry, but the other!” —

“ Ridiculous old woman, peace and be gone, this moment!” said Mortimer.

“ Ould! — why, then, my bould captain that’s not in the laste foul-mouthed, we only wish you met him where I did! I tell your mighty great worship he cum in without lave from the dours or the doctor! I was just for turnin’ up stairs to shut the windees, when he walked plump agin me in the dark, stalin’ out, I think from

Miss Anny's——" "Ah!"—she interrupted herself with another scream, and sunk on her knees, as once more the distant door got motion; and to the eyes of Anna and Mortimer alone, the form re-appeared in the inner apartment; their situations, perhaps, allowing them a better view than any others in the drawing-room.

The action of Anna at this moment was in itself frightful. Continuing her set gaze while the housekeeper spoke, she evinced, by a hissing of breath, and a creeping of the whole frame, her sense of the first motion of the door; as it slowly and silently unfolded, she as slowly and silently arose; nor when, to her apprehension, the figure became fully visible, did she start or speak, but with eyes, head, and neck, still set and protruded, her face tintless as the purest marble, and a moving of the mass of her beautiful black hair, stood, firmly grasping the back of the chair, in the spot where she had arisen.

Almost at the same instant Larry entered at the near door, and holding out Tresham's note—

"Here's a bit of a billy-do from my——"
Larry began, but looking aside——"tunther-an-ouns!—the ould boy an' his dam!—murther!

murder!"—he vociferated; and, dropping the note, was rushing from the room, when Mrs. Catherine, still kneeling with her face hid in her hands, caught at his legs; this unseen and unexpected interruption made him delirious; and kicking and plunging, and with continued outcries, he dragged the dead weight of the housekeeper through the door; both thus escaping the scene of terror.

Mortimer had scarcely become conscious of the appearance, when advancing he said—

"Mr. Tresham, I insist on knowing what you mean by this worse than silly conduct?"—

"To whom does he talk?"—cried Maria, who from surprise, if not from fear, had shrunk with her back to the side wall, still without perceiving any thing—"is Mortimer, too, infatuated and lost?"—

"Stay where you are!"—said Anna, whom in his advance Mortimer had to pass, motioning at him with her hand behind her back, and speaking in that hoarse and emphatic whisper that, amid the raging of a sea-fight is most used for command or exhortation, and, we are told, can be heard through the roar of a hundred cannons

—“ stay where you are, — and I have yet a moment’s breath and self-possession—the note, Mortimer!—Tresham’s note! quick! quick!”

Mortimer stooped and presented it: Anna tore open the seal, ran her eye over the contents, and having staggered some paces to where he stood, fell with a heart-broken groan in her father’s arms. Her mother and Maria hastily gathered round her; the performer left the house.

“ Rash and ridiculous boy!”—Mortimer continued, addressing the figure that now receded backward in the inner room—“ what is your reason for this childish mummery? explain, sir, without another word! stand and explain! or draw, sir, draw!”—

He rapidly advanced with his naked sword: the door began to close: he dashed against it, and it shut. He drew back, hurled himself forward, and bursting it open, gained the middle of the inside floor,—in an instant it shut again, and Mortimer was—alone—in the dark chamber.

“ By heaven, I will find your ghostship! —he exclaimed, rushing through a small door-

way, that led, by back-stairs, into the garden, when he had ascertained that Tresham was not with him in the apartment.

On the first landing-place, Mortimer again encountered the figure, still very indistinctly seen:—and,

“ You shall, sir,—you shall answer me, and to all I ask of you, too !” —he continued, confronting at some distance, the object of his pursuit. The moon, that had been clouded for a moment, broke through a small window over the pale features of Tresham, and Mortimer thought he perceived a frown on the otherwise passionless visage, while with solemn and freezing motion, an arm pointed towards the garden.

Mortimer, conceiving he understood the hint, replied—“ aye—let us decide it there!—pass on, sir, to the garden!—you offer me a satisfaction without words ?” —a nod seemed to assent—“ agreed, then—on!—you have no sword?—no matter—my pistols are at hand—I will meet you in a moment!—pass on!” —

He ran up stairs, back again by the dining room, to his own chamber, scarcely heeding the situation of Anna, who continued insensible,

or the afflicted cries of the father and mother, for their child, or the now wild questions and exclamations directed to him by his mistress, who in his rapid transit through the apartment, could not disengage herself from her sister. Snatching a light he met on his way, Mortimer gained his chamber, and unlocked or pulled open several trunks and drawers before he could find his pistols; then the time spent in charging them was agony to his impatient mind; but at last all was ready, and now avoiding the drawing-room he ran, by another way, into the garden.

The garden was extensive, spreading from the back of the house to the edge of the Nore, which at this point was, although narrow, deep and glassy, "and scarcely seemed to stray." The moment he entered it, Mortimer looked around but no one was visible. He hastened down the main walk, and still found himself alone. He crossed and re-crossed by the smaller paths, disturbing the night-dew on the flowers and shrubs that clustered along his way, but still to no purpose. Again he stood on the principal walk, and giving vent to the vexation

and disappointment of his spirit, called out—
“Coward!—you are not here!—if you are,
answer!—Tresham!—coward! are you here?”

“Here!”—answered a distant and imperfect sound, rather than voice, which might have been the drowsy river-echo, half awakened among the sedges and hollows of the opposite bank. Mortimer ran, however, in the direction from which it reached his ear. On the edge of the garden that overhung the water he thought he observed a man’s form. He hastened his speed—it was gone. A movement of something on the opposite side challenged his eye. He looked across, through a slight fog, over an expanse of about thirty yards of water, and beheld, sufficiently distinguishable for general recognition, in the strong moon-light, the persons of Tresham and Anna, standing hand in hand. Mortimer’s blood froze back to its source, and he suddenly retraced his steps to the house.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Mr. Butler, according to his previous intention, called, late at night, to re-visit Tresham, the student was not in his chambers. He halloed for Larry, but the attendant did not appear. Then, accompanied by some class-fellows of Tresham, he went into the college grounds, and found the visionary lying senseless before the urn. Blood was all around him; it had flowed from his lungs. This increased symptom of pulmonary disease, Butler had not anticipated, or had expected to counteract, and its appearance, now attributable to Tresham's breach of his commands, irritated whilst it shocked and agitated him.

They conveyed the invalid to his bed, somewhat restored to sensation, but still faint, and apparently stupified. But Tresham felt no physical pain; at least none equal to his moral agony.

His distemper rarely bears the character of acute suffering; nor was he really so incapable of communication as he seemed to be; but for the present, feeling no impulse to yield his griefs with his confidence, he shut his soul on its terrible secret, and his eyes on every thing and every person around him. This, for a season, was natural: for there are blights of mind, which, in exception to the general rule of imparting, and, by that means, lessening grief, we will not exhibit; which we cannot bare to the happy, indifferent eye; as if misery grew avaricious of self-monopoly. An evidence of this may be traced in the dark smile that sometimes breaks around the thin, bloodless lips of disease, repelling with an unnatural pride and mockery, the whispers of a heart-broken friend who vainly breathes a hope of health and sunny days to come. So, Tresham only uttered some feeble words that supplicated for silence and solitude.

He was therefore left alone on his midnight bed. The moon was rapidly collecting her loose beams from the chamber, like a lady in haste to depart, gathering her thin, white drapey around her. To say that Tresham thought,

would be a misuse of words: his brain, as an alarum-bell, rung and thumped out its peal. Philosophy, and the artificial fanaticism it had supplied, were gone, and the foundations of his spirit shook with supernatural horror and natural dismay; he had been taken by surprise, and prostrated.

To meet—almost to touch! a dim, incomprehensible shade, when his living arms sought the embrace of the living form he loved—and the sudden repulsion and curdling of human sympathy that ensued—this wrought a sad change; and then, the still recurring thought of the utter disconnection between him and the blank eye that fell, like a vacuum on his, and the whole mystery of which it was a feature! such recollections tamed him into feebleness, and like a beaten dog his soul cringed into itself.

In one instance only, his late speculations remained uppermost; but it was to torture with human agony. He believed his mistress had been called to die! to die! The being who loved him as he loved her! These are simple words, but Tresham felt them strong; the gifted and grateful pupil, the devoted friend, the be-

trothed wife—she was to die, and he to be left desolate! he wept aloud; and, “oh, God!” he cried, “turn that one bitter cup away!” His tears were tears of anguish, but they relieved by exhausting him, and he at last slept.

The early morning saw his attentive and anxious physician by his bed-side. Tresham felt better, and wished to rise, but Doctor Butler forbade it, and the student could only pray that a message might be sent by Larry to inquire after Anna’s health.

“First then,” said Butler, “your valet is out of the question; after parting from you last night, I met him near the college, as mad a man as any in Christendom; stark mad, under the delusion that a ghost, or something of the kind, followed at his heels; he foamed at the mouth and grew absolutely dangerous, so I was obliged to confine him secretly in a strong-barred dark room in my own house, where we shall take care of the creature for you.”

Tresham expressed the utmost surprise and sorrow at this intelligence—“you pronounce him, then, in a state of mental derangement, doctor?” he asked, with much anxiety.

“ A bona fide lunatic, and as lawful a subject for stripes and a strait-waistcoat, as the most outrageous fellow in Bedlam: superstitious fear the provocative of the disease.”

“ Poor fellow!” resumed Tresham, with some conscientious self-reproach—“ you will be gentle with him, doctor, for my sake, and I further request, for particular reasons, that his misfortune may be kept a profound secret.”

“ I anticipated your wish ; no one knows, and no one shall know the wretch’s self-induced misery, which, by the way, is only a righteous judgment, after all. And now, about your message to Miss Anna Ruth ; I shall—should, rather—bear it myself, if there was any necessity to put you under the compliment ; but why ask after her health ? The girl is as robust as a mountaineer ; I saw her after my first parting from you, last night, and thought she never looked, and chattered, and smiled, and moved so divinely tempting and handsome ; only now and then, she thought proper to whine about your slight illness, of which, however, I have given her a softened representation.”

All but the latter part of this statement was



wilful untruth. Anna, far from enjoying good health, lay seriously indisposed in her bed. Nor, although the doctor had really deprived Larry of his liberty, did he believe him to be a madman. Both misrepresentations, however, were the beginning of a system of treatment towards Tresham, which his friendly anxiety, supported by his professional calculations, led him to adopt.

He had known Tresham long enough to become fully aware of his mystified habit of mind, and was not without suspicion that the patient's present illness partly arose from its over-indulgence. Late observations further induced him to fear that some mysterious irritation of a particular nature, and connected with Tresham's dreamy studies, and his love for Anna, might be at the bottom of all. Under these views he removed Peter, of whose hag-ridden superstition he was so well aware, from his master's sight and presence, just as he should have separated the contagious and pre-disposed members of a family amongst whom a raging fever had gained entrance; and his false accounts of

Anna's health arose from the second apprehension we have pointed out; although Butler had not yet distinct reason for his caution.

To supply himself with one it became the doctor's policy and anxiety to win Tresham's confidence, and he engaged in the task with much of that delicate ingenuity which the true gentlemen of his high profession are known to possess; and he succeeded. Apart from Tresham's own esteem for Mr. Butler, he knew him to be the ancient and respected friend of his father, and also the close intimate of the Ruth family; his warmth of manner, and the almost condescension of his gray hairs in at all courting the attention of a boy, further operated on Tresham's feelings; so that the poor youth, relaxed from the frenzy of the preceding night, and now tottering under the fardel of his dark secret, willingly cast it down at the feet of his venerable friend, and with pleading tears, supplicated for advice and assistance.

When he had ended his recital by a detail of his supposed encounters with the Fetch of Anna, Mr. Butler met his very first words with a ready

smile, and finally burst into a hearty fit of laughter. He treated the whole matter as a school-boy's fancy, shaped out of the predisposition or imbecility of the theorist's mind. The other fondly denied the possibility of such mental deception, and in support of his scepticism, entered into a critical analysis of the nature and power of the mind's agency. But here he met an opponent every way prepared to push on his own purpose. Mr. Butler, without being a German student, had received a good, collegiate education, and knew how to wield, as skilfully as any metaphysical adept, the wrangling weapons of sophism; and as they were now necessary to his object, he used them artfully and unmercifully. He strengthened himself, too, with illustration drawn, or vouched to be drawn, from his own professional practice; a mode of warfare that is very annoying to a mere theorist, particularly, as in the present case, when adopted by an eloquent old gentleman towards an ingenuous and modest, though enthusiastic youth; and to all he added the weight of a manner which he knew to be imposing; a polite kind of swagger, and easiness of expostulation, that seemed

manfully assured of success, making itself redoubtable out of the weakness of the opposite case.

“ I over and over again assert that there is no such ghost or fetch-bringer as a diseased imagination. The whole world knows it, and every day's experience proves it. Nay, apparition-seekers, and seers, too, are part of our property in fund; 'tis a common disease; as common as any other; well known to the faculty, and very money-making into the bargain: thousands have seen more frightful things than this veritable Fetch you speak of; and for a little hard cash, some poor village apothecary, day after day, lays the hobgoblin in the Red-sea.

“ What do you say of hypochondriac delusions, sir? what can you pretend to aver? all the varieties of this complaint—this positive physical complaint,—flow from a debilitated imagination. And yet, how really does the patient feel! how self-clear are his apprehensions! how obstinate his prepossessions! The common and most laughable whim of a man believing his posteriors to be a glass window, on which he dares not sit, lest he should break it, is known to you;

I had, myself, a patient with this fancy, whom, after losing all christian patience with, I manufactured into more solidity in his own opinion, by assaulting him, till I was weary, in the humbug part. Where was that creature's mind, or his noble reasoning powers? Where were his eyes? Why cannot these miserable people see before them? Another demoniac came to me, with an imaginary lock-jaw, and this person I caused to open his mouth, in order to afford vent to a volume of screaming, brought on by a smart application of my knuckles to his lower maxillary. A third, who swore he was the man that 'was hanged last Wednesday'—(an infamous murderer)—I restored to his good opinion, by taking it for granted that he gave a true account of himself, and half strangling him accordingly. I refer you to authentic records—you shall see and read the books, which establish the facts of men having been haunted, to their own belief, by the ghosts of Alexander the Great, of Potiphar's wife, of Samson, and Saint Bridget. What do you say to that?—Nay, there is as positive evidence that people have imagined themselves followed by a repetition of them-

selves—a regular fac-simile, or double,—in a word, a downright Fetch, more attentive than yours, Tresham. In my own practice I met a case exactly similar; not to talk of a respectable person, who assured me he was a triangle; or of another, who declared his head to be the hypotenuse; or of a third,—a musical professor—who upheld it was a bassoon.”

“ But, my good doctor, all these are cases of insanity, and unless you believe me as mad as poor Larry, or wish me to believe so, I cannot exactly see how—”

“ My good God!”—interrupted Butler—
“ who gave you leave to think a hypochondriac person, a mad person? who told you so? No, sir; there is a wide distinction; there is every distinction; madness is total derangement of mind, unfitting a man for any occupation of life; the other is a partial infatuation, that does not incapacitate the patient from making clear perceptions in any other case, and generally demeaning himself as a sane man. Don’t interrupt me again now, by asking me, do I think you to be hypochondriac; to save your apprehensions and self-contempt, I make no such allu-

sion, but the better way for you to consider this subject is to put yourself, for the present, out of the question, and weigh, as a rational person, the undeniable truths I submit to you.

“ Assuredly there are other modes by which the imagination becomes diseased than by the physical action upon it, of what we call the hypochondriac region of the viscera. From continued irritation of itself it can first disarrange, and then impose upon itself; and then a long-indulged apprehension terminates in visual phantasy, after having first worn down the mind to consent, without consciousness, to the delusion. I do not pretend, just now, to determine the exact way in which you have been imposed upon; I have said I think you are not hypochondriac; and, most probably, you are not; the state to which, by very nonsensical speculations, you may have reduced your nerves, however, is another question; and, good gods! what *monstrum horrendum* is not born of nerves! — spectres and visitations beyond the wonders of the hypochondriac, or the magic lantern itself; chimeras dire; airy tongues that syllable

men's names; *disjecta membra*, in fact, out of the span of any quotation.

“ But leaving the future to develop the particular source of your weakness, let me state a case rather in point with yours. In the course of my early practice, in another place, I had a young friend, a brother-brush too, who was attached to a very enchanting young lady. He was a man of regular education, of sound intellect, and well-balanced feelings. His mistress became ill, and he attended her. One day that he engaged to dine with me, she became much worse, and when he called at my house, fatigued and worn out with watching and anxiety, my friend entertained little hope of her life. Before dinner I pressed him to a glass of wine, as he seemed to require some such stimulus; he took the glass in his fingers, and was raising it to his lips, when, to my utter astonishment, he started back on his chair, fixed his eyes on vacancy, and grew deadly pale. I spoke to him, and after the fit passed away, ascertained, that, just as he was about to taste the wine, the figure of his mistress entered the apartment—”

“Heavens, sir!”—Tresham cried, in painful attention to the sequel.

“Almost at the same time a rap came to the door with a message that the lady was dead.”

“There, sir—whatever argument you may be inclined to build on your own story—there is a coincidence too strong for any subtilty, or any impression you may kindly wish to make on me!” resumed Tresham.

“The very vehemence of imagination,” Butler continued, “which in the instance of your Fetch, precipitated you upon the most rash as well as well as boyish conclusion, still urges you to an unwarranted anticipation of my anecdote. Pray, let me go on. We, together, followed the messenger to the young lady’s house, and found her—not dead,—but in a state of suspended existence, from which our efforts soon called her back, and she is at present living, the wife of that very Fetch-seer, and the mother of some dozen of his children. Now say any thing you like.”

“It is all very extraordinary, Mr. Butler,—all;—the conclusion as much, if not more so, than the commencement. I have nothing to say; I

implicitly believe you, and I can say nothing; only I beg to ask how you account for the prepossession of your friend?"

"That he did not see the young lady's ghost, or, according to the trashy superstition, her Fetch, is pretty evident; inasmuch as, in the first case, there was no ghost of hers then to be seen, and in the second, there could have been no true Fetch either, the lady being yet well to look at, in this world. He was imposed upon, then, purely by his imagination, exhausted and diseased by wretched spirits and a lover's anxiety; or else by a physical deception of the eye. That the first is an accident of every day's occurrence I have already shewn, and you can no longer doubt; that the other, though less frequent, is also naturally incidental I can prove by another anecdote for which I am, myself, authority.

"Although a practising physician, much of my youthful study was devoted to anatomical pursuits, and in a large private apartment, I constantly had a subject for my purposes. On a particular evening I contrived to place upon his legs a fellow of good form, in order to remark the ar-

rangement of the outward muscles, previous to taking any further liberties with him. While thus engaged, my eye wandered to the other end of the room, and was there startled with a repetition of my subject, standing bolt upright, exactly as I had contrived his counterpart. You may be sure I at once thought that this was the spiritual double, come to remonstrate against the indignity inflicted on his mortal brother; but I advanced to the intruder notwithstanding. After a few steps forward, he was not to be seen. I returned close to my subject, from which I had before stood apart, and again looking to the opposite end of the place, saw not the first apparition, but what do you think, instead?—My own self. Aye, you may stare at me, but I tell the blessed truth. There I was.”

“ Well, sir?” Tresham raised himself on his elbow, in bed.

“ Well, sir. If I was not afraid of the ghost of a man towards whom I entertained some carving propensities, you need not suppose I grew shy of a second self; so I walked up to *him* too, with all the curiosity of one Dromio,

while taking a first survey of the other, both meeting for the first time in mature manhood. But, like the subject-spectre, this also disappeared as I approached. Coming back to my point of sight it re-appeared ; when I again changed place it again vanished ; and, in fact, the whole phenomenon was at last explained to me, by observing, that the thick vapours of the room, acted upon by a refraction of the rays of light, assumed the nature of a mirror, and then, as I stood at different points, in both instances, reflected first my subject, and next myself."

At the conclusion of this discourse, Tresham grew silent and thoughtful, and Butler saw that he evidently began to mistrust himself. Inwardly laughing at some of the arguments and illustrations that had wrought the student's scepticism, the good doctor then shook hands with him, bid him a hasty farewell, and bent his steps to his other patient at Mr. Ruth's house, of whom from her random expressions the night before, Butler suspected an infatuation similar to that which tormented her lover ; and first to assure himself on this point was now his greatest anxiety.

CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT three weeks after the day that included the time of the last chapter, Mrs. Catherine sat at midnight in her snug apartment alone, bewailing, as usual, her forlorn state.

“A weary, weary lot,” she said, in soliloquy, sipping at the same time a rich cordial, before a good blazing fire. “A lone crature like me, up an’ down, over-an’-hether, day afther day, night afther night; no rest, no pace, no comfort, none,” and she sipped again; “an’ in an auld haunted house an’ family where a body doesn’t know a sperit from a christhen sowl; but what drives ’em into my head at sich an’ hour? The Lord presarve us! I’ll think o’ my prayers,” another sip, “stop—whisht!—Is that my lady’s bell goin’ to ring? Musha, no; God send she won’t want me again this blessed an’ holy Saturday-night, that I may lie down an’ have an

hour's right sleep at last. Bless us, how she raves like any thing, as if she saw him every minute at the bed-side. An' poor Larry, afther all!—myself wonders what's cum of him, an' if all they say is the thruth;”—she was about to taste once more, when starting suddenly, she laid down the glass—“Arrah, what's that, at all? As I'm a sinner born, somethin' or another at the windee!—I daarn't screech out!—that 'ud frighten poor Miss Anny; it's there agin—musha, I'll faint!”

A low heart-broken voice named Mrs. Catherine's name at the window, and in all manner of sweet words, admonished her to advance.

“It just wants to flatther me into the clutches iv id!—I'll not peg an inch!” she resolved.

“Catty, a-vourneen; Kitty, a-cora-ma-chree, sure we knows you're there; I sees the light through the chinks o' the shetter; I hard you stirrin', an' your own darlin' voice speakin;” cum to us,” continued the voice.

“If you're nothin' bad, ax me in God's name!” at last answered Mrs. Catherine.

“Fur God's sake, then, let us in.”

“What are you at all at all?” asked the housekeeper, cautiously approaching.

“ A lost crature,” answered the voice.

“ No sperit, or a thing that a-way?”

“ Flesh an’ blood, Kitty, only very little iv either; bud plenty o’ the bones, howsomdever Catherine.”

“ *Who* are you?”

“ Larry, avoch.”

“ Larry! bud are you dead or alive, Larry? They say you made away wid yourself.”

“ Larry alive, Catherine, jewel; an’ it’s rainin’ on us.”

“ Can you make me sure o’ that?”

“ Avoch, open the windee, an’ we’ll thry.”

“ It ’ud be a baste that refused you, then;” and the forgiving and humane housekeeper half advanced, “ but myself is afeard o’ you yet, Larry,” she added, stopping and hesitating.

“ Musha, what ’ud you fear iv a dyin’ man, Catty, though his ghost might be another thing?” he expostulated; “ Wurra! wurra! open the windee, if there’s a christen heart in your body; it’s rainin’, I tell you, an’ as pitch-dark as a black-hole; an’, as I crossed the bridge, it was blowin’ too, sthrong enough to whip the horns iv a cow’s head.”

This appeal was decisive; Mrs. Catherine unbarred the window-shutter, and threw up the sash, but ran back in terror the moment after; for there, instead of the round, purple-faced Larry, she had before known, appeared a woe-ful caricature of the original caricature itself, with the cheeks livid, hollow, and hanging down over the jaws in little bags of skin; the eyes, hitherto half hidden in flesh, staring, for the first time, wide open, and unprotected from their sockets; the pot paunch totally waned away; and added to this, the apparition wore no coat or hat; but, in place of the latter, the fragment of an old red night-cap fluttering round its brows.

“Murther, murther!—it’s the laste bit like you, Larry, agra,” resumed Mrs. Catherine, “bud only as like as that other was like your unloocky masther; och, Larry, a-lanna-ma-chree! for the love o’ marcy dale honest wid me, an’ say at once if it’s yourself or no, gi’ me a sign!”

“Gi’ me a dhrop o’ that good liquor,” said Larry, pointing from the window to the table, “if I’m to gi’ you any thing; just a taste, Kitty,

or myself 'ill never have the strength to creep in."

"Musha, here, then, Larry; an' it's now we may see you're yourself, or the remains, at last; in regard that sperits knows nothin' o' the likes o' this;" and she poured out a bumper, which Larry swallowed, while yet standing at the window. Then he put himself in motion to enter; and, assisted by Mrs. Catherine, who placed a table under the window, for his foot, Larry at last made a lodgement, with many groans and strange cries, before the fire. The window was again closed and cautiously barred, and the quondam friends resumed their discourse face to face.

"A dyin' man's blessin', as I said afore, come down on you, Kitty."

"Dyin'! arrah, why so, Larry?"

"Gi' me a morsel to brake my fast for the love of all the saints in heaven, Catherine."

"Musha, my poor fellow, lashins an lavins;"* and she rose to provide refreshments: "bud you're so hungry, are you, Larry a-cuishla?"—

* Plenty, and some to spare.

Mrs. Catherine went on as she hurried herself about.

“ I’m fastin’ more nor three days,” said Larry, deliberately lying, though, indeed, he was half starved.

“ Och, mille murthers! how did that cum about?—there, there;” she spread abundance of good cheer before him, and Larry encountered it with the grave despatch and silence of a cormorant: plate after plate disappeared, and Mrs. Catherine had more than once to revisit the larder. During the process, she contrived, however, to persevere in her questions for drawing Larry out.

“ What in the world cum across you, Larry? I knew you warn’t wid your mather sense that sorrowful night; an’, as I tould you, Larry, there was sich ugly stories about you.”

“ Wait a bit, Kitty,” Larry half articulated, his mouth being full.

“ One said you turned your own hangman.”

“ Wait a bit,” he repeated.

“ Another, that you jumped into the river; an’ they said, when you were dragged out afther

three days' soakin', an' laid on a bed, that your poor paunch, that was, God bless us! touched the loft, an' the parish couldn't make aff a coffin big enough to put you in."

"Just wait a bit, honey."

"Another said that you cut your own pipes wid your own two hands. Musha, Larry, that was the worst story of all; could you ever think of sich a wicked thing?"

Larry at length concluded his collation, and then, in a relapse of groans and lamentations, repeated a long-winded grace, of which the conclusion was—"an' keep us in our throe mind, an' deliver us from the power o' the divil, an' give us patience an' resignation, for ever-an-ever, amin;" to which he added a still more lengthened draught of ale, and finally sunk back, helpless and querulous, in Mrs. Catherine's good arm-chair.

"An' how is id all wid you now, Larry?" asked his entertainer, from the other side of the fire.

"In regard o' the atin' an' drinkin', an' of your friendship, Catherine, a little better, we thank God an' you for id; you were always a soft

sowl, Catherine, though I say id; bud my thrivals are great, Kitty; I'll never be mooch the betther o' them, the longest day I live."

"Time cures all, Larry; time an' a kind friend."

"Och, Catherine!" he cried, his eyes squeezing out some tears as he fixed them on the blazing fire; he paused; squeezed again, shaking his head bitterly during the effort; and there he stopt.

"Larry, Larry, take heart, or the grief of id 'ill be the death o' you," said Mrs. Catherine, also, trying for some tears, while her tones were fully miserable.

"Och, Kitty," he repeated, and paused again.

"And, och, a-vourneen," Mrs. Catherine answered, rocking herself backward and forward as she stooped with her elbows on her knees; and so they went on till the tears came at last, and torrents were shed between them.

"Musha, bud what's the matther, at all, Larry?" said the housekeeper in the midst of her speculative sorrow; "what came o' you? I only seen you run out o' the house, after we both left the Fetch."

“ Sure enough, Catty, I ran; I ran till I fell; an’ then I gets up an’ sees him agin behind me.”

“ Murther, murther,” cried Mrs. Catherine, resuming her lamentations, “ an’ then, Larry?”

“ An’ then, Kitty, its all throe enough that I put the rope round my neck.”

Mrs. Catherine started up with ascream; and, “ It is your spirit then?” she asked.

“ Wait a bit, Catherine; they cut me down over-soon; and then it’s just as throe I went to the river.”

“ But didn’t drownd yourself?” the house-keeper said, as Larry stopt, his eyes still fixed on the fire.

“ Bud a surly dog of a sodger levels his piece at me, an’—I knows what you’d be at, says he, bud by Ja—s if you drownd yourself on my post, I’ll have your life, so I will.”

“ An’ that sent you away, by coorse, Larry?”

“ Id sent me here to yourself, Catherine.”

“ Avoch, my poor boy, sure ’twas an angel sent you.”

“ A hungry angel, Catherine; an’ if it was the will o’ God that it war an angel in earnest,

sure it was another angel that met me when yourself came across me, an' gave me pace an' comfort, an' plenty to ate, an' enough to dhrink, an' a good fire fornent me;" and here Larry roused himself, stretched out the palms of his hands to the heat, while his head was turned round, addressing his benefactress; "an' yourself is the sort of angel I'd like to meet when I'd be could or hungry, wet or dhry," he continued, rubbing all over, with his now heated palms, his face, and behind his ears.

"Bud, Catherine, tell me one thing; how is my ma—you know who I mane?"

"Given over ever sense; an' my young mis-thess as bad; it's a great favour come on the brain, the doctor says."

"The doctor, Kitty? is he in the house now—bad loock to every bone in his skin!" asked Larry, in some alarm and bitterness. In fact, from the different accounts given by Mr. Butler, and now by himself, of Larry's disposal of his time since the memorable evening to which he made allusion, it will be perceived that one or other departed from the facts, and we can no longer conceal that the valet was the embellisher.

The doctor stated truly to Tresham the immediate cause of his servant's absence, and Larry had remained a prisoner in Mr. Butler's house within a few minutes before his visit at Mrs. Catherine's window, when, taking advantage of the intentional negligence of his keeper, he had effected his escape in the shorn plight we have endeavoured to describe : but shrewdly guessing from the housekeeper's questions, that the true reasons of his disappearance were not known, and thinking any account less humiliating than the real one, Larry did not hesitate to humour the very stories with which she supplied him, and for which their words are our sole authority.

Learning from Mrs. Catherine that Doctor Butler was not in the house, he regained his self-possession and returned to the topic of his master's illness.

“ Given over, you tell me, Kitty ? Duv you think it's himself, Kitty, or that black deception that brought grief an' throuble on us all ? ”

“ Himself, by coorse, Larry, in regard of his goin' to lave us ; for spirits never dies, you

know, case why, they war never born of woman."

" You spake raison, Kitty; an' his real self was ever an' always tinder-hearted, Kitty, only a little cranky by times, maybe; bud no matther for that, in regard I'm not far frum the likes, myself; if I was sure entirely, I'd not think mooch o' goin' to see him dead, dacently."

" That's tinder-hearted in yourself, Larry honey."

" Bud I'd go in the noon-day, Kitty; wouldn't that be the counsel you'd gi' me?"

" Sure enough, Larry; an' faith it 'll soon be time, for there's the daylight comin' in through the windee-shutter; an', whisht!—may I never die in sin bud I hear my lady's bell; no—wait—no—it's the captain's; musha, myself wondhers what makes him get up so mortial early; I must be stirrin' from you, Larry, agra; an' for fear Miss Maria, or the ould misthess, or any o' the maids 'ud come down on you, just step into this room—don't be shy, Larry—an' when it's your time, we'll get you out to your masther, unknownst to any body."

Larry slowly complied, and as the housekeeper locked the door upon him, she could not help asking herself—"an is this all he has to say to me, the could-hearted, ingrateful thief!" she paused a little with her hand on the key, hoping to hear Larry's voice—"Did you call me, Larry, a-vourneen?" an explosive snore seemed to answer in the negative—and—"foh! the baste!" resumed Mrs. Catherine, turning to attend Captain Mortimer's bell; "yet the poor sowl is so tired, and worn down, an' in the lowness o' spirits wid his sufferins," she added, somewhat forgivingly, "an' we'll wait wid patience 'till he comes back to his flesh agin."

Mortimer rang, for the purpose of sending the housekeeper into Anna's chamber, to inquire from Maria into the state of the invalid's health, as very early upon this morning Doctor Butler had led him to expect a favourable change in Anna. After receiving his message and departing to communicate it, Mrs. Catherine returned with the happy intelligence, that, as far as Maria could judge, all feverish symptoms had apparently abated, and that poor Anna now lay

tranquil, though, Mrs. Catherine added, not yet in her right mind. This was gratifying to Mortimer, notwithstanding the clause added by the housekeeper, and he dismissed her with a notification that Doctor Butler had engaged to take an early breakfast with him in his own apartment.

It will at once be surmised why, independently of Mortimer's natural anxiety for the health of his mistress's sister, the information gratified him. Although of a strong mind, and taught from his childhood to laugh at any thing like supernatural agency, his adventure in the garden had confounded and distressed Mortimer at the time, and continued to haunt his imagination and harass his spirits afterwards. He compelled himself, over and over, to consider the vision merely as a creation of his excited fancy and irritated mood: but reason declined to support for any length of time this forced doctrine, and in spite of himself, the contrary conviction remained; and now too, the occurrence he had previously related to Maria, found ready entrance into his reflections, and

claimed a notice he had before successfully refused to extend to it.

Still, however, he was most anxious to believe that Tresham's appearance in the drawing-room to Anna and himself, was a real appearance; although he had never been able to propose to Doctor Butler, or to any other person a question that might better lead to the truth, by acquainting him whether or not the student was, on that evening, absent from his college chambers. Tresham's illness the very next morning put it out of Mortimer's power to ask himself; nor is it likely, that with full opportunity to do so he should have hazarded an inquiry, that, under the circumstances, might prove too delicate and dangerous to Tresham, and even too distressing to Mortimer, in the possible result.

With Maria, Mortimer had not dared to exchange a word of confidence on the subject. It will be recollected, that from her local situation, Maria remained unconscious of the presence of Tresham in the back drawing-room. Mortimer's words and manner assured her, however, either that he was infatuated, or that Tresham really appeared for a moment where she could

not see him, and in their subsequent conversations, her lover endeavoured to confirm Maria in the latter opinion; nay, he went so far as to state, that, after he had left the apartment, he became assured of the fact, in consequence of a meeting and satisfactory explanation with the student. This gentle policy it is almost unnecessary to explain, further than by saying, that Mortimer wished, whatever might be the truth of those mysterious appearances, to guard his own mistress, at least, from the affliction of supernatural notions concerning them.

Doctor Butler seemed to be the only individual to whom he might unbosom himself; and Mortimer often felt disposed to the confidence, but was checked by other considerations. Much of this gentleman's honest zeal depended, it was evident, on his incredulity towards such stories as Mortimer must impart; so that he could only expect to get laughed at, or, if he succeeded in making an impression, the doctor's professional energy would be distracted, and neither of these results were desirable. Mortimer, therefore, remained in exclusive possession of his own secret; one ques-

tion however he resolved at last to ask of Doctor Butler in the course of the morning.

He rose to prepare for receiving his old friend at an early breakfast; and before the hour had struck, Butler's voice was heard in the outward apartment. When the gentlemen met, Mortimer found that his guest had already been to Anna's bed-side, and was now in good spirits at her promising symptoms.

"All danger is past;" he continued, "and the only thing we have yet to regret, and, I believe must for some time regret, is her continued wandering of brain."

"Mrs. Catherine's surmise was true, then." Mortimer asked what was the doctor's opinion of Tresham.

"Candidly, I grow alarmed about him. But thereby hangs a tale I shall at length relate, for your wonder or amusement. I did not care to talk of it, at first, as circumstances would have made it awkward; that is, while your lady's sister was in danger, I saw no time for it; but now that her recovery is certain, we may enjoy a laugh at the conceit. You remember my vexation and mirth at ascertaining from you and

Maria the immediate cause of Anna's illness ;— well ; what will you say when I inform you that her lover's fit—I mean his increased attack—comes from a source similar to Anna's strange infatuation ?”

“ I scarcely understand you,” said Mortimer, raising his eyes in some alarm.

“ Then hear me out. On the night when he grew so seriously bad, I had left him, at an early hour, in his chambers, with my imperative commands to retire early to rest.”

“ And that was the same night that Anna's prepossession caused her sudden fit, also ?”

“ The very same,” answered Butler.

“ Did he afterwards leave his chambers ?” asked Mortimer, thus getting in his long-contemplated question.

“ I'll tell you. My mind misgave me, and so late as twelve o'clock I called back——”

“ But pray, doctor, when did you part from him on that evening ?” interrupted Mortimer.

“ I said, early, did I not ?—About seven or eight o'clock, I think.”

Mortimer felt relieved by this explanation ; Tresham, then, by his absence after seven or

eight o'clock, from his chambers, had time to practise the deception Mortimer suspected him of.

"He was not in the college," continued Butler; "I turned into the grounds, and found him stretched on the damp grass in the shrubbery. When removed to his bed, I forbore, for that night, to reproach him with the breach of arrangement between us; next morning, however, I rated him soundly, and can you guess his justification?"

"No—not even remotely," answered Mortimer, while in fact he only denied his own thought.

"It was—that the Fetch—as they call it—of his mistress, had seduced him from his chambers."

"Heavens!—did he talk rationally, consistently?"

"About as much so as one could hope from a man not absolutely mad, yet bewitched to extremity. But how is this, gallant captain?—Are your nerves, too, that a twenty-pounder could not flutter, subdued by a nursery tale?"

“ Pshaw, no, good doctor ; I only wonder—ha! ha!—I only am surprised at the boy’s weakness—of course, you met his statement properly ?”

“ I flatter myself I did, captain.”

“ But you argued with him ?”

“ Why, aye, in our own overpowering, professional way.”

“ And with what effect ?”

“ A preparatory one, during our first discussion ; and I have since returned, again and again, to the attack, and at last fully convinced him, that, in common with thousands before him, he has been an egregious ass. But we shall speak of Tresham by and by. At present I wish to inform you of some of my views for Anna.”

“ I shall hear them with the greatest pleasure and interest.”

“ Particularly as you must assist me in them.”

“ Command me.”

“ In a word, then, we have both to swear some white lies ;—nothing better is left us for the perfect re-establishment of her mind and health.”

“ Oh, tempt me to what you will.”

“Taking it for granted that the poor girl imposes on her own understanding, but still recollecting that we cannot convince her she does so, I strongly fear, that if the chimera be not effectually banished from her thoughts, Anna may not speedily recover a sound mind. But why should we not rout it out at once?—Why not admit these very visitations she raves about, yet stoutly assert them to have been real visits? Will you uphold me?”

“By all means; I approve the finesse; but must not Tresham be made a party?”

“Certainly not. To make him one would be to let him know of Anna’s sympathetic folly, and that were the devil with Tresham himself; fire to tow, or a spark to a gunpowder magazine.”

“Then how do you propose to act?—When the lovers meet, they will naturally understand each other.”

“They shall not meet—shall not chatter together—shall not even see each other, till they are both perfectly re-established in health and common-sense—if such is to be the case—and their minds entirely new-modelled and suffi-

ciently strong to laugh at the knowledge, seasonably obtained, of their mutual delusion. But more of this anon. Now let us go, hand in hand, to Anna's chamber, and your business is to vouch for the truth of whatever romance you may hear me originate."

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE the entrance of the gentlemen, Anna awoke from an intense slumber, to the first consciousness of her situation that, for weeks, had blessed her mind. She found a hand holding hers, a gentle, tender hand; and it was like the fading of a dream, that, a moment before, a soft kiss and breathing had visited her brow, and a warm tear fallen upon her eye-lids. She slowly raised her eyes and recognised her sister. There indeed, that devoted sister had sate, almost without intermission, since the first hour of her illness. It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like a woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind: yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than the light, of the sad lamp

that watches it; let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait, alone, and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself, a creeping-in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove, in one instance at least, his manly weakness.

But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and owns no recollection of self. In silence, and in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but, so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, or breath, of the now more than ever loved one, who lies

under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as, in obedience to an impulse, or a signal, she moves about, would not waken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort, and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed, *her* eye never winking, *her* mind never palled, *her* nature, that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

"Is it you, my dearest sister?"—said Anna, when she saw who held her hand—

"Oh, my beloved Anna! will you not know me? Can you forget your Maria?"—

"Forget you!—no, no, no—but one cannot now be so sure of a face one ought to know well;—how is Tresham, Maria?"—

"Do not speak so much, Anna—we are desired to request you will not; but Tresham is very well; very well, my dear sister."

"I dreamt he was not well," resumed the in-

valid—"and oh, sister, I dreamt such other things!—how long have I been thus?—how long a-bed, and forgetful?"—

"Hush, Anna—hush, my love;—only some days."

"Maria"—Anna after a pause went on, and now rapidly speaking in a whisper—"Maria—I—I die to see him: one look—one sight of him as he used to be!—but, harkye, sister—let him come at noon—or in the middle of the day—or very early in the morning—that will be the best time—what time is it now?—after the night-fall?"

"No, my dear Anna; it is not yet ten o'clock in the forenoon, only the blinds are all down, and the room darkened, that you may be quiet, and get some rest and refreshing sleep."

"Hist! hist!—I hear a low step—whose is it?"—said Anna, alarmed.

Maria rose and opened the door for Butler and Mortimer.

"If it was himself, Maria, he would smile on me," continued Anna, relapsing, as Butler approached, into her confusion of persons, and mixing this up with her broken recollections of

the past; while her eye vacantly fixed on his, and she crushed herself against the opposite side of the bed, grasping the covering with spasmed hands, and her white lips moving without sound; till, at last, as Butler came nearer, she continued aloud,

“ I know you—but you are not he, though so like him—he is not so silent and wretched—go, in God’s name!—Maria! where are you?—put your arms round me—hold me—go, go—I saw you before, and I know you now—go, go!”

“ What, my sweet patient! how have I offended?” said Butler, in an easy tone. Mortimer, who stood behind him, was more shocked at such an unusual scene, and whispered,

“ Let us withdraw, and choose a better time.”

“ No, no—permit me; stay where you are,” answered Butler—“ seem to understand what I shall say aloud to you. So; fair weather to our friend Tresham, captain.”

The words instantly seemed to restore Anna to a perfect knowledge of those around her; she started, and whispered in Maria’s ear—“ Listen!”

“Is it not to Italy he travels?” said Mortimer, endeavouring thus to follow Butler’s cue.

“Italy;—I have a love-message from him to somebody; can it be told now, Maria?” asked Butler, still with seeming carelessness.

“Yes, sir,—now—this moment—for God’s sake! To Italy, you tell me?” said Anna, before her sister could answer.

“Verily, and indeed,” resumed Butler: “his father arrived unexpectedly amongst us, giving him but an hour’s preparation; yet, even in that time, the goose wished to write a sighing, sonnetteering farewell to a certain person——.”

“And he did not?” interrupted Anna.

“I could not, and would not permit him, as I feared something too ardent and startling for the nerves of a fair invalid we are all bound to care for;” Butler looked towards Mortimer, as if to claim his support.

“So, he was obliged to content himself with making us his apologists,” said Mortimer, taking the hint.

“And how long is this ago?” asked Anna.

“Two days, exactly.”

“He will soon have performed his journey,

and in about a fortnight you may expect to hear from him, my dear sister," continued Mortimer.

"Yes—and, in a few weeks after, see him, and then, if you like, keep him entirely to yourself, my sweet patient," Butler went on:—"by the way, Mortimer, you remember something, do you? I forget what—a trifle—some folly or other, however—that he requested us to mention?"

"Oh, yes—he charged us to bear to Anna his profound regrets and apology, for having—upon the occasion of his late visits——"

"Aye, pshaw! that was it," said Butler.

"Assumed a ridiculous mystery of manner," continued Mortimer, "that—that——"

Anna, raising herself in the bed, broke in with—"Does he mean two visits, one before, and the other after, our last morning walk, by the Lacken?"

"To be sure he does—but I see you remember this child's play better than it deserves," said Butler.

She sank back, exhausted, but more calm; then, in a moment, resumed:

"What, what could have been his shocking

motive? To kill me, or drive me mad, I am sure, sir."

"Poh—to ascertain, in his wisdom, whether a foolish girl could be well frightened, or no; you must not expect downright wisdom in every thing a boy does; even though that boy be clever, handsome, and a constant admirer into the bargain," and Butler sat, and kindly took her hand.

"He is very penitent," said Mortimer; "contrite to the dust, and really miserable, lest you should not forgive him, dear Anna."

"Oh, we cannot long be very angry with only poor Tresham, you know." He rose and whispered to Maria—"now let her have her own undisturbed reflections for half an hour, or about:" then concluded aloud—"so, good day, my good, thriving patient, and thank the obliging stars that ordered away your lover just at the time you resolved upon looking so frightful;" and the two gentlemen left the chamber.

"This seems to do well, doctor, if you can brave it out—but what with Tresham?" asked Mortimer when they were alone.

"Get him out of Kilkenny as fast as we can;

his very health requires it, even if appearances were not, in this case, to be saved."

"But in any case you cannot present him with the true reasons for such a step?"

"No; as either would *unnecessarily* shock him. Mark my emphasis—I must try different measures. He must believe that Anna is wroth against him, and, for a time, will not see him."

"Surely that will be as severe a shock as any?"

"Severe as I can contrive it, but antagonist to the other, or to any he has yet received; and there is my hope."

"I do not understand you; pray explain."

"It is my opinion that a mystified and wretched state of mind, acting on the nerves, and through them, on the whole system, has strongly tended to lay one basis for Tresham's present illness: and, without wholly trusting to the arguments we have used together—I would try to shake that basis by another good agitation. His love and vanity shall take up arms against the German fathers. And on the same principle that one poison is coursed out of the frame by another and stronger, I think I shall thus admi-

nister to the progress of Tresham's disease, counteracting medicine."

"But are there not alarming physical symptoms?"

"Alarming I admit, as I have already admitted; aye, very dangerous; yet not irremovable. A new mental action, and then, peace, bodily repose, and proper treatment, and pure air, may yet establish him. Come, let us see Tresham together. But, stop a moment; one word, first, with Mr. Ruth."

They spoke with the old gentleman, and after assuring him of the convalescence of his child, Butler went on to say, that, however excellent Tresham, in many respects, might be, he was yet the slave of a gloomy mind, that, in the doctor's opinion, had caused the present indisposition of Anna; and Mr. Butler seriously added, he could undertake to attend the invalid only on the condition that Mr. Ruth discountenanced, for a given time, the student's visits to his house.

Parental solicitude yielded a ready assent to these terms, which Butler got the father to embody, in the shape of a letter to Tresham. He

then informed him of the finesse practised on Anna by the report of her lover's journey to Italy, and engaged Mr. Ruth to countenance it, and take such précautions as should exclude from her ear all contrary information. These arrangements made, the doctor and his friend hastened to Tresham's chambers.

A favourable turn had, overnight, taken place in Tresham's disorder. He slept sounder than usual, and awoke and arose in a flow of spirits that surprised even himself. This moment of new enjoyment received some shock, however, in the abrupt appearance of Larry at his chamber door, the poor fellow, habited as he had presented himself at Mrs. Catherine's window, and still exhibiting all the poetical character of his own ghost. After recovering his first surprise, Tresham recollected he should have been prepared for this vision, as Doctor Butler had, the day before, advised him of the re-establishment of Larry's sanity; and mentioned the likelihood of his speedy enfranchisement. So, after a cordial salutation and welcome, which Larry heard in silence, the student forbore, in pity and delicacy, all allusion to the past, and only

informed him where he should find a befitting suit of clothes, and the necessaries for refreshment.

A gloom, however, suddenly fell on Tresham, induced by this re-appearance of his servant, which called up the dark, and not yet banished recollections of the first mysterious scene they had witnessed together; and Tresham, irresistibly yielding to the influence of the mood, cast himself on the sofa.

Larry, on his part, also felt many of his old alarms returning. Catherine's portrait of the bad health of his master had led him to expect the apparition of a man lying in his bed, and reduced almost to the last gasp; and when, instead, he beheld Tresham not very much altered since their last interview, he could not help casting an eye towards the bed, in expectation of beholding, there, the true and real master he had come "to see dead, dacently."

In these doubts, Larry brought to mind a resolution he had, previous to his late misfortune, formed, in order to quiet his own notions of identity; and so, cautiously taking his stand at the back of the sofa,

"Are you asleep or awake, sir?" he asked.

"I shall never sleep!" answered Tresham.

"Musha, that 'ud be very unnaatural, mas-ther Harry."

"Then be it so. What have I to do with any thing natural?"

"Bad words, unless he raves," thought the valet. "Providence is over all, sir."

"Perhaps."

"Equivocation"—again ruminated Larry: then aloud—"I didn't say my prayers, last night, masther."

"And what then?"

"Nothin' at all; only I was for axin' your lave to say 'em now, above my breath, after a manner, an' maybe you'd put in a word, wid me, sir."

Tresham only laughed at this strange proposition, and Larry's doubts increased; when Dr. Butler's voice on the stairs gave a different current to his feelings, and abruptly stating that "he had a thing to look after," the servant escaped from the chamber ere his hated foe entered it, and also without the observation he so much dreaded.

Tresham was rather astonished to see his old friend walk into the room with a grave pace, a corrected brow, and an air, altogether, of much severity. As Mortimer slowly followed, the student's heart failed him, and he quickly asked of the health of his mistress. She was well, in bodily health, Butler replied; but it grieved him to be the bearer of otherwise disagreeable news on her account.

Tresham stared, and inquired what was meant; and the doctor, taking a chair by his side, and motioning Mortimer to another, proceeded.

“It astonishes me, Harry, that a person of your fine mind and principles could incautiously abuse the openness of a young heart, by darkening and distracting it with such absurdities as you and I have discussed together. You ought to have been aware that the native weakness and delicacy of a girlish mind was at the mercy of any direction you chanced to give it; and to use your advantage and power only for the purpose of injuring, was an act, if premeditated, unworthy of the scholar and the man of feeling.”

Tresham's damp pale brow parched and reddened at this preface, and he again inquired, with spirit, what could possibly be meant?

"In a word, then, Anna has confessed to her parents all the chilling doubts with which you have crowded her mind, and brought them to forbid your visits to the house."

"Excuse me, Mr. Tresham, but this is yours," said Mortimer, handing him Ruth's letter.

Tresham rapidly perused it; and—"gentlemen, you amaze, confound me!"—he exclaimed.

"It is true," however, resumed Mortimer: "she avers, with streaming eyes, that your horrible, though childish conceits—"

"To a child, horrible," interrupted Butler.

"Her sleep is haunted by hideous dreams, her sense of right and wrong, real and imaginary, confounded"—

"Her conscience disturbed, her life embittered, in a word, that she is almost broken-hearted"—added Butler.

"The curse of folly on my own credulous heart, that could expect any thing but whim and change from a woman,—a girl—a child!" Tresham said, vehemently mounting his climax in mingled feelings of mortification and passion.

“ Not so trifling, nor so childish, either, perhaps,” continued Butler—“ Anna’s present act does not deserve such an epithet ; and it is only natural to expect”—

“ Does she know I am so ill, sir?” the student abruptly asked.

“ No, sir ; I did not care, even on your account, to *add* misery to a heart that loves you, and”—

“ Loves me!” Tresham repeated scoffingly.

“ I said it, because I know it ; and when you thought fit twice to interrupt me, I was about to add, that by the exertion of a little patience and good sense on your side, Anna may still, and soon, be all you wish of her, and from her.”

“ I can scarcely comprehend you, Mr. Butler ; yet I thank you for this re-assurance, and am sorry for my warmth,” said Tresham.

Butler, with his voice altered to a condescending kindness of accent, now proceeded.

“ My very good young friend, I am almost treble your age, have known the world nearly three times as long, and women as a part of it : and believe me, when I assure you that, weak as they appear to us, sovereign lords, in

the higher darings of mind, they possess, beyond us, great acuteness of view into character."

"And, knowing their superiority, they exercise it against us, too," said Mortimer.

"Precisely. A woman inclined to make choice of a partner for life, will weigh and study his character with more skill and perseverance than he can ever pretend to adopt towards her; nay, she will adroitly allow him scope to develop himself, by pretending, for a moment, to relish his wildest fancies. And now, Tresham, I have another proposition to lay down. No matter how fervently a woman may love, in the first instance, she will, after due investigation, be very cautious of committing her fate and happiness into the hands of any man whom she deems likely to make her miserable. I have seen some extraordinary proofs of the strength of this quality. I knew a lady, young, generous, beautiful, and loving to devotion, a fellow-student of mine, and yet, upon the discovery of what she thought an incurable weakness of mind, she gave him up, for ever, though her own heart was the accompanying sacrifice, for it broke and went to ruin in the struggle."

“ Gracious God, gentlemen, to what does all this mysterious discourse tend ?”—asked Tresham.

“ Little—only that Anna may be such a woman,” answered Butler, drily.

“ But I disclaim any incurable weakness of mind that may interfere with her scruples or feelings”—resumed the student—“ you, Mr. Butler should know, from our late discussions, that, right or wrong as I may have hitherto thought, I am not now—for some time have not been—deaf or obstinate to conviction.”

“ I know it, my dear Tresham, and give you all the merit of the reformation. But to the purpose. It is evident you have committed yourself to Anna on some topic that, for the present, shocks, and, on reflection, perhaps disgusts her.”

“ I am a fool—a weak, cruel fool!”—exclaimed Tresham, love, generosity, and a fear of losing his mistress, jointly compelling the admission.

“ What the nature of these topics may be, we know not,” said Mortimer.

“ And care not,” resumed Butler ; “ but my

experience of female discernment convinces me—and our silly arguments, too, Harry—that—pardon me when I bluntly say it—one must believe them incompatible with the rational happiness a wedded couple ought to enjoy.”

“And brother Tresham will allow a sincere friend to add, that they are also incompatible with a strong, masculine mind like his, and unfit for his matured intercourse with serious and accomplished gentlemen.”

“I believe it!—I will believe any thing—promise any thing—perform any thing—opinions—pursuits—habits—all will I give up—worlds I *would* give up, to restore Anna’s peace of mind, and once more deserve her love and confidence!”—

“That’s manly and honourable,” said Mortimer.

“Come, then;—let me see;—yes—on one condition we can befriend you,” rejoined Butler.

“Name it, gentlemen, name it!”—

“You will promise that till we can put Anna in good humour with you, you will not, directly nor indirectly, by visit, message, or letter, seek to communicate with her.”

“Are those terms absolutely indispensable?” Tresham asked in a doleful tone.

“God’s mercy!”—cried Butler, affecting to take fire—“are you not the most selfish, as well as the most impolitic lover in the world, to ask such a question?—Do you not see, in the first place, that your mistress’s happiness and health depends on your keeping far away from her? and, next, would you ruin your own interests by a childish precipitancy?—would you take yourself out of our hands, and adopt your own course?—if so, say it at once.”

“The conditions are hard, yet I solemnly promise to observe them,” resumed the student, sighing heavily.

“Very good. That’s plain, and only what I expected from you, Harry. But hearken further. With her we must plead your absence, as an apology for your not visiting her; your illness we dare not mention.”

Tresham was content, he said.

“And in a week, or so, when you are, as I trust you shall be, much stronger than at present, I invite you, in order to prevent mistakes,

to accompany me on a short excursion to Woodstock, a beautiful country."

"I accept your invitation, Mr. Butler, and am properly sensible of your zeal and friendship."

"Tut, tut—no speeches. And now we must part, as at this very hour," looking at his watch,—"I am anxiously expected by an old woman of an alderman, who wishes me to cut off a saddle of mutton that he avers has dangled at his nose for the last fortnight. Besides, I cannot permit you to talk any longer. So—give me your hand: good morning; and keep yourself quiet, and depend on our services in every way. Come, Captain Mortimer:" and they left Tresham to the wholesome conflict of new thoughts and feelings now sprung up in his mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Butler, in some days after this interview, visited Tresham, he was afflicted to find in him a rapid change for the worse. With light spirits, and an unusually free and unravelled mind, the patient had, from long coughing and cold perspirations, past a sleepless night. Butler proceeded to the counteraction of these symptoms, and, in a few days more, it seemed he had succeeded. Tresham slept better, and felt stronger. In the lapse of another fortnight, however, the mocking distemper again appeared on its treacherous march towards the citadel of life, and Butler grew seriously alarmed. In good earnest he began to think of the continental journey, upon which he had already sent his patient in idea only. He consulted with the head master of the college, and it was arranged to write home to Tresham's family. One day

was, however, allowed to decide the question ; and through the whole of that day, Tresham seemed again on the high-road to health. Another and another, and he was better and better. It is unnecessary here to remark that consumption sometimes baffles, even at present, the skill and experience of the most eminent physicians, and we must not, therefore, wonder, that many years ago, it was equally successful with our provincial practitioner.

In fact, for a fortnight longer, Butler more than hoped the complete re-establishment of the student's health. But in about two months, altogether, from the first serious appearances, an alarming crisis arrived : his person dwindled rapidly ; his cough increased to convulsions ; his sleep was entirely gone, and the victorious disease hung out its false colours on his cheek, and triumphantly sparkled through his eye. In haste and consternation, Butler despatched a letter to the south of Ireland, and, with the consent of the principal, hurried Tresham to the more open country-residence he had before spoken of, and which Tresham's varying state of health

caused him so long to forget ; there to await, in feeble hope, the sad arrival of his friends.

Upon the very evening of their departure, poor Tresham felt and seemed a new man. A flow of artificial energy coursed through his veins. Butler met him ready dressed in his apartment, with a flaring eye, an erect mien, and an ostentatious and piteous firmness of step, and full of anticipated pleasure from their country drive and residence. The good doctor, himself, was startled and delighted when he first entered ; but, in a second, he turned away to hide the stifling sigh and blinding tear, that proclaimed a mournful change of conviction.

And now, and not for the first time during the few last weeks, he thought, with an irritating and stupifying feeling, of Anna's strange prophecies, and of her assertions with respect to the vision she declared she had seen. Rejecting from the first, with laughter and scorn, every thought of supernatural omen, and crushing it under a load of manly indifference, there now and then stirred, however, in the bottom of the doctor's soul, and under all that phi-

losophical pressure, a something, that like an incipient earthquake at the base of a real mountain, slightly disturbed the mass. But now, after feeling for an instant such an inward motion, Butler grew impatient to acknowledge or yield it place, and at once offering his arm to Tresham, routed the weakness from his mind, as he led the student to the vehicle that waited for them at the college gate.

While crossing the hall, Tresham recollected a favorite volume of light reading he had left behind him in his chamber, and desired Larry, who, with Doctor Butler's consent, had long since been reinstated in his office, to return and bring it to him.

"The windee-shetters are more nor half closed, Masther Harry, an' maybe myself couldn't meet wid it," said Larry, much disinclined to visit the chamber alone.

"Begone, you scoundrel!"—roared Butler, "or I'll put you where you shall never get a glimpse of the daylight—begone! and don't stay a moment!"

The servant complied, and Tresham and Butler awaited his return. He could scarcely

have gained, they thought, the chamber-door, when a loud noise, as of a person tumbling headforemost down stairs, reached their ears; then rapid footsteps on every landing place, and an alternate recurrence of the tumbling clatter; until at last Larry fell into the hall, and gathering himself on his feet, strode across the space between him and the door, and at last rushed through it; never uttering a word, and his lips and brows compressed in the frightened resolve of self-preservation.

They called loudly on him as he passed, but got no answer. They waited for him, but Larry did not re-appear. The truth is, a few moments saw him beyond the limit of the city of Kilkenny, and Larry held his speed, as well as he could, along the high-road to his native country, where, on the morning of about the fourth day, immediately following, he was seen, restored to his agricultural habiliments, silently directing the course of a plough through the stubborn earth.

After some moments' delay, the gentlemen resolved to proceed on their journey without Larry; and Mr. Butler, knowing Tresham's in-

capacity to hurry himself, returned with a light though old foot to get the volume his companion wished.

“The master has bit the man—which is most bewitched, I know not,” he said to himself while entering the chamber. The shutters were, as Larry had premised, half closed; and although no shadow of evening had yet fallen, that side of the apartment occupied by the bed, was wrapped in considerable darkness. The moment Butler entered, and as he rapidly walked towards a book-shelf, he fancied he caught, with his side-vision, a form like that of Tresham’s, standing motionless over the bed. He started round, but saw nothing. Impatience, not fear, shook his frame; he stamped his foot on the floor, and rushing to the bed, pushed aside the curtains, and examined all round it. Still he saw nothing; and at last concluding that the thought which had preoccupied his mind thus tormented him, fashioning out of the folds of the drapery a form to deceive his unwary sight, Butler hastily secured the volume, and proceeded to rejoin his patient. Before he left the room, he could not however,

refuse one other look towards the bed; the delusion was not there;—Butler stamped again, with a “pshaw!”—and—“yet, by heavens, it is strangely and provokingly coincident!”—he added, turning down stairs.

The country retreat selected by Butler, was, as well as being the very climate of health, the most beautiful scene in the vicinity. It has been pointed out to us, in connexion with this true history, and therefore, perhaps, we call back its features with some facility and pleasure. We are not, indeed, sufficiently masters of local topography to be assured that the name it now bears, is the same it bore at the era we speak of; that present name is, however, Woodstock, and the domain is the property of an Irish gentleman of importance. It rises from the edge of the Nore, at about thirteen miles from Kilkenny, into curves and slopes, hills and dales, piles of rock, and extensive spreads of level though high ground; hills and dales are thickly or wildly planted; and mountain streams, made rough and interesting by the stony impediments in their course, seek their way through the bending and shivered banks and fantastic woods; sometimes leaping

over an unusually steep barrier. The waterfalls send their chafings among the woods and hollows, which on all sides, and at a distance, reply; and these voices of nature, together with the nearly similar noise of the rustling trees, or the crackling of their knotted arms in the blast, are the only, or the overmastering sounds that disturb the solitude.

Extrinsic interest has lately attached to this fine scenery, on account of its having been the last residence on earth of a lady not unknown in the literary world. In fact, the present proprietor is a Mr. Tighe; and here the gentle author of "Psyche," that gentleman's aunt by marriage, breathed the last notes of her femininely sweet song, and the last breath of a life she was almost too good and pure to have longer breathed, in a bad and gross world. Here she sang, in sighings of the heart, her last melancholy farewell to the "Odours of spring;" and, alas, the flowers she addressed had not wasted their perfume till they were transplanted to her grave. A beautiful girl, long the humble protégée of the minstrel, culled them with her young hands, and in recollection of notes that the silent tongue had

once murmured, placed them on her bed of clay, and thus in the tears of beauty and of youthful sorrow, they were there nurtured. The grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village that skirts the domain. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey, that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it: simple primroses and daisies now blossom round; and near it, in some scathed old trees, the rooks caw her requiem. It is a place for the grave of a poetess.

But, when Tresham visited this district, it had, for him, the single yet abundant interest of its own beauty. Even as he approached it, the introductory scenery grew fair and enchanting. The country outside of Kilkenny was uniform; but at last, from the highest point of a rough, mountain-road, his eye was at once flung over a semicircular extent of hill, dell, and mountain, broken into every desirable shape of the picturesque, and thrown and tossed about, as if in the awful sportiveness of the creating hand. Hill bestrode hill, the guardian giants of the race appearing pale and mysterious in the distance; while through the midst, in the

depths of a spacious valley, the lady Nore curved on her graceful course.

It was the first approach of an unusually fine evening in September, and the red sun, setting over an extreme vista at Tresham's back, lackered all the opposite scene with gold: producing, at the same time, those stretching shadows that make evening the painter's best hour for the study of his *chiaro-scuro*. At every turn of this road the scene only changed into another mode of beauty. From a nearer point appeared the lowly village of Inistiogue; a few white cottages, glinting, like white stones, at the bases, and in the mighty embrace of hills, richly planted. Its light and not inelegant bridge spanned the crystal river, groups and groups of trees massing behind it; and, over all, the high grounds of Woodstock rising in continued and variegated foliage. Tears of pleasure filled Tresham's eyes. He felt it was happiness to live in so fair a world; alas!—he enjoyed the scene as if he had been doomed to enjoy it.

When the travellers had passed the bridge, and entered the noble solitude of Woodstock, twilight had just begun to steal in, like a chang-

ing spirit, amid the glow of day. The carriage drove through a good part of the domain. They got out and descended a path over the side of a sloping dell, and Butler pointed out, on the opposite side, a neat thatched cottage which, he said, was to be Tresham's residence, the absent proprietor having invited Butler to make occasional use of it.

As they approached, an old woman of decent and primitive appearance stood at the door to welcome them. Butler, addressing her by the name of "nurse," said he had brought her patient; along with whom, himself would be her guest for the night. They entered and occupied two neat apartments, in which rustic plainness seemed rather a tasteful affectation, than a necessity. Tresham enjoyed his situation in an impotent overflow of spirits; yet unaware of Butler's opinion of his health, and, by the miserable fatality that blinds the observation of almost all invalids in his case, not prepared, himself, to fear any danger, the poor victim declared, laughingly, that it was worth while to be ill for the sake of so delightful a change.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT the time of Tresham's departure from Kilkenny, Anna's bodily health was almost completely restored, and her mind, too, after the last conversation with Butler and Mortimer, grew calmer and more settled; so that her affectionate family now detected but slight symptoms of wandering. She was, however, much changed in spirits; she spoke very little, even to Maria, and continually sought the silence and abstraction of her own chamber. When crossed in such purposes, Anna shewed more wildness and irritability than on other occasions, and compelled out of the fears and solicitude of her mother and sister, a submission to her waywardness.

The only person who succeeded in rallying her, and soothing her temper, was Butler. He visited her often, and by a repetition of his easy

and yet kind manner and conversation, often drew her from solitude, and won her to engage in refreshing discourses and speculations. He supplied her too, with light and pleasing books, calculated to rival the impressions made by her late reading ; and, in a word, used every judicious means of restoring her to a rational balance of mind and feeling.

But one cruel cause of uneasiness to Anna soon occurred. The time mentioned by Butler and all her friends, as fixed for Tresham's return from Italy, came and went without his appearance before her. Another week, and another still elapsed, and she did not see him ; not even a letter arrived. She began to make inquiries, and the explanations attempted to be given seemed to Anna unsatisfactory and evasive. Her susceptible heart whispered to her, that there was no reality, no conviction, in the words that fell upon her ear. And still the time lapsed, and still she had no letter ; nothing, in fact, like an assurance *from himself*, that the accounts given her were true ; that Tresham was well—that he was alive !

So soon as these thoughts entered her mind,

all the spectral fancies that for some time had lain hushed in it, stirred and got life again, and it was peopled with them!—Inward voices told her that her lover was dead!—Dead, in consequence of what she had seen!—and the stories of his sudden journey to Italy were, she now assured herself, only kind equivocations, to disguise from her, in her weak state, the shocking and destroying truth.

At first she indulged these thoughts in silence, and her friends could only perceive that a sudden and bad change had come over her mind, until towards the close of a day, about a week after Tresham's excursion to Woodstock, a decisive occurrence took place.

Maria had left Anna disposed to sleep on a couch in her chamber; and some time elapsed when she heard the invalid's voice calling loud to her. Maria hastily entered, and saw Anna sitting up with a distracted air, pale as a corpse, and every limb shaking. Inquiring the cause, Anna said,

“ Oh, Maria! I have dreamt an appalling dream, if, indeed, it was a dream”—

“ It must have been—what else could it be?

You slept; I left you sleeping, my dearest Anna—forget it,” interrupted the anxious sister.

“ I cannot forget it, Maria; but I will think it *was* a dream; I may have slept; my poor mind grew quieter a moment before,—and, surely, I could not have fancied it.”

“ ’Tis all weakness, Anna;—this confinement and this close air prey on your nerves; let us have a turn in the garden; come, lean on me”—

“ No; listen to me, Maria. This I dreamt, if dream it must be. I was sitting where I am, thinking of *him*; every thing appeared, as usual, about me; the chairs, the books, the window, and all. The window darkened—I turned, and just caught the shadow of a pale face receding from the glass. Then I grew troubled, and the room filled with sound, that deepened and deepened, and at last I heard—‘ He is *not* dead!’ ”

“ Dead!” repeated Maria,—“ Why should you require that information in any shape? What cause was there to fear it? How could you ever suppose it, my dear Anna?”

“ *Yet!*” resumed Anna, “ the invisible voices added, ‘ Yet!’—‘ He is not dead—Yet!’ they said, ‘ but go and seek him!—seek him in soli-

tude, and in the darkness that is falling fast upon his soul!" — All this I was told, Maria — what could it mean?" And she fixed her blazing eyes on her startled sister.

"Nothing, nothing, my love—it could mean nothing; we are warned, by religion itself, as well as by reason, to place no thought on dreams."

"Why do you look so pale, and tremble so, Maria?" asked Anna, a stern spirit controlling her own agitation—"look on me!—tell me—do not deceive me!—do not dare to deceive me!—Where is he gone, indeed?—What falsehoods have they told me?—he was *not* here!"

"Oh, sister, sister, compose yourself!—did you not hear he was in Italy?—Did they not bring you his own assurance that he travelled thither?"

"They!—they! answer for yourself, sister!" cried Anna, her manner growing every moment wilder; "and, now I recollect, *you* never told me that!—never, from yourself! Tell it now, if you can—if you dare! on the peril of your soul, answer me—where is Tresham?—ha!" she continued in a scream, and starting up,

“you grow paler, Maria!—you wince, and are silent!”

Maria could only supplicate her to be patient.

“I see it now!—no, no, he is not in Italy!—he never was!—he never sent me that message!—he is somewhere near us, and *I* will find him!” she paused a moment, then struck by a sudden association, “answer me again, sister!—one day—I do not—cannot recollect when or where, or how, but one day I heard, while you thought I slept, you and Mortimer mention, in a whisper, first his name, and then you spoke of Woodstock, and Butler has often been absent from town, before and since, for days together—tell me!—Is he not there?—or was he not?—did he not die there?—did he not!”

“No, sister!—I reply to your question on my word of truth, and in the presence of the Great Judge of truth!—he did not die!—he is not dead!” Maria answered with some vehemence, glad to seize a point for plausible equivocation.

“But speak to my whole question!—is he at Woodstock now?—is he dying there, now?—you do not so readily answer that—you cannot!

—my own thought is true—true, and I will prove its truth!” and Anna, snatching a scarf and hat, rushed towards the door. Her sister flew between her and it.

“ Let me pass! let me pass!” exclaimed Anna, in a climax of madness, while she stamped her small foot on the floor, and still moved to go out.

“ For the sake of heaven, dearest sister!—for your own, and *his* sake!—for our father’s and mother’s sake!—for your poor sister’s sake!”—cried Maria, kneeling with her back to the door.

“ Let me pass, I say! I have no friends! no kin!—all have deceived me! stories, stories you have all told me!—he may now be stiff in his shroud—earth and worms! now while I talk!—let me pass!—or, do not—” the fair maniac continued, catching up a knife that unfortunately lay on the table—“ do not! and by the blue vault over our heads I will bury this in my own heart!”—and, in an attitude of mingled grace and sternness, that in one so young was at once grand and terrible, she raised the blade high in her clenched hand.

Maria screamed aloud, and ran from the apartment, calling upon her father and Mortimer. As she turned down stairs an appalling laugh rang through Anna's chamber. Maria's cries instantly alarmed her mother and the servants, but Mr. Ruth and Mortimer were not in the house; nor could any for some time recollect where either of the gentlemen was to be found. When this was at length ascertained, and an attendant had been despatched to call them, Maria, with her mother, and all the other servants, returned to Anna's room. It was empty, or apparently so. Maria, with a shuddering anticipation, glanced towards the corners of the chamber, and to the bed, and then looked for the knife! Her foot moved it on the floor—the sister raised it—it was unstained. Maria's fears next directed her to examine the window; but this was shut down, and the blinds untouched, as she had left them. Where then could Anna be?—she had not approached the hall door; for Maria had not proceeded farther than the hall; there her mother and the servants met her. Every chamber and apartment in the house was searched; every nook;

but no trace of Anna. At this moment, Ruth and Mortimer came in. Having heard the terrifying story, a new search commenced, but as futilely ended. At last, in a small closet at the back of the house, an open window challenged attention: after a look, one of Anna's gloves was found on the floor under it; Mortimer glanced down upon the soft mould of the garden which it overhung, and the print of her feet distinctly appeared.

All rushed, with dreadful cries, and a common fear, into the garden. The foot-prints continued from the bed, under the window, to the principal walk, and there were lost on the hard and smooth gravel. The party separated to search in different quarters. Maria ran to the river's edge, and there again discovered the trace of Anna's feet, and, at a second glance, her scarf, caught and half sustained by a prickly shrub. She screamed, and Mortimer and her father were in an instant at her side. Maria could not speak, but she pointed to the foot-prints and to the scarf. Their eyes turned on the water. It was smooth, and placidly unconscious of what they feared: but in a gentle

eddy, which it made at some little distance, under a cluster of willows, Maria thought she saw the white hat and plume that her sister had taken up in the chamber. When she expressed her thought, however, this appearance was ascertained to be only a round mass of foam, that the concentric motion of the eddy had there formed.

By this time, her mother, accompanied by the servants, came up. They had found no further trace. Consternation kept all, for a moment, silent and inactive, when Mortimer, with a sudden cry, ran to a part of the garden at some little distance, which edged the main path. Every one followed him, and there he shewed fresh marks of Anna's foot, that obliquely shot across a large and newly-dug bed of mould, towards a small door in the side-wall of the garden. They gained the door; it was wide open; and it now seemed certain, that availing herself of the key which usually remained in the lock, Anna had, by this door, escaped into the street.

Acting on the conviction, Ruth, Mortimer, Maria, and a man-servant, gained the street;

Mrs. Ruth, overcome by her terrors, could not follow; Maria and her father walked rapidly in one direction, the servant in another, and Mortimer in another, all making inquiries of every person they met. Ruth and Maria could hear nothing of the fugitive. They had compassed a good portion of the town, calling at the doors of different friends where they supposed she might be, when the servant appeared, breathless and earnest; but it was only with his haste and fears; he too had found no clue. The father and daughter wrung their hands, and could but pray to heaven for help and guidance. A moment after Mortimer darted round the corner of the street in which they stood, calling out to them the moment he appeared, and adding some words which the distance and usual noise of a town prevented them from catching.

But when the friends came closer to each other, the glad words of Mortimer sent comfort before him.

“I have heard of her! I have heard of her!” he exclaimed — “Come! — come with me — quick!”

“Thank God! thank God!” — cried Maria

and the father in joyful tears—"Where?—where?"

"I spoke to some coachmen in the next street, and they say—with full knowledge of her face and person—that about half an hour ago, she flung herself into a chariot, and was driven at a furious rate out of the town——"

"But whither?—what road?"

"To the country—to Woodstock!—come! let us not lose a moment, Maria! had you not better remain here, Maria?"

"No!—do not leave me behind if you wish me to live through the interval, my dear father!—my dear Mortimer!—let me accompany you!" cried Maria, pleading with earnestness.

"Come, then—you, Robert, return and inform your mistress of our good chance—come! there is not a second to be lost!"

"If they meet!" said Maria—

"They shall not—must not—we will certainly overtake her—come!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE first evening of Tresham's residence in Woodstock passed away pleasantly: even Butler half forgot, in the gaiety, and once more treacherous appearance of Tresham, his own settled anticipations.

The anxious friend forgot too, or waived, for a good portion of the next day, his press of professional engagements, and remained with Tresham till the approach of night, when, however, he was obliged to return to Kilkenny. He came back to see his patient in two days after; again left him, and again came back; and to his utter surprise Tresham seemed, at every new visit, steadily mending. While this baffled the doctor's skill it also gave him a new hope. The salubrious air, the enchanting scene, and the reformed and more tranquil mind of Tresham, together with the natural

joy in which he must look forward to a happy reconciliation with his mistress, all might tend—it was still possible in Mr. Butler's thought—to effect an extraordinary struggle and triumph of constitution, and conquer disease, even in the last stage of its progress. However true or false these late calculations might be, still Tresham looked and felt better. During the hours of Butler's visits, his social temper fully exerted itself; and in his absence, guided, and sometimes assisted by a little flax-headed urchin, the grandson of the old woman of the cottage, he explored, at leisure, and with delight, the fine scenery around him; sitting, or strolling, or stretching himself, in the sun or shade, and reading or thinking, or enjoying light, and now luxurious slumbers.

Upon a day, after Butler had ended one of his repeated visits—and his last—Tresham informed his little guide that he should endeavour to find his way back, alone, to a scene they had visited the preceding evening:—and as Butler had engaged to return in a few hours, he informed the boy where to find him. His old nurse, struck with what she thought a sudden

and ominous change in Tresham, remonstrated against his going alone; but his smiles and earnestness persuaded her; and he went!—

With some disagreeable exertion he gained a valley of considerable magnitude and sublime character. A sheet of water, shot, at the remote end, over a bulwark of almost perpendicular rock, that, as a wall, crossed the valley. One path to this, crept along the immediate edge of steep banks that bridled the angry stream, which was a continuation of the fall; the path mounting higher and higher, until it nearly gained the torrent; and here a shelf of rock, apparently dangerous, but really safe, jutted over the abyss. It was purposely covered with sods; and, rich in moss, gave ample room for a small seat, from which might be had a full view of the waterfall.

Over-head, on both sides, the dell still towered, half faced with shivered rock, and half with dwarf oak and fantastic wreathings of wild herb and shrub, and at last sloping off in a junction with level grounds, from which, through thick plantations was another approach to the scene, by means of a frail wooden bridge, that

linked the opposite brows of the valley. This bridge was nearly in line with the seat on the shelf, but at some distance above it.

Tresham, gaining the shelf, sat in the rustic seat, and looked, with an awed and tamed delight around him. Firmly grasping the sides of the seat, he dared to look beneath. His height from the bottom was about thirty feet; and the water, discharged by the fall, there foamed and roared, swollen with recent rains, and of the brown tint that Rysdal sometimes so well imitates, amid a mystery of black and slimy rocks that pushed their sharp extremities out of the torrent. He gazed on the cascade. It rushed down, in nearly one unbroken sheet, glancing some yards away from the base of the wall of rocks, and so thinly, that he could catch, though indistinctly, forms of bank and shrub that found a kind of shelter in the space thus left behind.

Here Tresham sat for a considerable time, till the boy approached him from the cottage. The student thought he came to announce the speedy return of Butler; but when they spoke, he learned that that gentleman had not yet arriv-

ed, and the little fellow was only sent with some refreshments. Of these Tresham slightly partook, and, feeling renovated, left his seat to gain, with the boy's assistance, the bird's-eye view of the scene, afforded from the bridge above.

With much toil they won the bridge; and now Tresham dismissed his guide to return to his watch for Butler; whilst he enjoyed, alone, the view he had wished for.

Even in the spent state of his frame the invalid was not timid; yet the frailness, and perilous isolation of his present stay, sent a cringing through his nerves. He scarcely hazarded a look below. The depth was fearful. To the seat he had left, it was about thirty feet; and from that, again, he recollected, for he could not now perfectly see, another void to the craggy bed of the torrent. The faintest frown of evening began to come.

As he listened to the noise of the fall, his ears dinned and fretted, and his susceptible fancy, interpreting its monotonous roar into strange, supernatural cadences, the scream of a human voice mingled abruptly with the hoarse

chorus of the waters, piercing up, he thought, from some part under him. Forgetting his late nervousness, Tresham glanced quickly down, and on the ledge he had just quitted, and beheld a female form. Another look, and he knew Anna. She sat in the rustic chair, her hands clasped, and her face turned upward to him; her pale-worn, haggard face, so unlike that which he had known and loved, and belying too, the continued representations made to him, by Butler, of her continued health. A recollection of his former superstitions darkened Tresham's mind, and he feared he again beheld the Fetch of his mistress.

As the figure, with wild earnestness, still looked at him, Tresham, after a moment of ruinous thought, precipitated himself, unfitted as his feeble body was for such a task, down the tortuous path by which he had ascended to the bridge, and panting and gasping, pursued his way to the shelfy rock.

In a few moments a mocking and shadowy likeness of her lover appeared before Anna, at the side of the ledge inserted into the bank. Her hands were still clasped; her eyes still

strained and fixed ; and the instant she saw him, Anna, in a loud cry, half of supplication and half of horror, said—

“ Speak !—let me hear the sound of your voice !”—he had been rapidly moving towards her, when, in a manner to her unaccountable, he shrunk back, and leaning against a tree that overhung the water, his lips seemed to move in answer to her question ; but no words reached Anna.

“ What mean you ?” she continued, “ what brings you here ?—how did you—how could you come here ?—I knew you were in Italy !”

A gloom set on his face, and with a smile that might have been meant for her re-assurance, but which had the contrary effect on her, and in reality, he said—

“ *I* have never been in Italy.”

“ You ! you !” — she repeated, marking the emphasis he used, and confusedly pursuing the image of her old terrors, while she felt frantic at the idea of two identities of her lover—“ In the name of the blessed God, answer me !—why do you look so pale and worn ?—why are you only so dreadfully like yourself ?—only as

like as the corpse is like the living man!—And now what means that shocking smile, again?—Tell me—when and where did you see me last? At my father's house it was, if you *are* Tresham!"

A prolonged and broken answer came—
"Tresham did *not* see you, last, at your father's house."

"Heaven of heavens!"—she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and passing them rapidly through her black, dishevelled hair, as, with a kind of knotted remembrance she called back Butler's explanation, and this refutation of it; and Anna was continuing to speak to the point, when he slowly advanced a step, stretching out his arms. She shrieked wildly, and cringed to the very edge of the shelf, crying—"Approach me not! approach me not till you hear me!—Convince me, first, you are he, or shew, at once, your own horrible nature!—Convince me!" she pursued, dropping on her knees—"Speak comfort to me, my heart's own Tresham—or—fiend as you may, speak to me! By the power and for the mercy of that God, whose face you hope to see, or whose dark agent you are!" her flesh stirred,

her eyes shot from her head, her teeth gnashed; he advanced another step, in silence, and—

“ I warn you !” she resumed, growing desperately courageous in her madness and terror—“ I warn you !—The depths, and the torrents, and the rocks are beneath me !—my foot is on the blade of grass that keeps me from destruction !—come nearer to me, but by another step, without speaking, and I plunge !”—

These words, of power to dart through his curdling marrow, and warm it with a new life—these words only, of all she had last spoken, his fading sense heard, and Tresham gained a re-fluent energy, and gasped out,

“ Anna—my adored Anna ! — stop ! — forbear—turn to me—support me !—bless me ! —I am your own—own Tresham ! I am, indeed, Tresham,—not long to be so—I—I am—dying !”—

He staggered, and fell at her feet.

Her splitting scream again mastered, for a moment, even the near torrent's roar; and, precipitately as the leap of that torrent, her thoughts now shut down from their former course: but

still on another as dark, as impeded, and as frantic, as that found by the channelled waters. In the first out-break of despair, of insanity, she cast herself upon what she thought the last wreck of her idol; but she heard a heavy breathing, and tearing open his bosom, wiped the thick damp from his brow; then, kneeling under him, rested his head on her own bared and virgin breast. He caught a moment's consciousness, fixed his eyes upon her, and pressed her hand.

“I see it all, at last!”—Anna went on—“you have been dying—dying, inch by inch, and I knew nothing of it!—the murderers hid it from me!—they said you were well and travelling on the continent—and you were walking into your grave!”—

“You have not been well, yourself, Anna,” he with much difficulty said.

“Oh, yes!—very well—I have been mad!—mad!” she repeated with a laugh:—“but though they thought to deceive me, my own heart knew it all—aye! I knew it—the Fetch does not come in vain.”

The last words more effectually roused Tresham, and he asked—"what can you mean, Anna?"

"I know what I mean!"—she replied, "and you shall know it, too. You never came to my father's house since our last morning's walk?"—

"Never—"

"Nor did you come the evening before?"

"Certainly not."

"Your Fetch came twice, then!"—

The little life in Tresham's veins proclaimed its last human sympathies by running chiller at this announcement:—he strove to speak—but could barely say—

"You are calm, now, Anna—you mark what you tell me."

"I mark it," she answered in a changed and subdued voice.

Tresham's power of mental combination grew for a moment imperfectly active; but forgetting all Butler's arguments, and his own latest convictions, he could only recollect that he had seen a supernatural appearance of Anna in the college; and,

"Let us," he continued, in thickened utter-

ance—"let us try to comprehend this appalling mystery;—you asked me, Anna, when and where I had last seen you?"—

"Aye," she said, with shocking indifference—"and now I can answer the question, myself. It was down by the Lacken, during our last morning's walk."

"Omnipotent!"—exclaimed Tresham, in the last desperate struggle—"it was *not* Anna!"—

"Not!" she repeated, in more than her former wildness—"not!—speak, then!—I hope—speak! when! where!—"

"At the urn in the college shrubbery"—Tresham replied, his voice finally sinking.

"Ha! ha!—I hoped it, and it is so, then!—we do not part!"—she clasped him in her arms.

"I shudder, even in coming death, at all you mean—but—answer me, solemnly—did you never visit me at my college chambers?"

"By heaven, never!"—Anna replied, in another burst of madness.

Tresham,—as, under the impetus of a galvanic battery, a dead-man might—started to his feet, and his eyes glazed and set on his mistress. The last change appeared. His jaws

dropped—his throat rattled—he was falling—
Anna sprang to support him—

“It will happen!”—she said—“and now!—
ha!—Tresham, look there, if you can!—there
is the last calling.”

Tresham could not; nor did he hear her
summons; but as Anna herself looked towards
the waterfall, she saw, or thought she saw,
through its thin sheet, as through a superna-
tural veil, two figures, the counter parts of her
lover and herself, standing, hand in hand, to-
gether. The shade of Tresham seemed to point
to the depth under the ledge where Anna and
he stood.

“I understand it,” she muttered.

But now Tresham’s struggle rivetted her at-
tention. He gave two long sighs, with a long
interval between each, shivered quickly all
through his frame, and fell. Anna, clasping
him close, fell with him—he was dead.

At that instant, Ruth, Mortimer, and Maria,
gained the bridge above. They saw the lovers
falling on the flat of the ledge, and all cried out
in horror and anguish. Their cry must have
reached Anna, but she acted as if she had not

heard it. For a moment she bent over the body; her hair was shaken about her; her hat was lost; her drapery was rent and streaming. Suddenly she started up, and they saw her seize her dead lover by the arm, and drag him towards the edge of the shelf. Again they cried out, and again she did not seem to hear. Mortimer darted down the steep path; Maria had fainted in her father's arms. That wretched father looked again, and saw his child within a step of her doom; she moved the body with difficulty, but still she moved it—another drag—and another step back—and she stepped on the void!—as the body tumbled over with her, she caught it in her arms, and then was heard her fearful scream, as if of joy, not terror, and in a second after, the buffet of both—the corse and Anna—against the sharp rocks and boiling waters, below.—Mortimer came too late.

END OF THE FETCHES, AND OF VOL. II.

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V

