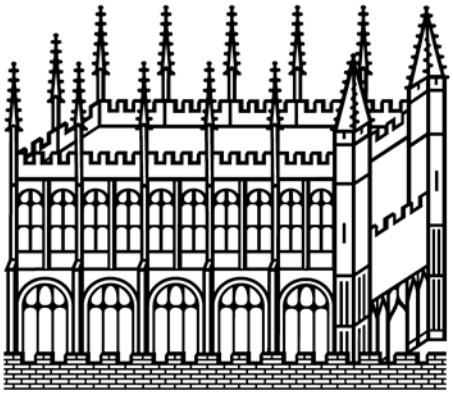

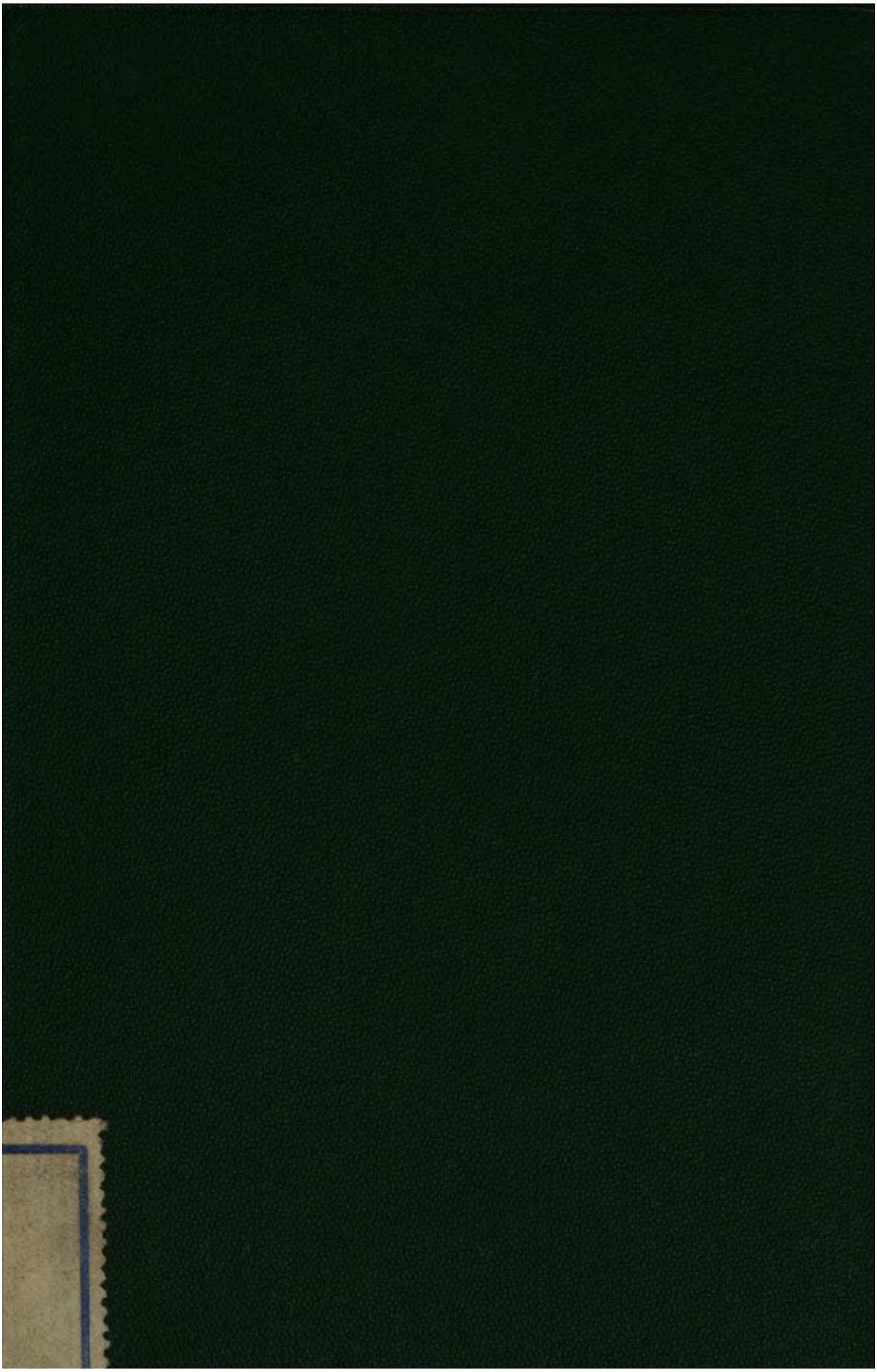

GARRY OWEN;

OR,

THE SNOW-WOMAN:

AND

POOR BOB,

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1832.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

GARRY OWEN;

OR, THE SNOW-WOMAN.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

SNIPE-SHOOTING.

"A FINE morning for snipe-shooting this, Master Gerald!" said Patrick Carrol, an Irish gamekeeper, to his

young companion, his master's son, who was manfully stepping along beside him on the frozen surface of a deep snow.

"A fine morning certainly, Carroll; but I have not seen a single snipe yet," said Master Gerald.

"But if we have any luck, we won't be long so," replied the gamekeeper, "barring the long snow might have starved off the birds entirely. But if there's one left in it any way, we'll have him, dear, as sure as life."

"There's one!" cried Gerald.

Pop — and — miss.

"Hush't now! — whisht! 'Twas the talking — Not a word now — or ye give the birds warning."

They walked on for some time without speaking. Gerald

"Gazed idly on the silence of the snows.
——————— One idiot face of white
Is over all."

Not another snipe was to be seen; and the gamekeeper, thinking that his young master was fretting inwardly, began to comfort him with a little flattery.

"Then, Master Gerald, my dear, when you come to carry the gun your own self, it's a fine shot you'll be, I'll engage — as fine a shot as any in the three counties, as his honour your father (blessings on him!) was afore you. Just such another as yourself, then, I remember him, the first season's shooting ever he got — I saw his first shot sure!"

"He was older at that time than I am now, was not he?" said Gerald.

"Not to look at."

I hope soon my mother will have no objection to my carrying the gun myself."

"Objections! Why should she? — Tut. — The next bird we meet, good or bad, you shall have a shot at him yourself, master."

A ray of joy came across Gerald's face, but it passed away. "No," said he, "I promised mamma I would not take the gun in my own hands."

"Then it's I must lay it over your shoulder, and hold it for you while you pop."

A bird was seen. The gamekeeper placed the gun against Gerald's shoulder, and pointed to where he should aim. It was a great temptation — but Gerald had given a promise. He stepped aside, drawing his shoulder from under the gun.

"No, Carroll," repeated he firmly, and it was as much as he could say.

'I will not fire, for I yesterday promised my mother I would not."

"Then you are a noble young gentleman to be true to your mother any way; and I'm sure, by the same token, you'll not tell on me, that was only wanting to please you, and did not understand rightly, or I'd sooner have cut my head off than have gone again any thing the mistress would say — in regard to you more than all. It would be as much as my life's worth if you were to tell on me, Master Gerald; but I know you are too good."

"Never fear," said Gerald; "I am no tell-tale. But I'm getting terribly hungry. Turn down to that cottage, and may be we shall find a hot potato."

"True for you. It is time they should be boiling or boiled — and no

doubt it is here we shall find 'em ready and welcome, for it is Mistress Crofton's place, and a very snug place it is, and right good people they are. The mother nursed some of the big house formerly; that is kind-hearted old Mistress Molly I mean."

CHAP. II.

MRS. CROFTON'S COTTAGE.

THEIR steps being noiseless on the snow, they reached the cottage without being heard by any one within. Peeping in at the house door, Gerald saw that there was only kind-hearted Molly herself in the kitchen. Her back was towards them, and she was stooping down covering up a dish that was on the hearth before a clear turf fire. Gerald, putting his finger on his lips, and making a sign to the gamekeeper to remain still at the door, went in on tiptoe softly, and snatching up from the dresser her silk handkerchief, he went close behind her without her perceiving him, quickly threw the hand-

kerchief over her eyes, and, in a feigned gruff brogue, asked her to tell who he was?

"Ah hushlamacree! you darling rogue, I know who ye are well enough — and glad myself is you're come — long I've been looking for you."

She pulled off the bandage as she spoke. "Oh! Master Gerald dear! and is it you? — I ask your pardon then. Sure I'm glad to see you, Master Gerald."

It was plain, nevertheless, that he was not the person she expected to see. "But who was your darling rogue that you were looking for, Molly?"

"Oh! not your honour dear any way — sure — I could not make so free — but Georgy the gran' child — the unlucky boy that did not get his break-

fast yet — that's what I was covering up for him."

"And suppose I was to beg one of his hot potatoes?"

"Welcome as life, dear!" said she, uncovering them; "and shame take me that didn't think of offering them. But my ould stupid head was just astray. Sit ye down, Master Gerald, by the fire this raw morning, till I fetch you the salt, and a bit o' butter, and a drop of the new milk. — And who would that be? — Somebody at the door without? — Oh! Mr. Carroll the gamekeeper, it is you! — But won't you step in, and get an air of the fire, and take something too? I should have a bottle somewhere."

In Molly's hospitality there was a degree of hurry and confusion, and not her usual hearty gladness to see her

friends. Gerald asked what was the matter, and why her head was astray?

"It's after the boy George my head is," she answered; "that unlucky slip of a boy — though it's no fault of his — but of them that left the stable door open after he had shut it last night. I don't know who it was, but, weary on them! for this morning George missed one of them sheep of his father's that he got in charge, and was at my bedside by peep o' day, telling me about it afore I was right awake. In great fear he was that this sheep, straying out in the deep snow, might be lost, and that his father, when he'd find it out, would be mad with him. Then don't be bothering me, child! said I, and I dreaming. Take yourself out, and look for the sheep, can't ye? — Bad luck to myself that said that cross word out o'

my sleep, for straight the boy went out in the first grey light o' the morning, and never has been in since, good or bad. There's the two bowls of stir-about I made for him got as hard and colder than the stones; I was fain to throw them out to the chickens both. And now I have boiled these potatoes for him. But what I'm in dread of," continued Molly, after a pause, and as if afraid to speak her whole thoughts, " what I am most in dread of is them snow-drifts there below, in case George might have come across one of them. — You mind, Master Gerald, the boy that once was lost entirely — and the snow so deep on the ground now" — She sighed ——

Gerald swallowed hastily the bit of hot potato he had in his mouth, and asked which road the boy had taken?

"Across the Curragh path she believed, and down by the *boreen*" (the lane).

Gerald, beckoning to the gamekeeper, ran out immediately, bidding Molly keep up her spirits, and keep the potatoes hot for her boy, whom he hoped soon to bring back to her, with, perhaps, the lost sheep into the bargain.

Thousands of blessings she poured upon Gerald and Mr. Carroll, and from her door she shouted after them to beg they would "bid George never to mind the sheep, but come home only with himself. Tell him I'll make it up out o' my calves to the father. I'd sell the cow — I'd sell the dresser — any thing — all, tell him, if he'll but come home to me safe again — *acushla!*"

CHAP. III.

THE SNOW DRIFT.

GERALD and the gamekeeper, no longer thinking of snipes, took the way over the curragh as well as they could make it out, for path there was none on that unbeaten snow. The surface was still hard enough in many places; but, during the last hour, it had begun to thaw, and some of the drifts were softened. They looked for the boy's footsteps, and saw traces for some distance, but then lost sight of them when they came to a lane leading to the village. In this lane horses, and cars, and many footsteps had been. They stood still and listened, for the sportsman thought he heard a shout. Gerald had the

sense to think of firing off the gun, which the gamekeeper, by his order, immediately did, to give notice of where they were. Afterwards they heard the voice certainly, they thought, and followed the direction of the sound. Presently they saw a black spot on the snow at a distance; it was, as they guessed, a boy's hat, and, making up towards it, they saw the boy running to meet them, barefooted, barelegged, barebreasted, coat and waistcoat off, with as little as could be on, and that little as wet as possible, his face and head as red as fire, perspiring all over. He gasped, and could not speak; but, catching hold of Gerald's arm, and pointing in the direction from whence he came, pulled him on.

"Your sheep, I suppose?" said Gerald.

"Ay, in the snow," said the gamekeeper, "that can't get out. Is that it, Georgy? Speak now."

"My sheep — och!" said the boy; "an' I wish to my life it was only that same."

"What, then, can't you speak, you born natural?" said the impatient gamekeeper.

"Come on, come on! I can't be staying to tell you," said the boy, trotting on before them in one even fast trot, with which Gerald's run and Carroll's strides could scarcely keep pace.

"Manners then, you running dripping-pan!" cried Carroll; "can't you stop and turn, and tell Master Gerald about it—Oh! if I could reach you!"—

CHAP. IV.

THE BURIED HUT.

GERALD, without questioning more, ran on, till the boy stopped and spoke—

"See here, master," said he, pointing to a place where he had been digging in the snow, "below here is a cabin of some kind, and a living cratur in it—I heard the cry. Stoop down yourselves here at the top of the bank, and through the hole here you may catch the sound of the moaning. I was walking on the hard snow, sir, on the top of the ditch here, as I know by the trees on the hedge, thinking of nothing at all but my sheep, and prodding about with my shovel, which by great luck I had with me on account of the

sheep; when I started to see smoke coming up a yard from me, and when I went up close to the hole, that proved a chimney, and darkening it over, I suppose, by looking down to see whether I could see any thing that was in it, whoever was within knew by the stopping of the light that I was there above, for there was a great cry raised to me, 'for God's sake to help!' So I gave up all thought of my sheep, and fell to work to get out the poor cratur, and I have been at it ever since; but, see, the door can't be got open yet, nor won't for a long while; see, sir, how it is."

Where the boy had been digging in the snow, part of a thatched roof was visible. It seemed to belong to a hut or shed made in a deep ditch, or quarry hole, by the side of a hill. Gerald

called loudly, as he leaned over the opening at top, and was answered by a feeble voice, which he thought was that of a woman. He stood still to consider what should be done first. The gamekeeper, unable to think, went on talking and wondering who the woman could be. Gerald saw that, as there was but one shovel, but one person could work at a time in clearing away the snow; and, as the man was the strongest, he yielded the shovel to him, but directed him not to go on where the boy had been working, because he saw that it would take a long time to clear away the snow to the bottom, and to open space enough in the hard snowdrift, so that the house door could be got open, and that it would be easier and quicker to clear the snow from part of the roof, and pull off the thatch.

He bid Carroll shovel away as fast as he could, while he considered what he should do with the woman if he got her out. He must have some means of carrying her out of the cold directly, to where she could have assistance and food. The nearest house which was within reach was Mrs. Crofton's. He bid George go home to his grandmother, and send his father, or any man he could find about the house, with a hand-barrow, and dry straw, and a blanket. If the hand-barrow could not be had directly, the men should bring a door, which George knew could be readily taken off its hinges. — The sending George home he saw, too, was necessary for him, for he was almost exhausted; he could walk, but could scarcely have used his arms any more. George was very unwilling to go, but

Gerald told him that, by so doing, he would do the best for the poor people he had worked so hard to save — the only chance it would give of saving them. The boy gave up to these reasons, and Gerald wrote with a pencil on the back of a letter a few lines to his mother, to tell what had happened, and to beg she would send directions and assistance (the good housekeeper herself if she could) to Mrs. Crofton's cottage, to be ready, and wait till he should come. Off went George, putting the pencil note in the crown of his hat, the only dry spot about him.

CHAP. V.

A DISCOVERY.

THE corner of the roof being soon cleared of snow, Gerald helped to tear away the thatch, and soon got open a hole in the roof, through which they could see down into the house. Gerald saw the haggard face and skeleton figure of the woman. She was kneeling just under them, looking up, her hands uplifted towards them — something in her arms pressed close to her — it was her infant, but it made no cry — nor did she speak, or utter any sound. Her other children were on the ground before her — one stretched out face downwards, motionless — the other, with its arms clasped round its

mother as she knelt, its head leaning against her — it never looked up. Gerald tore the hole open larger; and, bidding Carroll tell him the moment any one from Crofton's was in sight, jumped down into this den of misery — of famine. The woman's eyes turned to the child on the floor — a boy — her eldest — who was dead. The girl, kneeling, never moved till her mother lifted up her head, and Gerald saw her starved face. Her eyes blinked and closed from the light. She showed no emotion at sight of Gerald; but in the woman's wild stare at him there was a sort of agony of hope. He recollected what he had till this moment forgotten, that he had had the day before, when he went out, a biscuit in his pocket. He felt, and found some fragments; he moistened a bit in his mouth, and then put

the least morsel possible into the mouth of the girl, and then gave a bit to the woman, who instantly put a crumb of it between the infant's lips, and then she looked ravenously for more. Luckily he had very little more left. Gerald had heard that famished persons must be allowed food only with great caution; but he did not know how very small a quantity the stomach can bear, and how extremely dangerous it is to yield to the cravings of the appetite. When he saw the magical revival produced by this little, he regretted that he had not more, especially when the mother looked upon him with ravenous eagerness. He emptied his pockets, and she snatched the least crumb, and crammed it into her baby's mouth. Well for her and her children it was that he had no more. Some of the snow from the

roof hung down; she stretched out her hand for it with anxiety, and when he reached it for her, swallowed as much as he would let her; but he was afraid, and stopped her. She submitted without speaking.

Carroll gave the signal agreed upon, that he saw somebody coming. Gerald had bid Carroll not call loudly to him, lest the suddenness of the certainty of her deliverance might be too much for her all at once. When he moved from her, though only a pace or two, to hear what was said from the opening in the roof, she caught hold of his coat, and held it clenched fast, as if in dread of his leaving her. He assured her that he would not desert her; that he was only going to see how best to get her out of this horrible place. His words seemed scarcely to reach her

understanding; but she loosened her grasp, as if resigned. He stood upon the only piece of furniture in the house, an old stool, and could then hear Carroll tell him, in a low voice, that two men were coming across the field from the road, either with a hand-barrow or something of the kind. It proved to be the very door which Gerald had desired should be sent if nothing else was at hand. "And a good thought it was," said the men, "for the hand-barrow had been lent to some person, and could not have been had unless we were to have waited an hour." There was plenty of straw, and a blanket, moreover a bed, a chaff bed; all he required good Molly had sent, with her blessing for the sending home her boy, and a bed should be ready and warm for the poor woman, whoever

she was. She would not let George go back with the men, which he wanted to do.

While all this was saying, Gerald had lifted the kneeling girl from the floor. She was as helpless and cumbersome to lift as a child asleep. He purposed to stand upon the stool, to give her out of his arms to Carroll, who was waiting to take her, but as he sprang upon the stool, one of the legs gave way, and down he came with the child. An exclamation, the first she had uttered, burst from the mother, and she sprang forward. Gerald fell back against the wall, and held the child safe; it was a mercy that he did not fall upon it. He next took off the silk handkerchief that was round his neck; and, having tied it to his pocket handkerchief, he passed them under

the arms of the child. Then calling to Carroll, he bid him let down to him one end of his leathern belt, and to hold fast the other. After fastening the end of the belt to the handkerchiefs, he called to Carroll again to draw up gently; and, guiding the child's body up as high as he could reach, it was thus drawn out safely. The woman had a tattered blanket hanging over part of her, but she could not be wrapped in it; it was all rags, and would not hold. Gerald had the blanket old Molly had sent put down to him, and wrapping the woman in it with Carroll's help, he having now jumped down into the hut, fastened the belt round her, and one of the men above drew her up with her infant in her arms. They laid her upon the bed, and found she had fainted. She looked

so ghastly that Gerald thought she was dead. He took her infant from her powerless arm, and thought it was gone too. It seemed to have no weight; but the fresh air made it utter a sort of cry, and the mother opened her eyes, and came back from her fainting fit. Gerald laid her infant in her arms again, and she felt that he placed her girl beside her, and she gave him a look which he could never forget. But the expression of feeling and sense was gone in a moment. He wrapped the blanket round her and the children, and she lay motionless in a sort of stupor, as they lifted the board from the ground and moved on. He had little hope that she or the children could live till they reached the cottage. He had never seen any thing like such a sight before; but Carroll had, and he kept

up his hopes with the prophecy, often repeated as they went along, that the woman would, as he'd see, do very well, and the childer would *come to*, all but the poor boy, who was gone quite. It lay at her feet, wrapped in the poor mother's rag of a blanket, so as to be concealed from sight. Gerald had been unwilling to remove the corpse at first, thinking it might shock the mother fatally to see it when she returned to sense. But the men would not let him leave it, telling him that when she came to her sense, it would be the first thing she would ask for, and that it would shock her most that it should *not be waked* properly.

They reached the cottage, where, to Gerald's great joy, he found that his mother had sent the housekeeper, and all that could be wanted. Molly,

dear good Molly, had the bed ready warm to put *her* into, and hot flannels for the *childer*, and warm drink, but to be given only in tea-spoonfuls. "Mind," as the housekeeper said, "mind that for your life! And now, Master Gerald, my heart's life," continued she, "rest yourself. Oh dear! oh dear! what a way he is in! my *own* child—Oh dear! oh dear! he ought to be in his own bed—and has not eat one bit the day, barring the potatoes here."

Molly followed Gerald about, while he helped in all the arrangements that were making in bringing in his charge, and carrying them to the inner room; and whenever she could find an opportunity, popped a bit of something into his mouth, which, to oblige her, he swallowed, though he did not well know what it was. All being now

done by him in which he could be useful, he prepared to go home, the housekeeper and Molly urging that his own family must be anxious to see him. Away he went, but not before he had asked for George, to rejoice with him in their success. George was in his bed fast asleep; it would be a sin, his grandmother said, to waken him, and it would do better next morning, for he was tired out of his sense, stupid-tired. "He is never very 'cute, my poor Georgy, but as kind a heart as can be, asleep or awake."

PART II.

CHAP. VI.

CASTLE GERALD.

It was dusk in the evening before Gerald reached home. Candles were lighted at Castle Gerald, as he saw through the windows. As he ap-

proached, the lights flitted from the drawing-room windows along the corridor, as he went up the avenue, and the hall-door opened before he reached it. Cecilia, his dear little sister, ran down the steps to meet him, and his father and mother were in the hall. The comfortable, happy appearance of every thing at home, being in sudden contrast with all he had just seen and felt, struck him forcibly. The common dinner seemed to him uncommonly good; every thing a luxury. Cecilia could not help laughing; he seemed to wonder, as if he was in a dream — and so, in truth, he felt. They wisely let him eat, and rest before they asked him any questions. Even Cecilia refrained, though her eyes, as plainly as they could speak, and very plainly that was, spoke her curiosity, or rather her sympathy.

His after dinner story, however, was provokingly short — quite an unvarnished tale, and not unfolded regularly, but opened in the middle, and finished abruptly with "That's all." Whether it was that he did not like to make much of what he had done himself, to make little *i* the hero of his tale, or whether he was, as old Molly said of George, *stupid-tired*, he certainly was in an unusual hurry to take his mother's advice that night, and go to bed early. After thanking God that the woman was saved, he threw himself into his bed, thinking that he *would* be asleep the very instant his head should be on the pillow. But in vain he snugged himself up; he found that the going to sleep did not depend on his will. Whenever he closed his eyes, the images of the starved woman and her

dead and living child were before him, the whole scene going on over and over again, but more and more confusedly, till at last, after the hundredth turning to the other side, he lay still, and by the time his mother came to look at him, before she went to bed, he was sound asleep — so fast that the light of her lamp, even when she no longer shaded it by her hand, never made eyelid shrink or eyelash twinkle.

The next morning he awakened as fresh and lively as ever, and jumped up to see what sort of a day it was. Pouring rain! — all the snow gone, or going — impossible to reach the cottage before breakfast. But the housekeeper had brought word late last night, after he was asleep, that the woman and her children were likely to do well. The gamekeeper (bless his old bones for it!)

was up, and at Mrs. Crofton's by the flight of night, and his report at breakfast-time said, that "the woman was wonderful — for so great a skeleton — a perfect 'atomy — a very shadow of a cratur — such as never was seen afore alive on God's earth. The childer too! no weight, if you'd take 'em in your arms, it would frighten you to hold them — so unnatural-like as if they had been changed by the fairies. Howsomedever the housekeeper says they'll come to, and get weighty enough in time, ma'am, and that all will live, no doubt, if they don't get food too plenty; I mean if old Molly (Mrs. Crofton, I ax her pardon) wouldn't be in too great a hurry to feed 'em up — and if the mother, who is cautious enough not to infringe against the orders she got, as far as her own fasting is concerned, would not,

as I dread be too tender in regard to the childer — the baby, more especially."

Gerald's report in the middle of the day was good. He could not, however, see the poor woman, she and her children being in bed. It was settled that they should all walk to the cottage next morning; but the next morning and the next day, rain — rain — rain. How provoking! Yet such things will be in Ireland. Little Cecilia stood at the window saying, "Rain, rain, go to Spain;" yet not till the fourth day did it go, and then the ground was so wet; even on the gravel walks before the window there were such puddles of yellow water, that it was vain for Cecilia to hope she could reach the cottage. But the next day was dry; a frost came,

not a bitter frost, but a fine sunshiny day; and before the ground was softened by the sun, they accomplished their walk.

CHAP. VII.

THE COTTAGE REVISITED.

Every thing is for the best — that's certain — even the rain. These three days' delay had given time for much to pass which it was well should be over. The dead child was buried; the living had now some appearance of life; the horrible ghastliness was gone; the livid purple was now only deadly pale. Cecilia thought it very shocking still, but nothing to what it was, Gerald said. He was quite astonished at the difference; he should not have known the woman to be the same, except by her skeleton hands and arms. But she was now clean, decently clothed, a great handkerchief of Molly's pinned so as to cover

her wasted form, and a smile on those lips that he thought never could smile again — but they smiled on him, and then she burst into tears — the first she had shed — and a great relief they were to her, for she could not cry when the boy was buried — not a tear. Gerald looked about for the other child — the girl — she was behind him. Though she had been quite insensible, as he thought, to all that had happened, she now seemed perfectly to recognise him. When her mother drew her forward, she remained willingly fixed close beside him, and stood staring up with grateful, loving eyes. She smelled his coat; the mother reproved her, but Cecilia said, "Let her alone;" and the child, heeding neither of them, proceeded to smell his hand, took it, and kissed it again and again. Then, turning to the mother,

said, "Mammy! that's the hand — the good hand."

Then she pointed to a bit of biscuit which lay upon the table, and her mother said, "The child recollects, sir, the bit you put into her mouth. She could eat that biscuit all day long, I believe, if we would let her."

"And it is hard to deny her," said Molly, putting a piece within her reach. She devoured it eagerly, yet seemed as if she had half a mind to take the last bit from her mouth, and put it into the baby's.

Gerald turned to shake hands with George, who now came in; and enquired if he had heard any news of his lost sheep?

"Answer, George, dear," said Molly to the boy, who was a little bashful, or, as she expressed it, "a little daunted

before the ladies. But speak out, Georgy, love, can't ye, so as to be heard, and not with that voice of a mouse. You can speak out well enough when you please."

The snow-woman observed that she knew better than any body how well he could speak out. "I never in my born days heard a voice so pleasant as his'n sounded to me the first time I heard it, when he answered to my call for help."

George smiled through his blush; and then answering Master Gerald, thanked him kindly, and said that he had heard of his sheep — he had got him — and he was dead — frozen dead under the snow — standing — not half a perch from where they had been shovelling. When the thaw came, there he was found quite ready; so he brought him

home and skinned him. There was his skin hanging up to the fore on the stable wall. And his father was very good too, and was not mad with him at all at all, but quite considerate, and did not give him a stroke nor a word; and so he (George) had promised to make up the *differ*, by not rising out of his father's hands the price of the new *shuit* which he was to get at Easter for herding the other sheep and cattle through the winter. "There's the bargain I made with him, and all's well as afore."

Cecilia, who was listening, did not at first understand this bargain; but when the *new shuit* was explained to mean a new suit of clothes, and making up *the differ*, making up the difference to the father between the value of the lost live sheep and his remaining skin,

Cecilia thought it was rather a hard bargain for George, but he was quite satisfied.

Molly whispered, "Never heed, miss; the father will not be as hard upon him as he thinks. But," added she aloud, "why should not he, miss, be at the loss of his own carelessness? —Not but what, barring the giddiness, he's as good a natur'd lad as ever lived — only not overburthened with sense. — Kind gran'mother for him!" concluded she, half laughing at herself, half at him.

Then, drawing Gerald aside, she changed her tone, and with a serious look, in a mysterious whisper, said, "You were right, dear, from first to last, concerning the poor cratur's dead child; she did not want to have it *waked* at all, for she is not that way —

not an Irishwoman at all — an Englishwoman all over, as I knew by her speech the first word ever I heard her speak in her own nat'ral tongue when she came to her voice. But hush't! there she is telling her own story to the master and mistress."

CHAP. VIII.

THE SNOW-WOMAN'S STORY.

"YES, madam, I bees an Englishwoman, though so low now and untidy like — it's a shame to think of it — a Manchester woman, ma'am — and my people was once in a bettermost sort of way — but sore pinched latterly." She sighed, and paused.

"I married an Irishman, madam," continued she, and sighed again.

"I hope he gave you no reason to sigh," said Gerald's father.

"Ah! no, sir, never!" answered the Englishwoman, with a faint smile: "Brian Dermody is a good man, and was always a koind husband to me, as far and as long as ever he could, I will

say that — but my friends misliked him — no help for it. He is a soldier, sir, — of the forty-fifth. So I followed my husband's fortins, as nat'ral, through the world, till he was ordered to Ireland. Then he brought the children over, and settled us down there at Bogafin in a little shop with his mother — a widow. She was very koind too. But no need to tire you with telling all. She married again, ma'am, a man young enough to be her son — a nice man he was to look at too — a gentleman's servant he had been. Then they sat up in a public-house. Then the whiskey, ma'am, that they bees all so fond of — he took to drinking it in the morning even, ma'am — and that was bad, to my thinking."

"Ay, indeed!" said Molly, with a

groan of sympathy; "Oh the whiskey! if men could keep from it!"

"And if women could!" said Mr. Crofton in a low voice.

The Englishwoman looked up at him, and then looked down, refraining from assent to his smile.

"My mother-in-law," continued she, "was very koind to me all along, as far as she could. But one thing she could not do; that was, to pay me back the money of husband's and mine that I lent her. I thought this odd of her — and hard. But then I did not know the ways of the country in regard to never paying debts."

"Sure it's not the ways of all Ireland, my dear," said Molly; "and it's only them that has not that can't pay — how can they?"

"I don't know — it is not for me to

say," said the Englishwoman, reservedly; "I am a stranger; but I thought if they could not pay me, they need not have kept a jaunting car."

"Is it a jaunting car?" cried Molly. She pushed from her the chair, on which she was leaning — "Jaunting car bodies! and not to pay you! — I give them up entirely. Ill used you were, my poor Mrs. Dermody — and a shame! and you a stranger! — But them were Connaught people. I ask your pardon — finish your story."

"It is finished ma'am. They were ruined, and all sold; and I could not stay with my children to be a burthen. I wrote to husband, and he wrote me word to make my way to Dublin, if I could, to a cousin of his in Pill Lane — here's the direction — and that if he can get leave from his

colonel, who is a good gentleman, he will be over to settle me somewhere, to get my bread honest in a little shop, or some way. I am used to work and hardship; so I don't mind. Brian was very koind in his letter, and sent me all he had — a pound, ma'am — and I set out on my journey on foot, with the three children. The people on the road were very koind and hospitable indeed; I have nothing to say against the Irish for that; they are more hospitabler a deal than in England, though not always so honest. Stranger as I was, I got on very well till I came to the little village here hard by, where my poor boy that is gone first fell sick of the measles. His sickness, and the 'pot'ecary' stuff and all, and the lodging and living ran me very low. But I paid all, every farthing; and let

none know how poor I was, for I was ashamed, you know, ma'am, or I am sure they would have helped me, for they are a koind people, I will say that for them, and ought so to do, I am sure. Well, I pawned some of my things, my cloak even, and my silk bonnet, to pay honest; and as I could not do no otherwise, I left them in pawn, and, with the little money I raised, I set out forwards on my road to Dublin again, so soon as I thought my boy was able to travel. I reckoned too much upon his strength. We had got but a few miles from the village when he drooped, and could not get on; and I was unwilling and ashamed to turn back, having so little to pay for lodgings. I saw a kind of hut, or shed, by the side of a hill. There was nobody in it. It was empty of every thing but

some straw, and a few turf, the remains of a fire. I thought there would be no harm in taking shelter in it for my children and myself for the night. The people never came back to whom it belonged, and the next day my poor boy was worse; he had a fever this time. Then the snow came on. We had some little store of provisions that had been made up for us on the journey to Dublin, else we must have perished when we were snowed up. I am sure the people in the village never know'd that we were in that hut, or they would have come to help us, for they bees very koind people. There must have been a day and a night that passed, I think, of which I know nothing. It was all a dream. When I got up from my illness, I found my boy dead—and the others with famish-

ed looks. Then I had to see them faint with hunger."

The poor woman had told her story without any attempt to make it pathetic, and thus far without apparent emotion or change of voice: but when she came to this part, and spoke of her children, her voice changed and failed; she could only add, looking at Gerald, "You know the rest, master; Heaven bless you!"

All she had told was true, as was proved upon enquiry in Gerald's-town of the people at whose house she had lodged, and those to whom she had paid bills, and with whom she had pawned her clothes. Her friends at Manchester were written to by Gerald's father; their answer confirmed her account of herself and of her husband.

Gerald and Cecilia rejoiced in

having her exactness in truth thus proved; not that they had ever doubted it, but the housekeeper had been imposed upon by some travelling people lately, and they were glad that she saw that their *Snow-woman* was not a beggar or impostor. Impostor, indeed, she could not be, poor creature, as to the main parts of her story, her being buried alive in the snow, and nearly famished. Every thing they saw of her during the time she staid at Crofton's cottage increased the interest they felt for her—she was so grateful—so little encroaching—so industrious; as soon as ever she was able, in fact, before she was well able, she set about doing needlework for Mrs. Crofton But Molly, as she told Gerald, would not take her work from her without payment. "I only shammed taking

the work from her for nothing, dear, not to vex her, but I counted up what she earned unknown'st to her; and see what I did (opening a chest), I got all her little *duds* back out of pawn — the black silk bonnet and all, which (added Molly, laughing), to the best of my opinion, is next to her children and husband, perhaps, what she is the fondest of in this life. Well, and even so, so much the greater the cratur's honesty, you know, that did not begrudge to give it off her head to pay her dues to the last farthing. By the same token she is as welcome as light to stay here with us till she is quite stout, and as long as she pleases, her and her's — if it were a twelvemonth."

This permission was no trifling kindness, for the house was so small that Mrs. Crofton, who loved to have it neat

too, was much inconvenienced by her guests; she gave up her own bed and room to them, and slept in the kitchen. Molly was a true Irish hospitable soul, who would never count up or tell, or hear tell, of what she gave or lost. She would not accept of any payment for her lodgers from Gerald's father or mother, or remuneration in any form. Whatever was sent from the Castle was scrupulously set apart for the use of the *Snow-woman* and her children, or kept for them till it spoiled. Many times the woman, afraid of being a burthen, said she was well enough, quite well enough to be stirring.

CHAP. IX.

PERPLEXITY.

One day, after they had heard the poor woman declare that she was well able to go, Cecilia, as she was walking home, said to her brother, "Gerald, how very sorry that poor woman must be to get *quite* well! I remember I was very sorry to get quite well after my measles, because I knew that I should not have mamma and every body waiting upon me, and caring for me so very, very much. But then how dreadfully more your snow-woman must feel this — when all the wonder of her being buried alive is over, when we have no more questions to ask, and no more walking every day to see her, and no

more pitying, and no more biscuits and broth and tea, and all manner of good things; and she must leave her warm bed, and Molly's comfortable house, and be turned out, as Molly says, into the cold wide world—and her children, one of them to be carried all the way, and the other to go barefoot! Gerald, at least I may give her a pair of my old shoes."

"But that will do little good," said Gerald, sighing, and he seldom sighed.

"I wish I could do more," said Cecilia, "but I have nothing. Oh! how I wish I could do something, mamma."

"You can make some warm clothes for the children, as you proposed yesterday, and I will give you flannel and whatever you want, Cecilia."

"Thank you, mamma; and you will

cut them out, and I will work all day without stirring, mamma, or ever looking up till I have done. But even then it will be so very little compared with all she wants."

Cecilia now sighed more deeply than Gerald had sighed before.

"Gerald," she resumed, "I wish I was a fairy, even for one day, a good fairy, I mean."

"Good, of course; you could not be bad, Cecilia. Well, what would you do in that one day? I am curious to know whether it is the same thing that I am thinking of."

"No," said Cecilia, "it cannot be, because I am thinking, my dear, of so many different things. But, in the first place, I would wave my wand, and in a minute have a nice house raised, like Molly's, for the snow-woman."

"The very thing! I knew it," cried Gerald. "Oh, Cecilia, if it could be."

"There are no fairies left now in the world," said Cecilia mournfully; "that's all nonsense indeed."

"But I can tell you, Cecilia, there is still in the world what can do almost all that the fairies could do formerly, at least as to building houses, only not so quick quite — money."

"I guessed it before you came to the word; but what signifies that, I have no money — have you?"

"Some, but very little," said Gerald, feeling in his pocket, "too little, only pocket-money. Oh, I wish, how I wish, Cecilia, I had as much money as papa has, or mamma," added he, stopping till they, who were walking behind them, came within hearing, and repeat-

ing his wish, added, "then I could do so much good."

"And if you had as much money as we have," said his mother, smiling, "you would want more to be able to do all the good you desire."

His father asked him to tell him what good in particular he thought he could do; and as they walked on Gerald stated, that in particular he would build, or buy a house ready built, "for the snow-woman."

"And furnished," interposed Cecilia.

"No, leave out the furniture for the present," said Gerald; "we cannot do every thing, I know, papa, at once. But seriously, papa, you have built houses for many of the tenants, and you have houses, cottages, one cottage at least, even now, to give to whoever you please, or whoever pleases you."

"Not exactly to whoever I please, or to whoever pleases me, but to those whom I think most deserving, and to those whom justice calls upon me to prefer. I have claims upon me from good old tenants, or their families, for every house I have to give or to let. How then can I give to a stranger, who has no claims upon me, merely to please myself or you?"

"But she has the claim of being very wretched," said Gerald.

"And she has been buried in the snow," said Cecilia.

"And has been recovered," said her father.

"There's the worst of it," said Cecilia; "for now she is recovered she must go. We cannot help it, if we were to talk about it ever so much. But, mamma, though papa says people

have never money enough to do all the good they wish, I think you have, for I remember about that cottage you built last year, you said, I recollect perfectly hearing you say the words, 'I know the way I can manage to have money enough to do it.' What did you mean, mamma? as you were not a fairy, how did you manage?"

Her mother smiled, but did not answer.

"I will tell you," said her father, "the way in which she managed, and the only way in which people, let them have ever such large fortunes, can manage to be sure of having money enough to do what they wish most — she denied herself something that she would have liked to buy, but that she could do without — she very much wished at the time you speak of, Ce-

cilia, to have bought a harp, on which she knew that I should have liked to hear her play."

"I remember that too," cried Cecilia; "I remember the harp was brought for her to look at, and she liked it exceedingly; and then, after all, she sent it away and would not buy it, and I wondered."

"She could not have bought the harp and have built the cottage; so she denied herself the harp that year, and she made her old woman, as you call her, happy for life."

"How very good!" said Cecilia.

Gerald fell into a profound silence, which lasted all the remainder of their walk home, till they reached the lodge at the entrance, when, opening the gate, he let his mother and sister pass, but arrested his father in his passage:—

"Father, I have something to say to you; will you *walk behind?*"

"Son, I am ready to listen to you, and I will do any thing in my power to oblige you, but you must explain to me how I am to walk behind."

"Oh, papa, you know what I mean; let mamma and Cecilia walk on, so as to be out of hearing, and we can follow behind. What I am thinking of, papa, is Garry Owen; you were so kind as to promise to buy him for me."

"Yes, as a reward which you deserved for your perseverance last year."

"Thank you, papa; but suppose, instead of Garry Owen — in short, suppose, papa, I were to give up Garry Owen."

"To give up Garry Owen!" exclaimed his father, starting back with surprise.

"I am not sure, papa, that I can bring myself to do it yet,—I am only considering,—therefore pray do not tell Cecilia or mamma. I want first to settle my own mind. If I were to give up Garry Owen, would you allow me to have the money which you would have paid for him, and let me do what I please with it?"

"Undoubtedly. But since you consult me, I strongly recommend it to you not to give up Garry Owen for any other horse or pony."

"For any other horse, certainly not, for I like him better than any other that I ever saw or heard of—the beautiful creature!" cried Gerald enthusiastically. "But if I could give him up, father, as mamma gave up the harp, would the price of him build a cottage

for the snow-woman? And would you do it for me?"

His father's countenance brightened delightfully as Gerald spoke. "Would I do it for you, my son!" said he; but checking himself, he added, in a composed voice, "I would, Gerald. But are you sure that you would wish this to be done? that is the first point to be settled. Remember, that for this year to come I certainly shall not buy for you any other horse if you give up Garry Owen for this purpose: you must understand this clearly, and be prepared to abide by all the consequences of your own determination."

"Oh certainly, sir, I understand all that perfectly; I know it must be Garry Owen or the snow-woman; I never thought of any thing else; it would be

cheating you or cheating myself. But I have not come to my determination yet; remember that, father, and do not say that I go back — you understand?"

"I understand you, Gerald, as well as you understand me; so we need say no more about it till you have settled your mind."

Which he was called upon to do sooner than he expected. Before he had considered all the pros and cons, before he had screwed his courage to the sticking place, he was summoned to the fight; and well might his father fear that he would not come off victor of himself.

"Oh Gerald!" cried Cecilia, running back to meet him, "Garry Owen is come! Garry Owen is come! that horse-

dealer man has brought him for you — yes, Garry Owen! I assure you I saw him in the back lawn: they are all looking at him, mamma too! Come, ome! Run, run!

PART III.

CHAP. X.

GARRY OWEN.

In the back lawn was a group of people, the groom, the helper, the gossoon, the coachman, and, distinguished above the rest, the saddler, with a new saddle on

his back, and a side-saddle and bridle, and bits glittering and hanging about him in most admired disorder. The group opened on Gerald's approach, and full in the midst, on a rising ground, with the light of the setting sun upon him, stood Garry Owen, his present master the horse-dealer beside him, holding his bridle as he curved his neck proudly. Garry Owen was of a bright bay, with black mane, tail, and legs.

"Such a pretty colour," said Cecilia, "and such a fine flowing tail — oh, what a whisk he gave it!"

"A remarkably pretty head," said Gerald; "is not it, father?"

"And how gently he puts it down to let mamma stroke it," said Cecilia; "dear nice little creature, I may pat him, may not I?"

"You may, miss; he is as gentle as the lamb, see, and as powerful as the lion," said the horse-dealer; "but it's the spirit that's in him will please Master Gerald above all."

"Yes, I do like a horse that has some spirit," cried Gerald, vaulting upon his back.

"Then there it is! just suited! for it's he that has spirit enough for you, and you that has the spirit for him, Master Gerald. — See how he sits him!"

"Without a saddle or a ha'porth!" said the saddler.

"What need, with such a seat on a horse as Master Gerald has got, and such command?"

"Let him go," said Gerald.

"Take care," said Cecilia.

"Never fear, miss," said the horse-

dealer; and off Gerald went in a fine canter.

"No fear of Master Gerald. See, see, see! See there now!" continued the master of the horse triumphantly, as Gerald, who really rode extremely well for a boy of his age, cantered, trotted, walked alternately, and showed all Garry Owen's paces to the best advantage. Suddenly a halloo was heard; huntsmen in red jackets appeared galloping across the adjoining field, returning from the hunt; Garry Owen and Gerald leaped the ditch instantly.

"Oh! oh!" cried Cecilia; "is the horse running away with him?"

"Not at all, miss — no fear — for Master Gerald has none. See there, how he goes. Oh prince o' ponies! Oh king of glory! See, up he is now with the red jackets — dash at all — over he

goes — the finest leaper in the three counties — clears all before him, see! — there's a leap! and now, miss, see how he is bringing him back now to us, fair and *asy* see! trotting him up as if nothing at all; then I declare it's a sight to see!"

Gerald came up and sat, as Garry Owen stood still in the midst of them, patting the pony, delighted with him much, and with himself not more, but certainly not a little.

"Then he's the finest rider ever I see of his years," cried the horse-dealer in an ecstasy.

"The finest young gentleman rider that ever I see in all Ireland, without comparison, I say," pronounced the saddler, shutting one eye and looking up at him with the other, with an indescribably odd, doubtful smile. In

this man's countenance there was a mixed or quickly varying expression — demure, jocose, sarcastic, openly flattering, covertly laughing at the flattery, if not at the flattered; his face was one instant for the person he spoke to, the next for the bystanders. Aware at this moment who were standing by, he kept it as steady as he could. The horse-dealer, in eager earnest intent on his object, continued in his ecstatic tone,

"By the laws, then, I'd sooner bestow Garry Owen on Master Gerald than sell him at any price to any other."

As Master Gerald's father smiled somewhat incredulous, perhaps a little scornfully, the horse-dealer instantly softened his assertion, by adding: — "I should not say bestow — a poor man like me could not go to bestow — but I'd

sooner sell him at any price to Master Gerald—so I would, and not a word of lie—than to any mortal living in the three counties, or three kingdoms entirely; — and rason, for it's Master Gerald that would do Garry Owen most justice, and would show him off best: the fine horse should get the fine rider, and 'tis undeniable the young gentleman is that same any how."

"Kind father for him," said the gamekeeper; "and the very moral of the master, Master Gerald is. The very sit of the father when first I seen him on a horse. Then may he be like him in all."

"And 'specially in having a good horse always under him," said the horse-dealer. "Who would have a right to the *raal* good horse but the raal good gentleman born?"

"Which the family is, and was from father to son time out of mind, as all the world knows and says as well as myself," added the saddler. "Father and son seldom comes a better."

CHAP. XI.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

GERALD's father, who had been for some time pacing up and down impatiently during this flow of flattery, had been more than once tempted to interrupt it. Disgusted and vexed as he was, and afraid that his son would be duped and swayed from his good purpose, he could hardly refrain from interference. But he said to himself, "My son must meet with flatterers: he should learn early to detect and resist flattery. I will leave him to himself."

"Father, are you gone? are you going?" cried Gerald. "I want to consult you. Will you not help me with your judgment?"

"You know my opinion of the horse, my dear Gerald," said his father; — "as to the rest, I must leave you to yourself. — The money is ready for you."

As he spoke he took Cecilia by the hand to lead her away, but she looked as if she had a great mind to see more of Garry Owen.

"Pray, papa, let me stay," said Cecilia, "with mamma; mamma will walk up and down."

Her father let go her hand and walked away.

"May be Miss Cecilia could ride this pony too?" said the groom respectfully to Gerald.

"To be sure," said the horse-dealer; "put her up, and you'll see how considerate Garry Owen will walk with the young lady."

Cecilia, mounted on Garry Owen, was led twice round the back lawn, Gerald delighting in her delight.

"And the young lady is a great soldier, too," said the horse-dealer.

"I did not feel the least bit afraid," said she, as she jumped down, and patting Garry Owen, now with fearless loud resounding pat, she pronounced him the gentlest of dear little creatures; and "Oh, how glad I am," continued she, "that you are to belong to brother Gerald! Many, many, many a pleasant ride I shall have upon you, Garry Owen — shall not I, Gerald?"

Gerald smiled; I cannot resist this, thought he: — I must have Garry Owen.

"The only thing I don't like about him is his name, Gerald. I wish, when you have him, you would call him by

some prettier name than Garry Owen — call him Fairy, Good Fairy."

"Or talking of fairies and fairy horses, if you had a mind to an odd Irish name, Miss Cecilia," said the gamekeeper, "you might call him Boliaunbuie, which is the Irish name for the yellow rag weed that they call 'the fairies horses,' because the fairies ride on them time immemorial."

While the gamekeeper was making out some fitness in this conceit, which struck his own fancy, but nobody else's perhaps, the housekeeper came out to give to her mistress some message, in which the name of the snow-woman (a name which had been adopted below stairs as well as above) was often repeated.

"What! do you say that she is going to-morrow?" inquired Gerald.

" No, sir, but the day after she has fixed, and will come up here to take leave and thank all the family to-morrow. A grateful creature, ma'am, and not encroaching she is, as ever breathed, not expecting and expecting, like the rest, or too many of them. I've promised to buy from her some of the little worsted mittins and gloves she has been knitting, to put a few pence in her poor pocket."

This speech brought back all Gerald's thoughts from Garry Owen to the poor woman. He turned his back on the pony, took Cecilia aside, abruptly opened the matter to her, and asked if she could be contented if he should give up Garry Owen.

It was a sudden change. " Oh, could there be no other way?"

" None."

"Well, dear Gerald, do it then; oh never mind me! I am only sorry for your not having the beautiful pony; but then it will be so good of you — yes — yes — do it, Gerald, do it."

CHAP. XII.

SELF-DENIAL.

THE generous eagerness with which Cecilia urged him acted directly against her purpose, for he felt particularly sorry to give up what would be such a pleasure to her. With uncertain steps and slow he walked back again to those who waited his decision, and who stood wondering what he could be deliberating about. His speech, as well as his walk, betrayed signs of his inward agitation. It would not bear reporting; the honourable gentleman was scarcely audible — but those round Garry Owen gathered from what reached their ears that, "in short he did not know — he was not quite sure — he was not deter-

mined — or he was determined not to purchase Garry Owen, unless he should change his mind."

The auditors looked upon one another in unfeigned astonishment, and for half a minute silence ensued. The master of the horse then said in a low voice, in Irish, to the saddler, "What can be the cause? The father said he had the money for him."

The saddler, in low voice, gnawing a bit of a leather strap, without turning head or eyes as he spoke, replied, "It's the housekeeper — something she put into the ear was the cause of the change."

"Just as your honour *plaases*, Master Gerald, sir," said the horse-dealer, stroking Garry's nose. "Which ever way you think proper, Master Gerald," said he, in a tone in which real anger

struggled and struggled in vain with habitual servility and professional art, all care for his monied interest forgotten in his sense of the insult which he conceived aimed at his horse. He continued, as he turned to depart, "I thank my stars, then, Garry Owen and I can defy the world, and all the slanderers, backbiters, and whisperers in it, whomsoever they be, man, woman, or child."

Cecilia looked half frightened, Gerald wholly bewildered.

"I don't understand you," said he.

"Why, then, master, I ax your pardon. But I think it is asy understanding *me*. It's plain some person or persons have whispered through another, perhaps"—glancing towards the spot where Gerald's mother was sitting drawing the group — "something, myself can't

guess what, against me or Garry Owen — a sounder horse never stepped nor breathed, I could take my affidavit, but I will not demean myself, I should not be suspected, I don't deserve it from your honour; so I only wish, Master Gerald, you may find a better horse for yourself, if you can get one in all Ireland, let alone England."

He turned Garry Owen to lead him down the hill as he spoke. Gerald, feeling for the man, and pleased with his feeling for the reputation of his horse and for his own suspected honour, now stood in his way to stop him, and assured him that nothing had been said to him by any human being to the disadvantage of Garry Owen or of himself.

But prepossessed with the belief, as is but too common in Ireland, and

often too just, that some one had been belying him, the indignant horse-dealer went on in the same tone, but seeming afraid of failing in respect to young master, he addressed his appeal to the groom.

"Just-put-the-case-the-case-was-your-own!" Nine words which he uttered with such volubility that they sounded like one, and that one some magical adjuration. "Just-put-the-case-the-case-was-your-own, would not ye have some feeling? Then, if by the blessing of luck I had been born a gentleman, and a great young gentleman, like Master Gerald, why, in his place, I'd give up an informer as soon and sooner than look at him, who-some-dever he was, or who-some-dever she was, for it was a she I'm confident, from a hint I got from a frind."

"Tut, tut, man!" interposed the saddler. "Now, Dan Conolly, you're out o'rason entirely, and you are not listening to Master Gerald."

"Then I am listening to his honour — only I know it is only to screen the housekeeper, who is a favourite, and was never my frind, the young gentleman spakes — and I'm jealous of that."

This was more incomprehensible than all the rest to Cecilia and Gerald. While they looked at each other in amazement, a few words were whispered in Irish by the cunning saddler to the enraged horse-dealer, which brought him to reason, or to whatever portion of reason he ever had.

The words were — "I must have mistaken, may be he'll come round again, and be for the horse."

CHAP. XIII.

THE DECISION.

"WHY then, Master Gerald, sir, I crave your pardon," said the horse-dealer in a penitent tone. "If I forgot myself and was too free, then I was too hot and out of rason. I'm sensible I'm subject to it. When a gentleman, especially one of this family that I've such a respect for, and then above all, when your honour, Master Gerald, would turn to suspect me — as I suspected you was suspecting me of going to tell you a lie, or misleading of you any way, about a horse of all things. But I mistook your honour — I humbly crave your honour's pardon, Master Gerald."

Gerald willingly granted his pardon, and liked him all the better for his warmth.

"About Garry Owen, above all, I had no occasion to be puffing him off," continued the master of the horse, turning to him proudly. "Then the truth is, it was only to oblige you, Master Gerald, and his honour your father, who was always my frind, as I ought to remember and do — it was only on that account, and my promise, that I brought Garry here *the* day, to make you the first offer at the price I first said; I won't be talking ungenteel, it does not become me; but I'd only wish your honour to know, without my mentioning it, that I could get more from many another."

"I am glad to hear that," said Ge-

rald; "that relieves me from one difficulty — about you, Conolly."

"Oh, make no difficulty in life, my dear young gentleman, on account of me. If you have made up your mind to be off, and to give up Garry Owen, dear sir, it's done and done," said the knowing and polite horse-dealer; "and 'tis I in this case will be obligated to you, for I have two honourable chaps in my eye this minute, both eager as ever you see to snap him up before I'd get home, or well out o'the great gate below; and to whichsomdever of the two I'd give the preference, he would come down on the spot with whatsomdever I'd name, ready money, and five guineas luck-penny to boot."

"Very well, then," said Gerald, "you had better——" But the words stuck in his throat.

"Is it Jonah Crommie, the rich grazier's son, that's one of your chaps, Dan Conolly?" asked the saddler.

The horse-dealer nodded.

"Murder, man!" cried the saddler, "would you let him have Garry Owen? The likes of him—the squireen! the spalpeen! the mushroom! That puts me in mind of the miller, his father, riding formerly betwix' two big sacks to the market, himself the biggest sack —Faugh! the son of the likes to be master of Garry Owen!"

"They ought not to look so high, them graziers and middlemen, I admit," said the horse-dealer; "the half gentlemen might be content to be half mounted — but when there's the money."

"Best not for him to be laying it out on Garry Owen," said the saddler;

"for even suppose Garry would not throw him and break his neck at the first going off, I'll tell you what would happen, Jonah Crommie would ruin Garry Owen's mouth for him in a week, and make him no better than a garron. Did any body ever see Jonah Crommie riding a horse? It's this way he does it," lugging at the bridle with the hand, and the two legs out. "It is with three stirrups he rides."

All joined in the laugh, groom, coachman, helper, gossoon and all. Garry Owen's master then protested Jonah Crommie should never ride him. But the other offer for Garry was "unexceptionable — undeniable."

"It is from Sir Essex Bligh, the member. Sir Essex wants an extraordinary fine pony for his eldest son and heir, young Sir Harry that will be;

and he rides like an angel too! and what's more, like a gentleman as he is too. Accordingly, Monday morning, next hunt-day, the young baronet that will be is to be introduced to the hunt, and could not be better than on Garry Owen here."

The whole hunt, in full spirit, was before Gerald's eyes, and young Sir Harry on "Garry Owen in glory." But Gerald's was not a mean mind, to be governed by the base motives of jealousy and envy. Those who tried these incentives did not know him. He now decidedly stepped forward, and patting the horse, said, "Good bye, Garry Owen, since I cannot have you, I am glad you will have a gentleman for your master, who will use you well and do you justice. Farewell for ever, Garry Owen." He put something

satisfactory into the horse-dealer's hand, adding, "I am sorry I have given you so much trouble. I don't want the saddle."

Then turning suddenly away, Garry Owen was led off; and Gerald and Cecilia hastened to their mother, who, in much surprise, enquired what had happened.

"You will be better pleased, mamma, than if Gerald had a hundred Garry Owens," cried Cecilia.

At that moment their father threw open his study window and looked out, well pleased indeed, as he saw how the affair had ended. He came out and shook Gerald by the hand with affectionate pleasure and paternal pride. — "Safe out of the hands of your flatterers, my boy; welcome to your friends! I am glad, my dear son, to see that you

have self-command sufficient to adhere to a generous intention, and to do the good which you purpose."

Gerald's father put a purse containing the promised price of Garry Owen into his hand, and offered to assist him in any way he might desire in executing his plan for the snow-woman. After some happy consultations it was settled, that it would be best, instead of building a new house for her, which could not be immediately ready, to rent one that was already finished, dry, and furnished, and in which they could set her up in a little shop in the village. Whatever was wanting to carry this plan into execution, Gerald's father and mother supplied. They advised that Gerald should *give* only a part of the sum he had intended, and *lend* the other part to the poor woman, to be returned

by small payments at fixed periods, so that it would make a fund that might be again lent and repaid, "and thus be continually useful to her, or to some one else in distress."

"Gerald," said his father, "you may hereafter have the disposal of a considerable property, therefore I am glad, even in these your boyish days, to have any opportunity of turning your mind to consider how you can be most useful to your tenantry. I have no doubt, from your generous disposition, that you will be kind to them; but I feel particular satisfaction in seeing that you early begin to practise that self-denial which is in all situations essential to real generosity."

THE

HISTORY OF POOR BOB,

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

PRETTY BOB! Yes, once I was Pretty Bob—that little boy you noticed, my Lady, six years ago, one fine summer's

evening, playing with my hoop before the widow Robertson's door. My mother she was, and not a happier mother in all England that day than herself. So proud she was of all the praises and kisses bestowed on me, that for the week after I remember she told every neighbour that came in, how the lady had called her boy 'Pretty Bob."—And how the lady had said that he was such a nice, fine clean, healthy, cherry-cheeked, merry boy, she wished she had just such a child herself, as Pretty Bob.

Now, only that I am so much changed, you would not know me again, my Lady, I would not make so bold as to mention it, Ma'am. But what pleased me above all, was the parting word from your Ladyship, when, as you were leaving the door,

you turned again and stroked my head, saying: "You hoped, and did not doubt, but that I would grow up a brave stout man to serve my king and country; and to be a support and comfort to my mother in her old age."

Lack-a-day! things have since turned out contrary. But that minute I felt so proud and happy, and thought to myself I was almost a man, and that I would be an honour to my king and country for certain: and as sure as I'd live, a comfort to my mother, and a great support. I was but six years of age then. For a good year after I was called by my mother, and all the neighbours, after your Ladyship's words—Pretty Bob.

But the next year, my Lady, was the year that you and his Honour went

far away to foreign parts; so there was none at home here at the Hall for the Widow and Orphan to look to.

Then the troubles came on us. How they began, I was so little, I scarce know. The cow died; my mother sickened, and took the fever; and then there was the rent called for, and all the money she had gathered, the doctor had got. So just off the sick bed she was to be turned into the street, or to come on the parish, if the rent was not paid on the day. The day came, and no money. She was to go to the Hall to beg one other month's time; and I went with her to the steward; but he denied us; and there was my mother sitting and crying in the yard with her apron before her face. When crossing the yard came the sweeps, who had been sweep-

ing the chimneys of the great house that morning. One was a little boy not bigger than myself; and he came on dancing and singing, and showing his white teeth in his black face, laughing, while some standing by, and some from the windows, threw him halfpence, and some sixpences. Oh! thought I, if I could get money that way for my mother! Then came following the master sweep, a great man, and dark looking, who had his eye upon me that minute, and that minute I took fright at his face. But it went off when he turned to speak kind to my mother, asking what troubled her so? She told, and he listened; and first said, "It was a sad case. Surely there was one way to make all easy, if I loved my mother." "If," said I. Oh! I sprung to him and begged of him to speak

out. The traitor! — how he smiled, and lured me on. He kept silence a while, till there came a great shout from above; and pointing up, he showed where was, at the top of the kitchen chimney, one of the little sweeps, flourishing out with the brush in his hand. "There's one of my brave boys," said he, chucking me under the chin; "what would you think of that? If I would go with him, and be one of his boys, he would pay the rent due, and send my mother home with her heart easy." My mother would not hear of it at first. No, — Her Pretty Bob to be a chimney sweep! — No; never, with her consent. That chilled me — besides, I was loath and afeard myself, and hung back behind her close. But there came the bailiff on one side threatening loud she

should never lie another night in the house if the rent was not paid: and there was the master sweep with the gold and silver on his palm (he showed me) ready to clear all, if I would just give him my hand, and go off with him. I stretched out my hand to him, but my mother pulled me back, and hugged me close to her. "But, Mother," said I, "you will not have the bed to lie on to-night." "Never mind me," said she. — But I could not help minding her the more for that. I slipped through her arms down on my knees. "Let me go, dear Mother," said I, "with consent and your blessing." "God bless you!" said she. But a hard struggle it was to part. She said it must only be a month on trial that I should go with the man, and she to pay him back the money, and

get me back, if she pleased. — So it was settled. Then he cleared all the rent, and I wiped the tears off my mother's face, and she stooped down to give me the kiss. And that was the last happy minute I ever had! She went home, and I was carried off by my new master. That month of trial was easy enough; he was kind, coaxed me, and taught me how to climb; and I was brave enough, and proud to show it, and got up the wide chimneys easy; and if that was all, I thought, I could do more. So I told my mother, at the end of the month, that I desired no better. And she was well pleased, nothing mistrusting him: and she had not the money to pay back. So as I was little and active, he was anxious to get me bound 'prentice; and the paper

was signed, whatever it was, and there I was bound fast.

Then there was no more coaxing — all changed — no pleasing him — strive never so much — I must strive more, and eat less. The coldest winter days came, and out without a rag to cover me at four in the morning — and up the chimneys, stifling mouth, nose, and eyes with soot; sometimes goaded up narrow flues by a long stick with a pin at the end of it, which my master called, "*Jack, I'll tickle thee.*" It was barbarous! But so long as all was fair work, I scrambled through all, and shouted manfully at the top. I scorned to complain of the bruises and hurts. Still I kept up — for, thinks I, it is all for my mother. And strength, and life, and spirit enough I had then for it. And often without a bit in my

stomach, and aching rib and joint, would dance and sing, and show my white teeth, if I caught a glimpse of the quality in any of the chambers, just as I had seen the little boy do, to win the sixpence for my mother. And a heavy heart and light heels there was: but they called me merry sweep. And it was my way every Sunday to wash myself clean as I could in the river, before I'd go to my mother, to look something like her Pretty Bob for her. But she saw through it too soon; what with hard usage, and scanty food, and the little sleep I got, and great dirt I lived in all the week, my Sunday's face would not always show as pleasant to my mother as formerly. Spirits will fail, when nothing to keep them up. She remarked I was grown too grave for my age. "Does he use

you ill, the villain?" says she; "tell me, dear." "No, mother; he uses me no worse than another, nor worse than he can help, I suppose," said I, "for them sort of men grow hard with their trade; and the boys is sometimes idle, and stubborn, and he can't always keep out of a passion, being by nature passionate." So I excused him the best I could, to keep my mother easy, and laughing all off. But presently she would not be put off so. She said I was falling away to nothing. "Not at all, Mother," said I. But she caught me, and would feel my arms and body, and put on her spectacles, poor soul! to look close at my fallen face. I tried to smile, but could not. And she turned away from me, and cried, as if her old heart would break. Then, to comfort her, I brought out

the sixpences, and even the half-a-crown I had stored for her. But she put it back all, and "could not take," she said, "the price of her child;" and would not be comforted, but kept saying: "My Poor Boy!—Poor Bob!—Poor Bob!" And from that day never called me any thing but "Poor Bob."

Well, Ma'am, to make short of it. All went on from bad to worse with Poor Bob. My mother went to my master: but when she tried to soften him, that made him harder than a stone. He drove her out of the house, asking what she had to do with him and his 'prentice; and shut the door. Then beat me as long as he could stand over me. And too little it was, he swore, for the lies I had told, and backbiting complaints I had made of

him. Not a lie had I told, or a complaint uttered. But he would not hear, or could not understand me—for he was drunk—and fonder and fonder of drink he grew every day: and from that day he took to hating and persecuting me. Would not even now ever let me clean myself on a Sunday, to go to my mother. Taunting me still with being "Pretty Bob." And there I was, grimed with soot that eat into my flesh; and had not even clean straw to sleep on. At every turn I was called up, if a chimney was on fire; and so hot none else could stand it. I was to be thrust up every dangerous chimney, and crooked flue, into which no other could go but Poor Bob—he was to be squeezed through it. One day at last I was fairly jammed in an old chimney, where the bricks

had given way, and I could not get up. I called out that I was almost stifled; but he kept on goading me, and swearing at me, for a lazy rascal, and an obstinate rogue. — Then lighted a wisp of straw below me, to make me get on. I felt the fire at the soles of my feet, and scorching my legs; and I kicked while I could, and screeched, and begged for God's sake they would let me down; but no — I must go up. In great torture with the fire, I made one desperate struggle upward; and then I was jammed fast, and neither could get forward or backward, and bad smoke suffocating me. I gave over all struggle. — I was quite spent, and could cry out no longer. Then I felt him giving great jerks to my legs; whether to make me speak, or pull me down, I did not know. One jerk at

last broke my leg; and what happened after, or how they got me down, I don't know. But when I came to my senses, I remember they were holding burnt feathers under my nose. My leg was next to be set. And it was set; but so badly, that it was all crooked.

There was some talk through the servants' hall of my master's cruelty; and it went up to the gentleman of the house, who was a good gentleman, they told me, and a parliament man: and he was greatly shocked, and said he would speak for us poor sweeps, and see and get something done for us. But how it went off I don't know. I never heard more of it. There was none to care for me but my mother; and she cared too much. I broke her heart. Well! she is gone to a better world, I trust; and thanks be to God,

she does not live to see me as I am now: *Poor—Famishing—Bandy Bob.*

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.