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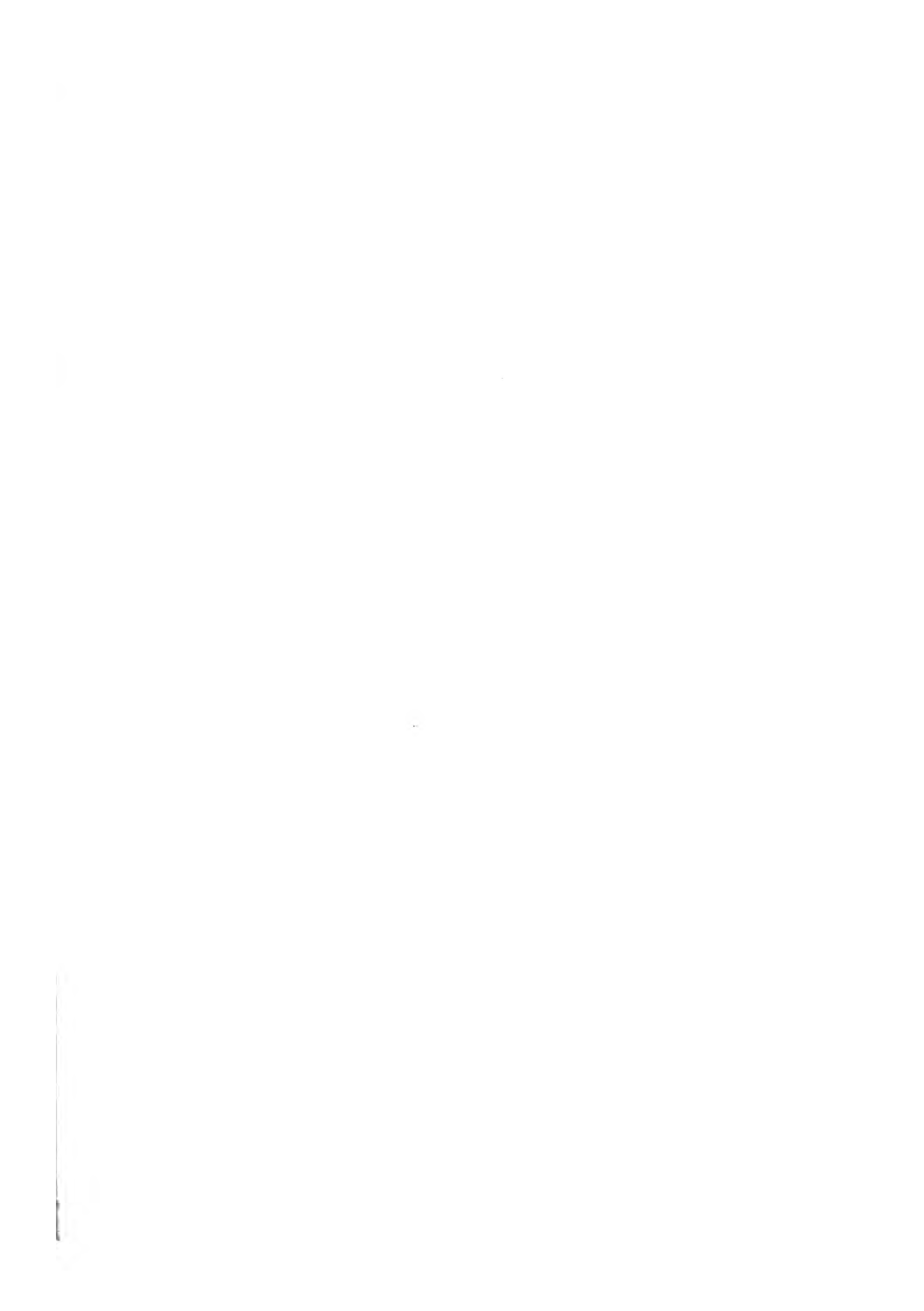
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TALES  
OF  
MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.



T A L E S  
OF  
MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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**CONTENTS**  
**OF THE FIRST VOLUME.**

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	PAGE
THE BARBER OF BANTRY . . . . .	1
THE GREAT HOUSE . . . . .	269



**THE BARBER OF BANTRY.**



# THE BARBER OF BANTRY.

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## CHAPTER I.

THERE is a small river which, rising amid the wildest and least cultivated upland of the county of Limerick in Ireland, pursues its lonesome course amid heath and bog, by cliff and quarry, through scenery of the bleakest and yet the most varied kinds, until it discharges its discoloured waters into the bosom of the Lower Shannon. Now gliding, deep and narrow, through some heathy plain, it presents a surface no wider than a meadow streamlet, and like placid characters in the world, indicating its depth by its tranquillity ; anon, it falls in one white and foamy volume over the brow

of some precipitous crag, at the foot of which it dilates into a pool of tolerable extent. Further down it may be traced through the intricacies of a stunted wood, now babbling in one broad sheet over the limestone shallow ; now rolling silent, deep, and dark, beneath the overhanging brier and hazel bushes that fling their tangled foliage across its waters from the indented bank. In another place, it may be found dashing noisily from ledge to ledge of some opposing mass of limestone, or pursuing its swift and gurgling course along the base of a perpendicular cliff until, as it approaches the mighty river in which its waters are received, it acquires surface and depth sufficient to float the fisher's skiff, and the small cot or lighter that conveys a lading of marl or sea-weed to manure the little potato garden of the humble agriculturist upon its banks. Nor even in this dreary region is the wild streamlet wholly destitute of animated figures to give a quickening interest to the general loneliness of the scenery

along its side. The neighbouring cottager "snares" for pike and salmon in its shallows; the cabin housewife beetles her linen in the summer evening on its banks, and the barefoot and bareheaded urchin, standing or sitting by the side of an overhanging ash or elder, drops his pin-hook baited with an earth-worm, into the deep and shaded corner which he knows, by profitable experience, to be the favourite haunt of the eel and trout; and in which it may be said, in passing, his simple apparatus is often as destructive as all the erudite machinery of Izaak Walton and his disciples.

In the summer season the appearance of this little river is such as we have described. In the winter, however, after the great rains, common in mountain scenery, have set in, the shallow bed of the stream is often filled, in the course of a few minutes, with a body of water, collected from the heights around its source, that presents a formidable contrast to the usually placid tenor of its course. It is then seen roar-



ing and foaming along in one huge yellow flood, inundating not unfrequently the cottages and hamlets near its banks, and carrying dismay and death among pigs, poultry, and other anti-aquatic animals, who happen to stray within reach of its overflowing current, and sometimes even placing life in jeopardy.

Not far from the banks of this river, and commanding a full prospect of its windings, through a varied and extensive though wild and thinly populated landscape, may be seen at this day the walls of a roofless mansion, which bears in its decay the marks of having been once inhabited by persons somewhat superior in rank to the "strong farmers" who, with a few exceptions, constitute at present the sole aristocracy of the district. The style of the masonry (the sounding term architecture would be somewhat misapplied to so simple an edifice) refers the date of its erection, and indeed correctly, to the beginning of the last century. The small windows are nearly square, and deep set

in the massy stone work, while the lofty gables, comprising more than half the height of the whole building, present, when viewed from the end, an angle almost as acute as that of a wedge. Around, in a still more dilapidated condition than the dwelling-house, may be traced the ruins of numerous out-offices, the stable, the cow-house, the turf-house, the piggery, the fowl-house, and even (a contrast to the present poverty of the surrounding country) the coach-house. At a little distance the urchins of the neighbourhood point out the remains of earthen fences, not much more distinct than the immortal Roman entrenchment of Monkbarns, as all that is left of what was once the kitchen and flower-garden. Polyanthuses, almost dwindled into primroses, bachelor's buttons impoverished both in size and colour, and a gooseberry or currant bush choked up in furze, furnish corroborative testimony to the tradition. The neighbouring peasantry still preserve the history of the building from its earliest foundation, as well as of

its successive owners, who were persons of no little notoriety in their time.

In the beginning of the last century, the tract of land on which the ruin stands was purchased by a certain Mr. Patrick Moynehan (more commonly known by the familiar diminutive Paddy Moynehan, or Paddy the Lad). As, although respectably descended, Mr. Moynehan was not heir to any property whatever, and as his subsequent habits did not furnish any indications of that thrift which Shylock tells us—

“ Is blessing, if men steal it not,”

there was very general whispering and great perplexity as to how Paddy Moynehan could have acquired the means of purchasing an estate and building a handsome house. As the stories circulated upon the subject were numerous, and characteristic both of the place and period, we will venture to relate a few.

It was said by some, that on one occasion, when yet a young man, Pat Moynehan went

to attend the "berrin'" of a friend. While the remainder of the crowd were occupied at their devotions in the place of death, young Moynehan, little impressed by the solemnity of the scene before him, rambled about among the graves, "funning" and amusing himself, and paying little attention to the severe glances that were occasionally directed towards him from the kneeling crowd. On one occasion, it happened that he found, placed upon the corner of a monument, a bleached skull, the eyeless sockets directed towards him, and seeming to convey a more terrible rebuke than ever could have proceeded from the eyes that once moved within their orbits. Moynehan, however, was nothing checked in his career of mirth.

"Look there!" he said, pointing out the skull to a companion, who in vain endeavoured to repress his unseasonable levity, "much as you think of yourself, that was once as fine a man as you are, and you'll have as ugly a grin upon your own face yet; he was just as

good a gentleman, and as devout a Christian." Then turning to the skull, and taking off his hat with an air of mock politeness, he added, "I am happy, sir, to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and will feel obliged by your giving me the honour of your company at breakfast next Sunday." And off he turned with another bow of mock respect, and left the church-yard with his companion.

Before breakfast hour on the following Sunday (the legend still continues), young Moynehan went out to speak with a neighbour. While he was absent, and while the servant girl was occupied in preparing breakfast, the door was opened from without, and "a big man" entered. He did not say "God save you," nor "God bless you," as he came in, but walked silently to a chair that stood near the fire, and took his seat without speaking. His singular conduct was but the counterpart of his appearance. His dress was that of a gentleman, and rich, but so grotesque in form, and strange in ma-

terial, that it was impossible to decide on the rank or country of the wearer. A high standing collar, a flowered silk waistcoat, ruffles at the wrists, a handsome pair of plush under-garments with golden knee-buckles, and silver ones of an enormous size across the instep of his square-toed shoes; these, together with a well-powdered head of hair, brushed backward and gathered behind into a handsome queue, a cocked hat, which he carried under his arm, and a slender rapier by his side, constituted the chief portion of that costume which looked so perplexing in the eyes of the mountain handmaiden. With all this there was in the expression of his eyes, and in the mechanical regularity of his movements, an air of she knew not what, that chilled the spirit of the young woman, and left her scarce the power to ask his business. Being, however, naturally of a free and hearty disposition, she did not suffer herself to be altogether daunted, but said, in a laughing manner, and after waiting a considerable time to hear him speak—

“ Why, then, sir, arn’t you a droll gentleman, to walk into a house in that kind o’ way, an’ sate yourself without sayin’ a ha’p’orth ? ”

The stranger looked fixedly at her. “ It is a law where I come from,” says he, “ that none of us shall speak until we are spoken to ; and if the same law prevailed among people I know here, there are many of their friends that would have reason to be glad of it. But where’s the man o’ the house ? Isn’t it a shame for him to ask a gentleman to breakfast with him and not to be at home before him ? ”

While he was speaking Moynehan entered.

“ Isn’t it a burning shame for you,” said the stranger, in a loud voice, “ to ask a gentleman to breakfast with you, and not to be at home before him ? ”

“ Me ask you to breakfast ! ” exclaimed the astonished Moynehan ; “ I never laid eyes on you before, but you’re as welcome as if you got fifty invitations.”

“ Indeed, but you did ask me,” said the

stranger, "and I'll tell you where, too;"—and stooping over towards him, he whispered in his ear.

The instant Moynehan heard the whisper, he fell in a death-like faint upon the floor. The stranger showed not the least concern, nor made any effort to relieve him, but waited with the utmost indifference until he should revive. While he was yet insensible, the girl, standing in awe of this mysterious guest, requested him to sit down to breakfast.

"No, no," he answered; "I can eat nothing until your master sits with me; it was with him I came to breakfast."

When Moynehan came to himself, understanding from the girl what the stranger had said, he repeated the invitation, which was immediately accepted, and both sat down together. The effect of the first shock having passed away, Moynehan made up his mind to perform the part of host with true Irish hospitality. He laughed, talked, jested, told his best stories,



shook his guest by both hands together, and protested that he was as welcome "as a rose in June." He ordered the freshest eggs and fried the richest bacon, and treated the stranger with the most perfect hospitality.

They had scarcely done breakfast when a bell was heard ringing at a distance.

"What's that bell?" asked the stranger, in a sharp tone.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Moynehan with a careless air; "only the bell for chapel."

The stranger said nothing, but looked very serious. At length, rising from his chair he addressed his host as follows:—

"You're an honest fellow, after all, and you may thank your hearty hospitable conduct that I do not make you suffer severely for the trouble you gave me by your invitation; however, you must not say that you gave your breakfast for nothing. Meet me this evening by the elder tree near the river side, and you shall hear of something that you will thank me for."

Moynehan kept the appointment, and those who gave credit to the story (and they comprised no small portion of the inhabitants of the surrounding cottages) asserted that during their evening conference, his unearthly visiter revealed to him a quantity of hidden treasure in a neighbouring ruin, more than sufficient to warrant the expensive style in which he soon began to live; others, while they admitted the truth of the greater portion of the story, denied that there was any thing supernatural in the case. They asserted that the whole was a *hoax* played upon Moynehan by a young man, a stranger in the place, who observed his conduct at the funeral, and availed himself of the mock-invitation which he overheard, to read the wag a lesson, and to help himself to a comfortable breakfast. It was certain, indeed, that Moynehan himself never liked to have the story alluded to in his hearing, but this circumstance was urged, by the advocates of the wonderful, as evidence in favour of their own version of the tale. Those

who contended for the common-place, were in the habit of accounting for Moynehan's great accession of wealth by other than supernatural means. He had become engaged, they said, in common with many other persons in his time, in a species of commerce which is viewed with a jealous eye by all governments; and by his share in the disposal of two or three cargoes of tobacco and other expensive luxuries, had amassed money enough to rest on his oars for all his after life.

Other persons gave a different account of the manner in which Moynehan obtained his riches. This party seemed inclined to strike a medium between the supernatural and the common-place. Moynehan, they said, rented two or three small farms nearly adjoining that tract of mountain-land which subsequently became his estate. Neither providence, nor settled and regular industry were amongst the qualities for which he was most remarkable. A man whose sole income was derived from his share in the profits

of those small farms, he still maintained a style of living not surpassed by many who could boast of fee-simple patrimonies to support and palliate such extravagance. He kept a pack of hounds and a huntsman, and gave jovial entertainments to such of the neighbouring gentry as would condescend to accept his hospitality. His house was ever open ; a family piper lent his music to the dance of ruin ; there was nobody who did not look upon Moynehan as a paragon of good fellows, except his landlord, and even he could scarcely find it in his heart to proceed to extremities with a person of so much spirit and goodnature. It is the fate of most goodnatured spendthrifts, however, to tire out in the end the forbearance of even their most forbearing friends, and Moynehan formed no exception to the general rule. After running six years in arrear of rent, he was thunderstruck by the intelligence that Sir David Hartigan was on the eve of visiting his property in the county, and of course would not leave Mr. Patrick

Moynehan without a call. This was the signal for consternation. Ejectments and executions floated before the eyes of Moynehan ; and before he could collect even a moderate portion of the arrear last due, the baronet was on his way to his estate. It was (no uncommon case with Irish landowners, even at that period of home legislation) the first visit he had ever made to his paternal inheritance, and of this circumstance Moynehan determined to take advantage for his security. He called the tenants together, and harangued them in the most earnest manner on the propriety of giving their landlord a suitable reception.

“ I need not tell you all,” he said, “ that Sir David has been a good landlord to us all—[hurra ! hurra !] a man that gives the poor man time for his money—[hurra !]—that never yet *distressed* \* a tenant for his rent, nor bore hard on those that he knew to be well inclined if they had the means—[hurra ! hurra !]—very

\* Distrained.

well then, lads ; you will remember that this is the first time he has ever shown himself amongst his tenants, and let us take care that he has no cause to complain of his reception."

A new volley of cordial "hurras" announced the acquiescence of the assembled tenants in this agreeable proposal, and preparations were immediately set on foot for receiving the baronet in the most splendid style. The demesnes and lawns of the small gentry within five miles round, were stripped of their fairest poplars and mountain ash, in order to form triumphal arches along the road which led to the little village of \* \* \* \* \*, where the great man was to reside during his stay. Hardy would have been the owner of a tapering fir or larch, who had dared to murmur at seeing his grounds invaded, and the pride of his shrubbery laid low for this festive purpose. The mothers, wives, and sisters of the cottiers lent their bright coloured shawls, ribands, and handkerchiefs, to flutter amid the foliage, and add new gaiety to the

scene. There was one article of holiday splendour in which there was no stint. A great portion of Sir David's estate consisting of excellent bog, there was no lack of material for bonfires. Accordingly, at every cross road within half a mile round, and almost at every second cabin in the village itself, there was a pile of turf and bogwood, the contribution of the surrounding tenantry, ready for the torch the instant the carriage of the mountain sovereign should appear. But what exceeded all beside, was the zeal exhibited by Mr. Patrick Moynehan himself, the instigator, in a great degree, of the whole proceeding, and who was moved to it, partly by real good-will towards his landlord, and in part, by certain undefined hopes and impulses, which we will leave the knavish reader to divine. Before his door, upon the bare and level green, was piled a circle of turf, in the midst of which was suspended by machinery, which had taxed the ingenuity of the whole district, a prime ox, intended to be roasted

whole. Besides this, were lesser fires, at which pigs, turkeys, geese, and other inferior animals of culinary celebrity were prepared, each by the persons who had contributed both fire and meat.

Above the gateway which led to this gala spot, was suspended a painted board, surrounded by green boughs, with of course, what other inscription than "Cead millia faltha," executed in the best manner that the village could afford.

The day at length arrived, and the great man came. In consequence of his continual absenteeism, he had certain misgivings with respect to his popularity amongst his own tenantry, which made him wholly unprepared for the enthusiastic reception with which he was now honoured. Within half a mile of the village, he was met by a prodigious multitude of people, of both sexes, and all ages, shouting, laughing, and capering for joy. Flutes, fiddles, bagpipes, and, in lieu of these, tin cans, dildorns, and every other implement from which any sound could be extracted that might bring the idea of music



to the mind of the rudest hearer, added their obstreperous harmony to the general uproar. What need to pen our way through all the glories of the feast that followed? Some idea may be formed of the enjoyment of the worthy Baronet (who was amazingly fat), when we mention that he was placed from noon to evening of a broiling day in June, in the centre of between thirty and forty huge fires, the smoke of which settling low, in consequence of the calm, and the tenuity of the mountain air had well nigh stifled him; that in addition to this, he had to dance (according to indispensable custom) with almost all the young women in the place; besides other duties of courtesy, so oppressive, that he was afterwards heard to declare, that he had almost as lief be a king and go through all the labour of a levee, or drawing room, as to spend such another day at \* \* \* \*. In addition to this, when it is remembered that the gates were thrown open, and free admission given to all travellers, comprising the numerous

beggars, whom the foregone fame of the feast had drawn together from the distant parishes, it must be acknowledged that the situation of the excellent Baronet was truly enviable. At all events, he could not choose but feel the deepest gratitude to Mr. Moynehan, at whose house he spent the ensuing fortnight. The latter, however, seemed to think the glory sufficient for his landlord, for by some means or other, Sir David never could find an opportunity of engaging him in any serious conversation on the subject of his rent. If he spoke of money, Moynehan talked of woodcocks,—if he mentioned arrears, Moynehan could show him the prettiest fly-fishing in Ireland,—or he had a present of grey-hounds of the genuine old Irish stock,—known relatives of those that were presented by Sir Somebody to the Great Mogul,—or he insisted on his accepting a beautiful mare of the most unblemished pedigree—anything—everything he was ready to furnish him with except the needful. And the issue was, that Sir David returned to

Dublin, looking upon Moynehan as one of the most generous fellows and the most impracticable tenants in the world.

However, such a state of things could not continue. Year followed year, threat came on threat, and ruin showed her hideous countenance at length, in the shape of a formal ejection from his holding. He might still (such were the times) have set the law at bay, and maintained possession for some years longer at least; but this he would not do. He must give up his farm, and the thought filled him with the deepest melancholy. At table, the huntsman cracked his joke in vain (for the huntsman, it should be understood, was a man of sufficient importance to occupy a small side table in the common dining room, and after dinner to take his seat by the ample fireside). It signified little that it was the same irresistible joke, or the same admirable anecdote which had shook his sides with laughter regularly once a day for half a score years before. He now listened to it with a vacant

eye, and a countenance that plainly showed how far his thoughts were out of hearing.

What was to be done? Was he to bid farewell to his numerous domestics, and to tell his huntsman that he was to hunt no more for him, and to sell or give away the hounds, and to resign his flies and fishing-tackle, and to watch no more the beautiful motion of his greyhounds as they shot like ghosts across the mountain heath in March? The thought was dreadful. He wandered like a solitary being by the river side, and along the hedges which enclosed his lawn and paddock, and seemed to feel already the pressure of the abject poverty, to which he must soon be reduced.

Amid all the faults which he now so bitterly regretted, if not for a better motive, yet for the ruin they had brought upon himself, there was one feature in his past conduct which he called to mind with pleasure. He never in a single instance had refused assistance to a fellow-creature in distress. No matter who the individual, how indifferent the character, or what

his own circumstances at the moment, he never had withheld his aid where it was wanted. No consideration of inconvenience to himself, no dread of theft or lack of means in his own household, prevented his affording to every individual, without exception, high or low, great or little, who chose to apply for it, a comfortable dinner and a night's lodging beneath his roof. This indiscriminate charity, it is said, was not wholly in accordance with the views of Mrs. Moynahan, whose wardrobe and fowl-house had often suffered to her husband's hospitality, but he would hear nothing of her complaints. Giving was with him the easiest of all duties, and as there were some others to which he did not attend so closely, he seemed determined to practise this in its perfection. The greater the loss and the greater the inconvenience, he thought the greater the merit also; and he had an idea, that what is bestowed in this way is not lost, but that merciful actions, beyond all others whatsoever, buoy up the spirit at the hour of death and after.

In his arguments with Mrs. Moynehan upon this subject, he was in the habit of relating an anecdote for her edification, which we will transcribe for that of the reader.

“There were two brothers, twin-brothers,” he said, “who were so fervently attached, that each made the other promise, in case he should die first, to return, if possible, and let the survivor know how he had fared in

That undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns.

Both, however, had passed the meridian of life without meeting any serious illness, and both forgot a compact which they had made in youth, and which was blotted from their memory by the cares of manhood and the new engagements in which matrimony had involved them. On a sudden one of them was stunned by the intelligence that his brother had died of that species of brain fever called a *coup de soleil*. The news filled him with grief. In the evening he walked out to indulge his sorrow in a neigh-

bouring churchyard, and to relieve his mind by prayer. While thus occupied, an oppressive sense of some extraordinary presence fell upon his mind. He looked up—his brother stood before him. His first feeling was an emotion of extasy at the thought that the rumour of his brother's death was false, and he ran to cast himself upon his neck. But as he proceeded, the other retired, and always, to his extreme astonishment, preserved exactly the same distance at which he had first beheld him.

“‘Why do you not speak to me?’ said the surviving brother; ‘they told me you were dead, and that we should meet no more.’

“‘Brother,’ said the figure, in an unearthly voice, ‘do you forget the agreement which we made near this spot exactly twenty-five years since?’

“The hearer instantly understood the whole, and that it was his brother's shade which he beheld. He trembled, and a cold moisture settled on his forehead.

“ ‘ I am allowed to come back,’ says he, ‘ for your warning and for your consolation. Immediately after my death, I found myself in the finest country I ever saw in my life, with the richest demesnes and grandest houses that ever were found, and millions of people walking amongst the trees, and talking and laughing together, as happy as the day is long. To my great surprise I found that almost all the ladies and gentlemen that owned the fine houses were people that I remembered in this world as poor beggars, and religious christians, and persons of that kind, that nobody cares about. I went from one to another but not one of them knew me, and the man that had the charge of the place was going to turn me out, when one of the gentlemen called to him and said he knew me. I looked close at him, and at last remembered the face of a poor blind man whom I had guided once on a stormy night from a neighbouring village to his own door, but he had now a pair of eyes as bright as stars. That was the only act



of real charity I ever recollected to have done in my life, and it was now the means of getting me a handsome house and garden, where I live happier than I can describe.”

A celebrated Greek critic tells us that if we separate the sublime from the allegorical, we shall often strip it of half its excellence. If the axiom be applied in the case of Moynehan's legend, even polished readers may find it not wholly without meaning. From the fact, however, that Mr. Moynehan was in the *habit* of repeating it for the improvement of his lady, it may be inferred that it had not all the influence upon her conduct which he could desire.

## CHAPTER II.

A FEW evenings previous to the day on which he, Moynehan, was to give up possession of his house and lands, a storm arose so terrible that it seemed doubtful whether the building would survive the ownership of its present master. The wind came howling and shrieking up the unsheltered heath, and through the close ravines in the neighbourhood. Now it shook the window frames as if in sudden passion at their obstinate resistance to its fury, now it hissed and roared against the well-bound thatch—and now wound its dismal horn in the lofty chimney-top. Mr. Moynehan sat by his parlour-fire, comparing his past with what must, in all probability, be his future style of living, and the contrast

was almost too much for his philosophy. Suddenly, the voice of Mrs. Moynehan, raised high in objurgation in the kitchen, attracted his attention. Half opening the parlour door, he paused to ascertain the cause of sounds “not unfamiliar to his ear.”

“Out of my house—pack—out of my house this instant,” exclaimed the lady, in a voice scarce a note of which was lower than C above the fifth over line. “It was you, and the like of you, that brought ruin to our door,—pack out !”

A shrill and querulous murmur was heard in answer.

“The storm !” continued Mrs. Moynehan, “it is no matter for the storm. As well as you found your way here, find your way back, for here you shall not stay an hour. Do you hear me talking to you ? Quit my house this instant. Aye—cough, cough—I dare say you know how to do more than that when it serves your turn. Out—pack at once !”

At this instant Mr. Moynehan entered the

kitchen, where he beheld a sight that filled him with indignation against the cruelty of his helpmate. An old man, shaking with palsy, and so worn down by age and its infirmities that it seemed as if his years could scarcely number less than a century, was standing on the well-flagged kitchen floor, and gazing on the stout and portly Mrs. M. with a deprecating attitude. It would be difficult to conceive a more complete picture of misery than the old man presented. A long staff, half again as high as its possessor, and held in both hands, seemed all that enabled him to keep his feet; his knees, his hands, his head, his whole frame shook violently with his disease, so that had his features been less strongly marked it would be difficult to gather their expression in the continual and rapid motion. His dress was ragged in the extreme, and so patched that it seemed as if he never had been the master of another suit. In addition to this he had been already drenched in rain from head to foot, and his long white

hair and the hanging fritters of his garment still dropped as if he were about to dissolve away upon the floor, while his face, which looked as if the loose skin had been drawn over without being attached to the fleshless bones, was glistening with rain, and haggard with fear, at the prospect of being again exposed to the horrors of the storm. Moynehan could not help thinking, however, as he looked on the old man, that his terror seemed excessive for the occasion, and that his manner resembled that of one who feared some danger of a still more appalling kind than any which the storm could bring.

“Will you—turn out—the—poor ould man in—the storm an’ all—” he gasped forth word after word at long intervals, and with gestures of the most agonising terror. “Give me a night’s—lodg—in’ an’ I’ll pray for—you for—ever an’—ever. Don’t send me out to the robb—storm, I mane.”

“To the robbers? what robbers? What robbers do you expect to meet in ———?”

and if it was full of them what have you to lose by robbers? eh?"

"Did I—say—robbers, a-gra?" said the old man—"don't mind me—I'm an ould fool that hasn't any sense. Sure enough, what robbing could they have upon me; a poor ould beggar that has nothin' only what rags is coverin' my ould bones—nothin' in life—nothin'—Ayeh—robbers—I don't know what I'm sayin' with the dint o' fear; but won't you, like a good Christian, gi' me a night's lodgin'—anywhere—upon these bare flags—I'm aisy, so as the robb—so as I'd have the roof betune me an' the clouds to-night—an' may the heavens be your bed hereafter."

"She will—she will—come in and sit by the fire," exclaimed Moynehan, interposing just as his lady had opened her lips, to give vent to a fresh volley of reproaches. "Get supper ready for that poor man," he added, to a servant—"and you, my dear, will not even affliction itself

teach you to pity the afflicted? you don't know how long we may have a house ourselves."

"I know how long we're to have this house," answered Mrs. Moynehan, in a low growling tone, like that of an over-zealous watch-dog, which has received a reprimand from its master for offering a too obstinate resistance to the entrance of a peaceable stranger.

"You don't know that neither," said Moynehan, "and no matter if it should be ours for no longer than an hour, I am determined to make a free use of it while it belongs to me. Walk in, good fellow."

The poor man, clasping his hands together, and muttering blessings, staggered forward to the fire-place, still casting a timid eye askance at the lady, as if he could have answered in the language of poor Buff—

"I dare not, Sir,  
For fear of your cur."

Mr. Moynehan having seen the beggar com-

fortably established by the fire-side returned to the parlour. Here he began to meditate upon the difference between his own condition and that of the poor mendicant, and found so much that was preferable in the former that he began to recover his spirits.

“ At the worst, my dear,” said he, addressing Mrs. Moynehan, “ we are not so badly off as that poor fellow. We will still have many friends, and we will not, in all probability, be without a house of some kind or another, and at all events we have each of us a decent suit of clothes, which is more than can be said for him. So that ’tis a great comfort to think our case is not so bad but that it might be worse.”

Before Mrs. Moynehan could reply, the parlour-door was opened, and a face, distinguished by a gaping mouth and pair of staring eyes, appeared at the aperture. It was that of Rick or Rickard Lillis, the faithful groom and valet (not to mention fifty other offices which he filled with equal fidelity and skill) of Mr.



“ ‘Here, Tom,’ says he, ‘take your choice between these; if you choose the book, you may become a counsellor one time or other—if you take the spade, you’ll die as you began.’

“ I looked this way and that, and afther considherin’ for a while I took the spade. My father left me nothin’ else, but I thought it enough, for I didn’t know what it was to have more. I was light and happy; my conscience ga’ me no throuble, an’ I had no sort o’ care upon my mind.

“ Well, of a day, a burnin’ day in June, (I remember it well—it was the worst day to me that ever came out of the skies)—of a Little St. John’s eve, I was making a drain to clear a bog belongin’ to a gentleman that used to gi’ me work. I ought to think o’ that day well, an’ so I do; an’ often did before. It was a fine bright day, but it darkened my mind for ever afther. The sun was shinin’ all around, the birds were singin’ in the little bushes, the cuckoo was goin’ at a distance in the wood, an’ the

young foals were gallopin' about upon the green fields like kittens at play. 'Twas a fine day to man an' beast, but 'twas a woeful day to me; it was just then, as I was whistling an' working in the thrench, I threw up somethin' upon the bank that sounded as it hit agin' a stone. I took it up an' looked at it. It was like a collar that would be roond a person's neck, an' I was told aftherwards, that it was a kind o' collar the ould Irish knights or kings, or people o' that sort, used to wear as an ornament in former times. I scraped it a little, an' it was yellow inside; I took it to the docthor that lived in the same place, to see could he make any thing of it. He dipped the top of a quill in a little bottle he had, an' touched it where I scraped it, an' afther lookin' at it again, he wiped it an' handed it back to me an' tould me it was raal goold.

“ Until that time the thoughts o' riches, nor money, nor any thing o' the kind ever ga' me a day's unaisiness. I had my hire from one

day to another, an' I had health, an' I cared for no more. But the minute he tould me it was raal goold, I felt as if my whole mind was changed within me at once; I took home the goold, an' put it under my head that night' an' slep' upon it, an' in the mornin' I went off to town, where I took it through all the gooldsmiths' shops to see what they'd gi' me for it, and I sould it at last for seven pounds, which was twelve times more money than ever I had in my life before. From that day out, I never knew an hour's pace o' mind; and for eighty-seven years afther, that's to this present time, my whole end and aim was to add as much as I could to the price of what I found. I stinted my food, I stinted my clothin'; I never laid out as much as one ha'penny in sport. I never yet since that day, gave so much as one farthin' to a fellow crathur—an' now I must part it all——”

Here the unfortunate old man heaved a deep groan, and his ghastly eyes rolled in their sockets with the agony.

“Bring witnesses if you have ’em,” said he, in a feeble tone, “so that the law can’t come between my words and their meaning afther I am gone.”

Mr. Moynehan complied, and summoned Rick Lillis and another servant to the mendicant’s bedside.

“Ye are witnesses,” said the old man, faintly, “that out o’ thanks to this gentleman for his charity to me, an’ having no kith nor kindred o’ my own, an’ bein’ sure he’ll make a better use o’ what I have, than any body else I know, I lave him my outside coat an’ its contents, an’ all I have in the world besides.”

The servants then retired, and the mendicant, taking a small and rusty key from his bosom, where it was tied fast with a piece of hempen twine, handed it to Moynehan, and said—

“There’s a small cabin without a stick o’ furniture, on the side of a hill by the ould bridge near Dingle. Any body will tell you where Garret Casey, the miser, lives, when he’s at home.

There's a padlock on the doore, an' this is the key of it. Whisper hether. When I'm gone, go to that house, an' sarch in the corner near the cupboard in the inner room, an' rise up a brick that's there, an' have what's undher it—but—but—not till I'm gone, you know," the old man added, with a sudden expression of alarm ; "the mother never loved her child, nor the wife her husband, nor the glutton his food, nor the drunkard his glass, as I loved what's undher that stone ; an' what good is it for me now ? I fasted for it—I watched for it—I hungered and thirsted for it—and I bore the heat and the cold, an' thought nothing of any kind o' labour that could add the smallest trifle to it ; an' now I must part it all. If I suffered as much for my sins this would be a happy night to me. Many a mile I walked barefoot on many a flinty road, to add a little to it ; an' all for you. If I loved the law o' God as well as I loved what's undher that brick, what a saint I'd be to-night."

Soon after he began to rave in a distracted manner, about robbers, and felt for his key, and missing it, burst into feeble lamentations, and complained that he was undone, and that his house was plundered. Before morning he expired, after recovering his reason sufficiently to request that his remains might be conveyed to his own parish. On examining his garments they were found quilted with coins of every description, from gold to humble copper; guineas, dollars, shillings, pence and halfpence, being stitched in indiscriminately between the lining and the cloth, to the amount of more than thirty pounds.

Mr. Moynehan complied with the last wishes of the dying man. He had the remains conveyed to the mendicant's native parish, and having found the cabin, waited until night in order to examine it. He then went, accompanied by Rick Lillis, and bearing a dark lantern in his hand, to the miser's wretched dwelling. It was a hovel of the very vilest kind. A round

stone near the chimney corner served for a seat. There was no appearance of firing, no ashes on the hearth, nor even the least indication that any such luxury had brightened the lonely spot for years before. By the light of the lantern, Moynehan searched the gloomy little inner room which was partitioned off by a hurdle rudely smeared with clay. He found the brick and raised it. After clearing away a quantity of loose earth, he found a bag of tanned calf-skin, which, by its weight and bulk, he judged to be the treasure sought. It was nearly filled with gold, far more at the first glance than would be sufficient to relieve the legatee from all his difficulties.

When they had returned to the small inn at which they slept, Moynehan charged his servant to say nothing whatsoever when they should reach home, of their good fortune, judging of course that he might safely leave it to his own discretion to keep silence while they were still in a strange place. Rick Lillis could not for

a long time find any form of expression in which to convey an idea of the extraordinary thoughts that filled his mind since the completion of this adventure. He remained sauntering from corner to corner of the room in which his master sat quietly musing by the fire side, now looking down at his feet, now directly up at the ceiling, now at every corner above, and anon successively at every corner below, as if he were looking out in all directions for suitable expressions.

“ Well, there’s no use in talking, mather; but this day flogged Ireland. See, for all, how ’tis no way foolish to do a good turn to high or low. Why then, I remember of a time, my father tellin’ me (rest his sowl!) of a thing o’ the kind that happened a first cousin of his own, one Brien Sheehy, that lived estwards in the hills o’ Knockaderry. He was a very stupid man, sir, with submission to you, an’ hadn’t as much sense as would carry him from this to the bedpost; but he had a wife that was just as ’cute as he was foolish, an’ many’s the time he’d



be lost only for her. Well, 'tis innocent people, they say, mostly gets the luck. Of a day Brien found a handful o' money in a field, where he was diggin', an' nobody lookin' at him the same time, so he went an' hid it in a ditch, makin' a hole for it with his spade, until he'd come an' take it away, when it would be his convenience. Well, sir, he went home and tould his wife what he found. 'You done some good, at last,' says she; 'where's the money?' 'Oh, I have it a-hide,' says he, 'in the field where I got it.' 'Well an' good,' says the wife; 'I hope you have a mark upon it, the way you'll find it again; an' nat to be like Pat Piercy, the cobbler, that hid his tools so well that he never could find 'em afther.' 'Oh, I'll find it asy enough,' says Brien; 'for I took a fine big mark for it,' says he, 'a grey horse that was feedin' a-near the place when I put it a-hide.' Well, the wife gev one screech that you'd hear a mile off. 'Oh, murther! you born *omodhawn*,' says she; 'sure the horse was no mark for you

to take. Sure he'll lave that to go elsewhere,' says she, 'an' then what 'll become o' your mark? 'Twas an evil day,' says she, 'I ever had anything to say to you; an' you'll bring us to beggary at last.' Well, poor Brien stood as if you shot him; an' then he darted out the doores, an' run for the bare life to the field where he left the money. An' sure enough the horse was clane at a conthrairy side o' the field. Poor Brien clapped his hands to his head, and was fit to be tied at the thoughts of it; but it was no use for him. He sarched the whole field; but he might just as well be lookin' for lobsther in the same place.

“ Well, sir, as he was walkin' a few weeks afther, on the high road, comin' from market, he met an ould beggar-man that axed him for an alms. 'Don't be talkin' to me, man,' says Brien. 'I lost more money a month ago, than I'll ever have in my life again; but here's one penny for you any way.' 'Where did you lose it?' says the poor man. 'I lost it in such a

field, where I had it a-hide in a ditch,' says he. 'Well,' says the beggar, 'one good turn deserves another. If you'll step across the field, to Paul Rahilly's, you'll hear somethin' of it,' says he: 'I turned in the *boreen*, 'while ago, an' I heard them talkin' of a power o' money the childher found in a ditch, as they were playin'.' Well, sir, sure enough, he went across to Rahilly's; an', I declare, he got the money again. The Rahillys were very honest people; an' the first token he gev 'em o' the money bein' his, I'll engage they handed it over to him. So that even a poor beggar might have it in his ——.

Sonuhar to me," added Rick, as a loud sound, resembling the noise of a penny trumpet, cut short the moral of his tale.—"Sonuhar \* to me; —but he's fast asleep the whole time, an' I, like a fool, tellin' my story to the four walls. Well, an' some walls have ears, they say, an' why shouldn't I? The mather is a made man, any way, that's plain enough."

\* A good wife, or husband.

### CHAPTER III.

IT will be recollected that we do not relate the above as a fact of which we have historical knowledge; but as one of the explanations rumour gave of the way in which Mr. Moynehan had obtained his sudden wealth. His secret was kept, and the day of sale arrived. An auctioneer from Limerick attended to put up the household furniture and other articles to the highest bidder. Many, however, said it was folly to talk; that there would be no bidders at all, the Moynehans were so hospitable, and so well liked throughout the country. Though the morning was rainy, it did not prevent great crowds from attending; and, to the great astonishment of the whole world, biddings were just as smart as if Mr. Moynehan were a perfect

stranger. There was one circumstance, however, which occasioned universal amazement in the crowd.

Mr. Moynehan had taken his seat next the auctioneer, his hands resting on his walking cane, and his eyes fixed upon the various bidders, as if to be satisfied by ocular demonstration of the identity of the individuals who were now pouncing like hawks upon the spoils of the mansion, which had been for near a score of years as free to their use as to his own. The auction was about to commence, when in strutted Rick Lillis, with the air of a nobleman, and took his place amongst the aristocratic purchasers.

“ Give me a chair, here ! ” he cried aloud, in a voice like thunder.

Three or four servants flew to execute his orders, and he placed himself in the seat with an air of surly dignity, as if he wished to see who would presume to meddle with him. The gentleman and ladies around him began to

whisper, and gather their brows, and seemed not altogether to like it, but Rick maintained his place unmoved.

“Gi’ me a bottle o’ wine!” he called aloud, in the same tone—“an’ a glass for dhrinkin’, an’ a crust o’ bread.”

Again half a dozen attendants flew to execute his wishes with the same alacrity as before.

“That’ll do,” said Rick; “Now, Mither auctioneer, you can commence business: I’m quite ready.”

The auctioneer bowed low with mock gravity, and proceeded to put up the articles of furniture in succession. Nothing could be more painful to Mr. Moynehan’s friends than to bid at all; but *as the articles were going*, each thought he might as well have them as another. What was their astonishment, however, when Rick Lillis bid for every lot just as it was about to be knocked down to another! Lot after lot, there was nothing too high nor too low for him; and he paid for every article in sterling gold

upon the instant. Every article, without exception,—not a stick of furniture, nor of any thing else, was carried out by a stranger. The bidders now began to turn the tables upon Rick, and many said that he was an ungrateful fellow, after having been able to save so much money through the liberality of his master, to make so thankless an use of it at the close. However, amid all this generous zeal for the ruined Moynehan, none of the jovial companions and old friends seemed to think of asking him to his house,—but, one after another, they dropped away, and left him to confer alone with his calamity.

Mr. Moynehan made no effort to retain his farms, but settled honourably with his landlord. He then made the purchase long since spoken of, and began to build the house, the ruins of which have been described at the commencement of our narrative. It would be a vain attempt to paint the consternation which was excited throughout the country side, by the

news that Moynehan had purchased an estate, nor the celerity with which he had all his friends about him once again, as officious and as cordial as ever. The mystery of Rick Lillis's extraordinary wealth became clear when they found the furniture of the old house appropriated to its accustomed uses in the new.

Mr. Moynehan, however, did not reproach his old neighbours with their ingratitude.

“How would I be the gainer, my dear,” he would say to his indignant helpmate, on perceiving her anger rise at the approach of any of those worthy adherents, “how would I be the gainer by declaring war against all my neighbours, because they are not just the kind of people I would have them?—If I were to wait for friends until I should find them without fault, I might live to the age of Methusalem without finding as much as would make a hand at whist, and Dumby one of the party too. Sure 'tis the very fault I have to find with myself, that I'm not just as I'd like to be.



And, poor people, if they have acted wrong, they will suffer enough to it hereafter, without my endeavouring to make them uncomfortable at present."

Accordingly, there was no one who was not invited to the Housewarming. Now, if any uninitiated reader should desire to know what an Irish Housewarming was in the days of Mr. Moyneham, he must be content with our brief description, seeing that no such entertainment is to be found amongst the extravagancies of the present day. The period was a century too late for the muse of DERRICK, and a century too early for the bard of Ballyporeen, or we would have considered it unnecessary to say more than that a Housewarming had been given.

"Rick!" Mr. Moynehan exclaimed from the bed room, where he was occupied in an operation from which half the human race are happily exempt—we mean that of shaving—"Rick!" exclaimed Mr. Moynehan.

“Goin’, mather!” The reader must understand that Rick Lillis generally said *going*, when he meant *coming*. “Goin’, mather!” answered Rick, and his gaping mouth and staring eyes were presently visible at the chamber door.

“Rick, do you know that I am to give a Housewarming on Thursday next?”

“Oyeh, iss, Sir—long life to you. The misez tould uz ov it.”

“Well, Rick, you know we shall want music, so I leave that part of the affair to your management.”

“Ullilu! me, Sir,” exclaimed Rick, in modest alarm. “Sorrow tune did I ever play in my life upon any thing, exceptin’ it was a little taste upon the jews-harp, an’ I’m sure it is aisily known that wouldn’t go far among a whole houseful.”

“You mistake me, Rick; I have as little inclination to listen to your music as you can have to furnish it. But I mean that you shall

find musicians, so mind what I tell you. If I find that there is a man within three baronies round us, that ever drew horsehair across catgut, or ever danced the chanter of a bagpipe on his knee, or ever whistled God save the King upon a pipolo, who shall not be at the Housewarming on Thursday next—I'll—no I can't hang you—ah, joy be with the times when I could,—before we ever had a law to interfere with us—but I'll be tempted to go as near it as I can—”

“Long life to your honour, sure I'll do my best.”

“Take no excuse, as you value your head—”

“Excuse!” exclaimed Rick, with a half shout of surprise, “I'll go bail, I'll make 'em come jumpin' an' glad to be axed—I'll take my hazel stick in my hand, an' I'd like to see the man among 'em that would daar say 'no' to me, when I give the commands.”

He left the room, and so punctually did he fulfil his commission, that on the Thursday

following, a troop of fiddlers, fifers, pipers, and other musicians, of all ages and of both sexes, had assembled at the new edifice, sufficient of themselves to have constituted a numerous company. But they were soon lost in the multitudes that followed. Cars, horses, truckles (furnished with a bed tick, to supply the lack of springs and cushion), every species of vehicle, and every beast of burthen that the land afforded were put in requisition, by the numerous guests who came with unblushing countenances to claim a share of Moynehan's returning hospitality. Nor did he treat them to Timon's feast of "smoke, and lukewarm water." Moynehan never expected much gratitude from his friends, so he was not disappointed when he did not receive it. It was in compliance with the promptings of his own heart, and not in the wild goose chase of human gratitude, that he ever was either hospitable or generous, so he felt no indignation at being denied what he had

never sought. Indeed, it is most probable that if he had heard the story of Timon of Athens, he would have thought him a selfish fellow, who precisely met with his desert for affecting the name of generosity, when in reality he gave nothing, for which he did not both expect and demand a return ; and an exquisite temper he manifested too, when he made that wonderful discovery, that it is not quite so easy to borrow as it is to lend in this world. No—“uncover, dogs, and lap,” was not the welcome Moynehan gave his guests—but such a banquet that it was “given up to it,” such a “giving out” was never known before in that side of the country, any way. And he had the satisfaction too of finding that it was all a mistake about the ingratitude of his neighbours, for there was scarcely an individual amongst them that did not before morning take an opportunity of assuring their host, that all he had in the world was at his service, and his life if he

wanted it into the bargain, a fact which shows how erroneous was the evil opinion entertained of them by Mrs. Moynehan, and how cautious we ought to be of judging by appearances.

And so the house was built and warmed.

## CHAPTER IV.

DURING the life-time, or, as the peasantry on his estate termed it, the "reign" of Mr. Moynehan, the affairs of Topsy Hall, as he named his new residence, "for rasons," were managed with tolerable moderation. We have material enough to dwell at ample length on the subsequent history of the edifice, before it came into the hands of the individual whose earthly destinies were most intimately interwoven with the subject of our tale. We might describe the feasting, the drinking, and, unhappily for the credit of a portion of our ancestry, the duelling, the cock-fighting, the horse-racing, the dissipation of every kind of which it was once the scene, and some readers might find so faithful a detail of manners, now happily almost forgotten, not

wholly destitute of interest. We might dwell upon the unheard of magnificence, displayed at the funeral of the first Moynehan, who chose to be interred at his birth-place, which was "far up in the north," in the county of Donegal. We might follow the sable vehicle for eighteen days along the wild and varied road, attended as it was the whole way by near one thousand persons. We might describe the storm of rain, that, for three long days, pouring down incessantly upon the mournful train, added unexpected dreariness and discomfort to a task already full of gloom and woe; we might tell, (for the sources from which we draw our information faithfully record the number), how many, dying on the wayside of cold and of fatigue, how many, in a sudden feud arising between two hostile factions, who were sleuded in the train, had given this testimony of their fidelity and zeal to the manes of their benefactor. For a whole day it was said the coffin halted in its progress, until this controversy was deci-



ded, and then the whole proceeded in the same order as before. We might dilate yet further on the extravagancies of the more unbridled spirits who succeeded the founder of the mansion in his possessions, and on the wilder orgies with which they made its walls re-echo through many a winter night. But we write to illustrate not to satirise human nature, and it is possible that if we were to transcribe all that is preserved amongst the neighbouring peasantry of the history of the ruin, the reader might hardly thank us for our preciseness. Add to this, that we must confess, at the risk of losing no matter how many of our readers, the subject has for us but little attraction. Boisterous, quarrelsome manners, habitual excesses, the manners, in a word, of the drinking table, have for us, whether in life or on paper, but little charm, even when dashed with gaiety and wit, and made interesting by personal daring and adventure. Our ancestors had their follies—we have ours—and it is rather hard that we

should laugh at their manners, when they have not the opportunity of returning the compliment.

We shall therefore, suffer this portion of our history to be gathered from the lips of no less a personage than Rick Lillis himself, as, an old and crutch-borne man, he stood amongst the ruins of the building on a summer day, detailing with melancholy interest, to an inquisitive tourist, the fortunes of the family he had survived.

“ There was somethin’ wrong about the house, sir, ever from the very big’nin’. The dhrollest \* *nizes* ever you seen, used to be hard about the place at night, every day, from the time the first stone was laid, until the roof an’ all came down. In the dead o’ the night time the people used to be called out o’ their sleep by sthrange voices, and they never could find out who it was that called ’em. It bate all ever you hear. For a time after the ould mather’s death (rest his sowl!) there was no standin’ the place at all, with the stories they all had, that he used to be

\* Strangest.

seen risin'—himself an' the ould *bucogh*, that it was known afther left him all the money. Sometimes they used to be seen walkin' together, lock-arms, in the moonshine; more times, they say, when the family would be sittin' by the fire-side, talkin', an' no light in the place only the blaze o' the fire, they'd hear the doors open, an' they'd look back this way over their shouldhers, an' there they'd see old Moynehan with the grave-clothes about him, lookin' in upon 'em. But there's one thing I was, as I may say, present at myself, an' 'tis as thrue as you're standin' there.

“ You don't know, may be, the *dizaze* the ould mather died of? Asy, an' I'll tell you. It was what they call a stomach-wolf. He was out of a day in harvest with the men, an' bein' rather hot, an' the fresh hay convanient, he sat down upon a cock of it, an' fell asleep. Well, he knew nothin' of it, but it is then the rogue of a wolf took an advantage of him, to get into his mouth, so 'cute, an' down his throath, an' into the stomach snug an' warm, an' the mather nivr

knowing a word about it. When he woke by an' by, an' went home to dinner, he felt so hungry, that you'd think he'd ate the world, an' dhrink the ocean dhry. His dinner was no more to him than a boiled piatee. He ate an' he ate, an' he dhrank an' he dhrank, an' he was just as hungry an' as thirsty when he got up as he was when he sat down. So it went on from day to day, an' instead of being betther, 'tis worse and worse he was gettin' ever an' always.

“ One neighbour come in, an' another, an' not one of 'em could give the laste account o' what aileded him. An' what was worst of all was, that in place o' getting fat with all he ate, 'tis laner an' laner he was gettin' every day, till he was a complete nottomy. Not a ha'p'orth he ett or dhrank done him any good.

“ Still nobody could tell from Adam what was the matther with him. The docthor that was in the place, although bein' a very knowin' man, he knew nothin' whatever of this ailment, never meetin' a case o' the kind before. One neighbour

recommended one thing, and another another, but the mather didn't give in to any of 'em some way, an' when they'd bring him any great physic, in place o' takin' it, he'd give it to the missiz to keep for him. Well, one day he came in, lookin' so pale and wake, that he was ready to dhrop. 'There's no use in talkin', my dear,' says he to the missiz, 'but there's some bad work goin' on inside in me.' 'Can't you take some of the muddicines, my love?' says she. 'Rech 'em hether,' says he, 'I believe I must do somethin'.' So she rech'd 'em all down. 'Why then, the heavens direct me now,' says the missiz, 'which o' these I'm to give you,' says she, lookin' at the hape. 'I'll tell you what,' says the mather, 'if one o' them is good, the whole o' them must be better. Make them get a saucepan,' says he, 'an' a dhrop o' wather.' So she did. The saucepan was brought, and the master haved 'em all into it headforemost, bottles, an' pills, an' powdhers, in as they wor, an' boiled 'em all together, with the dhrop o' wather. When it

was boiled he dhrank it, an' little was wanten' but it was the last dhrup he ever dhrank. He *lost his walk* \* the same day, an' before night it was all the same thing as over with him.

“Well, nothin' would satisfy the missiz, but some docthor should see him, to keep people's tongues quiet. While she was thinkin' who she'd send for, an ould *bucogh* come to the doore axin' charity, an' he up an' tould her where she'd get a rale docthor. ‘There's a docthor,’ says he, ‘livin' upon the bordhers of Kerry, an' if there's any man,’ says he, ‘that's able to raise the dead to life, 'tis he.’ So the missiz called Tim Dalton, or Tim Tell-truth, as we used all to call him, by rason he never would tell a word o' thruth by his own good will, an' sent him off on horseback for this great docthor. I can only give you Tim's word for what took place, until he come back next day following. He rode for a good part of a day, until he come into the lonesomest mountain counthry he ever seen in

\* The use of his limbs.

his life. He made inquiries, and they showed him where the docthor lived, in a lonesome house down in a little glen, an' the smoke comine out o' the chimney. 'Well,' says Tim to me an' he tellin' me the story, 'I med for the house, an' if I did, there I seen all the place sthrown all round with dead men's bones, an' the pathway up to the hall doore was paved with little white things that looked just like knuckle bones. Well become me,' says Tim, 'I med for the hall doore an' gev a great rap, and axed for the docthor. The sarvant girl shown me into the kitchen, where there was a great pot bilin' on the fire. Thinks I to myself, I wondher what in the world is in the pot. So while I was wondherin, the docthor come out an' axed me my business, which I up an' toul't him.' 'Well,' says he, 'stay asy a minute, an' I'll be with you, but for your life,' says he, 'take care you don't look after me.' 'I'll engage,' says Tim, 'I was'nt said by him, but the instant he left the kitchen, I took an' opened the doore, an' gave a dawny

peep into the room that was inside it.' Well, what Tim seen in that room, he never was very ready to tell, only from that day out, he wouldn't take a taste of muddicine if he was dyin'. He used to say he seen keelers all round the room an' dead people hangin' up, an' their blood dhroppin' into the keelers, to make muddicines. I'm sure as for myself, I only hould it to be one of Tim's stories. But he brought the docthor away with him any way.

“When the docthor come to the ould mather's room, an' felt his pulse, he looked very sarious. He began makin' a cut jest a near the heart with his instruments, an' I declare you could hear the wolf barkin' inside, quite plain, at every cut he made. So he brought out the wolf, an' showed it to us all—a little dawny thing not the length o' my finger, but the tail going like a switch, an' the eyes like little sparks o' fire. But howsomever it was, the poor mather did'nt get much good of it, an' twas'nt long afther that we had to lay him with his people.



“Be coorse, the mather’s son, Mистер Henry, come after him—an’ a sore day it was, for the estate, the day it come into his hands. If the ould mather was over foolish in spendin’ he was twice more so. Cocks, an’ horses, an’ hounds, an’ every other ha’p’orth that the first gentleman in the land could fancy, he had about him from year to year. But it wasn’t that that broke him after all, only I’ll tell you.

“There was a poor Dumby the ould mather kep, that used to dhraw out anything in the whole world upon a slate; he was still in the house when the new mather was goin’ on this way. Well, of a day when Mистер Thomas was gettin’ ready for the Curragh, sure the very day before the jockey was to take her off, the mare was found dead in the stable! The mather was fit to betied—so he sent off privately for Shaun Dooly, a knowledgeable man that lived down near the *say*-side, that had a great report for bein thick with the good people.

"Tis myself went for him, an' carried a led horse ready saddled to bring him up to Topsy Hall, not to spake of a goold guinea I had for him at the first word. I waited till night-fall because the mather would be very unfond any body should know he' send for a fairy docthor.

"I brought Shaun Dooly up to the mather, and he seemed for a while greatly puzzled to know what could be the cause of it. 'Did you ever shoot a weazel?' says Shaun Dooly. 'Not to my knowledge,' says the mather. 'Or a magpie?' 'Not as I remember, indeed.' 'Do you be whistlin' when you do be out at night at all?' 'That can't be,' says the mather, 'for I never turned a tune.' 'Well I don't know in the world what to think of it,' says Shaun. So while he was thinkin' there was a great flutterin' outside. 'What's that noise?' says Shaun Dooly. 'I suppose it's the pigeons that's comin' home,' says the mather. 'Pigeons!' cries Shaun, 'do you keep pigeons about the house? It's

plain to me now,' says he, 'what rason your mare died, an' I would'nt wondher,' says he, 'if all belongin' to you was gone to rack and ruin.' 'What rason?' says the masther. 'I'll not tell you what rason,' says Shaun, 'but if you take my advice, you'll not have one of 'em about the place.'

“ He went, an' next mornin' airly the masther went about shootin' all the pigeons. There was one of em' that the Dumby had tamed, an' when he seen 'em all shootin,' he took an' hid it from the masther, poor crathur, it was so quiet an' so fond of him. Well, sure enough in less than two months afther the ould missiz died, an' the masther found out that the Dumby kept the pigeon. I never seen one so wild. He turned the Dumby out o' doores (although the crathur cried a gallon full, an' went on his knees to ax pardon), an' twisted the head off o' the pigeon. But it was no good for him. From that day out it seemed as if the loock went out o' the

doores with the Dumby. And when the next Mr. Moynehan came into the property, he found himself much in the situation of more jentlemen in the country then an' now, that have *'pon my honour*, an' nothing to back it."

## CHAPTER V.

BUT since the accession of this third Moynehan to the proprietorship of Topsy Hall brings us into the most important portion of our tale, we shall take the story out of the hands of Rick Lillis, and resume our own task as historians of the ruined building.

So indeed it was. In the course of less than half a century, the fair estate which Mr. Moynehan was so anxious should be long preserved in the hands of his posterity, had melted away to a small remnant, which was wholly inadequate to the maintenance of the family in the style of splendid hospitality which they had always upheld. What added to this embarrassment was that Mr. Thomas Moynehan never could be prevailed upon to augment his diminish-

ing income by seeking some situation suitable to his rank, which he might easily have procured amongst his influential friends. Antiquarians tell us that amongst the ancient Irish, all occupations of a commercial nature were held in the highest scorn and the term, *ceanwighe*, or merchant, was considered wholly incompatible with that of a gentleman. Until a very late period a strong tincture of the same spirit appears to have influenced the conduct of our Irish gentry. Mr. Moynehan seemed to think that his family would be disgraced if he were actually to earn the bread which he had hitherto received as his patrimonial right. A circumstance which took place while affairs were in this condition is said to have had a strong effect in withdrawing him from society, and indeed in hastening his death.

The public road, which passed close by Mr. Moynehan's gate, was the same by which the judges of assize were accustomed to travel on their way to the western towns. It happened one evening (so goes the tale), that one of those

personages who was about to open a commission in Tralee, was overtaken by nightfall in the neighbourhood of Topsy Hall. As there was no inn within the distance of several miles, and the Judge and Mr. Moynahan were well acquainted, the former determined to pass the night at the house of his friend, and resume his journey on the following morning. Accordingly, he directed his coachman to drive through in the avenue gate, and was received with a ready welcome at the open door.

Mr. Thomas Moynahan, notwithstanding those weaknesses which we have seen, and a certain violence of temper, which was at times uncontrollable, was yet in many things a man of a reflective and solemn turn of mind. Much of his attention had been given occasionally to the nature of human law and the extent of its power over human life and liberty. It was his opinion that in most governments too little regard was shown to human life ; and there was one point in particular which moved his horror.

This was the ease with which circumstantial evidence was received in British courts of justice on questions of a capital nature. Such convictions, taking into account the many occasions on which the innocence of the culprit had subsequently been manifested in time to redeem his reputation, but not to save his life, appeared to him in the light of so many formal and deliberate murders.

On the present occasion, as the judge and he were sitting quietly together by the fire-side after dinner, he could not resist the opportunity of introducing his favourite topic. He found, as he had expected, his learned guest entirely of the other way of thinking. The judge said that it was true circumstantial evidence might sometimes be merely specious, and undoubtedly in such cases it was wrong to convict; but that there were circumstances which were fully as demonstrative of the guilt or innocence of the accused as the most direct ocular testimony could be.



“For,” said he, “Gentlemen of the Ju—— Mr. Moynehan, I should say, we must remember that the degree of certainty is not altered by the nature of the evidence. Certainty is certainty still, by whatever means it is obtained. I am certain that two and two are the equation of four, and I am certain that this glass, if I drop it, will fall on the floor, and I am certain that King Charles the First lost his head. My certainty with regard to the three positions is the same, yet the means by which I arrive at it are different, for the last fact I have only on hearsay, whereas the others are physical and metaphysical truths. So I grant you circumstantial evidence can only give us moral certainty; yet moral certainty, when it is certainty at all, is fully equal to any other whatsoever. When people say they are *only* morally certain of anything, they use a vulgar expression, which means that they are not certain at all; for if they were morally certain, they would be perfectly so.”

So saying he hemmed, and looked as if he expected there should be no reply. Accordingly Mr. Moynehan, though he could not see what the lecture upon the nature of certainty had to do with his own assertion that circumstantial evidence could never produce it in a conscientious mind, did not conceive it prudent to urge the matter further, contenting himself with saying that perhaps the time might yet arrive when he would have an opportunity of furnishing his lordship with a case in point.

On the following day the judge continued his route, and Mr. Moynehan resumed his customary occupations. He still continued to reflect much upon the injustice of depriving a fellow-creature of life where there was even a possibility of his innocence. Even if there were cases, as he doubted not there might be some, in which circumstantial evidence might amount to certainty, he was yet convinced that no such strength of testimony was required in the great number of instances in which convictions had

taken place. The more he thought upon it, the more he became assured of the correctness of his own views; and only longed for an opportunity of converting the judge to his opinion.

In a few mornings afterwards he was preparing to take breakfast at an early hour, when Rick Lillis entered the parlour, to say, with a countenance aghast with horror, that some countrymen without had taken a murderer, and wanted that Mr. Moynahan (who was a justice of the peace) should commit him to the county gaol. Mr. Moynahan seemed deeply struck at the intelligence. It seemed as if he even felt a nearer interest in the case owing to his recent controversy with the judge.

“Let them wait outside,” said he, “until I have done breakfast, and I will hear them.”

In a short time after he ordered the men to be summoned into the office, where he usually took his examinations. Three countrymen entered, conducting a fourth, who by his pale

and terrified countenance, his disordered appearance, and some reddish stains upon his garments, was evidently the person accused. One of the others held a pitchfork, the handle of which was dabbled with blood.

Mr. Moynehan, who knew the man perfectly well as one of his own labourers, and of the most peaceable characters in the country, seemed much concerned at beholding him in such a situation, but determined to give the fullest hearing to all the parties.

“Plase your worship,” said the eldest of the three accusers, “this *boy* an’ my son Ned were at work together yestherday, an’ they *had some words* comin’ home, which nobody then took much notice of. But this morning it so happened that I went to work in your honour’s platee garden agreeable to ordhers. It was early, an’ I expected to be first upon the ground, which I knew to be plaisin’ to your honour, but I was overtaken on the road by these two neighbours; so the three of us went on together with our

spades in our hands. When we come into the field it was just the dusk o' dawn. 'Stop,' says this man here to me, don't you hear groanin'?"

I hard something,' says I; 'but I made nothing of it, thinkin' it was the wind.' 'Tis not the wind,' says he, 'but some one that got a bad hurt, an' there they are!' Sure enough at that minute we seen this boy here thryin' to make off with a pitch-fork, this pitch-fork here—in his hand, but we pinned him. Little I knew what use he was afther puttin' it to. I wish I had no more to tell—it's dear I airned your worship's platees. We found my poor boy a dead corpse in the furrow, an' there's the villyan that done it."

The two other witnesses being examined, corroborated in all its circumstances the evidence given by the first. Having patiently heard all they had to say, and finding that they had not detected the man in the very act, Mr. Moynehan seemed desirous to dismiss the case. It was true, he said, they had found the man on the

spot, and with the bloody weapon in his hand, and with his hands on the dead body. This and his precipitate flight when seen, and the disagreement of the previous evening, were strong circumstances; yet they did not amount to actual evidence of guilt, and he called on the prisoner for his explanation.

The unhappy man turned pale and red alternately, and trembled as if his doom had been already fixed. He acknowledged the dispute, and indeed all the circumstances deposed by his accusers, yet he attested heaven that he was wholly guiltless.

“ I went into the field,” said he, “ to my work, an’ I found the corpse before me in the furrow, an’ the pitchfork lyin’ a-near it, an’ while I was feelin’ him to see had he any life, an’ examinin’ the spade, these people come upon me. I run, because I was afeerd they’d say ’twas I done it, an’ I took the pitchfork with me in my fright.”

Mr. Moynehan, who seemed affected in the strongest manner by the poor fellow’s anxiety,

was so far from judging him guilty, that he peremptorily refused to issue a warrant of committal, and used all his influence to dissuade the friends of the deceased from proceeding further against the prisoner. To this, however, they would by no means listen. They conveyed the accused before another magistrate, who committed him to gaol without hesitation.

The day of trial came, and Mr. Moynehan happened to be one of the jury. The evidence was the same as before—the judge his old acquaintance. To the whole court, except to Mr. Moynehan, the testimony seemed conclusive. He, however, would not listen to the thought of a conviction. The arguments of his eleven fellow-jurors were vain—he would not subscribe to their verdict. The foreman made his report to the judge, who reproached Mr. Moynehan severely with his obstinacy. The latter, however, was not to be moved, and the issue was (as the rumour goes) that the jury were *kished*, and the prisoner set at liberty.

When the judge had returned to his lodgings,

he could not avoid reflecting on the extraordinary character of this man, who had thus, to gratify a favourite theory, let a murderer loose upon society, and set up his own solitary judgment against the unanimous conviction of a crowded court. So deeply did it prey upon his mind, that he sent for Mr. Moynehan, in order that they might exchange some quiet conversation on the subject. The latter readily attended on his summons.

“ My lord,” said Mr. Moynehan, with a serious air, on hearing the cause of the judge’s message, “ you may remember a conversation which we had some time since on the subject of circumstantial evidence ? ”

“ Perfectly well,” replied the judge.

“ I told your lordship then,” said Mr. Moynehan, “ that the time might yet arrive when I should have an opportunity of making you a convert to my own opinion.”

“ That time, Mr. Moynehan, is certainly yet to come ; for I never knew a case so clearly



against you, as that which we have tried to-day. May I request to know your reasons for such extraordinary — perseverance — to give it no harsher name ?”

“ My reasons are at your lordship’s service,” answered Mr. Moynehan, “ provided that I have your solemn word of honour not to divulge them during my own lifetime.”

The judge, without hesitation, gave him the promise he desired.

“ I admit, my lord,” said Mr. Moynehan, “ that this case had all the strength of circumstantial testimony which you considered necessary ; but I could not in conscience convict the prisoner, for I AM MYSELF the slayer of the deceased.”

The judge started back in horror.

“ Yes,” said he, “ it happened on that morning that I was in the field before any of my workmen. The deceased was the first who made his appearance, and I rebuked him for his neglect. Being a man of a hot temper, he

answered me with more than equal warmth, and I lost all command of mine. I struck him—he returned the blow—I held the pitchfork in my hand, and with one blow more I felled him to the earth. I fled in terror, and in less than one hour after, the prisoner was brought before me. Judge whether I had not reason to be constant in my verdict of acquittal.”

The judge kept his promise ; but from that day forward he was much more cautious in receiving circumstantial evidence on a capital charge.

On the death of Mr. Thomas Moynehan (a considerable portion of whose history might, perhaps, in the reader's opinion, have been omitted with advantage,) the estate and mansion of Topsy Hall fell into the hands of Edmond Moynehan, his nephew, and the last of the race who held dominion beneath its roof.

## CHAPTER VI.

MR. Edmond Moynehan, though succeeding to a diminished income, had been, in some respects, more fortunate than any of his predecessors. He had received an excellent education, in the truest sense of the word; and up to the period of his accession to the estate of Topsy Hall, had used it, in all appearance, to the best advantage. As far as any one could be said to enjoy happiness in a world where people find no situation so good that they do not long for better, Mr. Edmond Moynehan was a happy man. He had a wife, who, whether as a doctress, counsellor, or housewife, was without her equal in the country side. At the time when they were suddenly called to the inheritance of Topsy Hall, they inhabited a small

cottage near the romantic town where the Knights of the Valley once held feudal sway. Their scanty income was derived from their agricultural pursuits; and industry, united with economy, enabled them to maintain a more respectable station in their neighbourhood than many who were far their superiors in fortune. For it must be understood, that all this while it was not wholly for the want of knowing better that so much dissipation prevailed amongst the Irish countrysquires—and instances might occasionally be found, of families who fulfilled in every respect the duties of their station. Of this description were Mr. Edmond Moynehan and his wife; they were examples of piety and of sobriety to their humble neighbours—they were active benefactors of the poor around them; and in a country where the wealthier gentry seldom made their appearance, it was an incalculable advantage to the peasantry to have even one family who could in some degree supply their place as counsellors and protectors. Fortunately kept at

a distance from the coarse corruption that surrounded them, by their own good sense, they were still more fortunate in living at a distance from the more dangerous, because more subtle and less perceptible corruption that prevailed then, as at all times, in town and cities. They were happy even in their ignorance how far the human mind and heart can go astray when once they have forsaken the path of simple truth. It was true they saw vice around them, but they never yet had seen it justified—they saw the duties of religion neglected, but they did not know that the mind can even be brought to vindicate such neglect, and give it specious names. They maintained their plain and simple course at peace with themselves and heaven, and in goodwill with the whole world. Of politics (in the angry sense of the word) or of controversy, they heard and thought but little, and maintained a primitive simplicity as well in their mode of thinking as of living. They fasted on all the fast days, and they kept all the holidays holy. They never

troubled their heads about new points of doctrine, and thus were left more leisure to practise what they already believed.

Perhaps it would be difficult for a person engulfed in the vortex of the world, and all its cares, absorbed by the anxieties of commerce, the intrigues of love or of ambition, or consumed by the devouring thirst of fame or power, to imagine the happiness which the Moynehans up to this period had enjoyed in their tranquil river-side life. It was not slothful, for the Moynehans were stirring with the dawn, and till sunset, occupied in some charitable or useful avocation. Mr. Moynehan in the fields with his workmen, or on the road to some neighbouring fair, his fair help-mate in the dairy, or superintending her flax-dressers in the open barn, or hearing her son Edmond read aloud while she knitted a stocking at the parlour window. Neither was it a solicitous life, for their attachment to the world or its

possessions was not so strong as to awaken anxiety; the solitude in which they lived kept reflection awake, and no artificial rapidity of profit, or intoxicating violence of pleasure, ever seduced them into forgetfulness of the real value of mortal hope or joy. Even their love for each other was, we fear, such as would by no means satisfy a real votary of romance. That poetical gentleman, who said he knew only two places in the universe—viz., where his mistress was, and where she was not, would have looked with scorn upon the affection of Mrs. Moynehan for she knew a great many places besides that where her husband was; and yet it was not saying a little to assert that after ten years of wedded life, there was no other which she liked so well.

If, amongst the many who occasionally shared the hospitality of Moynehan's cottage, some votary of passion made his appearance, the life of these simple people must have appeared to him insipid, dull, and monotonous in the extreme.

There was nothing in their tranquil pastoral enjoyments at all so highly seasoned as to satisfy a devotee of pleasure, and he would have attributed to the nature of the life they led the insipidity which was wholly owing to the defect in his own sense. But to the Moynehans, whose relish of the pleasures of innocence had never been dulled by any acquaintance with those of vice, it did not appear that there was any thing so tasteless or so burthensome in their daily life. They found health in the morning air, that blew freshly from the sunlit river, and relief from weariness of mind in the occupations of their farm. The undecorated exhortation of their parish clergyman on a Sunday, had with them more weight than all the eloquence and learning of a metropolitan pulpit upon the ears of metropolitan hearers. It might be said of them with truth, that they thought more with the heart than with the head, and if they had not the learning neither had they the pride of the philosopher.



From this humble, simple life it was that the Moynehans were called to the inheritance of Topsy Hall. The news came upon them somewhat unexpectedly, and it might be almost said without a welcome. The cottage in which they now lived had been their residence since they were united. It was the birth-place of their only son, and the scene of their calm and prosperous industry during so many happy years. The accession, however, to such a property as that of Topsy Hall was too important an addition to their fortune to be neglected, and they prepared for a removal. Mrs. Moynehan, in particular, had a strong misgiving with respect to this migration, and felt as if every knock of the carpenters, as they were taking the furniture to pieces for the purpose of conveyance, sounded the knell of their departing happiness. There was no use, however, indulging, much less communicating, such fancies.

The day appointed for their removal came, and a number of weeping friends and neigh-

bours assembled to bid farewell to their long established associates and companions. An elderly lady, who had often filled the office of counsellor and instructor to Mrs. Moynehan on critical occasions, and who had not been sparing of her rhetoric upon the present, gave so many hints with respect to a family of the name of Tobin, living within the distance of two miles of Topsy Hall, that Mrs. Moynehan became quite alarmed.

“I do not want to make you uneasy, my dear by what I say,” concluded this sagacious friend, “but to make you cautious in time. I know how little relish Mr. Moynehan has for such society, indeed he’s an angel of a man, where will you meet such another? but men are men after all—the best are frail, and the Tobins are enough to corrupt a monastery.”

“Is it possible?” said Mrs. Moynehan, astonished, “I thought Mr. Tobin was a magistrate of the county. Does he not sit at the Quarter Sessions?”

“He does—and a pretty Magistrate he is—but I don’t choose to say any more at present. I have said enough to put you on your guard, and that was my only reason for speaking at all. The Tobins are of a very good family no doubt, and have excellent connexions, but it is a wild house !”

Mrs. Moynehan thanked her friend for those suggestions, which she promised to bear in mind. Soon after they set out for Topsy Hall, their mode of conveyance being suited rather to their past than to their present fortunes. It consisted of a truckle or low cart with a block of timber for an axle-tree. On this were laid a feather-bed and quilt, on which Mrs. Moynehan and her son Edmond, a child about six years of age, took their seat, while Neddy Shaughnessy, “the boy,” who acted as charioteer to the group, sat with his legs dangling from a corner. Behind rode Mr. Moynehan on horseback, musing much upon their sudden change of fortune. Even already his helpmate could imagine that she

beheld a shade of solicitude darkening over his features, which, until this un hoped improvement had taken place in their circumstances, were as clear and unruffled as a noontide lake.

It was evening when they entered the small demesne of Topsy Hall; Mr. Moynehan still looking more serious than he had ever done in his life before, and his soft-hearted companion crying as if some terrible misfortune had befallen them both. Her grief attracted the interest of Rick Lillis, who at first entertained some involuntary prejudice against his new master and mistress. In the course of the evening, while he was busy in arranging some furniture under her directions, she took an opportunity of making some inquiries about the Tobins.

“A family o’ the name of Tobin, ma’am, plase your honour?” echoed Lillis, when he had heard her question. “There is indeed then, an’ there’s none has betther rason to know

it than the masther's family; an' if you plase, ma'am, plase your honour, Mrs. Moynehan, since you axed me the word, I'll tell you my mind o' them people, not out of any ill-will to them, but the way you'd put the masther upon his guard again 'em, in case they'd be borrowin' money or inveiglin' him any way to his hurt. Them Tobins, ma'am, arn't right people, with submission to you. They'd borry money an' they wouldn't pay it, an' if they couldn't borry, there's rason for sayin' that they'd go some other way about gettin' it besides what would be proper. You'd lend em a hundhert pounds, an' when you'd go to ax for your money, afther, in place o' gettin' it, or thanks, instead of it may be 'tis to challenge you to fight 'em they would—they're such *jewellers*, lord save us! There isn't such *jew'lyery* goin' on all over Ireland, ma'am, as what they goes on with; a very black, terrible family, ma'am."

In the course of the ensuing fortnight, nearly

all the families within three miles round, who had any pretensions to gentility, had visited the new proprietors of Topsy Hall. The Moynehans had never before received so much attention, or had to digest so large a quantity of civil flattery. The Tobins were almost the only family that might have been expected, and yet did not make their appearance. Never, for a considerable time, was there so thorough a revolution effected in any establishment as in that of Topsy Hall. During the ensuing two years, the mansion hardly knew itself; every thing was done in order; the traces of a sober and careful management were visible in all quarters. They did not here consider it a part of hospitality to make their guests get drunk at their table, and it was remarked by Rick Lillis, that it was the first time since the foundation stone of the building had been laid that two successive years had rolled over the roof of Topsy Hall, without its being possible for any body to say with truth that he had

seen a human being "tossicated" within its walls, or a tradesman leave the door with his bill unpaid.

Notwithstanding all that Mrs. Moynehan could do to prevent such an occurrence, her husband became acquainted with the Tobins and relished their acquaintance. Their wit, their fun, their show of good nature and of hospitality, could not fail to win some favour from one who really was what they affected to be. There are many persons whose very virtues, or at least dispositions for virtue, are often sources of strong temptation to themselves. Mr. Moynehan's frank and unsuspecting nature, and social temperament were to him occasions of imminent danger. The Tobins talked so pleasantly, and so good-humouredly, and so good-naturedly, that he found it impossible not to like their company. Of the justice of this opinion, Mrs. Moynehan could not form any correct idea, for as there were no females amongst the family at Castle Tobin, she had

never set her foot within its precincts. Her opinion, at first so unfavourable, became something more tolerant, however, when, after several months had passed, she could not recollect that her husband had once returned home with any symptom of those excesses about him, which she had been taught to apprehend at Castle Tobin.

In another way, however, their acquaintance was not so advantageous. On two or three occasions, old Mr. Tobin had found it necessary to trespass on his friend Moynehan's purse, to an amount already rather embarrassing; and with what the latter could not help thinking the best intentions in the world, these moneys had never been repaid. Mrs. Moynehan, however, as soon as she understood what had taken place, was determined to provide against a recurrence of the same misfortune. She entered upon the subject one morning at the breakfast table, and after a severe lecture on the injustice he was committing towards their child, as well



as to those who had better claims on his assistance, obliged him to "make a vow" that he never again would lend money to the Tobins without her concurrence. He did so, and all was peace for some time after.

All hitherto was well with Mr. Moynehan. He had a property, moderate, it is true, but to which his industry was daily adding something; a wife who knew Buchan's Domestic Medicine, in the country phrase, from cover to cover, and in whose eyes he was, without exception, the greatest man in Ireland; a promising boy, acknowledged on all hands to be the "living image" of himself, and a tenantry who looked up to him for assistance and protection, and were never disappointed. He rose at morning with the sun dressed himself briskly, was not ashamed to go down on his knees to return thanks for the past, and petition for the future; nor did he think himself a whit the worse for never omitting this duty either at night or morning. He kept a hospitable board; a door "that

opened with a latch ;” a bed for the traveller ; a warm fireside and a wholesome dinner for the humble mendicant. When he had discharged his duties his conscience was at rest, and if any of his neighbours at such a time sought to make amends for their own delinquencies by lecturing him, he would listen in silence, contented with having done what other people only seemed to talk about.

This life of tranquillity and goodness, however, was doomed to meet with a singular reverse. The fiend,

— grown wiser than of yore,  
Who tempts by making rich, not making poor,

put it into the head of some official functionary of the state to appoint Mr. Moynehan a collector of assessed taxes in his district, and into Mr. Moynehan’s to accept it. What the publicans were in the ancient Roman provinces, the tax-collectors were at a certain period in “our own green isle ;” that is to say persons well paid for taking pains to make their own fortunes. A

few years before, the proprietor of Topsy Hall might have thought such a situation not worthy of his acceptance, but a considerable alteration had taken place in the affairs of that establishment. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that Mr. Moynehan received the appointment, wholly ignorant as he was of the innumerable risks by which it was attended. He had heretofore been honest, and he did not see why a man might not be an honest tax-gatherer as well as an honest farmer. Accordingly he set about the duties of his new office with alacrity.

An eminent statesman, some years since, when about to announce the intention of government to repeal the assessed taxes in Ireland, assigned as one of the motives which influenced ministers in coming to such a resolution—"that they were found to fall very heavy upon those country gentlemen *who were kind enough to pay them.*" Mr. Moynehan found few of his neighbours so disposed. It was true, nothing could be more frank and hospitable than the manner in which

they all received him when he came to their houses. They loaded him with attentions. The best bed in the house and the best wine in the cellar were at his service. They had company to meet him, and they had a thousand little things which he might want, and which they would find an opportunity to send him. But few articles liable to the king's taxes could he find in their possession. They had no windows—no hearths—no cows—no carriages; all the wealth which, on the previous evening, had been displayed with so much munificence, had dwindled on the following morning into absolute poverty. Mr. Moynehan was thunderstruck—but he could not help himself. His predecessors in office, he was told, had pursued a certain line of conduct, and he must not make himself singular. On one occasion his preciseness was near involving him in a serious affair. There was no carriage, he was told; and as he knew that truth towards a tax-gatherer was not here regarded with much scrupulosity, he asked to see the coach-house.

The gentleman bowed in assent, but signified at the same time that he considered such conduct as an impeachment of his veracity. Mr. Moynehan did not persist, and he was favoured in a few days with a cordial salute from this veracious gentleman as he passed him in a dashing cabriolet. It was indeed a thing almost impossible (so irresistible is the influence of bad example) to hold the office and to keep the hands untainted—

And things impossible can't be,  
And never, never come to pass.

Temptation effected for Mr. Moynehan what it has effected for millions. It wrought his fall. Bribes were poured in upon him from all quarters. One supplied his table—one his manger—another his bin—a fourth his cellar—a hundred his pantry—Every house in the country had a convivial board, a comfortable chamber, and a blazing fire for the tax-gatherer. The least he felt to be expected of him, in return for these civilities was (like the unjust steward) where one owed a hundred bushels to the state, to take his

pen and write down fifty, or perhaps not a fifth of that, and it often happened that even that fifth remained unpaid.

Those who have once enjoyed the peace of a pure conscience, cannot find repose in its opposite. Neither the influence of an example that seemed almost universal, nor the stunted maxims of convenience by which the tax-gatherer sought to satisfy his mind, could make his new life happy. "What signifies it when the loss is divided amongst so many that they can't feel it?"—"Sure every body is doing it."—"What good would it do to have one out of a thousand go against all the rest?" Such were the arguments by which at moments of reflection he resisted the warnings of conscience, but which could not wholly silence its reproaches. We grieve to relate the issue. When peace of mind is lost, men generally seek to supply its place by false excitement, and so did Mr. Moynehan. He found it easier to divert his attention from the consideration of his evil ways, than to take up

a vigorous resolution and amend them. Accordingly, Moynehan, the pattern of sobriety and decorum to his neighbourhood, fell by degrees into habits of vulgar dissipation. He seldom now returned sober to his home. His rational hours were hours of hurry, and fretfulness, and impatience, and he now was only mirthful when reason had been drowned in whiskey punch.

It must not be supposed, however, that this course was deliberately chosen by Mr. Moynehan; on the contrary there was scarcely a morning on which he did not renew his determination of altering his life, and scarce an evening after which this determination did not require a renewal.

“ Say no more, Mary, say no more,” he said, after Mrs. Moneyhan had given utterance to one of her customary morning counsels; “ I tell you this is the last night I will ever dine away from home.”

“ You have often said that.”

“ Well, I will fulfil it now.”

“ Take my advice, Edmond, and do not dine to-night at Castle Tobin. You know that you no longer leave that house in the condition that you ought. The place and the company would overcome all the resolutions that were ever made. Oh, my dear husband, you are putting an end to all our happiness, and, what is worse, you are securing your own destruction. Do, Edmond, be guided at last, by one who loves you better than ever the Tobins did. Do not continue to destroy our comfort and the hopes of our poor child ; I wish we never had left our little cottage on the Shannon side ; I wish we never had heard of this estate, that has brought sin and ruin to our doors. Will you not grant me this request, my dear husband ? Will you not look to yourself before it is too late ? You dare not think of continuing such a life, and how can you tell what time may be given you for amending it.”

“ Say no more, now, Mary,—say no more.”

“ But I must say more, Edmond, until I have



your promise. I am more than ever anxious on this morning, for I had the most dreadful dreams last night, about you and the Tobins."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense."

"It may be so, and I trust it is so; but I can't help thinking of it. I thought that they made you stay to dine at Castle Tobin, and that after making you drunk they were murdering you in a private room, while you cried out to them to give you time for repentance, but they refused it." As she said this, she cast herself weeping upon her husband's neck.

"What folly, my dear!" exclaimed Moynehan in an angry tone. "I wonder you could pay attention to such silly thoughts; to talk in that manner of the Tobins! some of the best fellows breathing, and the warmest friends I have."

"If they were your real friends," said Mrs. Moynehan, "they would not do so much as they are doing to bring about your ruin. We were happy until we knew them. Listen to me, Edmond. You have already done us grievous

injury—to me and to your child, and, worst of all, to yourself. Stop where you are, and go no farther on the road to ruin. Begin this instant, by resolving not to go to-night to Castle Tobin, and by keeping that good resolution.”

“ But I promised Tobin, my dear.”

“ Break that promise, and come home,” said Mrs. Moynehan. “ If you expect to change your whole plan of life without meeting any difficulties, or without being obliged to use any violence to your own wishes, or to those of others, you are mistaken, I can assure you. Make this one effort resolutely, and the next will be easy.”

“ Pooh, my dear; is it not a great deal better to keep this one promise, since I have made it, and to-morrow, and for the future, to take care to make no promise at all?”

“ It is not,” said Mrs. Moynehan. “ Every new sin makes the bad habit twice as strong; you will find it harder to refuse promising to-morrow, than you do to break the promise you

have made to-day. Remain at home this evening, Edmond, and begin what you dare not think of leaving unbegun for ever."

The tax-gatherer paused to meditate. Reform and be at peace! A happy prospect; but how enormous was the mountain of guilt that now lay between him and his past condition. All that he had ever pilfered from the public purse must be restored. That awful word "Restitution," had more of terror in it than all beside. What! condemn himself to poverty and want for all his future life, in order to refund the thousands at the embezzlement of which he had connived! Why, two long lives, spent in the closest economy, would not enable him to repay one half the amount. Still, justice confronted him with her immutable countenance; it must be done, or he was lost for ever.

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?

He struggled with the uncomfortable conviction; and while he did so, the prospect of Mr. Tobin's

jovial board, the pleasant laughing faces and inspiring cheer by which it was to be enlivened, came before him, and the words "lost for ever!" died away on the horizon of his thought with a faint and feeble echo.

While he was deliberating, the hour arrived for his departure.

"No," he said to his wife, "I cannot, and I will not, break my promise of dining with Tobin; but this is the last evening I will ever dine away from home. Mind now—I have said it, and you shall find that I will keep my word."

Mrs. Moneyhan said no more, but a look of agony told her disappointment. On entering the hall he found a number of people assembled at his levee, as usual.

"My master's compliments, Sir, with a pair of young turkeys, for Mrs. Moynehan."

"My master's compliments, Sir, with a bag of oats."

"My master's compliments, Sir, an' he has the grass o' the cow ready now, that he was talkin' of."

“ My master’s compliments, Sir —— ”

And a dozen other presents, which there was no refusing. The messengers were dismissed with suitable answers, and the state was defrauded of a fresh portion of its revenue. Open-eyed, Mr. Moynehan consented to the peculation of some fifty or sixty pounds additional from his Majesty’s exchequer. And his only apology was custom. Every body did it! Devouring custom!

But all was now ready for his departure, and Mrs. Moynehan’s deeper anxieties were swallowed up in providing for his personal comfort.

“ Remember, Edmond, if any thing *should* oblige you to spend the night at Castle Tobin, to look well to the sheets. You remember the last night you slept there that you were near bringing home your death of cold. If you just hold the sheet that way to your cheek for half a minute, (taking a corner of her apron to suit the action to the word), you can tell at once whether it is damp or not. Here’s the Opodeldoc—and the thing for the tooth-ache.—Nelly! Nel—ly!”

“ Goin’, goin’, ma’am.”

“ Where’s the comforter ? ”

“ ’Tis in the pocket o’ the mather’s *loody*, ma’am.”

“ That terrible stumbling mare ! I don’t know how you can trust your life to her. But you men absolutely don’t know what fear is. Nelly ! Nel—ly ! ”

“ Goin’, ma’am, goin’ ! ”

“ Where’s the child ? ”

“ Mather Mun, where are you, sir ? Don’t you hear yourself callin’ ? ”

The child was brought out to receive his father’s customary parting caress. Many further additions were made to those

— lengthened sage advices  
The husband fra the wife despises,

before the tax-gatherer mounted his horse and rode away. Trotting briskly down the avenue which led to the high road, a few hours’ easy riding brought him to the district in which his business for the day was principally cast. It is

not necessary to follow him through the detail of all his occupations. He collected a tolerable sum at the houses of the neighbouring gentry, and in disregard of Mrs. Moynehan's "counsels sweet," took the road to Castle Tobin.

For a long time after they had left the main road, he was accompanied by Rick Lillis, who still filled the same situation in the employment of Mr. Moynehan, that Faustulus did in that of the Latin monarch. The evening had a menacing look, and both occasionally glanced at the gathering masses of vapour over head without venturing to exchange their apprehensions. At length, the following conversation arose between them.

"Masther."

"Well, Rick?"

"Will you tell me, sir, if you please, how much money you may have about you at this pras'nt moment?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for rasons o' my own."

“ I have near five hundred pounds.”

“ ’Tis a dale o’ money,” said Rick.

“ It is, indeed.”

“ This is a lonesome road, masther.”

“ ’Tis, Rick.”

“ An’ do you mane to come back this way to-night from Castle Tobin, sir?”

“ If I should not be prevailed upon to remain for the night.”

Rick looked dissatisfied.

“ ’Twas but a poor choice,” said he, “between the bog and the cliff. I’m not over satisfied, master, about the *propriety* of your having so much money about you late at night, an’ goin’ such a lonesome road. Sure you know, sir, ’twouldn’t be wishin’ to you for a dale, you lost that money to-night.”

“ ’Twould not *be wishing* to me, Rick, for near five hundred pounds.”

“ Ayah, it’s no joke at all, masther, nor no laughin’ matther either. I declare I don’t like the thoughts of it, at all. I tell you there’s bad



boys about these mountains. I'd just as soon expect that one o' them lads would let a handful o' money that way pass him by, as I would to see a cat left alone with a pail o' milk, an' to have no call to it."

"Don't you know, Rick, that in the reign of Brian Boromhe, a young lady travelled on foot through Ireland, with a gold ring on the top of a long wand, to show that there was no such thing as a rogue in the whole island?"

"Why then, sir, *sonuher* to the bit of that lady ever set foot in these mountains, or if she did, it's more than she could do these times. Be said by me, sir, an' go home safe an' sound with your money, while you have it."

"There is no danger, Rick," said his master, "for if I should not choose to encounter the midnight journey, I can take a bed at Castle Tobin."

"Why then, I'll tell you my mind out o' the face," said Rick; "that's a plan I don't like one bit better than the other. The Lord forgive

us, 'tishn't in my way, nor any one else's, to be spakin' ill o' those that arn't *convanient* to defend themselves; but there's rasons for what I say. I'd be very unfond, if I had it, to pass a night at Castle Tobin with such a sum o' money as that. Them Tobins have a bad report in the counthry: they're needy, bould, daarin' young men (an' heaven forgive me if I belies 'em), that would a'most rob a priest. I declare, I'd rather of the two take the road itself, bad as it is. An' see, along with that, the night is threat'nin'."

Mr. Moynehan could not help feeling struck, in spite of himself, with the double warning that was given him by both his wife and servant. The reports of robberies, and even worse, among these lonesome hills, were not unfrequent; and it would, he knew, be certain and total ruin to him and his family to lose such a sum as he at present held in his saddle-bags. Such, however, is the infatuation of habit, that he could not resist the temptation of spending a jovial evening with the Tobins, renewing, nevertheless,

his determination not to suffer any persuasion to lead him, on this night at least, beyond the bounds of perfect moderation. It was true he felt some uncomfortable twinges of conscience when he recollected certain immutable truths which he was in the habit of hearing more frequently than he heeded their significance; such as that *he who wills the cause, wills the effect*, and that *he who would fly the fault must fly the temptation*, and that *it is impossible to court the occasion and avoid the consequence*; with other maxims of the kind, which, when they pressed in too troublesome a manner upon his recollection, he strove to banish by putting spurs to his mare, or entering into further conversation with Rick Lillis, as he strove to keep pace with his master.

By this time the night had begun to put its menaces into execution. The wind, now risen high, came howling up the mountain road behind them, and rustling in the fields of rushes and bog myrtle which skirted the lonesome track.

The clouds, with outline faintly visible in the gathering darkness, drove rapidly over head, as if scared by some terrific power rising far behind on the horizon. Large drops of rain gave warning of the approaching deluge, and both travellers fastened a few additional buttons, and put their horses to a quicker pace. Before the storm had burst in all its terror, they had reached a crossway where it had been arranged that Lillis should take the homeward road, while Mr. Moynehan continued his route to Castle Tobin.

## CHAPTER VI.

It is necessary that we anticipate the arrival of the tax-gatherer, in order to give with all the brevity consistent with clearness of narrative, an account of the company who awaited him.

There was, in the first place, Mr. Tobin, the first of the family who had made his appearance in the country, and who had built the Castle to which he gave his family name. This castle, it should be stated, was no castle at all, but a plain house, dignified with that sounding name, from its occupying what was once the site of a stronghold of the old Earls of Desmond. Busy and malicious tongues asserted that Mr. Tobin had left his native country charged with the crime of Marmion, but nothing positive was ever known upon the subject.

One of his first acts was not calculated to conciliate the goodwill of the country people. In order to procure materials for the building, he took down the remaining walls of an old monastery, which stood at a little distance, rather than, at a slight increase of expense, be at the pains of drawing stones from a neighbouring quarry. And it was told of him as an instance of retributive justice, that in giving directions respecting the shaping of one of those stones, a splinter flew off, and, striking him in the right eye, deprived him for ever of the benefit of that organ.

There was one peculiarity in the site chosen for the edifice which is worth observing. It was so constructed that both the principal sitting-room and bed-room were in no less than three different counties, so that in case a bailiff should make his way unexpectedly into either apartment, Mr. Tobin, by shifting his chair from one side of the parlour fire-place to another, could plead an illegal caption, or if invaded at his

dressing table, might jump into bed and defy the law and its officer together.

He had two sons, who were not blessed with an equal share of the parental affection. The idea had got into the heads of Mr. Tobin and his lady that the eldest boy was not their son, but a changeling, and the unhappy child was a sufferer to this wretched prejudice. They made him do the work of a menial in their kitchen, while the second was elevated to the place and privileges of the first born. It was perhaps fortunate for the elder, in some respects, as he became the only amiable member of his family. Wisdom, like grief, says somebody, is an affection of the mind, and not a thing to be taught by lectures. It was so the elder Tobin learnt it, but the unkindness of his friends affected his health, and he died young.

He was not much missed at Castle Tobin, but the wicked preference of the parents was not left without some punishment. Young Tobin grew up to be a fine young man, and fought, and

hunted, and drank, and gambled, and showed himself in every way a real son of his father, and no changeling whatsoever. And accordingly the father doted on him.

One morning, say the historians of the neighbourhood, Mr. Tobin saw his son going out at a very early hour. He asked him where he was going, and the young man answered carelessly "*no where*, only up the mountains to fight a duel." Whether through recklessness, or that he disbelieved the young scrape-grace, the father is reported to have recommended him to "take the greyhounds with him, and that he might have a very pretty course when it was over." The son adopted the suggestion, but there was no occasion for the dogs. He was brought home, in less than two hours after, a corpse, to Castle Tobin.

It was on the death of his wife, which followed soon after, that old Tobin adopted Frank, his nephew, to whom, as he was one of the company



on this occasion, it is necessary that we direct our attention for a little time.

Frank Tobin had the misfortune of being

“ A self-willed imp, a grandame’s child,”

and was left for his education altogether to the system of society in which he grew up. As to restraint, he never knew what it was to have his wishes contradicted in a single instance, in which it was physically possible to comply with them. His grandmamma, it should be known, was a great lady, and had spent many years abroad, where she had picked up several notions which it was very hard to understand. She hated any thing that people were used to. Nothing would do for her either in the way of ribands or principles, except it was spick-and-span new. If it were possible to administer nourishment at the ears, Mrs. Tobin never would have wished to see the mouth employed for that purpose; and one would think to hear her speak that it was

mere prejudice made all mankind persevere in walking erect instead of creeping on all-fours. In a word, good Mrs. Tobin was rather a charlatan in her notions about educating children, and master Frank Tobin was not five years old before he began to turn her foible to his own account; for none are more quicksighted than children in perceiving whether the individual intrusted with their instruction is a quack or a person of common sense. Though not altogether an ill-natured child, he became, from Mrs. Tobin's system of passive compliance, one of the greatest pests and tyrants that ever plagued a household. His father and mother, who had never travelled, did not altogether relish Mrs. Tobin's plans, but they were afraid to interfere. His grandmother was rich, and they thought she would make Frank her heir.

But she died and disappointed them, as Frank had disappointed her. And what was now to be done? Here was Frank, a fine gentleman, too proud to take any situation, and too

poor to do without it. His mode of life was now somewhat curious. He used to spend a great part of the day fishing, or shooting, or coursing, and the produce of his sport he forwarded to the different families in the neighbourhood with whom he was connected by affinity or by liking. He could glaze windows, and cement broken china, and mend old furniture, and tune pianos, and play a little on the flute, and execute sundry little offices of that kind, which made him a welcome visiter at the houses of most of his country friends. And if he had confined his accomplishments to such matters as these, all would have been well; but it was far otherwise. Although very good-humoured at convivial meeting, and capable of singing a hearty song and passing a merry joke, he was plagued with an unfortunate temper, which was continually involving him in disputes. He had, however, by some means got the name of an humourist, and his last adventure was circulated as regularly in his own circle as the last

*bon mot* of a legal functionary in our own day. There was scarce an Assize or Quarter Sessions at which Frank Tobin had not to answer some score of charges for assault and battery. A child of liberty, Frank could not, from his boyhood, endure any system of human law, which he conceived wholly unnecessary for the maintenance of society. All law and government, he used to say, *was a job*; a mere trick, intended for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of lawyers, and throwing impediments in the way of young fellows who were "inclined for fun." It was all an invention of roguish attorneys and counsellors. This theoretical antipathy to the entire system was not without its practical effects; for Frank Tobin visited severely, on the persons of the individual professors, when they happened to fall in his way, his abstract dislike of the profession. His highest game, however, in this way, were the bailiffs and tipstuffs, who were sent to apprehend him for his misdemeanors, or at best some

Special Sessions Attorney, and with these he waged perpetual and implacable war.

He was first recommended to the notice of his uncle by a characteristic incident. He was sauntering one day through the mountains in the neighbourhood of Castle Tobin, when he saw a countryman at a little distance walking to and fro upon a field and looking very disconsolate.

“ Well, my good man,” said Frank, “ what’s the matter with you ? ”

“ Ah, plase your honour, I’m destroyed. I have a *latificat* again’ that man over, an’ I don’t know from Adam how will I take him.”

He pointed to a house about twenty yards distant. On the half door, which was closed, rested the muzzle of a blunderbuss, and behind sat the proprietor, quietly seated in his chair, and seeming to wait the first hostile movement on the part of his adversary. Having ascertained from the man that the case was one of peculiar hardship, Frank Tobin, who was a kind of

knight errant in a small way, and quite as ready to encounter danger in another's behalf as in his own, determined to accost him. He bade the man continue to walk up and down while he went to seek assistance. He had not gone far before he met one of his own companions.

“Tom,” said he, “have you got a stick?”

“I have, sir.”

“Do you see that house over?”

“I do, sir.”

“Well, go round and stand o' one side the back door and when you see a man running out there, knock him down.”

“I will, sir.”

Away went Tom, while Frank, slipping close along the front of the house laid both hands upon the muzzle of the blunderbuss and effectually secured it. The fellow, as he had anticipated, ran for the back door, where Tom, with great punctuality, knocked him down. Both then delivered their prisoner into the hands

of the man who had got what he called the "latificat," while Frank said—

"That's the way to do business, my lad, and not to be looking for any of your latitats nor rattle-traps neither. If you take my advice, you never will have any call to the law. It would be long before one of your three-and-nine-penny schemers would show you how to serve that bit of paper after you had got it."

It happened that the man was a tenant of his uncle, who, on hearing of the affair, took Frank under his patronage, which he still continued to afford him, with some restraint, however, on his favourite inclinations, as Mr. Tobin's character obliged him to maintain some degree of decorum towards his old foes, a circumstance which many thought would prey upon his health.

Besides these were Will Buffer, so named for his prodigious strength of limb and wonderful agility of muscle, which almost enabled him to realise the fables of Fleetfoot in the fairy

tale; and Mr. Dungan, Frank's old tutor, whom his grandmother had engaged for no other reasons according to their humble neighbours, who are often as shrewd as their superiors, than that "he was just as cracked as she was herself." He had some strange notions about the pronunciation of the letter C, which had gone against him all through life, but which he would rather die than surrender.

Such were the principal individuals of the company whom Mr. Moynehan was asked to meet to night at Castle Tobin.

He was received with a tumult of delight, Frank Tobin undertaking, when they had sat down, to make him acquainted with the people in the room.

"That's Will Buffer, sitting near my uncle. Did you ever meet Will Buffer before? He's one of the ablest fellows in Ireland. I saw him lift a deal table with his teeth. He can somerset over his horse. You never saw such a smart fellow. He can run like the wind."



“ And who is that next your father ? ”

“ That ! Oh, that’s Tom Goggin. You’ll soon know who Tom Goggin is. He’s a great wit. You never saw a fellow tell such stories, nor say such good things as Tom. He’d make you split your sides laughing, listening to him.”

There was something in the appearance of Tom Goggin and the Buffer which Mr. Moynehan did not altogether relish, nor was his prejudice removed by the manners of both in the course of the evening. The Buffer was one of those characters occasionally to be met in the Ireland of that day—rare, we believe, in our own. He had just enough of the gentleman in his appearance to form a convenient mask for the bully, which was his real character. With an appearance of hotheaded impetuosity, he had underneath a fund of low and selfish cunning. He knew perfectly to whom he might be rude, and in what quarter his ignorant contradictions might be hurled with impunity ; but no one had ever caught him playing off the bully towards any one

who was capable of affording him a dinner, and bed, or from whom he might at any time calculate upon a seasonable loan of money. With such persons he was content to be a good-humoured and unresisting butt, a degree of servility for which he compensated to his wounded pride by unprovoked and invariable insolence to all those individuals from whom he expected nothing, because they had nothing to afford. Incapable either by any natural or acquired superiority of mind of attracting the attention of a well-educated circle, he usually opened his conversation by a direct contradiction of the last speaker ; always provided that last speaker were not a person from whom he had anything to hope for.

Nor was the wit in the least degree more prepossessing. Tom Goggin's forte was a horse-laugh ; it was almost all that he could do in the way of social communion, and accordingly his single faculty was put to frequent use. He might be said to have laughed his way through life. Whenever he said what he meant for a

good thing, he chorused the effort with a hearty laugh, and his companions had gradually fallen into the habit of joining him, until at length he got the reputation of a wit. Probably his hearers thought no one had a better right to know what a joke was worth than the man who had made it. But Tom Goggin's faculty of laughing served him in many other ways. It was just as useful to him in applauding another's joke, as in procuring sympathy for his own. If Tom had injured your reputation, and that you remonstrated with him about it, he laughed until it became almost impossible to avoid joining him. If he had purloined your great coat or umbrella by way of joke, and you reclaimed your property, he would laugh, and laugh, and laugh until you gave up all hope of getting an answer from him. If you were fool enough to lose temper, and set about chastising him, Tom would still laugh, and it was ten to one, if you were not on your guard, but he would have the whole country laughing at you too.

Notwithstanding all this fun, there was something, as we have said, in Tom's countenance which the tax-gatherer did not relish. There was more, he thought, of meanness, than of either good-humour or good-nature, in all this laughter, and whilst he observed the half-knowing leer which he sent around the room as he gave vent to one of his good things, he felt less inclined to laugh, than to exclaim with honest Dogberry, "Friend, hold thy peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee."

The evening, nevertheless, rolled pleasantly away, and the tax-gatherer was tempted more than once to overstep the bounds which he had prescribed to himself on leaving home. For a long time, however, he restrained himself, nor was it until late that habit and the occasion overcame his prudence. It was observed that when he had done so, although he soon entered fully and even wildly into the revel spirit of the night, there was something strange and peculiar in his manner during the whole evening. He

was fitful in his mirth, and his loudest and most boisterous bursts of hilarity were succeeded by long fits of absence and absorbing silence, as if he were on the eve of some enterprise in which the fortunes of his life were interested.

The truth was, that the recollection of his gold, the warnings of his wife and Rick, and his prejudice against the new guests, to whom he had to-night been introduced, made Moynehan anxious to see the money safe at Topsy Hall. Accordingly, about midnight, and in the midst of a wild bacchanalian uproar, he astonished his host and bottle-companions by suddenly rising, and declaring his intention of going home. Never did a proposition excite more general indignation. Never had so pleasant a party been so unexpectedly broken up. Tom Goggin had never been so happy; Will Buffer had given three somersets, and kicked the ceiling with his heels, and Ned Stokes, a capital fellow, who was at every party because he knew how to sing a comic song, was just going to give

them "The Irish Schoolmaster." He had actually begun—

Misther Byrne was a man  
Of a very grate big knollidge,  
An' behind a quickset hedge  
In a bog he kept his college—

when the tax-gatherer rose. Everybody strove to dissuade him.

"Why, 'tis blowing a perfect storm," said Mr. Tobin.

"And that mountain road," exclaimed Frank, "where robberies are as common as—as—anything."

"I—ca—can't help it—I must be home to-night," exclaimed Moynehan, endeavouring to resist the rising delirium that was already making inroads on his reason, and affecting an air of great industry and seriousness. "I have some accounts to make up that must be ready for the post to-morrow."

"If you have any loose cash about you, sir," said Goggin, rolling his eye around the room,

and winking on the company, "I'd advise you to let me take care of it for you."

In the burst of laughter which followed this effusion, Mr. Moynehan left the room, followed by the Tobins, who continued in vain to represent to him, with all the force of language and of argument, which the glass had left them, the dangers of a solitary journey through the mountains at so late an hour. It was in vain likewise, that the wind dashed in the door as soon as the latch was raised, with such force, as to extinguish all the lights they had brought into the hall, and almost to destroy the already tottering equilibrium of the tax-gatherer. He seemed determined to make up by obstinacy for the deficiency of argument, and resolved, at all events, to undertake the journey. Buttoning up his great coat to his chin, and shaking the hands of his companions and his host with vehement cordiality, he sprung upon his mare, and with a wild halloo, dashed forward through the stormy night-gloom. For some minutes the

revellers stood to hear the shout repeated, and the tramp of the horses' hoofs growing fainter in the distance, until it had ceased to reach their ears. Soon after the company broke up, the Buffer and Tom Goggin riding off together.

The next morning the tax-gatherer's horse was found, without a rider, at a little distance from his house, and the saddle cloth and bridle had the marks of blood. The truth was at once disclosed to the perplexed and agonised widow, for so she was already deemed. Mrs. Moynehan acted on the occasion with more firmness and resignation than might have been expected from her. She caused the most thorough search to be made along the line of roads, and through the fields and bogs that lay between their house and Castle Tobin. Every bog-hole was dragged, and every corner ransacked, but in vain. A woman of strong mind and deep affections, the shock to Mrs. Moynehan was proportionably violent.

“Look, Edmond,” she said, holding up the



bloody housing, and gazing with agony on her orphan child as he entered her apartment, “Look at all that is left us of your father.”

The boy stared for a moment as if at a loss to comprehend her meaning.

“My dear child,” said the widow, “let what is our ruin, be at least your warning. Your father, who left home yesterday in perfect health, will never now return to us again. He has been murdered on his road.”

The boy turned pale and red by turns, as he looked from the saddle-cloth to his mother’s countenance, and said at last in a whisper—

“By whom, mother?”

“Heaven only can tell that, and he who did it,” said the widow—“Oh, it was an evil day for us all when he accepted that situation—Till then he was happy, good, and virtuous—he made all happy round him. But now—”

At these words, and at the recollection of the altered life which her husband had been leading during his latter years, the unhappy woman

swooned away, and was conveyed to her apartment. Years rolled away, and the circumstances attending the disappearance of the tax-gatherer, remained enveloped in darkness as deep as that in which he had set out on his last journey. A proclamation was issued from Dublin Castle, commencing with the usual—“Whereas some evil-minded person or persons, &c. ;” and offering a reward of two hundred guineas for the detection of \*the murderer, but in vain. Whether he had been struck by lightning, stifled in a bog, torn to pieces (as some sage fair ones hinted) by evil spirits, or destroyed by beings no less malignant of his own form and species, were questions that exhausted speculation and remained unsolved. The broken-hearted widow sought some consolation for the terrible stroke, in devoting herself to the education of her son, whom she determined to bring up in the strictest principles of religion and virtue.

## CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT fifteen years before this period, there stood, within a hundred paces of the outskirts of B——, a house of moderate size, of which no living eye has seen a trace. It was tenanted by a humble barber of the name of O'Berne. Beside the dwelling stood a lofty elder, in which the magpie and the goldfinch built their nests. Behind was a garden, stocked with heads of cabbage, some rows of gooseberry and currant trees, with a few wall-flowers and marigolds of flaming yellow. A handsome pole, rising oblique from the doorway, and bearing at its summit a tuft of hair that streamed upon the wind, announced to passengers the vocation of the owner. On either side of the entrance, two small plots sprinkled with the commonest

flowers, and fringed with rows of London pride or bachelors' buttons, gave grace and fragrance to the decent tenement. The thievish sparrow reared his noisy brood beneath the eaves, and at evening the robin would often sing his short and plaintive song amongst the elder boughs.

The house of the barber on Saturday evenings afforded a lounge to many of the neighbouring villagers. Here, while O'Berne stropped his razors, or tucked a snow-white napkin under the grisly chin of some unwashed artisan, the many who waited to undergo a similar operation would lean against the well-scoured dresser, or take a hay-bottomed chair near the door, discussing politics, foreign and domestic, circulating the easy jest, or listening to the piquant anecdote. Amongst these persons there were few subjects on which the opinion of O'Berne had not considerable weight; and few ventured to interrupt the current of his speech, while, as he raised the mollient foam, he would reveal to his wondering hearers the designs of many

a potentate and minister, who fondly deemed them a secret to the world.

The barber, as it was generally said, had migrated to this village from the south-western town of Bantry. It was in the tenth year of his only son, Godfrey, this removal took place. Soon after, chance threw the latter in the way of a singular education. One evening, during the first year of their residence in B——, the barber was busy, as usual, in preparing his shop for the customers who generally dropped in when the business of the day was over. While thus engaged, an old gentleman entered, a white-haired venerable looking man, but with eyebrows black as coal, and something in the expression of his dry and shrivelled features that was unaccountably repulsive and forbidding. It was not that he was morose, for his countenance wore a continual smile, and he seemed ever on the watch for something to jest about; but sternness itself would have been more agreeable than his uncordial mirth. It was a dry

and heartless levity, not genuine good-humour; and evidently indulged in, rather for the gratification of his own vanity than from a desire of affording pleasure to others. Seeing little Godfrey playing on the floor, he began to question him, and was so much entertained with the thoughtful solemnity of his answers, that he proposed, if the barber would allow it, to take him into his household. O'Berne feared to miss an offer of patronage which promised, so much advantage to his son, and promised with many expressions of gratitude, to take him to the gentleman's house on the following day.

The mansion was situated in a lonely and barren heath valley, about seven miles from the village. It was a bare, wild looking edifice, occupying the centre of an enclosure (it could hardly be called a demesne), on which not a single branch of foliage was to be seen, east or west, north or south, that could qualify in the least degree the natural dreariness of the

place. The first impression of the scene sunk down like lead upon the mind of the younger Godfrey. A peasant, whom they overtook upon the road, and from whom they made inquiries respecting the proprietor, told them "that very little was known about him at all in them parts; that he had no one livin' with him, only an old woman that used to dress his food and do the kitchen work, and that it was said he was a foreigner: but he was livin' there a good long while, and nothing was ever known to his disparagement."

They found the old gentleman within. Seeing little Godfrey rather low-spirited at the prospect before him, he took him into the library, which was pretty well furnished, and took some pains reconcile him to his new abode.

Here young Godfrey remained for six years, during which time his only companions, except when he went to spend a day at his father's, were the proprietor of the mansion, the old woman, and, far more entertaining and interest-

ing to him than either, the books which burthened the shelves of the small library. Reading likewise was the constant occupation of his master. Seldom did he favour Godfrey with any conversation, and when he did, it was in such a brief and half-sneering style, that the latter did not lament his general taciturnity. Never had he heard of a man who lived so isolated—so entirely centred in himself—as his new master. Nor while he secluded himself from all ordinary intercourse with the world in which he lived, was it for the purpose of devoting himself with more freedom to the concerns of another; for Godfrey never observed in his master any of those actions or expressions, by which men are accustomed to intimate their recollection of a higher allegiance than any they owe on earth. His patronage, however, and the leisure which he here enjoyed, enabled Godfrey O'Berne to lay up a store of information, which, though nearly useless, and in some points worse than useless, from want of method, was far more extensive than was usual



in his station. The sudden death of his patron deprived him unexpectedly of those brilliant hopes to which his father looked forward with a sanguine eye. The recluse was found one morning in his bed a corpse, and Godfrey was recalled to the paternal threshold, as much in mystery with respect to the character and history of his late master as when first he entered his house.

In about a year after, the elder O'Berne himself being struck with his death sickness, sent for his son, who was at this time the only living member of his family. The latter, who was on a visit at the house of a friend in the neighbouring city, came without loss of time to receive the dying injunctions of his only parent. He found the latter seated in the arm-chair which was usually allotted to his customers, apparently awaiting the last stroke of death, and surrounded by a numerous crowd of relatives and friends. On seeing his son approach, he bade one of the men, who stood near him, to unfix the pole, which was made fast at the front door, and to bring it

into the house. His wishes being complied with he took the pole in his right hand, causing it to stand erect upon the floor at his side, and addressed his son in the following words:—

“ This painted pole, Godfrey, is one o’ the most ancient marks of our profession. It signifies that stick which, when the barber and the surgeon were the same, used to be held in their hands by the customers and worked this way, to make the blood come freer from the vein. This riband that’s tied at the top signifies the bandage, and this stripe o’ red paint that goes coiling down the pole, the blood, as it were, flowing from the arm. This pole, Godfrey, has stood at my door, winter and summer, for five and forty years. I never possessed a half-penny but what it brought me, and I never wished for an estate beyond it. If you are satisfied with it, you are as rich as an emperor; if not, the riches of an emperor would not make you so. Keep it then, and be contented with it, and you will be happy.”

So saying, he placed the pole in the hand of his son, and soon after gave up the ghost. The latter interred the remains of his parent with all demonstrations of filial respect and piety, and entered presently afterwards upon the business and possessions he had left behind him.

The younger Godfrey O'Berne had always been looked upon in his neighbourhood as a kind of oddity. Tall and ungainly in his figure, in his manner abrupt and sheepish, he was to far the greater number of his companions a subject of jest and ridicule rather than admiration. There was, however, another circumstance which counteracted the effect of Godfrey's manner and appearance. He was a great student, and from various sources had contrived to amass a quantity of knowledge in a mind of no ordinary force.

Were we to take opinions on the cause of O'Berne's reserve and awkwardness, it is probable that we should find a great variety. Some would call it pride—some sensibility—some modesty—and some, by way of being

wiser than all the rest, might say "it was a mixture of all these." Whatever was the cause, the young barber, unlike his fellow in the Arabian Nights, was reserved and meditative. He courted no friendships, sought no society, and seemed even impatient of that which he could not avoid. Still he bore in mind his father's dying counsel, and, while he courted solitude as much as possible, he gave no one any actual reason to complain of him.

The young barber felt a want which none of us, in whatever rank or station we may be placed, have failed to experience at some portion of our lives—the want of mental sympathy. There was no one in the village who shared his information, or who could understand his thoughts on any subject, and it was not contempt, but the actual difference of mind that made him unwilling to mingle in societies where he could find nothing of considerable interest to him. It so happened that the train of his reading was one peculiarly adapted to foster such contem-

plative habits. The works which fell into his hands related principally to moral and metaphysical subjects, and the barber, who had an acute, intelligent spirit, was deeply caught by the profound and absorbing disquisitions which those books contained. How could he who had been all the preceding evening engaged in arduous endeavours to comprehend the reasonings of various philosophers on the connexion of mind with matter, and the mysterious manner in which both seem blended in the human individual, be expected on the following day to take an active interest in the labours of a mechanical vocation, or in the vulgar sports that made the village echo near his dwelling? There is no fact, however, more notorious than the possibility of uniting an extensive knowledge of, and the liveliest interest in, moral studies with a very inferior course of moral practice. The pleasure which Godfrey took in such pursuits as we have described was one of a purely intellectual character; the heart had little or

nothing to do with it. He pleased himself with the noble exercise which the subject afforded to the faculties of his understanding, and thought little of deducing rules of practice from the sublime and immutable truths which he contemplated. Satisfied to let his imagination roam through the boundless sea of being, he bestowed comparatively little thought on the necessity of fulfilling with exactness, the part allotted to himself in the universal scheme, and used the light afforded him, rather for the gratification of an active spirit than for the direction of his course through life. His silence, however, and his habits of application, produced a strong impression of his learning on the rustics in his neighbourhood, and they looked on him as one of the profoundest scholars in the world.

There lived at this time in B———, a family of the name of Renahan, who were looked upon as amongst the leading denizens of the place. Mary, the eldest daughter of the house, was, in her seventeenth year, considered

one of the wonders of the village. Her beauty was the subject of praise amongst the young, and her genuine piety and modesty amongst the old. Of the former, all had not the opportunity of judging, for Mary Renahan (who was too humble to aspire to the magnificence of a bonnet) took care never to appear unhooded in the public streets; and he who by any chance had seen her countenance, was accustomed to tell it as an adventure worth recording to his companions in the evening. Mary was rich, cheerful, and handsome; it was therefore the subject of general amazement, when the rumour spread that she was about to become the bride of the poor, the melancholy, and the ungainly Godfrey O'Berne.

Such, however, was the truth. Let who will divine the cause, the gay and gentle Mary Renahan gave up, without hesitation, her liberty and her affections into the hand of one who was regarded by the rest of her companions either with ridicule or fear.

From the day of his marriage, Godfrey

O'Berne seemed to have renounced his speculative habits, and became practically industrious. He was attentive to his business, and began to laugh and jest with his customers in such a manner as to remind them of his father. To him belonged the economy of the basin and the strop, the scissors and the curling iron. His part it was to amuse the minds, while he trimmed the whiskers of his customers ; and to enlighten the interior of the heads that came beneath his hand, while he reduced the outside to the standard of fashion and of grace. The regulation of the domestic department was committed exclusively to the management of Mrs. O'Berne, who was as attentive to the minor affairs of the little establishment as she was to the happiness and comfort of her lord. An over rigid economy, however, was not the fault of either master or mistress ; and while custom increased, and comforts multiplied, the case was exactly the reverse with the hundred pounds which the latter had brought her husband as a dowry, and which they



had set apart at first, in order that it might perform for their eldest daughter the same good office which it had done for Mrs. O'Berne.

Still all was gay and happy at the barber's. As a husband and a father he had more than the average share of happiness, and less than the average share of care. His wife seemed well contented with the portion of enjoyment which their means afforded her; and his three children were promising in mind and frame. Mortimer, the eldest, could already make a decent "pot-hook" in his copy-book, and the others knew as much of letters as Cadmus himself at twice their age, or as Charlemagne is said to have done while he was shaking Europe from the Baltic to the Alps.

Occasionally, in the long summer evenings, Godfrey would take down his violin, on which he was a tolerable proficient, and, in the absence of professional employment, enliven the house with some old national air, to which his wife would sometimes add the melody of a tolerable voice.

More frequently they would devote the evening to a walk through the village, where their decent appearance attracted general notice. Indeed they were not without being censured for overdaintiness of dress by some of those sharp-eyed individuals, who, when they can discover nothing to ridicule in a neighbour's meanness, had rather find the contrary fault than let him pass unwounded.

Nor were these the only annoyances from which the comforts of the barber received a slight alloy. That class of young persons inhabiting the purlieus of most towns and villages, who are emphatically distinguished by the epithet of "*the blackguards*," seemed, with that mischievous instinct which enables men to distinguish what is ludicrous in human avocations, to have marked out O'Berne for their especial amusement. Sometimes they would snatch a new toy or a wedge of bread from the hands of his children as they stood gaping at the open door ; at others, they chalked uncivil nick-names on

his pannels ; or else (and this was the unkindest cut of all) a whole gang of them would watch an opportunity when he and his wife were walking in all their finest through the village on a Sunday evening, and set up in full chorus the popular ballad :—

Mullins the barber grew so grand,  
He listed in the Sligo band ;  
Mullins the barber grew so great,  
He knocked his nose against the gate, &c.

But notwithstanding these unavoidable mortifications, peace still abode on the household of O'Berne, and the tranquillity of his mind received no worldly shock that could bear an instant's comparison with the sum of his enjoyments.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IT was on a Saturday evening, and the shop was thronged, as usual, with a crowd of hairy heads and chins, as rough as hedge-hogs with the stubble of the week. On the operating chair sat Molony, the blacksmith, the napkin tucked beneath his massive jaws, and his chin already white from ear to ear, adding a two-fold grimness to the smoke and ashes that encased the upper portion of his countenance. A thoughtful silence for some time prevailed, while the eyes of all watched with a lazy admiration the skill with which the barber's razor flew along the blacksmith's spacious jaws, demolishing, at every stroke, a long flourishing harvest, and leaving behind it a fair and glossy surface. At length, Mac Namara the carpenter, who was one

of the village dandies, and waited to have his hair brought into form, broke silence as follows :

“ Well, of all de tings dat ever was done to me, dat’s de last I could ever bear—to have anoder man shave me. Not meanin’ de laste asparagement to Mr. O’Berne, nor to his profession eider—but de iday of anoder man takin’ me be de nose, an’ sweepin’ a razhure up me troat, is what I never could abide de toughts o’ doin’.”

“ When you have a beard at all, Tom Mac,” said O’Reilly the cooper, taking a pipe from his mouth, and looking over his shoulder at the speaker, “ it may come to your turn to talk of shaving it.”

“ Surely, surely, Ned. Well den, it’s come to your turn to talk of it, any way, and to do it—for I declare dere isn’t a chin in B——stands more in need o’ de razure.”

“ Thru for you, Tom. There’s this difference betune you an’ me, that you shave to get a beard, an’ I shave to get rid of it.”

The conversation dropped, but there was a

portion of it which was not forgotten. A weak imagination is easily impressed. With all his learning and capacity, it was long before O'Berne could get rid of the horrid idea which was suggested by the carpenter's random words. His mind, though well enough supplied with knowledge, was not subdued to any wholesome discipline; and such minds are often the prey of every wandering fancy. From time to time he would start as the foolish thought suggested itself to his imagination, and shudder, as if the carpenter's words showed any thing more than an extravagant caprice.

Still these were weaknesses known only to himself, and his general prosperity continued unabated. Most minds, as well as bodies, have their peculiar constitution, and their peculiar ailment, or "idiosyncrasy," which it requires the hand of a nice and delicate counsellor to deal with. Instead of despising the crowd of morbid thoughts, which arising like clouds, would gradually overshadow his whole imagination, as he

dwelt on those expressions of the carpenter, O'Berne encouraged, examined, and brooded on them, until at length they communicated something like a settled tinge to his whole character. Could such individuals be brought to understand how much of misery they might avoid by a moderate degree of habitual and generous self-restraint, the world would be spared a great deal of woe, and more, perhaps, of crime.

To this state of mind an accidental circumstance added a prodigious force. At a little distance from B——, there resided a family, of the name of Danaher, hovering between the frontiers of gentility and of that rank to which the O'Bernes belonged. They lived in an equivocal looking house which they dignified with the title of Rath Danaher, held a pew at the chapel, and were looked upon as a kind of "half-quality." As they were near relations of Mrs. O'Berne, the latter and her husband were occasionally guests at the Rath, and contributed on festival days to make the

evenings pass merrily away. At this period the clouds of superstition still rested like a gloomy fog upon the minds of the poorer peasantry (as they do in all countries where education is retarded), nor were there wanting some in the rank immediately above them who participated in their credulity. In all such fancies, the Danahers were, from first to last, profoundly versed. They wore charms and spells; they never began a journey, or a new piece of work, on a Saturday; they kept no pigeons about the house; they would not hurt a weasel for the world; they always took off their hats when a cloud of dust went by them on the road; they read "dhrame-books" and consulted fortune-tellers, and practised numberless rites of the most absurd and unmeaning kind. Night after night, when the fire blazed cheerfully upon the hearth, it was their wont to gather round it in a circle, and interchange their gloomy tales of supernatural agency, while even the youngest members of the group were



suffered to drink, undisturbed, at the foul and soul-empoisoning stream, that flowed from the hag-ridden imaginations of the story-tellers. Ghosts, fairies, witches, murderers, and demons, glided with a horrid and hair-stiffening influence through all their narratives, and when the listeners retired for the night, it was to hurry to their beds with alarmed and shuddering nerves, and to supply the frightful fancies of their waking moments, by still more frightful dreams.

One evening, while a conversation of this kind proceeded at the fireside of Rath-Danaher, the O'Bernes were of the company. Godfrey, surprised at the extent to which they carried their superstitious credulity, undertook to disabuse them of their fears. He talked learnedly of the nature of spirit and of matter,—of second causes, and of the absurdity of supposing that the divine Being would suffer the ordinary laws of nature to be violated on occasions so fantastical and useless.

“ I do not know how to make you understand,” said he, “ that such an event could not happen without a direct infraction of the present order of things, which is a miracle to be wrought by the hand of Omnipotence alone. That it may happen, as He who made the law can alter it, I do not offer to deny ; but to believe that it does commonly happen, and without cause or meaning, is to turn the exception into the rule. Spirit, as it is an immaterial substance, has neither colour, nor sound, nor smell, nor any quality which can make it perceptible to our senses. Granting that they exist in myriads around us, it is still impossible, according to the ordinary laws of nature, that they can do us either physical injury or physical good. What communion they may hold with the mind, as that is likewise immaterial, has nothing to say to the purpose. It is possible they may suggest either good or evil to the soul (as religion even teaches us they do); but that, without supposing a miracle, they can pinch the body black and blue, transport it

from place to place, affright the senses with extraordinary sights and sounds, is against the common order of nature. The Deity must clothe them with material faculties before they can produce material effects."

"Well, Mr. O'Berne," said Robert Danaher, a young man, who having attended a course of surgical lectures in Dublin, conceived himself entitled to his share of authority on metaphysical questions, and who was, moreover, perhaps the only person present who understood half what the barber said—"I do not know that any miracle at all is necessary to the purpose. It is an undisputed fact, that spirit does act on matter. The Deity, who is a pure spirit, sustains all things, both material and the contrary, in their daily courses—and we know that in the human being, the mind directs and regulates the movements of the body at its pleasure. Why may not the spirit, separated from its clay, possess the same influence over the matter that surrounds it which it once held over that

with which it was united in the human frame? For my part, as it is a mystery to me by what means my will directs my arm to extend or to contract itself, I would not presume to say that the same spiritual will, when separated by death from this frame of flesh and blood, may not possess a similar influence over the wind that moans by my window, the candle that is burning on my table, or the silent air that favours my midnight slumbers. I know not how the effect is produced in the one case any more than in the other; but when I know that the one effect does take place, I should be far from asserting that it would require an infraction of the natural harmony to produce the other."

"Ye may talk as ye will," said Kitty Dana-her, "but fractions or no fractions, the spirits are abroad as regular as the sun goes down. Our John can tell you that, on a market night last year, after selling some cattle in New Auburn, he was mounting his horse at the door of the Harp and Shamrock, when three

times, one after another, he fell over on the other side, without one near (that he could see) to give him a shove, and the poor old mare standing as quiet as a lamb.”

O’Berne, who supposed that there might be reasons for John’s unsteadiness after leaving the Harp and Shamrock, apart from outward agents, either spiritual or material, was not so much struck by this example, as he was by the argument which it seemed intended to illustrate. He remained for a long time silent, while each of the family in turn poured out some fearful tale of supernatural agency in order to subdue his incredulity. They did not, however, succeed in convincing him. He continued to express his contempt for the ridiculous legends that they sought to thrust upon him, admitting only the possibility of such appearances, as formed their leading subject.

“I can assure you of one circumstance, at all events,” said Mrs. Danaher, “which took place beneath this very roof. Mr. Andrew

Finnucane the apothecary, to whom Robert served his time, was speaking one night, as you, are of the folly of believing in such stories, when we all warned him to be careful of what he said, as he did not know the moment he might have reason to change his mind. He laughed, but when he woke next morning he found himself lying with his head where his heels ought to be."

This tale brought on a fresh torrent of similar anecdotes. The evening passed away, and the barber and his wife returned home. It was in some weeks after, that the former, returning late from the neighbouring city, was obliged to take a bed for the night at an inn on the roadside. The stillness of the night and the loneliness of the place, for it was situate in one of those dreary flats which the road traversed on its way to the western coast, and tenanted only by an old woman and her son, brought to his recollection the discourse which had passed in his presence at Rath

Danaher. The instinct of the supernatural is one, which perhaps nobody, except some conscience-seared criminal, whose heart is hard to every natural feeling, can ever wholly lay aside. It is implanted in us for the best of purposes, and though we may abuse it, as we do the best emotions, to our ruin, it is not the less intended for our good. O'Berne, though he had his weaknesses, was by no means superstitious; yet he could not avoid bearing testimony in his own heart to the existence of the universal instinct as he gazed through his small window upon the wide and starlit heath that lay before it, and which was, in itself, a prospect sufficient to have awakened lonesome and melancholy thoughts. Still feeling a contempt for such terrors as those which preyed upon the household of Rath Danaher, he confessed, however, a sufficient degree of nervousness to lock the door of his sleeping room inside, and to make fast the window, to make "assurance doubly sure." He then knelt

down, as usual, prayed with somewhat more than usual earnestness, and went to rest. His sleep was sound and dreamless as the sleep of a weary man is wont to be, but a surprise awaited him in the morning which made him almost doubt the evidence of his senses. On opening his eyes, he was astonished to perceive that the window which, when he went to rest, stood behind the head of his bed, and a little at the side, stood now directly opposite, as if it had made a circuit of the chamber in the night! He arose, and his perplexity increased. He found himself now lying with his feet toward the head of the bed, the pillow and all the bed furniture being reversed in the same way, and even his silver watch still lying as he had placed it under the bolster, but having participated in the general change of position. His astonishment was excessive. The bed had no appearance of the disturbance which such a change might be expected to make. It even seemed as if he had slept



without motion through the night; and but that his recollection of the contrary was distinct, he would have been persuaded that the whole must be an error of his own. The door was locked, and the window fastened, as he had left them, but in no place could he find his clothes, which he had laid on the preceding night, upon the chair at his bedside. After thoroughly searching the room without success, he was about to summon the people of the house, in order to make inquiries from them, when his eye fell upon the old pormanteau which he had brought with him from home. It seemed more full than it had been when he took it off his horse on the preceding eve. He opened it. Wonder on wonder! There was the whole suit folded, brushed, and made up with an exactness that was admirable! Every article was in its place, and every buckle made fast with just the proper degree of tightness. The barber was perfectly bewildered. The mysterious agent,

whose prerogative he had disputed in the case of Mr. Andrew Finnuane, had sought an opportunity of vindicating, in his case also, the slighted power that was allotted him. So would the Danahers have construed the story, and for that reason, the barber determined for the present to say nothing of the circumstance to them, or to anybody else.

For many months the circumstance continued unexplained, and its impression, from the very force of constant thinking on it, began to grow faint on the barber's mind. Again there was a party at Rath Danaher, and again the barber and his wife were of the number of the guests. The conversation on this evening happened to turn on the superstition of the Fetch, or warning spirit which shows itself, say the country people, in the likeness of some person doomed to die, at some short period before his death.\* Numberless instances were

\* Our friend Mr. Barnes O'Hara, has given such celebrity to this superstition, that there is no need of a more particular description.

related of such appearances, and again Mr. O'Berne expressed his total incredulity. In a fortnight after, as he was passing through B——, he was met by Mr. Guerin, (the father of Peter Guerin, whose exploits at "the great House," the reader will find in another volume). He was surprised to see that Mr. Guerin, with whom he was always on the most friendly terms, now passed him by with an offended air. Nor did he make his appearance as usual on Saturday evening at the barber's shop, in order to have his beard and hair made decent for the ensuing Sabbath. A neighbour solved the mystery.

"Why, Mr. O'Berne," said he, "Peter Guerin says there's no spakin' to you now, you're grown so grand."

"I had much the same complaint to make of himself," replied the barber. "He wouldn't speak to me in the street when I saluted him."

"That's dhroll!" said the peace-maker. "It's the very account he gives o' you. He says

that he was standin' at his shop doore th' other morning about six o'clock, just afther day brake, an' that you walked by, lookin' him sthraight in the face, an' without ever takin' any notice, although he axed you how you wos as plain as could be."

The instant the man had concluded his account, O'Berne recollected the recent conversation at Rath Danaher. He had not, he knew, for years before been in B——, or any where outside his own door at so early an hour as six in the morning; and he had not the slightest recollection of the rencontre, to which Mr. Guerin referred. What was it then, that the latter had seen? The Danahers would have found a ready answer, and in spite of himself he felt a creeping through his nerves as he remembered the prediction with which the appearance was supposed to be associated. He had sufficient promptitude of mind, however, to keep his secret from transpiring.

"Mr. Guerin may be sure," said he, "that

he is the last man in B—— I would think of treating in that way. I have no recollection whatever of passing him by at any time in that manner, and I'm sure I never had the least idea of doing such a thing."

The village Mr. Harmony who received this explanation, lost no time in conveying it to the proper quarter, and peace was re-established between the barber and his friend. In spite of himself, some occasional qualms respecting the state of his health would cross the mind of the former, and this new adventure gave threefold strength to that already related. As time rolled by, however, and he found his bodily vigour undiminished, his courage rose, and he began to make inquiry respecting the nature of the superstition. It was then he learned for the first time, that the appearance, when seen early in the morning, was supposed *to predict a long life to the individual whose semblance it assumed.*

There is no time when one is more inclined

to admit the truth of a supernatural prediction than when it coincides exactly with one's own desires. The barber would not directly admit, even to himself, that his incredulity was shaken in the least degree, but it was certain that his repugnance to conviction in this instance was not so vivid as in the former.

Half a year had passed away, before the spirit which had tormented him at the lonely inn on the roadside, took any pains to confirm the impression which had been made by its first essay. It happened one night that the barber slept at Rath Danaher, where he had turned in from a violent storm of rain and wind. The chamber which was allotted to him commanded a lonely prospect of the river and distant mountains, and the barber was forcibly reminded of the adventures of the last night he had spent away from home. In the same manner as he had done on the former night, he fastened the door and window-frame, before he went to rest. Whether it was owing to a growing doubt of

the reality of such appearances, or a state of bodily indisposition, it was a long time now before he could sleep. When he did so, however, his sleep, as usual, was sound and dreamless.

After midnight, he awoke with a sense of cold. The bed-clothes had all disappeared ! Nothing but the grey striped tick remained upon the bedstead, and on that he lay, exposed to the sharp cold of a November night. By the aid of some embers which still were burning on the hearth, he was enabled to light a small candle, which he had extinguished on going to rest. He searched the room, but the fugitive bed-clothes were nowhere to be seen. It was impossible that this could be a trick of any human being. The door and window were fast as he had left them, and even if it were possible for any body to have got in, the fact that he should have been thus annoyed, at two different houses, of which no one member perhaps knew even the existence of the other,

was in itself incredible. He was on the point once more of giving up the search, when his attention was directed to an old oak press which stood in a corner of the room ; it was locked, but the key was in the lock. The barber opened it, and could scarcely believe his eyes ; there lay the objects of his search, folded and laid upon the shelves with as much order and exactness as if they had never left the draper's counter. The barber was thunderstricken. He felt no terror, but he was stunned to the very soul ; he walked, he struck his breast, he moved the candle to and fro, in order to be satisfied that it was not all a dream. But nothing could change the facts, and with a bewildered mind he laid the clothes upon the bed again, and passed the remainder of the night in troubled and interrupted slumbers.

In the meantime, perplexities of a less metaphysical kind began to darken on the fortunes of the barber ; and in common with his species he felt in his turn the influence of those inferior



causes to which for its own wise ends all-curbing Providence seems often to abandon human interests. A handsome house had been erected on the opposite side of the road, about half-way between the barber's dwelling and the village, and speculation was exhausted as to its probable use ; some said it was intended for a toll-house, others for a shrine of Bacchus. Before the point could be decided a typhus fever confined O'Berne to his apartment and his bed, from which he was unable to rise during the space of a summer month. During this time (the first period of affliction which they had ever known), his wife attended him with a tenderness and care that excited in his mind a deeper sentiment of affection and respect towards her than he had ever felt before. What heart, be it high or low, that ever yielded to affection, has not, like that of the poor barber, experienced, either in its bitterness or in its consolation, the truth so delightfully sung since then by our national poet ?

When we first see the charm of our youth pass us by,  
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return,  
When our cup which had sparkled with pleasure so high  
First tastes of the *other*—the dark flowing urn.  
Then, then is the moment affection can sway,  
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew,  
Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,  
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true.

Nor was the gratitude of O'Berne on first making this discovery, in its happier sense, less tender or less true that he was but a village barber.

On the first day of his convalescence, a new, and it must be confessed, an unwelcome surprise awaited the invalid. Walking with difficulty to the low window, where his wife had placed a chair, he looked out with strange and altered eyes upon the healthy active world, that still continued its career of growth, of bloom, and of decay, unchanging in design, though for ever varying in effects. The sun still smote the ripening grain; the fresh wind shook the boughs; the noisy carmen rattled by to market,

and the smaller birds, which least of Nature's children seem known to sickness or to pain, fluttered with vigorous wing and frequent twitter about the leaves, and amid the branches of the rustling elder.

But there was one sight, which from the moment when it first had caught the barber's eye, diverted him from every other thought. The new house, above alluded to, had been completed and inhabited during his illness, and it was with astonishment and dismay, he perceived that the inmate was no other than a rival barber. He could not without anxiety contemplate the superior splendour displayed by this new competitor. The front of the house was handsomely dashed; the pole, exceeding at least by half the size of O'Berne's, was surmounted by a gilded ball that shone like another sun, while close beneath was fastened a long banner of hair that flouted the winds as if anticipating triumph. Above the lintel of the door was a sign-board, executed in metropolitan

style, which announced the proprietors, (for it seemed to be a partnership,) as “Fitzgerald and O’Hanlon, late from Paris and Dublin, professors of hair-cutting and perfuming,” &c.

“Mary,” said the convalescent to his wife, as he surveyed this great display, “why didn’t you tell me there was a new barber set up since I lay down?”

“I didn’t think of it,” replied the wife, “what matter can it be to us?”

“I’m afraid time will show us that,” said O’Berne. “Wasn’t Ireland big enough without their coming to plant themselves, and their pole, over-right my very door?”

“What signifies themselves and their great pole?” replied the wife. “You have your custom made, and the neighbours will stand by you, I’ll engage.”

“That’s not the way of the world,” replied the barber, “and I’d be a fool if I thought it would be the way with me; there are some I

know I can count upon. There's the blacksmith, because he has no capers that way, and he says no one knows the sweep of his jaws but myself; he'll stick to me; and there's my third cousin, Pat Sheehy, the weaver, will stay by me for blood's sake; and a few more friends I may be sure of; and perhaps others that will be honest, as some will be rogues, without expecting it; but the rest, you'll find, will have their notions. That golden ball will draw many an eye away, and where the eye goes the chin and head will follow. But where's the use of talking?"

The event even outstripped the anticipations of the barber. The time lost by his own illness, and that of his wife, who fell ill of the same disease immediately on his recovery, accelerated a catastrophe which he had too much cause to fear. The villagers were unwilling to frequent a house which had now for two months been the seat of contagion. Party spirit also lent its

influence to the success of the new comers, and O'Berne lost many a head and chin to political differences.

In fine, before the lapse of many years, extreme and squalid misery descended on the dwelling of the barber. By degrees, retrenchment followed retrenchment, until what once were necessaries, assumed the character of luxuries, too costly to be thought of. The barber and his wife no longer appeared abroad, except when it could not be avoided, and at length that day was one of joy to the family which saw them supplied with a bare sufficiency of food.

From circle to circle, however, they descended in the region of adversity, nor had they yet arrived at the depths of the abyss. The rent of their tenement ran into arrear, and they were menaced more than once with an ejection. This was the only event which began to strike a real gloom into the mind of the barber, already weakened by misfortune, and the effects of sickness. While it startled every affection of his

heart, it awoke in all its force (as the heart in its alarm will often do) the full power of an imagination that prosperity had lulled into comparative inaction.

The barber, though he had received the same education, did not use it to the same advantage as his wife. It perplexed, while it soothed him, to observe the serenity with which his wife sustained the adverse change in their circumstances. She, who had sacrificed so much for him, did not even seem to be conscious that she had made any sacrifice whatever. Her wealthy relatives were now all scattered and burthened with their own separate claims, and could do nothing to assist the barber. Still, in their distress, her concern seemed all for her husband and her children. The sea is not more necessarily agitated by the sighing of the winter winds, than is a generous and religious bosom by the accents of distress and sorrow in a fellow being. So natural, so free from effort or reluctance, appeared the affectionate concern

with which the gentle Mary exerted herself to alleviate the sufferings of her husband and her children.

At different times her gentle uncomplaining conduct produced varying effects upon her husband's mind. Sometimes, when his reflections took a gloomy turn, the clear angelic serenity of her looks would, with an influence like that of gentle music, subdue his discontent, and restore his thoughts to calmness and to order; at others, when he beheld her sharing in their common want, and remembered what she was, when she resigned abundance and respectability to unite her earthly lot to his, his anguish far exceeded what it was when he thought only of his own privations.

“ We are worse off now,” he said to her, one summer evening, as they sat before the open window which looked upon their little orchard, and watched the crows winging high above them to the distant wood, “ our case is worse than that of even the animals that are left without



reason. The face of the round world is free to them ; from the worm to the eagle all are well provided for. The crow has his nest upon the bough, and the hare has her form in the furze, and their food is ready for them at morning in the fields, or by the river, for no trouble but the pains of seeking it. In the water, in the air, or on the earth, food, clothing and a home, are ready found for all. The goldfinch has his painted feathers, and the robin his grain of seed, while our poor babes are perishing with cold and hunger."

"For every pain we bear with true patience in this life," said his wife, "we shall receive an age of glory and of happiness in the next."

"Yet who would murmur at a Providence that is inscrutable," resumed O'Berne, in a fit of sombre musing; "if men would only do their duty by each other? But it is not, and it never will be so. They say that if you take a young bird unfledged from the nest, and set it down alone in some field far away, where the

parents cannot find it, and leave it there and watch it, they say there is no bird that passes, of whatever kind, and hears its lonesome chirp, that will not bring it a worm, or a mouthful of some other food, until it gets strength to shift for itself. But men, men must have laws to force them even to do so much as will keep the breath of life within the lips of their own kind."

"All is well," said Mary, "while we keep our own fidelity. Let the storm blow as it will, let all our prospects and our possessions go to ruin, all still is well while heaven is not offended. Let us keep our hands unstained, and in His name who distributed suffering and joy, let the worst that will befall us. It is not want nor plenty that can either give or take away our peace of mind. To be contented with the will of heaven, and to strive to put it into practice, is always in our power; and if we are not so disposed in our distress, we may be certain that we should not be so under any change

whatever. Let us preserve our innocence, and all is well."

"You are very easily contented," said the barber, with an angry look. "What were your thoughts, two months since, when the fire seized on the grocer's house next door, and we saw, with our own eyes, the remains of an unhappy infant dug out of the ruins?"

"I will tell you, Godfrey, what I thought," replied his wife, "I trembled for myself when I beheld it. He, said I, who has created the world so fair, and filled it with so many blessings, who has made that beautiful sun, and those millions of shining stars, and who daily and hourly shows his goodness and his mercy in new acts of kindness to his creatures; he too it is who has permitted that sinless child to perish by a frightful death. Let me therefore take the warning, and beware in what condition I fall into his hands, for if he thus afflicts the innocent and good on earth, what should be done

with us? I speak to you in this way, dear Godfrey, because I see you are beginning to sink in spirits. Beware, my dear, dear husband; it is in our moments of gloom and melancholy, as well as in those of thoughtless gaiety, that the enemy of our souls endeavours to seduce us into crime or madness."

As she said these words she laid her hand caressingly upon her husband's shoulder. Moved by the action as well as by the words with which it was accompanied, O'Berne was softened, and melted slowly into tears.

"Read to me," said he, "and it may be better."

His wife complied, and taking from the drawer a copy of the Scriptures, began to read a portion of the New Testament. Godfrey listened, and it seemed to him as if he had never heard the words before. For several days after he became totally absorbed in the perusal of the volume; the profound wisdom of its counsels, the majestic simplicity of its narrative, and the stupendous

nature of the events which it recorded, the heartfelt spirit of prayer with which it was pervaded, the terrible solemnity of its warnings, the melting tenderness of its promises, and the striking nature of the examples by which both were illustrated, made a deep and strong impression on the mind of the village philosopher. It seemed to him as if he never before had heard how all things were first called into existence ; how murder entered first into the world, which, until then, was the abode of love and happiness. He there heard the Deity delivering his law to man, amid the lightnings and the thunders of Mount Sinai ; he saw in the fate of Eli and his sons, an example of the divine justice against neglectful parents ; he dwelt with enchantment on the mystical beauties of the story of Ruth, and the marriage of Rebecca : and he traced with astonishment and awe, the tremendous and affecting history of the origin, the fall, and restoration of his species, detailed in language worthy of a subject so sublime. He read and

it astonished him to think how mechanical till now had been the nature of his feelings and his practice. What, was he then one of those who really believed that the Divinity himself had come on earth to teach his creatures, both by word and by example, the real nature of moral goodness? to overthrow the worldly error which ascribed to human pride the honours due to virtue, and to introduce modesty, humility, patience, and mildness, to the same rank in human estimation which they had ever held in the divine, and which men till then accorded to false glory, ambition, revenge, and haughtiness of soul?

The philosophic barber, however, while he wondered how little hitherto he had felt the real nature of the character he professed in society, rather revolved these wonders in his intellect than let them sink into his heart. His imagination became deeply impressed, and he brooded by day and dreamed by night on what he had been studying, until his whole mind became

absorbed with the one engrossing subject. To change the heart, it is not sufficient that the mind should be excited. To create a spirit of tenderness and love is of far greater importance in the way of virtue, than to captivate the fancy or amaze the understanding.

The impatience, therefore, with which he bore the increasing perplexity in his affairs, was not in any permanent degree diminished. A week of extreme misery and privation, was closed by a formal ejection from the house in which he lived. We pledge ourselves not to the truth of the events of the few days and nights immediately succeeding, but relate them as they are told in "our neighbourhood," reserving all comment to the conclusion of the tale. It was a Friday evening, and the family were to give up possession before twelve on the following Monday. With a mind weakened by distress and apprehension, the barber spent the day pacing alone from room to room of the little dwelling, like one distracted in his thoughts.

“If it be true,” said he, striking his forehead with a burst of anger, — “if it be true, that immaterial things can hourly, as young Danaher asserted, exert an influence over what is possible and material, why will they not interfere to serve as well as to perplex and to annoy us? Why will not that power, whatever it may have been, that visited me for my discomfort in that lonely inn, and at Rath Danaher, present itself again for my assistance, at a time when human aid has left me at my last extremity?”

His wife, who overheard these words, was afraid that her husband’s misfortunes were beginning to affect his reason.

“Remember,” she said, “that apart from human aid, we have but one source of power to which we can apply.”

“I would apply to ANY,” cried her husband with a burst of frenzy, “from whatever source assistance comes, I am ready to receive it.”

Saying this, he rushed from the room. The fit of passion having passed away, he was able



to reflect with more distinctness on the nature of what he had said, and his imagination froze at the thought that it was possible he might yet be taken at his word. Terror, in addition to the former excitement, now seized upon his nerves, and unfitted him for any settled thought. He could only wait in hopeless silence the passing of the shocking gloom that seized upon his mind, without knowing how to quicken its departure.

In this mood, say the storytellers, he retired to rest. The chamber in which he slept looked out upon the orchard, at the door of which, some evenings before, the conversation already recorded had taken place between the barber and his wife. The bed was so placed that the former could see as he lay down, on a moonlight night, a considerable portion of the orchard and the country lying far beyond it. Such a night was that of which we speak; it was between one and two o'clock, and in mid winter; when after a few hours' slumber, the view of the

orchard, with its moonlight paths, crossed by the sharply defined shadows of the trees, came slowly on his sight through the uncurtained window.

For a time as he looked out upon the scene, the barber could not tell if he were waking or asleep, so indistinct and floating was the consciousness that existed in his mind. All doubt however ceased, or rather he ceased to question what his actual condition was, when he beheld a figure dressed in a grotesque suit of black, advancing through the trees and approaching the windows with a slow but steady pace. An unaccountable influence held the barber motionless, until the stranger approached so near, that his singular drapery almost appeared to touch the glass. It seemed to the former as if an iron hand were laid upon his breast and pressed him to the bed. The moonlight falling on the back of the figure prevented him from seeing with distinctness what the features were of this unknown intruder on his premises, but the

sense of horror which his presence excited was almost insupportable. After a little time, the figure slowly raised one hand, and retiring a little from the window, waved it gracefully as a sign for Godfrey to arise and follow. The sequel is gathered from Godfrey's own indistinct recollection of what took place. He could not, he said, resist the summons: he got up like one under the influence of some necromantic power, hastily drew on his clothes, and proceeding to the window threw open the sash and stepped out into the orchard. The figure retired, still turning at intervals, and beckoning with one hand until they had passed into the open country.

On a sloping hill at the eastern side of the village stood a grove of firs, shadowing a tract of soil which once had been a burying-ground, but in which no interment had taken place for centuries before. Tradition only, and the half obliterated remains that were sometimes dug out of the soil, supplied the history of its former

uses, for neither monument nor grave-stone had for a long period been discernible upon the slope. Near the borders of this sombre grove it was that O'Berne beheld the figure pause, and seem to wait his arrival. Still moved by the same irresistible influence the barber pressed forward up the slope, fixing his eye upon the stranger, and even eager for the conference, which he anticipated with a dizzy sense of terror. Nor were his wonder and his awe diminished, when on turning round to address him, the stranger revealed the countenance and figure of his old master !

## CHAPTER IX.

WE pursue the barber's narrative as he is said to have himself delivered it.

“You said,” (the stranger slowly and calmly enunciated each syllable, like one who utters words of the last importance,)—“that you were ready to receive assistance from ANY source. I am one who have both the will and the power to afford it.”

“And who are you?” the barber would have said in turn, but his jaws, locked fast as if by a fit of tetanus, refused to articulate the words. His guide, however, seemed to understand his thought.

“Who I am,” said he, with a voice so inexpressibly mournful that it penetrated to the hearer's soul,—“is of no importance to your

present views or mine. Let it be enough for you to know, and for me to tell you, that I can procure you the assistance you require. Speak therefore, and tell what thou wouldst have."

The barber replied at once:—

"Food for my family and a certain home. They are miserable; if you can secure them sustenance and shelter you shall have my gratitude.

"I require it not," replied the figure with a smile of subtle scorn. "I seek not love but service; I have it in my power to do all and more for thee than thou requirest, but it is only in furnishing the opportunity of which you must yourself make use."

"And what shall be that opportunity?" exclaimed the barber.

"To-morrow thou shalt have the choice of misery or joy. I do not press thee to decide at once. Whenever the extremity may be at hand, my power will not be distant."

With these strange words he vanished, and

the barber returned to his dwelling. Of his adventures on the way home, or the manner in which he obtained an entrance into his own house, he had no recollection. On the following morning he found himself in his bed as usual, but could remember nothing of what took place from the moment of the spirit's disappearance. There were no corroborating signs in the position of his dress, or in the state of the window, that bore testimony to the reality of his midnight excursion; and he would have been inclined, notwithstanding the regular train of the occurrences, and the vivid impression he retained of what had passed, to pronounce the whole a dream, if it were not that the two former mysterious events which had befallen him, left his reason far more open to an admission of supernatural agency.

The day which followed was the same in which, as set forth in a preceding portion of this narrative, Mr. Moynehan the tax-gatherer, left home to dine at Castle Tobin. It was a

trying one to Godfrey, on more than one account. Not one of the inmates of the dwelling had tasted food since they arose, and at night the cries of the younger children rent the father's breast. To complete the dreariness and discomfort of the scene, the night was gusty and full of showers, and the sound of the inclement weather breaking against the doors and windows seemed to give promise of the destitution which awaited them when they should no longer own the shelter of a roof.

Emaciated even more by wasting thoughts than by the want of necessary food, the barber sat in the chair, which now but rarely held a customer, attending in silence (if he attended at all), to the consolatory expressions that were now and then addressed to him by his wife, and weaving vain conjectures on the future.

"Talk you of comfort?" he said, looking backward on the latter with a ghastly smile. "Have you the wallet ready, then? and the



wattle and tin can? and the slate and voster for Mortimer to study in the dyke on summer days, when we all sit down together by the roadside in the shade, away from the dust of the horses' feet and the carriage wheels, while we ask the gentlefolks for charity as they roll by? not forgetting the linen caps for the girls, and all the beggar's furniture? Have you all that ready, since you talk of comfort?"

"Even if it came to that," replied his wife, with a tone of slight severity mingled with affection, "I trust we all have resignation to endure it."

"It would be less a burthen to my mind," said the barber, "that you had asked me 'why I brought you to this misery?' rather than to hear you speak so kindly. And why, why did I do so? Why did I not leave you where I found you, happy and prosperous in your father's house?"

At this moment one of the younger children

which had crept from its pallet of straw, took Godfrey by the coat, and looking up with a pallid face and crying accent said:—

“Father, Ellen is hungry.”

If those who make themselves miserable about fancied evils, could know the pangs that rent the heart of O’Berne at this instant, it is probable they would look upon their own condition with a more contented eye. In the agony of his soul the unhappy man bent down his head, and half murmured between his teeth:—

“If the opportunity now were offered me again, I would not, I think, reject it.”

He had scarcely framed these words in his own mind, when the tramping of horse’s hoofs was heard approaching the door, and soon after a loud knocking with a whip handle made the panel echo through the house.

“Hollo! ho! ho! Who’s within? Open, I say! O’Berne where are you? Are your razors ready?”

“ They have got a new method of shaving,  
They have got a new method of shaving—  
Oh, I wouldn't lie under that razor,  
For all that lies under the sun.

“ O'Berne, I say! Godfrey, bring out the light!”

“ 'Tis Mr. Moynehan the tax-gatherer's voice,” said Mary.

“ And drunk,” added the barber.

“ May heaven forgive him!”

“ Why—O'Berne, I say! Are you asleep, or dead? Open! open the door!

“ Over the mountain and over the moor,  
Barefoot and wretched I wander forlorn,  
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,  
And I weep for the days that will never return.  
Pity, kind gentlefolks —

“ Come—come—barber, this is no joke.”

The door was opened, and Mr. Moynehan made his appearance, wrapped in a dark frieze travelling coat, which glistened with rain, as did the fresh and well-nurtured countenance of the owner. In one hand he held the bridle of his

horse, which seemed inclined to follow him into the house.

“How are you? how are you?” said the tax-gatherer, as he staggered forwards,—“no compliments at all at present, do you see? I’m come to stay the night with you, for ’tis rather late and windy.”

“You have chosen but a poor house for your lodging, sir,” said the barber.

“No matter for that; many a better fellow often slept in a worse. So that you find a dry corner for my horse, you may put myself any where, do you see?”

“Mortimer,” said the barber, “take the gentleman’s horse round to the little cow-house, and see him well rubbed for the night.”

“And hark you?” said the tax-gatherer, setting his arms “a-kimbo,” and endeavouring to keep his balance while he gazed on Mortimer, “before you do so, my young hero, give me that portmanteau that’s fastened behind the saddle. That’s right,” he added, as the boy

complied, "King George would have a crow to pluck with me if I let anything happen to them. And hark in your ear—another thing—I took more than a glass too much at Castle Tobin; no matter—a set of rogues—They have their reasons for tempting me to exceed."

"Mary," said the barber, "put the children to bed, and shut the door."

"Good night, Mrs. O'Berne—good night—And hark you—Mrs. O'Berne, I see you're shocked to see me as I am, but 'tis my weakness, that and a little tender heartedness about the making out of an inventory—I confess it—if an honest hospitable country gentleman, sends me, in a good-natured sort of way, a sack of corn for that poor animal abroad, and then omits all mention of his own neat riding nag, I haven't the heart to charge him with it. Good Mrs. O'Berne, I protest to you, there is not a single four-wheeled carriage, nor a gig, nor a riding horse in the whole neighbourhood of B——. Those are all phantoms that we

meet every day upon the roads—phantoms Madam—phantoms—I have the best authority for it—the word of the owners themselves—all ghosts of greyhounds—ghosts of pointers, ghosts of spaniels, terriers, servants, and all. Oh, Mrs. O'Berne, there's nothing in the island but ghosts and rogues! There's that attorney—no matter who—he's an honest fellow to be sure, and keeps a capital bottle of whiskey; he had the assurance last week, after putting blank—blank—blank—against horses, carriages, and servants, to turn about as he handed me the paper, and offer me a ride in his own curricule as far as the village. And I protest to you the ghost of a curricule carried us both uncommonly well. As for the great men of the county, I can't for the life of me tell how they manage with two hearths and six windows. There's a place that shall be nameless—I don't say 'tis Castle Tobin now, where I can count four-and-twenty windows as I ride up the avenue; but on entering I cannot persuade Tob—the owner I

mean, that it has more than quarter the number Assessed taxes ! assessed rogues and swindlers ! But good night, these things must not continue — Pray for me,—your prayers I think, are heard. As for that husband of yours—he deals in witchcraft.”

“Who, I?” cried the barber, starting from a fit of gloomy musing.

“Ha, ha, ha ! observe how he starts. Look at him, Mrs. O’Berne. I would not trust my life with that fellow across the street.”

Godfrey gathered his brows and looked darkly on the ground.

“Look at him,” continued the taxgatherer, laying his hand on Mrs. O’Berne’s arm, and pointing with the other to her husband, who, in an attitude of ghastly anger, looked backward in his face. “There are men who go through life straight, like the handle of my whip; and there are others that, like the lash, will take any crooked bend you give it. Look at him how he eyes the portmanteau !”

Again the barber started.

“Ha, ha! Come, come, O’Berne, I did but jest. You must learn to take a joke.”

Mrs. O’Berne retired, and the taxgatherer remained with her husband in the kitchen. During the foregoing conversation, a dreadful struggle had been taking place within the mind of the latter. The gold! Mr. Moynehan, in his random jest, had harped his thought aright. That portmanteau would secure his family for ever against all fear of indigence. Terrified by the workings of his own breast, and desirous to remove a temptation which he feared might grow too strong for his already flickering virtue, he approached the taxgatherer and said, with a hoarse and mournful energy of voice and manner :—

“Mr. Moynehan, it is as your friend I advise you to return home to night. There are evil minds abroad, hearts weakened by affliction, and unable to resist the deadly thoughts that want and melancholy whisper to them in the



silence of the night. Be wise, therefore, and return to your house at once."

"Return to my house!" cried the tax-gatherer, setting both his hands upon his sides, and looking on the barber with a stare of high defiance. "And who are you, sir, that order me to return to my house? I shall stay where I am, sir, and you may frown and grind your teeth as you will, sir, but I shall not be ordered off by you. And I will tell you more, I'll have myself shaved to night; so get your apparatus ready on the instant."

"To night!" said O'Berne, "pray do not say to night. It is already one o'clock."

But Mr. Moynehan, like many who have not a perfect possession of their reason, was obstinate. He insisted on being shaved, and took his seat in the centre of the room, while the barber, with trembling knees, and a mind shaken to its foundation by its own internal struggles, prepared the implements necessary to the task that was allotted him.

“These things must have an end, O’Berne,” the tax-gatherer resumed, as he loosened his neck-cloth and laid it on the back of the chair. “I cannot continue long to lead this life—’tis bad—’tis wicked—’tis unchristian. My good lady is for ever lecturing me about it, and I believe she’s right. I promised her this morning that this should be the last time I would ever dine from home again, and I am resolved to keep my word, I am resolved to——”

Here he began to grow drowsy as he sat, and continued nodding in his chair, while he spoke in interrupted sentences—

“Yes—she’s right—the women are right after all about these matters—they are more doc—do—docile—well—I’ll mend. She hinted that I might begin too late—but no—to-morrow morning will be time enough—to night it would be late indeed—Cas—Ca—Castle To—Tob—Tobin—farewell—I’ll mend—I’ll re—form—I’ll—I’ll—to morrow I’ll begin—I’ll——”

He dropped his head upon his breast and fell

fast asleep. The storm had now subsided, and the moon by fits, as on the preceding night, gleamed brightly on the earth. The barber opened the door, which looked into the orchard. The picture was one which might have made a spectator tremble, if there had been a spectator there. O'Berne, with his worn and haggard countenance, standing at the open door, and looking with wild eyes and ghastly teeth into the moonlit orchard. The tax-gatherer sleeping, with his neck-cloth laid aside, and his head hanging back in the profound repose of drunkenness—the hour late—the night favourable—and the instruments, which might as readily be made to serve the purposes of destruction as of utility, lying open on the barber's table. Let us close the scene upon this horrible tableau.

## CHAPTER X.

IN less than two hours after she had first retired to rest, the sleep of Mrs. O'Berne, which had been disturbed by frightful dreams, was altogether broken by the sound of a foot-step in her room. Looking up, she beheld her husband, with an end of candle lighted in his hand, looking pale and terrified. In answer to her question, he said, that the tax-gatherer had not yet retired to rest. She fell asleep again and did not wake till morning. Her husband then informed her, that Mr. Moynehan, notwithstanding all his persuasions, had insisted on leaving the house on the preceding night, and taking the road to his own residence, which was well known to be

infested by foot-pads. But he had good news also for her ear. Before leaving the house, he had lent him a sum which would be more than sufficient to re-establish them in all their former comfort. But this was to be kept a secret.

There was something in the manner of her husband, as he gave her this account, which perplexed and pained her. It was not gloomy, as before, but unequally and fitfully joyous. He laughed, and his laughter was broken by a spasmodic action of the frame, as if a searing iron had suddenly been applied to a part of it. Mrs. O'Berne now feared, from many things her husband said, that the unexpected generosity of the tax-gatherer might produce an effect as dangerous to her husband's mind as his previous poverty.

In the evening, while Mary sat musing on what had passed, her husband, who had gone out on business, suddenly entered the house with a hurried and agitated look.

“I was right,” said he “in warning Mr. Moynehan not to take that road last night.”

“Why so?”

“His horse was found this morning near the village, but without a rider.”

Mrs. O’Berne clasped her hands with a silent gesture of affright.

“I tell you truth—and there was blood upon the saddle-cloth—blood, Mary.”

“He was murdered, then?”

“Why so—who told you that? How do you know it?”

“What else does it look like? What else do they think of it?”

“Think! Oh, they think as you do—but it is all conjecture.”

“Let him have perished as he may,” said Mary, hurried onward by the dreadful tidings into an energy unusual to her disposition, “it is certain at least that he has perished. O fearful Providence! It was a heart of stone that took him in his fit of sin!”

“Be charitable, wife,” said the barber angrily.

“I should be so, indeed. I thank you for the counsel. If he was murdered, then, may heaven forgive his murderer!”

“Pray for him,” said the barber, “but not that way. Perhaps the wretch was crazed with want or hunger—perhaps he was strongly tempted—and that when ruin was threatening him on one side and the temptation assailed him on the other—and the opportunity—and the silence—and the night—perhaps he could not hold his hand—but what of that?—Our children shall not starve, at all events—I have the gold—the gold.”

And he laughed with a shocking levity.

“Yes, we have reason to rejoice,” replied his wife, with calmness—“but the widow—the poor widow! To night, while the wind is howling about her house, how lonesome is her heart, and low within her! They had one child, a boy; and she is often looking at him, now, and asking herself if the story can be

true—Oh, wretched man! Had he, who did the deed, no wife, no family, to care for, when he made a widow and an orphan at a blow? And all for a little dross!”

“Well—well,” said the barber, hurriedly, “perhaps he means to pay it back again as soon as he can, and to lay the bones in consecrated ground. What more can the poor wretch do now? Oh, wife, they say such money is easily earned, but he who did it knows better.”

“To night,” continued Mary, following up her own train of thought, “while the servants are whispering in the kitchen, she is lying on her bed, with the child close by her, and listening to every fresh account they bring her of her loss. To see a husband, or a wife, go calmly to their doom—to tend them in their last sickness—to read them holy lessons—to pray for them aloud when they are dying or when they are dead—that’s happiness to what she feels to night, although when you were



sick I thought it would be misery. She must not even know that he lies in holy ground.”

“But perhaps he shall in time. Let us talk no more of this, to-night at least.”

“Aye, Godfrey, it is best; blood will speak, if it should burst the grave for it.”

There was a cobbler in B———, who, like our barber, could scarcely obtain as many half-pence by his awl, as might procure him a sufficiency of the cheapest food. Yet, however he was enabled to procure the means, the fellow was a habitual drunkard. It was his practice when intoxicated, to take his post at the village cross, and, putting his hands under his leather apron, to commence a string of vociferous abuse against all the inhabitants of the place, without exception. The out-pouring usually continued five or six hours without intermission, from exordium to peroration, greatly to the scandal of the regular inhabitants, and to the entertainment of the little urchins of the place who gathered round him in a circle, in order to chorus his monologue

with their shrill hurras. Yet, at other times, the unfortunate wretch could be as decent and well conducted as any individual in the place, and he might have been, as the world goes, an estimable character, if the fascination of strong drink had not an influence over him which it appeared almost impossible for him to resist.

Within a fortnight after the occurrence just related, it happened that this cobbler was sitting at work in his miserable hut, and singing, as he made his lap-stone ring, when he was surprised to see the barber cross his threshold. The latter having closed the door behind him, and shoved in the bolt, approached the man of patches with a serious countenance.

“Shanahan,” said he, “I have something serious to say to you, and it may be for your advantage, provided you promise to keep it secret.”

“Sacret, Mr. O’Berne? As to keepin’ a sacret, providin’ its nothin’ agin law or conscience, I’ll keep a sacret with any man brathin’, though ’tis I says it, that oughtn’t.”

“ It is not against law or conscience. Listen then. For three nights successively, within the last fortnight, I dreamed of money in a certain place that I will name to you, provided you promise to assist me in obtaining it.”

“ Assist you ! I’ll engage I will so, an’ welcome. An’ is this what you call something serious to say to me ? Now I call it something pleasant—an’ joyful—an’ delightful !” exclaimed the cobbler, springing from his seat, as he completed the climax.—“ Come away, an’ let us lay hands on it at once.”

“ No—no—” said the barber, “ not so fast. The search must be made at night. I will call on you myself about eleven o’clock, and be ready to come with me. I have not even mentioned it to my wife, for fear she might have some scruples about using the money. The spot is not far distant, though lonesome enough. I will tell you where it is when I come at night.”

O’Berne was true to his appointment ; and on this night it was, that in the presence of the cobbler, he dug up in a lonesome ruin, within less

than a quarter of a mile of the village, that treasure, for the possession of which he had accounted to his wife in a very different manner. A moderate portion of the prize easily bribed the cobbler to keep silence, until it should suit O'Berne's convenience to call on him to give testimony of the manner in which he had obtained the money.

Soon after, the barber and his family left the neighbourhood of B——, where they were not heard again of for more than a score of years.

## CHAPTER XI.

YOUNG Edmund Moynehan was brought up with all the care that could possibly be bestowed on the education of a child. He was carefully preserved, in his early years, from all access of superstition. He heard none of those garrulous tales which too often haunt the nursery, and bespeak future victims to weakness of mind, almost in the very cradle. In the mean time, the true spirit of religion was deeply impressed upon his heart; and his practice was the more fervent in proportion as it was more enlightened. He grew apace, and in time inherited the office which had proved so fatal to his father. He exercised it, however, in a very different manner. He took no bribes, and he allowed no false returns. The astonishment which such a line

of conduct excited about B——— was proportioned to the novelty of the provocation. Almost every tax-payer joined in abuse of Edmund Moynehan. Many called him a mean, exact, prying fellow ; and a few of the more fiery gentry even talked of “calling him out ;” but he did not alter his course, and they found themselves under the necessity of being as exact as himself. In all other respects, he was what his father had been in his earlier and happier days.

He had reached his three and twentieth year without meeting any adventure out of the ordinary course of rural life, in the rank in which he moved. He yet retained a strong recollection of his parent, and he felt, without the least emotion of revenge, a strong desire to investigate the mystery of his disappearance.

One evening he was standing at the window of the small parlour which looked out (for he now occupied the dwelling first owned by his father,) on the waters of the Shannon. Although

the sun shone bright, a westerly gale drove fiercely along the surface of the stream, and confined the fishing craft to their moorings by the windward beach. The narrow-pinioned fishers hovering above the broken waves, by their screams and rapid motion added much to the interest of the scene. Occasionally a bulky cormorant flew with outstretched neck along the surface of the bay, while the pleasure boat (which Moynehan sometimes used in his days of leisure), tossed and tugged at her anchor by the shore.

Living, notwithstanding his occupation, in comparative solitude, with few objects to interest his thoughts in any remarkable degree, it is not surprising that young Moynehan often dwelt with undiminished interest upon the mystery of his father's fate. That violence, and human violence, had been employed in his destruction, he entertained no doubt. Of greater enterprize and firmness than his father had been, he only wanted footing for the inquiry, and the total

absence of this was what often lay heavy at his heart.

A portrait of his father, rudely finished, yet with sufficient resemblance to correspond with his recollection of the original, was suspended against the wall. Oppressed with the reflections which crowded on his mind, as he gazed on the familiar features, he left the house and hurried to the strand, where he paced for some time in silence along the margin of the water. His boatman was employed in repairing the keel of a small skiff, which was used as a kind of tender on the pleasure boat. Near him, Rick Lillis, grown grey with years, and somewhat bowed by care, was leaning against a huge block of stone, and observing the boatman at work.

“The young mather looks as if he was put out a little,” said the boatman.

“Ah, little admiration he should,” replied the old herdsman, “It is fourteen years and better now since we lost the ould one. Many’s the time since I repented that I didn’t go with him



that night, or make him go with me. But when a man's hour's come they say the world wouldn't put it off. I might well know them hills were no place for any one to be thravelling at night, let alone such a night as that; but he wouldn't be said by me. I hard of a thing happening among them hills before, that was enough to make any body look about him before he'd venture among 'em late at night."

"What was that?"

"I'll tell you. You know Jerry Lacey, the pedler, that used to go through the counthry formerly sellin' ribbons, an' rings, an' snuff-boxes, an' things that way, at the great houses an' places along the road?"

"You mean him that has a shop now over-right where O'Berne the barber lived formerly at B——?"

"I do—the very man. He was thravellin' from Cork, an' he took the conthrary way through the same mountains that my mather (rest his sowl!) an' myself went that night.

Well, if he did, it come late upon him, an' he turned off the road, thinkin' to make a short cut, an' he lost his way in the mountains, an' it was midnight before he met a human christian, or one ha'p'orth. 'What'll become o' me at all, I wondher,' says Jerry; 'twas the misforthin' hour I ever turned off o' you, for one road,' says he. Well, on he went, an' in place o' comin' to any place, 'tis lonesomer an' lonesomer the road was gettin' upon him, till at last he hard a *nize*, as it were, o' somebody hammerin' at a little distance. So he med towards the *nize*. Well, 'tisn't long till he come to a little lonesome cabin without e'er a windy in front, and a rish light burnin' within, an' the doore half open, an' the ugliest man ever you see sittin' upon a stool in the middle of the floore, and he havin' a tinker's anvil on his lap, an' he makin' sauce-pans.

“ ‘ Bless all here,’ says Jerry, pushing in the door.

“ The little man med him no answer, only

looked up sthraight in his face, an' tould him to come in an' shet the doore.

“ ‘An' what do you want now?’ says the little tinker, when Jerry done what he bid him.

“ ‘Shelther, then, for the night, plase your lordship,’ says Jerry, thinkin' it betther to be civil.

“ ‘Take a sate by the fire,’ says the tinker, ‘an' we'll see what's to be done.’

“ ‘That your reverence may lose nothin' by it,’ says Jerry, dhrawin' a chair. ‘Them that give the sthranger shelther in this world, won't be left without it themselves in the next.’

“ Well, there they sat. There was a pot boiling over the fire, an' it had a smell o' mait, which, I'll be bail, Jerry wasn't sorry to find. So afther a while, the tinker went out, as he said, to dig a handful o' pzaties to have with the mait, an' tould Jerry for his life not to touch one ha'p'orth about the place, an' above all things, not to look into the pot, for if he'd daar do it,

the mutton 'ud be spiled. Well, hardly was he outside the doore, when Jerry was a'most ready to faint, wantin' to know what was in the pot. So as there was ne'er a windee, and the doore fast shet, he thought he'd take one dawny peep. 'Never welcome himself an' his pot,' says Jerry, 'if he hadn't to say any thing about it, sure I wouldn't care one bane what was in it. I'm kilt from it, for a pot,' says he, 'fixin' his two eyes upon it. I won't look at it at all at all,' says he, ' 'tis up at the dhresser I'll look, an' I'll whistle the Humours o' Glin, an' who knows but I'd shkame away the thoughts of it till himself 'ud come in.' So he turned his back to the fire, and began whistling. ' 'Tis bilin' greatly, whatsoever it is,' says he by an' by. 'Ah sure what hurt is there in one peep? How will he ever find it out? A likely story indeed, that the mutton 'ud be spiled by one look. He's an ould rogue, that's what he is, an' I'll have a peep in spite o' the Danes.' So he went to the fire-side, and he *ruz* the lid. There was a great

steam, an' the wather bilin' tantivy. "I'm in dhread o' my life," says Jerry. "What'll I do at all, if he pins me in the fact? No matter, here goes any way," an' he stuck down a flesh-fork into the wather. Well, I'll go bail he opened his eyes wide enough, when he drew up upon the points o' the fork a collop of a man's hand ——"

"Eyeh, Rick, howl!"

"I'm only tellin' you the story as I hard it myself. Sure I wasn't by."

"Do you mane to persuade me a thing o' that kind ever happened?"

"Can't you hear my story? what do I know only as I hear? 'Well,' says Jerry, an' he lookin' at his prize, 'here's a state,' says he; 'here's purty work; what in the world will become o' me, now at all,' says he, 'I'll let down the pot-lid any way.'

"Well, hardly all was right, when the tinker come in.

"'Did you look in the pot?' says he.

“ ‘ Oh, my lord,’ says Jerry, ‘ what for ’ud I be lookin’ in it ? ’

“ ‘ Are you hungry ? ’

“ ‘ Not much, my lord.’

“ ‘ Will you take a cup o’ the broth ? ’

“ Well, Jerry thought he’d dhrop, when he hard him axin’ him to take a cup o’ the broth.

“ ‘ Not any, we’re obleest to your reverence,’ says he, bowin’ very polite.

“ ‘ What’ll you do then ? ’ says the tinker.

“ ‘ I’ll stay as I am, with your lordship’s good will.’

“ ‘ There’s a bed within, in the room, there ; may-be you like to take a stretch on it ? ’

“ ‘ Why then, I believe I will, plase your reverence,’ says Jerry, ‘ as I’m tired.’

“ So he took his pack, an’ away with him into the room, as if he was walkin’ into the mouth of a tiger. He didn’t like to go to bed, although there was the nicest bedstead in a corner, with white dimity curtains, an’ a fine soft tick, an’ the room nately boarded, an’ soundin’ as if there

was a kitchen under it. So he rowled himself in his great coat, an' sat down in a corner waitin' to see what 'ud happen, bein' in dhread he'd fall asleep, if he sthretched upon the bed. The moon was shinin' in the windee, when about twelve o'clock, as sure as you're standin' there, he tould my father, he seen the bed sinkin' in the ground. Oh, his heart was below in his shoe! 'Wasn't it the good thought o' me,' says he, 'not to go to bed? I declare to my heart,' says he, 'I'll make a race while he's below!' So out he started, an' I'll engage 'tis long till he was caught goin' through the mountains at night again."

"Dear knows, that's a wondherful story," said the boatman. "But asy! what boat is that, I wondher, runnin' in for the little creek? Some *jot*, or another, maybe dhruv in by the wind, an' she comin' in from Cove."

On nearer approach, however, the vessel seemed too small to answer this conjecture. She was a little cutter, of about ten or twelve tons

burthen, with snow white sails, close-reefed, and drenched to the peak with spray. Casting anchor near the shore, a small boat was lowered from the stern, into which two persons entered, and proceeded to land. On reaching the shore, one left the boat, while the other, pushing off into the breakers, which even here ran high, returned to the cutter. The stranger, who remained, was a man deeply "declined into the vale of years," wrapped in an old plaid cloak, and wearing a cap of seal-skin. He stooped much, and walked with so much difficulty, that but for a stick, on which he leaned, it would have been impossible for him to have maintained his upright position. Perceiving him about to take the road leading to the interior, young Moynehan approached, and politely asked him to his house for the night, as it was usual to do with any stranger who travelled in these lonely districts. The only inn, he informed him, at which he could obtain accommodation, was at such a distance that it



would fatigue him extremely to reach it on foot that day. The same accommodation he offered for his boatman.

There was in the stranger's manner of accepting the courtesy, an air of deep humility and deprecation, that indicated habitual suffering. He trembled like one in a fit of palsy, and bowed low, supporting himself by grasping his stick with both hands, while he murmured forth his thanks. The same deep gratitude he showed for every trivial attention that was paid him on his entering the house. It seemed as if he thought the humblest attitude he could assume was far above his pretensions, and no exertions that either the widow or her son could make, were sufficient to draw him into free and unembarrassed conversation throughout the evening. He sat as far apart as possible from every individual that was present, bowed with the utmost respect at every word that was addressed to him, as if it were a favour of the last importance. Two or three times, Edmund Moynehan saw,

or fancied he saw, the eyes of the stranger rest upon his features with an expression of inquiry, which, however, instantly disappeared as soon their glances met. After Mrs. Moynehan had retired for the night, he endeavoured to lead their guest into more familiar dialogue, and to invite him to confidence, by showing him an example.

“You must excuse my mother’s retiring so early,” said Edmund, “she always does so, since my father’s death. We are rather a lonely family at present.”

“Indeed, Sir?” said the stranger with a smile.

“You are probably new to this country?” asked Edmund.

“Indeed Sir, much the same. It is now so long since I left it, that I may well be called a stranger.”

“Ah, then it is not likely that you are acquainted with our misfortune. I never like, of course, to allude to it, in the presence of my

mother, but now that she is gone, it may furnish you with some kind of apology for the sorry entertainment you have met to-night."

The stranger bowed low, but made no reply, and Edmund (who loved to talk of his father's unaccountable disappearance), gave him a full detail of all the circumstances respecting it, which had come to his own knowledge. The stranger seemed to listen with the deepest interest, but like one who was habituated to feelings of a still deeper kind than any which the narrative was calculated to excite, in the mind of an uninterested person.

"There are few circumstances attending my father's death," said Edmund, "supposing him to have perished, and indeed it would be idle to think otherwise, which are to my mind so painful as its suddenness. Even at this distance of time, and with my slight remembrance of my father, it is surprising to myself what slight circumstances will bring his fate, in all its force, upon my mind. The other day, I happened to

be present in the cottage of a tenant, who lay in his death-sickness, endeavouring with all the power of his heart and mind, to review and anticipate the coming judgment on the whole. When I saw him piously receiving the rites of his religion, and dying at last amid the audible prayers of his family, how keenly did the thought of my father's murder penetrate my soul, when I compared it with this peaceful parting !”

Edmund paused, but the stranger made no remark.

“Still,” continued Edmund, “I would not exchange his lot with that of his murderer.”

“No, no—oh, no,” replied the stranger.

“To be sure,” said Edmund, “I can but guess what the remorse attending such a crime should be, but even from conjecture, I wonder how a human being could prefer the custody of such a torturing secret, even to detection and ignominy.”

“Hanging,” said the stranger, “is such a horrid death.”

“But can it, short as the anguish is, be anything so horrible as the remorse for such a deed?”

“Oh, no, I said not that,” replied the stranger, “for sure I am—at least I think—that were the innocent truly to know what it is to feel remorse, they would never steep their hands in crime. But they know nothing of it—books—legends—all are painted flame to the fire of genuine remorse in a bosom that is capable of feeling it.”

“If such be your opinion,” said Edmund, “how do you account for the apparent indifference in which many live who are known to have perpetrated the most appalling crimes?”

“I know not,” said the stranger; “that such is the fact appears indisputable, but I cannot account for it on natural reasons. Yet dreadful as it is to feel remorse, so far at least as one may

guess, to do nothing but tremble for the future, and nothing but shudder at the past ; to lie on a restless bed and find no comfort in the daylight, nor in the sight of friends' faces, or the hearing of familiar conversation ; I should still prefer remorse in its most poignant form, to the dreadful insensibility that you describe."

" You, then," said Edmund, " would not be one of those who prefer remorse to reparation ? "

" How can I answer you ? " replied the stranger. " Death, certain death is a thing so terrible to contemplate with a steady eye."

" It would appear indeed," said Edmund, " as if there were persons who could find it easier to inflict than to endure it."

At this moment the stranger, who scarcely seemed to be in health during the whole conversation, complained of fatigue, and expressed a wish to go to rest. Edmund ordered a light, and the servant went before to prepare the room.

" There's no sin, I hope, Sir," said the old

man, turning round with difficulty as he slowly walked towards the chamber door ; “ There’s no sin after all, I hope, that may not meet forgiveness. Even you, Sir, I am sure, could forgive the man who has injured you so nearly, provided he were humbly to beg forgiveness at your feet. How much more reasonably might he hope for mercy at its very source ? ”

“ The difference is essential,” answered Edmund. “ I am far from feeling personal resentment against the author of my father’s death. I do not mean to boast that I am free from even the first impulses of passions that are common to our nature, but as there are pangs that pierce too deep for tears—as there is bliss too exquisite for laughter—so also there are injuries that in their very magnitude exclude all thought of self-redress—that in a peculiar manner seem to make vengeance (as sure it is in every case) an usurpation of the divine prerogative.”

The stranger retired, and Edmund soon after

followed his example. He had not yet, however, closed his eyes, when the door opened, and a head was protruded into the apartment. It was that of old Rick Lillis.

“ Whist ! Mистер Edmund ! ”

“ Well, Rick ? ”

“ Are you asleep, Sir ? ”

“ How could I answer your call if I were ? ”

“ Sure enough, Sir,” said Rick, coming in and closing the door behind him. “ Do you know that sthrange jettleman, Sir ? ”

“ Not I. Do *you* know anything of him ? ”

“ Oh, no, Sir, only I just stepped in to mention a dhroll thing I seen him doing that surprised me ”

“ Doing ? When ? Is he not in his room ? ”

“ He was, Sir, an’ I seen the candle shinin’ there when I was walkin’ down the lawn to go home for the night, but of a sudden it moved, an’ out it come to the parlour. “ I declare to my heart,” says I, “ I’ll go back an’ see what that lad wants out in the parlour again. So I



crep up to the windee, an' I jest tuk off my hat this way an' peeped in, and sure there I seen him plain enough. An' what do you think was he doin,' Sir?"

"How can I tell?"

"Sure enough. Well, he had the candle ruz up in his hand, an' he viewin' the pecthur—your poor father's pecthur that was—again the wall, an' if he did, afther viewin' it all over, he med towards the table, an' down he sat, an' covered his face this way with his two hands for as good as a quarter of an hour; an' when he done thinkin', or whatsomever he was doin', he ruz up again an' tuk out a little pocket book an' wrote something; but, just at that moment, it so happened that I hot the pane o' glass with the lafe o' my hat unknownst, an' he started like a little robineen, which I did also, an' run for the bare life, round by the haggart an' in the kitchen doore in dhread o' my life he'd ketch me. An' that's my story."

"It is curious," said Moynehan. "Were

you able to learn from his boatman who they were ? ”

“ Not a word, Sir. Many an offer I med, but it's no use for me.”

On the following morning, to the astonishment of all the family, the stranger was nowhere to be found. The bed appeared as if it had been slept in, but there was no other trace remaining of their visitor. All inquiry was vain ; and they ceased at length to speak of what had taken place.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHAT was more singular, the manner of the stranger's disappearance was as much a secret to himself as to any body else. He had gone to rest on the preceding night in the bed which was assigned to him, nor did he wake till after sunrise on the following morning. What then was his astonishment and terror to find himself fully dressed, wrapped in his cloak, and lying in a meadow on the roadside, within more than a mile from the river, and in sight of the village of B——— ! Ashamed, however, to return to his hostess and her son, after so singular an adventure, and not knowing how he could obtain credit for the truth, he pursued his way without interruption.

It happened in a few months after, that Edmund Moynehan returning late from a journey, called into Rath Danaher, where he was acquainted. In the course of the evening, the conversation turned upon a report then prevalent about B———, respecting a “haunted house” in the outskirts of the place, which had once, they said, been tenanted by a barber of the name of O’Berne, but in consequence of having got an ill-name, had for a long time continued uninhabited. The barber and his wife, they understood, had died abroad, but, more than once of late, strange noises had been heard about the place at night, and one person in particular distinctly averred that he had seen the ghost of the barber himself, with a light in his hand, going through all his professional evolutions as if attending and entertaining customers. One or two, they said, on the strength of this report, had had the courage to sit up alone at night to question the phantom, but in vain, for they had neither seen nor heard any thing supernatural.

So highly was Edmund's curiosity excited by this account, that he immediately formed the resolution to watch with Lillis for the appearance of the phantom. The moment he announced this determination, he became, as may be supposed, the hero of the company. All crowded about him describing the fearful nature of the sounds which had been heard, and advising him to give up the idea as rash and foolish. At one time, they said, steps as of hoofs iron-shod were heard resounding through the house ; at another, whispers and sighs were audibly breathed in the very face of the listener ; while at other times, a heavy pace was heard descending the stairs, and at every landing place a leap that shook the walls to their foundation and made every door upon that story fly open as if burst by lightning.

It may be easily supposed that, of the two, Rick Lillis was not the more desirous to put this audacious experiment in execution. He was encouraged, however, on understanding that the boatman was to be of the party. On the

following evening, the three set out together to the barber's house. The night was falling fast, but a bright crescent supplied the place of the declining day-light. The barber's house had all the appearance of a long deserted tenement. The windows were broken, the shutters shut, the little flower-plots overgrown with weeds, and the wood-work of the building crushed and worm-eaten. On entering the house, Rick and the boatman proceeded to make two large fires, one for themselves in an inner room, the other for Edmund Moynehan, in that which had heretofore served the purpose of a kitchen. In each there was a table laid with lights and materials for supper. In what had been the kitchen young Moynehan remained alone, having given directions to his two attendants, whatever they might see or hear, not to intrude on him uncalled. As this was the chamber which had especially the fame of being "haunted," Rick felt no inclination whatever to dispute his commands, and would even have been better pleased that the prohibition had been wholly unconditional.

Night had long fallen, and the two fellow-servants, encouraged by the absence of any thing which could give countenance to the awful rumours they had heard, began to converse with freedom, while they laid hands on the cheer which had been laid before them. Rick, in the meantime, exerted all his eloquence and all his ghostly lore in labouring to shake the obstinate incredulity of his companion, who could and would admit no possibility of the truth of such a rumour.

“Tell me,” he said, at last, in indignation, “if you were to see it yourself would you believe it?”

“I would.”

“’Tis a wondher. An’ you won’t believe other people when they sees it. Don’t they say many a time, that if a man buries money, or if he didn’t pay his debts before he died, or wronged any body, he’ll be troubled that way, an’ risin’ ever an’ always till ——”

He paused, for at this moment a noise was heard at the door of the room in which they

sat. It opened, and a sight appeared which froze the very heart of Rick, and even appalled for a time the incredulous mind of the boatman. A figure wearing a barber's apron, and bearing in its hands a basin and other professional implements, was seen distinctly to advance into the lighted room, and slowly moved towards where the watchers sat. Rick muttered a fervent ejaculation.

"I'll spake to it," said the boatman.

"A' Tim, eroo! Tim a-vourneen!"

"Do you mind his eyes?" said Tim.

"Blazin' like two coals o' fire," said Rick.

"A' Tim, what'll become of us!—Oh, wisha, wisha!"

"I'll spake to it," said Tim.

"A' Tim, don't asthore! The less you say to it the better, till the third time of it comin', an' if I wait for the third time, I'll give you lave to say my name isn't Rick Lillis."

The figure passed slowly by, and into the



room in which young Moynehan sat. While this event proceeded, the latter was occupied with thoughts of an absorbing kind. The loneliness of the place, and the purpose for which he had come thither, threw him naturally into a mood of melancholy reflection, and his thoughts gradually fixed themselves upon his father's story, which always occupied the deepest place in his mind. He regretted extremely that he had not taken greater pains to search after their strange guest, whose conduct respecting the portrait, together with his unceremonious departure, had indicated something more than an accidental interest. While he pursued these thoughts, the door of the inner room was, opened and it required all his presence of mind to enable him to maintain his resolution. The barber's ghost was there indeed before his eyes! One glance, however, at the old man's countenance was sufficient to re-assure him, while at the same time it touched as if with an electric tangent the deepest feelings

of his nature. The figure, differing only in attire, was that of the old man to whom they had given a night's lodging a short time before!

Edmund paused; he held his very breath with caution, while the figure, with dreamy eyes, and measured thoughtful action, set about the task which he seemed to have in hand. His motion, however, although soft, was not so noiseless as to intimate the presence of a spiritual being. He laid aside the basin, took out a razor which appeared covered with rust, and seemed to whet it for some moments. He then paused for a long time, and seemed to suffer under the infliction of some excruciating doubt.

“Thou shalt not steal!”—he said in a whisper—“that's true! But must our children perish?”

He paused, and Edmund lent his whole mind to listen.

“Mary!” continued the barber, “lay by that prayer book, and attend to me, Mary, I say! True—true! she is asleep—they are all

asleep but he and I. Who'll find it out?  
None—none—there is no fear.”

Here he set a chair and seemed as if watching the movements of another person.

“Honesty?” said he, still speaking in broken whispers, “what’s that? Is it justice? That my babes should starve while he—besides—’tis public—the public money—a mere grain—a drop—Oh! all the gold! what a heap! what a heap of gold! Here’s riches! Where’s the evil! ’Tis nothing to the state, and we shall never want again.”

It then suddenly appeared as if his thoughts had taken a wholly new direction, for he put on a hurried manner, and exclaimed with great rapidity, but yet in whispered accents—

“What’s to be done?—He wakes! He will search the house and all will be discovered. I know it—the pear-tree in the orchard—Is it locked again, and the stones as heavy as the gold?—Thief?—hark! Who calls me thief?”

Here he shrunk upon himself with so much

terror as to contract his figure to nearly half its usual height. "Oh, yes—all that is past! I can no longer look them in the face." Again his manner changed, and, sinking on his knees, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, as if arrested by some object of rivetting interest. "Who has done this?" he said in a whisper. "Quite stiff and cold! and the portmanteau gone! Oh, misery! what a night! how ill begun, and ended immeasurably worse—let him lie there awhile—we'll find a time to bury it. But the gold! yes! yes!—the gold! the gold! the gold! We are safe at last—our children shall not starve."

Here he held up his hands as if in exultation, and burst into a loud and lengthened fit of laughter, while he hugged his arms close, as if they held a treasure, and his countenance was convulsed between extreme delight and biting agony. After a little time, he started as if some new thought had struck him.

“ The razor—” he said “ the razor—where did I leave it ? ”

Edmund, however, had secured what he now considered the dumb but fatal witness of its owner's guilt. The distress of the sleeper seemed extreme at not finding it, but again his thoughts appeared to run into a new direction, and after muttering something more about the orchard and the pear-tree, he advanced to the kitchen door and opened it. Edmund quickly followed, but the door was fast before he reached, nor could all his strength or dexterity avail to open it. Conceiving the quantity of evidence hardly sufficient to take any decided step upon the instant, he waited until morning, when he hastened to lay the whole before a neighbouring magistrate. It was determined, in order, by the number of witnesses, to add as much as possible to the evidence already procured, to watch for another night in the deserted house, in the expectation

of a second ghostly visit from its former owner. The police supplied by the magistrate were stationed in the garden, while Edmund, now without light or fire, awaited, in a secret corner of the kitchen, the appearance of him whom he strongly suspected to be his father's murderer. He was not disappointed. About midnight the barber came, but not, as on the preceding night, a walking sleeper. He entered wide awake—wrapt in his cloak, and followed by a man whom Edmund easily recognised as the boatman who had spent the night with him at their house.

“You shall be well rewarded,” said the barber, “but be secret. I will show you where the body lies that I told you of—but remember there are the deepest reasons for keeping secret the whole story of my friend's death, and though I wish to have him laid in holy ground, it would be evil and not good to have it talked of.”

“ Never fear,” said the boatman, “ only show the spot.”

The barber accordingly led the way to the garden. Edmund followed to the pear-tree, at the root of which they dug up the soil, setting their spades in the direction indicated by the old man. In a short time he saw them raise from the earth the bones of a human figure, which they placed in a linen cloth upon the ground. Closing in the grave, they took the cloth between them, and were in the act of retiring from the orchard, when Edmund advanced upon the path before them and commanded them to halt.

“ Who’s there ? ” exclaimed the barber.

“ The son of your victim,” answered Edmund ; “ of him whom you murdered with this razor, and whose bones you are conveying hence—you are our prisoner.”

The barber had scarcely heard these words when he sunk, overpowered by terror, at the

feet of his accuser. The assistant, affrighted at what was said, was about to fly, when he was intercepted by the magistrate's police, who brought the whole party before that functionary on the following morning. The latter, having heard the whole of the circumstances, was about to issue a warrant of committal, when the barber, who had not said a word in his own defence during the whole of the proceedings, requested at length to be heard in explanation. His wish was instantly complied with, and the deepest silence and attention prevailed while he spoke as follows :—

“ It will surprise you, Mr. Magistrate, and you, Mr. Moynehan, to learn, that notwithstanding all this weight of circumstance, I am not guilty of the offence with which you charge me. When I have proved my innocence, as I shall do, my case will furnish a strong instance of the fallibility of any evidence that is indirect in a case where human life is interested. All the circumstances are true—my extreme neces-



sity—his midnight visit to my house—his disappearance on that night, accompanied by signs of violence—my subsequent increase of wealth—and the seeming revelation of my walking dream, as overheard by Mr. Moynehan—and yet I am not guilty of this crime. If you will have patience to listen, I will tell you how far my guilt extended, and where it stopt.”

He then detailed the circumstances preceding the nocturnal visit of the deceased tax-gatherer, disguising nothing of his poverty, nor of the many temptations by which he was beset.

“ Still,” said he, “ I tell you a simple truth when I assert that during the whole time of this visit, while he lay sleeping in the chair, and while I held the razor in my hand, so shocking a thought as that of taking a fellow-creature’s life never once, even for an instant, crossed my mind. But there was another temptation which *did* suggest itself, and to which I did give way. The portmanteau, containing the money, lay on a chair near the window—he slept profoundly

—I took the key from his pocket—I removed the money, which was chiefly in gold and silver, and filling the two bags in which it was contained with small pebbles of about an equal weight, I replaced the portmanteau as it was before. I then awoke him with difficulty, and fearful of being discovered if he remained till morning, persuaded him to resume his journey.

“He had scarcely left the house when I found myself seized with an unaccountable terror at the idea of detection and ignominy. Accordingly, abstracting from the sum a few pieces of silver for present uses, I made fast the remainder in a bag, and hurried out into the air uncertain whither to direct my steps. I ran across the neighbouring fields with the design of seeking out some place of concealment for my treasure. An old ruin within a short distance of the village suggested itself as a favourable spot for my design, and thither accordingly I hastened. In an obscure corner of the building I deposited the money, and returned to my own

house with a mind distracted by anxiety and remorse.

“ On my way home, I heard voices, and the sound of horses’ feet, in a field upon my right. I listened, and the words I caught seemed to be those of people who were exercising and leaping horses. Soon after, a horse without a rider left the field at full gallop. The sounds ceased, and in a short time I saw two horsemen galloping from the place. Strange as it may seem, I have the proof of what I am about to state, and let it warn you, Sir, and all who are in power, to weigh well the grounds on which they decide the guilt or innocence of the wretches whom they judge. I entered the field, and found there, lying at a short distance from the ditch, the body of the tax-collector, newly dead, with a dreadful wound upon the head, and the port-manteau gone! My first impulse—I know not therefore—was to conceal the work of murder. Favoured by the night, which still continued stormy, I conveyed the body to my own orchard,

where I gave it temporary interment in the spot from which I was last night detected in the act of seeing it removed. It would be vain to tell what poignancy this dreadful addition to the terrors of the night imparted to my remorse. I felt almost as if I had been myself the author of his destruction, and the apparent certainty, likewise, that the detection of the crime which I *had* committed, would be sufficient to convict me also in the eyes of all judges of that which I had *not*, made my life one protracted thought of fear and misery."

Here the barber related, with feelings of the deepest shame, the device which he had adopted of digging up the treasure in the presence of the cobbler, in order to throw a veil over the real origin of his new prosperity.

"Still," said he, "I could not be at rest amid the scenes which continually reminded me of that terrible event. The consciousness of meanness joined to guilt added the poignancy of self-contempt to the deeper anguish of remorse.

I left the country, and sought refuge in change of scene from my fears and my remembrances.

“ But it was in vain. I could not find repose, for I carried my violated conscience still about me. Every new article I purchased for the use of my family—every fresh morsel of food that I lifted to my lips, seemed like a new and aggravated theft. I would at this time have given the whole world for a friend to whom I could confide the secret that destroyed me. I thought of making a full disclosure to my wife, but she was far too good and holy to be the depository of such a confidence.

“ I entered into trade, and was successful, and in my success, for a time, I lost something of my inward agony. I will not weary you, gentlemen, by a long detail of the means by which I became acquainted with the names of the real perpetrators of the more heinous offence. They were two persons who dined in company with Mr. Moynehan at Castle Tobin, on the evening previous to his disappearance. One died in

Ireland soon after the occurrence—the other, William Cusack (commonly called Buffer), died abroad, and left this written confession of their common guilt, which I obtained as you shall hear.

“The hand of Providence began to press upon my house. One member after another of my family dropped into the grave, until I remained alone in the world with my remorse for a companion. Misfortune humbled me—I sought relief at length at the right source, and revealed the whole to a clergyman who attended me in a dangerous illness. It was through his means that document came into my possession—and it is in fulfilment of his injunction that I have now come to make restitution of the money which I have so long retained.”

Strange as the barber's defence appeared to Edmund and the magistrate, it was fully substantiated in the sequel by the testimony of the clergyman who had placed the confession, for his security, in the hands of O'Berne. The mode of his detection by Edmund Moynehan

relieved the barber from an apprehension which had long sat next to his remorse upon his mind. This was the fancy that he had been haunted by an evil spirit who disturbed him in his sleep, and had on one occasion engaged him in a fatal compact. It now appeared that himself, in his somnambulism, had performed all those feats which had so much perplexed him, and that his midnight excursion to the fir-grove was but a dream to which he never would have paid attention, but for the corroboration afforded to it, by the other mysterious occurrences. There was no prosecution instituted on the minor offence, and the barber continued long after to lead a penitential life in the neighbourhood. The house, however, has long been razed (as we have already mentioned) to the earth, and it is legend alone that preserves the memory of its situation amongst the neighbouring villagers.

## THE GREAT HOUSE.

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— Stan' out, my skin !  
I dinner'd wi' a lord !

BURNS.

“ MOLLY ! Molly, I tell you ! ”

“ Who's there ? ”

“ A' Molly, eroo, open the doore. ”

“ Who's there, again ? ”

“ What *who's there*, woman ! 'Tis I that's there. What talks it is ! ”

“ O dear ! O dear, mather Pether, is it you ? Stay a minute, until I'll light a rish, an' I'll let you in this instant. O dear ! dear ! ”

The foregoing dialogue passed between Peter Guerin, lately a “ daleing man ” in our village, who was looked up to as one of our principal citizens, and his solitary domestic, Molly



Hagerty. Peter was one of those quiet, contented characters, who feel no desire to move a step out of the course which has been traced out for them from childhood. His father and grandfather tenanted the small house and shop which remained in his possession during his life, but are now among the "ruins" of the place. The family succeeded each other, as wave follows wave, each pursuing in turn the same unvaried course, and passing away without leaving mark or sign behind it. For the last forty years, winter and summer, with the exception of a few occasional fits of illness, has Peter Guerin been observed every morning (as regular as the six o'clock bell summoned the labourers to their work at the neighbouring "Great House") taking down the shuts from his shop-window, and arranging his humble store of merchandise for the traffic of the day. Peter may be very ignorant, but more might be said for him than for many who are very learned. He has his own round of duties which he performs with the exactness of a soldier. He

never yet was missed out of the right corner of his pew at chapel on a Sunday, except in case of serious illness aforesaid; there never was a collection at the doors to which Peter did not contribute his halfpenny; at Easter and Christmas his half-crown is amongst the first presented to his parish priest, and the like sum he patriotically disburses once a year "to keep O'Connell going." Peter never was seen intoxicated in his life; he never was known to refuse assistance which he could afford to a fellow creature in distress, and there is not an individual in the village who can say that Peter Guerin ever wronged him either in purse or character. Such has been the tenour of Peter Guerin's public life. With whatever virtues his more secret course has been adorned (and doubtless they are many), as Peter chooses to keep a veil upon them, we will not undertake to lift it.

We have, however, left Peter Guerin standing too long at his own door. It was opened

at length by old Molly, his only housekeeper (for Peter was never married), and he entered with a disappointed and meditative look.

“That’s right, Molly,” he said, “I see you have a good fire, an’ dear knows ’twas wantin’ to me. Tell me now, have you a bone o’ mait or a roast piatie in the house that a man could ait?”

“A’ mather, didn’t they give you any thing at the Great House?”

“Do what I bid you, Molly, first, get me something to ait, an’ when that’s done, you may ask me as many questions as you like.”

While Molly complied with his directions, Peter Guerin laid aside his hat and walking-stick (the constant, and generally the only, companion of his excursions), and took his seat at the fireside, where a table was soon spread with some roast potatoes and the relics of a piece of bacon.

“If ever I dine out at the Great House again, Molly, it’s no matther,” said her master, as he

addressed himself to the homely fare before him, with an energy that did not say much for Lord Peppercorn's hospitality. "I never met so many misfortunes, in all my life before, as I did this blessed day."

"O vo! vo! mather, a'ra gal, do I hear you say so? A' what happened you? or what carried you there at all?"

"I'll tell you then, Molly, what carried me there, an' what carries many a one where they have no business goin', an' that's folly. Listen hether, an' I'll tell you how it was. You know I have a brother in the army, Captain James Guerin, that's abroad in foreign parts?"

"I know, a-chree."

"Well, it seems he come across a young brother o' Lord Peppercorn's abroad, in Paris, an' he had it in his power to do him a service in money matthers. I can't say I know the rights of the matther all out, but it was something I know about a *Pally Royal*, an' he saved young Peppercorn (that's his lordship's brother)

a mint o' money. Well, Captain Peppercorn wrote home to his lordship, statin' how handsome Jim thrated him, an' makin' mention likewise that he had a brother in this village (manin' myself), and that he hoped his lordship, in regard o' what Jim done, would show him some 'tintion. Well, I knew nothing, be coorse, of all this; so what was my serprize, when I seen Lord Peppercorn's coach an' four, a fortnit ago, dhraw up oppozzit the doore abroad, an' who should walk out of it, an' into my shop, only my Lord Peppercorn himself. So I made a great bow. 'Mr. Guerin, I presume,' says he, afther makin' another. 'No presumption in life, my lordship,' says I, 'Peter Guerin is my name.' 'I suppose you did not get my ticket, Mr. Guerin,' says he, 'I was not fortunate enough to find you at home the day I called before.' 'What ticket, plase my lordship's grace?' says I. An' hardly I said the word, when I remembered you ga' me an ally blaster card with Lord

Peppercorn's name wrote out upon it in copper plate, that we didn't know from Adam what it was for. So I told him I got it. 'Well, Mr. Guerin,' says he, 'we hoped to have the pleasure o' seein' you at Peppercorn Hall before now.' 'Why so, my lord?' says I. 'Why,' says he, laughing, 'I thought you would do me the favour to return the visit.' 'O, whaix, plase my lordship,' says I, 'I haven't time for goin' about that way. Business must be minded, my lord. It's short the house would be over my head if that's the way I looked to it.' 'Well,' says he, laughing very hearty (he's a mighty good-humoured kind o' man), 'you'll give us the pleasure of your company some day or other that you may be disengaged.' 'Is it any thing the ladies would want in our line, my lord?' says I. 'O no,' says he, 'we wish that you should dine with us and let us have the pleasure of seeing you.' Well, I thought that the dhrollest thing ever I hear. 'Sure,' says I to meself, 'isn't the shop doore

open to 'em every day o' the whole year if they wanted to see me. Abn't I to be seen here be the whole parish, every day, as puncthial as the post? I knows what it is, 'says I, 'they wants to see my manners, an',' says I, 'if they does, I'm not one bit in dhread of 'em. I was taught atin' and dhrinkin,' says I, 'before any in that house was born, an' that's an art,' says I, 'that's like swimmin' in wather, when once a man learns it, he never whorgetts it afther.' So I up an' tould my lordship, I'd go dine with him with the greatest o' pleasure. 'An' whisper hether, my lord,' says I; 'may be any o' the ladies would like to see something new in my line. I have the dawniest patthens jest come in last night by the jingle.' Well, I thought he'd dhrup down, laughin'. 'O bring what you please with you, Mr. Guerin,' says he, 'so that you bring yourself. Well, what day shall it be?' So I began to think. 'Plase my lordship,' says I, 'as this is a Saturday, we'll split the difference between this and Sunday

week, an' call it a Wednesday.' 'Very well,' says Lord Peppercorn, 'a Wednesday let it be. Good morning, Mr. Guerin.'—So I bowed and wished him a good mornin', an' he made for the coach and four, an' dhrov away at a great rate.

“ Well, Molly, Wednesday come, that's this day—an' as I knew the Great House was some miles out o' the town, I determined in my own mind to start airly, lest I'd be late for dinner. So about twelve o'clock to-day (afther spendin' the mornin' over a 'Varsal Spellin' Book, reharsin' the principles o' politeness), I put the patthens in my pocket for the ladies, an' I shaved an' dressed, with my new blue coat an' yallow vest, an' white caravat, an' cotton stockin's, an' my cassimer throwsers, an' my new Carolina hat, an' away with me for the Great House, with my stick in my hand, determined in my own mind that if I was but a poor dalein' man, still I'd show 'em I knew what belonged to manners. Well, afther walkin' about four small miles or better, I come



to a great big gate, where I seen two tall pillars at each side of it, with a big stone dog a-top of aich of 'em, grinnin' down at me, and a beautiful little house, just close inside the gate among the threes, an' an old woman sittin' an' knitten' a grey stockin' at the doore. 'God bless your work, ma'am,' says I. 'An' you too, Sir,' says she. 'Pray, ma'am,' says I, spakin' in to her through the bars o' the gate, 'can you let me know, if you please, where is the Great House?' 'This is it, Sir,' says she. 'O, then,' says I, 'that's an aise to me, for that's the place I'm lookin' for, an' I'm tired from walkin'.' So she got a grate big key an' opened the gate. Well, when I seen the two big grand gates goin' back to let me in, I got a thremblin', an' I thought I never would be able to act proper, but I pulled up again—'courage, Pether,' says I, 'what are they but men an' women afther all? What would you do if it was a sperit or a giant you had to face,' says I. 'Manners, Pether,' says I, 'don't have 'em makin' a song

o' you.' So I went in an' took a chair be the fire-side. If they call this a Great House,' says I to myself, 'my own is a'most as big as it!'

“ There was no great signs of any preparations inside, nobody only the ould woman an' a grey pusheen cat, and some chickens that were in a *coob* at the other end o' the place. And, as for dinner, I seen no signs of it, exceptin' a pot o' piaties that was boilin' over the fire. But it was a wiser man than me that said

‘ Ax not many questions in a s thrange place  
For fear you'd be apt to get a broken face—’

so I kep' discoorsin' about the crops an' other things until I was fairly tired, an' no one showin' themselves, an' I gettin' as hungry as could be. ‘ Pray, ma'am,’ says I at last, ‘ can you tell me is Lord Peppercorn at home?’ ‘ Oh, yes, Sir,’ says she, ‘ he is—it couldn't be otherwise, for he's to have a great party o' ladies an' gentlemen to dine with him to-day.’ ‘ Oh, well,’ says I, in my own mind, ‘ I see it's

all right; they're only dhressin' or preparin' some way, an' I suppose I'll shortly see some of 'em.' Well, I held on for as good as another hour, convarsin' an' rubbin' down the pusheen cat, until I thought they never would come. 'Pray, ma'am,' says I again, 'can you tell me will Lord Peppercorn soon be here?' 'Here, Sir!' says she, quite surprised, 'a' what should bring him here?' 'Why, I thought you tould me ma'am, that this was the Great House.' 'This the Great House!' says she, laughin' out loud—'O dear, Sir, this is only the porther's lodge,' says she, 'the house itself is up the aveny.' Well, I was sthruck of a hape. 'Here's purty work, Pether,' says I to myself, 'two hours gone for nothin', an' I suppose there won't be a morsel left for you to ait, an' you afther walkin' four mile o' ground to overtake it. Wait till I come dinin' out to a Great House again. It's no matther.'

"Well, Molly, I got up, an' I went along the aveny the ould woman pointed out to me, an' if

I did, the sight was a'most took out o' my two eyes with the beauty an' the glory o' the place. Such posies, an' bushes, an' threes, and walks up to the very steps o' the hall doore! An' if that wasn't a Great House, it's no matther. It bate Blarney an' Castle Hyde to tatters.

“ Well, I knocked at the hall doore, an' it was opened, an' if it was, there I seen the great hall an' the staircase before me, twice as broad as the shop from counther to counther, aequal to a coort-house, an' a number of fine jettlemen standin' with male in their hair, all over goold an' red velvet. ‘ Who are these now?’ thinks I in my own mind. ‘ I suppose some other great lords that is invited to the party. O Pether, Pether! how will you ever know how to behave yourself before such grand company and in such a grand place? Nothing would do you but to go dinin' out among lords and ladies.’

“ Well, I made a low bow to the jettlemen in the red velvet small-clothes. An' if I did, not

one bit o' pride had they, but made me another, an' axed me name. ' My name, jettlemen,' says I, makin' another bow, ' is Pether Guerin, at your sarvice.' With that you never seen people come about me so civil an' so busy as they done. ' Your hat, Mr. Guerin,' cries one. ' Your stick, Mr. Guerin,' cries another. ' O dear jettlemen,' says I, ' I'm quite ashamed o' givin' ye so much throuble,' says I, puttin' a hand to my side, an' bowing to 'em all round by way o' manners.

" Well, when that was done, one o' the jettlemen ran up the staircase before me. ' Mr. Guerin,' says he, when he was above. ' Comin', Sir,' says I, ' comin.' Well, when I got to the head o' the stairs, there I found him, standin' at an open doore, as if he was waitin' for me. ' What's wantin', Sir?' says I, makin' towards him. He said nothin', only smiled a little, an' signed with his hand for me to go in the doore. In I went, an' there, sure enough, I found a few ladies an' jettlemen, but not half

so grand, nor half so well-behaved, as those in the hall. Not one of 'em, exceptin' Lord Peppercorn himself, had the manners to get off o' their chairs when I come in, an' when I'd bow to any of 'em, in place o' returning it, they'd make a bob with their heads, just that way, as if they had pokers in place o' backbones.

“ ‘I was in dhread, my lord,’ says I, afther lookin’ about an’ seein’ no signs o’ dinner, ‘that I was behind time.’ ‘Oh no,’ says he, laughing, ‘we don’t dine before seven, but I’m glad you have come early.’ ‘Seven!’ thinks I to meself, ‘that’s near four hours from us yet at laste, an’ I a’most perisht with the hunger, afther the long walk, an’ not atin’ a bit since eight o’clock that mornin’. That’s eleven hours fastin’, clear! Murther, what’ll I do at all?—O wait till they ketch me comin’ to dine at a Great House again.’

“ Well, Molly, there I was, talkin’ an’ lookin’ about me, for four long hours, an’ I gnawed

inwardly with the hunger, but be coorse I had too much manners to spake of it. At last, when I was a'most off, the doore opened, an' in come one of the jettlemen in the red velvet small-clothes, an' tould 'em dinner was on the table. 'A canary couldn't sing sweeter,' says I to meself, listening to him. So they all got up, an' every jettleman gev his arm to a lady, an' out they went in pairs as if it is to a dance they were goin'. The dinner was there before us laid an' all; but, what I most admired, was the jettlemen I before spoke of in the red velvet small-clothes, who, though they were the grandest of all the company, behaved like the very lowest, takin' away the plates an' showin' the greatest attintion to every one present.

"I took my sate amongst the rest. 'What'll you take, Mither Guerin,' says Lord Peppercorn. 'Why, then, my lord,' says I, 'since you're man o' the house, what you have yourself must be the best, an' I'll take some o' that if you plase.' So he ga' me a helpin'. Well, I

declare it to you, Molly, hardly had I took the second mouthful, when he looked over at me, an' 'Mr. Guerin,' says he, 'Lady Peppercorn is looking at you\*.' 'Why, then, my lord,' says I, not knowin' what he was at, 'she's heartily welcome, an' a purtier pair of eyes she couldn't have to do it,' says I. So they all burst out laughin' in spite o' themselves. 'I mean to say, Mr. Guerin,' says he, again, 'that Lady Peppercorn will take wine with you.' 'O, now I twig you, my lord,' says I, 'with a heart and a half, my lady, hob-nob with you, if you please! Well, Molly, while I was talkin' to Lady Peppercorn, what does one o' the jettlemen in red velvet do, but slip in a hand under my elbow, an' whip away the plate from me, a'most before I touched what was upon it! I could ait him with a grain o' salt!—but I was ashamed to call for it again, an' before I could ax for another helpin', the whole o' what was

\* An old-fashioned mode of encouraging a bashful guest to take wine with the lady of the house.



on the table was cleared away. ‘O, murther, Pether,’ says I to meself, ‘is that all you’re to get to night?’ But, the minute afther, there was a fresh dinner laid, an’ they all went to work again as brisk as ever.

“Well, I got another cut o’ mait, an’ says I, now there’s hopes I’ll be let ait a bit in peace an’ quietness, when—‘Misther Guerin, will you do me the honour of wine?’ says Lord Peppercorn. ‘With pleasure, my lord,’ says I, bowin’ down to my plate, quite mannerly. So while I was drinking wine with Lord Peppercorn, what should I see only the same jettleman in the red velvet, slippin’ in a hand for the plate again, an’ I not havin’ a morsel of it touched. So I laid a houl’t of it with the other hand. ‘Aisy a while, Sir,’ says I, ‘if you plase, I’m not done with that yet.’ Well, they all began laughin’ as if it was a play, so that I thought some o’ the ladies would dhrup off o’ their chairs. An’ then one of the jettlemen began takin’ wine with me an’ another, an’ another afther that, so that I

couldn't find time to ait one morsel, before the table was cleared again.

“ ‘ You're done for now, Pether,' says I, ‘ you'll be starved alive.' Sorrow bit, Molly, but there was a third dinner brought in to 'em ! O sorrow word of a lie ! ‘ Oh, I see how it is,' says I, ‘ when once they begin they never stop aitin' here. Well, 'tis a bad wind blows nobody good, I'll get something at last.' So I was helped the third time, an' I had just took up the knife an' fork, an' was goin' to begin in airnest, when a jettleman that sot close by me, said in a whisper—‘ What did the ladies do to you, Mither Guerin, that you would'nt ax any of 'em to take wine !' ‘ Why so, Sir,' says I, ‘ is that manners ?' ‘ O, dear, yes,' says he, ‘ dont you see all the jettlemen doin' it ?' An' sure enough, so they wor. So, not to be unmanerly, I began, an' I axed 'em all round, one after another, an' hardly I had the last of 'em done, when down comes the jettleman in red velvet, an' sweeps all away before 'em again

without sayin' this or that. There was no help for it.

“ There I sat, a'most dead. ‘ What'll they bring in next, I wondher,’ says I. ‘ Twasn't long until I seen 'em comin' an' layin' before every one at table a great big glass o' cold spring wather. ‘ Cool comfort, Pether,’ says I— ‘ but here goes for manners.’ So I drank it off. When the jettleman seen I dhrank it, he fill'd it again, an' if he did, I dhrank it again to please him; but seein' he was goin' to fill it again, I couldn't stand it any longer. ‘ No more o' that Sir,’ says I, ‘ if you please.’ Well, I thought they never would stop laughin'. But, Molly, I thought the sighth would be took out o' my two eyes, when I seen all the ladies and jettlemen dippin' their hands in their glasses, an' washin' 'em before my face at the dinner table! ‘ Well, Pether,’ says I, ‘ such manners as that you never seen before this day any way.’

“ Well, Molly, soon afther that, there was fruit brought in, an' all I got to ait since I left

home at twelve o'clock to-day, was them two tumblers o' could wather, an' some nuts that was put oppozit me afther dinner. But what I admired very much was the conduct of the ladies, who all got up an' went away very soon afther the wine comin' on the table, I suppose for fear they might be timpted to take more than would be becomin' in females. I thought first the jettlemen wor goin', for they all stood up; but I found afther that was only out o' manners.

“ But, Molly, (to make a long story short) there I was sittin' listenin' to 'em talkin', and wonderin' would we see the ladies any more, when all of sudden I hard a crash behind me, as if the house was falling. ‘O murther!’ says I, ‘Pether, arn't your misfortunes over yet?’ so I jumped up, an' looked about, an' sure enough there I seen the whole wall o' the room givin' way. ‘Run, my lord,’ says I, layin' a houlit o' Lord Peppercorn by the arm, ‘run for your life.’ So he only laughed. ‘Does the sight o' the ladies frighten you so much, Mистер

Gueryin? sa's he. So I looked again, an' Molly, sure enough, it is only now I seen that the whole side of the room was nothin' but one big doore! O sorrow word of a lie! There they wor all inside, cakes an' flowers, an' lamps, an' tay-pots, and ladies, an' all—the beautifullest show I ever pitched my two eyes on! We went into the other room. 'May be I'd get something to ait at last,' says I. An' so I did—two little cuts o' bread, not thicker than the blade o' my knife. So says I, if I must go home hungry, I'll see an' do a little business any way; there's so many ladies here, who knows but I'd get some ordhers if I was to show my patthens. So I made up to Lady Peppercorn. 'I got last night by the jingle, my lady,' says I, 'some o' the dawniest patthens you ever seen in our place any way.' So I dhrew out the book, an' laid it before her upon the table. 'May be,' says I, 'any o' the ladies would like to gi' me an ordher.' Well, Molly, 'twas as if they never thought o' laughin' till then. Indeed

Lady Peppercorn did not seem to like it, (I don't know why,) but as for my lord himself, you'd think he never seen such divarsion in his life.

“ Well Molly, at last they began to go away, an' I did so in like manner. I found the jettlemen in the red velvet small-clothes in the hall below, aiqually civil as before, handin' me my hat an' stick, an' openin' the doore for me, which I acknowledged accordingly, bowing down, an' thankin' 'em all round. But glad I was Molly, to get away ; an' my hand to you, 'tis a long time before they'll catch me dinin' inside o' the Great House again.

END OF VOL. I.

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**TALES**  
**OF**  
**MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.**





T A L E S  
OF  
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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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**CONTENTS**  
**OF THE SECOND VOLUME.**

---

	PAGE
A NIGHT AT SEA . . . . .	3
TOUCH MY HONOUR, TOUCH MY LIFE . . .	168
SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN . . . . .	258
THE NIGHTWALKER . . . . .	286



**A NIGHT AT SEA.**



## INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

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*To the Author of "Tales of My Neighbourhood."*

SIR,

UNDERSTANDING that you are about to publish a series of Irish Tales under the above title, I beg to forward you a slight sketch, which you are at liberty to use if you deem it worthy of a place in your collection. With respect to any improvements you may wish to make in my MS., I give you the same licence that is said to have been accorded to a celebrated Roman critic in his revision of *Æneid*, you may blot what you like, but add nothing.

Your obedient servant

THADDEUS FLINT.



I readily accept the contribution of my "neighbour," Mr. Flint, upon his own conditions, and the more readily as he has laid the scene in accordance with my own views. Being "neighbours," the reader will not be surprised to find the same characters occasionally figuring in both our tales; and I am pleased to see that we agree in opinion with respect to Mr. Ajax M'Oriont. If, in the next communication with which Mr. Flint may favour me, he should aim less at pungency, and more at feeling—if he should accommodate his dialogue more nearly to the language of actual nature, and learn to look at life with a somewhat graver eye, his correspondence will be the more valuable to me, and perhaps the more acceptable to our common readers.

## A NIGHT AT SEA.

---

“DON'T tell me—don't tell me—brother, do you lock up your daughters like chickens in a coop, if you please, but leave me to manage mine as *I* please.”

“Well—well—”

“*De mortuis nil*—therefore I say nothing of the earlier part of poor Eliza's education. My late excellent wife, and your sister, was quite of your way of thinking, and what was the consequence? Why that the child used to go dawdling from room to room, like a chicken with the pip, its pretty little face as sad as a funeral, and its cheeks the opposite of convex.”

“Poor Ellen !”

“ Poor Ellen ? so say I, Captain Beauchamp. She was nearer to me than to you—and if I said dearer also, perhaps I should advance no more than I had argument to maintain. I’ll leave it to any one to judge whether I did not show as much before her death and after. She had the best advice that Dublin could afford, and her funeral, including a weeping Hymen for her monument, cost me five hundred pounds. I’d like to know what more could be expected from any disconsolate husband in the country ? ”

“ It is not the dead—it is not the dead, Major O’Brien—it is to save the living from destruction that I speak to you. I say you give your daughter too free a rein.”

“ And I say you keep too tight a one on yours.”

“ To see a little giddy cockle-shell like Eliza allowed to choose her own reading—her own friends—her own society—her own hours for study or amusement. What can you expect from it ? ”

“ To see a number of young people, all health and good-nature, clapped into a room, and ranged along the wall like mummies in a catacomb — a school-book or the ‘ Pilgrim’s Progress ’ for their only reading—dressed up to the throat in black—taught to think jesting worse than murder—to laugh by note, and to be drilled in their very sports ! Now what can you expect from that ? ”

“ The slackened bow will never send an arrow home.”

“ The bow o’er-bent will break.”

“ Well, Major, you are too many for me at this word-play. You have the advantage ; for you are one of those persons who love to turn every thing into matter of ridicule, and it is as vain to reason with a jester, as it is to bring cannon to bear upon butterflies. For my part, I never hear one of those modern philosophers advocate the turning a child loose into a library and choose his own reading, that I do not feel inclined to ask him—Sir, if your child were sick

would you send him alone into a druggist's ware-room to lay his hand at random upon bane or antidote? If your child were in want of society would you turn him into the street to choose what company he pleases? For what are books but company? A good book is good company—and a bad book is very, very bad company indeed. A little time, brother, will, I fear, too plainly show you the fallacy of your fashionable philosophy. Take your own way—but mark what I tell you: Eliza will give you cause to regret your over-indulgence before she is many years older. Had my poor sister lived (what fancy possessed her to marry as she did I'm sure I cannot tell), there would have been some hope of safety; but as it is, I look for a lee shore, with blue lights and minute guns, I promise you."

"And had my poor sister lived," replied the Major, "whose only foolish act that I remember was that of giving her hand to Lieutenant Beauchamp, of Mizen Lodge, R. N., my nieces

might have some chance of happiness and—  
comfort—but as it is——”

The above conversation passed between Major O'Brien and his brother-in-law, as they sat together, at sunset, on a rustic seat in the little shrubbery of Drumshambo Hall, the Major's wooden leg pointed horizontally forward, and the dark and sallow-faced Lieutenant sitting in the gloomy shadow of a laurel at the further end.

“Come—come—however,” added the Major, observing some vexation on the sailor's countenance, “I have done; we must not quarrel, brother. Eliza's marriage will decide the question—and I cannot better show you how little I am disposed to anger at this moment, than by wishing that every one of your good daughters may meet as fair an offer as that of Henry Courtnay.”

“Aye,” said the lieutenant, “in that, indeed, she has met a happy fortune. Yet I don't know how it is, although all appears so certain

in that quarter, I have strange misgivings that the match will never be. Have you mentioned the matter to Eliza yet?"

"No.—I waited until to-morrow to propose it to her."

"Ten to one she runs adrift at the idea of it."

"Good brother, I am sorry you do not know Eliza. Her father's wish would be enough to make her instantly forego her own. This is the effect of rational indulgence. You shall see the proof before you leave Drumshambo Hall, for I intend to speak to her about it to-morrow, as soon as we have taken breakfast."

At this instant, a long shadow was thrown across the lawn from the rustic gate which led towards the village road, and a sweet voice was heard singing at a distance the first verse of Burns' beautiful song :—

    Their groves o' green myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
    Where bright beaming simmers exalt the perfume ;  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
    Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

“There she is,” said the Major, with a delighted eye.

Casting their eyes in that direction, they beheld standing at the gate, with eyes reverted to the village, a young lady, dressed in simple white, with a plain blue sash around her waist, and dark and curling hair, of somewhat less than the usual length. While the gentlemen observed her, a second shadow fell in the same direction, and immediately after both disappeared. It was plain Eliza had not seen her father and her uncle. Supposing that it was one of the tenantry who might wish to use her intercession with himself, the Major did not take notice of the circumstance, but continued the conversation with his brother-in-law.

“That was a volume of Burns which she carried in her hand—just the poet for her—the wild unshackled bard of nature. You may have seen the glen, which we call the Glen of Ferns, running between the mountain and the village. It is a favourite haunt of Eliza’s, prized for its



very wildness, and the Irish character of its scenery. It is just the place for her to sit and read such a book as that, the sweet smelling ferns around her, and the wind rushing over the beds of rushes by the little river side. I remember on the day after the skirmish at Drumshambo——”

“Here comes Eliza again,” said the Lieutenant, who had his reasons for dreading the mention of Drumshambo.

Although Mr. Harmond O'Brien bore the title of Major, it must not be supposed that any considerable portion of his life had been devoted to the service of the state in which he lived. His military experience was confined to a campaign or two in a volunteer corps which was raised for the protection of social order, during one of those civil convulsions which used to confer variety on the occupations of rural life in Ireland. In this brief space, however, his reputation had risen high, and he was accustomed in his retirement to speak of the achieve-

ments which he had witnessed in the neighbouring bogs and mountains, with a solemnity that to persons more experienced in warfare had something amusing, but which did not fail to strike many of his hearers (particularly when they happened to be members of his household, or guests invited to his table) with astonishment and admiration.

Some of his friends considered that an overfondness for such reminiscences was Major O'Brien's foible, but if it deserved the name, he had many good qualities to make amends for so slight an imperfection. He dealt mildly with his tenantry, and other dependents; as a father he was more than kind, and in a country where it was not easy to be all to all, he was hospitable and neighbourly, without distinction of sect or party.

Drumshambo Hall (so named from the scene of that memorable skirmish, the most considerable in which its proprietor had ever been engaged, and in which he had nobly laid down

a limb for his king and country) was more remarkable for the beauty of its situation, than for any superior elegance or grandeur in the edifice itself. It stood on a bright green point of land, jutting out into the Shannon, at the distance of less than two miles from ———. On the left a grove of firs overshadowed an antique fort, supposed to have once glittered with the arms of the mighty Brian, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid of Irish history. Behind arose a craggy mountain, washed at its base by the waters of the stream, which dilating a little farther toward their source, formed a spacious lake, studded with islets, and graced with many a wood and many an antique ruin. On the left of the hall, the wooded slopes were spotted with handsome villas, or with the cottages of the peasantry, while the front windows commanded a view of the town and bridge, an antique, and somewhat fantastical structure, containing more than a score of arches, Saracenic, Gothic, Saxon, Norman, pointed, parabolic, elliptical, and of every

curve and form that were known in the history of architecture.

The situation, on the whole, was one of unusual beauty. Here, in the calm summer days, the flat-bottomed marl-boats floated slowly along the glassy basin that reflected the grey crags of the neighbouring mountain. The call of the boatman was echoed amongst the lonesome sunny heights; the martin twittered round the eaves, or skimmed the shining surface of the stream, in chase of his invisible prey, or toyed triumphantly with his prize above the elder tops, while the cottager, released for a season from his yearly toil, strolled idly by the hedges to observe the ripening harvest, and to estimate its probable amount. Enchantment was never absent from this delightful solitude. In the spring, the cooing of the wood-quest filled the groves with softness, and in the wreck of the year, the lofty firs upon the fort sung dirges in the wind to the memory of the departed valour

that once shone beneath, or the departing beauty that was perishing all around.

Major O'Brien's associations, however, were rather of a warlike than a poetical description, and even the former he seldom carried farther back than the history of his own times. He talked a great deal more of General Humbert than of Hannibal, and of Colonel V——, than of either Fabius or Scipio. The fight of Lake Trasymene was to him less memorable than the skirmish at Drumshambo, and the defeat of Asdrubal a trifle to the surrender of the French invaders at Ballynamuck.

The neighbourhood comprised some thirty or forty families of various grades of gentility. A few grandees lived immured within the walls of their demesnes, and seldom mingled in the assemblies of the place, for though shining as remote points in the universe of fashion, they were stars of the first magnitude in our neighbourhood. There were some landed proprietors more

affable, but more needy also, besides a few oddities, and a great number of gentlemen farmers, rich people in business, in professions, and others who were *lumped* among the Messrs. and Mesdames at the great balls and parties in the neighbourhood. To judge by the conversation that went on amongst these people when they met, one would suppose that the sole business of one rank was to offend that immediately below, and to be offended with that immediately above it, for there was scarcely a being amongst their acquaintances that was not talking of somebody who had offended him. There was, too, as much manœuvring about visits and invitations, as was sufficient to show what apt scholars they would be, if they had been tutored in a more extensive school. The O'Briens, however, by their hospitality, their good-nature, and minute attention to all the courtesies of their station, contrived to please all their neighbours without giving offence to any, in a circle where the latter was not easily avoided. Their

immediate neighbourhood consisted of a few families, who being nearly equal in rank and in easy circumstances, were tolerably free from those absurd and pitiful jealousies which made society a torment to its members in the village and its vicinity. It was true, the Stuccos of Stucco Hall were very grand and dignified. Mr. Stucco listened with most obvious placidity and condescension to the Major's stories of Drumshambo, and Mrs. Stucco's head, when she wished to beam patronage on Eliza O'Brien, turned round upon her shoulders with the majesty of a world revolving on its axis. Miss Stucco received her attentions with a face and eyes that seemed as if she did not see her, and Mr. Alonzo Stucco seemed to value the sound of his voice as highly as an opera-singer, but the O'Briens continued to be pleasant in defiance of the Stuccos and their extreme politeness.

Early on the following morning, being the tenth of the same date since the immortal skirmish, the front door of the hall was thrown

open, and a remarkable figure issued forth in the morning twilight. It was that of Adam Dobe, who was famed throughout our neighbourhood for a certain tendency to the failing of King Arbaces. He had formerly been a serjeant in the L— militia, when that body had the honour of ranking Major O'Brien amongst its officers, and now combined the offices of valet, courier, page, and groom, for the service of his mutilated commander. His costume was indicative of both his present and his past condition. His lower limbs were encased in a pair of black military leggins, closely buttoned up to the knee; above these appeared a pair of yellow plush under garments, while a striped jacket, black leathern stock and military waistcoat completed the costume of the upper man. A well set figure, a face marked with a character of habitual severity, and a head but thinly furnished with hair of a dubious brown, and now blown back by the September wind as he looked downward on the river and the distant village,



gave a hint of age and of some portion of a life devoted to military service.

Proceeding to a lofty flag-staff which stood at a few paces from the house, Adam Dobe proceeded to hoist an Union Jack with great satisfaction, after which he prepared to load a small swivel that stood at the foot of the staff, while he muttered and hummed alternately to himself:—

“ I once was light-hearted and happy,  
But now all my pleasures are o'er,  
Since my soldier has gone and has left me,  
Alone on the Shamrock Shore.

“ The sun above the fir-wood, and the hero of Drumshambo still a-bed. That's more than I have seen since the day of the battle. The Major's dreaming now that he has Humbert on his marrow-bones crying for quarter.

“ In Dublin the regiment was quarter'd,  
To which my brave soldier belong'd,  
And for a dispute with the serjeant  
My bonny brave soldier was wrong'd.

“That’s right—there it flies—just as it did when we left Sligo with the colonel—

“He soon was tied up to the halberd,  
His back with the lashes was tore,  
And that was the cause of his going  
So far from the Shamrock Shore.

“I’ll wait for the first stroke of the clock, and then I’ll let off the shot whether he’s up or not—

“My father’s snug cottage was placed  
On the pleasant sweet banks of the Finn.

“Well, gorsoon, what’s your business with me?”

He addressed a ragged boy, wearing a hat without either leaf or crown, who had approached him unperceived.

“I want to know, plase your honour, could I spake to Miss O’Brien?”

“What’s your business with her?”

“A little dish o’ *musharoons*, plase your honour.”

“Well, there’s the lady, go and speak to her.”

The boy approached the hall-door, from which Miss O'Brien was at the moment in the act of issuing, accompanied by her waiting-maid, who bore a suit of bathing attire upon her arm.

"A little dish o' musharoons that I had for you, ma'am, if you plase," said Jacky Donovan.

"Thank you, my good lad—they are beautiful indeed; take them in, Kitty. Did you gather them yourself?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," replied the boy, waiting until the girl had disappeared, and then producing from his corduroy jacket a paper parcel handsomely tied and sealed—"One you know, Ma'am, bid me give you this."

Miss O'Brien took the parcel, with some confusion of manner.

"Thank you, thank you," she said, putting some silver into his hand, and concealing the packet in her dress. "Run off, now, as fast as you can, and tell him I said there could not be a cleverer messenger."

“ I will, Ma'am, long life to your honour.”

They departed, Miss O'Brien and her maid to bathe, the gorsoon the way which he had come, while Adam Dobe continued his task at the foot of the flag-staff, varying it occasionally with snatches of cottage minstrelsy :—

“ Light-hearted I rose ev'ry morning,  
Contented I sat down to spin”—

“ Good-morrow, Mr. Hifle. You're early from the sthreet.”

The person whom he addressed was one of a class common to Irish villages; he was at once inn-keeper, pound-keeper, and seneschal of the parish, an orator and oracle on all points of law and politics, a man who read the newspapers—and could hold forth by the hour on their contents. It was his practice to pick out of editorial articles, popular harangues, arguments of counsel and charges of the Bench at quarter sessions, as well as from other learned sources, the hardest words which they contained, and to apply them afterwards in a manner which

showed they had rather caught his ear than penetrated his understanding. However, when he found them envelope his meaning too closely, he generally concluded his speech with a familiar interpretation. This display of verbal wealth was not unaccompanied by suitable gesticulation. A plain oak cudgel, from which he rarely separated, was to him what the thread was to Lord Chesterfield's orator. It was now wheeled around his head as he gave utterance to some stroke of fancy, now planted upright on the earth to give force to an irrefragable opinion; now pointed oblique, now vertical, now horizontal, now to this side, now to that, it kept the attention of the listener alive to what might otherwise not have been heeded as much as it deserved. He now approached the serjeant with a solemn stride.

“Your most obedient, Mr. Dobe,” he said, bowing and kissing his hand with a look of the sweetest courtesy. “Has the Major condescended yet?”

“Condescended, Sir?”

“Yes—has he come down stairs?”

“Oh, no, not yet, but the swivel will soon rouse him. Condescend—to come down stairs,—

“I'll press my dear child in my arms,  
In hopes that the peace might restore  
My soldier from war's dread alarms  
Safe home to the Shamrock Shore.”

“On my veracity, Mr. Dobe, I admire that flag. 'Tis very harmonious and versatile in the wind. Pray can you enlighten me if there be any fundamentality in the rumour of the Major's matrimonial idiosyncrasies in regard of Miss Eliza? if she's to be married as they say?”

“Aye, that's all settled long ago,” said Adam.

“I really rejoice to hear it, and the more Mr. Dobe, if Mr. Courtenay should be the felicitous individual—the happy man—as I am told he is.”

“You are told the truth.”

“Upon my veracity I rejoice at it, although

she is, if I might use the expression, rather young, being, as one might say, in the verdure and plentitude of existence, not yet arrived at the full incipience of maturity. But Mr. Courtenay is a very commendable young gentleman and with an overweening fortune."

"Yes, he can—hark ye!—There goes the clock! clear out o' the way, Mr. Hifle!"

He applied the match, and almost before the seneschal had time to jump aside (although he did so very nimbly) the report of the small piece of ordnance resounded over the water and amongst the hills and woods upon the opposite bank. Soon after a pair of window shutters were opened overhead, and the Major made his appearance in a green silk night-cap.

"Well done, Adam! Good morrow, Hifle! [The seneschal bowed low.] Do they cry quarter?"

"Not yet, your honour. Shall I give them another shot?"

"Stay, stay, till I come down. What!

Eliza ! Captain ! Where's the Captain ? Where's Miss O'Brien ? ”

“ I saw Miss Eliza and her maid go in the door just now, your honour, after bathing ; and the Captain——”

“ The Captain is here,” exclaimed a voice from a bed-room window on the same floor, which had just then opened on the other side of the hall-door :—“ Good morrow, Major, your men are early in the field. Hold hard a moment, I'll be with you soon.”

Both windows closed, and Adam Dobe, who was as great a Thraso as his master, though in a broader style, renewed his conversation with the seneschal.

“ That's Captain Beauchamp, the master's brother-in-law. He is here on a visit. He has a house and family of his own about a gun-shot below the old Abbey. He's a great man ; only for him the English would be beat at Trafalgar.”

“ Do you tell me so ? ”



“An’ I’ll tell you another thing. The Major talks a dale of Drumshambo, but it was my own doings the French being kep out of Sligo after all.”

“Your doing, Mr. Dobe?”

“Yes, and I’ll tell you how. It so happened that my piece (for I was then in the ranks) missed fire for five or six rounds, an’ I never knew it; but kep ramming cartridge after cartridge till the barrel was half full. Well, just as the enemy were making one desperate charge upon our line, my shot went off at last; oh, it beggars history, as the Major says; five-and-thirty of the enemy fell stone dead. So their General gave orders at once to sound a retrate: ‘boys,’ says he, ‘we’re better be off in time, for there’s more where that came from.’”

“Dear, dear, Mr. Dobe, that *was* a shot!”

“I fired a better since: when the Major got his wound, I was sitting by him in a trench on the road-side, when a party of the French an’ rebels passed us: so they began makin’ game of

us an' they going by; I said not a word till the last man had passed, and then I rested my piece upon the ball o' my foot and slapp'd at 'em. Oh, I declare to you the ball went clean through a whole file, forty deep, an' lodged in a drummer that was walking at the head o' the battalion."

"Dear! what a shot!"

"Poh—so-so,—but say nothing of it, lest it might be looked upon as boasting. Here comes the Major."

By this time the hall-door had opened, and the Major issued forth, accompanied by his daughter and his naval relative. At sight of the seneschal, Miss O'Brien drew back a little from the group, in order to conceal her visible alarm.

"What adverse fate," thought Eliza, "has blown that man to the Hall at such an hour? He looks, too, as if he had some important discovery to communicate: I must draw them away if possible. "What a delicious morning!" she

continued, getting between her father and her uncle, and taking an arm from each; "you must both come with me to the Glen of Ferns."

"With all my heart," exclaimed the Major, "and I can finish the story as we walk along. As I was saying, Captain, we had just come in sight of Drumshambo——"

"May it please your Magistracy," said the seneschal, making a graceful bow and kissing his hand with a most sweet smile, as he planted himself directly in the way of the party.

"You must come some other time, Mr. Hifle. Papa is too busy to speak to you."

"I hope, Miss, when his Majority graciously comprehends the importment of what I have to advance——"

"For goodness' sake, Papa, don't stay listening to that Irish Dogberry, who does not understand a word he says, or we shall be late."

The seneschal looked round upon the lady in high indignation.

"I never dales in dogs, Miss O'Brien; I hope

I know how to exterminate between what is to the purpose, and the reverse. I am sorry, Ma'am, you should feel it expedient to upbraid any thing in regard of dogs against me; and as for not understanding what I say, I hope, Ma'am, I hope I know how to express my little sentiments in commendable topography."

"Come, come, Hifle, what's the matter? Eliza, be quiet."

"Please your Majority, it is rather a contrarious predicament, so that if your honour would vouchsafe (if I may be allowed the phrase) a few expressions in seclusion, otherwise, a word or two in private——"

"The sooner the better. Captain, Eliza, you will excuse me for a moment. Well, now, Mr. Hifle?"

"Your Majority is in possession of the fact," said the seneschal, addressing himself to his task with promptitude, "that as the legal authority, and as I may say, *Custos Rotulorum* of the neighbourhood, we are all compulsorily

bound to submit for your gracious consideration every fortuitous circumstance——”

“To the point, Mr. Hifle, if you please.”

“To the point, then, since your Magistracy so vouchsafes it. Last evening, as I was standing at the door of my humble tenement, I contemplated a spruce equestrian, attended by a solitary domestic, that is, a single servant, approaching my repository.”

“A gentleman, of course?”

“He must be a gentleman, please your Majority, for he treated us all like dogs, and did not waste a civil sentiment on any individual on the premises.”

“Well, quick, if you please, Mr. Hifle; what is to come of all this?”

“What chiefly aroused my vigilance was the fact, that several times before the evening had elapsed, the young fugitive, for we did not learn his name, elicited various interrogatories respecting Miss O’Brien, which made me consider it imperative on me to communicate the ingredients

to your Magistracy. To my certain knowledge he has scarcely imbibed a particle of nutriment, or enjoyed repose since he has taken up his residence with me, which exciting my keener idiosyncrasies——”

“ Well, well, Hifle, I am obliged to you. I shall call to see the gentleman in the course of a few days; some acquaintance of my daughter’s, I suppose. Good morning to you, I am busy.”

The seneschal bowed, smiled graciously, and kissed his hand, like one who did more honour to himself than to any body else by the obedience.

“ I reciprocally deprecate a fine afternoon to your Magistracy.”

With these words he withdrew, and the Major followed his daughter and brother-in-law to the Glen.

Miss O’Brien, as the reader may have already suspected, was amongst those young persons who suffer from the laxity of modern ideas of education, as her cousins the Beauchamps did

from the opposite system. Epicurean feelings, and short-sightedness of mind were the natural defects of a heart unaccustomed to self-denial, an understanding to which anything like labour was quite unknown, and an incongruous and unregulated course of reading. No disposition, however naturally excellent, could withstand the ill effect of such united influences ; and, accordingly, this young lady, with every friend except her father, obtained but little credit for steadiness of feeling.

Notwithstanding the Major's unbounded confidence in Eliza, he was not sorry in his secret soul when an opportunity offered of relieving himself, as he hoped, from all future care on her account. This was furnished by the proposal of Mr. Henry Courtenay, alluded to in the commencement of our tale. Though the circumstance gave the Major unqualified delight, it would have been difficult to make a more unhappy choice as regarded Miss O'Brien.

Mr. Courtenay was what many worthy ladies

about New Auburn called a "rock of sense." It would have been impossible perhaps for his warmest friend or bitterest enemy to convict him of a single very foolish or very generous act in the whole course of his life. But he was a great deal too sensible to have either warm friends or bitter enemies. There never lived a more thorough master of his feelings: whether he possessed any or not it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he never suffered them to come in the way of his worldly interests. He was just so far generous that he would serve a friend, provided he did not thereby injure himself; so far honest that he would not lose his credit to overreach his neighbour, and so far hospitable that his table was always spread for those whose superior rank or fortune or influence in any way was certain to make solid, though not apparent, compensation for the courtesy. He paid his debts, however; was punctual with his tradesmen, and was generally accounted a rock of honesty and sense.



Mr. Courtenay was never known to indulge in any of the coarser vices. He had a great deal too much sense for that. He did not drink, because it injured the health, and led to quarrels; he did not gamble, because it invited poverty; he did not hunt, because it endangered the neck; he was not an epicure, because it accumulated cost; he was free from every glaring vice, and destitute of every solid virtue. His good and his evil were both of dwarfish stature.

Prudence, in the worldly and most erroneous sense of the word, was Mr. Courtenay's *forte*. Of the prudence, which points out the surest road to wealth, and influence, and credit in the world, he was a perfect master. Of the true prudence, which demands a constant sacrifice of self, a boundless devotion to other interests, a spirit of continual martyrdom, such as Cicero demanded for the Republic, and the Christian, with more reason, exacts for the Creator, of such prudence as this Mr.

Courtenay not only had no share, but he did not believe in its existence. He did not believe that a motive purely generous, and free from selfishness, existed in the human breast; a clear confession (if any were needed) that it had no place in his own.

To tell Mr. Courtenay that there exist men, and women too, who, led by a simple feeling of love for the Creator, are ever ready to abandon life, health, fortune and all for his service, and to embrace, without even a moment's pause, as a self-evident duty, any suffering whatever, sooner than transgress his law, was to tell him stories of the dog-star. He had a great deal too much sense to credit it. At the same time that he was too "sensible" to believe all that he professed, he was a great deal too sensible *not* to profess all that could procure him credit with his neighbours. He adopted as a mean, a kind of negative hypocrisy, compensating to his self-conceit by infelt contempt for

all that he allowed to his prudence in external seeming\*.

To no friend or acquaintance that he ever had, did Mr. Courtenay, at any time, give the opportunity of saying that he had *cut* them, yet he never kept either friend or acquaintance longer than he found convenient. No one understood so well as he the use of the chill, yet hardly chill salute, the smile grown dull that was of late so ready and so bright, the diminished pressure of the extended hand, the all that *all* but said the heart was changed. He did his part with more or less *relief*, according to the quick-sightedness of the other's pride, and left that to do the rest. He once met an old benefactor in altered circumstances. He shook hands with him—smiled—was glad to

\* I sincerely hope that S. P. has been guilty of some exaggeration in his portrait of Mr. Courtenay. I trust there are few such characters out of the vortex of metropolitan life.

see him—sorry to hear of his misfortunes—offered his services—asked him to his house—entertained him well, but all in “such a sort!” Nothing was omitted, yet something was wanted. The old man could not find fault, yet he never went near the house again; and, what was just equally singular, his absence never gave the least surprise to the grateful Mr. Courtenay.

Persons of a timid conscience or of sensitive affections were the never-failing themes of Mr. Courtenay’s vigorous ridicule. And yet, to see his sufferings when Mr. Stucco passed him in the street at an Assizes, between the terror of being thought intrusive and the anxiety to catch a fashionable nod!

Mr. Courtenay, too, was a good deal liked in company. He had too much sense not to endeavour to make himself agreeable. His laugh was always at your service, whether you made a bad jest, or stabbed a neighbour’s reputation, or gave utterance to any fashionable

blasphemy. He always made himself an agreeable listener, whatever was the subject ; but then, to make amends for any stretch of complaisance, in this way, to a superior or equal, how he did frown when an inferior dared to address him in a similar strain !

As self was Mr. Courtenay's undisguised motive, so worldly custom was his rule of conduct. What custom sanctioned was to him admissible, what custom disallowed, *he* disallowed. To cheat in horseflesh—to swindle the public by what are called jobs, or the revenue by illicit traffic, was not outside the comprehensive circle of his honesty, provided that it did not proceed to a discreditable extent.

*To be loved* (Miss O'Brien's favorite object) was not the end of Mr. Courtenay's pains amongst his neighbours. He understood too well the nature of most human attachments to build upon a foundation so frail and so mutable. To make himself *necessary* to them was, he knew, a more certain means of securing at least

the appearance and the practical offices of friendship, and for more than these he never sought nor cared. Nevertheless, while the worthiest characters in the neighbourhood were subjected to the keenest censure, few were ever heard to speak ill of Mr. Courtenay, and he was generally looked upon as a downright *rock of sense*.

Major O'Brien heard with joy his proposals for Miss O'Brien, first prudently communicated to himself. Mr. Courtenay's birth, which was most unexceptionable, made it easy to overlook some other circumstances, not equally magnificent. His income, which was considerable, was chiefly derived from the produce of two or three extensive nurseries, one of which had a gateway opening into the centre of the village. He was a Courtenay, however, and visited by every body.

Mr. Courtenay, always well received at Drumshambo Hall, was soon established there in happy intimacy. He listened with deep interest to the Major's warlike stories, and was

almost the only individual who was not terrified by the ominous words—"I remember at the skirmish of Drumshambo." He supplied young ash and sycamore for the green knolls, and scarlet and ragman oak for the avenue, and weeping willow for the water side; and scarce a day elapsed without some exquisite rarity making its appearance at the Hall with Mr. Courtenay's compliments, for the decoration of the Major's lawn or Miss O'Brien's garden.

There being no great conqueror, or orator, or warrior, or poet in the neighbourhood (if you except such men as Hifle or Bat Henderson the village bard), Miss O'Brien (who was not yet made privy to the bargain about herself) was not displeased with the visits of Mr. Courtenay. His figure was good, and his complacent "y-e-s," and smile and laugh for ever at her service.

It was about this time that Miss O'Brien first became acquainted with the gentleman, her interview with whom in the Glen of Ferns

has been related in the opening of our tale. When we say that their first meeting took place at a ball, it may appear that we relate a very commonplace occurrence; but as a ball in our neighbourhood differs much from balls in other places, we will venture to describe the adventure in detail.

There is in the principal street of the village, a house, which, being (with the exception of the pound and the post-office) the only public building in the place, was turned to more uses than Codrus's stockings. It was, by turns, the sessions house, assembly room, bridewell, and (when pestilence visited the place) the public hospital. Nay, it is said that it has even, upon some pressing occasions, served more than one of these purposes together, and that while the officers of Justice have been occupied below stairs in launching her awful bolts against some devoted head, the feet of the dancers have made the ceiling shake above, and sentence has some-



times been pronounced to the accompaniment of “Haste to the wedding,” or the “Humours of Glin.” On this occasion it was selected as the scene of the subscription ball.

We have already said that ours was not free from the common plague of Irish villages. There had for some time past been symptoms of—not exactly war—but something unpleasant between Stucco Hall and Mizen Lodge. In birth, Lieutenant Beauchamp was (to speak moderately) not inferior to that worthy family, but in fortune there was this difference—that Mr. Stucco’s land was an estate, while the Lieutenant’s was what in our neighbourhood is called a “take.” Pride of rank and place and purse is, to be sure, a failing which prevails almost every where—and where it does not, one is pretty sure to find some other pride as bad or even worse. And to a certain degree, how is it reprehensible to take pleasure in the contemplation of a long line of glorious ancestors, provided one does not

fancy that their merit renders one's own a matter of supererogation? or to maintain one's place in the order of society, provided one does not fall into the common error of supposing that the superiority he claims is real and not conventional? But in Ireland it is to be lamented that bigotry, party and poverty combine to render the causes of social disunion peculiarly irremediable. The real nobility and gentry forsake the country, and their place is taken, in many instances, by individuals who multiply their pride tenfold, and make it ludicrous by the addition of their own poverty and ignorance. Mr. Stucco's pride was exactly in an inverse ratio as his family pretensions.

There lived in a neat house at the end of the street as you entered the village from the high road, a family of the name of Moran, the mildest, gentlest and most inoffensive household in the country, but straitened in means, and living, like the Beauchamps, on a "take." Stucco Hall did not visit Laurel Cottage—and as Stucco

Hall gave law to all around, the circle of the Morans' acquaintances was very limited. On this occasion it entered the wise heads of Mr. and Mrs. Stucco to think that the Morans should be excluded from the sessions-ball room—the Almacks of the place, of which they had all the patronage. The whisper spread through the village. Aunt Nancy heard it at the Doctor's and told it at Laurel Cottage. The Morans were thunderstruck, the poor dear girls especially. Do but suppose the case your own—a ball but once in six months, and that the only place of public amusement which pride and poverty left open to the Morans. It was, as Lord Liverpool said, “too bad.” Woe filled the walls of Laurel Cottage, and dismal anticipations of utter exclusion from even the little society they had—when enter Lieutenant Beauchamp.

“Good morrow, ladies. What, preparing for the ball? eh? I know what this will end in, Mrs. Moran. You will have a Moran or two

less at Laurel Cottage, before the buds are on the trees again. Nay, don't be reserved about it. I suppose the young ladies give you a terrible character of me, but I like to see amusement on foot in a reasonable way."

He was told the secret.

"Not ask you to the ball!" he exclaimed in a voice of brass. "Hav'n't they visited you?"

They had not. A dead silence.

"Never mind," said Beauchamp. "I have a remedy for that he little dreams of. Good bye! you shall be at the ball, depend upon it, and the Stuccos in the same set with you too, if you care to have it so."

"This," said the Lieutenant, as he walked homeward, "is thoroughly Irish, and very, very paltry; not to speak of its want of feeling. But there is ever that difference between true and false gentility. The one can afford to be affable and kind, the other dare not."

There was in the title deeds of the Stucco

property, a curious clause characteristic of the times in which they had been framed. The estates were made over to the possessor (from one of whose descendants they had passed into the hands of Mr. Stucco's father) subject only to the annual rent of a partridge, and a pair of gloves, or gauntlets, to be delivered by the said possessor and his said descendants, on their knees, to the lineal descendants of the original proprietor. As it happened, the present lineal descendant of the latter was Lieutenant Beauchamp. The claim was one, which had not for a long time been enforced, nor would it probably in the Lieutenant's life-time, were it not for what had reached his ears at Laurel Cottage.

In the course of the following day Mr. Stucco was at luncheon when the servant handed him a note from Mizen Lodge :—

“ Sir, (it began)

“ I am directed by Mr. Beauchamp, to request that you will, without fail, appear at Mizen

Lodge, on Thursday next, to pay up the arrears of rent due to him on the Stucco Hall estates, in the form which you will find prescribed in your title-deeds to that property.

“ I have the honour, &c.

“ F. FERRITER.”

Consternation! What could be the motive of all this? A postscript solved the enigma.

“ P. S. He desires me to add, that as he understands the Morans of Laurel Cottage, are not to be at the sessions' ball upon the aforesaid evening, the whole family intends to favour him by acting as witnesses upon the occasion.

“ F. F.”

This let the secret out. What! Mr. Stucco go to Mizen Lodge to present a partridge and a pair of gloves to Lieutenant Beauchamp on his knees, and with all the Morans looking on! What was to be done? There was but one

course; to seek an honourable peace—to send tickets instantly for all the Morans, and to pay a conciliatory visit and talk the matter over with the stubborn seaman. Accordingly, on the ensuing day, Mr. Stucco made his appearance at Mizen Hall, holding out his hand to the Lieutenant, and laughing heartily. And the issue was, that the Morans made a great figure at the ball.

An accidental illness prevented Miss O'Brien from taking so active a part in the amusements of the evening as she was accustomed to do in all such entertainments. She had taken her place in a set of country dances, when a sudden faintness obliged her to sit down. Her partner, with whom she was not then acquainted, not only did all that was requisite at the moment, but declined dancing for the night (a sacrifice of not slight importance in Miss O'Brien's eyes). He was very young, very fashionable, both in manners and appearance, and soon showed to his fair partner, what she did not know before,

that there existed in her neighbourhood a person of taste and information fully equal to her own. He spoke in a manner altogether *au fait* on all the subjects which she loved. He showed an entire intimacy with her favourite literature, and evinced his own good taste on every subject without impugning hers; a distinction so seldom made by those who love to shine in conversation.

His friend, one of the stewards, had introduced him to her as a Mr. O'Connor, but there was no one who could give her any further information, at the ball, where her inquiries must of course be very limited. On her way home, in the house, in her dreams, at her uprising, toilet, breakfast, she could not banish from her mind the two lines of Campbell's beautiful poem—

Glory, they said, and power and honour,  
Were in the mansion of O'Connor.

A bright idea struck her after breakfast. Aunt Nancy knew every body. She could ask Aunt Nancy what she pleased without



restraint. Accordingly, she proceeded before dinner to the village in order to obtain all the information she desired, with respect to the family and character of her partner of the preceding night. It was rather late in the afternoon, when the carriage stopped before a little green hall door, with a parapet and pretty wooden railing of the same colour, with clematis and monthly roses trailed around the wall, and the brass knocker shining like gold. The door was opened by a girl who was to Aunt Nancy, what the Irishman in the Horse and Widow was to his master—cook, butler, waiting-maid and all.

It is not to be supposed that in calling this lady Aunt Nancy, we mean to intimate that she stood in that degree of relationship to Miss O'Brien. They were not at all connected, but "Aunt Nancy" was a name by which Mrs. Burke was known all over the country, as well or better than by the patronymic of her deceased husband. The good woman was one

of a class, but rarely now to be found, even in the villages of Ireland. Upon an income of forty pounds a year, she contrived to keep one of the prettiest houses in the village, as neat, within and without, to use the familiar but exact similitude, "as a new pin." It was a kind of gratuitous caravansera, ever open for the reception of Aunt Nancy's thousand-and-one relatives, who chose to make it a baiting place, on their way to the city. Her cupboard was never without a delicious ham, some bottles of raspberry vinegar, and a peculiar sweet cake of her own invention, the fame of which resounded far and near. In return for these, and countless other minute attentions bestowed upon her visitors, the only penalty exacted by Aunt Nancy was, that they should listen or at least seem to listen with complacency to the interminable histories of her daily adventures among her neighbours—how the butcher wanted to have three shillings for a leg of mutton, and with what arguments she defended her

resolution of not giving more than half-a-crown ; and how she had met Mr. Stucco riding through the village that morning ; and how he pulled up his horse to speak to her, and a minute detail of the whole conversation. This, however, was a small defect to counterbalance daily hospitality, incessant attention to the *real* wants of the poor and sick of the village, and a heart at all times ready to feel for every body's sorrows before her own.

“ Mr. O'Connor ? O'Connor ? ” she said, in answer to Eliza's question, “ oh, I know—Is it possible, my dear Eliza, that you could have stood up to dance with any of that family ? ”

“ Why, Mrs. Burke, what of them ? ”

“ Why, independent of their being in very inferior circumstances—his father and yours, my dear, *don't speak*. Don't you know that the O'Connors laid claim to your estates, and were at one time thought to have a very good chance of gaining the cause.”

A feud between the sires !

“ Besides this, William is a younger son, and without a penny but his pay as a navy officer. But if you wish to know every thing about him, you can learn it at Mount Orient; he is a constant visitor there.”

This information was at the same time satisfactory and embarrassing. Miss M'Orient was one of the squeezed oranges;—one of the many friends whom Eliza had cannonaded with all her force upon their first acquaintance, with sweet billets of every shape and colour, oblong, triangular, blue, green, yellow, &c., and with professions of a deathless friendship, which had lasted fifteen weeks.

What was to be done? Mount Orient must be pacified. Miss O'Brien went home; she called for the gardener, and bade him fill a little basket with peaches and nectarines; she added a garland blended of the olive and the rose, and penned a pretty note on paper of the constant blue, embossed with shamrocks, and sealed with green wax, motto,—*Je ne change*

*qu'en mourant*, which was so exactly in point. In the note she delicately upbraided Miss M'Orient with neglect ;—hoped it was not occasioned by her forming some new attachment, at least on *their* side of the human species—reminded her that—

Friendship, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame,

and concluded by hoping that she might have the happiness to find *Mimosa* at home on the following day.

The embassy was graciously received. Setting out early after breakfast, Miss O'Brien had the good fortune to find brother and sister at home. They knew Mr. O'Connor perfectly well ; and Eliza had the satisfaction of learning, that he was their constant visitor. The acquaintance commenced at the sessions' ball, was here continued long. Miss O'Brien had many reasons for encouraging the attentions of Mr. O'Connor, independent of the personal merits of that gentle-

man ; he was precisely the person, of all others, whom her father would have least approved, as a suitor to his child. He was likewise a younger son, and destitute of all but his commission, and the hopes it gave him ; accordingly their acquaintance proceeded by rapid strides to intimacy. And here we would gladly terminate the career of our heroine, but it is necessary to show the full extent of folly of which even well intentioned minds are capable when they know no government except their own. The veracious adage that "he who is his own master has a fool for his scholar," was amply illustrated in the sequel of Eliza's story.

On the morning after the anniversary of the skirmish, which the good Major took care to celebrate with all appropriate splendour, he entered the library of Drumshambo Hall, for the purpose of making the intended proposal to his daughter. He was surprised to perceive that she did not meet him with her accustomed gaiety. There was an appearance of care upon

her cheek, and she had altogether the look of a person who had just received some disagreeable tidings.

Miss O'Brien remained sitting at the table, with her work before her; while the Major paced to and fro, between the window and the door, as if to consider in what form he might best convey the information he desired to communicate.

“Eliza,” he said at length, “lay aside your work a moment. I have something of importance to say to you.”

It might be quite natural, that such a sentence coming in this solemn way from a father to his child, should call the blood into her cheeks, and make her tremble with confusion; so the Major did not seem to notice Eliza's agitation.

“You must be sensible,” said he, “that dear as your society has always been to me, your happiness is still dearer; that has been my favourite object from your childhood, and I feel pleasure now in telling you, that an opportunity

has arrived, of showing you that I prefer it to my own enjoyment."

Eliza could only bow. Was it possible her father could have learned the whole?

"I think, Eliza, you cannot yourself be at a loss to guess what I allude to. The attentions you have long received, were too marked to have escaped your notice."

He knows some, thought Eliza, but not all.

"I confess, Sir," she said in a trembling voice, and with the tears gushing to her eyes, "that I have received attentions, which I could not mistake."

"Well, well, there's no necessity to whimper about it, I know it,—surely, you do not think me blind. Well then, I can only tell you, that this day week, I received proposals from that quarter, which it will be your business to consider more than mine."

"Dear—dear papa, your goodness overpowers me—"



“Hey! what goodness, child? What does she mean?”

“Forgive me,” cried Eliza, bursting into tears, and extending her clasped hands in a deprecating attitude.

“Why what a plague ails the girl! For what should I forgive you?”

“I did not dare to hope, Sir, that you would honour it with your approval.”

“Oh, yes—yes—but I do though,—and think it a highly desirable union, I assure you: his family is one of the most ancient in the kingdom, and though his circumstances may not be fully equal to his birth, your own fortune, my dear, will warrant you in overlooking such a trifle.”

“Dear father,” exclaimed Eliza, “this is beyond my hopes.”

“Well, very well if it is, do be quiet, and have done making attitudes, and pray hear what I have to say. He will be here this evening in person, to follow up his proposals to me, by

addressing himself to you ; and as I supposed you would not have many objections to offer—”

“ Dear father—”

“ We have taken the liberty of already settling the day between us ; on Tuesday it shall be. I intend giving a dinner to the tenants on the occasion, and something of a fête. Poor fellows ! We landlords—Irish landlords in particular, seldom think of calling them to a share in our enjoyments, and yet who deserve it better ? poor fellows ! little fêtes of this kind, soberly, yet gaily conducted, tend to keep them from the fight and the alehouse, and bind their hearts more closely to their masters, than even more solid benefits ; so as I said, we’ll have the wedding fête on Tuesday, after the ceremony. For the first year, you remain at Drumshambo Hall ; we will afterwards begin to talk of your removal to Strawberry Cottage ?”

“ To Strawberry Cottage, Sir !”

“ Aye, girl, where else ?”

“ Why that is Mr. Courtenay’s cottage, Sir !”

“And of whom, in the name of reason, are we speaking, but of Mr. Courtenay, my son-in-law that is to be?”

“Mr. Courtenay your son-in-law!” cried Eliza, faintly.

“Eliza, you are utterly incomprehensible; you cannot hear, nor speak a word, without some ridiculous foolery of voice, or manner; I have told you now what has been put in progress for your happiness, and I hope you will give it your best consideration. I am going over to pay a visit at Mizen Lodge, and I expect to find you rational on my return.”

Miss O'Brien had the presence of mind to suppress all further signs of disappointment, and suffered her father to depart in silence.

It happened, on this very day, that Lieutenant Beauchamp, of Mizen Lodge, had to contend with much anxiety of mind. He had married early in life a worthy young woman, sister to Major O'Brien, who died a few years since, leaving him the father of sixteen children,

all daughters, with the solitary exception of the youngest, who was not yet able to walk. It may be imagined what a charge this was to the poor Lieutenant, who, in addition to stern integrity, and complete disciplinarian habits, had a profound and most unflattering distrust of the sex.

“A parcel of giddy, giggling husseys,” he pronounced them, whom it was impossible to impress with any serious thought; “a set of ricketty small craft, neither good for metal nor for ballast; without the understanding to direct them right, if they had the will; and without the will if they had the understanding.”

By the assistance of Miss Beauchamp, now grown up, and sleepless vigilance on his own part, he had, however, hitherto succeeded in keeping his house in peace. The young Beauchamps were indeed, as it happened, as good, considering all circumstances, as any in the neighbourhood; noisy perhaps, and a little inclined to romp, when their father was out of

the way; but good-natured and pleasant, and without the least thought of harm that ever was. The worthy Lieutenant was not so sure of this, that he suffered his vigilance for an instant to be lulled to sleep.

It happened one day that, in prowling about the house, his eye lighted on a torn piece of a note, which he saw to be in the hand-writing of his eldest daughter; it was directed to a female acquaintance, but nothing remained except the conclusion, which was in the following words:—

“I shall anxiously expect your answer on to-morrow evening, before I betake myself to the abode of Morpheus.

“Ever your affectionate

“*Tuesday.*”      “AMELIA BEAUCHAMP.”

A classical education was not amongst the advantages for which the good Lieutenant had to thank the guardians of his childhood. The falling of a thunderbolt, therefore, could not

have astounded him one-tenth so much as this unblushing epistle. He held it for some moments in his hand—re-perused it—gathered his grisly brows, and seemed absolutely petrified with astonishment.

“The abode of Morpheus!” he repeated slowly;—“to-morrow evening, that’s this evening—hum!—and Amelia too! But never mind; I’ll keel-haul that fellow, whoever he is—I’ll be on the *qui vive* with that hero!”

He called the servant.

“Tom, come hither!”

Tom obeyed.

“Do you know,” with a piercing glance, “a gentleman of the name of Morpheus?”

“Sorrow Mr. Murphy I know, Sir.”

“Did you see any fellow skulking about the place this time back?”

“Eyeh wisha is it I, Sir? sorrow one did I see.”

“Well, look ye—I am stepping over to the

village—load the blunderbuss—all the fire-arms, and leave the house-dog without his food. I'll pepper that fellow—I'll worry him—I'll teach him to come haunting Mizen Lodge. The abode of Morpheus! An impudent scoundrel! Put plenty of slugs into the blunderbuss. I'll send that fellow home with work for the doctor about him—never mind.”

He strolled into the village, where he made many inquiries in a cautious way, with respect to the person named in his daughter's note, but no one could satisfy him; Mr. Morpheus? Morpheus? There was no such gentleman about that neighbourhood. Was he anything to the Murphys of Prospect Hill? No one could give him any information.

Returning to his house, he was met at the hall-door by Amelia (who was really an excellent girl, though somewhat given, like most young ladies fresh from school, to romantic turns of speech, and to crossing letters). She

advanced towards him, as usual, with a skip and smile, and was about to lay her hand upon his shoulder.

“Go—go, Madam!” he said, in a furious voice. “A rope’s end would be fitter for you than anything else.”

Amelia opened her innocent mouth in wonder.

“Come in here,” he continued, seizing her waist; “I’ll teach you to betake yourself to the abode of Mr. Murphy.”

“Me, papa! me betake myself!”

“Ah, madam, you may squall yourself hoarse as a southwester, while I have it in black and white, and with your own name to it, and under your own hand. Come in here, I say; I’ll find you something else to do.”

“I declare, papa,” cried Amelia, sobbing bitterly, “I don’t even know what you mean.”

“I know what I mean myself, and that’s sufficient. Ah, you that I confided in beyond all others; fie, fie! shame on you, Miss! shame on you! I was wrong, to think there was one



of ye that could be trusted ; a pretty example this to your younger sisters—get in there to your chamber, Miss. A great deal I give for these tears, they are no signs of repentance ; you cry because I have found you out. I'll pepper that gentleman to-night, I warrant you."

He locked her chamber door upon her, as he spoke, and put the key into his pocket.

"Go along to your rooms," he said, to the multitude of female Beauchamps of all sizes, who thronged about him, at the sound of Amelia's voice, as a flock of sheep huddle together to see one of their species expire beneath the butcher's knife. "Did you know anything of this Mr. Morpheus?"

All clamorously declared their innocence.

"Well, go to your rooms, your turn may come hereafter."

He had scarcely taken off his hat, when he beheld the Major and Adam Dobe riding up the little avenue. The former was surprised to find his brother-in-law with the appearance of

perplexity and heaviness on his countenance. But his concern was mixed with a certain degree of triumph, when the Lieutenant let him know that the cause of his chagrin was a piece of misconduct in Amelia.

“Well, brother,” said he, with a serious look, “you will give me credit for being in the right at length; I told you it was not safe to keep too hard a hand upon these young people. Do you remember our little conversation about Eliza? she has never, before nor since, given me a moment’s inquietude of mind.”

The Lieutenant looked downward with a forlorn aspect.

“But what is it Amelia can have done?” said Major O’Brien; “nothing very culpable, I hope? I remember at the skirmish of Drumshambo——”

The Lieutenant put a scrap of a note into his hand.

“Read there,” said he, “and judge for yourself.”

The Major laid the note on his knee, while he took out his spectacles, and put them on.

“Well,” said he, “and what of this?”

“What of it! can you not see? Do you know anything of a Mr. Morpheus?”

“Mr. Who?”

“Mr. Morpheus. Don't you see, she talks of betaking herself to the abode of a Mr. Morpheus? Do you laugh at that? but it is no laughing matter; I'll have a blunderbuss well filled, and old Tearcoat waiting for him to-night at the yard gate. Do you make a joke of that? he'll find it no joke, I promise you.”

“My good brother,” said the Major, “you are under a mistake. This Morpheus is nothing more than the ancient heathen god of sleep, and Amelia, in saying she should betake herself to the abode of Morpheus, meant only in a pretty style to say that she intended going to rest for the night. If this be all the ground of your uneasiness, you may set your mind at rest.”

Though much relieved by this explanation,

the Lieutenant was not satisfied until the Major sent for Lempriere's dictionary, and showed him the name and genealogy of his domestic foe.

"Well," said he, "I am better pleased at this than a pension. I'll let the poor girl out."

While he was passing through the hall, with this pacific intention, he was met by one of the servants, with a letter for Major O'Brien. It had been left, he said, at the Harp and Shamrock, only a few minutes since, and Mr. Hifle, not knowing but it might contain some important matter, had sent a boy with it in the direction which the Major had been seen to take about an hour before. It was from Eliza, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"The conversation which we had this morning, leaves me but one course to take; I have already cast my earthly lot. Forgive me, if I say that my fear to meet your anger, compels me to another step, which you may

probably condemn no less than that which has  
for ever fixed my earthly destiny—

Though tempests round me gather,  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father.

If you should ask why I feel the necessity of a  
separation which, believe me, rends my very  
heart-strings while I write, I can only answer in  
the words of the simple-minded Desdemona—

I do perceive here a divided duty,  
To you I am bound for life and education ;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband ;  
And so much duty as my mother showed  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to—

Mr. William O'Connor, of whose family I  
believe you have some knowledge. Haste, my  
dear father, compels me to be brief. Adieu !  
Accept, for the past, my love and gratitude—  
for the future ——

Once more adieu !—

ELIZA O'CONNOR.

At the conclusion of this epistle, which the unhappy Major put into his hand, the Lieutenant gave a long whistle.

“ Upon my word,” said he, “ a very shrewd, sensible, business-like letter. She’ll make a notable mistress of a house, there can be no doubt.”

The poor Major sat in a chair, utterly overwhelmed with affliction, his grey head resting on his hand, and the fingers pressing on his eyes, as if to prevent the tears from starting. His brother-in-law was much tempted to make use of this occurrence (so mal-a-propos to the recent boast of Eliza’s docility) in order to enforce the superiority of his own principles; but a moment’s glance at the Major showed that such a triumph would be barbarous. The latter could not speak a word. After a considerable time he called for a glass of water, bade Adam Dobe to get the horses ready, and left the Lodge in silence.

This it is, thought he, as he rode slowly toward the hall, to build upon the affection of a

child. She has left me in my age. I never crossed her yet in any wish or impulse of her heart, and for that, she has broken mine! Unthankful girl! Poor, fond, romantic fool! Beauchamp was right! After all, they must be checked and sentinelled. What, gone? Drumshambo Hall will be lonesome now; for she never, never more shall cross the lintel of my threshold. Wed privately, and wed into that family, as if on purpose to add gall to her unfilial desertion. Ah shame, shame, shame!

Riding to the village, he made inquiry at every house where she was in the habit of visiting. No one had seen her. Knocker after knocker was plied, and door after door was closed upon augmenting anguish. At the Harp and Shamrock alone he was enabled to obtain a trace. Mr. Hifle's suspicious lodger had set off in a post-chaise that very day.

“He axed meself,” said Jack the stable-boy, looking frightened, if I knew “whether he could get plinty o' post horses betune this and Killarney,

goin' be the new line o' road; an' I'm sure it's little I thought there was any hurt in me tellin' him he could."

"Under what designation," said Hifle, "did he importune you in regard o' the horses?"

"He toul't me," said Jack, "that he wanted them to be at the lake again to-morrow."

"I seen the gentleman myself," said a beggar, who just then approached and leaned upon his crutch, to hear the conversation at the inn door—"I seen him myself in a po-chay wit' a lady, an' they dhrivin' for the bare life along the quarry road. The lady was in a black veil, and with crimson liuin' to her cloak; but I couldn't see her face, for she was lookin' down."

The crimson lining was decisive. Major O'Brien returned to his home, to spend a night of shame and agony. Next day, the whole village was buz-buz from end to end. Nobody was surprised at what had happened. Every body had foreseen it long before. Major O'Brien was more to be blamed than pitied for his weak-



ness and indulgence. Mothers scolded their daughters, and daughters trembled to meet their fathers' eyes. Such an event had never before disgraced the annals of the village. The commotion was extraordinary. Many an innocent billet was that day consigned to the flames; while the fair subject of general consternation was wishing that the rattling of the carriage wheels could roll like thunder, and that its speed could emulate the lightning.

Meantime, the lieutenant entered the parlour in which his daughters were, some reading, and some at play.

“Go to your books,” he cried in a voice of thunder, “you bane of the creation! Here’s a pretty piece of work to-day with your cousin O’Brien. What’s that you’re reading, Miss? Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.—Virtue fiddlestick—(flinging the book into the fire and giving the fair reader such a hint as turned her ear the colour of a rose)—these fellows are never so thoroughly mischievous as when they begin

to prate of virtue. Novels forsooth—let me catch a novel or a poem at Mizen Lodge, from this day forward. One of these fellows is enough to poison a whole community. A set of idle scribbling scoundrels, that should be pressed from first to last, or sent to the colonies—and what harm if it were men who read them, with whom such things pass in at one ear and out at another! but you, who have got wax instead of brains, where there is no trash so light or flimsy that it does not stick. Go to your books; and take care how I find a novel or a verse among them.”

The ladies retired, and the lieutenant went grumbling to his own apartment.

Mr. Courtenay was the only person who showed on this occasion a proper philosophical firmness. He exerted himself at first to discover whether the marriage had actually taken place, and on finding that the matter was past remedy, he very sensibly began to look around for some new quarter in which he might open a fresh

battery of shrubs, visits, and exotics, with some prospect of success.

Major O'Brien, to the surprise of his daughter and of all their friends, was implacable exactly in proportion to his former indulgence. He gave Eliza her fortune, but refused to hold any communication whatever with the offending parties; so that after employing all the influence in their power to effect a reconciliation, they were obliged to give up, for the present, all hope of being able to attain it.

It was not until after the birth of her second child, that Mrs. O'Connor received any token of remembrance from her offended parent. In the mean time, experience, the great instructor of the heart, had taught her to feel all the imprudence of the step which she had taken. She did not know, herself, how strong was her attachment to her father and his home, until long separation from both had let her into the secret. She could not have imagined that the former, who loved her from her infancy with so much

tenderness, could persevere so resolutely in excluding her from his house, and his long continued alienation began at last to prey upon her health and spirits. From this time forward, all her desires were turned to a reconciliation, and devoted as she was to her husband and her children, the want of peace between her heart and home excluded every other happiness. Her wishes, however, proved entirely vain; day after day went by, and no signs of hope appeared from Drumshambo Hall.

One autumn morning, Master Harmond O'Connor (for he was named after his grand-papa), not yet two years old, was playing at their cottage door. His little sister Nancy, who had made her appearance some months before, was lying in her mamma's arms, and listening with great placidity to words of fondness which she could not comprehend. Casting her eyes upon the avenue, what was Mrs. O'Connor's astonishment to observe her father's veteran servant,

Adam Dobe, riding leisurely up the walk. Did he come with terms of pardon from the Hall? How her heart bounded at the thought. The faithful old soldier alighted at the sight of his young mistress, and seemed moved even to tears. He would never have been weary of looking at the children. He *did* bring a message from Major O'Brien, and a trying one to both the parents. Without expressing any wish to see his daughter or her husband, he proposed that they should wholly resign into his hands young Harmond O'Connor, on whom he was willing to settle the inheritance which his mother had forfeited by her disobedience. The proposal was not to be refused. In the hope that it was only the commencement of a general peace, Mrs. O'Connor embraced her first born, and with an aching heart, beheld him depart for the Hall with Adam Dobe.

Not hearing any more for several years, either from her parent or her child, Eliza determined on making an effort to remind the former of the

feelings with which he once regarded her. Her husband had been for a long time urging her to leave the neighbourhood, in which they could remain no longer with safety to the future circumstances of their still numerous family; and it was his anxiety to depart, that screwed her courage to the attempt, which she could otherwise have hardly brought her mind to venture on. The incident may appear a very homely one, but it is too well known to our neighbours to be altered with impunity in any of its circumstances.

Major O'Brien (be it known to the universe,) had, what is called at the dinner-tables of New Auburn, a *partiality* for fresh trout, which, when prepared under his daughter's superintendence, was indeed his favourite dish. One morning Mr. O'Connor brought in a fine one, which he had taken in our lake. The idea occurred to Mrs. O'Connor of sending it as a present to her father. Perhaps he would receive it! Perhaps the remembrance, all trifling as

it was, the associations which it would awaken, might melt the iron heart, and make it run over with pity and forgiveness for his offending and repentant child. He might remember the time when he would not have tasted it if it had been prepared by any other hand, and he might long once more for the cheering voice, and bright and happy smile that shed sunshine on their lonely meals. She fancied, while the tears rolled down her cheeks as she placed it in the neat willow basket between layers of the fresh grass, that she already saw the messenger returning with words of comfort and of love—that she heard her father's voice inviting her to come home and prepare the feast with which she had furnished him, to be once more his darling, and the light of his old age.

When it was ready, Jacky Donovan, still as wild and as ragged as ever, a straw hat, without either leaf or crown, upon his head, and his feet unincumbered by either shoe or stocking, was charged with its conveyance to the Hall.

“ You need not tell him from whom it comes, you know,” said Mrs. O’Connor, in a gentle tone, “ until he asks you.”

“ Oh! I’ll engage I won’t ma’am, — not a word.”

Major O’Brien was in the act of issuing from the hall-door, when Jacky Donovan, with the basket in his hand, made his appearance on the gravel plot, and stood waiting at a respectful distance. The major who seemed, in the years that had passed since Miss O’Brien’s departure, to have doubled all that went before, did not for a time observe him. His frame was dwindled down to an extraordinary thinness, his face and carriage had lost the blustering hilarity which was once their characteristic, and thought and care were evident in his looks, his movements, and the accent of his voice.

“ Adam,” he said, turning to the old servant who followed him from the Hall—“ take Mr. Harmond out to ride, and take care he doesn’t



get the reins into his own hands; no good ever came of that in any sense."

Adam Dobe withdrew.

"Come here,—come here,—" the major continued beckoning the messenger with his cane,— "what have you got in that basket? hey! a trout,—and a fine one too;—No matter,—cover it up,—times are changed."

He leaned on his crutch, and gazed with a melancholy eye upon the ground. So long did the mournful reverie continue, that Jack who had too much shrewdness to interrupt it, was tired of kneeling by the basket, in which the speckled fish lay yet exposed.

"Hey! are you there yet?" cried the major, suddenly awaking from his dream, "take it away,—take it away,—I have no business of it."

"I thought your honour would take it," said the boy.

"Well—well if you desire it, carry it into the house,—though a mouthful of it would be

heavier to me than lead ; they'll find some use for it within, I dare say. Here,—here's some money for you——”

“ Oh, please your honour, I was bid not to take any money.”

“ Bid ! why who sent it then ?”

Jack looked downward as if at a loss, then brought his tattered hat from behind his back, looked all round it as if he expected to find his answer written on it, and at length restoring it to its former position, looked earnestly in the major's face, and said :—

“ Why then 'twas one your honour knows well, an' that's Mrs. O'Connor.”

The major seemed stunned ; he was affected by the incident, which he now thoroughly understood, and the cane trembled beneath his weight, as he endeavoured to suppress all appearance of emotion ; but the mountain of hoarded anger in his breast was not to be displaced by a single shock. The stern and resentful mood returned at length, and waving his hand two or three times,

with an air and tone that showed too plainly he was not to be prevailed upon, he said :—

“ Take it back to her,—take it back.”

When Eliza, who had spent the interval between praying and looking out for the return of her messenger, perceived that her present had been rejected, she sought her husband and said with a spirit-broken air :—

“ I am ready now to go with you where you please, for all hope is at an end ; he has hardened his heart against us.”

Soon after, without further incident, they left the neighbourhood, where they were neither seen nor heard of for more than a dozen years. Meanwhile, Major O'Brien, weary of his country residence, which he feared would grow at last too lonely for his resolution, went to reside in \* \* \* \* \* accompanied by his grandson.

It was on the twentieth birth-day of the latter, that a regatta was appointed to take place on the noble river, which flowed through the city in which he dwelt. On the day before, the

populous establishment of Mizen Lodge was thrown into commotion by the appearance of Nash, Mr. Harmond O'Connor's servant, with a note of invitation to young Henry Beauchamp, offering him a berth in the yacht, if he had any wish to see the sailing. Accordingly, he set out on the morning before the regatta, after being dressed up by half a score of his yet unmarried sisters, in the very zenith of the fashion. In spite of all his father's care, young Beauchamp had contracted a fault, which a single word may render familiar to the eyes and minds of every Irish reader. Before we mention that obnoxious word, it may be right to give him all his praise. He was an obedient son, and as attentive and gentlemanly in his deportment towards his sisters as if he were not their brother. He was cheerful, and unassuming in company,—danced a quadrille with as much care, as if he were discharging a duty,—and he had, for aught his practice showed to the contrary, a religious, and well regulated mind. But he had one fault,—

he was a *country dandy*, —what the wits about our neighbourhood call “a very nice young gentleman, for a small tea-party.” But with the exception of this fondness for an awkward imitation of the city fashions, Henry Beauchamp had not a fault that you could name.

Behold him then with feelings of mounting anticipation on the high road leading to the city, a spirited blood horse beneath him, and the prospect of an ardent welcome from his city friends to cheer him on the way. Behind him, in a livery compounded of the footman and the sailor, rode Nash, Harmond O'Connor's servant, who had brought the invitation to Mizen Lodge.

“And so you say, Nash,” said the youth, resting the knuckles of his right hand upon the knee, so as to let the elbow project with an air of *sans souci*, and the silk lash of the delicate riding whip ascend at an angle of seventy-five above the horizon: “so you say yachting is all the fashion now in \* \* \* \*.”

“Iss, sir,” said Nash, gathering up his chin

as he answered with a spruce and smart accent, "a new figary, sir, that has taken the jettlemen. Nobody is seen at a race course now, sir, much less at a cock-fight. Not'n but a *jot* now, sir, goes down wit de jettlemen."

"And Mr. Harmond is very fond of it?"

"Iss, I declare, sir. Oh yes!—more especially since the other jettlemen in compliment to his spirit in winning so many cups, made him one o' the stewards this year, in preference to people that thought themselves of greater consequence. I declare, Mister Henry, I think he'd live and die aboard the *jot*. 'Tis the only fau't the major has to lay to him, an' he does all he can to cure him, but to no purpose. He can't refuse him the money when Mister Harmond asks for it, although he's flinging it faster down the river, than his grandfather ever received it. An' then as for books or business, or any thing else, sorrow one ha'p'orth does he mind high or low, since he took to the *jotting*. And what harm if it was only the expense, but he never goes aboard,

that the major doesn't wish him good bye, as if he was never to see him more. I declare, sir, sometimes, when he does be talking' of the Erin, as he calls her, you'd think he was out of his mind. But there, Mr. Henry, there's the fleet an' all for you."

They had by this time arrived at the summit of a hill, from which a noble prospect opened on their view. Before them was the city, with its populous streets, its spires, and pinnacles. On one side was the spacious river, where a dozen vessels of pleasure, distinguished from the other shipping by their light and graceful equipment, were riding at anchor, with pennons flying at the masts and shrouds. The strand and quays adjoining, were alive with boatmen, ship-carpenters, young gentlemen in blue frieze jackets and check shirts, superintending the workmen in addition to the customary population of a city river-side. Giving a shake to his horse's reins at this animating sight, young Beauchamp trotted briskly forward. As he entered

the city, his eye was caught by a placard posted against a dead wall, bearing the attractive title of the \* \* \* \* REGATTA, and comprising Harmond O'Connor's name amongst the list of stewards. It was already noon, and the flags from one extremity of the street to the other, were crowded with promenaders; young ladies in every fashion which had figured in the metropolis for the last five years, flanked by officers of the garrison in undress, or idle gentlemen of the town, seeming witty to all perhaps, but those who were near enough to hear what they were saying. To Henry Beauchamp, who had spent all his life in the country, and knew no more of the city than what he had read in Holinshed's Chronicles, there was little in the scene before him to correspond with his chivalrous historical associations, or with the records of Spartan valour, which are contained in the annals of the place, and which made him look on the inhabitants with a species of veneration, as if he expected to find a Kildare in every dandy, and



a Margaret Fitzgerald under every Leghorn bonnet. Here a young gentleman, whose shape bore a nearer resemblance to a tailor's block than it did to the Apollo Belvidere, strode solitary and carefully down the street, as if he had been employed by the man of thimbles to exhibit an exquisite dress at so much *per diem*. Here another, with hat thrown gaily on one side, and a mass of hair sufficient for a helmet's crest on the other, turned laughing to a party of ladies, and switching his cane by his side remarked that "the sky seemed to threaten a change," with an air that made it appear to distant spectators as if he were giving utterance to one of the best things in the world. And here a conversation passed between a drawing-room window, and an open carriage, which gave to the public a great deal more information concerning the affairs of the speakers, than they might have found in the mirror of fashion. Our "country dandy" viewed his brethren of the town with a species of consternation. He

wore no ringlets—his bust was more the shape of a human being, than of an inverted sugar-loaf; he felt as if every body's eyes were fixed upon himself, and every glance detected something ridiculous in his appearance. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief, that he alighted at a hall-door which bore the name of Major O'Brien, and gave his horse to Nash, while he intimated, by a modest knock, his desire to be admitted.

From this time every step, and every sight and smell was a subject of amazement. Smell, we have said, for a marine store could scarcely have emitted an effluvia more strongly impregnated with the odour of pitch, tar, and resin, than did the fashionable residence of Major O'Brien. Adam Dobe, who, in addition to his mixture of military and domestic costume, had now superadded a sailor's jacket and check shirt, received him at the door with a look of the deepest caution.

“You’re welcome, Master Beauchamp,” he said in a whisper, “hush ! hush !”

“Is there any body ill, Adam ?” (in the softest whisper.)

“Hush ! hush !” said Adam, laying his finger on his lips, and gathering his brows, while he pointed in silence to the stairs.

Supposing that either the Major or his cousin must have met some serious accident, Henry Beauchamp trod softly up the carpeted stair, making many reflections on the vanity of human pursuits, and more than all of human pleasures. Beneath, he saw a hall hung with water-proof cloaks, southwesters, fearnoughts, &c., and a handsome painted blind, half drawn up at the window on the first landing-place, gave him a view of an extensive back yard, with a gateway opening to the river. In this he beheld some newly finished sails hung out to dry, a pot of tar simmering over a wood fire, and a number of oars, spars, blocks, and various articles of

rigging scattered on the ground. Ascending higher, he was met by the old major, now grown white with age, and propped on a crutch as he stood waiting to receive him before the open door of the drawing-room. He too had a finger laid upon his lips, as if to preclude discourse. It is poor Harmond, then, thought Beauchamp, that has suffered.

Major O'Brien gave him his hand in silence, and led the way to the drawing-room, whither he was followed by his visiter; the latter emulating as closely as he could, the noiseless movement of the major's crutch and carpet shoes.

"You are welcome to town," said Major O'Brien, in a whisper; "have you breakfasted?"

"Oh, yes."

"You had a warm ride. How are your father and sisters?" (Still in a low whisper.)

"They are all quite well, Sir."

"Did Nash put up your horse? He is very

careful. You needn't be afraid of him. This is your first trip to town I believe, Henry."

"It is."

During all this time, Beauchamp was looking round for some clue to this mysterious silence. He was afraid to ask for Harmond. The window-blinds were down both in the front drawing-room, and in another apartment, if that could be called a second room, which was separated from the former only by a pair of folding doors. Through the open arch, young Beauchamp soon beheld an object which set his doubts at rest. It was the body of Harmond O'Connor, whether wholly lifeless, or nearly so, he could not tell, extended on a sofa in a sailor's dress, and faintly distinguished in the diminished light. Beauchamp was sadly shocked.

"There he is," said Major O'Brien, still in a whisper, observing the eye of his nephew fixed with a look of grief upon his grandson—"there is the fruit of yachting."

"How did it happen, Major?"

“As all the disasters that yachting ever brought upon him hitherto. It was in vain that I always spoke to him, that I represented to him the frivolous, not to say culpable nature of such pursuits, risking life, lavishing expense, wasting precious time, and all for the sake of such baubles as those” (pointing to some prize cups which stood upon the side-board). “I have been doomed to feel revived in him the pangs his mother gave me. At five this morning the yacht arrived at the anchorage, and there he has lain since.”

The major leaned forward on his crutch, and Beauchamp, wishing to direct his attention from thoughts which seemed to give him pain, said :—

“I have heard many assert, that, after all, yachting is of some service ; that it has the same effect in forwarding the very arduous art of ship-building, that racing has in improving the breed of horses. If we owe it to Newcastle and Doncaster that the English race horse excels the

Arabian in fleetness, why may not the fashion of yachting enable us, at some future day, to claim the glory of possessing the swiftest vessels, as well as the bravest sailors in the world?"

"My dear Henry," said the Major, "let those amuse themselves in improving the art of ship-building who are able to afford it. Harmond never could I am almost beggared by his pitch and tar, and the inevitable consequences of such pursuits—betting and dissipation—of time, I mean, for thank heaven, it never went farther with him, but that is bad enough."

At this a low murmur from the dead man made Beauchamp start aghast upon his chair.

"Steady, my darling, steady!" cried Harmond, as he turned upon the sofa,—“Now Nash! mind the foresheet! there she comes round, the pet! haul taught! that's it—belay—look to your jib!"

The Major lifted his hands.

"There 'tis—there 'tis for you," he exclaimed;  
“At it even in his dreams! Not even in his sleep

will he be content to spend an hour upon dry land! I talk of the expense and dissipation—yet even that is not the whole of my affliction. No—no, I could be content to see all go to ruin, as I know it surely will, if not in my lifetime, yet most assuredly when he has Drumshambo Hall in his own hands—for never, never will he be brought to take care of his estate; but this is not the whole of what I have to fear—oh, no—I am also tormented with the terrible conviction that his yacht will be his death, that some morning or another I shall hear of his body and the staves of his detestable cockleshell being washed ashore together, somewhere between our city and the Heads.”

“Closer to wind!” exclaimed the sleeper, with an anxious tone, “closer to wind, or the Puffin will leave us to lee-ward! That’s right! that’s it—there she runs a-head—now for it—now for the flag-boat—now Nash, or never!”

“This sleep,” said the Major, “cannot do him much good. I will wake him up to speak



to you, since he is making no better use of his time."

"Now Nash—mind your hand—don't let the Sea-Gull get inside us—success, my darling—never mind—Nash, back your foresail! there she spins about! Ha! scoundrel!"

At this instant, the major laid his hand on Harmond's arm. The latter sprung from the sofa, and collared his grandfather with the left hand, while with the right he continued to act as if managing his yacht.

"—How durst you touch my hand?—Nash, haul your foresail taught—belay!—Ha!—What!—Who's this?—Where am I?—Where's the Erin?—Grandfather!—he gazed around the room)—Oh, bless me, t'was a dream!—I thought I was on board the Erin in a race. Ha! Harry—so you got my note—how are you?—how are all the ladies?—Your father, and Amelia?—All well—that's right—I like to hear it—right before the wind. Harry, I'm glad you came—'twill be a noble match.—Well, grand-

papa, how are you? What, trembling on your chair as usual? Up until one in the morning—starting at every noise, and fancying it your hopeful grandson's knock—then down again desponding in your seat, and listening to every breeze that shook the window-frame—as if it sung his dirge; was it not so that yesternight was passed?”

“ Ah, Harmond—Harmond!—that yacht will be the death of you ! ”

“ The death of me ! The darling !—She has saved my life a thousand times. Where would I have been the night of the storm in September last, I'd like to know, if it were not for her ? ”

“ You'd have been in your bed, where you ought to be, you mad-cap ? ”

“ I'd have been at the bottom of the river. There was not a boat but herself that could live five minutes in such a gale.”

“ You forget, you foolish rake, that if it were she brought you out of the danger, it was she brought you into it.”

“ Bless you, no, grandpapa, it was *I* took her into it.”

“ It is all one. If she be not your death, she will be your ruin. Must every thing be given up for that piece of painted timber? Education neglected—talents misapplied—abilities that might enable you to be of service to your dependents and your country frittered away upon a good for nothing plank—”

“ A good for nothing plank! Come, I like that.—The Erin, that has won five cups, a good for nothing plank!—Come—that *is* good!”

“ No pains—no prudence—no care taken to prepare yourself for the management of a property. If there were no other evil than the mere waste of time, I do not know, Harmond, how you can reconcile it to your conscience. All time here is given us, as our land and gold, for use, not for abuse—for thrift, not unthrift. What you are to inherit from me might enable you, with moderate diligence, to render a whole district of a county prosperous and happy.

What you have inherited from nature might, with the same degree of cultivation, assist in raising the character of your native land, and in promoting her advantage. Whereas now—— Eh? What, in the name of wonder, is he after now?”

While the Major made this speech, young O'Connor, absorbed by the idea of the coming gala, had placed a chair in the centre of the room, and, with an abstracted air, described around it the course which he proposed adopting on the following day.

“The Puffin”—he said, in a fit of musing—“the Puffin we shall leave behind with ease—and the Kelpie also—the Sea-Gull is the only one I fear—she ran us hard enough in spring—Ah, Sir, I beg your pardon—you were speaking?”

“I was—I might as well be speaking to the mast of your yacht. Will nothing put sense into that head?”

“Oh, Sir, what should we both want with it? Time enough for me to look for sense when I

have an estate to mind—and that, I hope, (laying his hand upon his grandfather's shoulder) is as many years distant yet as I have hairs upon my head."

"Ah, but it isn't, you rogue—and you know it isn't. No, Harmond, you are shortening my days, and you know you are."

"Your days, Sir! you are stouter at this moment than I have seen you look these ten years back."

"Ah no—indeed I am not—and 'tis all your fault, and the fault of that villanous boat.—Come hither—Harmond—now promise me, my boy—come here—now promise me you will give up this yachting. Don't turn away and shake your head, but promise. That's my good lad! Now will you sell the yacht?"

"Ah, Sir, you never saw the Erin in a stiff breeze."

"You will sell her, won't you?"

"To see her—(oh, 'tis a sight for an emperor!) on a fresh autumn day with all her canvas spread,

and a whole gale of wind setting in from the nor' west"—

“ You will sell her, Harmond, won't you ? ”

“ —— With a fine swell roaring on her windward bow, shrouds like harp-strings, singing in the wind, and a luff like the tremor of a summer lake, just whispering ‘ close enough to wind ’ to the broad and full swollen main-sail. And then the ecstasy to see a rival on the course before, while we skim the breakers like a gull— What vessel, Nash? The Sea-Gull! Is it she? Come then, dear Erin!—Up with the jib!—Away!—Now, blow ye winds—blow strong—there—there she gathers away! Ha! there she dashes back the saucy brine—hold on! hold on!—we have her the next tack—the world to nothing—hold on, my darling!—Nash, the foresail!—there she spins about—blow, breezes, blow—our gunwale sips the foam—all hands to leeward!—there she gains upon her!—how are you? how are you? Any commands to the west?—Closer to wind—there, there they go—

close—side by side—an egg-shell would be crushed between—the Erin scooping every breath of wind from her canvas, and leaving her with mainsail flapping on the lee—there—there—we run a-head—good bye! Will you take a tow?—Good bye! Good bye! Good bye!”

And laughing, and suiting the action to the word, as if he were really acting the scene which he described, he retreated as he spoke, waving his hand in triumph to his grandfather, and running down stairs.

“After him, Harry, for pity’s sake,” exclaimed the major—“was ever such a water rat? I dare swear if he were anatomised, you would find him fish to the very spine. The contest of wind and water has the same effect on him that they say the moon at full has on a lunatic’s brain—it sets him crazed beyond self-government—after him, Harry—and strive to let him catch a little of your prudence—but alas! that is not a tenth so contagious as his folly. I must

let him keep the yacht ; for I do believe if the wind sung loud in his ear, and he had no other means of courting danger, he would take old Molly's washing-tub."

" My grandfather," said Harmond to young Beauchamp, as they gained the street together, " my grandfather wonders that I am not more attached to home, and yet, what does he do to make me so? It is true he has loaded me with favours, and means, I believe, to load me with much more ; but oh, good Harry, that lonesome — lonesome house ! Why man, I should die of the vapours if it were not for the Erin, that he abuses. Nature gave me friends and family, parents and brethren, aye, and sisters too (though I have never seen them in the compass of my memory), and he debars me from their society. To gratify a useless, and a worse than useless inveteracy of resentment, he continues to shut me out from the most innocent, yet to me the most desirable earthly enjoyment that can



possess the heart of man—the society of natural friends.”

“Is it long,” said Beauchamp, “since you have seen your mother?”

“So long that even the outline of her figure is but faintly impressed upon my memory.”

“Why not steal a visit to them? What is the Erin good for, if she will not carry you so far?”

“Long since I would have done so, but I do not even know their residence, though I have often striven to learn. It is something, at all events, to know that they are comfortable—though that is all I can ascertain.”

“And is the Major so inveterate still?”

“’Tis wonderful—past belief. He has even thrown out many hints that the property shall come to me, saddled with the condition that I am to perpetuate the exile, which he has imposed upon his daughter.”

“That’s hard.”

“ You are better off, Beauchamp. You have always lived amidst your family.”

“ Why do you muse ? ”

“ The cause is so astonishing, that I think you will hardly credit me when I reveal it.”

“ What can it be, for pity’s sake ? ”

“ Come here, and I will tell it you in private.”

They were by this time walking in one of the principal streets of the city, when Harmond drew his friend into a confectioner’s shop, at the door of which a number of officers of the garrison in undress, and some exquisites of the town were standing, talking and laughing aloud, and seeming to have no weightier business on hand than that of catching nods from the fair promenaders who passed by, or flinging halfpence into the street for the pleasure of seeing the beggars scramble for them in the gutter.

“ I am not superstitious,” said Harmond, as he drew his friend after him, into a small alcove, behind the shop, and took a seat at a little table

where some light refreshment had been laid as a lure for idlers—"I am not superstitious, and yet I am afraid that what I have to say will make you think me so—I have heard of the German double-goer, and the Irish fetch, and I believe in neither, although I have seen my own."

Beauchamp gazed on him.

"Yes," he continued, "I have seen my Dromio. I saw him two days since, as like myself in figure, face, and hue, as I am to my shadow in that mirror. I saw him first at the \* \* \* \* race-course—you know I kept a racer before I got the Erin—he won the sweepstakes from me by a neck; I saw him afterward at a steeple chase near your neighbourhood—there I beat *him*, but he was close behind me. I saw him again in a billiard room, behind this very apartment, where he beat me once again—(I am indeed but an indifferent gambler)—and last of all I saw him two days since, as I have said, upon the quay."

Henry Beauchamp turned round, and looked upon his friend as if he apprehended that something had occurred to derange his wits.

“ I assure you,” said Harmond, “ that I speak a serious truth.

My pulse as your's doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music.

If he intend, as I suppose he does, to take a part in the Regatta, to-morrow, I am determined to solve his mystery, whatever it may be.”

On the following morning, at the first glimpse of day, Harmond O'Connor was at young Beauchamp's bed-side.

“ Up, Harry, up ! or you will lose the tide, it is on the turn already ; a spanking gale from the west, and most of the hands on board the fleet already. I'll go before, and see all ready for you.”

Beauchamp arose. While he dressed in haste, Harmond softly opened the door, through which he should pass into his grandfather's room, and from thence into the lobby.

“Now for nice steering,” he said in a whisper, as he looked back on Beauchamp; “I must not wake the old gentleman, or I shall have half-an-hour’s lecture on the advantage of a double reef.”

He closed the door, and crept on tiptoe over the carpet, yet not so softly but he woke the watchful Major.

“Who’s there?”

“’Tis I, Sir.”

“Harmond, my dear Harmond, where are you going?”

“To the Regatta, Sir, of course.”

“What sort of a day is it, Harmond?”

“A fine, fresh morning, Sir.”

“Aye, I know what you mean by a fine, fresh morning; put back the curtain—mercy! why ’tis blowing a storm! Surely, Harmond, you don’t mean to go out to-day.”

“Indeed I do, and to win a cup to-day.”

“Harmond, is there anything that could induce you to give up this wretched amusement,

as you call it, that makes my life one unvarying round of torture?"

Harmond paused for a little time, and then answered in a serious tone—

“There is, Sir, *one* thing.”

“Name it, and it is yours, if you say the half of what I possess.”

“Recall my mother.”

“Ha!”

“Recall and forgive my parents, and restore peace to a family, that your resentment only tends to keep divided and unhappy.”

The Major sat up, and leaned for some moments against the head of the bed.

“Never!” he exclaimed with vehemence; “never while I breathe! and it is daring in you to mention the name of ——, she is your mother, so I shall not wound your ears with what I was about to say.”

“She is your daughter, too, Sir.”

“She is—she was my daughter; Sir, it is bold of you to use the liberty I gave you thus.

She was my daughter. From her very infancy I doated on her—I gave her all she sought—I never, (would I had !) I never thwarted her by word or act—I trusted in her gratitude—her love, as freely as a child could do in the affection of a parent—and she forsook me. Never while I exist will I forgive her !”

“ Not forgive her, Sir !” Oh, Sir, you surprise me ; such a word as that, comes very ill from so grey a head as yours. Sir, if she were a stranger to your blood and name, and had inflicted on you the deepest injury, it would be your duty to forgive her. But she is not a stranger to your blood—she is not your enemy—she is your child—your daughter—your only, and once, your loved one—and she has never injured you—never designedly injured you. My mother, Sir, may have been rash—she may have been unwise—but I am sure she loved you—and I am sure, wherever she is, she loves you still. Oh, Sir, let no one hear you say that word again ! let no one have to tell, that he has heard

an old man say, that he never would forgive his daughter."

"Boy," said the Major, "you take up a hasty and unintended phrase. I do *forgive* Eliza; I declare in the presence of our common parent (and that is not a trivial invocation), that I have no resentment towards her in my heart; but recall, receive her as of old I never will!"

"Sir," answered Harmond, "that is a forgiveness that will not bear the probe. We often mistake for charity and pardon, the very satisfaction which we feel in the indulgence of our resentment."

"Tush—tush—Sir!" cried the Major, pettishly; "you're but a child—a child, Sir, and not qualified to judge in these matters. Society, Sir,—the customs of society must be respected."

"The customs of society!" said Harmond, in an indignant tone; "must they take precedence of the law of nature and of heaven? must we be the very slaves of custom?"



“Harmond,” said the Major, “let no one ever seduce you into that wretched fancy, that the opinions of your fellow-creatures may be the subject of your contempt. Leave such notions as those to would-be philosophers, to selfish and whining sentimentalists, and others, who have too much genius to have any common sense or decent feeling. I never knew one of those lip-curlers, those scoffers at society, who was not at heart more thoroughly the slave of opinion, more sore about what was thought and said of him, more greedy after praise, and more anxious to be the common talk, whether in love or blame, than any of the quiet folks, who incur their scorn by being good-natured enough to comply with the world in all that is indifferent. In love or blame, I say, for love of fame is often so diseased in character, and many of those soaring spirits are so wretchedly dependent, after all, on the common opinion, which they pretend to despise, that they had rather be the objects of the world’s disgust than its indifference ; to

be loathed, than be forgotten. He who despises society, is himself a more miserable object of contempt. His very scorn is a crime more odious than the silliest custom he contemns."

"Granting all this, Sir," answered Harmond, "is it necessary for us therefore to comply with the world in what is not indifferent?"

"You seek," said the Major, "to coop me up into a corner, but you may spare your logic. Eliza has disgraced her name and mine. I will not sanction her ill-conduct by restoring her to the place which she freely chose to forfeit; as she has sown, so let her reap. The unhappiness that you reproach me with, was not my choice nor fault, but hers."

"Perhaps not altogether hers, Sir, after all. If I rightly understand my poor mother's character, she owed many of her failings to her education, to a favourite idea of your own, which left her too much from childhood to her own direction."

"That cut goes home!" said the Major,

laying his hand upon his eyes ; “ you are bold in your surgery, Harmond ; you can use the caustic freely.”

“ And if it be to heal, Sir,” said Harmond, taking his grandfather’s hand in both his, “ why are you angry ? I speak of my mother and your child ; they are powerful names—do not harden your heart against them. Forgive her, Sir, I conjure you to forgive her, and let us be again united. Think what it will be, Sir, to see them all around you—to have the bond of gratitude added to that of natural affection, and what is more, to have a Creator pacified, who must now look angrily upon your house.”

The Major seemed for some moments to waver as he contemplated the picture which Harmond placed before him. At last he said—

“ Why did she choose my enemy ? ”

“ Ah, Sir,” said Harmond, “ why had you an enemy for her to choose ? ”

“ That may prove my fault, but it does not diminish hers.”

“ Say you forgive her, Sir.”

“ No, no ! ”

“ Say that you forgive my parents.”

“ No ! ”

“ I will sell the Erin before night, and never set foot on fore-castle again.”

“ I will not say it ! ”

“ Farewell, Sir ! ”

“ Stay — Harmond ! — Harmond O’Connor, stay a moment !—the reef !—Don’t forget the reef ! (The hall-door slapped too.) He’s gone ! and without hearing me ! The fellow will run into danger now purely to spite me ! Adam ! (He rung the bell.) An obstinate—headstrong —Thomas !—Just his mother’s manner—her wild and hairbrained spirit—and a little dash of her self-will along with it. Adam, run after Mr. Harmond, and tell him not forget the reef upon his peril,—and to be home early, that we may have some further conversation on the subject which we were speaking of this morning, —make haste !—(Adam departed)—Eliza ! No !

—the ingrate ! Never shall she cross the threshold of my door again ! ”

He dressed himself and remained sitting in his chair until the servant returned.

“ Well, Adam ? ”

“ I overtook him near the quay, Sir. ”

“ Well ? ”

“ He said, ‘ pooh, pooh ! ’ Sir, when I talked of the reef; and when I gave him the rest of the message he laughed, and said he knew that was a trap, but that he was not to be caught with chaff. ”

“ Very respectful, indeed. The fellow will certainly run in the way of danger purely to be even with me. What sort of a morning is it on the water ? ”

“ One of the boatmen, Sir, told me it was likely to be a storm from the nor’ west. ”

“ A storm ! ”

“ A storm, Sir, so he said. ”

“ I am the wretchedest old man in Munster ! I am sorry I was so harsh—he’ll not return

to-night—he may never return ; and if he should not, what becomes of me ?—Aye, there the wind begins to sing already—well—and the clouds are red in the east ;—a dreadful sign—and a scud overhead—worse and worse—mackerel and mares' tails all across the zenith, so much I know of seamen's craft for my greater misery ; I know the gloomier snatches of the science. Well, if he come safely home to-night and promise to give up the Erin—I'll—I'll—no ! never, never will I again receive Eliza ! ”

“ Come, Beauchamp—push along ! ” cried Harmond to his friend, as they hurried in the dusk of dawn through the narrow streets that led to the water-side. ’Tis a glorious morning, plenty of wind in hand, and promises of more.”

“ Harmond O'Connor ! ”

“ Who called me ? Did you not hear a voice ? ”

“ I thought so, but see no one.”

“ Harmond ! Harmond O'Connor ! ”

“ Again ! Oh there he is ! For pity's sake

be quick, or we are saddled with a bore—a regular bore.—’Tis Mr. Ajax Mac Orient, an old neighbour and friend of my mother,—a gentleman who would have every one he converses with to see with his eyes, hear with his ears, judge with his judgment, and feel with his feelings,—a horrid fellow!—with a smattering of all the arts and sciences extant, and a knowledge of none, yet passing for a finished critic in all, upon the strength of an acquaintance with some hundreds of technical phrases.—Oh! we are late,—he is on us—and we are in for it.”

They were joined by Mr. Mac Orient, who carried in his hand some bulky substance resembling a stone.

“Harmond, how are you? How d’ye do, Beauchamp? Both bound for the Regatta, eh?”

“Of course.”

“Could a poor landsman hope for a passage to the rendezvous?”

“ Oh, certainly;—Boat-a-hoy ! ”

“ Look here, Harmond, see what I found in the quarry near Mount Orient.”

“ Why, what is that ? ”

“ Look close at it.”

“ I do; it seems to me like a lump of limestone.”

“ Ha,—ha,—you are pleased to say so. It is an amygdaloid, one of the most beautiful specimens I have ever seen. I have been making what our worthy seneschal Hifle calls a *genealogical survey* of the caverns and quarries about our neighbourhood, and have picked up some most extraordinary facts and specimens; did you know that the left end of the village is all one mass of trap ! ”

“ No, I protest,” said Harmond, “ I had no idea of it.”

“ I believe, sir,” said Beauchamp, not perceiving the significant gestures by which Harmond warned him not to set the pedant’s tongue



in motion, "that geology is a very fashionable science now."

"Oh quite, sir, quite cut out the political economists. Geology will do very well awhile; it has not yet found any body to give it to all the world at one and sixpence a month. By the way, what do you think [to Beauchamp] of this little book on Ireland?—Aye, I see you don't like it,—well I can't agree with you there; the author, you will say, defends absenteeism. You don't like that: well now, I don't know but 'tis right; what do you think? How would you reason the point?"

"I think," said Beauchamp, "that the person who could regard as a matter of indifference the residence or non-residence of a landlord on his own estate, is *not to be reasoned with*. I would despair as utterly of leading such an individual to feel aright, as I would of teaching a blind man to perceive the beauties of a landscape, or a ploughman to appreciate the verse of Milton."

“ Well, read her again, and if you don’t agree with me,—and a-propos of landscapes,—look at that!—there’s a true Claude Lorraine sun for you! Do you see that castle in the *middle distance*, *balanced* by the sloop upon the left? That’s Cuyp all over; and there, there’s Rysdael for you.”

“ Where?” cried Beauchamp, turning suddenly.

“ That small dark copse upon the right. And mark the effect of that fishing-boat dancing on the billows in the foreground.”

“ The forewater, you mean,” said Harmond.

“ Oh, I spoke technically. The sky is well enough, but the clouds a little too rocky; that mass on the horizon is hardly natural. Look there!—that herd of cattle on the slope, did you ever see any thing so exactly after Morland?—only they are not scattered enough,—they crowd too much to the left,—that flock of sheep is better—now that’s perfect!—and that country girl loitering at the stile to see us pass. Poussin

himself could not exceed that,—only that hill of furze comes in too close to the rape field—there's too much yellow—somewhat overdone.—Gainsborough would have done it better,—but there—there!—that makes up for all indeed—look, Mr. Beauchamp, look at that range of hills to the south!”

“A very striking outline,” said Henry, not wishing to appear too ignorant.

“Outline, did you say?—oh no, I did not mean the outline,—I think the outline is deficient—rather tame—not pointed enough—not enough of the volcanic character about it—a Salvator stroke here and there would be desirable—I only meant the tints—the colouring—the correctness of the aerial perspective—I'd defy Turner himself to out-do that. I don't like that bright gleam of sunshine on the hill behind the old castle, though it gives such force to the darkened outline of the ruin,—it seems to be done too much for effect;—it is too dioramic to please me.”

“How possessed is this man with his technical jargon,” whispered Harmond, “when he makes art the original of his pictures, and nature herself the imitation. For pity’s sake do not say another word, or he will leave nothing without a daub.”

By this time the rendezvous appeared in sight; it was a spacious creek within view of the village, which was crowded with visitors anxious to see the Regatta. The shore was already filled with villagers and country people, who hailed the Erin as she came in sight with repeated cheers. Several of the yachts were at their moorings, and a turf-boat anchored at a short distance from the shore, displayed the Commodore’s flag at her masthead. A band of music stationed on board added to the gaiety of the scene. The village, strand, and neighbouring fields and heights were all buz-buz from side to side, and every thing seemed to promise a day of unbroken pleasure.

We will not so far intrude upon the province

of the fashionable journals as to furnish a detail of the day's amusements, our business being chiefly with those events which did not appear upon the surface of the proceedings. While Harmond, having got rid of Ajax Mac Orient, stood with the tiller in his hand awaiting the report of the gun that was to be the signal for starting, he observed a small hooker, with sails and hull as black as night, draw near the little fleet, and keep hovering around them as if waiting likewise for the signal.

“Nash,” said his master, “what hooker is that?”

“I don't know her, sir. I seen her before to-day, but nobody knows her.”

“Beauchamp!” cried Harmond eagerly to his friend, and grasping his arm as he looked upon the boat—“I know it! It is my fetch! my double goer!”

At this instant the shot was heard, and all the vessels started from their cables together. In a short time the race was between the Sea-gull and

the Erin. The strange hooker pressed close behind, but seemed rather to stand upon and watch, than race with the other boats. When they approached the flag-boat which was stationed in the mouth of the river as a kind of goal, around which the vessels were to sail and return, they were all astonished to behold the hooker, instead of turning, stand boldly out to sea.

“ Let the match go where it will,” cried Harmond, “ I will follow that fellow.”

“ Follow him! is it out to say, sir?” exclaimed Nash, with a look of utter amazement.

“ Mind your business, sir, and hold you tongue,” replied his master.

Nash clasped his hands, and seemed the image of despair. In an incredibly short time, both hooker and yacht were bounding over the billows of the broad Atlantic, Nash looking back to the majestic cliffs between which the river they had

left disembogued its waters into the mighty sea, and even Beauchamp himself casting a less significant glance in the same direction.

“What do you mean to do, Harmond?”

“To follow him wherever he is going.”

“Eh, master,” said Nash, “how do you know where he’s going? or is it a right boat at all that’s there, only a *chimera*?”

“Hold your tongue, sir.”

“We’re lost! we’re lost! we’re lost!”

By this time the day had darkened, the wind grew fresher, and the indications of an approaching gale became momentarily more apparent. Harmond alone seemed with the excitement to have recovered his usual spirits and gaiety of temper.

“Come along—that’s it, my darling. There she dashes back the saucy brine—Ha! what’s a hunter’s back to that? Eh, Beauchamp? Oh, if we had the Major here for half an hour—Ho! ho! that’s it, my sweetest!

“ Our captain rose with a look of dread,  
On the plank he scarce can stand—  
Up, boatswain, up, to the topmost head,  
And see can you spy any land ;  
I have looked to the east—I have looked to the west,  
Where the stormy winds do blow,  
And I see but the sky that is raging above,  
And the ocean that foams below,  
Below !  
And the ocean that foams below !

“ Ha—dash along, my darling ! Well, Harry,  
was this your first time at sea ? ”

Nash groaned.

“ If it isn't, 'twill be his last, I fear.”

“ Hold on—we're safe enough—the Erin will  
stand any thing with that cockle shell, at all  
events.

“ Sad is our case amid tempest and wreck,  
While the foamy breakers roar,  
For we poor sailors are trusting to the deck,  
While the land-lubber lies on shore,  
Shore, shore !  
While the land-lubber lies on shore ! ”

They continued the chase until the night  
began to fall. The hooker still kept some



hundred yards a-head of the yacht, until it became difficult to distinguish her rigging in the diminished light, notwithstanding the sable colour of her sails, which, as seamen know, by a feeble light is much more easily discerned than white. Fortunately the night, though rough, was not altogether dark, and occasionally between the flying scuds of vapour, the full bright moon shot a hurried gleam upon the scene of tumult. Once, as he discerned in the glimpses of light the outline of the hooker far a-head, O'Connor strove to hail her, when the following conversation passed between them :

“ Where are you bound ? ”

There was a pause, after which, between the bursts of the gale, they could faintly hear the hooker's answer.

“ To the other world ! ”

“ Who is your captain ? ”

“ Death ! ”

“ What vessel ? ”

“ The Water-hearse. ”

At each of these answers Nash groaned and clapped his hands aloud.

“My poor father and mother!” he exclaimed; “Oh, the luck I had the day I ever entered your service, Mr. O’Connor! Oh, murder! murder! murder!”

“That’s a pretty fellow,” said Harmond, “whoever he is. That fellow’s safe enough, at all events. He was never born to meet his death by drowning.”

“I wish to my heart I was a-board of him then,” cried Nash.

The night advanced, the wind increased, and still the hooker held on her sea-ward course. Harmond, perceived, however, that as soon as she had got to a safe distance from the clifted shore, she took a course almost directly southward, which he took care to imitate. Before midnight they had lost her. This circumstance did not add to their tranquillity. On their left appeared a stupendous iron-bound coast with its clifted headlands, and bays worked deep into the

perpendicular rock, reverberating the roar of the now fully awakened ocean, while, on their right, the vast and angry waste of water presented a spectacle hardly less appalling: These perils were increased by the night, and the ignorance of every one on board, of the nature of the coast by which they steered. They had, however, now no choice to make. The direction taken by the wind must be theirs, and fortunate for them it was, that it continued since they left the mouth of the river to blow almost directly north. After midnight, the storm increased to such a height that Harmond began to despair of making the land before morning. They were still driving onward with a speed resembling that of a racer at full gallop, when a sudden burst of moonlight revealed to them, at a considerable distance before, and on the left, the mouth of a bay which seemed to promise shelter from the fury of the roused up sea without. Shortening the sail of the yacht by lowering her peak, and steering for the bay,

they ran into its tranquil waters just as the sun had risen above a magnificent range of hills which bound the landward horizon. Within this bay, which was studded with islands, and skirted with shores of alternate crag and green and woodland, they discovered a second, less spacious than the first, but far more wild and beautiful, the shores still more diversified with rock and foliage, and fertile islets scattered with yet greater profusion around their track as they advanced. It was one of those singular landscapes on the Irish coast, in which the richest and most tranquil inland scenery is blended with all the wildness and magnificence of the sea-side ; one of those

Glens where ocean comes

To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,

And harbours, worthiest homes

Where Freedom's sails might anchor.

“ The question is now,” said Harmond, as they came to anchor near the shore, where the water ran so smooth that a cockle-shell would

have floated on it; the question now is, what are we to do for breakfast?"

"Oh then, since we escaped last night," said Nash, "I'll engage we'll not die of starvation this morning whatever."

While Harmond O'Connor and his companions are preparing to go on shore, we will return to Eliza O'Connor, respecting whose fortunes nothing has been told since her departure from our own neighbourhood. How entirely, did it seem to her now, she had mistaken from the first the path to peace and happiness! She looked back now upon the past with that clear and sober gaze which affliction is almost certain to confer on minds that are not perverted by a wilful blindness, and it seemed to her as if the whole had passed under the influence of a species of intoxication. She wondered at herself as she discerned the selfish motive of acts on which she had even prided herself in prosperous days, and shuddered at many which she had considered wholly indif-

ferent when they were performed. The experience which brought her wisdom brought her repentance also, and while she wept with bitterness over faults which now lay bare before her mind in all their deformity, she would not exchange her present sorrow for all the hoodwinked gaiety that she had lost.

The scenery, through which she passed on her departure, was calculated to afford her some relief from the afflicting thoughts that had begun to weigh upon her health and spirits. A wild and broken road conducted them southward from the Killarney lakes. For many miles after the enchanting lake prospects had been shut behind them, they found themselves encompassed by scenery of the most rugged and profitless description, mountains without sublimity, and valleys without beauty, breaking upon them in dreary succession, during the lapse of a summer day's journey. Sometimes mounted on those shaggy ponies (a descendant of the Spanish Asturiones, and the only beast of bur-

then to which these wilds are safely passable), they toiled up the steeps of Esk, a portion of the gloomy range of glens and hollows which were termed, by ancient topographers, the Vallis Juncosa, and which, during the early English invasions, frequently afforded to the worsted natives a retreat regarded as inaccessible. Sometimes in some wild mountain nook, they lighted upon a solitary cluster of farm houses, with gardens reclaimed from the waste, and affording subsistence to a remnant of the O'Sullivans or O'Sheas, of some ancient *clean* or family, who still preserve amid those deserts their independence, their poverty, their ignorance, their simplicity, and their genealogical pride, unaltered. Sometimes, a healthy mountain housewife, seated between her hampers, with kerchief tied around her laughing countenance, and blue mantle drawn around her shoulders, trotted by and challenged them in her native dialect to a race along the craggy road. Sometimes a herring-gull or heron, floating gracefully through the

fields of air above, indicated their near approach to the south-western coast, and at intervals the cry of a gannet, winging its way towards its nest in the lonely Skelig, startled the echoes among the barren excavations of the mountain. Sometimes also, they encountered in the extensive solitude, the solitary figure of a priest, leading his pony down a slippery steep, and accompanied on one side by his clerk, laden with the bag of vestments, and on the other by a mountaineer, who had summoned him to administer the last rites of his religion to a dying relative. Towards evening, as they wound along within sight of the Sliev Miskisk Mountains on the right, some traces of a kindlier soil began to break upon their view. The fir and overgrown buckthorn no longer held solitary dominion in the wilds,—the heath was diversified by the white blossomed mountain avens, the delicate London-pride, and sometimes by the yellow flowered tormentil; clusters of the smaller shrubs became more frequent in the clefts of the rocks, and along the



mountain sides. The road coiled among broken defiles, presenting a romantic intermixture of rock and foliage, of beauty and abruptness. Plantations in which the symmetry of art was blended with the freedom, boldness, and luxuriance of nature, arose on either side of the narrow way, and the social sense was silently pleased without breaking the romantic dream which the enchanting solitude had occasioned. Once more the lake-haunting arbutus, which had not visited their sight, since they lost, two mornings before the last traces of the Killarney scenery, now waved its slender leaves and scarlet berries above them from some overhanging rock, and welcomed them again to a new region of beauty and delight. At length, their ponies with drooping head, and more laborious step, descended towards the termination of the grass-grown avenue. The sun struck a level light through the top of some old oak or lofty yew upon the right, while the evening silence was broken by the full round note of the song-thrush, concealed in some shaded

thicket, or by the silvery trill of the wood-lark, which here, like the nightingale, prolonged its strain far into the night. The broken rays shot across their path between the trunks of the aged trees,—a fresher wind rustled amid the lichen and beeches,—and that indescribable murmur, almost inaudible to the sense, and yet filling the whole air, which the ocean sends forth in its calmest hours, announced their approach to the sea-side. At length, the leafy screen vanished behind them, and the varied shores, the tufted points and scattered islands of Glengariff Bay, broke suddenly in all their sunset beauty on Eliza's sight. Before them the bright green waters of the great inlet crossed by a glancing and yellow light from the distant mountain heights, now broke in glittering wavelets on a sunlit beach, and now rolled dark and silent at the foot of some aged rock. Far in the distance, a few boats might be seen dredging for coral sand near the mouth of the bay, and more near,

on a craggy island, a lofty battery suggested the stern image of war and ruin, in the midst of this delicious region of peace and of abundance.

Here on the shores of this remote bay, did Mr. O'Connor fix his residence from the period of his departure from our neighbourhood, until that day on which Harmond and Beauchamp left home for the regatta. In the interim, great and serious changes had taken place in the establishment; their children were most of them grown up, while their means, at no period equal to their rank, were disappearing fast; Eliza's fortune, almost their sole possession, was not equal to the expenses of a family, no member of which could supply, either by his industry or talent, the absence of a more considerable income; and what was worse, while it lasted they felt little care about the future. O'Connor, who had the misfortune to be what is commonly called "good natured," that is a man without thought, and fond of his amusement, was good for little beside fishing, shooting, and

telling stories after dinner; and his eldest son was even a more serious cause of uneasiness to both the parents : in him Mrs O'Connor deeply felt the nature of the pain which she had herself inflicted on her father. He associated with the most worthless characters in the neighbourhood, and often remained for many months from home, without furnishing, either before his departure or after his return, any account of his motives in doing so; the issue was, that the household fell at length into decay, and borrowing, a bad remedy, was resorted to by Mr. O'Connor, in order to supply immediate wants. In this position affairs were placed at the time when Harmond, without knowing the situation of his parents, was pleading their cause with his grandfather.

On landing from his yacht in company with Henry Beauchamp, Harmond proceeded toward a house within the distance of a few fields from the water-side, with the hope of obtaining fire and refreshment. As they walked along the

narrow foot-path which traversed the grass, their attention was arrested by the following song, which they could hear distinctly on the other side of a hedge that separated them from the dwelling. The voice was so sweet and musical, that they stopped to hear the whole.

## I.

Fare thee well, my native dell,  
 Though far away I wander,  
 With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,  
 In absence only fonder.  
 Farewell, ye banks where once I roved  
 To view that lovely river,—  
 And you, ye groves, so long beloved,  
 And fields, farewell for ever!  
 Fare thee well, &c.

## II.

Here once my youthful moments flew,  
 In joys like sunshine splendid,  
 The brightest hours that e'er I knew  
 With those sweet scenes were blended —  
 When o'er those hills, at break of morn,  
 The deer went bounding early,  
 And huntsmen woke, with hounds and horn,  
 The mountain echoes cheerly.  
 Fare thee well, &c.

## III.

Fare ye well, ye happy hours,  
 So bright, but long departed !  
 Fare ye well, ye fragrant bow'rs,  
 So sweet, but now deserted !  
 Farewell, each rock and lonely isle  
 That wake the poet's numbers,  
 And thou, oh ancient holy pile\*,  
 Where mighty Brian slumbers !  
 Fare thee well ! &c.

## IV.

Farewell, thou old romantic bridge,  
 Where morn has seen me roaming,  
 To mark across each shallow ridge,  
 The mighty Shannon foaming—  
 No more I'll press the bending oar,  
 To speed the painted wherry,  
 And glide along the woody shore  
 To view the hills of Derry.  
 Fare thee well ! &c.

## V.

There's many an isle in Scariff bay,  
 With many a garden blooming,  
 Where oft I've passed the summer day  
 Till twilight hours were glooming.

\* The cathedral in which is the monument of the celebrated Brian Boroimhe.

No more shall evening's yellow glow  
 Among those ruins find me—  
 Far, far from those dear scenes I go,  
 But leave my heart behind me.  
 Fare thee well ! &c.

## VI.

Fast, fast we ride by hedge and tree,  
 Fast fade thy loved bowers—  
 Still through the bursting tears I see  
 Thy hills and hoary towers.  
 'Tis past ! my last faint glimpse is o'er,  
 My last farewell is spoken,  
 I see those loved scenes no more,  
 My heart—my heart is broken !  
 Fare thee well, my native dell,  
 Though far away I wander,  
 With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,  
 In absence only fonder.

Still humming a verse of the song, a fine looking boy, of about twelve or thirteen years of age, appeared at the little gate which stood between the strangers and the lawn, immediately before the house. On seeing Harmond, he opened the gate and ran hastily towards him.

“So you are come at last,” he said, taking his hand, “and we thought we were never to see you any more—and you are just come in time,

for there are keepers in the house these two days, and papa is gone off to uncle Edward's to hide, for fear he'd be taken to gaol.— Mouser had six kittens, and mamma was obliged to stay in bed to-day, she was so sick for fear you were drowned last night in the great storm."

By the time he had got thus far in his budget of news, he began to perceive that he had mistaken his man, and, drawing back with a shy and embarrassed look, was about to betake himself to flight. Harmond, however, encouraged him to remain until he had entrusted him with a message for the lady of the house.

They found in the interior of the dwelling all the symptoms of discomfort and perplexity which the lad's speech had led them to expect. Two surly men were pacing now and then from the kitchen to the hall, and looking as if they wished to make themselves as troublesome as possible, but did not know how to set about it.

"They are as cross as the cats," said the boy, in a whisper, to Harmond, to whom he seemed



to have taken a liking, "because mamma refuses to give them whiskey. One of them told Nelly in the kitchen that he didn't care what they took out of the house so as that they were only civil. By civil he means giving him money or whiskey; and that, you know, when he was put here to watch the goods: did you ever see such a rogue? But come away to a room where you can change your dress, and my sister Ellen will have breakfast ready for you when you come back. I don't know whether mamma will be able to come down or no, but you will have breakfast at any rate."

They proceeded to the room, their new acquaintance conducting them and continuing his communicative conversation, while they made the necessary change in their attire.

"I was sure it was Redmond when I saw you," he said to Harmond; "I never saw any body so like, and even the dress itself. He wasn't at home these two months, and mamma is afraid something has happened him. I told

mamma how like him you were, and she was greatly surprised, but she said it must be the dress that made me think it."

"And pray tell me," said Harmond, "what is this place called?"

"This? Oh, this is Glengariff; I'm surprised you don't know it; I thought every body knew Glengariff.

"And what is your own name?"

"Arthur O'Connor."

There needed no more to place the whole of the case before the eyes of Harmond. The roof beneath which Providence had thus singularly thrown him was the dwelling of his parents, and it was his brother who stood before him. Those who have never known or who long have wanted the sweetness of domestic intercourse, the inexpressible charm that is in the words brother and sister and parent, the confidence of sure and perfect intimacy in the heart which neither interested friendships nor worldly alliances can bring, those only can recognise in

their own hearts the feelings that awoke in that of Harmond upon this discovery. He felt that pang of love—that yearning of the heart with which the faithful Joseph was affected when he longed to fling himself upon the neck of Benjamin, and weep aloud. The time, however, was not yet arrived for making the disclosure, so that he continued his questions with apparent unconcern.

“And have you any brothers or sisters?”

“Oh, yes, a great many, and cousins too. We have two cousins living with us now, James and Mary O'Connor. We have Big James and Little James, and Big Mary and Little Mary. That's the way we know 'em asunder, for some are cousins, and others brother and sister. 'Tis Big Mary, that's sister Mary, that's getting breakfast.”

Returning to the parlour, they found, in the act of preparing breakfast, a fine young woman whose dark hair and full intelligent eyes would have made a stranger pronounce her to be

Harmond's sister. As they entered, Arthur whispered Harmond in the ear :—

“ That's Big Mary.”

Blushing and laughing together, at the uncouth epithet which she overheard, and which certainly could only be comparatively appropriate, the young lady saluted the visitors, and with easy politeness apologised for the absence of Mrs. O'Connor, who, she said, was not yet ready to make her appearance. In the mean time she had given orders that the gentlemen should receive every accommodation which their cottage could afford, and a servant had already been despatched to summon the boatman to the house.

While Beauchamp warmed himself at the fireside, Harmond entered into conversation with his sister, in whom he was delighted to find both manners and information suited to her rank. The room now filled with young O'Connors of all sizes, every one of whose persons and countenances, Harmond examined

with an interest that gave amusement and gratification to his sister. At length a slow and apparently feeble step was heard descending the staircase. The door was opened, and a lady entered, who seemed about forty years of age, in a dark dress of the very plainest fashion, and with a look of the severest care imprinted deep upon her features. Instinctively Harmond walked across the floor to meet her, and then stood gazing in her face until she should recognise him. She did so at first sight—but the fear of a mistake made her prolong the inquiring look until all doubt had disappeared. As every feature gradually became familiar to her recollection, the thoughts of early days came back upon her mind with a force and poignancy that were almost insupportable. She trembled as the certainty grew strong, the tears gushed into her eyes, and as she had raised her hands and cast herself upon his breast, she had scarcely strength to utter in the faintest voice :

“ It is my child ! ”

“My mother! my dear mother!”

It was indeed his mother, but widely altered from the gay romantic girl who kept Drumshambo Hall alive with her wit and gaiety. The commotion which this scene created may safely be intrusted to the reader's imagination. It was heightened ere noon by the arrival of Redmond O'Connor, the owner of the hooker, whose resemblance to Harmond was now accounted for. The latter was in the most exulting spirits, and would have had the whole household come away at once and take his grandfather by storm. But Mrs. O'Connor, who now could form a better estimate of her father's character than in former times, was not so sanguine in her hopes.

“If it were difficult,” she said, “fifteen years since, to obtain his forgiveness for what was past, it will be more so now, when absence has diminished affection, and when resentment has taken firm and lasting root within his mind. For it is a certain truth, that the longer we

cherish any feeling, whether good or evil, the more invincible it becomes. For the present let us enjoy with grateful hearts the delight of our re-union, and devise some means of rendering it permanent."

We will leave Harmond to become intimate with the friends to whom he was thus unexpectedly restored, and direct our attention to another quarter. On the second morning after the regatta, Major O'Brien, sleepless, wretched, and a prey to the cruellest suspense, was seated in his drawing room, awaiting the return of Adam, whom he had despatched to the quay in search of news.

"If he has perished," said the Major, "I shall lose my wits; if he has escaped, I will disinherit him. A villain, to keep me two nights without a wink of sleep—poor fellow!—poor fellow!—perhaps I am talking of one over whom the waves are breaking at this moment. Oh miserable man! Well, Adam, what's the news? did you hear nothing?"

“Nothing, sir.”

“I am utterly undone. It were better for us both to have perished at Drumshambo.”

At this instant a noise was heard in the backyard.

“Yeo ho! Adam! Ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!”

“’Tis he! ’Tis Harmond! Heaven be praised! Run Adam! Open the door—run—run—Good heaven be praised for ever!—A scoundrel!—poor fellow!—a dog—a headstrong—poor—poor boy, so he is safe!—What Harmond—my dear child! What well? Quite well?”

“A little hungry, sir, that’s all,” cried Harmond, after he had liberated himself from his grandfather’s embrace; “sharp air, sir, makes the appetite keen.”

“You scoundrel, how dared you use me thus? My poor fellow, and are you very cold?—Adam, get breakfast quick! Oh, villain, I’ll disinherit you! Did you get very wet? Well, come and tell me all about it while Adam is



getting breakfast. And mind! take care and make it as horrible as possible, for I like to have the description made very horrible when all the harm is over. I remember, after the skirmish of Drumshambo——”

“There is no occasion, sir,” said Harmond, “for any invention in the case. The plain truth is horrible enough.”

“I suppose so—I warrant ye. I suppose it is indeed.”

“In the first place, every wave we passed after leaving the Heads behind us was something lower than the cathedral steeple.”

“Eh? Bless me! Were you not swallowed up alive?”

“The night was as black as the chimney-piece.”

“Dear! dear!”

“We heard the breakers roaring like lions on the cliffs within fifty yards of us——”

“My poor boy——”

“While none of us knew a single rock along the coast——”

“ Oh, you villain.”

“ About midnight the storm began——”

“ Come to the morning—come to the morning,” said the old man, “ ’tis too horrible. What happened in the morning?”

“ In the morning, sir,” said Harmond, “ we ran into a lonesome bay, as drenched as water spaniels, and hungry as kites. Indeed I don’t know what we should have done if it were not for a hospitable family living near the shore, who showed me, I must say, as much attention as if I had been one of themselves.”

“ Why what charming good sort of people they must be. Who were they?”

“ But unfortunately—and to this it is, sir, that I wish to direct your especial attention—I discovered that, like most persons who are distinguished by uncommon amiability, they are not so prosperous as could be wished.”

Here Harmond, altering his tone and manner, and speaking with a seriousness that showed how deep an interest he felt in what he told, described

the scene which he had witnessed at Glengariff, related what he knew of the circumstances of the family, and concluded by so fervent an eulogy on the lady of the house, that the interest and sympathy of the Major were strongly awakened.

“ I could not help feeling pity for her,” said Harmond, “ when I figured to myself the idea of so gentle and amiable a being reduced to the necessity of accompanying her husband to a common gaol, and after having, by her own extraordinary industry, educated all her children in the rank in which herself was born, condemned to see them cast upon the world, to struggle with the most abject poverty.”

“ ’Tis very hard—very hard, indeed,” said the major—“ but how is it? Have they no friends? has she no relative who might assist her?”

“ That, sir,” said Harmond, “ is what adds peculiar sharpness to her affliction. She has one wealthy relative—but he refuses even to receive her within his doors. In short,” con-

tinued Harmond, turning suddenly, and taking his grandfather's hand—"I am but awkward at disguise or mystery. It was beneath my parents' roof that I found shelter from the storm."

"So! so!"

"It was my mother whom I found upon the brink of ruin, and who, overpowered by my persuasions, has consented to return along with me, to implore from her only parent the succour which she now can hope for no where else."

"Eliza has come with you then," said the Major, with a tranquillity of voice which did not promise well.

"She is now beneath this roof," said Harmond, somewhat daunted by the Major's unexpected coldness.

"Tell her," said the Major, without the least emotion, "to return the way she came, They shall have some money if they wish for it, but I will not see her."

Harmond, himself impetuous and liable to sudden impulses both of anger and of love, was

totally unprepared for this cold, unmoved inveteracy of resentment. The Major's love for his daughter, all ferment as it once appeared, had always too much of selfishness about it; and as his subsequent severity had all along been founded on a bad principle, it was, like all bad feelings, hard to be eradicated.

The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,  
But like red hot steel is the old man's ire.

So said one who knew something of the human heart, and the Major's case was no exception to the rule. Harmond felt his spirit sink at the thought of having subjected his mother to the pain of this unnatural reception, and in his fear on her account he grew more earnest in his entreaties

“Do not, I beseech you, sir,” he said, “inflict so cruel a blow upon your daughter's heart. Let it not be said or thought, that after having been separated from her for more than twenty years, you could be guilty of such a crime—I will call

it—as that of turning her from your door without even hearing her prayer for your forgiveness.”

“ I tell you,” said the Major, “ I will hear nothing. If they want money they shall have it—but the sooner she goes home again the better.”

Shocked to the soul, and naturally indignant at this speech, Harmond resumed his usual carriage, and addressed his grandfather with more firmness.

“ I am sorry, sir,” said he, “ for all our sakes, that I was not able to prevail on you. I never will deliver to my mother such a message as you speak of. You are mistaken in her character, well as you ought to know it, if you suppose that she is mercenary. She seeks your forgiveness and affection, and where those are denied, I fear your money would be an unwelcome substitute. But sir——” continued Harmond, and he paused for a long time, as if he felt the utmost difficulty in expressing what must be

said—"I must not forget that I owe a duty to my parents. They have been visited by the hand of heaven, and they require my services, and they shall have them while I have an arm to hold a spade. If my mother leaves this house, I return with her."

The Major looked at him for a considerable time in silence, and seeming stunned by this new turn—

"Is this," he said, "your gratitude?"

"I feel," said Harmond, "all the weight of what I owe you. You have done all for me. You have been my kind and generous benefactor—and I owe you more of love and gratitude than countless ages can repay. But, 'Honour thy father and thy mother' was written by the finger of the Omnipotent upon a table of stone, and delivered to the world amid menaces of wrath and promises of love, according as it should be violated or fulfilled. I dare not, even for you, resist the ordinance of nature and

of heaven. Your claim is strong on my obedience, but the claims of those who gave me life and birth is stronger.”

“If you leave me,” said the Major, trembling, while his countenance grew red and pale with anger and apprehension, “you shall not possess a shilling that is mine.”

To this his grandson made no reply.

“I will disinherit you,” said the Major, bursting into passion, “if I were to take a beggar from the street to fill your place!”

“What is yours to keep, sir,” answered Harmond respectfully, “is yours to give wherever you desire. It shall make no alteration either in my feelings of gratitude towards you for what is passed, or in my determination to do now what is clearly and obviously my duty.”

“And you are determined then to forsake me?” said the Major, in a softened voice.

“I can only repeat what I have said already,” answered Harmond, “that with my mother I return or stay.”



There was a silence of some moments, during which the old man, who could not help secretly approving what irritated him almost beyond endurance, seemed deliberating within himself what course he should adopt. At length, approaching Harmond where he stood, and nudging him two or three times in the side with his elbow, he said:—

“ Well, Harmond—you will promise me to sell the Erin ? ”

Harmond was silent.

“ Do you mean to hesitate about it ? ”

“ You know my terms, sir. ”

“ Have you the effrontery now to talk of terms after what has passed since we spoke together last ? Eh ? ”

“ Ah, sir, this has lasted a great deal too long. Come—you must give me *leave* to sell the Erin, to live soberly at home, and be all that you can wish me. ”

“ Harmond, ” said the Major, “ it is in vain to talk. Even if I should consent to this, the

circumstances now are wholly changed. Eliza, your mother, is no longer what she was. She probably forgets me—as I have given her cause to do. Wrapped up in her husband and her children, she is altered now in mind; and it would wring my very heart to live with Eliza, and to find her grown indifferent to her father's affection."

"But what, sir," said Harmond, "if you could know with certainty that her separation—her exile rather—from your house and your affection is preying, even to this hour, more keenly than ever on her heart—that not all the assiduities of a husband who doats on her, and friends who second his exertions for her happiness, could ever restore even moderate quiet to her mind—that both her health and spirits are hourly suffering to the recollection of one unhappy step, that even still she murmurs the name of her father in her dreams, and often declares that she could die happy if she only heard him say that he forgave her——"

“If this were true,” replied the Major; “the possibility of such a thing has often in fancy crossed my mind, but I dismissed it as preposterous—for she who forsook, I said, could not regret me.”

“Sir, it is true,” said Harmond; “her melancholy on this score is the only fault of which her friends accuse her. Exact in every duty, this still prevents her enjoying peace of mind or heart. Dear grandfather,” continued Harmond, taking the Major’s hand in his, “let me entreat you to be kind—be generous—be a father—bid me admit her.”

For a considerable time the old Major remained with his hands pressed upon his eyes, as if debating the point with his own heart. At length he let go the hand of his grandson, and said in a low voice—

“Admit her.”

In a few minutes after, Eliza was at her father’s feet, and in another, in his arms. There was not one in all our neighbourhood that was not

overjoyed at the reconciliation, however strongly they had reprobated the early disobedience of the now penitent daughter, nor did it want an appropriate celebration. On the fifth of September following, Drumshambo Hall was reopened with great splendour to the surrounding neighbourhood, and Adam Dobe was busy at the flag-staff, at the same hour at which he had woke the echoes of the river nearly twenty years before. A gay procession of the villagers, headed by Hifle, the seneschal, smiling and kissing hands as sweetly as ever, presented to the Major a lexicographical address on his return, and in the evening the small demesne was crowded with the inhabitants of the village, rich and poor. There was racing in bags, and climbing of poles with purses at the top, and music and dancing, and feasting and firing of cannon, and all that could be done to make a village gay for a night. But what most attracted admiration was a board suspended between two

oak trees, with a flag at either end, and the word

### DRUMSHAMBO,

in variegated lamps, surrounded by wreaths of olive and of laurel, illuminating the intervening space.

Nothing remains for us to add, except that the Erin is at present lying at the quay, within a mile of our village, where she may be seen by any one who is desirous to purchase her, and that Redmond O'Connor is gone to sea. In the education of the young O'Connors the Major seems anxious that his errors, with regard to that of his own daughter, should be carefully avoided, and that a judicious degree of restraint should be mingled with indulgence.

“ I do not approve,” said the Major, “ of all that care which is taken in the present day to remove all occasion for laborious exertion in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Even if one

could succeed in teaching geography on penny handkerchiefs, and conveying a notion of all the sciences in the shape of sixpenny toys, a most important part of mental education would still be wanted—the habit and facility of laborious application. If all labours be turned into play when they are young, the Epicurean feeling will haunt them in after life, and having early learned to turn business into pleasure, they may eventually choose to make pleasure their business. It was my own shallow views of education that laid the foundation of all our misery.”

## TOUCH MY HONOUR, TOUCH MY LIFE.



THE continual dropping of so soft a body as rain-water, will, it is said, in time, wear out the hardest flint; he who goes to sermon every Sunday, has some chance of being converted at last; many strokes of a small hammer will rend the solid oak; and it was stone after stone, that built the pyramids of Egypt. What I would infer from these similes is, that in dealing with human passion, it is oftentimes not so much the force of any particular argument against vice, as its judicious repetition, that must produce a reformation, and it is therefore I wish to see evils combated with perseverance, which may often be found even more effectual than skill.

The lonely neighbourhood, in which Vincent O'Connor spent his childhood, was marked by the usual characteristics of Irish rural scenery. A spacious river flowed within sight of the front windows, its surface generally animated by the view of large vessels of burthen, passing and repassing, between the sea and the nearest trading town, or with turf-boats bearing to the city their lading of fuel from the bogs and creeks along the shore. Behind the house lay a tract of mountain land, thinly populated, and scantily relieved by the cabins and gardens of the peasantry. On one side was a glen, where a noisy river babbled by a mill, a scattered village, and a ruined castle, once the seat of some petty feudal despot, whose power and name had perished long before, and where legend now usurped the place of history.

Mr. O'Connor, father to our hero, was dignified in the popular idiom by a title, which, perhaps, it would be vain to seek amongst the archives of the heralds' college. We translate



the phrase in its literal sense, when we say that he was saluted by the country-people as the *Knight of the Sheep*, a patriarchal term of honour, bestowed on those who were enriched to a certain extent by the possession of that valuable quadruped. Though possessed of no estate, Mr. O'Connor, as the lessee of nearly all the soil which lay within view of his windows, enjoyed all the respect and influence of a landlord with the cottagers and small farmers who rented under him; an influence which was not a little increased by his easy disposition, good-humour, and cheerfulness amongst his dependents.

As the O'Connors were not wealthy enough, at this time, to keep a tutor in the house, the seven boys, of whom the youngest was our hero, were sent for some time to the chapel-school, an arrangement being made with the master, by which they were kept apart from those pupils of an humbler rank, whose society could not tend to their improvement. Here they obtained

the name of the Seven Champions of Christendom; and happy had they been, if the distinction which excluded them from the vulgar sports of the school, were but extended to its castigations; but alas! the case was far otherwise. And claiming the privilege of biographers, to whom even trifles, which have influenced the character of their hero, seem important, we shall introduce to the reader, the learned Theophilus O'Gallagher, the directing head of this primitive academy.

In the country phrase it was "given up to Mr. O'Gallagher, for being the *brightest* schoolmaster in the barony." He was an excellent grammarian, a capital book-keeper, had a competent knowledge of arithmetic and geometry, and wrote a flourishing hand. His knowledge extended no farther, but what he did know, he knew thoroughly, and he was not deficient in the art (so essential to a teacher) of communicating knowledge with effect. Yet with all this, a greater misfortune in the article of education,

could scarce befall a child than that of coming under Mr. O'Gallagher's care, and (what is not always the case) it was a misfortune of which none were so sensible as the sufferers themselves. To let the secret out, the chapel-teacher was a man who used the ferula for other ends than as a mere emblem of his dignity. Sam Johnson was not a sterner advocate of the rod than he. In Theophilus O'Gallagher's estimation the groves of Parnassus consisted of a single species of tree, and that species was *birch*. "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," was, in his opinion, the wisest apophthegm that ever issued from human lips upon the subject of instruction. Like many persons of ready talent, he had not patience to bear with the dulness of ordinary understandings, and he made the person responsible for the natural deficiencies of the mind. There was little variety in his modes of punishment, for flagellation was the punishment for every offence. *Hoising*, or as the boys called it *highsin'*, was the only chastisement inflicted

by this literary Draco, but he allowed them plenty of that. The thresher's flail was not more constantly kept going in harvest than Mr. O'Gallagher's ensign of authority. He gave no rewards at all, but plenty of punishment; sometimes singling out an individual victim for the rod; sometimes when the tumult of the school was at its height, starting from his seat, and going like a hurricane around the room, including all, guilty and innocent, truant and attentive, in one common visitation; while those delinquents set apart for the dernier chastisement of *highsin*' were sent to kneel down in a lonesome corner, until the approach of evening left the master leisure for his daily exercise. The consequence of this system was, that all the ingenuity of the pupils was directed almost exclusively to one point—to the escaping punishment. To furnish an instance, Vincent's brother, Peter O'Connor, "crabbit Pether," as he was generally termed, was found behind-hand in his lessons on a certain day. As it was a first offence, and Peter was

rather a favourite, Mr. O'Gallagher did not "*highse*" him; but while he administered some wholesome chastisement across his shoulders, his suspicions were roused by the loudness of the culprit's cries, and a certain want of genuineness in their expression; to this was added the unusual sound of the strokes as they descended on his back. "Crabbit Pether" was stripped, when, to the laughter of the school, a suit of armour was disclosed, consisting of reiterated folds of waste paper, torn from old copy-books and arithmetical exercises; nor was this the only instance in which a similar deception was resorted to. Such trifles might seem unworthy of mention in so important a memoir as that of our hero, except that they show to what arts a pupil will be driven by the injudicious severity of an instructor. For the rest, Mr. O'Gallagher's school was conducted with sufficient regularity. From nine in the morning, till six in the evening, his pupils were kept close at work, seated each upon a block of stone, disposed in due

succession round the walls. At sunset they were summoned to prayer, after which all retired to their homes, some two or three miles distant. On Saturdays the establishment was broken up at three, for the purpose of allowing them time to sweep the earthen floor clean of its literary refuse, and set all in order for the service of the ensuing day. The choice of reading-books being left to the discretion of the parents, who were for the most part ignorant of the commonest rudiments of learning, Mr. O'Gallagher's school presented in that respect a curious assortment.

The country people, who thought it much to pay half a crown a quarter for their children's "schoolin'," made shift in various ways to avoid additional expense in the article of books. Sometimes they purchased a volume with much bargaining at a fair or market;—sometimes of a travelling pedler,—often trusting to some mouldy treatise, which was either presented by a neighbour, or inherited through successive generations, seldom inquiring into the nature of its contents,

and always satisfied to hear that it was “a *reading book* and complete from cover to cover.” The O’Connors suffered not a little for their dignity while under Mr. O’Gallagher’s tuition, being set apart at a table in a corner, and not even allowed to enjoy the plebeian comforts of the great fire, which, composed of “sads a-piece” from all the scholars, blazed upward near the open door. Add to this, their many disputes with the young clowns who refused deferring to their rank by calling them “Master ;” so early did they begin to suffer to the martyrdom of etiquette.

Vincent O’Connor was in his seventh year, and the eldest of that name in his seventeenth, when, having done what they reasonably could for their children’s heads, Mr. and Mrs. O’Connor began to turn their attention to the other extremity. With what glee did the young people receive the intelligence that Mr. Thady Houlahan, a travelling dancingmaster, had been engaged to introduce them to the graces ! On a Monday evening he

was expected to arrive. It was calm and sunny, and all eyes were fixed on the avenue which led to the high road. A figure appears, — there is no mistaking the regulated step, the motions that seem all attuned to harmony, even though the violin and bow, but ill concealed beneath the skirts of the body-coat, had not betrayed the calling of its owner. What extasy did the first twang of the fiddle-strings send through the whole mansion of the O'Connors! and oh! with what eyes and ears of admiration, did the seven brothers group around to hear the merry notes of *Trip to the Cottage* and *Patrick's Day in the Morning!* and with what stale and weary effect did Mr. Theophilus O'Gallagher come before them on the following day, with his Erasmus and Cornelius Nepos! And here we cannot avoid remarking on the vulgar error, which supposes that a greater value is set by the world upon the labours of the head than on those of the inferior portion of the frame; Mr. Houlahan receiving a full Irish half-guinea for his weekly



course of instruction, while poor O'Gallagher was content that the same sum should reward his efforts during the course of each revolving quarter !

Nevertheless, few men of his craft earned their hire so well as Mr. Houlahan. He was an able-bodied, muscular fellow, from the wilds of Kerry, with the agility of a mountain goat, and the vigour of a young horse, and as deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of his profession as the *Maitre à danser* of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. On the following day, tables, chairs, and loose furniture of every kind were removed, in order that the parlour might be left clear for the dancing-master and his pupils ; and the former commenced operations, by giving the wondering family a specimen of his own abilities in his art. The eye could scarce follow him in his flights from corner to corner ; nor did either walls or ceiling appear safe from his assaults. Never did Mrs. O'Connor congratulate herself more sincerely than on the previous

arrangement, which placed her furniture out of harm's way. The servants, crowding at the open door, lifted up their hands and eyes with exclamations of wonder. As Mr. Houlahan's steps were all of his own invention (for he rather aimed at originality than fashion), it may easily be conceived how much the O'Connors profited under his instructions. He was a genius in his art, and of course a theorist, who aimed at the reformation of the whole world in the article of dancing; and deplored the degeneracy of modern heels, with as much zeal and eloquence as some philosophers use in bewailing the depravity of modern heads and hearts. As a substitute for the movement called "one, two, three," used by ordinary teachers, and which this wild Kerry man conceived to be insufferably tame, he taught his pupils a certain nimble "hop," in which, while one foot alternately took a bound and a hop, the other followed in the air, in a manner so eccentric and grotesque, that no one can understand who has not actually

witnessed its effect. Disapproving also of the monotonous manner in which gentlemen are taught to let their arms hang by their sides, in dancing, as if those important members were of no other use than to turn a lady round or lead her to a seat, he instructed the O'Connors in a variety of motions with the arms, corresponding to those of the feet, now placing them *a-kimbo*, now waving them around the head, after the manner of female opera-dancers, with several other vagaries of the most ridiculous description. It seemed to be his leading principle, that head, hands, or feet, no part of the frame should be idle, from the time the music began until it ceased; so that in a school, where he presided, there was always quite as much dancing in the air as there was upon the ground. But in justice to Mr. Houlahan, it is only right that we should introduce the reader to his "dancin' school," and let him judge for himself.

Behold, then, the small parlour of Rath O'Connor cleared for action; Mr. Houlahan,

violin in hand, standing firm as a *whole-length* upon one foot, while the other is pointed forward in the fourth position, looking as if air, not earth, were his natal element. Six of the O'Connors, all equipped in "dancin' pumps an' white stockings," occupy the wooden form of the hall—promoted to the parlour upon this occasion, as being less liable to suffer from accidents than more appropriate furniture. The seventh, standing on the floor, is making awkward attempts to imitate the free sweep and vigour of his instructor's foot, and Mrs. O'Connor quietly knitting at the window, and watching the progress of her children's education.

"Now, Mr. Ulick! Hould up your head, sir, and show what you can do. Cut three times now before you come to the ground—very good! Once again—higher!—higher! Don't come down yet—Ah, sir, I am teaching you to dance and not to walk—What business have you of two feet on the ground together? One would fancy you were in the hands of those city

dancin' masters, who teach their pupils to go one—two—three—one—two—three, about a room as cautiously as if the floor were strewed with new-laid eggs. Make it a maxim, Mr. Ulick, from the time you get up to dance till you sit down again, never to let the two feet touch the floor together for a second; and the longer you can keep both in the air the better. Now—spring off the ball o' the foot—that's it—higher! Ah, fie for shame, sir, one would think you were going on with one of those *minutes*, as they call 'em, where a man might as well be following a funeral—for any real dancing that's in 'em. Now, sir, cut three times! stay up! Don't come down awhile! Ah, but you have come down to some purpose."

A dismal roar from poor Ulick rent the room. In his efforts to comply with his instructor's directions to "stay up, and not to come down awhile," he bent his knees so as to miss footing, and was thrown forward on his hands and nose, from which last a crimson deluge presently burst

forth. Mrs. O'Connor conveyed the fallen hero to her dressing-room, not altogether soothed by the rough consolations of Mr. Houlahan, who reminded Ulick, as he raised him from the ground, that "courage became a man," "no pain, no glory," and "it would be all well before he was twice married."

There was an awful *step* of Mr. Houlahan's own invention which deserves celebrity. It was called the "*rocking-step*," and was performed by crossing the feet so as to bring the outer ankles close together, and then rocking the person to and fro upon the toes, without change of place. Black was the morning when first Mr. Houlahan set the young O'Connors at work to learn it. He kept them rocking all that day, but on the following morning his troop were found disabled for action. Some were incapable of moving or standing, others were even obliged to keep their beds, and some had strained their ankles. Mrs. O'Connor, who had her misgivings about the grace or fashion of this curious movement,

was decided by its results to interpose her veto, and to beg that there might be no more *rocking* at Rath O'Connor. But this imaginative votary of Terpsichore heard her with a laugh of compassion.

“ It is just as I expected Mrs. O'Connor, excuse me, but it is very natural that ladies who know nothing whatsoever of the *profession*, should think as you do, but it is sheer ignorance, ma'am—sheer ignorance. It was just so, ma'am, with your neighbour, Mrs. Tobin. I attended her daughters for three months. Well, ma'am, what do you think? I set about teaching Miss Tobin the rocking-step. You know Miss Tobin, ma'am, a very nice figure; a little stiff from monitors and strait-lacing; but I fancy I have improved her. Well, ma'am, I set about teaching the young lady to *rock*. She complained just as these young gentlemen do, and in two days each instep was as big as a pot. Down came Mrs. Tobin like a distracted woman, just as you did, ma'am, while ago. Oh, Mr. Hou-

lahan ! Oh, you wicked man ! You've lamed my child for life ! She never will walk a step ! What will become o' me ? What will become o' me when Mr. Tobin comes home and finds her in this condition ? I listened to her, ma'am—I listened to her. 'What will I do ? She must go to the salt water !' 'Leave your daughter to me, Mrs. Tobin,' says I. 'Just now, don't say another word, but leave her to me.' She did so, ma'am, at last. In three days both swelling and pain were gone, and Miss Tobin could *rock* as well and as long as myself. These things are nothing, ma'am, when one is used to them."

Mrs. O'Connor, however, who could be firm, in some cases, was so in this, so that the rocking-step was given up, and Mr. Houlahan, lamenting the blindness and prejudice of the times, continued to teach his original country dances and hornpipes, his reels of two, and reels of three, and reels of four, and reels of all kinds, without



the use of this master-stroke of his invention, as he considered it.

There was one point in particular on which the worthy "Knight of the Sheep" and his helpmate endeavoured to impress their children with resolute principles. The stories and conversations which the latter were in the habit of hearing at the fire-side impressed them early with a horror of the national practice of duelling, which, at that time, made many of their countrymen wretched at home, and the pests of society abroad.

One evening, while the family were seated round the parlour fire, their hospitality was claimed by Mr. Featherspring, a lieutenant in the city staff, and an acquaintance of Mr. O'Connor, who called in to claim a portion of the stranger's room, in his way to town. This "stranger's room," it should have been mentioned, in compliment to the hospitality of this worthy family, was the best apartment in the

house, fitted up for the sole accommodation of passing acquaintance ; and seldom (to give all parties their due) was it ever left unoccupied. Young Featherspring being introduced, and room made for him between Mr. O'Gallagher and the dancing master, the conversation was renewed with spirit, while Mrs. O'Connor gave orders to make some addition to the customary evening meal, in consideration of the stranger. Her husband, meanwhile, finding his circle of listeners larger than usual, could not resist the temptation of telling a story, and began, as usual, with general denunciations of the practice of duelling, and warning his children never to engage in so criminal a practice ; that the laws of God and man were against it, and that its certain consequences were misery in the present life, and ruin in the next. This excellent advice he then proceeded to illustrate, by relating an occurrence to which he had been a witness, when he was a young man—how, having business in Cork, he dined with a gentleman, a provision merchant, who

took him in the evening to one of those gaming houses where the young officers and other men of pleasure, residing in the city, used to assemble—“for gambling,” said Mr. O’Connor, “was then more followed in Ireland than it is at present”—how one of the gamblers was detected in staking false guineas by a young gentleman—how they fought, and how the gambler, who was a great swordsman, succeeded in penning the young gentleman, who was no swordsman at all, into a corner, where he made a lunge in order to *nail him to the door*, but the other avoiding the thrust by a nimble jerk, the gambler’s sword stuck fast in the wood, and his antagonist ran him through the body.

“Well done,” cried Captain Featherspring, “I dare say his pocket was found full up of counters, and I give the young man credit for his coolness; but I saw a cooler thing than that with my own eyes.”

“Cooler than that?” cried Mr. O’Gallagher.

“Cooler than that?” echoed the dancing master.

“Aye, cooler than that,” replied the Captain, “I was second to Sir Frederick Fitzball—you know Sir Frederick—when he called out young Lord Carrytiece about spattering his sister’s poplin. He did what the gamblers failed to do—he *nailed* the Viscount to the wall—the point went three inches into the brickwork after passing through his body. Sir Frederick was about to draw the weapon out, when the Viscount (he was a very gentlemanly fellow) said with a courteous smile, ‘Take care, Sir Frederick, don’t draw it out awhile until I have wiped the mortar off the point with my handkerchief.’”

Being put to his mettle by this story, Mr. O’Connor told another, which drew on another, and another, and another, of various characters, the sanguinary, the humorous, and the elegant—of duels between wits, and duels between gentlemen, and duels between cowards, and

duels between duellists, of side-front, full-front, and three-quarter combatants—of some, who by skill and practice, could reduce their dimensions to a thinness which made them a nice mark to hit even at twelve paces—of some, who always put on their spectacles, and turned their broad front to the foe—and of others, who knew how, by a cunning disposal of a handkerchief, a pistol stock, a pocket-book, and other appendages to cover all the most important vital points—of some who could not “hit a haystack” off the ground, and yet had never missed their aim upon it; and of others who could “pink” the ace of hearts, or blow the head off a tom-tit when alone, and yet could never touch their man upon the ground—of duels in the tavern and in the field, at twelve, at ten, at six paces’ distance, along a room, across a table, at the ends of a handkerchief. Nay, Mr. O’Connor related an instance where the parties had actually agreed to put the muzzles of the pistols (so inveterate were they) into each other’s mouths, “And

yet, would you believe it?" said he, "one of them escaped."

"I can't conceive that possible," said Mr. O'Gallagher.

"Nor I," added the dancing master.

Even Captain Featherspring looked inquisitive.

"Why," resumed Mr. O'Connor, "just as one second was about to give the signal, the other cried to his principal, 'Jack, look hither!' Jack turned his head, and, just in time, for the ball passed out through his left cheek, doing him little hurt, while his opponent was killed upon the spot."

To match this story Featherspring told another of a very large man, who, fighting with a very small one, described with chalk the size of his antagonist's person upon his own, and bade him take notice that anything outside that mark was *murther*. The ball was thus kept up between the story-tellers, who seemed perfect in all the "affairs of honour" that made the clubs

echo since the *menti par la gorge* of Francis the First to his neighbour Charles, or even before it, and as many stories were told or alluded to as might have prolonged the life of Schehezerade for one thousand and one nights longer, if the Sultan had been cruel enough to persist in putting his vow in execution when her stock was out. Sometimes their heroes were naval, sometimes military, sometimes civil, sometimes royal, sometimes noble, sometimes in one hemisphere, sometimes in another. Of the manners, feelings, and principles of all they seemed well informed, from their own goodnatured countrymen, who took off their hats and made a courteous bow before they proceeded to cut each other's throats, to the back woodsman of America, who fights with slugs and rifle, or that still more remote corner of society, where the combatants decide the point of honour by taking each other by the forelock, and trying which shall gouge the other's eye out with his finger. The causes likewise of these mortal encounters were as

various as the manners and persons of the combatants. Whether it was for maligning the reputation of a wife, or treading on her skirts, insulting the memory of a parent, or hurting his son's corns, the "satisfaction" and the remedy were all the same. From this they passed to the origin of the practice which Mr. O'Connor derived from the customs of the northern savages, while Captain Featherspring maintained it to be an off-shoot of chivalry. This was indignantly repelled by William, Mr. O'Connor's eldest son, who showed, with much acuteness, that nothing was less akin than the barbarous duel to the true spirit of chivalry and knight-errantry, one of the most heroic institutions as he observed that shed a light on human history, however subsequently brought into contempt by the ravings of licentious rhymesters and romantic scribblers.

"For mercy's sake, William," said Mrs. O'Connor, entering the room, "have you let them draw *you* into the controversy? I beg



now that there may be no more bloodshed for to-night."

The gentlemen readily complied. A travelling piper was introduced, and treated to a seat behind the door, and a tumbler of punch, in return for which he favoured the company with *Alexander's March* and *The Little Red Fox*, two favourite Irish *concert* pieces, which never fail to throw the listeners into extasies of alternate joy and woe. A dance followed; the boys cut and shuffled, and Mr. Houlahan rocked to admiration, while the servants and tenants' wives crowded at the door "to see," until the clock struck twelve, the latest hour to which nightly amusements were ever protracted within the sober walls of Rath O'Connor.

Soon after, his parents, in order to finish our hero's education, determined to send him for some time on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Guerin, of the city of \*\*\*\*, and a wealthy brother of our neighbour Peter Guerin, in order that he might be placed at one of the principal schools in the

city, and he was now informed that his departure was to take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. The desire to see a city reconciled our hero, in some degree, to his forlorn condition, and he beheld with sleepless eyes the first dawning of the day that was to convey him to town. All was soon ready. It was a soft autumn morning—

The boat was on the shore,  
And the bark was on the sea,

and after a whole volume of “a-chrees” and “a-sthoras,” and blessings often repeated, he left the house, accompanied as far as the shore by Mr. Houlahan, the dancing master, who still paid an occasional visit to the O’Connors, in order to refresh the memory of his pupils, and to listen to some of Mr. O’Connor’s duelling stories. On the way, this gifted votary of the graces favoured Vincent with some parting advice, if not so important, at least a great deal longer than that of his worthy parents.

“Now, mind me, Mr. Vincent,” he said, as they reached the shore, “an’ remember what I tell you. You know how to dance : let no one persuade you to learn any other step than those you have got from me. I say this because your friends in \* \* \* \* may be persuading you to go to some o’ those city dancin’ schools where you’ll learn any thing but dancin’. If you want to keep your feet in practice, when you go into your own bedroom late at night, or early in the morning, you can dance over all your steps to yourself, an’ whistle the tunes, as you know the most of ’em. But if once you let a city dancin’ master take a hold o’ you you’re gone for ever.”

Much more he said to enforce the observance of his counsel, and Vincent, who took it quite seriously, resolved not to neglect this, while he remembered the more weighty instructions of his parents. The tide was now upon the turn ; and the dark sails of the turf-boat were flapping loose in the wind. Vincent stepped into the cot

which waited at the shore, and soon beheld the fair lawn and gardens of his home fleet rapidly behind him.

Vincent soon entered on a new course of studies at the city "microcosm." The ancient athletic exercises, so highly approved by the learned Martinus Scriblerus were cultivated by the scholars with peculiar diligence, particularly that of "bating the concait out of one another," called by Virgil the *cæstus*, and by moderns the "*mill*," or manly art of self-defence. In emulation likewise of the heroic manners of Sparta under the code of Lycurgus, and of some tribes of North American Indians, they habituated each other to bodily endurance by every possible means; sometimes leaving pins stuck with the point uppermost on their neighbour's form, sometimes putting wax unawares into his hair; sometimes tormenting him with popguns, or hawshooters; and inuring him to the endurance of "the world's dread laugh," by every species of ridicule and insult. Even out of school

their studies were not interrupted, the greater part of their time being occupied in forming classes, on the more retired streets or quays, for what they called a “batter,” being an encounter (either among themselves, or with boys of a neighbouring school) resembling those of the ancient *velites*, except that our heroes dispensed for the most part with the use of slings, and cast their missiles from the hand. Woe waited the windows and passengers in the luckless street in which “Mr. Murphy’s boys,” and “Mr. Casey’s boys” happened to meet on their return from school! nor was even the appearance of that awful personage, the city bailiff at all times certain to procure their immediate dispersion.—One of those classes in particular, from the nature of their weapons (a small round slate, scalloped, at the edges, in order to inflict the sharper wound) distinguished themselves by their dexterity at mischief. Nor amid this cultivation of the bodily faculties was the mind neglected. Still emulating the spirit of the

Spartan lawgiver, the boys learned early to deceive their master, and each other, sometimes *miching* on a false excuse, or putting forward the clock an hour or two, while the master took his customary noontide nap, devices which (still on the system of Lycurgus) were only punished when detected. Their ingenuity was likewise exercised in breaking the hearts of servants with runaway knocks, forcing the staples off the store locks, and the "rappers" off the doors at night.

Occasionally in their leisure moments, a few of the boys turned their attention to picking up a little Latin and Greek together, with some science, but it was in the branches above mentioned they chiefly excelled. There was one boy, and only one, who presented a singular exception to the habits of all the school. It was Henry Keating, with whom Vincent soon contracted an intimate friendship. He was a dull, heavy boy, but of indefatigable application and extraordinary patience. His shoulders

were hooped from study, and his countenance seemed incapable of any angry expression. He never *miched*, never battered, never gave a run-away knock, nor ran away with a knocker, but seemed resolved to supply by application at his books what he wanted in capacity.

Meanwhile Vincent did not neglect the advice of Mr. Houlahan the dancing master. Early one morning, rising about four o'clock, and reproaching himself for his long neglect of this part of his education, he began in the full vigour of his youth and spirits to set feet and arms to work, while he whistled *Trip to the Cottage*, and practised Houlahan's original "hop" with all his might. It happened that old Guerin, who had retired early to rest the night before with a violent headach, and who slept in the room beneath, was awakened by the noise, and sat up in his bed utterly unable to conceive the cause of the unusual tumult which threatened to bring down the ceiling overhead, and that without much delay. Vincent,

remembering the surprising agility of Mr. Hou-lahan, was still in the full glory of the "hop," and whistling like a canary, when he was struck mute and motionless by observing, in one of his numerous circumvolutions, the red nightcap and wondering countenance of old Guerin at the half open door.

"A' Vin, my child," said the latter, "couldn't you choose some other time for dancing besides four o'clock in the morning?"

Poor Vincent had no reply to make, and the glover, after waiting for one a little time in vain, closed the door, and returned to his interrupted slumbers. This circumstance, however, determined the old man to carry into effect what he had long been meditating, namely, the allowing both his own son and Vincent to attend a neighbouring dancing school, which was the most respectable and the best conducted in the city. Here Vincent found his friend Keating, Osborne and many of his schoolfellows, with the sons and daughters of the most respectable citizens of



\* \* \* \*. Old Guerin, who loved a joke, and owed Vincent a slight grudge for his broken slumbers, accompanied the boys himself, and informed the master, in their presence, that his own son, he feared, was rather backward ; “ but, for this boy,” said he, laying his hand on Vincent’s shoulder, and patting it in an encouraging manner, “ he dances like a fairy, He’ll make a rare figure in your school, Mr. Keepitup, I promise you.”

For the first time in his life, vanity seized upon poor Vincent’s heart. He had been observing the dancers in the school, and thought them ineffably tame. The gentlemen never rose half a foot above the ground, and the young ladies’ feet seemed, to his eye, as unwilling to separate as if they were never again to meet. O for the free fling and energy of the muscular Kerryman ! How Mr. Houlahan would astonish them all if he were here ! They had not an idea what dancing was. But as Mr. Houlahan’s absence was an evil for which

there was no remedy, Vincent secretly determined to do all in his own power to give them a genuine specimen of the art.

Accordingly, after Peter had received his lesson, it was with a throbbing heart he heard the master summon him to show what he could do. It happened to be one of what that gentleman called his "public nights," when the parents and grown up friends of the pupils were invited to witness their manœuvres, or rather their *pied-œuvres*, so that the seats around the room, which was very extensive, presented, as the newspapers politely express it, "a galaxy of rank and fashion." But Vincent had predetermined to give them manœuvres, and *pied-œuvres*, and *tête-œuvres* into the bargain. All was now silent, the extensive floor was cleared, and all eyes bent on the young pupil, when the violin struck up a joyous measure, and Vincent, waving his arms once or twice above his head (like an aeronaut bidding farewell to earth), sprung on high in all the zeal of Mr. Houlahan's "hop."

The effect answered to the full old Guerin's expectations. For a time, an occasional titter only betrayed the feeling which was excited by this singular display; but when Vincent, gaining warmth and animation at every instant, bounded like a young Bacchanal with redoubled vigour from floor to ceiling, and from wall to wall, with feet and arms and head and all in motion, a roar of irresistible laughter shook the building, in which the spectators, the master, old Guerin, Osborne, and even Keating joined.

“That will do, Master O'Connor,” said the master, who trembled for his chandeliers, “that will do, sir, very good—capital. I'm sure you'll be a credit to my school before you leave it. I wish some of those gentlemen who laugh so heartily would take as much pains as you do.”

So ended poor Vincent's first ambitious stroke for fame, the failure of which, and the attendant mortification, were an efficient cure to his vanity. He returned overwhelmed with shame to his

seat, a little shaken as to his faith in Mr. Hou-lahan's genius, and on the following night took his rudimental lesson as tranquilly as the most terrestrial mortal in the school. Even here, in the region of harmony and grace, that foe to Ireland's happiness, the spirit of party, pursued her peace-destroying course. In addition to the common causes of dissension now fast declining in the island, was added another of a more local nature. The corporation of \* \* \* \*, and the citizens (the old glover being amongst the number) were at open war about some extensive rights and exemptions which the latter claimed, and the former chose to withhold; and as the corporators constituted the aristocracy of this provincial city, their children, even at the dancing school, took the *pas* of the youthful independents. Vincent complained sadly to Mr. Guerin, to whom he unbosomed all his grievances, that the corporators and Orangemen got all the first places and the nicest partners in the country dance, but he seldom received any other

reply from his good friend than a hearty laugh at his folly, or perhaps a serious rebuke for his discontent. Sometimes he thought that by excelling in his *steps*, he might make even party yield to merit, but he strove in vain ; cut as high as he would, he found corporate ascendancy still above him. Time, however, accustomed him to those petty adversities, which were equally shared by his friend Keating. The two friends were usually seen at dusk going together to the school in their “ pumps ” and white stockings, with their coat pockets groaning beneath the weight of oranges or apples, intended to be gallantly presented to such young ladies as might have the good fortune to be nominated their partners in the country dance.

His education being now completed, Vincent, at his own desire, entered into the army. Oh, for a pen worthy to represent the commotion which pervaded the town on the day when, issuing from his uncle’s house, our hero promenaded its streets, old and new, in full regimentals—the

feather in his hat, dancing at every step, his sword dangling formidably at his side, and his person all on fire with scarlet!—'Twas past description! The grocers, haberdashers, and milliners stretched their heads over the counter, or peeped out between the garlands of isinglass, to have a sight of him as he was passing.

“There is one vice, dear Vincent,” said Mrs. O'Connor, at parting, “against which I wish to warn you with my parting voice. Let nothing ever tempt you to become in any way concerned in a duel. Remember all that you have heard upon this subject, and be sure to keep the rule inviolable. Let no excuse of custom or character or station in society be sufficient in your esteem to counterbalance what you know to be your duty.”

The experience of the following year afforded a practical commentary on the prudence of Mrs. O'Connor's parting counsel. Vincent invited his friend Keating to dine with him at a hotel in the city. In the course of the evening a dispute

arose between them which was warmly maintained on both sides. In the heat of argument words were used by both which, though the freedom of intimate friendship might have passed them over without notice, yet excited so much the surprise of some of Vincent's brother officers who were present, that they laid down their newspapers at the other tables, and looked over to see what would happen. Perceiving that they had attracted the attention of the room, the disputants lowered their voices, and the argument was continued with diminished heat, and in a minor key. It arose out of an assertion made by Vincent, that an over strict sense of duty in a woman tended to chill the affections, and to render her mechanical. As Keating, who was now a married man, had experienced the injustice of the charge, and was affected by it in the tenderest point, he was more warm than discreet in his attempts to confute it. The discussion ended, as is usually the case where the passions are interested, without either party changing his

opinion, and the friends separated for the night, Keating still a little hurt by what had passed, but neither of them thinking much about it.

On the following day, to Vincent's great astonishment, on going up cordially to salute a brother officer, the latter turned away and passed on as if he did not know him. Offended and perplexed, he attributed the circumstance to some piece of self-conceit, but the same conduct he found was observed towards him by all the "mess." At length an elderly lieutenant, observing his dejection and surprise, took an opportunity of informing him, after dinner, that he had been "put into Coventry" for receiving ungentlemanly language the evening before, without taking any notice of it.

"Ungentlemanly language! Where?" said Vincent, with a bewildered look.

"In the coffee-room at Falvey's hotel."

A light broke upon Vincent. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Keating is my most intimate friend!"



“ Friendship,” replied the officer, coldly, “ should not make us forget that we are gentlemen.”

“ But I could not feel offended with Mr. Keating, sir, for even stronger language than he used. We are old schoolfellows—in fact, the same as brothers.”

“ Young gentleman,” said the lieutenant, in the same tone, “ if you consult your friends, they will probably let you know that your honour is now the property of your regiment. It may be hint enough for me to assure you that nothing is left for it but a meeting, an apology, or retiring from the service.”

Astonished at what he heard, Vincent retired to his room to endeavour for a moment to compose his thoughts to reflection. The prospect of enduring the public contempt of his brother officers, or retiring from the service in disgrace, was such as he could hardly bring his spirit to contemplate for an instant. Pride, and the busy devil that delights in human strife, whose trade

it is to sunder friendships, and to snap the bonds of love, both added to his agonies by magnifying before his imagination the consequences of acting right, and suggesting the prospect of miseries which, in all likelihood, would never have arisen. His disgrace, he thought, would follow him even into private life ; no one would know him, no one would speak to him ; his conduct might be formally applauded by a few heads of families and elderly people, but what would be thought of it by his female acquaintances and youthful associates ? And here it was that the insincerity of the false professors of virtue, who in open speech condemn, while by inference and innuendo they encourage and applaud transgression, wrought mischief in the wavering soul of Vincent, for he dreaded more the secret coldness of many a seeming moralist than the contempt of the most profligate. On the other hand, the idea of demanding an apology from Keating, the friend of his childhood and his youth, for an offence which was neither intended nor received

as such, appeared as absurd as it was odious, even though he knew that Keating would not hesitate to make it. As to the idea of ever meeting him in mortal combat, that was a supposition too monstrous to be entertained for an instant.

In the cruel dilemma in which he thus found himself placed, the necessity of some good advice was the first thing which occurred to O'Connor's mind. There were two persons whom he thought of consulting—one was a prudent friend, the other Sir Frederick Fitzball, a duelling knight, with whom he had made acquaintance since his days of splendour. Unfortunately, he made the wrong choice. Instead of turning off at the bridge by the circular quay which led to the sequestered abbey, he crossed the river, and went to seek Sir Frederick at his lodgings.

Well might Mr. Burke exclaim, and well might his words be echoed by the bard of Chillon, that “the days of chivalry are gone!” Ireland, indeed, is changed. The times are fled—for ever fled, when, like the Scythian savage

at Athens, men trusted to their weapons alone for the vindication of their personal rights, and demonstrated their own gentility, and the inferiority of their neighbours by the intellectual arbitration of the pistol and the small-sword; when sharpness of steel made up what was wanting in sharpness of wit, when the hand outweighed the head in argument, and the disputant whom nature had not blessed with brains, had liberty to make matters even by blowing out those of his more favoured antagonist. No valiant swordsmen are now beheld who consider their place and character for ever lost, by suffering a friend to pass between them and the wall. Mine host of the Harp or Shamrock, as he ushers four gentlemen in cloaks into the ball-room of his tavern, no longer bids the waiter come and tell him if he should hear the key turn in the lock inside. To tread accidentally on a lady's skirt, to differ in opinion on a question of fact, are no longer considered in the light of capital offences inexpiable by aught but the death of the party aggrieving

or aggrieved, (for either it appears will equally satisfy justice). Wrapped in the base security of law, instead of setting up our heads as a target for an adversary's pistol, or offering our throats to be cut in vindication of the sentiments which they have been employed in uttering, we are content to use both in the tedious process of reasoning out a question, as if forsooth it were more important to prove a point than to carry it. The ambition of a "fighting name" no longer summons the youthful combatant to the area, and the hoary duellist, whose brows are wreathed with the laurels of half a century, is avoided as a nuisance, or stared at as a phenomenon. The dulness of domestic tranquillity, of frivolous literature, or lazy science, is preferred to the high-souled and aspiring honours of the single combat; and if still some instances arise to show that the mighty spirit of the duel has not wholly disappeared, they have more the character of formal compliances with an obsolete and decaying error than actions suggested by the heroic zeal of arms.

Times and manners were different in 17—. The glory of the duel at that brilliant epoch in its history, almost equalled that which it had reached in France, before the warlike Louis so unhandsomely abolished it in his dominions.

About the time when, in defiance of the Spectator and his polished censure, the redoubted monarch of the Mohocks exercised his nightly despotism in the precincts of the Fleet and Temple Bar, there existed on the Irish side of the Channel an emulative society no less arbitrary in its rules, no less terrible to the peaceful and industrious members of the community, and no less worthy of the castigation of England's accomplished Cato. This famous band of desperadoes, whose exploits during the period of their sway still furnish their posterity with a fund of evening anecdote, illustrative in no feeble degree of the spirit of past times in Ireland, consisted of a number of gentlemen of high birth and fortune, who were incorporated together under a denomination which, like the name of the city

alluded to in Horace's journey to Brundisium, must for certain reasons remain a secret. In this exquisite school, all that was reckless, dissolute, wanton, and oppressive in the manners of the old Irish gentleman was taught in the highest perfection, and by professors who did not fail, as it happens in too many cases, to live up to the maxims they inculcated. "Honour" was the presiding spirit of their assemblies, not understanding by the word the celestial lady who was honoured with a statue among the Romans, but that busy goddess, whose "Affairs" still cut so frequent a figure in the modern newspapers.

One of the most remarkable branches of this estimable society was that which held its orgies in \* \* \* \*. It consisted of a president, and several members, men of good family and fortune, who imagined that there was something fine and dashing in drinking prodigious quantities of whiskey punch, fighting and promoting duels, for the "bubble reputation's" sake alone, spending long evenings in noisy revelry, and

sallying forth from their assembly room in a public part of the town to scare the minds and afflict the persons of the orderly and well disposed citizens, whose evil stars might bring them at such an hour within reach of the sword-points or finger-tops of the gentlemen of the club.

It was related with tones of horror and astonishment at the fire-sides of the sober portion of the community, that the rules and customs of this body were not unaccompanied with a certain degree of mystery, even more daring than their external practice. No individual, it was said, could obtain admission to its honours and privileges who had not qualified himself by having brought upon his soul the life of one human being, *honourably* slain; nor is there any mention made of that side-table, which, in a somewhat similar society in the days of Charles the Second, was set apart for those who had only drawn blood. They passed the evening in drinking and telling boisterous anecdotes of the field. At twelve,



before the company separated, an enormous bowl was filled with the steaming compound in which the Irish Bacchus was commonly invoked; a ladle and lofty drinking glass were laid "convenient," and the whole was devoted with the profane and daring merriment of a licentious debauch to the fiend whom this society openly professed to serve.

Woe waited the unhappy being who, after midnight, heard on his homeward way the cry of the retiring revellers of this notorious confraternity upon his track. Their custom was to surround such unfortunate wight in the form of a circle, and with the points of their drawn swords to inflict such wounds upon the fleshy parts of his person as might draw blood and groans enough to make them sport without endangering life. For, impelled by humanity, they usually took the precaution to bate their weapons with the corks which had been extracted in the course of their revelries, leaving no more than an inch of the sword blade

bare above the point, a tenderness to which, it is not to be doubted, many of their fellow-creatures were indebted for the preservation of their existence. This operation became celebrated by the name of "Sweating;" and the adepts in the art were dreaded and distinguished as the "Sweaters" of the Club. It was afterwards diversified by the no less sportive and comical amusements of "pinking" and "slitting." The former, with the exception of the bated points, was nearly the same as the process called "Sweating;" but the operation of "slitting" was one which required peculiar dexterity and management in its execution. It was performed by drawing a sharp instrument across the gristly portion of the nose of some inoffensive passenger with such rapidity that the wound was inflicted almost without the knowledge of the sufferer, who was frequently at a loss to account for the deluge of blood with which his shirt ruffles and the lower part of his countenance were covered. This feat was looked upon

by the wits of the club as of the highest merit, for its effects were not confined to the amusement of the moment, but left on the most prominent feature of the victim's countenance a lasting mark of the finished skill and spirit of the operator. This was particularly observable when the person operated upon happened to be a very handsome man, or perhaps a female; for like their brethren of Temple Bar, the gentlemen of the club had too much national gallantry to overlook the tender portion of their fellow citizens. Care, however, was always taken to avoid the throat and eyes, the object of the society being recreation, and not mischief.

To Sir Frederick Fitzball, one of the leading members of this estimable confraternity, did Vincent O'Connor now betake himself in his distress. Finding him at home, he made known his perplexity, and requested his assistance.

“Do you mean my assistance as your friend,” said Sir Frederick, “or merely as an adviser or counsellor?”

“As an adviser, Sir Frederick, if I might presume so far.”

“My dear fellow, you know you may command me. I am not accustomed indeed to take so remote a part in affairs of the kind; but I could do more than this to oblige a friend. Well,” added the Knight, pulling out his watch, “I have some engagements this evening, but I shall take care to be on the ground, if you will drop me a line before bed-time, to let me know where it is to be. I should recommend the head of the canal, at an early hour, as the place and time least liable to interruption.”

“On the ground, Sir Frederick!” exclaimed Vincent, in astonishment. “Surely you do not suppose that I have sent my friend a challenge!”

“Message, my dear fellow, if you love me. It is only on the stage, in romances, or in the jury-box, that people receive *challenges*. We talk of a duel, my good friend, and not of a tournament. What was fashion in the days of

our ancestors is vulgarity in our own. But to the point. You have yet sent no message?"

"Oh, no."

"It all arises," said Sir Frederick, "out of that unhappy misapprehension of terms. When I asked if you desired my assistance as your *friend*, I meant in the language of honour, what in vulgar phrase is termed your *second*. Well then, let us hear on what point it is that you wish for my advice."

O'Connor proceeded with great feeling and ingenuousness of mind to acquaint Sir Frederick with his opinions on the subject of duelling, and his early friendship and affection for Keating.

"Sir Frederick," he said, "let me request you not to suppose that I use a common cant in the feelings which I have expressed. To me, without adverting now to the circumstance, that it is an action formally condemned by the religion I profess, and the laws of the land in which I live, it appears a frightful thing that for an injury to

one's pride, two men born in the same nation, serving the same king, speaking the same tongue, perhaps even bound by friendship or by blood, should meet like enemies in mortal contest, and wound in each other's person the community of which both are members. It is not, it never can be put on the same footing with that kind of warfare to which I am engaged by my profession. My soul—my reason tells me that it is not the same to draw my sword against a fellow countryman as against my country's foes. The voice of country, if it do not speak as loudly, speaks as plainly in my bosom as the voice of blood, and if the instinct of nature (for surely there is an instinct in our hearts that tells us of a country to be loved and guarded), if that instinct be violated in any case for honour's sake, why not in all? Why may not brothers meet and vindicate in the same way their fire-side differences? All would shudder at this, yet custom too could make even that look innocent. Talk not of custom then,

Sir Frederick, for we must not be its slaves. Let the barbarian who sates his hunger with the flesh of his fellow warrior, continue, if he will, the slave of custom; but let us, whose minds have been touched with light from heaven, hold heaven's high word above the voice of man. It is the property of virtue, as they say it is of liberty, to be governed not by men but laws. It never can be lawful for me or any one to become an arbiter of my own wrongs, to place a factitious value on what I call my honour, and avenge a wounded pride by the same means that are used to avert the ruin of a whole people, and save empires from destruction. No, Sir Frederick, it is an abominable crime, such as neither wit can palliate, nor eloquence excuse, nor custom justify."

"Young man," said Sir Frederick, in a serious tone, "you have spoken to me with a frankness and honesty that invites my respect, as your sentiments do my esteem. I am proud of your confidence; and to show you that I am

so, I will lay aside my customary modes of acting, and advise with you in this matter as your real friend. Perhaps you are right in your argument,—you certainly are so in your feelings. I have never much considered on this subject ; yet for the little I have, I will confess to you, it never yet struck me, that to fight for our country's safety, was the same thing as to fight for our own honour ; or that any force of custom could change the quality of right and wrong. But that is not the only point which you have to consider. The number of those who go to the ground with a serious conviction that they are acting right, are very few ; perhaps no one has ever done so. But as long as people love the world, they will continue to please the world ; and reason as soundly as you will, you must either do as the world does, or incur the penalty which it imposes ;—obey its dictates, or cease to belong to it.”

“ Painful alternative ! ” said Vincent, sorrowfully ; “ disgrace, or crime !—the loss of inward



peace of mind, or outward honour—of moral innocence, or of all respectability in life ! Painful, painful alternative !”

“ In your case,” said the knight, “ I do not see that it has come to that alternative yet. My real advice to you, is to ask an apology from Keating, which he will not hesitate, I suppose, to give you ; you will thus be relieved from your dilemma, without the necessity of doing violence to your own principle.”

Vincent shook his head.

“ You advise me kindly, Sir Frederick,” he said ; “ but that, to say the least, would be but a feeble part to take, where the question calls for open declaration between right and wrong.”

“ I do not see that it does,” replied the knight, “ we are not obliged at all times to declare our principles, where there appears no good to be effected by it.”

This reasoning did not altogether satisfy Vincent, and after some farther discourse they separated ; Sir Frederick to keep his appoint-

ment, and Vincent returning to his barrack, in order to meditate on his condition. While the door yet stood open, a voice of the true military bass was heard below, inquiring of the servant if his "mawstar was at home." Being answered in the affirmative, he bade the latter go up stairs, and say that "Major Highflyer" wished to speak with him.

The Major entered, a tall, large figure, in a blue undress frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, with a silk handkerchief puffing from the breast. He greeted Vincent with a dignified nod, and said in a loud tone, as he drew off one of his well-whited regimental gloves:—

"As I was the medium, Mistar O'Connor, through which your brother officers were made acquainted with this disagreeable affair, I have taken the liberty of calling on you about it."

Vincent bowed, and placed a chair, in which the Major took his seat, after carefully parting the skirts of his frock, passing a finger round to ease the pressure of the lofty black stock in

which his neck was imprisoned, and leisurely undoing a button or two of his coat, where it pressed upon the throat.

“Although I felt myself called upon,” said he, “to let our brother officers know what had occurred, yet, as you are new to the service, and have not yet had time to make friends in the regiment, I would gladly do all in my power to avert its consequences. Your conduct, though so peculiar, does not, I am certain, proceed from any deficiency of gentlemanly spirit, for I think I possess some degree of penetration on that point. I am rather inclined to suppose it arises from a—inexperience—a—want of acquaintance with a certain punctilio, which, however, is as necessary to an officer as the knowledge of the sword exercise.”

Vincent politely returned thanks to the Major for the interest he expressed in his affairs, but at the same time, said that he had determined not to send a message.

“It would be unbecoming in me, Major

Highflyer," he said, "as your inferior, both in years and rank, to indulge in any remarks on the course which you have thought proper to take in reporting the conversation which took place between my friend and me. I attribute it to some regimental etiquette, which I do not understand. My education, however, has given me a horror of such encounters as you allude to, and teaches me that no earthly tribunal can justify an action which is forbidden by nature, and by God, by the laws of my country, and my religion."

"As to the law of the land," said the Major, "it is merely nominal. The practice of the courts and custom supersedes it, as law itself often supersedes equity. And we know what is the practice of the courts in the case of duelling."

"That often is the case in human law," said Vincent; "but the divine is immutable. The law of God alone is never a dead letter."

"I admire your principle," said the Major, "but I fear you are little aware of what it will

cost you to support it. You are young, without interest, with a character as yet unmade; and I tell you candidly, that the course you are taking will be a death-blow to your hopes in life. This custom, good or ill, has been too mighty for the throne, the pulpit, and the bench; and do you imagine for an instant that you can stand against it? You may, as the Hindoo enthusiast opposes himself to the car of Jaggernaut, but only to be crushed beneath its wheels. The gigantic idol will roll on unshaken on its gory track, to be adored by prostrate nations as before, and you will be left mangled, trampled, and forgotten in the rear. Think not, young man," continued the Major, forgetting for the moment his habitual part, and speaking with a natural earnestness of manner; "that all who yield to this custom are ignorant of the arguments which you advance against it. All feel their weight, at least, all who think or feel on any subject; but they dare not wrestle with the world from which they seek their fortunes; and the world will

always have laws and customs of its own, apart from those of either church or state. You have not the remotest idea of the thousand insupportable annoyances to which you will subject yourself by persevering in this resolution ; you have not yet had even a specimen of what you must endure. Your brother officers will make a point of forcing you to quit the regiment. A thousand indescribable modes of stinging annoyance will be put in force against you, which, according to your own principles, you must not notice ; and so far from these principles procuring you respect, they will augment the virulence of many. And what is only moderately performed in the mess-room, you will find over-acted in the city, when you go abroad. There, when the news of this affair gets wind, you will be openly insulted without measure. Fellows who would not dare under other circumstances to use any freedom, will endeavour to obtain a gratuitous name for valour, by insulting one whom they can banter with impunity ; by affecting a mock

respect, which they will break with sudden laughter as you speak, whispering loud taunts, 'apart' for every body to hear, or jostling as they pass you in the street."

"These things," said Vincent, "I must prepare to meet; they afford no reason why I should abandon fixed principle."

Major Highflyer smiled. "All this," he said, "I surmised before I entered your apartment, and the principal object of my coming was to suggest to you a mode, by which, without any injury to yourself, or to your friend, you might extricate yourself from this disagreeable affair. From what I could perceive, this gentleman is an intimate acquaintance. He can have no objection to make you an apology if you choose to ask one."

Having thrown out this hint the Major buttoned his coat, put on his gloves, again assumed his military port and authoritative croak, wished "Mistar" O'Connor a good morning, and departed.

Not wishing to renew the mortifications of the preceding evening, Vincent dined that day in his own apartment.

On returning to his barrack, he found that there had been no lack of entertainment at the mess in his absence. During dinner a Mr. Wellborn, who, though holding only an ensign's commission, was heir to a high family, and large estate in England, happened to sit opposite Captain Radish, a gentleman who had not always the best command of his temper. It appeared that Mr. Wellborn, owing partly to the loss of a finger from the bursting of a pistol in his hand, had got what seemed a vulgar habit of holding the blade of his knife, as well as the handle, and this failing happening to catch the eye of Captain Radish, annoyed him so much that he called in an impatient tone to a servant to "bring Mr. Wellborn a knife that had got a handle to it." This gave rise to some half suppressed laughter amongst the officers, and it was now confidently expected



that Mr. Wellborn would "call out" the Captain about it. They were not disappointed in their expectations. On the next day the Captain and Ensign met in a field outside the town, where, after exchanging a shot each, with a gallantry which everybody applauded, the seconds interfered, and the affair "terminated amicably."

The éclat of this affair, and its happy termination, was of dangerous consequence to Vincent. For three days after he heard of nothing but the handsome conduct of the combatants; their gentlemanly demeanour at the ground, and the coolness with which each received the other's fire, were themes of general admiration. Now too, for the first time, Vincent had an opportunity of estimating the extent to which hypocrisy prevails in the world, and how seldom the heart is fellow to the manners. He heard this meeting made the theme of conversation and applause, even amongst those who professed to condemn the

world and its notions on this, as well as other subjects. The half-faced fellowship of these luke-warm beings, was worse than the directest opposition.

“What !” he exclaimed in his own mind, as he returned to his apartment in the evening, “is virtue then a dream, and religion only a conventional form ?”

Depressed in mind, and reading ridicule in every eye, or fancying it where it did not exist, he began to feel the misery with which he had been threatened. There is something gratifying to human pride in the open resistance to wrong, and it is comparatively easy to be virtuous at the first onset, when the very opposition which one meets is a stimulus to perseverance. But lonely and neglected fidelity is the difficult virtue. It is in those moments when the outward storm of opposition ceases, when the enemy retires, and leaves the heart like a blockaded fort, to maintain its loyalty in solitude and peace, that the trial of sincerity commences. The want of perse-

severance was the great and fatal defect in Vincent's character. Accordingly, he was prepared to offer but a feeble opposition, when his friend Sir Frederick called on him the next morning to learn what change his sentiments had undergone. After long persuasion, Vincent yielded at last to the conviction that he was acting an overwrought and extravagant part, and placed the following letter in the hands of his adviser :—

“ My dear Sir,

“ In our last conversation you may recollect having used certain expressions inculcating my sincerity, of which I feel it necessary to demand an explanation. My friend, Sir Frederick Fitzball, in whose hands I have reposed my honour, will inform you of the particulars, and receive any commands with which you may be pleased to favour,

“ Yours truly,

“ VINCENT O'CONNOR.”

The letter was sealed, directed, and Sir Frederick left Vincent to his meditations.

“I have taken the false step!” said the latter, as he stood a moment on the floor, with his forehead pressed by his hand; “there was an officious eagerness in that man’s manner as he departed that alarms me now. I have taken the false step!”

By the industry of Sir Frederick, our hero’s letter was placed in Keating’s hands early in the afternoon of the day on which it was written.

“Vincent O’Connor!” exclaimed Keating, in surprise, as he recognised the hand-writing and broke the seal. The increasing astonishment with which he read the contents can hardly be conceived, except by those who have been affectionate friends, and met the like requital from the individuals they loved and served. Keating, as has been already remarked, was keenly hurt at the time by Vincent’s observations in the course of the argument, which applied so

directly, yet so untruly, to the character of his wife. He had, however, long since forgiven and forgotten all, and it was with a mixture of the strongest indignation and surprise that he looked upon this letter. What! thought he, so he is then, it seems, the wounded party! Is it possible that Vincent O'Connor can be the writer of this? At first it seemed to him a thing not to be conceived, although the hand-writing was evidence sufficient to convince him.

“Can you tell me, Sir Frederick,” he said, after a long pause, “whether my friend, O'Connor, was sober when he wrote this letter?”

“I was present when he wrote it, Sir,” replied the knight, coldly, “and I am not in the habit of taking charge of such notes from gentlemen who are not in possession of their senses.”

“In his senses, Sir, he certainly was not, when he addressed me in this style,” said Keating, “though the means by which he lost them be different from my conjecture.”

Good-natured people, who are content to live in peace and amity with their neighbours, without aiming at any high degree of virtue, are perhaps more liable than even worse men to the fault of obstinacy. Intending no evil and undisturbed by the clamorous terrors of a conscience deeply criminal, they listen with coldness to the tocsin which is for ever sounding from the pulpits of religion, and their habitual indifference is often to them more fatal than habitual transgression is to others. Keating, unfortunately for both parties, was one of those.

“And now, Sir Frederick,” said he, after a moment’s anguish of mind, “will you have the goodness to say, what answer Mr. O’Connor expects to this note?”

“Why,” replied the punctilious knight, “as a verbal apology cannot now be made upon the spot and before the same company, I should imagine my friend must expect a written one; indeed I know that less would not satisfy him.”

“Then tell him from me,” said Keating,

“that written or verbal, he shall never have an apology from me. If either party had a right to complain of that conversation it certainly was not O'Connor. Wounded as I was at the time by many of his remarks, I thought it due to our friendship to make light of them, but he has found a way to give them their fullest weight.”

“Of course, Mr. Keating,” said Sir Frederick, with due stateliness and decorum, “you are at liberty to give or to withhold an explanation, as you please; but you must be aware of the necessary alternative. As Mr. O'Connor's friend, however, it is my duty to request that you will name the gentleman with whom you wish that I should treat upon the subject.”

Keating was exceedingly angry, both at Vincent's conduct, and at the cold and wicked formality of his ambassador. In an evil hour he named Captain Featherspring as the only person he knew who was acquainted with the mode of conducting affairs of this kind, and

Sir Frederick departed with as little loss of time as possible.

Vincent expected his return in a state of mind which it is needless to describe.

“ Well, Sir Frederick, what news ? ”

“ Oh, 'twouldn't do ; there must be a shot. A very spirited gentlemanly young fellow Mr. Keating is ; he would make no apology.”

“ Did he give you any answer to my note, Sir Frederick ? ”

“ No written answer, merely referred me to Captain Featherspring as his friend. I have seen the Captain, who agreed with me that there was no getting out of it, so we've settled all. Take care to be at Falvey's at five in the morning. I have ordered coaches at that hour. The head of the canal is the place which we have fixed upon. You will presently have Captain Featherspring here to acquaint you with the determination of his friend ; but that, you know, is merely matter of form ; in fact, the whole affair is little more ; for as the offence was slight



a shot a-piece will settle it, and that is what nobody can call fighting. There's no use in thinking about it now. All our characters are implicated, for I have been seen passing between you and your friend—Mr. Keating I should say. So be ready in the morning, when I will call, and in the mean time make arrangements with the guard that I may be admitted."

At ten o'clock, having ordered the sentry to call him at four, and to admit any person who might ask for him at that hour, Vincent retired to his apartment, and to rest. But a warning conscience, which every moment spoke louder and louder to his soul, for a long time would not suffer him to sleep. He was about committing the first deliberate transgression of a grievous nature which had ever disturbed his peace, and the stillness of the night gave great force to his reflections. With the fullest sense of his duty to the beneficent Providence which he was tempting, and the extent and character of the crime which he was about to

commit with so much premeditation, even a worldly man, if he had thoroughly read his mind, would have wondered at his weakness in persisting. But from the moment when first he yielded to his associates, their influence acquired a weight prodigiously beyond what it had been in the beginning. The labour of stifling his self-reproaches at last brought on a short and uneasy sleep, which was made terrible by gloomy dreams.

At four the sentry called him. He dressed in haste, and was ready in a few minutes to depart.

“Well, O’Connor, are you ready? Come along!” cried Sir Frederick, entering his room in haste. “I saw a coach driving along the Mall as I came here, and by certain signs which it requires practice to understand, I am sure it was the enemy. He must not be kept waiting.”

They hurried away to the coach.

“Jack Pushcart and surgeon Tourniquet are

gone before," said the knight. "In case of accident, I have ordered horses to be kept at a house close at hand, which will answer better than a coach for the purposes of flight."

With this consoling speech they drove away. Before daybreak, Keating had left the house in which he slept, to join his friend Captain Featherspring, with whom he proceeded to the ground. Soon after they had reached it, the rumbling of coach wheels announced the approach of Vincent and his companion. The ground was soon taken, the distance measured, and the principals placed in what appeared the best position by their respective seconds. Both fired together, Sir Frederick giving the word. The ball of Keating grazed Vincent's cheek so closely as to draw the blood. That of O'Connor took a direction more fatally true. It passed quite through the body of his antagonist, who reeled from his ground and fell.

"Heaven save us, he is dead!" cried Pushcart.

“Jack ! Jack ! the horses—fly !”

Vincent was the first to raise the wounded man from the earth.

“Henry, I have hurt you !”

Instead of answering Vincent, Keating seemed collecting his strength for some greater exertion.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “you will please to remember that I acquit Mr. O’Connor of blame in this transaction. It was I who forced it on him by refusing an apology which he had a right to expect. Vincent,” and looking on him most affectionately, he wrung his hand with all the strength left in him, “Vincent, I forgive you—forgive me.”

“I do,” said Vincent, scarce knowing what he said, for the whole scene swam before his eyes.

“I thank you, Vincent, good friend, tell—”

What he wished him to tell, Vincent never heard, for he sunk down at the instant, and Sir Frederick dragged Vincent away, saying he

would only do mischief to himself and the wounded man, who needed the surgeon more than agitating conversation. At that instant a peasant ran towards the group exclaiming:—

“T’ye! t’ye, gentlemen!”

“What’s the matter?” cried several.

It was the officers, who, sent by the mayor, were hastening to the spot. Vincent, his head ringing with confused sounds, was hurried away by his companions, and placed on horseback; before he could know distinctly what he was doing, they were some miles from that spot which a few minutes had made so dreadful.

Few “affairs of honour” had ever produced so strong a sensation in the city and its neighbourhood, as that which we have detailed; the amiable characters of the parties, their youth, their well-known friendship, together with the extensive misery in which the fall of Keating had involved his family, all conspired to swell the universal cry of horror, which was raised upon his death. Nor did it cease to agitate the

public mind, even after the decision of a court of law had restored the survivor to his liberty and to the service; and Vincent's remorse, already dark and oppressive, was deepened in his mind by the general feeling of indignation which the peculiar circumstances of the case excited. He had been acquitted of a crime by his judges, which custom might palliate to the world; but his conscience told him he was guilty, and that he ought to have suffered the punishment appointed for the crime. It would be difficult for one living in the whirl of common life, and grown old in the ways of the world, to conceive the exquisite anguish with which this unfortunate youth, educated in the tenderest sentiments of religion and of virtue, and habituated to a virgin delicacy of moral feeling, brooded over this first and dreadful crime: to have imbrued his hands unjustly in the blood of his bosom friend, — to have defaced the image of the Creator in his creature, and sent a human soul fresh from the act of crime to the judgment seat,

with scarce a pause to plead for mercy on the threshold of eternity ! such, faintly pictured, was the hue which the transaction took to Vincent's memory.

In the following week, the route arrived for the regiment to go abroad, and Vincent, with a heavy heart, prepared to bid adieu to a home to which he could no more look back with pleasure.

A short time before he left the city, an incident occurred that gave a new colour to the grief which the thought of Keating's fate continued still to excite within his mind. He was superintending the packing up of his wardrobe, with a heart already melancholy enough, when his servant handed him a letter, which had just been left at the door. Vincent broke the seal, which was black, and impressed with Keating's family device. The contents were as follows :—

“ Sir,

“ The wife of your friend, Henry Keating, ventures to address you. Nothing would induce

me to take this step if he, in hours of confidence now never to return, had not made me thoroughly acquainted with your character. I know, Sir, that I do not make this appeal to a hardened heart, that I do not run the risk of exposing my feelings to ridicule, and my weakness, if it be a weakness, to contempt. It may be of use to you that you should know the extent of the misery you have occasioned; it may be of use to others,—to other happy families, whose peace you may endanger.—I am sure, at all events, that it will be a relief to my own mind, and may heaven forgive me if to indulge it be a sin.

“ I had not drank, deep, Sir, of the cup of happiness, when you dashed it from my lips. We were married but one year,—but twelve glad months I had been a wife. I never knew what earthly happiness was, till Henry gave it me,— I never knew it before,— I never shall know it again. I see and reverence the awful hand of Providence, even in the blow that has destroyed us all. It is not in my power, Sir, to convey to



you, in language, an idea of the joy which my heart rested on my husband; I despair of giving you any idea of the nature of our love,—of its devotion,—of its deep and tranquil ardour. An unkind look, a word of harshness, never passed between us from the first day we met, till we were divided by you. My happiness was so great, that, wretch as I am, had it lasted in this world, I fear I would have ceased to long as I should do for another. Your pistol (and I envy you not any pride which its skill may waken in your mind), has put an end for ever to that earthly dream, which once we hoped might have been prolonged to a peaceful old age, and revived in our offspring.—For ever, I have said, Sir, for I never now shall see my husband more, until I meet him there where ‘they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.’

“The blow has fallen so recent and severe, that I feel yet stunned, and unable to express myself with the calmness and submission which is my duty as a Christian creature. I bow to the hand

of Providence, but my eyes are dim, and can hardly see aright. Oh ! Sir ! remember the words of Him who must from henceforth, be poor Ellen Keating's only refuge and support,—her husband and the father of her child,—Him, who has suffered more for Ellen's sake than she is willing to do for his,—that ' all who take the sword shall perish by the sword ! '

“ One child remains to remind me of my husband,—one little orphan to ask poor Ellen Keating how his father died, and why he cannot have his father's care. Ah, Sir, beware and tremble ! He who so often, in his holy book, has expressed his tenderness for the widow and the orphan, does not look with indifference on poor Ellen Keating and her child. See now if it will comfort you for the ruin you have made, to know that you have acted for a hollow world, and for a place in society, which is fleeting as the station of a cloud. The eye of Providence was on you, Sir, when you took my husband's life.”

“ And oh! my poor distracted brain! Had I only the certain hope for my poor Henry of the happiness which is beyond the grave, to console me for the loss of that which I prized, perhaps too fondly, here, I think—I think I could have borne it better. But no!—even there my horrors multiply. He died—but I dare not trust my reason on that fearful subject. I can only pray, and tremble, and be silent.

“ You, Sir, are leaving your native land at an early age (too early to be loaded with so dark a recollection), in order to enter on the toils and dangers of a military life. It is not to withdraw you from your country’s honourable service, nor to depress your spirit in the execution of your duties, that I address you at your departure. It is, if possible, to save you from the repetition of such crimes, or rather to save others from the fate of Henry Keating—from the misery of his afflicted widow. If at some future time, when mingling in the busy intercourse of an unreflecting world, an occasion

like the last should tempt you to forget your Maker,—if the influence of custom and the world again should seem too powerful for your duty, and it be not sufficient to deter you, that you do violence to the laws of nature and of nature's God—that God, sir, who confirmed the law which he had written on the heart of man, by announcing in fire and thunder the awful precept to the world—'Thou shalt not kill;'—if these be not sufficient to prevent your yielding to the cry of vicious men, at least, I implore you—Ellen Keating entreats you to pause, and ask whether your opponent may not have a family whose scheme of happiness shall be baffled by his death—a circle of friends whom it may consign to life-long sorrow and to gloom—dependents whom it may involve in poverty—a child to be left destitute—a wife to be heart-broken. The hope that these considerations (for all this misery, and more than this, has flowed from Henry Keating's death)—that these reflections may lead you to forbear at such a

time, is some relief to my mind under the pressure of a visitation, the weight of which no one can understand but she who feels, and He who sends it for her good.

“ And now, Sir, I can say sincerely, fare you well. This is the first and the last letter which you shall ever receive from the widow of your friend. My mind seems somewhat unburthened by what I have written, and I may now more easily turn my affections from the happiness which was born and which has died with him, to that which man can neither give nor take away, and which is all that now remains to the widowed

“ ELLEN KEATING.”

This letter, while it penetrated the very marrow of Vincent's bones, was of use to him. From the moment he received it, he never gave a moment to depression of mind or to any weak-spirited and indolent dejection, but promptly adopted the only mode of life which remained

to him, a life of active good. His professional duties were discharged with a zeal and diligence which made him an acquisition to the regiment, and his private hours were devoted to penitence and prayer. Disgusted at himself, he no longer mingled, as he had done, in the pleasures and indulgences of life, but seemed like one who had a heavy task laid before him, and but little time for its performance. At morning he offered up the pains and troubles of the day, in expiation of his crime; in the hurry of the day his thoughts would often turn to heaven for pardon, and his last prayer at night was to implore forgiveness for himself and for his victim. Meantime the soldiers under his command became distinguished at the review and in the barracks by their strict observance of discipline and devoted attachment to their officer. His unobtrusive manners and guardedness in conversation preserved him from the recurrence of any occasion like that which had been the origin of his unhappiness; and which, had it

arisen, it is needless to say he would have declined. But those were deceived, who thought they beheld, in the evenness of O'Connor's life, the evidence of a mind that was free from suffering. There are certain disorganisations of the bodily frame, so deeply seated and so stationary, that the constitution at length seems to have accommodated itself to their existence, and none but the sufferer is aware of the alteration that has taken place in the general health. The fact might furnish an illustration of the state of Vincent's mind. The anguish, though long suppressed and moderated by time, by reason and religion, existed still within his breast, and like the inhabitants of the enchanted city, mentioned in an oriental story, while he moved in the commerce of the world, with the external show of cheerfulness and ease, he carried in his heart a fire that piety might mitigate, but could not quite extinguish.

At length the time arrived when Vincent must depart on foreign service. Before day

on an autumn morning, the regiment left the city, followed for more than a mile outside the town by a crowd of boys and leave-taking friends of the privates, many of whom had got married in the place. With many a pang Vincent looked back to the scenes in which so much of his life had passed, and to which he was now about to bid adieu for ever. A bayonet wound, received in a sortie at the siege of a continental town, put an end to a life which, ever since that fatal day, was unmarked by a single gleam of unmingled joy or unembittered peace. His last words were a prayer for forgiveness. And by a singular coincidence it was observed that the bayonet had penetrated Ellen Keating's letter, which he always carried in his bosom.



## SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN.



It is not necessary to say within what distance of "our neighbourhood" lies that fair and fertile land over which the O'Briens of Thomond once held sway. Among the bravest of the followers of the celebrated Prince Murrough O'Brien, whose valour and devotion are not yet forgotten on his native soil, was a knight named Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, whose character, like that of all the brighter ornaments of Irish chivalry, was a mixture of northern honour, of oriental fervour and devotion, and of the deepest and sincerest religious feeling. In reading the accounts of other days, the pride of modern times takes

umbrage at the profound humility which is traced out amid the most glorious workings of old heroic zeal, and the sordid levity of our commercial temperament is ready to scoff at the deeply seated and unselfish devotion which gave to the chivalry of the middle ages more than half its grandeur. In those days, the heart of mankind was still profoundly impressed with those great truths which, by keeping continually before the mind the transitory nature of all earthly things, are best calculated to detach it from the baser interests, to elevate its desires, and enlarge its views. But what, exclaims the reader, has the character of the middle ages to do with our story? and we feel conscious indeed of a somewhat ponderous commencement, for a mere fairy tale, for such, after all, is the legend of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan.

Every body, who knows any thing of Irish history, must have heard of Brian Boru. This we assume as a postulate without which we can proceed no further. It is equally notorious that

in the course of his reign he met with no little annoyance from those unruly neighbours called the Danes, who had now for more than three centuries exercised a barbarous tyranny over the original inhabitants of the isle, sometimes carrying it with a high hand, and sometimes suffering severely in the efforts made by the latter to rid themselves of their unfeeling assailants. Amongst the most distinguished of those native warriors who endeavoured to aid the Ard-Righ, or Arch-King, Brian, in his battles against the lawless Scandinavian, was the knight whose name we have adopted as the title of our legend. None wielded the *lann* or the battle-axe with a more fatal skill; none stood more firm in the fight, and none appeared so indifferent to the reputation which his deeds had won him, as Sir Dowling O'Hartigan. He fought not for fame, nor power, nor wealth, nor for any selfish end, but purely for his duty; duty to his prince, to his country, and to heaven. Thus despising death, not from animal temperament alone, or

the greediness of ambition, but on the principles of right reason, his valour was as constant and steadfast as it was heroic.

It was a few days before the famous battle of Clontarf, in which the venerable monarch gave his enemies a final overthrow, and lost his own life, that Prince Murrough received the orders of the Ard-Righ to be present with all the force he could muster, at the royal camp, within a stated time. At the moment when the royal order arrived, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan was seated at the table of the prince. He immediately rose and requested permission to return to his own home, in order to muster all the force he could command, and to bid adieu to his wife and family, for it was foreseen that many a warrior would leave home for the approaching contest who might never again return. The prince gave him permission to depart, after requesting him to be punctual as to the day of joining them with his force.

Night had fallen before Sir Dowling reached

the dreary wilds of Burrin, in which his house was situate. The sky was dark and stormy, and the Knight commanded his foot-boy or daltin, (whose duty it ordinarily was to run by his master's side holding the stirrup), to mount on his crupper, and to keep his seat as well as he might behind him. Thus, doubly freighted, it was matter of wonder to master and squire with how much life and vigour the little hobbie continued its journey. It was interrupted, however, in rather a singular manner. At a gloomy turn in the road, the hobbie stopped short with so much suddenness, that the two riders, were it not for Sir Dowling's superior horsemanship, would, by the impetus of their own motion, have continued their journey homeward in the air for at least a yard or two beyond the hobbie's head. Still as a stone statue stood the animal, seeming neither to hear the voice of the knight, nor to feel the still more cogent remonstrances which were applied with profusion both to rib and flank.

“ You might as well let him alone, Sir Dowling,” said the daltin.

“ Why do you think so, Duach ?”

“ Because Ireland would'nt make her stir now. There's something near us, mather, that's not good.”

“ Foolish being !” said the knight ; “ descend, and see what is the matter.”

“ Me ! me get down !” exclaimed Duach ; “ I had rather face a whole *cath* of the Loch-Lannoch\*. Mather, asthore, get down yourself, since you ar'nt in dread of them.”

Sir Dowling complied, compassionating the weakness of his attendant, and giving the reins to the awe-struck daltin. Advancing a few paces, he beheld, by the faint light which the stormy sky afforded, the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, on the right-hand side of the road, with the hood of her cloak turned over her

\* A name given to the Northern pirates.

head, and her arms clasped in an attitude of profound affliction.

“ Who's there ?” exclaimed Sir Dowling in a peremptory tone.

There was no reply.

“ Speak !” said the knight : “ if you be in sorrow, tell your sorrow ; if not, retire, and let my hobbie pass the road.”

Still, neither sound nor motion on the part of the hooded figure, gave sign of attention or of compliance, and it was not until the knight added menace to his words, that he was able to procure an answer.

“ You're like the rest of the world,” said the woman, slowly revealing in the faint light her worn and wrinkled features, “ that never knows its friends.”

“ Is that Nora ?” asked Sir Dowling in astonishment.

“ It is. Ah, Sir Dowling, a'ra gal, I'm in trouble.”

“ Upon what account, Nora ?” asked the knight.

“ I’ll tell you then. Do you know that lake you used to be so fond of fishing in when you used to go to visit your relations in the county Galway.”

“ Do you mean Lough Ennel ?”

“ The very same.”

“ I do, indeed,” replied the knight. “ Many a pleasant day and moonlight night I spent upon the banks, or on its waters. It was a fine lake for fish.”

“ Well, a’ra gal, you’ll never spend another there, except you go to the county Westmeath for it.”

“ To the county Westmeath !” exclaimed Sir Dowling in astonishment.

“ To the county Westmeath, achree. ’Tis there Lough Ennel is now, and there it will remain, I’m very much in dread.”

“ Nonsense,” said the knight, “ did I not see



it with my own eyes the last time I was in Galway, and didn't I send the prince a basket of the finest trout he ever tasted, that I took in the very middle of it, with my own hands? What nonsense!" said the knight, "how could it be in the county Westmeath?"

"Oh, then, through nothing in the world, only my folly," said the old woman, "that couldn't but go lend it to an old neighbour of mine, a decent woman, as I thought her, that lives in those parts, and now she won't return it."

"Well, Nora," said Sir Dowling, "I'm surprised at you. Is it possible? A woman of your sense to go lend such a lake as that! And sure you ought to know them Leinster people before now, how hard it is to get any thing from them. There's hardly an ard-righ we had this length of time but was heart-broken with them, trying to get their tribute. I thought you'd have more sense, Nora."

"Oh, then," says the old woman, "who'd ever think that she'd serve me such a trick?"

Last summer twelvemonth she sent over to me, with her compliments, and she'd be obliged to me for the loan of a lake for a little while, Westmeath being an inland place, where it was very hard to get fish, and she knew that I couldn't miss it much, as Connaught was bordering upon the sea coast, and that she'd return it faithfully on the first Monday of the month. Well, I didn't like to refuse her, for she has greater power than I have, and might do me some mischief—so I took Lough Ennel, and rolled it up in an apron, and sent it off to her, with my compliments, and that I was happy to have it in my power to accommodate her. She kept the lake; and the first Monday of the month came and the first Monday after, and she never sent it home, and little thanks she gave me when I sent for it, neither. I waited as long as I had patience to wait, but not a sight of Lough Ennel did I see from that day to this.”

“ And you are going to look after it now ? ”  
said Sir Dowling.

“I'm going now to look after it,” replied the witch; “but indeed I'm afraid it is little good for me. This is my thanks for being obliging.”

We may remark that old Nora was right in her apprehensions, as may be ascertained by a reference to Shaw Mason's Topography, or the Collectanea, for there lies Lough Ennel to this day in the middle of the county Westmeath, whose inhabitants continue to enjoy the fruits—or rather the fishes of the old woman's dishonesty, while the poor Galway mountaineer stands often supperless upon the heights of Farmoyle, and overlooks the wide and barren flat where once Lough Ennel basked and tumbled in the sun. It is true that the time of possession specified in the Statute of Limitations has long since expired; but there are points in this case which render it a peculiar one—and I have no doubt that a Chancery injunction might readily be obtained to prevent any intermeddling with the fish until the case should have been fairly heard in equity, and finally adjudged.

“ But this,” continued old Nora, “ is not the only nor the principal cause of my trouble. I had rather all the lakes in Galway were in Westmeath, than to hear what I heard to-night, and to know what I know.”

“ What did you hear ? ” inquired Sir Dowling.

“ I heard thousands of Irish wives and mothers lamenting over the slain and wounded in the battle of Clontarf.”

“ You heard them lamenting,” said the Knight, “ for a calamity which did not yet take place.”

“ But it is certain,” said the woman. “ When the oak shall be levelled by the storm, what will become of the underwood ? You know not what this means now—but you will if you should live another week.”

“ Explain yourself plainly,” said Sir Dowling. “ Whatever be the issue, it is better I should be prepared for it. I am to join the standard of Prince Murrough at the battle, and I am

now returning to take leave of my family and friends."

The woman remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly said :—

“ Return and collect your force, and meet me here to-morrow evening, an hour before midnight—alone, and be sure you do not fail.”

With these words she disappeared, and Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, in much perplexity, continued his journey. He arrived at his castle, arranged his temporal affairs, and made the necessary preparation becoming one who was about to encounter imminent danger. On the following day, having bid adieu to those amongst his friends who were to remain behind, he set forward at the head of a strong party of horse and foot, with whom he encamped after night-fall within a short distance of the appointed place of meeting.

About an hour before midnight, Sir Dowling, throwing his war-cloak around him, advanced to the rendezvous, where he found old Nora already expecting him with an air of deeper anxiety

and apprehension than she had shown the night before.

“Are you resolved, Sir Dowling,” she said, “to join the standard of O'Brien at Clontarf?”

“Is my Prince to be there,” said Sir Dowling, “and shall I not be there?”

“Beware.”

“Of what?”

“I passed the field last evening, and the colour of death was upon the sod.”

“The Men of the Cold Hills, mother, shall make that vision good.”

“Beware!” said the old woman, again, elevating her finger with a warning look—“Death reaps his harvest without regard to the quality of the grain—the weed and the wheatear together fall beneath his sickle. He is a blast that blows its poison indiscriminately upon all that is fair and all that is hideous on the earth—the tender floweret of the spring that faints and shrinks, and fades beneath a wind too chill—and the marble rock that accumulates its bulk for

ages, and when its date is reached, rots atom after atom into the embrace of the grim destroyer, are both alike his victims. The ape that gibbers on the bough, and the sage that meditates beneath the shade—the coward that skulks behind a fence, and the warrior that braves him in the daylight—the eagle in the plains of air, and the wren upon the summer spray—the lion in the bosom of the woods, and the hare that glides in the moonlight—the leviathan within the caves of the ocean, and the starfish, spangling the wave upon its surface, nay, even the very elements that feed those million shades and rich varieties of life, are all subjected to, and must at some time feel his power. In the deepest shades, in the heart of the densest substances, there is no escaping that pervading principle of ruin. His wings overshadow the universe, and his breath penetrates to the centre. The tears of the forlorn and the bereaved—the sigh of the widow and the orphan move him not—he has no capability of relenting

—to him the Loch Lannoch and the children of the Dal Gais are alike.”

“ Whatever be my fate,” said Sir Dowling, “ I will never leave a tarnished reputation after me. The war-cry of the Strong \* Hand shall never find Sir Dowling’s slow to second it. But tell me if those fatal indications which look on you from the future, point directly at my life, or at that of my prince,”

“ I can only answer for your own,” said the hag, “ and I cannot even guess at your fate without your own assistance. Go to the top of yonder hill, and tell me what you see.”

Sir Dowling obeyed, and in a short time returned to the place where he had left the old woman.

“ I have seen,” said he, “ a woman clothed in saffron, and with golden ornaments upon her neck and shoulders.”

“ The sign is fatal,” said the old woman,

\* He alludes to the motto of the O'Briens—*Lamh Laidler a bo !* or The Strong Hand for ever.



shaking her head—"go again, and go to the other side of the hill."

Again he went—and again he came.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in white, and wearing silver ornaments."

"More fatal yet," exclaimed the hag, with a still more ominous shake of the head—"go yet once more, and take the western side of the ascent."

A third time Sir Dowling went—and a third time did Sir Dowling O'Hartigan return.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in black, and wearing no ornament whatever."

"It is completed then," said the woman; "and your fate, if you should join the fight at Clontarf, is fixed beyond all doubt. You die upon the field."

"I know not how that may be," answered the Knight, "but I am sure I shall be with my prince wherever he is."

"Abstain from the field, Sir Dowling," said the woman, looking on him with much earnest-

ness, "I was present when you received in your boyhood the order of knighthood. The wicker shield was hung up in the centre of the field, and you were provided with your lance. I saw you shiver shaft after shaft, from blade to hilt, while the plains rung with acclamations, and the ancient warriors tossed their beards in wonder at the vigour of so young an arm. From that day to this I ever loved your welfare, and I pray you now to consult it by remaining from the field of Clontarf."

Sir Dowling, however, would by no means listen to her dishonourable, though friendly solicitations. He became so impatient of those unworthy suggestions, that he turned his back, at length, and was about to depart in considerable wrath—

"Stay, Sir Dowling!" exclaimed the witch; "although I cannot change the nature of the prophecy, I will do my utmost to prolong your life. Take this cloak—it has the power of rendering those who wear it invisible to the eyes of

others. If it cannot avert the fate that threatens you, it may at least retard the term of its approach. But above all things, I warn you, let nothing ever induce you to resign the cloak until the fight is at an end; if you do, you are lost." So saying, and flinging the filead upon him, she hobbled off, without waiting for thanks, and took the way towards Westmeath to recover her lost lake, and to harangue the borrower about her want of punctuality.

"It might be pardoned," she muttered to herself as she moved along, "if there were no other lake in the county Westmeath but the one—although even then the best that could be said of them is that they came by it shabbily enough—but when they have Lough Iron, and Lough Owheh, and Lough Devereragh, and Lough Lane, and a good piece of Lough Ree!—It is scandalous and unneighbourly, and I will not submit to it. I'm sure it is we that ought to be borrowing lakes out of Westmeath, and not they out of Galway."

Sir Dowling, in the mean time, returned. Desirous to ascertain whether old Nora's cloak did in reality possess the wonderful virtue which she ascribed to it, he paused at a little distance from the first sentinels, and fastened it about his neck. To his astonishment he passed all the guards successively, without receiving a single challenge, and reached his own quarters unobserved. Here he found Duach lying half asleep by the watch-fire, which had been lighted for Sir Dowling's use. Knowing his daltin to be one of those persons who are sensible of scarcely any fear, except that which is referred to a supernatural object, he determined to put the power of the cloak to a still surer test.

“ Duach ! ” exclaimed Sir Dowling, “ Duach, awake ! ”

The daltin started up, and gazed around.

“ Duach ! ” continued the knight, “ here, take my cloak and *lann*, and watch while I lie down and take a few hours' sleep.”

“ Mercy on me ! ” exclaimed the daltin, trembling.

“ Do you hear me, sirrah ? Have you lost your wits ? ”

“ 'Tis the master's voice ! ” said Duach, rubbing his eyes, and looking around on all sides ; “ but where in the earthly universe is he ? ”

“ Where am I, rogue ? Do you not see me standing close to you ? ”

“ Well,” cried Duach, “ I never was in trouble till now ! ”

At these words, Sir Dowling struck him pretty smartly over the shoulders with his sheathed sword.

“ If you do not see me, you shall feel me, sirrah,” said the knight.

At this unexpected assault, Duach, with a yell that might have been heard across the Shannon, turned short, and would have fled the camp, had not Sir Dowling seized him by the skirt of his saffron cota, and held him firm. At the same time he undid the tie which made the

mantle fast about his own neck, and stood visibly before the astonished daltin.

“ Well ! ” exclaimed the latter, “ I often heard of wonders, but if this doesn't flog all Munster—it's no matter. Where in Europe were you, master ? or where do you come from ? or is it to drop out of the sky you did, or to rise out of the ground, or what ? ”

Nothing could exceed the amazement with which Duach heard his master relate the interview which he had with the old woman, and the extraordinary virtue of the cloak which she had lent him.

“ I'll tell you what it is, Sir Dowling, ” said the daltin, “ I don't count it a sufficient trial that the guards and myself couldn't see you, for people have often thick sight, and especially at night, that way ; but wait till morning, and the first shieling we pass where we'll see any pigs, you can put it on. They say pigs can see the very wind itself, so if they don't see you, you may depend your life upon the cloak. ”

Sir Dowling did not appear to think this test essential to his purpose, and, on the following morning, he set forward, accompanied by his force, to join the standard of the Ard-Righ. That monarch, and his son, to whom he had deputed the command of the royal army on this occasion, were already on the field of battle when Sir Dowling O'Hartigan arrived. Many circumstances combine to give a strong and lasting interest to this brilliant day in Ireland's clouded story. King Brian, who was seventy-six years of age, when he ascended the throne, had, in the course of twelve years ensuing, raised the condition of the island to a state of almost unexampled prosperity, and acquired for himself the character of a saint, a hero, and a sage. His reign bears a closer resemblance to that of the French St. Louis, or the English Alfred, than that of any other Irish monarch whom we can call to mind. Devoted himself to the cultivation of letters and the practice of religion, he encouraged both, by every means which the prero-

gative of his station could afford. He founded many churches, and added his influence to that of the clergy, in promoting a love of piety and virtue. He conciliated the friendship of the independent princes throughout the island, by confirming their ancient privileges, and aiding them in the enforcement of their authority. The success with which his efforts to establish national peace and harmony were attended, has been celebrated in a legend with which all are familiar who have read the Irish melodies, and whatever be the truth of the story, it bears testimony at least to the reputation of the monarch with his subjects and their posterity. At the close of his reign, however, he had the affliction to combat with internal treachery and foreign invasion. The annalists tell us, that Malmorda, the Righ, or inferior monarch of Leinster, aided by twelve thousand Danes, whom he had called in to aid him in his rebellious enterprise, arose in arms against his sovereign. The aged monarch was prompt in taking the field against the



traitor and his foreign allies, nor were his subjects slow to second him. The field, when Sir Dowling entered it, presented a striking and animated spectacle. The Irish archers and slingers with their small Scythian bows and kran-tabals—the gallow-glach heavily armed, with genn and battle-axe, and the shoals of kerne, distinguished by the hanging cap, the ready skene at the girdle, and the javelin in the hand, were arrayed between the royal tents and the rebel force. Amongst these last the island costume was shamefully mingled with the chain armour of the invaders, and the Irish poll-axe advanced in the same cause with the ponderous northern sparthe, which had so often drank the blood of the helpless and unresisting, in their towns and villages. Mindful of old Nora's warning, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan committed his men to the command of an inferior officer, and, fastening the cloak around his neck, passed, unobserved, to that part of the field where Prince Murrough O'Brian was in the act of persuading

his age-stricken parent, the venerable Priam of the day, to retire from a scene in which he could no longer afford assistance, and to await in his tent the issue of the combat. The monarch at length complied, and bidding an affectionate farewell to his children of two generations, who were about to risk all for his crown and people, slowly retired from the field, and at the same instant Sir Dowling had the mortification to hear the prince give utterance to an exclamation of disappointment and surprise at his non-appearance.

“It is the first time,” said Prince Murrough, “that I ever knew Sir Dowling O'Hartigan untrue to his engagement.”

The knight had much difficulty in restraining himself from flinging away the cloak, and removing the uneasiness of his prince, but the warning of Nora, and the fear that in the eagerness to manifest his loyalty he might lose the power of manifesting it in a more effectual way, enabled him to controul his inclinations.

The battle commenced, and Sir Dowling, taking his position near the Prince, wrought prodigies of valour in his defence. The prince and his immediate attendants beheld with astonishment Dane after Dane, and traitor after traitor fall mortally wounded to the ground, and yet none could say by whose weapon the blow was struck. More than once, the prince, as if his own strength were so gigantic that the mere intention of a blow on his part were more destructive than the practical exertions of another, saw his enemies fall prostrate at his feet when he had but lifted his sword into the air above them. At length a Nordman, of prodigious size, came bearing down upon the Prince, hewing all to pieces before him, and breaking the royal ranks with the strength of a rhinoceros. At the very instant when he had arrived within a sword's length of Murrough O'Brian, and while the latter was in the act of lifting his shield in order to resist his onset, to the astonishment of all, and doubtless to his own, the

head of the gigantic Nordman rolled upon the grass. The Prince started back amazed.

“ These must be Sir Dowling's blows,” he exclaimed, “ and yet I do not see the man !”

“ And what hand,” cried Sir Dowling, flinging aside the cloak in a transport of death-defying zeal, “ what hand has a better right than Sir Dowling's to do its utmost for the son of Brian ?”

He had scarcely given utterance to the words, when the sparthe of a Loch Lannoch who stood at some distance, came whistling through the air, and transfixed him on the spot, the victim of his own enthusiasm. The rest is known. The aged monarch, the Prince, and many of their house, and four thousand of their followers shared the fate of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan ; but their country was redeemed in their destruction, for Clontarf did more than ‘ scotch ’ the Danish hydra. It was never seen to raise one of its heads again in Ireland.

## THE NIGHTWALKER.



### I.

'Twas in the blooming month of May,  
When woods and fields are green ;  
When early, at the dawn of day,  
The sky-lark sings, unseen ;  
A gallant brig, with swelling sails,  
Weigh'd anchor by our strand,  
With convicts from poor Erin's vales,  
Bound for Van Diemen's land.

## II.

Slow down old Shannon's silent tide  
By favouring breezes borne,  
I saw the royal fabric glide,  
Dim in the twilight morn ;  
When sadly o'er the shining flood  
Those accents reached the shore—  
“ Adieu, adieu ! my own green wood,  
I ne'er shall see thee more !

## III.

“ Ye furze-clad hills, and briery dells,  
Now waking to the dawn—  
Ye streams, whose lonesome murmur swells  
Across the silent lawn—  
Ye snow-white cots, that sweetly smile  
Along the peaceful shore,  
Adieu, adieu ! my own green isle,  
I ne'er shall see thee more.

## IV.

“ O, had my tongue a trumpet’s force,  
    To rouse yon slumbering vale,  
That I might make the echo hoarse  
    With my unhappy tale ;  
That I might wake each sleeping friend,  
    To hear my parting moan,  
And, weeping o’er my luckless end,  
    Be watchful for his own.

## V.

“ From infancy a blissful life  
    In yonder vale I led ;  
There, first I met my faithful wife,  
    There, first I woo’d and wed ;  
Long time with blithesome industry  
    We met each coming dawn,  
Or closed each eve with gentle glee,  
    Beside the dark Ovaan.

## VI.

“ Oh! give again my humble lot,  
My garden by the mill,  
The rose that graced our clay-built cot,  
The hazel-tufted hill;  
The sweets that fill'd each grateful sense  
From dawn to dewy night;  
And more than these—the innocence  
That gave the landscape light.

## VII.

“ For daily there the nesting lark  
Sang to my spade at morn;  
The red-breast there, at fall of dark,  
Hymn'd lonely from her thorn.  
Ah! must I leave that happy dell,  
Where all my youth was pass'd?  
And breathe to each a sad farewell,  
My fondest, and my last.



## VIII.

“ When far Van Diemen’s sunbeams soon  
    Upon my head shall fall,  
How shall I miss at toilsome noon  
    My Mary’s cheerful call!  
When, standing on the distant stile,  
    She pour’d her summons clear,  
Or met me with that happy smile  
    That made our threshold dear!

## IX.

“ What hand shall trim the rushlight now  
    That glads my cabin floor?  
Or raise the turf with bended bough,  
    When wintry tempests roar?  
Ah! never shall that lightsome hearth  
    Again be swept for me;  
Nor infant there, with fondling mirth,  
    Come climbing to my knee.

## x.

“ Ah, happy days ! what Mary now  
    Along the hedge shall steal,  
With dark blue cloak and hooded brow,  
    To bring my noontide meal ?  
The plenteous root of Erin's fields,  
    To toil-worn peasant sweet ;  
And that fair draught the dairy yields,  
    Not whiter than her feet.

## xi.

“ Dream on—dream on, my happy friends !  
    Oh ! never may you know  
The hopeless, helpless grief that rends  
    My bosom as I go !  
But when, at merry dance or fair  
    The sportive moments flee,  
Let old remembrance waken there  
    One pitying thought on me.

## XII.

“ Yet hear my tale—the bursting sigh  
That leaves the sufferer’s heart,  
The tears that blind each fixed eye  
When old affections part ;  
The wail, the shriek, each sound of fear,  
That scares the peopled glen,  
Might yet, would they the lesson hear,  
Teach wisdom unto men.

## XIII.

“ ’Twas night—the black November blast  
Howl’d fierce through shrub and briar,  
We heard the demon as he pass’d,  
And stirr’d our scanty fire :  
Our babes, by sweetest slumber lull’d  
In rosy silence lay,  
Like buds to grace a garland cull’d  
Upon a summer day.

## XIV.

“ A knock!—hark!—hush!—’twas but the hail  
That smote our single pane—  
Still fiercer beat the ruffian gale—  
Still heavier drove the rain;—  
Again!—the latch is raised—the storm  
Dash’d back the opening door,  
And light’ning show’d the unknown form  
That press’d our cabin floor.

## XV.

“ O Satan, prince of darkness! thou—  
Wert thou in presence there,  
Thou couldst not wear a subtler brow,  
Nor loftier seeming bear;—  
Dark hung the drenched tresses wild  
Around his sallow cheek;  
Nor e’er did lady, whispering mild  
With sweeter accent speak.

## XVI.

“ It was—it was some friendly pow’r  
That saw my coming doom,  
And warned me of that fatal hour,  
Amid the stormy gloom,  
When loud I heard the thunders roll  
Prophetic in mine ear,  
And something shook my secret soul  
With sense of danger near !

## XVII.

“ Now quickly Mary’s dext’rous hand  
The simple meal prepared ;  
And soon, by rapid apron fann’d,  
The ruddy hearth-stone glared ;  
Soon by its social quick’ning light  
We talk’d, with bosoms free,  
And Mary left the long, long night  
To ruin and to me.

## XVIII.

“ The sound of waters gushing sweet  
    Upon a summer noon,  
Of winds that stir the green retreat  
    Or harvest songs in June,  
Were like the soul-ensnaring words  
    That from the stranger fell,  
But while they sounded heavenly chords  
    They had the spleen of hell.

## XIX.

“ He spoke of faded martial zeal  
    Before the sun was set,  
That blood-red hail'd the victor steel  
    Of old Plantagenet.  
He talk'd of Erin's injured plains,  
    Of England's galling yoke,  
And a subtle fire within my veins  
    Was kindling while he spoke.

## XX.

“ He mark'd my heat:—‘ And if thou hast  
‘ A pulse for Ireland still—  
‘ If thou canst wind a merry blast  
‘ Upon a moonlight hill—  
‘ If selfish hopes and craven fears  
‘ Have left thy courage free,  
‘ And thou canst feel thy country's tears,  
‘ Arise and follow me !’

## XXI.

“ We left the cot.—The storm had sunk  
Upon the midnight wild,  
And bright against each leafless trunk  
The flitting moon-beam smil'd—  
We hurried down by copse and rill,  
By cliff and mountain gorge,  
'Till close by Shanid's lonesome hill  
We reached the village forge.

## XXII.

“ Dark, silent, lone the hovel seem’d,  
    And cloak’d each tiny pane,  
Yet oft from chinks a red ray stream’d  
    Across the gloomy plain ;  
And smother’d voices heard within  
    Came doubtful on the ear,  
As when a merry festal din  
    Is hush’d in sudden fear.

## XXIII.

“ The stranger paus’d—‘ Within are those  
    ‘ The bravest of the land,  
    ‘ With heart to feel her countless woes,  
    ‘ And ever ready hand ;  
    ‘ If thou, for home and manhood’s right,  
    ‘ Can mock at danger too,  
    ‘ Come, pledge us at our board to-night,  
    ‘ And join our gallant crew!’



## XXIV.

“ He knocked—‘ Who’s there ? ’—‘ My voice alone  
‘ May answer for my name.’  
Quick from the op’ning doorway shone  
A glow of ruddy flame—  
The wicket closed—the anxious blood  
Forsook my pallid face,  
When, like a wild bird snared, I stood  
Within that hideous place.

## XXV.

“ Around a board, whose dingy plane  
Was stain’d by long carouse,  
Sat grim Rebellion’s horrid train,  
With fierce, suspicious brows.  
Crouch’d by the hearth, a wrinkled hag  
The fading embers blew,  
Old Vauria of the river crag—  
The Hebe of the crew.

## XXVI.

“ Here Starlight (name of terror!) quaff'd  
Unmix'd the liquid fire—  
Here Blink-o'-dawn, with milder draught,  
Inflamed his easy ire ;  
And Lard-the-back, and Death's-head gaunt  
Their murderous vigil keep,  
And many a name whose echoes haunt  
The village parson's sleep.

## XXVII.

“ Here Moonshine (name to outrage dear)  
Told how at even close  
He cropp'd the 'nighted proctor's ear,  
And slit the guager's nose ;  
And how some hand, at dusk of dawn,  
Had fired the bishop's hay,  
And headless by the mountain bawn  
The base informer lay.

## XXVIII.

“ ‘ Hush ! hush !—’tis he ! ’ A silence came  
    Upon that guilty band,  
Like mastiffs roused with glance of flame,  
    The stranger form they scann’d :  
‘ Fear not,’ the chieftain said ; ‘ he bears  
    ‘ A bosom like your own ;  
‘ A heart to right the orphan’s tears  
    ‘ And soothe the widow’s moan.

## XXIX.

“ ‘ Well met, my friends !—O glorious night,  
    ‘ It glads my heart to see  
‘ That you can feel poor Erin’s slight,  
    ‘ And strike for liberty !  
‘ Within this hour yon castle walls  
    ‘ Shall blacken in the flame,  
‘ And Havoc on those painted halls  
    ‘ Shall burn her ghastly name.’

## XXX.

“ And now, beneath the gathering cloud  
That shadow'd vale and wood,  
With hasty pace the rebel crowd  
Their secret track pursued ;  
They reach'd a hill with waving larch  
And mingled poplar crown'd,  
Where, tow'ring o'er one ivied arch,  
An ancient castle frown'd.

## XXXI.

“ All dark ! all silent ! not a light  
Gleams from a window there ;  
Knew they the councils of the night  
Less sound their slumber were.  
'Tis time !—the torch !—but where is he  
Who led the daring band ?  
Why darts he by that sheltering tree ?  
Why waits the lighted brand ?

## XXXII.

“ ‘ Fly comrades, fly!—see yonder flame  
‘ That rises from the hill—  
‘ Fly!—heard ye not the wild acclaim  
‘ That hail’d that whistle shrill?’  
’Twas late!—a hundred bayonets gleam’d  
    Around them in the toil—  
And many a heart’s blood hotly streamed  
    Upon that fatal soil.

## XXXIII.

“ What, snared! betray’d!—and there he stood,  
    The traitor and the slave,  
Who purchased with their reeking blood  
    The life his judges gave.  
Still red with gore, each streaming hilt  
    Against the moonlight glows—  
Oh! thus shall all who sow in guilt,  
    Reap treason at the close.

## XXXIV.

“ O, you who bless these dawning skies  
In yon receding vales,  
Take warning from my parting sighs,  
And from those swelling sails !  
To answer crime with crime is worse  
Than tamely to endure ;  
And ev'n for black oppression's curse  
Dark treason is no cure.

## XXXV.

“ Farewell, farewell ! ye distant hills  
With many a garden gay !  
Ye waving groves and gushing rills  
That hail the rising day !  
Ye hills of Clare, with vapours hoar,  
Ringmoylan's leafy dells ;  
And thou, oh wild sea-beaten shore,  
Where many a kinsman dwells !”

## XXXVI.

He sung, while o'er the darkening stream  
    Fresh came the wakening gale,  
And fading, like a morning dream,  
    I heard his parting wail :—  
“ Farewell, ye cots, that sweetly smile  
    Along the peaceful shore !  
Farewell, farewell, my own green isle !  
    I ne'er shall see thee more !”

END OF VOL. II.

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**TALES**  
**OF**  
**MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.**





T A L E S  
OF  
MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COLLEGIANS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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**THE GREAT HOUSE.**

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THE GREAT WALL

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2  
3  
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6  
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8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
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76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
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83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100

**CONTENTS**  
**OF THE THIRD VOLUME.**

---

	PAGE
THE VILLAGE RUIN . . . . .	3
SHANID CASTLE . . . . .	25
THE CAVERN . . . . .	61
THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE . . . . .	113
THE SUN-STROKE . . . . .	133
SEND THE FOOL FARTHER . . . . .	157
MOUNT ORIENT . . . . .	177
ORANGE AND GREEN . . . . .	209
THE PHILANTHROPIST . . . . .	221
THE BLACKBIRDS AND YELLOW HAMMERS . . . . .	261
NOTES TO SHANID CASTLE . . . . .	329





## THE VILLAGE RUIN.



THE lake which washes the orchards of the village of ———, divides it from an abbey now in ruins, but associated with the recollection of one of those few glorious events which shed a scanty and occasional lustre on the dark and mournful tide of Irish history. At this foundation was educated, a century or two before the English conquest, Melcha, the beautiful daughter of O'Melachlin, a prince whose character and conduct even yet afford room for speculation to the historians of his country. Not like the maids of our degenerate days, who are scarce exceeded by the men in their effeminate vanity and love of ornament, young Melcha joined to

the tenderness and beauty of a virgin the austerity and piety of a hermit. The simplest roots that fed the lowest of her father's subjects were the accustomed food of Melcha; a couch of heath refreshed her delicate limbs, and the lark did not arise earlier at morn to sing the praises of his Maker than did the daughter of O'Melachlin.

One subject had a large proportion of her thoughts, her tears and prayers—the misery of her afflicted country, for she had not fallen on happy days for Ireland. Some years before her birth, a swarm of savages from the north of Europe had landed on the eastern coast of the island, and in despite of the gallant resistance of her father, (who then possessed the crown) and of the other chiefs, succeeded in establishing their power throughout the country. Thorgills, the barbarian chief who had led them on, assumed the sovereignty of the conquered isle, leaving, however, to O'Melachlin the name and the insignia of royalty, while all the power of government

**THE VILLAGE RUIN.**



own authority. The coarser vices are the usual concomitants of cruelty. Thorgills beheld the saintly daughter of his host with other eyes than those of admiration. Accustomed to mould the wishes of the puppet monarch to his own, he tarried not even the conclusion of the feast, but desiring the company of O'Melachlin on the green without the palace, he there disclosed to him, with the bluntness of a barbarian, and the insolence of a conqueror, his infamous wishes.

Struck to the soul at what he heard, O'Melachlin was deprived of the power of reply or utterance. For the first time since he had resigned to the invader the power which had fallen so heavy on the land, his feelings were awakened to a sense of sympathy, and self-interest made him pitiful. The cries of bereaved parents, to which till now his heart had been impenetrable as a wall of brass, found sudden entrance to its inmost folds, and a responsive echo amid its tenderest strings. He sat for a time upon a bench close by, with his forehead resting on his

hand, and a torrent of tempestuous feelings rushing through his bosom.

“What sayest thou?” asked the tyrant, after a long silence; “Shall I have my wish? No answer! Hearest thou, slave? What insolence keeps thee silent?”

“I pray you, pardon me,” replied the monarch, “I was thinking then of a sore annoyance that has lately bred about our castle. I mean that rookery yonder, the din of which even now confounds the music of our feast, and invades with its untimely harshness our cheering and most singular discourse. I would I had some mode of banishing that pest—I would I had some mode—I would I had.”

“Ho! was that all the subject of thy thought?” said Thorgills—“why, fool, thou never wilt be rid of them till thou hast burned the nests wherein they breed.”

“I thank thee,” answered the insulted parent, “I’ll take thy counsel. I’ll burn the nests. Will you walk into the house?”

was centred in himself. The history of tyranny scarcely furnishes a more appalling picture of devastating and oppressive cruelty than that which followed the success of this invasion. Monasteries were destroyed, monks slaughtered in the shelter of their cloisters; cities laid waste and burnt; learning almost exterminated, and religion persecuted with a virulence peculiar to the gloomy and superstitious character of the oppressors. Historians present a minute and affecting detail of the enormities which were perpetrated in the shape of taxation, restriction, and direct aggression. The single word TYRANNY, however, may convey an idea of the whole.

Astounded at these terrible events, O'Melachlin, though once a valiant general, seemed struck with some base palsy of the soul that rendered him insensible to the groans and tortures of his subjects, or to the barbarous cruelty of the monster who was nominally leagued with him in power. Apparently content with the shadow of dominion left him, and with the security afforded



to those of his own household, he slept upon his duties as a king and as a man, and thirty years of misery rolled by without his striking a blow, or even to all appearance forming a wish for the deliverance of his afflicted country. It was not till he was menaced with the danger of sharing the affliction of his people that he endeavoured to remove it.

Such apathy it was which pressed upon the mind of Melcha, and filled her heart with shame and with affliction. A weak and helpless maid, she had, however, nothing but her prayers to bestow upon her country, nor were those bestowed in vain. At the age of nineteen, rich in virtue as in beauty, and in talent, she was recalled from those cloisters whose shadows still are seen at even-fall, reflected in the waters of our lake, to grace the phantom court of her degenerate father. The latter, proud of his child, gave a splendid feast in honour of her return, to which he was not ashamed to invite the oppressor of his subjects, and the usurper of his

Was it for such an end he had instilled into her delicate mind the principles of early virtue, and of Christian piety? By degrees, as he contemplated his situation, his mind was roused by the very nature of the exigency to devise the means of its removal. He communicated both to Melcha, and was not disappointed in her firmness. With a zeal beyond her sex, she prepared to take a part in the desperate counsels of her father, and the still more desperate means by which he proposed to put them into execution. Assembling the officers of his court, he made known to all, in the presence of his daughter, the flagrant insult which had been offered to their sovereign, and obtained the ready pledge of all to peril their existence in the furtherance of his wishes. He unfolded in their sight the green banner of their country, which had now for more than thirty years lain hid amongst the wrecks of their departed freedom, and while the memory of former glories shone warmly on their minds, through the gloom of recent shame and

recent injuries, the monarch easily directed their enthusiasm to the point where he would have it fall, the tyranny of Thorgills and his countrymen.

On the following day, the latter departed for the capital, where he was to await the determination of his colleague. Accustomed to hold in contempt the imbecility of the conquered king, and hard himself at heart, he knew not what prodigious actions may take their rise from the impulse of paternal love. That rapid month was fruitful in exertion. Couriers were despatched from the palace of O'Melachlin to many of those princes whose suggestions for the deliverance of the isle he had long since received with apathy or disregard. Plans were arranged, troops organised, and a general system of intelligence established throughout the island. It is easy to unite the oppressed against the oppressor. All seemed almost to anticipate the wishes of the sovereign, so suddenly his scheme was spread throughout the country. The moon rolled by,

“What, first, of my request?” said Thorgills.  
“Tell me that.”

“If thou hadst asked of me,” replied the king, “a favourite hobby for the chase, or a hound to guard thy threshold, thou wouldst not think it much to grant a week at least for preparing my heart to part with what it loved. How much more, when thy demand reaches to the child of my heart, the only offspring of a mother who died before she had beheld her offspring.”

“A week, then, let it be,” said Thorgills, looking with contempt upon the starting tears of the supplicant.

“A week would scarce suffice,” replied the monarch, “to teach my tongue in what language it should communicate a destiny like this to Melcha.”

“What time wouldst thou require, then?” cried the tyrant hastily.

“Thou seest,” replied the king, pointing to the new moon, which showed its slender crescent above the wood-crowned hills that bounded in

the prospect—" Before that thread of light that glimmers now upon the distant lake, like chastity on beauty, has fulfilled its changes, thou shalt receive my answer to this proffer."

" Be it so," said Thorgills; and the conversation ended. When the guests had all departed, the wretched monarch went into his oratory, where he bade one of his followers order Melcha to attend him. She found him utterly depressed, and almost incapable of forming a design. Having commanded the attendants to withdraw, he endeavoured, but in vain, to make known to the astonished princess the demand of the usurper. He remembered her departed mother, and he thought of her own sanctity, and more than all, he remembered his helpless condition, and the seeming impossibility of doing any thing within the time, to remove from his own doors the misery which had already befallen so many of his subjects, without meeting any active sympathy from him. Was this the form which he was to resign into a ruffian's hands?

them to the earth for ever. Alone, in her royal father's oratory, she lay prostrate before the marble altar, and wet with floods of tears the solid pavement at its base. She prayed not like a fanatic or a worldling, but like one who understood with a feeling mind the real miseries of her country, and knew that she addressed a power capable of removing them. The step of her father at the porch of the oratory aroused the princess from her attitude of devotion. She stood up hastily upon her feet, like one prepared for enterprise, and waited the speech of O'Melachlin. He came to inform her that all was ready for her departure, and conducted her into an adjoining chamber, that he might bid her farewell. The father and daughter embraced in silence and with tears. Believing from the error of the light that she looked pale as she stood before him, he took her hand and pressed it in an encouraging manner.

“Follow me,” he said, “my child, and thou

shalt see how little cause thou hast to fear the power of this Norwegian Holofernes."

The king conducted her into another room where stood fifteen young maidens, as it seemed, and richly attired.

"Thou seest these virgins, Melcha," said the monarch. "Their years are like thine own, but under every cloak is a warrior's sword, and they do not want a warrior's hand to wield it, for all that is woman of them is their dress. Dost thou think," he added tenderly, "that thou hast firmness for such a task as this?"

"I have no fear," replied his daughter, "He who put strength into the arm of Judith can give courage to the heart of Melcha."

They departed from the palace, where the anxious father remained a little longer, until the fast advancing shades of night should enable him to put the first steps of his design into effect. As soon as the earliest stars began to glimmer on the woods of Meath, he took from

and by its latest glimmer a messenger was despatched to the capital to inform the tyrant that O'Melachlin would send his daughter to meet him at whatever place he should appoint.

There was an island on a lake in Meath, in which Thorgills had erected a lordly palace, surrounded by the richest woods, and affording a delicious prospect of the lake and the surrounding country. Hither the luxurious monarch directed that the daughter of O'Melachlin should be sent, together with her train of fifteen noble maidens of the court of O'Melachlin. The address of the latter in seeming to accede to the wishes of the tyrant, is preserved amongst the annals of the isle. It requested him to consider whether he might not find elsewhere some object more deserving of his favour than "that brown girl," and besought him to remember "whose father's child she was."

Far from being touched by this appeal, the usurper, on the appointed day, selected in the capital fifteen of the most dissolute and brutal



of his followers, with whom he arrived at evening at the rendezvous. It was a portentous night for Ireland. Even to the eyes of the tyrant and his gang, half blinded as they were to all but their own hideous thoughts, there appeared something gloomy and foreboding in the stillness that brooded on the face of nature, and seemed even to pervade the manners of the people. The villages were silent as they passed, and there appeared in the greeting of the few they met upon the route an air of deep-seated and almost menacing intelligence.

Meantime, with feelings widely different, and an anxiety that even the greatness of the enterprise and the awakened spirit of heroism could not wholly subdue, O'Melachlin prepared himself for the painful task of bidding farewell to his beloved daughter. Melcha, already aware of his design, awaited with the deepest anxiety, yet mingled with a thrilling hope, the approach of the auspicious moment that was to crown her ardent and long-cherished wishes, or to dash

conqueror. The guide disappeared, and the princess prepared for the issue. In a little time the hangings at one side of the apartment were drawn back, and the usurper, accompanied by his ruffian band, made his appearance, hot with the fumes of intoxication, and staggering from the late debauch. The entrance of Thorgils was the signal for Melcha to prepare her part. All remained still while Thorgils passed from one to another of the silent band of maidens, and paused at length before the "brown girl," for whom O'Melachlin had besought his pity. A thrill of terror shot through the heart of Melcha as she beheld the hand of the wretch about to grasp her arm.

"Down with the tyrant!" she exclaimed in a voice that rung like a bugle call. "Upon him, warriors, in the name of Erin! Bind him, but slay him not!"

With a wild "Farrah!" that shook the roof and walls of the abhorred dwelling, the youths obeyed the summons of the heroine. The

tornado bursts not sooner from the bosom of an eastern calm, than did the band of warriors from their delicate disguise at the sound of those beloved accents. Their swords for an instant gleamed unstained on high, but when next they rose into the air they smoked with the streaming gore of the oppressors. Struck powerless by the charge, the tyrant and his dissolute crew were disabled before they had even time to draw a sword. Thorgils was seized alive, and bound with their scarfs and bands, while the rest were hewed to pieces, without pity, on the spot. While this was done, the heroic Melcha, seizing a torch which burned in the apartment, rushed swiftly from the palace. The affrighted guards believing it to be some apparition, gave way as she approached, and suffered her to reach the borders of the lake, where she waved the brand on high, forgetting in the zeal of liberty her feminine character, and more resembling one of their own war-goddesses than the peaceful Christian maiden, whose prayers and tears, till now, had

its recess the banner which so long had rested idle and inglorious in his hall, and the brazen sword which was once the constant companion of his early successes and defeats, but which now had not left its sheath since he received a visionary crown from Thorgils. Girding the weapon to his side, he drew the blade with tears of shame and sorrow, imprinted a kiss upon the tempered metal, and hastened with reviving hope and energy to seek the troop who awaited him in the adjoining wood. Mounting in haste, they hurried along through forests and defiles which were in many places thronged with silent multitudes, armed, and waiting but the signal word to rush to action. They halted near the borders of the lake of Thorgils, where a number of currachs, or basket boats, were moored under shelter of the wood. After holding a council of war, and allotting to the several princes engaged their parts in the approaching enterprise, O'Melachlin remained on the shore, casting from time to time an

anxious eye to the usurper's isle, and awaiting the expected signal of his daughter.

The princess, in the meantime, pursued her hazardous journey to the abode of Thorgils. The sun had already set before they reached the shores of the lake which surrounded the castle of the tyrant, and the silver bow of the expiring moon was glimmering in its pure and tranquil waters. A barge, allotted by Thorgils for the purpose, was sent to convey them to the island, and they were welcomed with soft music at the entrance of the palace. The place was lonely, the guards were few, and the blind security of the monarch only equalled by his weakness. Besides, the revel spirit had descended from the chieftain to his train, and most, even of those who were in arms, had incapacitated themselves for using them with any energy.

Melcha and her train were conducted by a half intoxicated slave to an extensive hall, where they were commanded to await the orders of the

the convent in which she had received her education, to consume her days in the exercises of piety and virtue. Pained at her choice, the king however did not seek to thwart it, and after playing her brief but brilliant part upon the theatre of the world, she devoted in those holy shades her virgin love, and the residue of her days to heaven.

Such are the recollections that hallow our Village Ruin, and dignify its vicinity with the majesty of historical association. The peasantry choose the grave of the royal nun as the scene of their devotions; and even those who look with contempt upon their humble piety, and regard as superstition the religion of the buried princess, feel the genial current gush within their bosoms as they pass the spot at evening, and think upon her singleness of heart and her devoted zeal. Long may it be before feelings such as these shall be extinguished in our neighbourhood.



been her only weapons. Like a train to which a spark has been applied, a chain of beacon-fires sprang up from hill to hill of the surrounding country, amid the shouts of thousands gasping for the breath of freedom, and hailing that feeble light as its arising star. The boats of O'Melachlin, shooting like arrows from the surrounding shores, darkened the surface of the lake, and the foremost reached the isle before the guards of the tyrant, stupefied by wine and fear, had yet recovered courage to resist. They were an easy prey to O'Melachlin and his followers, nor was the enterprise, thus auspiciously commenced, permitted to grow cold, until the power of the invaders was destroyed throughout the isle, and Melcha had the happiness to see peace and liberty restored to her afflicted country. In the waters of that lake which so oft had borne the usurper to the lonely scene of his debaucheries, he was consigned amidst the acclamations of a liberated people to a nameless sepulchre, and the power he had abused once more reverted to



its rightful owner. In one thing only did the too confiding islanders neglect to profit by the advice of Thorgils himself. *They did not burn the nests.* They suffered the strangers still to possess the sea-port towns and other important holds throughout the isle; an imprudence, however, the effect of which did not appear till the reign of O'Melachlin was ended by his death.

The reader may desire to know what became of the beautiful and heroic princess who had so considerable a share in the restoration of her country's freedom. As this had been the only earthly object of her wishes, even from childhood, with its accomplishment was ended all that she desired on earth. Rejecting the crowds of noble and wealthy suitors who ardently sought her hand, and preferring the solitude of her own heart to the splendours and allurements of a court, she besought her father, as a recompense for her ready compliance with his wishes, that he would allow her once more to retire into

SHANID CASTLE.

VOL. III.

C



## SHANID CASTLE.



I.

ON Shannon side the day is closing fair,  
The kern sits musing by his shieling\* low,  
And marks, beyond the lonely hills of Clare,  
Blue, rimm'd with gold, the clouds of sunset glow.  
Hush in that sun the wide spread waters flow,  
Returning warm the day's departing smile;  
Along the sunny highland pacing slow,  
The keyriaght lingers with his herd the while,  
And bells are tolling faint from far Saint Sinon's isle.

\* Hut.

## II.

Oh, loved shore ! with softest memories twined,  
Sweet fall the summer on thy margin fair !  
And peace come whispering, like a morning wind,  
Dear thoughts of love to every bosom there !  
The horrid wreck and driving storm forbear  
Thy smiling strand—nor oft the accents swell  
Along thy hills of grief or heart-wrung care ;  
But heav'n look down upon each lowly dell,  
And bless thee for the joys I yet remember well !

## III.

Upon that spot where Corgrig's lofty tower,  
A lengthen'd shadow casts along the green,  
The lord of Shanid summons all his power ;  
And knight and galloglas and kern are seen,  
Marking the targe with arrow barbed keen,  
And javelin light, and musket ringing loud.  
Wide flies each shot; and still, throughout the scene,  
Low smother'd laughter shakes the merry crowd,  
And on the chieftain's brow dark looms the angry cloud.

## IV.

Apart from these, upon a rising hill,  
Where yellow furze and hazel scent the breeze,  
An aged woman sat in posture still,  
With tragic forehead bending to her knees.  
She joins not in the laughter when she sees  
By some new hand the harmless musket plied ;  
Or when some eye unskill'd the arrow frees,  
Or whirring sling its burthen scatters wide ;  
“ Alas ! the times are changed in Desmond now ! ”  
she sigh'd.

## V.

“ It was not thus in Desmond's happier day,  
When young Fitzgerald held these princely bow'rs.  
Alas, that I should live to weep and say  
A low-born vassal rules my chieftain's tow'rs.  
Oh, come again, ye well-remember'd hours,  
When he, loved relic of a kingly line,  
Review'd on yonder plain his glittering pow'rs,  
And many a loving glance was bent on thine ;  
O knight without reproach ! O stainless Geraldine ! ”

## VI.

“ And is not he our lord who stands below ? ”  
A fair-hair'd stripling ask'd, with accent mild.  
“ Son of my heart,” the matron answer'd, “ no !  
Shame on the churl ! a wretched harper's child.  
Oh ! never joy on alter'd Desmond smiled,  
Since he by treason did these towers obtain ;  
And though they bend before that breast defiled,  
A spectral loyalty what heart can chain ?  
Their love is yet with Desmond far beyond the  
main.”

## VII.

“ How lost the Geraldine his tow'rs and lands ? ”  
“ Long time the leaguer closed his castle walls.  
At length, with proffer'd peace, a knightly band  
At morning sought him in his lordly halls.  
' Desmond, the queen her menaced wrath recalls,  
Receive her grace and yield.' With lofty brow,  
' Within these tow'rs the Desmond stands or falls.  
A boy,' he said, ' may trust a woman's vow ;  
But I am old in war—my lip is bearded now.'

## VIII.

“ They part. Again, from each surrounding height,  
Thunder'd the loud artillery on the tow'r ;  
And all that day, and all that fearful night,  
Thick fell as hail the musket's deadly show'r.  
Where now the sunbeams light each peaceful flow'r,  
Spring daisy sweet, and opening marigold,  
Thou might'st have seen the horrid war-cloud lour,  
Till settling dark, in sulph'rous volume roll'd,  
It capp'd in sablest gloom the Desmond's lofty hold.

## IX

“ Thou know'st where high in Shanagolden vale,  
The hill of Shanid views the plains around ;  
A solitary cone it meets the gale,  
Like warrior helm'd, with threat'ning turret crown'd.  
Steep tapering upward from the rushy ground,  
A stately peak it stands :—a footway, known  
To few save Desmond, tow'rd the summit wound,  
Mid tangled sally, crag, and mossy stone  
By Desmond form'd for need, by Desmond used alone.



## X.

“ It chanced that night, when summer’s crescent dim  
On tow’r and steep a silver paleness cast,  
I mark’d a figure in the tintless beam  
Along that secret path descending fast ;  
It gains the outer ward—the bridge is past,  
And now that form is lost in vapours dun,  
And now the warder blew his latest blast,  
And all were muster’d in the court but one,  
The same who rules it now—the harper’s traitor son.

## XI.

“ Yet never came suspicion on my mind ;  
Calm fell as wont on every wearied breast  
Within th’ embattled fortress safe reclined,  
Night’s holy pause of sweet oblivious rest,  
War lost awhile his soul-devouring zest.  
Hush’d was the hoarse artillery’s angry roar ;  
The haughty leaguer shared the influence blest.  
There clamour ’woke the peopled tents no more,  
But stillness sank serene on camp, and tow’r, and shore.

## XII.

“ ‘ Shanid a-bo ! there’s treason in the hold ! ’  
At midnight rose the cry within our halls.  
‘ Shanid a-bo ! the Geraldine is sold !  
The English banner scoffs our armed walls ! ’  
Too late—too late the startled warder calls,  
A host resistless fill’d the captured tow’r ;  
Life after life in fruitless contest falls.  
The Geraldine surrendered land and pow’r—  
All lost but life and fame in that accursed hour.

## XIII.

“ I heard the din upon my darkling bed,  
And to my lady flew in speechless fear ;  
While swell’d within the hold the tumult dread  
Of clattering brand and targe and crackling spear.  
Ne’er may again such sounds assail mine ear !  
The crash of broken blade, the shout, the moan,  
Menace and pray’r unheard, came mingling near ;  
And rallying call and conquest thundering on,  
And the blasphemers’ oath with warrior’s parting  
groan.”

## XIV.

“ We *had* a lady then ? ” the stripling said.

A moment paused the matron in her tale,  
And resting on the hand her aged head

Burst from her inmost soul the sudden wail.

That question did her very heart assail,  
For Desmond’s countess had to her been kind,

When queen-like once she ruled that lovely vale ;  
And all her goodness rush’d upon her mind  
Ere her sweet soul had left this weary world behind.

## XV.

Poor soul ! affection was her little world,

And natural love the kingdom where she reign’d ;  
But there had death with ruthless hand unfurl’d

His ensign black with many a heart’s blood stain’d,  
Of all she loved this youth alone remain’d.

Forbear to ask why, spared such keen distress,

Bad hearts rejoiced while hers was inly pain’d.  
Let sweet religion meet each dubious guess,  
God still severely tries the hearts he means to bless.

## XVI.

“ We had a lady then,” the matron said,  
“ Go ask the widow shivering at the gate,  
Or orphan weeping in his lowly shed,  
How Desmond’s countess filled her high estate.  
Not hers the soul with selfish pride elate  
Her tender heart with other’s grief was riv’n ;  
There grace divine and secret virtue sate.  
Her heart was shared between her lord and heav’n,  
And surely to her God the larger part was given.

## XVII.

“ God help our slothful souls ! ” the speaker sigh’d,  
And clasped her hands and shook the aged head ;  
“ She was to us a lesson and a guide,  
For holiest light in all her walks was shed,  
With counsel sweet she cheered the sufferer’s bed ;  
With gentlest hand she dried the mourner’s tear,  
For all her pow’r relieved—her bounty fed,  
Duly each morn arose her pray’r sincere,  
And for her Saviour’s sake her very foes were dear.

## XVIII.

“ But she shall bless our earthly eyes no more,  
Sweet is her sleep in yonder abbey grey,  
Where 'mid the summer dews descending hoar,  
The lonely redbreast sings his evening lay.  
There still our kerne their secret offerings pay,  
At solemn feast retired or vigil lone ;  
For there with that same moon's declining ray,  
The wretched Desmond rear'd her funeral stone,  
And pour'd above her grave a widow'd husband's  
moan.”

## XIX.

She ceased—and bending low her aged head,  
With paly brow upon her hand reclined ;  
While memory woke each thought of rapture fled,  
With rocking motion soothed her anguish'd mind.  
Say Muse (for thou canst all the chain unwind  
Of link'd events by History's finger wove),  
How sped the Desmond in that tumult blind,  
Hemm'd in by adverse spears, a bristling grove,  
Where point with point enlaced in fell discussion  
strove.

## XX.

Pale on the midnight floor the Countess stands,  
When hark! the Desmond bursts the chamber door,  
Like warning sprite with wide extended hands,  
And scared gaze, and armour stained with gore.  
“ Betrayed ! the tow'r is lost, and all is o'er !  
Fair dreams of independence ruling free ;  
Thou hear'st the victor Saxon's gathering roar,  
Country and home and lands are lost to me,  
And nothing now remains,” he said, “ but life and  
thee.”

## XXI.

Short time for speech. One vigorous arm he wound  
Around the trembling lady's lovely frame ;  
Lightly he raised her from the stony ground,  
High flash'd his reeking blade like meteor flame.  
Resistless on the struggling press he came,  
Back from his path the weakling commons reel,  
Some held their swords aloof in generous shame,  
Who dared to thwart him rued his ruffian zeal,  
For stern was the rebuke of that avenging steel.

## XXII.

Right on the hero drove—oh wondrous sight !

Oh, fearful beauty of the warrior's ire !

Death haunts his downward track and wild affright,

Shriek, yell, and groan confess'd his presence dire.

Inch after inch the 'wilder'd foe retire ;

Yet, cool amid the dying and the dead,

With stilly rage he wrought and govern'd fire,

Unmoved as who the peaceful rinky tread,

More like an angel sent to wreak heaven's vengeance  
dread.

## XXIII.

Son of the Geraldine, renown'd in song !

To that bold-mettled race, resolved and high,

Alone such giant might of arm belong,

And purpose undismay'd of nerve and eye.

Fly ! loved son of sires belov'd—fly !

Thy foes are gath'ring close in flank and rear ;

Thick press'd the living fence-work circling nigh,

With rattling brand and targe and level spear,

Hip, knee, and shoulder join'd, and gnashed teeth  
austere.

## XXIV.

Onward the hero drove—crash targe and helm ;  
Crash shield and mail beneath his action fell ;  
Each blow a subject gained to death's black realm ;  
Each hollow sounding stroke a hero's knell ;  
Each glimmer of the blade a soul's farewell.  
Right on his gory pathway still he hew'd,  
Ah ruthless War, thy woes what tongue shall tell ?  
Three paces from the rampart yet he stood,  
And those three paces cost a lake of Christian blood.

## XXV.

Unwearied yet, he sees th' assailants yield—  
The rampart's gained. High on the wall he stands,  
A moment gazed upon the distant field,  
Where Safety seem'd to smile with beck'ning hands ;  
Beneath him still he views the struggling bands,  
Where death that night a plenteous harvest reap'd,  
With desperate shout, amid the clattering brands,  
Harsh echoing shields and carnage spoil high heap'd,  
He waved his gory blade and from the rampart leap'd.



## XXVI.

As when, from wave-worn cliff of far Kilkee,  
Time-loosen'd from its immemorial hold,  
Some ponderous fragment seeks the booming sea,  
Down the black steep with thundering impulse  
roll'd,  
So stern descending came the Desmond bold,  
So shrunk around, aghast, th' affrighted foes,  
So fierce recoil'd when from the gory mould,  
Beneath his burthen bow'd, the chieftain rose,  
So roaring vengeance wild in mortal combat close.

## XXVII.

So from thy lofty wall, O sea-girt Tyre !  
In mailed panoply descending bright,  
Like launched bolt of heaven's electric fire,  
The son of Ammon left that dizzy height,  
Scattering around dismay and pale affright,  
Strong in the might of his heroic mind.  
For glory he, and pow'r ; but for the right,  
And dear connubial love, did Desmond wind  
His way that night 'mid many a biting point unkind.

## XXVIII.

Still dark upon his path the foemen swarm,  
    With rising anger fierce and wrathful brow,  
He stirs his giant strength with combat warm,  
    And shakes his crest—and, 'ware the Desmond now!  
    As parts the surge before some warrior prow,  
When windward bound 'gainst wave and storm she  
    steers ;  
    Or stubborn bawn before the rending plough :  
So yield beneath his sway the crashing spears,  
And down the hill he drove 'mid yells and fruitless tears.

## XXIX.

Who now shall cross the Desmond? Calm no more  
    The war-soil stream'd beneath his matted hair :  
Sullied with clotted dust and mingled gore,  
    Foams the dragg'd lip—the starting eye-balls glare.  
    Like maniac roused, he drives the withering share  
With desperate fury wild—around—beneath,  
    Nor measured ire nor govern'd heat were there,  
At every blow a heart's blood stain'd the heath,  
The very wind they cast seemed rife with pain and  
    death.

## XXX.

Fight! Desmond, Fight! he pants—each quiv'ring  
limb

Instinct with rage high wrought, and breathing doom,  
Like mower toiling in midsummer beam,  
Or smith at anvil bow'd with brow of gloom,  
Out burst at once as from volcanic womb,  
The pent up fury stirr'd by contest dire,  
So chafes the downward flood with whitening spume,  
So drives o'er autumn heath the scorching ire,  
Wind-borne resistless on, of fast consuming fire.

## XXXI.

Right on the hero drove, like northern storm,  
And pass'd the bridge and gain'd the moonlit plain,  
Still clasp'd with instinct dear that precious form;  
But vain his valorous toil, his fondness vain.  
Thick round his pathway hurl'd as winter rain,  
Bow, sling, and gun, their murderous death show'r sped,  
That shriek! ah, who shall tell the Desmond's pain?  
It is, it is her life-stream bubbling red,  
And "husband, lay me down," the wounded lady said.

## XXXII.

Soul-piercing sight ! with anguish'd heart aghast,  
Upon a bank beside the lonely wave,  
Gently he staunch'd the heart's blood, issuing fast,  
And pray'd high heav'n her gentle soul to save.  
Sigh after sigh the wounded Countess gave,  
A year of life with every parting breath,  
Stretch'd in the nerveless posture of the grave.  
Silent she lies upon the gory heath,  
And sets in those sweet eyes the whitening glare of  
death.

## XXXIII.

With grief impatient, on the darkling lea,  
The wretched chieftain cast his useless blade.  
“ Ye woman-slaying hinds, why spared ye me ?  
And why is Desmond here, unhurt ? ” he said.  
“ My life ! my love ! see ! Desmond guards thy head !  
Look up and live ! ” he sigh'd in accents mild ;  
Silent she hears—speech, sense, and motion fled.  
He raised his clenched hands with action wild,  
And lifted up his voice and wept like infant child.

## XXXIV.

Yes, Desmond wept, he who alone had gazed  
That night unmoved on all that hostile band,  
Stirr'd by th' unwonted sound, the Countess raised  
Her dying frame, and pressed his succouring hand ;  
And " Comfort thee," she sigh'd in whisper bland ;  
" Comfort thee, Desmond ! all that valour could,  
To-night thine arm hath wrought for tow'r and land,  
He who for us hath shed his saving blood,  
Felt too the bitter pangs of man's ingratitude."

## XXXV.

" Curst be the traitor !"—" Hold, my husband, hold !  
Nor let the last—last words my soul shall hear  
From those kind lips before its sense is cold,  
With vengeful meaning fright my dying ear.  
Farewell ! thou hast to me been true and dear,  
Be so to heav'n when I am lowly laid ;  
Let me not need the Christian's wonted bier,  
Nor narrow tomb within the hallow'd shade,  
And be above my grave the requiem duly said."

## XXXVI.

She said, and folded her sweet hands in pray'r,  
While reverent sate apart the sorrowing chief,  
To resignation changed his heart's despair,  
Close pent within his breast the stifling grief.  
Slow came and leaden paced Death's cold relief;  
Faint in her bosom ebbs the wasting tide,  
"Receive my stained soul!" she murmured brief,  
"Thou who for sinful man in torment died."  
And forth with that last pray'r her gentle soul she  
sigh'd.

## XXXVII.

With rending heart the chieftain saw her die,  
Awhile he knelt beside the lifeless clay;  
Then with the silver wave that murmur'd by,  
He wash'd with care the gory soil away,  
That dark upon the paly features lay,  
And rais'd his mournful burthen from the ground,  
And up the stream pursued his weary way,  
Where buried deep in listening woods profound,  
Yon aged abbey casts its sacred shade around.

## XXXVIII.

Sad burthen bow'd the chief!—less ponderous far  
 Her living weight, or that which once of yore  
 From the last scene of Ilium's mighty war,  
 The pious prince with filial anguish bore.  
 Far distant, on some safe sequester'd shore,  
*He* yet might watch beside his rescued sire ;  
 But she shall grace the Desmond's board no more  
 No more shall cheer his lonely evening fire,  
 Nor, with persuasion soft, disarm his household ire.

## XXXIX.

Slant on his path the westward moonbeam shone,  
 When still beneath his dismal burthen bow'd,  
 He reach'd the abbey, screen'd in woodland 'lone  
 Of pines and waving yew, a sombre shroud.  
 “ Open your gates ! ” the midnight summons loud  
 Rang mournful through the cloisters' echoing halls.  
 “ The harbour to the harbourless allow'd  
 Your houseless ruler seeks within your walls ;  
 Open your holy gates!—'tis Desmond's lord that  
 calls.’

## XL.

Wide gaped the convent door, revolving slow,  
The abbot knows those noble accents well.  
What words can paint the old man's speechless woe,  
When on that group his wildering glances fell.  
"Father! behold the wreck unspeakable  
Of what was late my bosom's earthly pearl!  
The poorest monk, within his convent cell,  
Who shuns the rage of life's tempestuous whirl,  
Holds more of wealth to-night than Desmond's  
mighty earl."

## XLI.

Slow rose the requiem from the midnight choir,  
By haste compell'd, the friendly brethren lay,  
Ere kindled from yon hills the eastern fire,  
In its low house, that piece of lifeless clay.  
The widow'd chieftain mark'd the opening day,  
And turn'd him from the holy solitude.  
Westward again he held his venturous way,  
By glen untrod, and swamp and darkling wood,  
Unconquer'd at the heart—in spirit unsubdued.



## XLII.

Twelve years have passed since then, nor if he dwells  
In life or death his sorrowing vassals know ;  
They paid the traitor with his tow'rs and dells,  
But love nor right with strong possession go.  
Their hearts are still with Desmond in his woe.  
Unchanged as when they saw their chieftain stand  
On yonder shore, at moonlight, lingering slow.  
“ Farewell ! ” he cried, and wrung each eager hand,  
“ Farewell, my faithful friends ! farewell, my native  
land ! ”

## XLIII.

Twelve years have pass'd—and tyranny since then  
With iron hand upon the vale hath press'd :  
The roofless cot within the fertile glen.  
The blacken'd scar upon the mountain's breast,  
Th' usurper's conscience-haunted reign attest.  
Ev'n now secure amid his archer train,  
His eye betrays his bosom's deep unrest.  
With doubtful scowl he views that peopled plain,  
And fears a secret foe in every injured swain.

## XLIV.

See! southward borne along the shining tide,  
Finned with lithe ash a nimble currach flew;  
'Tis but a stranger come from Thomond side,  
To see the southern archers strain the yew;  
And near that throng with careless pace he drew,  
While loud applauding thunders shook the air—  
For now the chieftain's son, with action true  
And steady gaze, has aim'd the arrow fair,  
And sent it to the mark, and left it quivering there.

## XLV.

“What fairer shot”—a flattering vassal cries,  
“Hath ever eye beheld on Desmond's plains?”  
“Sooth, that have mine,” the stranger's voice replies,  
“When old Fitzgerald held these fair domains;  
And though my hair be grizzled, and my veins  
With lessening current beat, and action tame,  
Enough, even yet, of force and skill remains  
To bear my answer out, or I would shame  
To tread the Desmond's soil, and name the Des-  
mond's name.”

## XLVI.

He said, and far beyond the target set,  
    Deep in the turf, a carrowe's ashen spear,  
Then backward through the silent circle paced,  
    Full half three hundred paces meted clear.  
    Fixed is each eye, attent is every ear ;  
The bolt is drawn—the parting impulse given,  
    Sharp rang the string, like harp at evening cheer.  
Swift sped the bolt—the ashen shaft is riv'n,  
And louder thunders rise and rend the echoing  
    heav'n.

## XLVII.

Laughing, the stranger sought the neighb'ring shore,  
    Where the spent waves on quarried granite beat ;  
A fragment slowly up the slope he bore,  
    Massy and huge, for Druid altar meet.  
    Erect he stands before the chieftain's seat—  
“ Since years have yet not quench'd the generous rage  
    Of manhood in these limbs, and youthful heat,  
With all thy band a merry war I wage,  
In feat of strength or skill, and thereto cast my  
    gage.”

## XLVIII.

He said, and on the sward his burden threw,  
Like meteoric rock it pierced the green ;  
With wondering eyes the silent circle view  
The stranger's ponderous bulk and lofty mien—  
Such forms, in radiant majesty serene,  
Once on the heathen artist's slumber shone—  
When burning with high thoughts and genius  
keen,  
He caught the fleeting vision's heavenly tone,  
And woke to hew a god from out the Parian stone.

## XLIX.

Stalwart he stood amid the mountain kerne,  
Calm gleam'd his eyes in dignity severe ;  
His shoulders huge, like his the Argive stern,  
Who, one long day, upheld the heavenly sphere.  
Sallow his hue as tanned hide of steer,  
Nor mark he bore of woman's gentle mould,  
His frame was knit by many a toilsome year,  
His noble hair in jetty ringlets roll'd,  
Hung curling down his neck, like British seaman bold.

## L.

But who the stranger's offer'd gage shall raise?  
Some shun abash'd that glance of piercing grey ;  
Some view the mass inert, with curious gaze,  
Deep-fix'd within the yawning soil that lay ;  
Some lent their mightiest force with vain essay,  
'Mid many a stifled laugh and whisper'd jest,  
To lift the fragment from its bed of clay.  
Forth came, with conscious smile, the stranger guest,  
And to the giant task his iron strength address'd.

## LI.

With vigorous ease he raised the rocky weight,  
And, wheeling round, upon his centre came,  
With well-timed action, forceful, yet sedate,  
Gathering the sum of motion in his frame,  
And hurl'd the mass aloft with giant aim,  
And all his strength into the impulse threw:  
Like fragment heaved from Etna's throat of flame,  
Or launch'd from ancient catapult, it flew  
And smote the echoing strand, and dash'd the brine  
to dew.

## LII.

“ And who and what art thou ? ” the chieftain cries,  
“ With more than human skill and vigour blest ? ”  
“ One of your blood,” the stranger calm replies,  
“ Though long an exile in the sunny west.  
A landless, noteless man, my noblest crest  
Is now that oft with Geraldine I bled.  
Unmark'd I roam, the lowly shieling's guest,  
My mightiest boast that I am island bred,  
My highest praise to say I love the land I tread.”

## LIII.

Now sinks the sun behind the hills of Clare,  
The kerne are scatter'd to their mountain fires,  
And wake with many a wond'rous legend there,  
The memory of their old heroic sires—  
The weary herdsman to his shed retires,  
And all is lull'd in midnight stillness soon,  
Save where the convent hymn to heaven aspires,  
Or patient fisher lifts his merry tune,  
And plies his weary trade beneath the smiling moon.

## LIV.

Within a grove by Shanid's lofty hill,  
A hermit held his penitential cell,  
Wild herbs his food, his drink the lucid rill,  
That bubbled sweetly from a neighbouring well,  
He in the busy world had ceased to dwell,  
A passion-wasted heart—a bruised reed ;  
His science, suffering, and the art to quell  
Each earthly wish, in hope of heavenly meed,  
By following to the life the perfect Christian creed.

## LV.

And heav'n received his penitence sincere ;  
For when the stroke of death had closed his race,  
They said a lustre play'd around his bier,  
And precious fragrance fill'd the lonely place.  
The earth upon his tomb had healing grace,  
And sickness of the mind or frame removed :  
There oft the pious pilgrim came to trace  
Where heav'n with many a holy sign approved,  
The holocaust of praise and purity it loved.

## LVI.

Scarce in the east the ruddy daylight breaks,  
When down the secret pathway pacing slow,  
The aged nurse her tottering journey takes ;  
Where by the hill the lucid waters flow.  
Faint down the vale the early sunbeams glow ;  
When by the crystal fount the matron stands,  
With wooden cup and pitcher bending low,  
She fills the sparkling lymph with trembling hands,  
And sighs break forth between, and tears bedew the  
sands.

## LVII.

Sudden a rustling in the shrubs she hears,  
That round the well their graceful foliage wove ;  
That stranger's form upon the brink appears,  
Half hid by leaves and clustering boughs above,  
And tears of gentlest tenderness and love,  
On that stern cheek their softening influence shed,  
His quiv'ring lips with sweet affections move ;  
Low o'er the bank he bow'd his noble head,  
And "dost thou know me, nurse ?" in whisper soft  
he said.



## LVIII.

Like one whose quicken'd fancy hears at night  
Strange spectral voices in the rushing wind,  
The startled matron clears her inward sight,  
And seeks the lost idea in her mind.  
Beside her now, in broader light defined,  
He gazed into her soul and sweetly smiled :  
Her heart awakened at the greeting kind,  
Faint from her bosom broke the accents wild,  
As on his neck she fell, " It is—it is my child ! "

## LIX.

" Yes, Desmond treads again his natal land,  
To find again his castle or a grave.  
Four weeks have pass'd since on the western strand  
I came, a homesick wanderer of the wave ;  
Me Loughill's kerns a joyous welcome gave,  
But ah, my heart is rack'd, where'er it turns,  
To hear the blood-hounds of the tyrant rave,  
To see the shieling wreck'd—the roof that burns,  
Where many an orphan'd child and houseless widow  
mourns.

## LX.

“ To night, in Shanagolden’s lovely vale,  
Two thousand kerns at midnight wait my call ;  
Such force as may with sure success assail  
The traitor in our own usurped hall :  
Yet loth I were that child of Desmond fall  
By kindred weapon struck, in dire array ;  
More meet it were to gain the lofty wall,  
By secret skill, than battle’s loud essay,  
And with his own dark art that traitor-slave repay.

## LXI.

“ Where rests the harper ? ” “ In the eastern keep.”  
“ Oh nurse, to night, at that unguarded hour,  
When kern and galloglach are lulled in sleep,  
Be thou our friend within the embattled tow’r,  
When dull of sense from wine’s oppressive pow’r,  
That drunken harper seeks our fair alcove,  
Be thou before him in the window’d bow’r,  
And place a lamp upon the sill above,  
And see no other hand than his the light remove.”

## LXII.

They part—'tis night—within that lofty hold,  
 Loud rung the merry sounds of festal cheer ;  
 Slow up the east on golden axis roll'd,  
 The peaceful moon reveal'd her smiling sphere ;  
 Close hid, with eye intent and watchful ear,  
 The Desmond stands beside that narrow stream ;  
 Oft gazed he on the castle, frowning near,  
 If haply he may see the tiny beam  
 Of that small lamp from out the chieftain's window  
 gleam.

## LXIII.

It shines at length. His practised hands alert  
 Poise the long musket on the ashen rest,  
 The burning match within the lock insert—  
 And all the horrid art of death address'd ;  
 Yet not revenge nor hatred fired his breast,  
 But patriot zeal, and firmest sense of right,  
 And pity for his people long oppress'd—  
 And land betrayed for gold—ha ! see !—the light !  
 It stirs—he fires—and all is dark as death and night.

## LXIV.

“Awake! arise! what ho! ’tis Desmond calls;  
Sound the loud trumpet down the echoing vale!  
See—fluttering from high Shanid’s towering walls—  
Our ancient banner meets the western gale!”  
That well-known cry prolong’d from dale to dale,  
Roused answering wood and shore and peopled hill:  
“Desmond is come again!” the rapturous tale  
Woke in each listener’s heart the welcome thrill  
Of ecstasy return’d and old devoted zeal.

## LXV.

Shanid a-bo! the Desmond’s in his hall!  
Vale answers vale along th’ awaken’d shore;  
With tears of love the joyous clansmen fall  
Around his feet, and press the marble floor,  
And bless the hour that did their lord restore  
To his old home and plunder’d rights again.  
But carrion birds the traitor’s carcase tore,  
While smiling Peace return’d o’er hill and plain,  
And Desmond in the Keep resumed his ancient  
reign.

*(See Notes at end of the Volume.)*



**THE CAVERN.**



## INTRODUCTION.



I HAVE again to present my acknowledgments to my anonymous "Neighbour," S. P., for the following tale, and for that of "THE PHILANTHROPIST," to which, although generally indisposed to give admission to contributions either entirely fanciful or entirely satirical, I have been induced to give a place for the sake of any ill-tempered reader who may take a pleasure in such performances. As to any other good effect which S. P. may contemplate from them, I fear experience will teach him that if the world cannot be *coaxed*, it surely will not be *goaded* into good behaviour. And without intending<sup>\*</sup> to underrate S. P.'s



abilities, it may be complimentary to him to say, that, in the three tales with which he has favoured me, there is nothing to show that his strength lies either in mere satire or mere fancy.

## THE CAVERN.



SIR JOHN FROISSART, in his loquacious Chronicles, speaks of a cave in Ireland, where, he says, it has been often asserted that the most wonderful sights are seen by those who have the curiosity to enter it. Being in some sort a lover of the marvellous, I frequently reflected on these words of the literary knight, and longed extremely to discover the spot in which this wonderful cave was situate. Happening, one day, to speak of the circumstance, in the presence of a neighbour, he informed me, to my astonishment and delight, that the very cave in question lay distant no more than a mile from the village in which I live. It was in an island

placed in the midst of a spacious lake, and had once, he said, been much resorted to by pilgrims.

Having ascertained the exact situation of the place, I left home on a summer evening, and soon arrived at the borders of the lake. Here I hired one of those flat-bottomed cots which the fishermen use in ascending the more broken currents of the neighbouring river. A few minutes' rowing, or rather paddling, brought us to the island, where, having dismissed the cot, I prepared to explore alone the terrors of the celebrated cave. Following the course of a little stream which gurgled amongst the low hazels and underwood with which the isle was covered, I came at length in sight of a spot as singular as it was lovely. A narrow opening, between lofty trees, conducted me into a sweet recess, of small dimensions, surrounded on all sides by lofty cliffs, adorned with hanging shrubs and creeping foliage. A smooth green sward carpeted the delicate retreat, except where a small cascade,

descending from the brow of one of the cliffs, formed a little pool in the centre, and supplied the water of the narrow streamlet which had served me for a clue. But what chiefly attracted my attention was a dark and menacing fissure, close behind the falling sheet of water, which presented a dismal contrast to the delicious scene of natural loveliness before it, and left me little room to doubt that I had found the far-famed object of my search.

Wearied with my journey, I sat beside the margin of the little pool, and taking from a handkerchief some light refreshments began to satisfy the keenness of an appetite made sharp by exercise and by eagerness of mind. Then quenching my thirst with water from the brook, I prepared to explore the wonders of the dismal cave. The fine gravel which formed the bottom of the pool, extended farther than the light could penetrate into the interior of the deep recess, and the grating of my feet, as I advanced, resounded through its vaulted chambers like the

sound of an army in motion. After groping my way for nearly an hour in the dark, without meeting any other obstacle than the damp projections of the rocky sides of the cavern, without hearing any other sound than the countless echoes of my own motions, and without seeing any sight whatever, I began to grow weary of so monotonous a place, and retracing my steps, endeavoured to regain the light of day.

But whether it was that I directed my steps into a new winding of the cave, through ignorance of my position, or continued to advance when I imagined I was receding, it is certain that I traversed the dismal vault for several hours, without being able to discern a glimpse of light. Exhausted by fruitless labour, and overwhelmed with anxiety, I sat down at length upon a rocky bench, which, being broken in various places, afforded a tolerable resting-place. Here I began to call to mind the history of Aladdin, Sinbad the sailor, Aristomenes, and other great men who had been placed in similar

distressing circumstances, and feeling their distress without imitating their fortitude, I gave way to a sudden sinking of the spirits, and bewailed with floods of unmanly tears the miserable prospect that awaited me. I lamented my unhappy curiosity, denounced with the deepest indignation the garrulous pages of Froissart, and would have given the cavern full of wonders, had I had so many, to be once again in the tranquil village I had left.

“Is there no resource?” I exclaimed aloud, in agony; “is there no kind being who can lead me from this dreadful labyrinth, more horrible than that of Crete, where there was at least the genial light of heaven to remove the terror of its intricacies? Is there no one who can aid me in this dreadful situation?”

Scarcely had I spoken the words, when a sound as of a person leaping from a height was heard upon the loose gravel that formed the flooring of the cave. I started, and looked up. Before me stood a figure of so singular an

appearance, that it is not easy to describe it. His stature was low, his face and fingers grimed with oil and lamp-black, his cap of whited brown paper, such as I have sometimes seen worn by compositors in printing offices, a pen behind his ear, his buskins of imperial calf, and his dress of sheets of novels and neglected poems, patched into the fashion of garments. A pair of wings of a prodigious size extended from either shoulder. One was composed of newspapers, magazines, and other journals; the other was adorned with numberless engravings of benefits and disasters consequent on the invention of the art of printing; nor could it easily be judged, so evenly both were mingled, whether the former or the latter were more numerous. Lies, slanders, blasphemies, and all the brood of wordy evil almost obscured the show of bright inventions, philosophic truths, and virtuous sentiments with which they were alternated and relieved.

Observing the curiosity with which I contem-

plated his appearance, the being smiled, and saluting me familiarly by my name, professed his readiness to do me a service.

“Excuse me,” said I, “I know not who you are, nor can conceive how you have learned my name.”

“Not know me!” he exclaimed, “Ungrateful! Is it thus you cut me after all my services? How often have I stood at your hall-door in chilly winter nights, waiting with the patience of fidelity itself, for the proofs of your last contributions to the fashionable journals of the day, while you, regardless of my sufferings, sat pondering for hours upon a halting period, or the turn of an antithesis.”

“In the name of common sense,” said I, “what do you mean, for it is certain that I never laid eyes till now upon your figure. Angel or demon, speak, and let me understand you.”

“I am properly neither,” replied the apparition, “although on earth they favour me with the latter appellation. I am the spirit Pica, so



well known to novelists. My duties are divided so evenly between vice and virtue that the wisest moralists cannot decide whether I promote more highly the interests of the one or of the other. It is singular to me that you should have been so long an author and never yet have heard of *THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.*"

At these words I drew back, and assumed the proper tone of condescension, relating the circumstances which had brought me to the cavern, and promising to remember him at Christmas in case he could befriend me. This he readily consented to do, but first urged me to satisfy the desire which had led me to the place, by suffering him to introduce me to some of its hidden wonders, for in the report of these, he said, public fame had not at all exaggerated. I readily agreed, and followed him a considerable distance through the cave. Descending gradually, we reached at length what seemed an opening in the rock, and afforded a view of a dimly lighted grove and fields without.

“ You are now,” said my guide, “ about to enter the Kingdom of Evil, that dreaded power whose origin has set so many idle brains to work, and given existence to so much impiety and folly. Thou mayest here behold the native seat of all those physical and moral plagues by which the state of man has been disturbed since first he learned to sin. Tread close behind me, for the spirit that keeps the entrance of the dreary region is not always exorable.”

He pointed to a monster with forehead of brass, ears tightly plugged, having talons like a kite, and a mouth, whose open gulf seemed capable, like that of the ostrich, of devouring every substance that came within his reach. Seeing him disposed to obstruct my progress, my guide commanded him with furious menaces that he should *not* suffer me to pass, on which he at once gave way, and let me enter.

“ That,” said my guide, “ is the fiend Self-will, who keeps the entrance of the kingdom, and such is his natural perverseness that he

will suffer none to pass but those who are forbidden."

Scarcely had he spoken the words when he was surrounded by a crowd of hideous beings, who pressed upon him with the eagerness of mendicants soliciting the mercy of a parish officer. Amongst these, the foremost were Cant, Ambition, Avarice, Slander, and Quackery; while Luxury, Vanity, and countless others came thronging after them. My guide, who was evidently not displeased to let me see his importance, repressed their clamour, and put an end to their importunities by informing them in a loud voice that he was this day occupied in leading a stranger through the territory, and could hear none of their petitions. At this the eyes of all were turned on me, except those of Cant, which were always directed either up or down, except when he believed that he was unobserved. Ambition eyed me with an envious sneer; Avarice glanced at my pocket; Quackery offered with a bow to feel my pulse; and

Slander whispered that I was a spy. Escaping from the hideous crowd, I followed my guide, who took me to a hill, whence I had a view as new as it was dismal. A dreary plain extended far and wide, and seemed covered with a countless multitude of hives, of a prodigious size and a darkish colour, in the midst of which arose one loftier than the rest, with a hundred doors, through which a countless swarm of monsters were seen issuing and returning with unceasing assiduity. The plain itself was covered with the hideous brood; the air was darkened by their flight, and even the lakes and streams with which the country was diversified, seemed pregnant with the same dismal population. The very light by which the dreary landscape was revealed, seemed rather the reflection of some noxious exhalation than the pure and healthy lustre of a solar day. Here War, with her numerous train of miseries, Siege, Slaughter, Plunder, Desolation, Fire, and other deadly ministers, directed her disastrous flight. There

Famine crawled, blasting as he went the hopes of Industry, and withering the fruitfulness of nature. Here Poverty was seen, attended by her servants, Cold, Nakedness, Hunger, Sickness, and Contempt. There Earthquake, Shipwreck, Storm, and a thousand other violent ministers of Death, were busily pressing on their several errands. But it would be vainer to describe a scene so multifarious than to paint each separate billow of a storm-tossed ocean. Dismayed in soul by such a dreadful sight, I turned and prepared to fly, but was prevented by my guide, who encouraged me to stay, assuring me that I might rely on the most perfect safety; that it was only on earth these beings exerted their malignity, and that I was in far greater danger in my own village than even in the gloomy dwelling of their monarch. While he was yet speaking, a dense and yellow fog overspread the prospect, and, like a veil, obscured the greater portion of its horrors, although the busy murmur of the malign community still sounded

dreadful on my ears, and occasionally a horrid spectre, magnified in the gloom, swept by us on his baneful flight. Taking courage, I consented to accompany my guide to the palace of the monarch (if so dreadful a building could deserve the name).

“ Here,” said he, as he descended carefully to the plain, “ you may behold in succession the abodes of all the evils that have ever afflicted, or are now afflicting the various nations of the earth.”

“ You may spare yourself the pain,” said I, “ of so laborious a task as that of explaining to me their various offices. You need only take that trouble when we pass hives which contain the evils of our native isles, for I have always been an ardent lover of my country, and would gladly learn the cause of her disasters.”

“ You could not have spoken in better time,” replied my guide, “ for we have just reached the dwelling of one of the genuine insular spirits. You may go in and accost him without fear, for though sanguinary, he is punctilious, and would

not do you a sudden injury for the world. I will slowly go before and see that there is no bar to our advancing."

The hive which he pointed out was open, and within I could discern a being who had the appearance of an old man, with a foppish dress. He stood in the centre of his hive, and seemed practising *cart* and *tierce* against the air with a drawn sword, by way of exercise. There was something peculiarly disagreeable in the sneering pride which sat upon his lips, and the hard-featured malice which looked so hideous under his hoary locks. His appearance left me doubtful whether he were soldier, bravo, ruffian, gentleman, or barbarian; and he possessed, like the heathen deity called Proteus, the power of changing his figure and his manners almost at every instant. Sometimes he appeared a coarse and insolent clown, burly in person, and bullying in demeanour; sometimes a dandy, *point device* in both; sometimes a spruce Parisian, clean of muscle and nimble in attitudes; sometimes a Yankee,

national and tetchy; and sometimes an Irish country gentleman of the old school, ignorant and proud. Now he figured in regimentals, now in a civil dress, and once or twice he wore the clerical black, and even the female petticoat. The sides of the building around him were hung with pistols, swords, American rifles, Wogdens, rapiers, knives, cudgels, lances, blunderbusses, broad swords, and other weapons. He seemed luxurious too. His music was the sighs of youthful widows, and his drink was the tears of orphans newly ruined. On seeing me enter his hive, he bowed with much grace, and offered me one of a case of pistols, which he carried in his belt, with something of the air of the imperturbable Alcidas. Finding me, however, not disposed to accept his invitation, he replaced the weapon in his belt, and said :

“ You seem somewhat perplexed, sir, by the feats you have witnessed; and yet I thought there were few of your countrymen to whom I was unknown. My name is Duel.”



At this word, rage took possession of my breast, and drove away all recollection of the horrors by which I was surrounded. Seizing a fragment of rock which lay adjacent, I lifted it on high, and threatened to crush him to the earth before me.

“Avaunt!” I cried; “thou despicable fiend! the curse of my species, and one of the vilest stains upon the character of my unhappy country. Duel! Plural rather, to judge by the variety of thy transformations and the numbers thou hast destined to untimely death and everlasting woe! Avaunt, I say! thou who hast no more title to the name of honour, than Lucretia had to that of chastity. Avaunt! thou deadly opposite to charity, who hast set countryman against countryman, and hast sown hate and death where Nature planted love! Thou practiser upon the folly of the ignorant, the passion of the proud, the weakness of the timid, and the selfishness of all mankind. Thou destroyer of fireside happiness, thou hardener of

the heart, and poisoner of the reason, out of my sight, or dread the consequences."

"Lay aside thy most unseemly weapon," said the spirit, "which is no less idle than it is plebeian. Art thou not metaphysical enough to know that there can be no contact between that which has parts and that which has none? However, you who value yourself upon your principle, and think fidelity a virtue, do but hear my history, and judge from the success I have already had amongst mankind, whether you may not spend your time better than in attempting to dispute my progress.

"I made my first appearance in Egypt, where I was the cause, through the quarrel of two Hebrews, of the flight of Moses and his consequent deliverance of Israel. After this I figured in the valley of Terebinth, where I again befriended the same people by bringing the braggart Goliath to a shameful end. For a long time, however, I found but few votaries; neither Romans, Greeks, Jews, Persians, nor in

deed any of the nations of antiquity would give me permanent encouragement, no more than do the moderns, excepting only the Europeans and their descendants. With the exception of the solitary case of the Horatii and their opponents, I made no distinguished figure till about the fifth century of the modern æra, when I found many admirers amongst the nations of the north. My previous want of success I attribute to my finding no patronage amongst ancient kings and governors, for when Marius, Cæsar, and others refused to have any thing to do with me, what favour could I expect from the commonalty? With the Normans and Saxons I soon became popular, and ere long the Germans, Danes, and Franks made laws in my favour. I was not long making my way into Lombardy, and from thence into the southern parts of Italy, where I defied for many centuries the power of the Christian Pontiff and his church. In vain did the councils of Valentia and of Trent denounce me as a minion of everlasting evil; in

vain did they cut off from the church, as rotten branches, even those who were spectators of my sacrifices, denying Christian burial to the dead, and exerting all the authority of religion to exterminate my worship. O glorious King, to whom I was indebted for the height of power and splendour which I afterwards obtained! May thy laurels flourish unfaded to the end of time! Great monarch! Glorious King! O worthy of the throne! I mean," he added, abating somewhat of his raptures, "Francis the First, who was my fervent advocate, who sent, himself, a cartel of defiance and the *menti par la gorge* to a brother sovereign, and was the author of that truly kingly sentiment that 'none but a base-born fellow can endure the lie.' What streams of human blood! what sighs! what groans! what desolate hearths! what ruined families! what animosities! what malice, spite and hatred! what hereditary stores of miseries have issued from that single sentiment! All Europe caught the flame, and for centuries

afterward my altars reeked with human sacrifices, numerous enough to have qualified me for a seat in the Mexican paradise. But France for centuries was my seat of government. I have had sixty gentlemen of blood offered up in the course of half a year, and once recorded, in the course of half a score, no fewer than six thousand pardons to survivors. In the first eighteen years of the reign of Henri Quatre, four thousand gentlemen fell by the sword of honour. Ah, blessings on the kings! they always were my friends, with one or two contemptible exceptions. The rogue Henri was obliged, for form's sake, to make laws against me, but he loved me in his heart, and privately fomented what he publicly condemned, so that on the whole my worship rather increased than was diminished, until Louis Quatorze took it into his head to put an end to the sport, at the same time that he made the canal of Languedoc. The ditch-digging hod-man! how different from his chivalrous predecessors.

“ My first appearance in your islands was after the battle of Hastings, when I began to thrive so well, that, in Elizabeth’s time, even civil actions were decided by an appeal to my divinity. As to your own country, I need not tell you what my success was there, nor shall I weary you with a further detail of my adventures, having said enough to convince you what a power it is you would oppose. I have indeed to complain, in common with many another venerable Evil, of the present progress of what is called the March of Intellect, which has in a great measure banished me from civilised society to the back settlements of America, and other places of the kind, as if I were growing old-fashioned and unfit for good society. But, adieu ! I hope I have said enough to induce you to put in a word for me with your friend of the press, whom I behold approaching.”

“ Go thy ways,” said I, “ for one of the most malignant fiends that has ever found admission to the bosoms of my countrymen. May the

time arrive when they shall learn to shudder at the story of thy triumphs, as at that of the antique gladiators. Out, monster!"

Rejoining my guide, I followed him along the brink of a dark and gloomy river, till we reached a spot whence I heard strokes of a sledge. Looking around, I beheld what seemed a forge, though still preserving its hive-like shape, in which a gigantic figure of most baleful aspect was busy at his work. I supposed at first that it was no other than Vulcan, but my guide corrected me.

"That workshop," said he, "is the Hive of Disease; and he who works is the fabricator of those noxious pestilences which have from age to age afflicted the earth. He has lately, at the desire of the monarch, hammered out a new invention of the happiest description. It resists all influence of season, climate, sex, and age, and he warrants it impregnable to medicine as to chemistry. Though able, the fellow is lazy, and you may behold above the doorway a list of

all the diseases that have ever issued from his forge."

"What!" I exclaimed, "there are not here as many names as would make even the generic heads for the commonest systems of nosology. I count not above a dozen."

"No more have ever been fabricated here," replied the Printer's Devil. "The rest are the work of men themselves, and of their appetites."

We entered next a hive, where I beheld a sight that surprised me more than any thing I had yet seen.

"What!" I exclaimed; "I thought we should see nothing here but evils, and here appears a collection of the fairest virtues!"

"Look a little closer," cried my guide, "and you will be undeceived. This is the dwelling of those subtle spirits, whose part it is to corrupt and overthrow religion. That figure which seems mistress of the house, and assumes the bearing of



Devotion, is named Hypocrisy; that other whom at a rough glance you might mistake for Zeal, is no other than Ambition. That is Sloth, who has so disguised herself that she might be taken for Meekness, and where you imagine you behold Charity, Humility, Hope, Fortitude, Faith, Prudence, and other estimable spirits, you may discern, on a little closer investigation, the malign aspects of Vain-glory, Self-love, Presumption, Obstinacy, Fanaticism, Pusillanimity, and numberless vices equally subtle and insinuating. That figure which you see behind is the spirit of False Consciences, and she who affects the air and port of Virtue, is that demon nauseous in all walks, but in religion utterly disgusting, I mean False Sentiment. But if thou wouldst see the most odious of the gang, look yonder, opposite the entrance of the hive, where, upon a four-inch bridge across that fearful gulf, there crawls a fiend of most loathsome form, in danger every instant of letting go his hold, and yet too

indolent to seek for surer footing. It is the fiend Lukewarmness, the most despicable, if not the most abhorred of all."

We entered next the hive of self-conceit, which was stored with perfumes and exotics, bottles of Macassar oil, false fronts, wigs, stays, pots of bear's grease and of matchless blacking, carmine, pearl powder, bloom of Ninon, seals, rings, and watch-guards, more for show than use, in the midst of which strutted a figure which at first I took for a human being, but discovered on examination that it was wholly composed of articles of dress. Here I found shoals of third-rate poets, dandies, would-be philosophers, footmen, punsters, singers, artists, actors, and, in a word, the whole brood of the children of imagination, high and low. These made such a babble, that I almost fancied I had got into the Stock Exchange, and fled with as much alarm as if this had really been the case. We next looked into the hive of ty-

ranny, adorned with portraits of many a celebrated sovereign, governor, judge, magistrate, parent, schoolmaster, master manufacturer, drill serjeant, and petty officer of law. Indeed, some of the first heads that caught my eye were those of governors of charitable institutions, and others whose offices seemed rather those of benevolence and mercy, besides some teachers of music and a few dancing masters. The hive was crowded, moreover, with East India directors, placemen, hypocrites, courtezans, and parasites, nor can my astonishment be described when I recognised amongst the throng many popular leaders, who by their imprudence and wrong-headedness had strengthened the cause of tyranny in various ages, and given an air of wantonness and insubordination to the most rightful popular claims. Next to this was the hive of rebellion, which I found stored not only with daggers, pikes, old muskets, pitchforks, swords, and other instruments of blood, but also with oppressive laws,

despotic ordinances, and other provocatives of insurrection. Thus I found the harp of Nero and the bow of Domitian lying close beside the dagger of Brutus and the banner of Vindex, a circumstance which showed me that a king or a minister may often be the busiest rebel in his own dominions. Here too I found crowds of libel-mongers, starving news-writers, bad sons, scolding wives, insolent servants, idle apprentices, roguish journeymen, play-going clerks, miching schoolboys, and other characters with whom obedience was no virtue. Departing from this hive, we entered one which was crowded with sinecurists, pickpockets, burglars, physicians of a certain character, book-makers, Irish incumbents, venders of patent medicine, officers of exchequer, dealers in virtu, collectors of taxes and excise, gamblers, smugglers, piratical book-sellers, and their customers, statesmen, borough-mongers, horse-dealers, bankrupts, insolvent debtors, stock-jobbers, usurers, mock auction-

eers, and countless others. This, as my conductor informed me, was the hive of theft. In that of robbery, which lay adjacent, I was surprised to meet, not only the shades of Redmond O'Hanlon, Rob Roy, Paul Jones, the Latian Cacus, and such fellows; but also Napoleon Bonaparte, Alexander the Great, and others whom it is not lawful for me here to name. Of this hive, also, no small portion was occupied by church and state. There was one hive called the Hive of Equity, where I saw only two pictures of a lord chancellor and his vice, and another called the Hive of Conscience, which was as empty as a drum, not having been tenanted, as my companion told me, for many centuries. "What!" I exclaimed, "was there ever a time, then, when conscience was esteemed an evil?"

"Formerly," replied my guide, "when men were solely bent on their salvation, she was an inestimable benefit, but since they have begun to limit their views and hopes to the material

world, she has become, I assure you, an evil of no contemptible degree. By degrees, however, they have learned to free themselves from her allegiance, so that as you see her occupation now is altogether gone."

"But I observe," continued I, "that we have passed a number of hives as empty as that of conscience. What can have reduced them to the state of an Owenite or Southcotonian barrack? Or do the evils of earth diminish with the lapse of time?"

The spirit laughed. "No," he replied, "but manners are so changed, that what were considered evils by men's ancestors, are regarded in the contrary light by their posterity, and the faults of the dark ages are become virtues in our own. Those empty hives which you have passed, were then the busy abodes of the monastic sins, devotional excess, spiritual melancholy, indiscreet austerity, scrupulosity, and other similar evils, once busy at mischief in the religious communities of our forefathers, but

which for a long time have had so little to do, that they have petitioned for leave to go and seek their fortune among the virtues."

Nor was my astonishment less when, on entering the hive of bigotry, I found it crowded not only with uncharitable zealots, and those other children of bitterness to whom we commonly apply the term, but also with shoals of persons who were neither one thing nor another, and yet were busily employed in reviling and persecuting their neighbours, while they talked of nothing the whole time but freedom of conscience, &c. This sight convinced me that there may be many bigots besides canting ones, as there are many kinds of cant besides that of religion. The next hive which we entered was that of Indolence, and was crowded with the votaries of that sluggish spirit. None of them, however, worshipped her by her proper name, some calling her Discretion, some Prudence, others Meekness, others Humility, some Wisdom, others Peace, some Care of Health, some Contentment, but all adoring her with equal

sincerity, and offering morning hours upon her altar. The word "suicide" over the entrance of the next hive, filled my mind at once with interest and gloom, but on entering, such was the feasting, drinking, love-making, and diversion I beheld, that but for the name upon the entrance I should have called it the hive of good living. Of the company some had their heads shattered, others their throats cut, some bore the marks of poison, and some of dagger wounds. Some were distinguished by enormous paunches, and some had got noses big enough for two. My guide explained to me that the number of those who actually lay violent hands upon themselves is very small compared with that of the myriads who shorten their own days by base indulgences, and pointed out to me a little corner which contained the melancholy group, who were guilty of the positive offence. The sound of music in the adjoining hive made me curious to explore it. It was crowded with young men and women gaily drest, and lulled with the sound of



summer winds and of delicious music. Clear fountains played in the midst, and vases of flowers filled the air with odour. Some walked apart in pairs, some sat and whispered on delightful couches, some danced, some sung, while others touched the harp, the guitar and the piano. On marble pedestals near the centre of the hive, appeared the statues of some popular poets, and of the blacksmith of Gretna Green. So pleasant a company I was sure must be happy, but my guide undeceived me, assuring me that underneath all this smiling and sweetness there existed such a store of heart-burnings and jealousies, coquetry, spleen and satiety that there was not a bosom around me but was filled with gall. Passing from the hive of unregulated love, I entered those of Ambition, Empiricism, Hatred, False Philosophy, Revenge, and of False Sensibility, a hive which was thronged with a sickening herd of sonneteers, sketch-writers, fashionable novelists, and others whose grimaces, gestures, sighs, forlorn glances, and moping gait

gave them more the appearance of caged monkeys than of human beings. But where should I end were I to describe the prodigies we beheld in all the hives which we examined in succession? what numbers thronged the dwelling of Deceit! what multitudes the hive of Affectation, stuffed as it was with pugilistic poets, rhyming algebraists, sentimental geometricians, ball-playing orators, and the like! what shoals of adventurers, stock-jobbers, purblind crystallographers (who had died when just on the point of discovering the art of making diamonds) and other scientific enthusiasts in the hive of Speculation! what brilliant names famous on earth for believing in nothing, in the hive of Superstition showed that they believed too much! By what means could I convey to the reader even a brief idea of all the marvellous things we beheld before we reached the hive of the monarch? the various families of evil which we passed, each occupying its own appointed place, and forming a community much more harmonious than that of men

to whom alone they seemed inimical. The evils of politicians, the evils of science, the evils of age, the evils of youth, ladies' evils and gentlemen's evils, evils for the poor, and evils for the rich, evils for war and evils for peace, town evils and country evils, court evils and cottage evils, evils of all classes and conditions, of air, earth, fire and water, had all their separate hives, which we examined in succession. Neither can I pause to describe the hive of the king himself, **EVIL**, the sovereign of this direful country, the child of Sin and of Freewill, together with his ministers Misanthropy and Ingratitude, who occupied the post of privy-councillors in this great monarchy, and were busied on either side of the throne in signing passports for all the evils that sought liberty to go on earth, despatching to one country Famine, to another Tyranny, to a third Rebellion, to a fourth Abundance, to a fifth Fanaticism, to a sixth Infidelity, to a seventh Party, and Pestilence to all the world. Amongst other petitioners for leave of absence I was amused to observe an

enormous turtle for the London Tavern, a dice-box for St. James's, and a death's head and cross bones for Leadenhall-street. One or two adventures, however, I encountered, of so singular a nature, that I cannot forbear recording them, however anxious I may be to come to a conclusion. In an apartment of the royal hive called the Hall of Mispronunciation (where, by the way, I think I saw all the lexicographers that ever lived) I was accosted by a tall thin figure, with long sprawling legs, and a fetter shackling them about the knees. "Well, my good friend," said I, "what is your business with me?" "Alas, sir! he replied, don't you know me? I thought you were an Irishman. I am the foundation of your fortune, and the beginning of your learning, the letter A, at the same time the first and the most miserable of the Alphabet. Will you beg of your countrymen, when you return, to treat me a little better than they do, and not suffer that rogue E to usurp my place so indiscriminately, in their rage for what

they call *talking Englified*? In former times, the case was directly contrary, and they gave me, I confess, somewhat more than my due, for E in those days was not allowed as much as a *saat* to sit upon, a morsel of *maat*, or the *haat* of a fire to warm him, but of late your countrymen have so reversed the case in their zeal to affect the manners of their English conquerors, that I am not left so much as a *teeble* or a *cheer* that I can call my own. You will also oblige me by speaking to those orators at your bar, debating societies, and such places, not to put me to such hard duty as they do. Put one of them out in a sentence, and he is sure to begin A-A-A-A—as if I had stolen it from him.”

I promised to remember his petition when I should return home, and entered a dark and empty ante-chamber, where I proposed awaiting the return of my guide, who had demanded an audience of the monarch. Scarcely had I taken my seat upon a bench which I had nearly stumbled over in the dark, when a tremendous sound

like the reverberation of cannon-shots through some dismal cavern, thundered upon my ear. Not being desirous to indulge my curiosity at the expense of my bones, I stept aside to observe what would come of all this uproar. Imagine my surprise and horror when I beheld advancing from the darkness two human hands of immense size, not bearing sweetmeats and refreshments for my use like those in the story of the White Mouse, but clenched, in the fashion of the prize ring, and seeming to watch their opportunity for dealing on each other those terrific strokes which made the cavern resound as if to the explosions of artillery. At the first sight of such a prodigy my senses almost failed me, and I had like to have fallen to the ground through sheer affright; but reason shortly came to my assistance. They are but two, said I, and not of a mind; so whichever side I take we shall be three to one; and even if they join against me as the Jews did against Titus, it will be but a dead match after all. So saying and calling to mind

that I had in my boyhood received some insight into the manly art of self-defence, though long an enemy to such brutal pastime, I clenched my fists and rushed boldly from my hiding place, exclaiming while I took a sparring attitude :—

“ Peace, ho ! In the king’s name, keep the peace ! What foul dispute disturbs the quiet of this awful region ? Methinks there are not so many of you that you might not be agreed.”

Upon this, the fingers of both relaxed, and after what appeared to be some mutual deliberation, the hideous phantoms approached the spot on which I stood, as if to refer their quarrel to my arbitration :

“ Good friends,” said I, in a conciliatory tone, “ what means this unchristian-like dissension ? To judge by your being **Right** and **Left** you seem both to have belonged to the same body, and allow me to say that it speaks not very well either for you or for the head under whom you were brought up, to find you thus at strife in a

place so lonely, and so void as one might suppose of any cause of dispute. Here Charity might be as much the child of Necessity as of Inclination."

"Well disposed stranger," exclaimed the right hand, after waving me an affable salute, with abundance of flourishes and ceremony, "I conclude from your crying peace in the king's name that you are a friend to good government and discipline, so that I have not the slightest hesitation in referring the question to your arbitration. What think you? [Here he clenched his fingers and shook himself in a menacing manner at the left.] This fellow, at this period of time, dares to rise up and dispute that right of authority with which the world have invested me since the days of Adam. I conjure you, sir, by your love for our unrivalled constitutions, by your veneration of departed wisdom, by the old oak of Windsor, by the brick cubes of St. James's, and by the tapestry of the House



of Lords, to give me your attention for a while."

"My honest friend," said I rather bluntly, "you may spare your rhetoric, and let me hear the question. If you be right you shall have my voice, though your claim be no older than a mushroom. If wrong, be assured that the antiquity of your plea will be no defence, but rather the contrary, for the longer a sinner, the more a sinner. Time cannot make injustice reverend, for the hoary wrong is ever the most hideous."

"With all my heart," replied the right, who began to see he had no babe to deal with, and proceeded in a less oratorical tone, but still with a great deal of flourish and ceremony. "Hear, then, my claims to the authority which I exercise over that rebellious slave. It is a hereditary right which I can trace up to the remotest ancestry, and I appeal to your own conscience whether Nature herself in a manner has not conferred upon me a species of precedence in the

consideration of the whole human race. Yet this fellow must rise at the end of so many thousand years, when the world seems, as I may say, almost on its last legs, to dispute a claim so ancient and so universal, and which I am determined to maintain as long as I have strength to bend a knuckle. [Here the left filipped the middle finger, as much as to say 'That for you!'] That place of honour which has been allotted me, by the consent of all nations, in the courtesies of social life, and even in the ceremonies of religion, this upstart wishes to usurp, for the purpose of carrying confusion and licentiousness into both—."

"Base tyrant"—cried the left, interrupting him.

"Gentlemen," said I, "pray be decorous. Good words, Mr. Lefthand. This is the *extreme gauche* with a witness. If this gentleman be overbearing, that is no reason you should be rude. Fie! fie! Go on if you please."

"I only want fair play," cried the left, "and

the fellow knows it well. I can't write books and make speeches as he can; but I know what should be done. Reform for ever! On what does he ground his claim?—Not on primogeniture, I am sure. There's neither priority of blood between us. We are slips of the same stock, so liberty and equality for ever, &c. &c. Is it not mentioned in praise of Aod, the son of Gená, that he used the left hand as well as the right? What! must I toil and struggle to the end of the chapter to furnish this fellow with the means of covering all his fat fingers with rings and jewels, in order, as he says, to exalt dignity on government and on religion, while I am reduced to very skin and bone for want of the absolute necessaries of life. What's there in him that he should be ever the master and I the servant; he the gentleman and I the clown; he the genius and I the dunce? Have not I organs, dimensions, nails, and fingers, as well as he? and must I be doomed to lead the life of a dog, holding books and

papers, carrying children, supporting the leaden heads of authors at their desks, and such drudgery ; while this, my twin-born brother, leads the life of a gentleman, switching a cane by his master's side, or handing young ladies to their carriages, and even obtaining the blessings of parliamentary representation, by the privilege of showing himself at the call of the returning officer at elections. But I will no longer suffer it, and since he talks of knuckles I am ready for him."

Here, before I could interpose a word, they fell foul of each other anew, with so much vehemence, that the building shook, the earth trembled, and the roof re-echoed to their blows as if to claps of thunder. Being a practical admirer of the modern political maxim of non-interference, I stepped aside in order to avoid the meddler's knock. The right hand being fat and fleshy from high living, suffered much in the conflict, while the left, which though a lean rogue, was wiry and muscular, would infallibly

have overcome, had his resources been equal to his agility. Both at length desired a truce ; the one from pain the other from exhaustion, and resumed the logical, since they were compelled to lay aside the actual combat.

“ On what do I ground my claim ? ” exclaimed the right, “ if I said upon my services alone I might be justified. Who forges the arms and fights the battles of heroes ? Who grasped the sword of Hector, while you unworthy recreant skulked behind his shield ? Who wields the baton ? Who guides the pen, the pencil, and the chisel ? The pyramids of Egypt, the frieze of the Parthenon, the walls of the Vatican, and the libraries of Europe, set forth my claims to honour and esteem, while you all this while have little to do but swing at your master’s side like a pendulum, and leave me all the business of the head to attend to. To say nothing (since you talk of my privileges) of all the bribes with which you are enriched behind my master’s back, and that you too have

often come in for a sneaking vote at an election, when a citizen has roguishly put up both hands together in a crowd in order to strengthen his party."

At this, the left hand expanded its fingers in astonishment: "*you!*" he exclaimed—" *you* wield a sword? *You* build a pyramid? *You* paint the Vatican? *You* carve a frieze for Minerva's temple? Ah, you are like other hereditary heroes—you claim praise for the actions of your ancestors which are more your shame than your merit. Giving your forefathers their due, let us know what are your own pretensions? Is it in Somerset House, or in the sculpture room of the Royal Academy, that we are to look for them? Is it in those monumental groups where English generals masquerade in Roman togas, and the toe of a modern tar gibes the heel of an ancient deity? Is it in that strange hotch-potch both of design and of material, to which you give the name of Architecture?"

“ Hear this fellow ! ” cried the right, “ who is so proverbially clownish, that whenever any compassionate people seek to bring him forward in good society they are sure to incur ridicule.”

“ Who is to be thanked for that ? ” replied the left. “ Who but those, who would keep instruction out of my reach, while they lavished it on you. But take heed ! The schoolmaster is abroad ! ”

“ And therefore,” cried the right, “ is the schoolroom in an uproar, for the scholars have made holiday.”

Much more they said, and of a nature which precludes the possibility of its admission amongst our decorous anecdotes. At length, plucking up a heart, I ventured to step forward at the risk of being pummelled right and left, and represented to them that Concord was the nurse of Happiness, and that nothing could result from coming to blows, where the numbers were so evenly matched on both sides.

“ So, gentlemen,” said I, “ my cordial advice

to you is, that without more ado you shake each other and be quiet."

But as it frequently occurs, the attempt to pacify the combatants only inflamed their ire anew, and directed it against myself. Stroke after stroke resounded through the empty hive, until the earth trembled to its centre, and it seemed as if all Nature were about to be dissolved and fall to pieces. Almost frantic with pain, and fearing instant death, I was about to fly and call for help, when a sudden change took place, the confusion ceased, and I found myself still in the dark, with a cool wind breathing on my forehead, and lying on the rock on which the spirit Pica first appeared to me. My sides were aching still, though I could not say whether from the inequalities of the marble, or the punishment inflicted by the bodiless hands. Following a grey light which streamed in at a little distance, I reached the entrance of the cavern into which I had penetrated on the preceding evening. The morning was fine, the



sun new risen, and the trees alive with singing birds. Prostrating myself upon the sward before the cave, I returned thanks to Providence for my deliverance from its dangers, and after quenching my thirst with water from the fall, pursued the windings of the stream until I reached the shore. The day being calm, I easily made myself heard by the fishermen on the opposite shore, and a cot was sent to my assistance. Leaving the island, after a tranquil trip across the lake, I gave the men something for their trouble, and reached home in time for breakfast.

**THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.**



## THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.



WITHIN the last year the annals of our neighbourhood have furnished us with a singular instance of the force of that moral instinct which is so mysteriously interwoven by Providence with the inmost faculties of our nature, and whose internal monitions, habitual depravity itself has scarce the power wholly to subdue.

A man named Hogan dwelt, about twenty years ago, in a small cottage on the by-way leading from the village to the common road. The little dwelling has been lately razed to the ground by order of the humane proprietor of the soil, in order that no vestige might remain of what was once the scene of a history so

appalling, but long will it be ere the villagers, as they pass the fearful spot, shall cease to point out its site amongst the trees, and shudder at the recollections it recalls. It was the birth-place, as well as the inheritance, of the individual already named. He was the child of parents situated comfortably, considering their rank in life, and received an education somewhat superior to that which usually falls to the lot of a peasant's child. Well skilled in such rudiments of knowledge as were taught in the neighbouring village school, instructed in his moral and religious obligations, and even for a time apparently exact in their fulfilment, he was looked upon in his boyhood almost as an ornament to the simple neighbourhood, and mothers and instructors used his name when they would stimulate their pupils to good conduct. Romance and poetry, in their happiest hours of invention, have never presented to the mind a sweeter subject of contemplation than the memory of a well-spent childhood, and the humble can feel it as well as

the most cultivated. The subject of our narrative was not studious merely from the want of social sympathy, nor gentle merely from deficiency of natural spirit. He danced seldom, but none danced better. He talked little, but none more to the purpose. He did not often mix with company, but when he did he was the life and joy of the little society in which he moved.

It is not all at once that the human mind can pass from a life so blameless and so tranquil as we have described to actions like that which has made the name of the unfortunate Hogan a sound of warning in our neighbourhood. The death of his parents, and in particular of his mother, a decent, pious woman, was the first apparent occasion of the change which was afterwards observed in the manners of their son. He was oftener seen at fairs and markets than his business made it necessary, and he did not now return as he was wont after noon, when the

business of an Irish fair is over, and its pleasures and its pains begin. The spendthrift, who finds poverty and woe amid the splendour and abundance of a capital, might see in the fate of this humble cottager, an exact reflection of the history of his own fortunes. At first, it was but sociability and kindness that led him to loiter in the fair, and spend a trifle in compliment to the neighbour with whom he had bought or sold. By degrees, the tent, the dance, and even at length the fight, (the fatal glory of an Irish peasant) began to have their charms, and what was at first amusement became, in a short time, passion. The change of character did not even terminate here. As poverty came on apace, a tinge of mingled gloom and recklessness of mind (alarming symptom of internal ruin) began to mingle with his wild and hair-brained gaiety. The more moderate began to shun his company, and the unhappy wretch grew desperate. He drank, gamed, swore, delivered himself up to all the

bestial excesses of vulgar dissipation, and became at length the scoff and pity of the adjoining village.

Even here the unhappy Hogan did not arrest his downward progress into ill. Seldom before was our lonely neighbourhood defiled by such instances of depravity as ere long became habitual with him and his accomplices. The decent cottagers and farmers in the vicinity began to complain of pilfered turf ricks and potato pits, of broken paddocks and sheep-walks invaded in the night, and even of cows and horses stolen, without the possibility of their discovering by whom the mischief was effected. The deed, however, by which the evil progress of this miserable being was brought to a consummation, was of a nature far more heinous.

Near a grove of fir, at a little distance from the village, stood a lonesome house where dwelt an aged lady, supposed to be wealthy, and confiding so far in the peaceable and honest character of the neighbourhood that she did not



even keep a male domestic for the security of her house. She was kind and charitable, attentive to the poor and sick, and exceedingly beloved by all around her. There was, in particular, one old beggar-man, whom, though surly and abusive in his demeanour, she had for many years supplied with victuals, which he sat and ate upon the steps of her hall door. It was her unfailing practice when her daily meals were ended, to fill a plate for her sturdy pensioner, and take it to him with her own hands as he basked in the evening sunshine at her porch, or sought refuge from the winter cold by her kitchen fire. Often had Hogan, in his earlier days, remarked the figure of the aged mendicant sitting on the steps; beheld the green hall door open, the venerable lady appear, discharge her charitable office, exchange a laugh or jest with rough old Yamon, and leave him to enjoy the surplus of her abundance. Often, as he passed the little lawn where he witnessed the quiet scene, did he admire Mrs. Maunsel's charity,

and would fancy he saw her guardian angel smiling on the act.

One evening, Yamon was unusually surly and, indeed, insolent to his benefactress. He called her abusive names, and found fault with his dinner, which he flung contemptuously to his dog. Pitying the poor creature's infirmity, yet not disposed to encourage his insolence, Mrs. Maunsel told him, for his pains, he might go without a dinner on the following day. Custom, it is said, creates a right, as it can create a law. The beggar defied and dared her to keep her word. Finding, however, on the following day that she could be resolute as she was kindly, he went away, uttering a thousand threats, shaking his long staff, and vowing vengeance as deep as ever his gratitude had been before. Some persons who were present reproved him for his insolent passion, and did not fail to keep his menaces in mind.

It happened that, for some weeks before, the memory of the old lady at the fir-grove had

occurred to the mind of Hogan, with emotions widely different from those with which he had once regarded her at his return from labour or from school. The ruffians who were now almost his sole associates, had yet much difficulty in inciting him to join them in an attempt upon the house, on the very night on which the aged beggar-man was refused a dinner. Stimulated by want, and by the threats and taunts of those hardened wretches, he consented to accompany the gang, but on the understanding that no violence should be offered to any individual. They proceeded, after dusk, to accomplish their detestable mission. The unhappy Hogan never until now had even an idea of the anxiety of mind which attends the commission of heinous crime. He feared the hardened character of his associates, and not without cause.

It was already midnight when they entered the grove of firs that screened the dwelling from the westerly blast. So far was its mild proprietress from apprehending anything like danger

that she had given permission to her maid, the only servant in the house, to spend the night at a neighbouring wake. Having fastened the doors and windows, she retired to her sleeping chamber, performed with a tranquil mind her customary devotions, and having extinguished the light lay down to rest. She was awoke from a quiet sleep by the stealthy sounds of feet upon the landing-place outside her chamber door. Without losing an instant she advanced to the stair head and demanded who was there? The ruffians rushed upon her, but, possessing both strength of mind and bodily energy, she resisted with her utmost force, while she endeavoured with the loudest shrieks to alarm the inmates of the distant cottages. Perplexed and irritated, the inhuman monsters disregarded the compact they had made at setting out, and the unhappy lady fell a victim to their atrocious passions and her own resolution.

But who can describe the condition of the wretched Hogan's mind when he learned (for

he had been left without as a kind of sentinel) that the enormities of the night, already sufficiently hideous, had been sealed by murder? Stunned by the news, it appeared to him for the instant as if till now he had led an innocent life, and this was his first step in actual crime. A burning weight seemed to be laid upon his brain, his sight grew dizzy, and he suffered himself to be hurried along by his companions, without the power of uttering a word, or directing his mind to a single thought but one. There was no resource for safety now but that of instant flight. Their booty, even more ample than they had anticipated, supplied them with abundant means; and before any effectual step could be taken for their apprehension they were all beyond the reach of the laws which they had violated.

It was not, however, to the promptitude of their flight that they were altogether indebted for their safety. Old Yamon, returning to the hovel in which he lived, began to regret his

ungrateful passion, to remember the benefits of his gentle patroness, and to reproach himself for having yielded to his coarse infirmity. After spending a sleepless night, upon his couch of straw, disturbed by hideous dreams and causeless fears, he arose at day-break, and taking his staff, departed for the grove, impatient for a reconciliation. How great was his surprise to find the kitchen window broke and the door wide open at that early hour! We will not follow him through the fearful detail of his discoveries. Let it be enough to say, that pale, trembling, and affrighted, he was found in the act of rushing from the house by the maid returning from the wake, with some of her companions, who remembered with her the quarrel of the preceding evening, and the menaces with which it had terminated. The beggar was apprehended, examined, and committed to the county gaol. The circumstances were considered to constitute irresistible evidence, and the unhappy old man was formally executed near

the scene on which the crime had been committed.

The tidings of this horrible injustice reached Hogan, in America. His portion of the abominable spoils had enabled him to settle himself in a respectable little shop or *store*, as it is there denominated, where he managed a thriving trade for several years, the principal portion of his profit being amongst the emigrants and descendants of emigrants from his native isle, who had become settled in his neighbourhood. One of his customers, not long arrived, in speaking to another, of some event which had taken place in our neighbourhood, by way of fixing the period of its occurrence, said, "it had taken place exactly in that year in which old Yamon, the *bucaugh*, was hanged for the murder of Mrs. Maunsell, of the Grove."

It was well for Hogan that the small green blind which curtained the railing of his little office prevented either of the speakers from observing his confusion. These tidings, while

they established his security, added ten-fold to the pangs of his remorse. A second murder only now revealed! His former agonies, not yet extinct, though somewhat stilled by time and constant habit, returned upon him now with more than all their early violence. The sense of unrequited justice weighed upon his mind, and filled it with a dull and barren gloom. Some months rolled by, and he sought, in a fervent appeal to religion, a refuge from the dreadful state of mind in which he lived. But repentance without restitution is an idle word; his efforts, though they revealed to him more fully the extent of his transgression, could not quell the torments of an outraged conscience. Whether he walked, slept, ate, or drank, the dreadful figures of the innocent victims seemed to glide before his eyes, and a forewarning of judgment dwelt upon his heart. However he strove to employ his mind about the affairs of ordinary life, and to take an active interest in those subjects which amused his acquaintances, his



thoughts would invariably revert to the Fir Grove, and to the awful tragedy which it commemorated.

Drawn by an impulse unaccountable as it was powerful, to the very spot with which all his misery was associated, the wretched Hogan disposed of his little trans-Atlantic possession, and returned to his home towards the close of the preceding autumn, after an exile of more than twenty years. It was a bright harvest moon when he reached the village ; and without pausing to make himself known to a single acquaintance, he immediately proceeded in the direction of the Grove, feeling a relief in the thought that now at least he had it in his power to make some compensation to the violated justice of his country. The house was still uninhabited ; but the surrounding lands were richly cultivated, and the garden tended with as nice a care as in the lifetime of its kind proprietress. After surveying with a singular intensity of interest the scene which he had so much reason to remember,

he went to his own cottage, which was now in the possession of a relative. Being readily recognised and welcomed by his kinsman, he obtained from him a most minute detail of all the circumstances attending the trial and execution of the innocent mendicant. On the following morning he arose early, and went to view the spot on which the poor old man had expiated so severely his hasty fit of anger. More than a month was spent in thus dallying with his internal torturer, and inquiring with the intensest interest into every trivial fact connected with the miserable event, to him the most engrossing in all history. Frequently, in moments of acute remorse, when alone at midnight, he determined that another sun should not go down on his secret; but with the morning came fears of earthly punishment, and of earthly disgrace, which gained for the time an ascendancy above his deeper though more distant terrors. Alas! how few of us are not children in this respect! how few possess the

power of mind necessary to enable them to fully estimate the difference between days that are numbered and days innumerable! Thus loitering and undecided, he lived from day to day, torn by remorse, yet fearful of ignominy, now taking his hat with the view of delivering himself up to a neighbouring magistrate, and now returning from the very door of the functionary, repelled by a sudden failure of the nerves at the immediate view of death.

One morning, after spending a night of horrible anxiety, the conscience-stricken man arose at day-break, and prayed with floods of tears that heaven might illumine his mind in its perplexity, and give him firmness to act the part which he felt was required of him by justice. Somewhat relieved by thus unburthening his soul, he walked out into a neighbouring burial-ground, where, as if to familiarise his mind to the thoughts of death, he was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of his time. The morning was still and fine; some cattle browsed

amongst the graves, and the wood quests cooed in the boughs of the thick elms that screened the solemn scene of death. The wretched Hogan, filled with thoughts of gloom and of uncertainty, perused the inscriptions on the humble tombstones, and envied the repose of every mouldering corse beneath the sod. On a sudden, a man sprung over the church-yard wall, and ran with the speed of terror by the spot on which he stood. Immediately after voices were heard, exclaiming, "Stop him! stop him!" and two or three countrymen vaulted into the burying-ground. Conscious of hidden guilt, the unhappy Hogan started, and fled involuntarily with his utmost force. He was pursued and seized.

"I have him!" cried the peasant who first laid hand upon his collar. "Ah! scoundrel, you'll see Van Diemen's Land for this! We'll tache you to break paddocks in the night an' to be sheep stalin'."

"Well done, Tom!" cried a red faced farmer,

whose comfortable proportions did not allow him to keep pace with his servants in the chace, “ You rascal, where’s my sheep? Eh, Tom—what—where’s the thief?—this is not he.”

“ I am the man,” said Hogan, pale as death, but with a voice that sounded hollow in its firmness.

“ You!” cried the farmer, “ you are not the sheep stealer.”

“ I am not the man that stole your sheep,” replied Hogan, “ but I am one of the men who murdered Mrs. Maunsel of the Grove, for which Yamon, the old beggarman was hanged unjustly.”

This stunning intelligence was received by the group with wonder and dismay. The disclosure of his secret, however, appeared to have removed much of the load which lay upon the mind of Hogan, and in the following autumn he suffered, with less anxiety than he had felt in its remote contemplation, the punishment which the law awarded to his offence.

**THE SUN-STROKE.**



## THE SUN-STROKE.



O matter and impertinency mix'd !  
Reason in madness !

SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the height of the disturbances of ninety-eight, our neighbourhood remained almost free from those scenes of violence by which the face of the island was disfigured in other places. On one occasion, however, and, as it happened, a joyous one, the glimmer of the bayonet was seen amongst its peaceful groves.

A handsome white washed cottage, retiring a little from the common road, was tenanted by a family of the name of Renisson. A work shop close adjoining, together with a number of new and old ploughs, spade trees, spars of unhewn timber, and heaps of shavings strewed about the yard, indicated the calling of the



possessor, who is still the greatest carpenter in the neighbourhood of the village. His son Edmond, a handsome lad, had been for several months contracted to the daughter of a comfortable "dealing man," in the street, and the families were so much liked that the whole village took an interest in the union. If happiness be the end of wisdom, philosophers had no advantage over these village tradespeople. With enough to screen them from the asperities of life, without attaching them to a world which they were not created to love, their days flowed cheerily along, undisturbed by ambition, and unchilled by fear.

One circumstance alone had occurred for many years to cast a gloom over the domestic pleasures of the tranquil circle. Edmond Renisson had a twin brother named Lewis, so exactly resembling him in countenance and figure, that they might be called the Dromios of the place. Both were handsome, both graceful, and equally versed in all the accomplishments of their rank; both well

instructed in the customary walks of rustic education, and both attached to each other with a fondness even exceeding the natural love of brothers. If one were corrected, the other wept with him; if one were sick, the other watched unceasingly by his bed; if one were absent, the other looked but half alive: in everything their joys and troubles were divided by the truest sympathy, nor did friendship look less lovely in these humble young artisans than in spirits the most divinely wrought, and filled with all the wealth of intellectual knowledge.

Their characters, however even from their early years, began to take a different course. Edmond, the first-born of the two, was distinguished by the common boyish giddiness and frowardness of spirit, although manifesting rather

The taints of liberty,  
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

than positive vice, and was the greater favourite amongst the young and gay. Lewis, on the

contrary, was thoughtful and gentle, and given to piety, for which he incurred no little share of the jests and mirth of his more volatile companions. While Edmond sported the hours away at the dance or ball-alley, his brother would remain in the chamber of some valetudinarian relative, reading a solid book, or talking on some practical subjects. It thus happened that both had their admirers, and equally numerous; the elder winning the suffrages of those who were only intent on the enjoyment of life, the younger gaining the love and the esteem of those whom time had made familiar with its infirmities.

How often do we see the scourge of affliction pass harmless over the heads of those who are only busy on their own selfish affections and enjoyments, while it will fall heavily on others whose days are devoted to the interests of their fellow-men! Religion has explained to us the mystery, and yet we sigh when the instance is presented to our view. It happened one day

that Lewis slept in a field behind their house during several hours, with the noontide fervour of a July sun beating full on his unshaded figure. His brother, returning from a neighbouring fair, found him lying on the grass, and woke him up, when he complained of headach, and returned to the house unwell. The medical man, whose assistance was procured by a half guinea fee, pronounced it a *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke, and the disorder ran its usual course. Lewis recovered, and seemed for about a month the same as ever.

One day, old Renisson, raising his eyes as he was at work, encountered those of his younger son, which were fixed upon him with a singular expression. In some time afterwards, happening to look up again, he was surprised by the same appearance, and said, returning the stare with interest:—

“Is it any thing that would be ailin’ you, Lewy?”

No answer.

“What ails you, I tell you? What makes you be lookin’ at me that way?”

Still Lewy made no reply, but continued the same singular gaze.

“You’re a dhroll boy, so you are,” said the carpenter, resuming his work, and taking no further notice of the circumstance. At dinner, however, and at supper, the same thing occurred, until at length it was so often repeated during several days, that the old man began to lose patience.

“Don’t be lookin’ at me that way, I tell you,” he said: “do you hear me again? For what do you be lookin’ at me?”

Lewy, however, still appeared to take no notice of these admonitions, until at length, after the rough manner of cottagers, his father had recourse to the cane, in order to compel him to desist. Soon after other peculiarities began to appear in the conduct of the youth, which indicated some fast approaching mental ruin. At meals, the presence of a stranger would prevent

his eating a morsel, and, even with the family, when pressed to his food, he would desist altogether. His mother about this time fell ill and died. Lewis, during the course of her death-sickness, showed a surprising absence of mind, and the only sign by which the family could perceive that he was anywise conscious of their affliction, occurred on the morning of the poor woman's demise; when on hearing it announced, he took his hat, and would have left the house, had he not been prevented by force. Not many weeks elapsed before he broke out into fits of furious madness, which ended in tranquil but confirmed idiocy.

Enough remained however to show that the disease, to whoes assaults the reason yielded, had not trespassed on the province of affection. Unable to work or read, his chief occupation was that of nursing an infant sister, whom he guarded with more than maternal assiduity. It was a cruel amusement to some of his old companions to observe the rage with which

“Cracked Lewy” would shake his fist and stamp when the slightest insult or annoyance was offered to the baby. “Lewy can’t go. Lewy must mind the child,” was his constant excuse when any of his family sought to draw him from the house, in order to engage his attention with such cheerful scenes and sports as seemed to them best calculated to restore a healthier tone of thought.

This affection, aided by the instinct of natural love, and heightened by pity endeared the poor idiot more than ever to his relatives; and as is generally the case in Ireland, a slight offered by a stranger in this quarter was much more keenly felt by any of his family than when directed against themselves.

But there is one event related in the village which still more strikingly manifests the power of the heart, even when the reason is no longer capable of aiding it in the choice of good and evil. One morning, on arising from his bed, Edmond Renisson went as usual to inspect their

little field, from which, with consternation, he missed their only cow. Acquainting his family with their mischance, he started immediately in pursuit, carrying with him a favourite dog which unfortunately had been tied up at the time when the robbery was committed. He did not return till late on the following evening, and when he did he brought the cow. He entertained the family a good deal by his account of the many adventures which had distinguished his brief expedition. The night, he said, he had passed in the mountains, where he saw and narrowly escaped some parties of the rebels, and his cow he had found quietly grazing that morning in a gentleman's park. On his applying for his property, the gentleman, who happened to be with his men, and was a good natured cheerful man, informed Edmond that he had purchased her that very morning at a fair, and showed a natural degree of reluctance to lose his bargain. At Renisson's desire, however, he sent the cow to the village by a



herdsman, in order to ascertain the truth of the young man's story. This was easily made to appear on their arrival in the village, and after partaking of some refreshment with the family, the herdsman left the cow and took his leave.

Soon after this transaction, the wedding of Edmond, the joyous event already spoken of, was fixed for a certain day. The landlord of their little holding, who had always taken the kindest interest in their affairs, insisted on having the marriage take place at his own house, where he was to give a feast to almost all the inhabitants of the village in honour of the occasion. At an early hour a group of young men and women assembled before the residence of the bride, the former decorated with ribands and kerchiefs of the gayest colours, the latter dressed in white, and bearing baskets of flowers, which they scattered on the nuptial path. Moving to the sound of mirthful music, the gay procession took the way leading to the demesne of their

generous patron, leaving few behind them in the village, young or old.

Life seldom offers us a scene of joy which contains not an ingredient of its opposite, or a spectacle of virtue without some qualifying stroke of evil to remind us of our frailty. Amongst the youths who mingled most frequently in those sports, where Edmond Renisson was commonly triumphant, there was one, named Guare, a spiteful and malicious lad, who had been from his very childhood remarkable for his envious and quarrelsome disposition, for his idle, drunken habits, and for many other evil qualities. To Edmond Renisson he had long conceived a peculiar hatred, as well occasioned by the superior dexterity of the latter at their rustic exercises, as by a natural malignity of heart. This detestable feeling was carried to its height on Edmond's suit to Mary Fitzgerald, who had rejected Guare more than once without hesitation. For many weeks after the marriage had been arranged, he absented himself from

the customary meetings of the villagers, and brooded in secret over the boiling venom of his heart, inflamed by hate and disappointment. The mortification to his own pride, and the sight of happiness in a quarter where his hate was fixed, were the stings that pierced the bosom of this worthless being. The merry sounds of preparation for the coming fete were discord to his jealous ear, and he sauntered at evening through the pleasant village, like a fiend astray among the innocent.

On the evening previous to that appointed for the marriage, as he loitered along the road in the neighbourhood of the highway, the following notice posted against an elm tree near the cross road attracted his attention.

“ WHEREAS, on the night of the 5th instant, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, a number of men having their faces blackened, and provided with fire arms and other weapons, did burglariously enter the dwelling house of Thomas Hanlon of the Commons near ———,

and there and then did wilfully kill and murder the said Hanlon, he being at that time in the employ of his Majesty's Government as a Constable of ———.

“ A REWARD of One Hundred Pounds is hereby offered and will be given to any person or persons who shall give such information, private or otherwise, as may lead to the detection of the persons or any of the persons concerned in the said murder.”

Signed, &c.

A horrible design suggested itself to the mind of Guare the instant he perused these words. He remembered that the night specified was the very one which Edmond Renisson had spent in the mountains in pursuit of his cow. No sooner had it fully presented itself to his mind, than it was embraced and put in execution. A wretch more ready and not less destitute of principle than himself was made the confidant of his detestable scheme, and readily consented to take a share in its guilt and its advantages.

On the morning of the bridal, as Lewis, who had been left at home to take care of the house, was playing with the infant in the sunshine, he was startled by observing the glitter of gun-barrels and the blaze of the dreaded scarlet amongst the boughs of the elm row which lines a portion of the street. They halted before the door of Renisson's house, and a corporal, who commanded the party, advanced to Lewis and contemplated his figure with much attention. We have already spoken of the singular resemblance that existed between the brother twins. The corporal, after referring to a paper in his hand and seeming to compare the idiot's appearance with its contents, addressed him bluntly.

“Your name is Renisson, friend?”

“Aih, a yeh?”

“Come, come, your name is Renisson, Edmond Renisson, is it not? What do you stare at? Have I got three heads upon me?”

“Aih?”

“ Aih! Aih! Is that all you have got to say. Come along, I’ll bring you where you shall be taught to cry aih, and ah, and oh, too, before we have done with you.”

“ Lewy can’t go. Lewy must mind the child.”

“ Come, come, you know that will never do with me. Toss that brat some of ye into the cradle, and shut the door. Aye, shake your fist and grin. We’re up to all that sort o’ thing you know. Come along, my tulip. Handcuff that fellow, and bring him away.”

Overpowered by numbers, the afflicted idiot was conducted from the village, and conveyed in the direction of the high road. After travelling several miles through a flat and boggy country, they arrived in a half-burnt and miserable-looking hamlet, which was crowded with soldiers and country people, and clamorous as a rookery. It had the misfortune to constitute at the time one of those dreadful military courts at which a semblance of justice was used, as if to heighten

the horrors of the certain cruelty which followed its judgments. In one direction the sight of the loaded gibbet, in another the shrieks or groans arising from the horrible triangle, or still more pitiful the sound of the rending lash upon the naked back of the silent sufferer; these, and the view of the unburied corpse on the road side, gave fearful evidence of the presence of civil discord in the land. Whether it was that the strangeness of the situation had produced a strong effect upon the glimmering of reason left him, and lighted it up for a time into a more than ordinary brightness, it is certain that Lewis, when brought before the court, had more the appearance of a rational man than when the soldiers found him with the infant before the door of his paternal dwelling. By the order of examination which was instituted, and the questions which were put, he was able to understand that they mistook him for his brother Edmond; nor did he undeceive them. They had received secret information of his being one of a party

who had been guilty of a nocturnal outrage at some distance from his place of residence. The witness who had been suborned by Guare, and whose slight acquaintance with the brothers readily led him into real error, deposed as well to the identity as to the guilt of Lewis. The idiot, though he understood the mistake, did not seek to undeceive them. He was sentenced to be flogged to death at the triangle. Still silent, he suffered himself to be led away toward the spot where this dreadful sentence was to be put in execution.

In the mean time all was mirth and life at Edmond's wedding. Tables for the feast were laid upon the green before their patron's door, and the violin and bagpipe gave animation to the banquet. The priest had now arrived, and all was ready for the nuptial ceremony. Standing on the green, amid a circle of young friends, the bridegroom, in his gay attire, awaited the arrival of the messenger, who was to summon him to the house. At this instant a peasant was



seen running with all his speed from the entrance of the demesne. On seeing Edmond, he hurried towards him, exclaiming—

“ Oh, Mистер Renisson ! Lewy ! ”

“ What of him ? ” said Edmond, startled by the apprehension of some sudden accident.

“ Carried off by the sogers ! heighst away for a rebel before my face ! Sure I seen the corporal makin’ up to him an’ axin’ him was it Edmond Renisson he had there ? an’ when he made ’em no answer they heighst him away with them, to the coort. ”

Without waiting to hear more, Edmond rushed from the scene of mirth, and, followed by the peasant, pursued a short cut across the fields which led to his own house. Lewis was not there, and the appearance of the child forsaken by its tender guardian sufficiently manifested the truth of the peasant’s tale. Judging, from the direction which the military had taken, in what place he should be likely to find him, Edmond instantly left the village and hastened with his

utmost speed in the direction of the hamlet in which the court martial held its sittings.

The poor idiot, in the mean time, was conducted to the dreadful triangle, where he suffered the men in silence to lay bare his shoulders, while the drummer, with many jests, prepared his instrument of torture.

“ A fine clean skin it is, and fit for a gentleman’s handwriting. Come, lad, let’s see a little more o’ the parchment. I’ll set you a copy of strokes, though I dare say you’d prefer running-hand at the present moment. Tie up his hands. Never fear, lad, ’twill be all one at supper.”

At this instant a cry of “ Stop! stop!” was heard at a distance. Lewy, who knew his brother’s voice, turned pale as a corpse. In a moment Edmond was amid the group.

“ Let him go!” he exclaimed, as soon as he could muster breath,—“ you have taken the wrong man; I am Edmond Renisson.”

The exact resemblance between both the brothers, observable even in circumstances so

different, struck all the beholders with astonishment. The execution of the sentence was suspended, while the brothers were re-conducted to the court, and the mistake explained. The witness, on whose testimony sentence had been passed on Lewis, was reproduced, and seemed confounded at the sight of Edmond; he persisted however in his former evidence, and the judges readily admitted that the mistake as to identity was not material, provided the facts sworn against the idiot could still be proved against his brother. Edmond, being called upon for his defence, accounted clearly for his absence from home on the night in question, and referred for a corroboration of his statement to the gentleman in whose possession he had found the cow. It is not necessary to enter into a full detail of the manner in which the innocence of the accused was made to appear, and the treacherous conspiracy brought home to the accusers. Even in these disastrous times, the love of justice, not wholly extinguished, exerted its influ-

ence, and the Renissons were immediately liberated, while the perjured Guare and his associate were transmitted to the county prison, to await the consequences of their perfidy. On arriving in the village, Edmond, who could obtain from Lewis no explanation of his extraordinary silence, wished that he should accompany him to the bridal feast, in order to satisfy his family that no harm had happened to him. But this the affectionate idiot resolutely declined, giving the same answer, and in the same tone as he had to the corporal—

“ Lewy can't go—Lewy must mind the child ! ”



**SEND THE FOOL FARTHER.**



## SEND THE FOOL FARTHER.

What 'll you lay it's a lie?

COMPLETE SONGSTER.

NEAR the foot of a hill which screened his cottage from the sharp Atlantic winds, dwelt Captain Bounce, one of the greatest men in Ireland, and a character so purely national that it is hard to conceive how he came to lack the Hibernian M<sup>c</sup> or O'. Some genealogists, indeed, assert that the family have a claim to the patronymic expletive, and ought to be called O'Bounce, an assertion which they ground upon the following incident:—

Some years ago, a distant member of the family being in pecuniary affliction, was neces-



sitated to accept the office of deputy sheriff, *vulgatim*, hangman, in his native county. It happened in one instance, that in the act of fastening the indissoluble tie, that the cap fell off by which the finishers of the law were obliged in uncivilised places to keep their identity concealed, and the victim recognised an old friend and boon companion in his executioner. "O Bounce!" exclaimed the culprit, in a tone of mingled wonder and upbraiding. The family, however, were unwilling to assume the title on this solitary authority, and continued to write simple Bounce.

The Captain came into the world on the 1st of April, as if he were born to make a fool of it. Being an eldest son he was called William, after his grandfather, and went in his childhood by the name of Billy Bounce. Even at this early period he gave indications of that genius by which at a maturer age it was his wont at once to dazzle and to mock his species. An incident or two may furnish an example.

One lonesome winter night, at a time when the neighbourhood was infested by the Whiteboys, when sober people were obliged to follow Cowper's advice, and

———— ere they slept

See that their polish'd arms were primed with care,  
And drop the night-bolt, —

On such an evening when the Bounces were collected round the parlour fire, discoursing fearful things upon the state of the country, and absorbed in social communion, a chorus of female shrieks, issuing from the kitchen, broke up the tranquil circle, and placed them horror-struck upon their feet. Door after door burst open—shriek after shriek re-echoed through the house—the rushing of many feet was heard in the hall—the parlour door flew back, and a bevy of frightened females, servants of the house, fell prostrate on the ground, one fainting, another screaming, and a third convulsed. “The Whiteboys!” was the thought uppermost in

the mind of every spectator, but one of the women, who had some glimmering of reason left and power of utterance, announced the appalling fact, that the cause of terror was something more than human. They had all, she said, been seated round the kitchen fire "crusheening," when the back door opened, and a figure dressed in white, and of prodigious height, appeared upon the threshold, with eyes like fire, teeth like polished spindles, &c. &c. Mr. Bounce took down a blunderbuss, and a visiter, who had come that night, laid hold of the poker. The family followed at their heels, afraid to remain behind, yet quaking to proceed. Cocking his piece, and raising it to his shoulder, the leader boldly advanced into the kitchen, but was surprised to find all still. A damask tablecloth lay upon the settle-bed, and near it stood the sweeping brush, with guilt in its very attitude; far removed from these, on a stool by the fire-side, and seeming as meek as sleeping Innocence herself, sat Billy Bounce, looking up, and wonder-

ing what his father was going to do with the blunderbuss.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat :—

the Jew who spoke the lines might have added a third (and rhymed to boot) if he had known Batt Houlahan, the herdsman of Mr. Bounce, for Batt had a natural antipathy to a rat. Sailors, it is said, who have been rocked to sleep by the tempests of Cape Horn, and heeded the stormiest winds of the miscalled Pacific no more than Brutus did the threats of Cassius, will look pale and serious on the outside of a stage that conveys them to Whitechapel from Gravesend. Soldiers, who have stood unmoved in the face of breach and battery, will fear the swelling of a summer billow ; and the monster Danger, with which we have grown bold and familiar under one aspect, will resume all its terrors when it takes a new and unaccustomed form. Batt Houlahan, who feared neither ball, powder,

cudgel, sword, man, nor ghost, was accessible to terror in one solitary point—he feared a rat. He had rather, as he often acknowledged, “face a whole fair” in arms than a single one of these dingy, sharp-eyed haunters of the barn and hay-yard. If he had been on the committee when David Wilkie was elected an R.A. he would have rejected him for choosing such a subject as that of the admirable piece which gained him the distinction. A rat-catcher in Batt Houlahan’s eyes was a greater hero than Buonaparte, and the crossing of Lodi was a trifle in comparison with the storming of a rat-hole.

One Easter Saturday Batt had purchased a gay coloured neckcloth, with the view of doing honour to the coming festival, and making a respectable figure in the streets or rather street of ———. Batt laid his treasure, just as it had been handed him by Peter Guerin, the only dealer in “soft goods” in all the town, folded and tied in a sheet of neat brown paper, upon the kitchen table, and went to seek “sleep, that

knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care," in the settle-bed, his wonted place of rest. The morning came—Batt rose, shaved, dressed, and prepared for the important task of "tying the cravat." The parcel seems heavy—the cord is cut—the shining pattern disclosed ;—did Peter Guerin give a double square, that the parcel looks so large? It is unfolded—oh! horror upon horror! the carcase of a rat lay wrapt within! and, chorussing the roars of the electrified herdsman, and heightening the horrors of the scene, the urchin laughter of the mischief-maker was heard outside the kitchen window, where, grinning through a patched and dingy pane, appeared the conscious face of Billy Bounce.

Who frightened the maids into hysterics?—Billy Bounce. Who, with hideous faces, made the baby squall?—It was Billy Bounce. Who put nettles in the dancing-master's stockings?—It was Billy Bounce. Who took away the stool, and let old Cauth come tumbling to the ground?—It was Billy Bounce. The feats of the Spanish

*Dama Duenda* were tame and few compared to those of Billy Bounce. At a suitable age he was put to a boarding-school in the neighbouring city, where his progress did not belie the early indications of his boyish genius. Here he learned to stick pins, points upward, in his class-fellows' seats; to insinuate long queues of twisted paper under the collar of the usher's coat, while the good man walked gravely up and down marvelling much at the truly unextinguishable laughter of the school; with more accomplishments of the kind than we have leisure to enumerate. In spare hours he picked up scraps of Greek and Latin, arithmetic, and other trifles, of which he never made any use and retained but an indifferent recollection. Soon after he left this enlightened seminary he received a pair of colours in the \*\*\*\*\* yeomanry, thus enabling himself to sink the use of the too familiar "Billy," and permitting us to grace his history with the warlike substitute. Of his glories in the service who shall tell?—How often mock

reports of Whiteboy conflagrations would send a troop from bog to bog, and mountain to mountain, during the lapse of a long winter night, while Captain Bounce, sole author of the visionary arson, slept soundly in his bed, or woke to laugh at his successful hoax. The last pun of a certain facetious judge circulated not more widely nor excited more amusement than the latest hoax of Captain Bounce. If a bachelor found himself married in everybody's house except his own he might safely trace the banns to Captain Bounce. If the minister had his slumbers broken by threatening letters from Colonel Skinemalive or Sergeant Moonshine upon the score of tithes, he might be sure that Captain Bounce was at the bottom of it. Sometimes the Crolys of Mount Croly received and accepted an invitation to a "family dinner" with the O'Learys of Bally O'Leary, and only discovered in six months after that they had taken the poor O'Learys entirely by surprise, and that the invitation emanated



solely from the hospitable heart of Captain Bounce. Sometimes the *Æsculapius* of the villages received a note requiring him in "haste, post haste, despatch," to do the office of *Lucina* for the better half of a neighbouring country gentleman; nor was it until he had roused the grumbling porter in his lodge that he learned how little necessity there was for his assistance, and how pleasant a thing it was to have Captain Bounce for a neighbour.

In the course of some years, however, an accident occurred which afforded a striking instance of the brittleness of fame, and showed how suddenly a single lapse of vigilance may cast the brightest reputation into shade.

Some midnight plunderers had invaded the paddock of the Captain, and stolen a favourite mare, which had borne him on her back he knew not how oft. No pains were spared in endeavouring to apprehend the thief, but all were unavailing. The Captain now found himself in the predicament

of the mischievous urchin, in the instructive history of *The Boy and the Wolf*. To which of his neighbours should he apply to assist him in the recovery of his stolen property? Who would believe him that he had lost the mare at all? At length, one morning, while he was at breakfast, a neighbour entered with an air of secrecy to say that he thought he could put him in a way of recovering his horse. The Captain was overjoyed, and doubly grateful as this very neighbour had long been one of his most notorious butts. He could not, however, afford any direct information as to the robbery, but if the Captain had leisure for a short ride, he would give him a note for a friend of his, a Mr. O'Connor, who lived on the side of the road about a mile distant from the village, and from whom he might learn something more to the purpose.

The note was written and sealed, and Captain Bounce on a soft spring morning took his way to the residence of Mr. O'Connor. That gentleman

at first was rather surprised at being referred to, but on reading the note, he seemed all on a sudden to have recovered his recollection. He had not, indeed, himself seen the animal going past, but he would give him a note for Mr. Ajax M'Orient, of Mount Orient, who lived farther up the mountain road, and would be likely to know something more about it. The Captain was obliged, but felt rather awkward at the idea of taking a note to Mr. M'Orient.

“To tell you the truth,” said he half laughing, “I was foolish enough, some time since, knowing him to be a kind of virtuoso, to play him an ugly trick, and I'm afraid he does not forget it. I had an old battered head of a lion, or some such animal, done in limestone, which I persuaded him to forward to the geological society as a fossil organic remain, with a very elaborate paper written by himself. The rogues were sharper than he; and it occasioned such a laugh against him, that I fear to this moment he is not all obliged to me.”

Mr. O'Connor laughed at the Captain's hoax, but persuaded him to take the letter, saying that Mr. M'Orient was a great deal too good-natured to think of such a trifle. Accordingly the Captain was persuaded, and had the satisfaction to find that although Mr. O'Connor was somewhat cool in his manner at first, yet on reading Mr O'Connor's note, he became quite cordial, and gave him a letter to Lieutenant Beauchamp, who unfortunately was likewise unable to furnish him with direct information, but offered a note to Major O'Brien of Drumshambo Hall, who, as a magistrate, had more opportunities of coming at the truth. But this was out of the question.— Captain Bounce had gone so far as on one occasion to make *an April fool* of the old Major.

“An April fool!” exclaimed the Lieutenant, bursting into a roar of laughter—“Oh, never mind that; the Major would do more than this for me. And so you made an April fool of the Major?”

Captain Bounce shook his head with a self-

criminating look, although he could scarce suppress a chuckling laugh at recollection of the hoax. Like most of his former butts, he found the Major also somewhat reserved, until he had read the note, and then he too appeared to enter cordially into the Captain's wishes. How he regretted that the Captain had not called two hours sooner ! or that he did not hear of his having lost a horse ! Lieutenant Beauchamp was deceived in supposing he had seen her, but if Captain Bounce were not tired, he would give him two lines to a friend of his, also a magistrate, and one of the sharpest fellows in the country, who, if the mare were in Ireland, would be certain to have her, and the thief to boot, at the Captain's hall-door within a week. Again, with abundant gratitude, the Captain set out upon his quest. He did not find this Corypheus of the magistracy at home ; and, after tracking him from place to place for a few hours, could only obtain from him a note to the chief constable of a police station, at about a mile

distant ; who again directed him to a neighbouring attorney ; who again recommended him to another friend ; by whom he was referred to another, and another, and another, until the day had almost closed upon his fruitless and perplexing journey after an animal that

—— like the bird in the story,  
That fluttered from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glittering glory,

seemed to glide farther from his grasp the more strenuously he continued the pursuit.

The last note he had received was directed to the rector of the parish adjoining his own. He had now been in motion since morning, and the beams of the setting sun beheld him in the same state of suspense respecting his pilfered property as at his first departure from home. At the minister's, however, the affair was set at rest. The reverend gentleman was too wise to be caught by so notorious a *quiz* as Captain Bounce.

“ Ah, Captain,” said he, “ this is too much— a mare stolen—a letter—no—no—I'll read none

of your notes. I have not waited to this hour of the day to learn that it is the first of April."

The first of April!

Poor Bounce was thunderstruck. He strove by a forcible effort of self-command to conceal his emotions until he had left the house, having terminated as well as he could his interview with the vigilant rector. Turning aside out of the high road into an adjacent grove, in order to escape all observation, he ventured to draw from his pocket the note which the cautious minister had refused to read, and broke the seal with a too prophetic misgiving of what lay beneath. There was now no doubt upon the subject. It was, indeed, his own birth-day, the first of April—the annual festival in which his genius had revelled since his childhood, though now the loss of his favourite riding nag had made it steal upon him unobserved! Before him lay unfolded the contents of the note, a copy of of the circular which he had been hawking about unconsciously since morning,—“SEND THE FOOL

FARTHER !” Never before had he been so taken in. It was too much. The laugh of the whole county turned against him who had laughed at the whole county since his sides were capable of such gay convulsion. He never recovered it ; resigned his commission ; never after ventured on a hoax ; seldom went into company, nor showed himself abroad more frequently than was necessary for his business, although he might sometimes be seen in the dusk of the evening, walking along the hawthorn hedge which skirted his meadow, with a suspicious attitude, a melancholy step, and eyes quite different from those merry organs of intelligence whose twinklings were the well-known harbingers of many a jest. Nay, so deeply did this unhappy downfall prey upon his spirits, that his man assures me, in passing through his room at night he sometimes hears him mutter in his dreams, in a half delirious tone, the words of the too successful circular—“ SEND THE—FOOL—FARTHER !”





**MOUNT ORIENT.**



## MOUNT ORIENT.

I will proclaim thee, Angelo—look to't.

SHAKSPEARE.

SOMETHING has been already said of the M'Orients in a former tale. I do not know whether this stock has extended itself into other countries, but in Ireland, I can assure you, reader, that it has given birth to no small portion of the immortal "eight millions;" at least I know that there was one family of them within a quarter of a mile of this village, and that they were enough to bore a whole country side.

The M'Orients of Mount Orient, gentle reader, were looked upon in our neighbourhood as people of high fashion, unbounded literary

attainments, and the most delicate sensibility. They had, until within the last two years, spent the greater portion of their life “abroad,” (a word which has a portentous sound in our village). On their return to Mount Orient they occasioned quite a revolution in all our tastes and customs: they introduced waltzing, smoking cigars, &c. I have seen their open carriage sometimes driving by my window, Miss Mimosa M’Orient seated on the coach-box, and Mr. Ajax M’Orient, her brother, occupying the interior, in a frieze jacket and a south-wester. But what added most to their influence was, that both were considered prodigies of intellect. Ajax M’Orient had written poems in which “rill” rhymed to “hill,” “beam” to “stream,” “mountain” to “fountain,” and “billow” to “willow.” Nay, it was even whispered that he had formed a design of immortalising Robert Burns, by turning his poems into good English, and had actually performed that operation upon Tam O’Shanter, which was

so much changed for the better that you would hardly know it again. So that he passed in these parts for a surprising genius. He was likewise an universal critic, one of those agreeable persons who know everything in the world better than anybody else. He would ask you what you thought of that engraving, and on your selecting a particular group for admiration, he would civilly inform you that you had praised the only defect in the piece. Like the host in Horace, who used to analyse his dishes with his praises in such a manner as to deprive his guests of all inclination to taste them, Ajax would afflict you with pointing out the beauties of a picture until you began to see no beauty in it. Nor did nature escape him: walk out with him, and he would commend every lake, and rock, and river, until you wished yourself underground from him. The wind, the sun, the air, the clouds, the waters, nothing was safe from the taint of his villanous commendation. And then his metaphysics; it was all well until

he grew metaphysical: so jealous was he of originality on these subjects, that if you assented too hastily to one of his own propositions ten to one but he would wheel round and assail it, satisfied to prove himself wrong provided he could prove you wrong also. The navigation of the Red Sea was not a nicer matter than to get through a conversation with Mr. Ajax M'Orient without an argument.

On the other hand, Miss Mimosa M'Orient was very handsome, a great enthusiast, an ardent lover of Ireland (unlike her brother, who affected the aristocrat, and curled his lip at O'Connell); with a mind all sunshine and a heart all fire; a soul innocence itself—radiant candour—heroic courage—a glowing zeal for universal liberty—a heart alive to the tenderest feelings of distress, and a mind, to judge by her conversation, imbued with the deepest sentiments of virtue.

Miss M'Orient had a near relative living under her protection, named Mary de Courcy,

who did not seem to have half her advantages. She was rather plain, had no enthusiasm whatever, very seldom talked of Ireland, had so much common sense in her mind that there was no room for sunshine; and as to fire in her bosom, the academy of Lagoda alone, to all appearance, could have furnished artists capable of extracting it. She might be candid, but she had too much reserve to thrust it forth as if for sale; and she might have an innocent heart, but she was not for ever talking of it. Of courage she did not boast much; and as to universal liberty, Mary de Courcy, like the knife-grinder,

— seldom lov'd to meddle  
With politics, sir.

Of her feelings she never spoke at all, and on the subject of virtue she could not compete in eloquence with Miss M'Orient.

Still it was a riddle, that while everybody liked Miss de Courcy, the M'Orients seemed to be but little esteemed or loved by those who



knew them well and long. Indeed, some looked upon them as of that class of individuals who in our times have overrun society, enfeebling literature with false sentiment, poisoning all wholesome feeling, turning virtue into ostentation, annulling modesty, corrupting the very springs of piety itself by affectation and parade, and selfishly seeking to engross the world's admiration by wearing their virtues (false as they are) like their jewels, all outside. Thus, while Miss M'Orient and her brother were rhyming and romancing about "green fields" and "groves," and "lang syne," and "negroes," and "birds in cages," and "sympathy," and "universal freedom," they were such a pair of arrant scolds and tyrants in their own house that no servant could stay two months in their employment. While Miss M'Orient would weep by the hour to hear a black-bird whistle Paddy Carey outside a farmer's cottage, she would see whole families, nay whole nations, reduced to beggary without shedding a tear,

nor think of depriving herself of a morocco album to save a starving fellow-creature's life.

Miss de Courcy was the daughter of a country gentleman, once of large fortune, but who, in part by his own improvidence, and partly by unavoidable mischances, had fallen into decay and ruin. She had been left literally destitute, at an age when it was impossible for her in any way to accomplish her own independence. Under these circumstances the M'Orients had very creditably received her into their family ; but unhappily the substantial kindness was not accompanied by that delicacy of feeling which would at least have given it twofold merit. It would have been difficult to find cause of positive harshness towards a being so gentle and so unoffending as Mary De Courcy, but everything in the conduct of her benefactors reminded her that they *were* her benefactors; her deep and silent gratitude with them was wholly unappreciated. Ostentatious themselves, of all their amiable qualities, they never imagined in another

the existence of a virtue which did not appear upon the surface, nor did all her mildness save their unfortunate protégée from

—— The pitiless part

Some act by the delicate mind,  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
Already to sorrow resign'd.

Amongst the most distinguished of the visitors at Mount Orient was Mr. Gabriel Fitzpatrick, a gentleman only lately come of age, and heir to one of the most extensive properties in our neighbourhood. Handsome in person, perfect in the accomplishments of his time, and of a demeanour at the same time thoughtful and elegant, Fitzpatrick would have been under any circumstances a formidable rival, but, with an estate of six thousand a year to back his suit, the idea of competition was ridiculous. He had not, it is true, yet reached the exquisite perfection of modern manners. He would not tilt his right foot over the arm of a lounge while he

chatted with a lady, nor cut an old gentleman short in the middle of his discourse, to give utterance to some crude impertinence of his own, but he made himself so agreeable in other ways that these trifling deficiencies were hardly minded. On him the charming Mimosa had long since opened an unsparing battery. She listened with mute attention to all he had to say; gave him all he sought of her society, prolonged the tête-a-tête which she so well knew how to render dangerous by the softened voice, the interested ear, the upturned glance that seemed formed for shedding sunshine on domestic life. She had at length the satisfaction to see her plans begin to take effect. Mr. Fitzpatrick became reserved and even somewhat melancholy on his visits to Mount Orient; he seemed as if he found it almost impossible to tear himself from her society; he loitered the whole morning away at her piano—gave absent answers—sighed without appearing to know he did so—nay, what was very odd, he seemed so full of the idea of Miss M'Oriont as

even occasionally to forget her living self; for Mimosa often remarked that when they were alone together she could scarcely make him remember that she was present. When he began to grow pale and thin, and matters approached a climax, the compassionate Mimosa took care to afford the gentleman abundant opportunities of declaring his mind, but for a long time without being able to succeed. At length the secret came to light.

It was during one of those seasons of distress, which so frequently afflict the peasantry of Ireland, that Mary de Courcy happened one morning to be watering some flowers that graced the small enclosure in front of Mount Orient house, when a female cottager, accompanied by a group of helpless children, presented themselves before her. Miss de Courcy and Mimosa both had known the woman in better times, and the former was surprised at her present destitution.

“ Ah! Miss Mary!” said she, “ ’tis all over

with us now, since the house and the man that kept it up are gone together. Hush, child! be quiet! You never again will come over to us now, Miss Mary, in the summer days, to sit down inside our doore, an' to take the cup of beautiful thick milk from Nelly, and to talk so kindly to the children. That's all over now, Miss—them times are gone.”

Moved by the poor woman's sorrow, Miss de Courcy for the first time keenly felt her utter want of fortune. She determined, however, to lay before Miss M'Orient in the course of the day the condition of their old cottage acquaintance, and conceived that she entered the room in happy time, when she found her tender-hearted friend dissolved in tears, and with a book between her hands. Still better, it was a work on Ireland, and Mimosa showed her protégée the page, still moistened from the offerings of her sympathy, in which the writer had drawn a very lively picture of the sufferings of her countrymen during a period of more than usual affliction.

“ Such writing as this, dear Mary ! ” she exclaimed, in extasy of woe, “ would move me were the sketch at the Antipodes ; but being taken in Ireland, beloved Ireland ! imagine its effect upon my feelings—I, who am not myself—I have nothing for you, my good man, go about your business [to an old beggar-man who presented himself with a low bow at the window]—who am not myself when Ireland is the theme ! The heart must be insensible indeed that such a picture could not move to pity.— Ah ! if the poor Irish—[ I declare there are three more beggars on the avenue ! Thomas, did not your master give strict orders that not a single beggar should be allowed to set foot inside the gate ? ]—ah ! if the poor—[ let some one go and turn them out this instant—we must certainly have the dogs let loose again ]—if the Irish poor had many such advocates charity would win its burning way at length even into the cold recesses——”

“ There’s a poor woman wants a dhrop o’

milk, ma'am," said a servant appearing at the door.

" I haven't it for her—let me not be disturbed [*exit* servant]—into the cold recesses of even an absentee landlord's heart. The appeal, dear Mary, is perfectly irresistible ; nor can I conceive a higher gratification than that of lending a healing hand to such affliction."

" I am glad to hear you say so, Mimosa, my dear," said Mary, " for I have it in my power to give you the gratification you desire."

" How, Miss de Courcy ?" said the sentimental lady in an altered tone, and with some secret alarm.

Mary de Courcy was not aware how wide a difference there is between crying over human misery in hot-pressed small octavo, and relieving it in common life ; between sentimentalising over the picture of human woe, and loving and befriending the original. She did not know that there are creatures who will melt like Niobe at an imaginary distress, while the sight of actual



suffering will find them callous as a flint. She proceeded, therefore, with a sanguine spirit to explain the circumstances of their old neighbours, expecting that all her trouble would be in moderating the extent of her enthusiastic auditor's liberality. But she could not get a shilling from the patriotic Miss M'Orient. That young lady had expended the last of her pocket money on this beautiful book on Irish misery, so that she had not a sixpence left for the miserable Irish. But then she felt for them ! She talked too a great deal about " her principles." It was not "*her* principle," that the poor should ever be relieved by money. It was by forwarding " the march of intellect " those evils should be remedied. As the world became enlightened, men would find it was their interest that human misery should be alleviated in the persons of their fellow creatures, a regenerative spirit would pervade society, and peace and abundance would shed their light on every land, not even excepting dear, neglected, and down-

trodden Ireland. But, as for the widow, she hadn't a sixpence for her. Besides, who knew but she might drink it? Misfortune drives so many to the dram-shop. Well, if Miss de Courcy would provide against that, still, who could say that she was not an impostor! Oh, true, Miss M'Orient knew the woman well. But she had a great many other older and nearer acquaintances; and it was "*her principle*" that charity was nothing without order. In vulgar language, it should always begin at home. At all events she could and would do nothing.

"Ah, Mimosa," said Mary, "do you think that vulgar rule has never an exception?"

"Never—Mary—never. Send in luncheon;"  
[to a servant.]

"If our English friends had reasoned so, the Irish peasantry would have been badly off in that season of famine and of pestilence which we all remember."

“The acceptance of charity from the English,” said Mimosa with great energy—

The speech was interrupted by a double knock at the door. It was Mr. Fitzpatrick, who, being always welcome at Mount Orient, was at once admitted to the presence of the ladies. Luncheon (the M‘Orient gave a splendid luncheon) was soon afterwards brought in, and all took their places at table. After the usual compliments and inquiries had passed between the ladies of the house and their new visiter, Miss M‘Orient resumed.

“As I was observing, Miss de Courcy,” she said with great animation, “the acceptance of charity from the English was, in my opinion, an indelible stain upon the character of the Irish peasantry. From that moment, to my mind, the high spirit of the country sank—how do you like the soup, Mr. Fitzpatrick?” [with a languishing look]—“never more to be rekindled.”

“Fie! Mimosa! Consider their families.”

“ I would have starved a thousand times —[some bread]—sooner than degrade myself—[not that—where’s the sweet cake?]-by accepting in my utmost misery a boon from England, domineering, contemptuous, tyrannical England, &c. &c. &c.

Here, Miss M‘Orient made a long and eloquent speech about “ England,” and “ spolia- tion,” and “ vituperation,” and “ slaves,” and “ tyrants,” and “ seven millions,” and “ beau- teous harbours,” and “ green fields,” and “ smiling valleys,” and “ fertile soil,” and “ people not allowed to clank their chains,” &c., which it might be considered seditious in us to report, and, at all events, would be tedious, as it was not remarkable for originality.

“ For what, Mr. Fitzpatrick,” she continued, “ are want and hunger—[the blanc-mange]— compared to degradation? No, no, Mary—

“ —a bold peasantry—

draw the blind. One can’t eat a morsel with

these begging faces staring in upon one from the window—

“ —a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed—

tell them we never give any thing to beggars—  
I declare our little dialogue has given me a prodigious appetite—

“ —once destroyed can never be supplied.

No—never—never—do you agree with me, Mr. Fitzpatrick?”

This appeal induced that gentleman to ask in what the dialogue had originated. On hearing the poor widow's story, which Mary was obliged to tell, he at once offered to receive the family on one of his own farms, where they might be accommodated for the present without any inconvenience.

“ There now, 'tis all settled as it should be,” said Mimosa, with great sang froid. “ How do you like the blanc-mange? It is *corrigeen*.

Isn't it excellent? I shall send you some. It costs us next to nothing, for the people on the shore are so poor that they give for an old ragged gown as much as it would break one to purchase in the city."

Miss de Courcy hastened to put on her bonnet and make the poor woman acquainted with her good fortune, leaving her patriotic friend to extol starvation and finish her luncheon.

"I wouldn't have you lose your time, Miss, talking to that lady," said Peter, the servant; as he went to open the gate for Miss De Courcy. "'Tis a' what's runnin' in their brains them sort o' people does be thinkin', an' not o' those that's about 'em. Miss Mimosa looks as sweet as sugar candy, and talks as delicate an' still I declare 'twould be an admiration to you to know what language she ga' myself this mornin' o' 'count o' the tables not bein' rubbed, an' I afther breakin' my heart at 'em. I declare she said things to me, Miss, that if it was Mr. Ajax was there, heaven forgi' me, but I'd be inclined

often to do what I'd be sorry for. I gave her warnin' any way, direct. *The Irish poor!* Its little the Irish poor troubles her. I wouldn't talk this way, Miss, of her, nor of anybody, only not to have you be decaived to your hurt. *Oulder and nearer acquaintances!* Sorrow much the betther they ever wor o' being near her. *Charity begins at home!* It does, and stays there, with that lady. It ought to be well used to the house by this time, for it's seldom they give it an airin' in their gig. *We never give any thing to beggars!* Ah, then the dear knows they ought to know that before now. *Bould pleasanthy!* There's more bouldness in her little finger, than there's pleasanthy in her whole body."

Mr. Fitzpatrick and the kind Mimosa were once more left alone. There was a dead silence, during which the gentleman seemed to be mustering courage to make the avowal. Was it possible that he could let this opportunity pass along with all the rest? No, no! While

she asked herself the question, the Rubicon (as they used to say in the last century) was passed. Mr. Fitzpatrick arose from his seat and took one which was unoccupied near Miss M'orient. There was no mistaking that. Now for it, thought Mimosa.

“ You cannot but have observed Miss M'orient,” said the gentleman, in a tone which was free from embarrassment but not from agitation —“ you must have observed that—I am sure you have observed.”

There are three branches to this discourse—thought Miss M'orient.

“ I say Miss M'orient, you must have observed from the frequency and length of my visits this time past that it was something more than the common feeling of an acquaintance which drew me to Mount Orient. I hardly think that a person of Miss M'orient's penetration—and—discernment, could be mistaken in the motives of my conduct.”



He paused as if requiring some encouragement to proceed.

“ Mr. Fitzpatrick,” said Mimosa, gently agitated in her turn, “ allow me to say that they were *not* mistaken.”

“ I am delighted to hear it, Miss M‘Orient, for I meant that they should not. I have then no hesitation in declaring to you that on the success or failure of my present hopes, my future happiness must entirely depend. I have been and am most fearful, Miss M‘Orient, of hazarding the final decision of a question so very important to myself, for though I have sometimes flattered myself that my attentions were not ill received, yet I cannot say that I have ever once received what I could call decided encouragement.”

This Mimosa thought very unreasonable, for she certainly had gone as far as she well could without appearing downright forward. No encouragement! Why, what would the man

have? But these sensitive gentlemen are so hard to be dealt with. Well, if she had not given him as much encouragement as he desired before, she determined that she would now make up for it.

“ Perhaps, Mr. Fitzpatrick,” she said, looking modestly downward—“ you—you—might have been led into error upon that point. It is so difficult to show the real state of one’s heart on such occasions. For my part, I never could bring myself [with marked emphasis] to express *one half of what I feel*. I never could, indeed.”

“ Then you encourage me to hope that the decided reserve and coldness I sometimes thought I could perceive was not wholly unfavourable, as I feared.”

“ Oh, Mr. Fitzpatrick—really—you—you—must exert your own penetration [with a smile of great significance]—you must allow something to natural timidity and—and—. At all events be assured that you were utterly mistaken, in

thinking that there ever was any decided coldness or reserve intended."

"I am delighted to hear you say it," replied Fitzpatrick, in great exultation, "for you are good authority."

"One should suppose so," thought Mimosa.

"In my sanguine moments, I have suspected so myself," continued the gentleman; "but my fears were too many for my hopes, as they are apt to be in cases where the heart is deeply interested. It was therefore indeed that I came to the resolution of laying my mind before yourself exactly as it stood."

"No confidence that you bestow on me, Mr. Fitzpatrick, shall be misplaced."

"I am sure of it, and thank you. On you, my dear Miss M'Orient, a great deal of the happiness of my future life depends. It is unnecessary for me now to tell you in words that my affections have been long surrendered in the quarter to which we have alluded. To you

it would be absurd to offer any reasons in defence of my election. Where virtue, grace, gentleness, and worth are united with a sincere unconsciousness of merit, a man may rather claim applause than require apology, for bestowing the most intimate affections that a fellow being can lay claim to."

Miss M'Orient was ready to sink into the earth with modesty at all this praise. She withstood the storm, however, with great fortitude, and recovered her self-possession in time for the conclusion of the speech, which was to her the most important of the whole.

"To you, therefore, dear Miss M'Orient, in the first instance, I turn for assistance in my anxiety. A word from you, I am sure, would set all my doubts at rest. I know too well your generosity, your kindness, and, forgive my adding, I rely too much upon your knowledge of myself, to entertain a doubt that you will aid me to be happy."

This was coming to the point. If this were

not a "declaration," Mimosa did not know what was. Accordingly she conceived that it now became her part to be eloquent in her turn.

"I have heard you, Mr. Fitzpatrick," she said, in a solemn manner, "with an interest equal to your own. Believe me, in the first place, that nothing can give me greater unhappiness than the thought that I should at any time, even unintentionally, have given you a moment's pain. To be what you have painted me will never, I fear, be in my power, but if any thing could move me to become all that you desire, it would be the deep sense I feel of the honour you have done me."

This speech put Mr. Fitzpatrick fairly at his wits' end. He could do nothing but gaze about him like one perfectly perplexed.

"Yes—Mr. Fitzpatrick," the lady continued, rising in dignity as she proceeded—"I have long observed the attentions of which you speak—I should be dull indeed, if I could be insensible to such marks of regard, proceeding from such a

source. I have long observed your worth, your genuine kindness of heart, your sensibility to every sorrow but your own, and I will no longer hesitate to confess that in assenting to what you term your happiness I confirm my own. Receive—" she said, extending her hand towards him, while her countenance glowed with emotion and her cheek was steeped in tears—" receive a hand which I only wish were worthy of the heart that claims it."

At this address, notwithstanding the suspense in which Fitzpatrick's circumstances stood, he could hardly restrain a convulsion of laughter. Preserving, however, his good breeding and his gravity together, he took the young lady's hand, and said with great promptness and delicacy :—

" My dear Miss M'Orient, I take entirely on myself the blame of this most unpleasant misapprehension. You have indeed judged rightly of the nature of my feelings, but they did not take exactly the direction you suppose. I did not dream of daring to entertain such sentiments

towards Miss M'Orion, who I hope is reserved for a far happier destiny."

"What, Mr. Fitzpatrick," cried Mimosa, scarcely able to articulate—"you did not mean *me* all this time!"

"Oh, no—I only hoped that you might use your influence for me with Miss de Courcy, to whom my attentions have been so evident that I thought no one could mistake them."

At this Mimosa could do no less than faint in her chair, to the great affliction of the gentleman, who however had the satisfaction to observe that she was not long in coming to herself. For some time she could only apply to her salts and verbena in silence. If she were overwhelmed with modesty before, she was ready now to sink to the ground with shame and mortified vanity. These were not at all removed by her observing, as her glance fell for an instant on Mr. Fitzpatrick's countenance, that, notwithstanding all his politeness, he could not repress the play of a certain provokingly intelligent expression about

the lips and eyes. She recovered herself, however, with tolerable presence of mind. It was a pleasure to her, she said, to find that Mr. Fitzpatrick had so far vindicated the good taste which she had always ascribed to him. Not being aware that such declarations are always made by deputy, she had fallen into an error which had quite enough of the comic to account for Mr. Fitzpatrick's smile.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who thoroughly appreciated Miss M'Orient's character, knew that he had lost nothing by this awkward *étourderie*. He took those hits with so much humility, that Miss M'Orient grew weary of inflicting them, and said in a relenting tone—

“ I must not forget, however, that all is not ended by this explanation. Well, Mr. Fitzpatrick, so Miss de Courey, then, is the divinity whose offering of sighs and vows I have so unfairly intercepted. I am anxious to make proper restitution.”

Mr. Fitzpatrick replied in the affirmative.



“ Well, you shall have my interest with my cousin, who, I can tell you already, is not insensible to your merits. Farewell ! you need say nothing of this—this—as —”

“ Oh, oh ! dear Miss M‘Orient—Oh, honour, honour bright !” said Mr. Fitzpatrick, laying his hand upon his heart.

And to do him justice, he did not tell a word of it until three weeks after his marriage with Miss de Courcy, and then to her alone, and in the strictest confidence, in which (be it understood) we now communicate it to the reader, as the M‘Orient, we can assure him, are still alive, and flourishing in our neighbourhood.

ORANGE AND GREEN.



## ORANGE AND GREEN.



Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase;  
    Till, like the rain-bow's light,  
    Thy various tints unite,  
    And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!

THOMAS MOORE.

### I.

THE night was falling dreary,  
    In merry Bandon town,  
When in his cottage weary,  
    An Orangeman lay down.  
The summer sun in splendour  
    Had set upon the vale,  
And shouts of "No surrender!"  
    Arose upon the gale.

## II.

Beside the waters, laving  
The feet of aged trees,  
The Orange banners waving,  
Flew boldly in the breeze—  
In mighty chorus meeting,  
A hundred voices join,  
And fife and drum were beating  
The *Battle of the Boyne*.

## III.

Ha ! tow'rd his cottage hieing,  
What form is speeding now,  
From yonder thicket flying,  
With blood upon his brow ?  
“ Hide—hide me, worthy stranger !  
Though green my colour be,  
And in the day of danger  
May heav'n remember thee !

## IV.

“ In yonder vale contending,  
Alone against that crew,  
My life and limbs defending,  
An Orangeman I slew,  
Hark ! hear that fearful warning,  
There's death in every tone—  
Oh, save my life till morning,  
And heav'n prolong your own ! ”

## V.

The Orange heart was melted,  
In pity to the green ;  
He heard the tale and felt it,  
His very soul within.  
“ Dread not that angry warning,  
Though death be in its tone—  
I'll save your life till morning,  
Or I will lose my own.”

## VI.

Now, round his lowly dwelling  
The angry torrent press'd,  
A hundred voices swelling,  
The Orangeman address'd—  
“ Arise, arise, and follow  
The chase along the plain !  
In yonder stony hollow  
Your only son is slain ! ”

## VII.

With rising shouts they gather  
Upon the track amain,  
And leave the childless father,  
Aghast with sudden pain.  
He seeks the frightened stranger,  
In covert where he lay—  
“ Arise ! ” he said, “ all danger  
Is gone and past away !

## VIII.

“ I had a son — one only,  
One loved as my life,  
Thy hand has left me lonely,  
In that accursed strife.  
I pledged my word to save thee,  
Until the storm should cease,  
I keep the pledge I gave thee—  
Arise, and go in peace ! ”

## IX.

The stranger soon departed,  
From that unhappy vale ;  
The father, broken-hearted,  
Lay brooding o'er that tale.  
Full twenty summers after  
To silver turned his beard ;  
And yet the sound of laughter  
From him was never heard.



## x.

The night was falling dreary,  
In merry Wexford town,  
When in his cabin weary,  
A peasant laid him down.  
And many a voice was singing  
Along the summer vale,  
And Wexford town was ringing  
With shouts of "Granua Uile."

## xi.

Beside the waters, laving  
The feet of aged trees,  
The green flag, gaily waving,  
Was spread against the breeze—  
In mighty chorus meeting,  
Loud voices filled the town,  
And fife and drum were beating,  
"Down, Orangemen, lie down!"

## XII.

Hark ! 'mid the stirring clangour,  
That woke the echoes there,  
Loud voices high in anger.  
Rise on the evening air.  
Like billows of the ocean,  
He sees them hurry on—  
And, 'mid the wild commotion,  
An Orangeman alone.

## XIII.

“ My hair,” he said, “ is hoary,  
And feeble is my hand,  
And I could tell a story  
Would shame your cruel band.  
Full twenty years and over  
Have changed my heart and brow,  
And I am grown a lover  
Of peace and concord now.

## XIV.

“ It was not thus I greeted  
Your brother of the Green;  
When fainting and defeated,  
I freely took him in.  
I pledged my word to save him,  
From vengeance rushing on,  
I kept the pledge I gave him,  
Though he had kill'd my son.”

## XV.

That aged peasant heard him,  
And knew him as he stood,  
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,  
And tender gratitude.  
With gushing tears of pleasure,  
He pierced the listening train,  
“ I'm here to pay the measure  
Of kindness back again ! ”

## XVI.

Upon his bosom falling,  
That old man's tears came down ;  
Deep memory recalling  
That cot and fatal town.  
" The hand that would offend thee,  
My being first shall end ;  
I'm living to defend thee,  
My saviour and my friend ! "

## XVII.

He said, and slowly turning,  
Address'd the wondering crowd,  
With fervent spirit burning,  
He told the tale aloud.  
Now pressed the warm beholders,  
Their aged foe to greet ;  
They raised him on their shoulders  
And chair'd him through the street.

## XVIII.

As he had saved that stranger,  
From peril scowling dim,  
So in his day of danger  
Did Heav'n remember him.  
By joyous crowds attended,  
The worthy pair were seen,  
And their flags that day were blended  
Of Orange and of Green.

**THE PHILANTHROPIST.**



## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Un tel philosophe aime les Tartares pour être dispensé  
d'aimer ses voisins.

“ Now, gen'lemen ! please to take your places.  
All right behind ?”

“ All right.”

Such was the signal for our starting on a charming autumn afternoon, from one of the hotels in the west-end of London, whither I had been drawn from the quiet retirement of “ our neighbourhood ” by some business not necessary here to be detailed. We were seated in the Bristol stage. The gay verandas of Piccadilly flew rapidly by the windows of the coach in which I sat, a lonely-hearted passenger. So



absorbed was I, indeed, by the recollection of my private business, that we had left Hounslow behind us, before I thought of turning my attention to my fellow passengers. There was only one who had any thing remarkable in his appearance. He was a man of middle size, his countenance and frame attenuated by years and by ill health. There was, in his manner, an air of what I could not help considering affected simplicity, and a smile of mawkish benevolence played over his features, except when he addressed or was addressed by a very agreeable and gentle-mannered old lady who sat in the corner opposite, and seemed tenderly solicitous about his comfort, or by a fine, good-natured and sensible-looking young fellow, who occupied the only remaining seat. At such times his countenance assumed a peevishness, and even a sourness which accorded very ill with the moonlight sweetness that illumined it when he either listened or spoke to others. As night approached, he drew from one pocket a kind of flat cape,

which he tied around his shoulders, as I thought, for the greater warmth. What was my surprise, however, as he applied one corner to his lips, to see it suddenly swell into the form of a comfortable pillow, against which he leaned at ease, having somewhat the appearance of that pigeon called a pouter. He next produced from another pocket what seemed a folded napkin, but which, by a similar process, became transformed into a handsome cushion, upon which he installed his person with deliberate care. Not satisfied with this, he produced a third, which he inflated to an equal size and elasticity. Placing this last behind his back, in the corner of the coach, he passed an arm through the side-loop, and, thus supported, dropped into a balmy slumber.

I thought the old gentleman travelled a good deal at his ease, but as my fellow passengers seemed to be all of the same party, even a smile might be considered rude, so I was obliged to confine my reflections to my own mind. If this be not the magic of nature, thought I, it is surely

that of art. March forward, intellect ! If we are already able to put a bed-tick into the pocket of a surtout, who knows what our sons may do with the house and gardens ? Methinks, however, he might have offered one of his cushions to the lady.

On leaving the coach, I took an opportunity of inquiring from the coachman the name of my fellow passenger.

“ He’s a rum old gentleman, sir, isn’t he ? ” said coachey, smiling as he condescendingly helped the guard to put down a heavy basket — “ That’s Mr. Everard Sweetman, the great philanthropist, that your honour might hear of in the newspapers. That’s his wife and son that travel with him. They have caught him at last, your honour, and I believe there’s an end to his philanthropy, for this turn, at all events.”

Is it possible ? Everard Sweetman ! I thought I should remember that face, but though it was not so long since I had left home, I had heard much more than I had seen of our eccentric

neighbour. And is this the end of all his mighty projects for the amelioration of the human race ?

Everard Sweetman, gentle reader, inherited from his father one of the handsomest mansions and demesnes in our neighbourhood ; a property which was more than doubled by his marriage with one of the most amiable young women in the place. In directing the management of their time, the generality of mankind, as you, doubtless, gentle reader, have observed, are led by some purpose or another, good or evil. Some choose one pleasure, some another ; some direct all their exertions to forward their advancement in this world ; some prefer labouring for the next ; some work for vice, a few perhaps for virtue ; a great many for both together ; but almost all are active in one pursuit or another. There is one class, however, who form an exception to the rest, and whose occupation (if any employment of theirs deserve the name) may best be denoted by the very vulgar, but at the

same time very expressive term, *wool-gathering*. It is their boast to be free from prejudice of every kind ; to them their native soil is no more than an island at the antipodes ; a father, a wife, a brother, are regarded as a portion of the general mass of mankind ; home, kindred, the *assueta oculis regio* are words that carry with them no awakening influence ; all particular affections being swallowed up, as they would have you think, in the glow of general benevolence. They are ready for any thing you offer, and you can give them nothing so good that they will not be always on the look out for better. They have no vulgar attachment to any set of fixed and immutable principles ; the mind, with them, carries her jesses always loose, an unhooded hawk, for ever ready to soar at any floating paradox that catches its attention. *Duty, fidelity, constancy, humility*, are obsolete words in their vocabulary. They will not openly censure them, but they are not *fond* of talking about them. They are virtues of too narrow a walk

for such excursive spirits, who dislike nothing so much as the idea of restriction of any kind whatever.

Living at his leisure, perfectly at ease on all terrestrial points, and never accustomed to be restricted in his reading, Mr. Everard Sweetman was an individual of that species so common in our day, and of which I have furnished above a very faint description. It was his custom, when the weather permitted, to stray along the groves and hedges in the neighbourhood, studying the works of those immortal persons who have devoted themselves to improving the condition of the human race, and striving to divine why they had hitherto done so little towards the accomplishment of so great an object.

Let it not be supposed that, in relating Mr. Sweetman's history, we have the least design of exposing his *professed* motives to derision. No, unhallowed indeed would be the smile that a well intentioned though erroneous enthusiasm would awaken. He who proclaims himself a philan-

thropist professes himself the first of human beings—the friend of his Creator and his creatures—and is entitled to the veneration, and if his actions correspond to his professions, to the gratitude, of every well-regulated mind.

But as there are certain knowing counterfeits abroad, who would have you suppose they labour for the good of mankind, when the rogues know well that they are only working for their own vanity, their own ambition, their own self-conceit; as this sacred title is sometimes bestowed on knaves who seek to deceive others, and fools who labour to deceive themselves, the well-meaning reader will excuse me if I do not, in the common phrase, take all for gold that glitters.

One soft spring morning, when the heavens were still and close, the groves all breathless, and the lake a mirror, Mr. Sweetman had a singular train of thought, in which the whole truth burst upon him at a flash. The scene of this radiant vision was a shaded slope, to which he

had rambled, with Moore's "Utopia" in one pocket, and a volume of Plato in the other. Here, as he meditated on his favourite theme, with his eyelids dropped, while one hand held the book and the other supported his thoughtful brow,

And o'er his forehead as he bent  
Oft his beating fingers went,

human life appeared to his mind like a plane surface, and happiness a straight line drawn from one extremity to the other. Besides this straight line were numberless others, oblique, elliptical, parabolic, bias, zig-zag, transverse, retrograde. All these latter lines, in proportion as they removed further from the central one, were emblematic of the various degrees of misery. It appeared evident now to our philosopher, that what he chose to call a *rectilineal* course of conduct was the one most nearly allied to happiness, and that all the errors of mankind arose from their swerving more or less to the one side



or the other, the degree of error and consequent unhappiness bearing an exact ratio to the degree of deviation. The brilliant tide of discovery did not rest here. The causes of such deviation were yet to be investigated, and were found to consist in certain impulses of the mind, impelling it now this way, now that, in pursuit of gold, or fame, or pleasure, or revenge, or any other base pursuit, but more than all in the general ignorance of what might be the wisest system to pursue. As all their wanderings therefore arose from a mistaken idea of the true road to happiness, from their choosing some wrong line instead of the right one, it was evident they only required to be made sensible of the fact in order to amend their courses, and that information (please Providence) he was determined to impart to them. As to what he had heard when he was a child, of mankind being in a fallen state, and consequently "inclined to evil from their youth," he thought too highly of his species to let it weigh well with him. He was perfectly convinced that

you could persuade a miser to throw his gold into the river, if you could only show him that avarice was injurious both to his own interests and those of others—that the greatest libertine would become as mortified as an anchorite, provided you could only logically prove to him that such indulgences were mischievous—and that the most liquorish *bon vivant* would lay down his glass, if the evils of intemperance were demonstrated to him by any satisfactory arrangement of the syllogism that you could offer. He had, in truth, a wonderfully high opinion of the human race, and was firmly convinced, that, if it were still in a degraded state, he was himself the Avatar who was destined to restore it.

Pythagoras is said to have sacrificed a hecatomb on demonstrating the celebrated problem of the square of the hypotenuse. Mr. Sweetman sacrificed a hecatomb to his discovery, and that hecatomb was his family estate and the settlements of his wife and children. What glory! that it should be reserved for an humble

individual like himself to accomplish that which Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and all the great philosophers of antiquity only contemplated in vain abstraction. How beautifully simple was the truth ! The disease of the world was that all are going wrong, and the remedy to make them go right. Could anything be more comprehensive ? The first thing now to be done was to remove from the minds of mankind all former notions upon this subject, and to substitute those of the rectilinear system in their place. The best way of commencing so desirable but arduous a scheme was evidently to found an extensive seminary for the purpose of inculcating the new ideas. But this was an undertaking so hazardous in point of expense that Mr. Sweetman was tempted to give over the idea, and let his system perish with himself, or trust to chance for its celebrity (a degree of lukewarmness in the cause of philanthropy with which he afterwards severely reproached himself). Mrs. Sweetman, a shrewd as well as amiable woman, took the

utmost alarm at the idea of carrying the system into practice in this manner, although she had listened to all its details with great sweetness and complacency as long as it was confined to verbal speculation.

“ Found a seminary, my love!—what property have we that could support so continual a charge? ”

“ Aye, there’s the rub,” said Sweetman, with a sigh, “ the expense indeed is formidable.”

“ Besides, my dear Everard,” said his spouse, encouraged by this tone of acquiescence, “ it strikes me, that, after all, what is original in this system of yours is very questionable, and what is true may appear to many not very original. What is it but a new mode of setting forth what all the world knows perfectly well already? I am afraid they will say that you show an ignorance of human nature in supposing that men will not sometimes continue to prefer vice to virtue at all hazards, and that you tell nothing new in letting them know that it is their passions

and their pleasures that set them astray from what is right."

This was an ill-judged stroke of Mrs. Sweetman. She had better have confined herself to the question of expense, and left it to Providence to enlighten her husband's mind upon the excessive folly of his system.

"You don't understand, my dear," he said, with a peevish smile, "the nature of your education has restricted your ideas upon these subjects. An ignorance of human nature, truly!—You will please to bear in mind that I have not come hastily to these conclusions—I have not been without reflecting on the matter. An ignorance of human nature! Very well, indeed."

"My dear Everard," said Mrs. Sweetman, taking his hand affectionately, "I did not charge you with an ignorance of human nature; I merely spoke of what might be said by others."

This apology did not satisfy the philosopher, and he devoted himself more ardently than ever to the digesting of his system. In his suspense

about the seminary he consulted his brother-in-law, Mr. M'Donough, a gentleman as completely the reverse of all that he was himself as any individual could be. Mr. M'Donough was a plain, sensible man, very clear-headed, and a little impatient of the slowness of those who had the misfortune to be otherwise. He had not one spark of originality in his composition, and what was more, he had a strong tendency to despise what was called originality in others. He was a man of heavy, muscular form, a dark, and some thought, a saturnine expression of countenance.

— A man, that like the fruit  
Of the huge Indian tree, did, underneath  
A rugged covering yet contain within him  
The sweet milk of a nice humanity.

He had not the least genius in the world for a paradox; he firmly believed and strictly practised his religion, and, so far as he could, made all his household practise it also. He had very

little leisure, even if he had the inclination, for forming great philanthropic schemes, being chiefly occupied, while Mr. Sweetman was preparing to confer happiness on the whole human race, in looking to the education of his children, dispensing charity in secret to the surrounding poor, promoting good will and concord amongst his neighbours and dependents, and extending practical blessings to all within the circle of his influence. It may be surmised how likely such an individual was to enter into the high-flown schemes of our philanthropist.

Nothing, indeed, could equal his astonishment when Mr. Sweetman, having found him in his library, drew a chair to the round table, and laying upon it a number of plans, charts, and papers descriptive of the rectilineal system, unfolded his designs and their *principia* at ample length. Unfortunately, Mr. M'Donough did not possess the rare, the very rare and invaluable gift, of communicating good counsel without wounding pride. Having none himself, he was

apt to suppose others equally free from it, and made no allowance for it in his mode of opening their eyes.

“Is it possible,” he exclaimed, with a face in which Sweetman fancied he could discover secret envy lurking under a look of honest surprise and remonstrance, “is it possible you can be so infatuated as to suppose that nobody knew before yourself that the mass of mankind are going wrong, and that they would be all the happier for going right? Correct your ideas,” said he, “and learn to be humble and rational. Men know as well as you do that they are going wrong, and they will continue knowingly to do so, as long as the indulgence of human passion and the pursuit of temporal interests shall be agreeable to our unhappy nature. Can you not see that your straight and crooked lines are nothing more than giving a new form to truths as well or better known than the Roman alphabet? but the vanity which makes you blind to the staleness of what you call your discovery is a



trifle in comparison with the arrogance which leads you to wish that it should supersede all the labours of the ancients, and even the very word of the Deity himself. If you would really serve your species, first busy yourself in discharging your essential duties, then add as much to them as you will. It is a bad beginning to your philanthropy to wrong your family and neglect your tenantry and your dependents, and all in pursuit of a speculative scheme which has no more substance than that cloud above our heads. Employ your talents (since you are confident of possessing them) in urging mankind to follow the light that has been given them, instead of helping to extinguish the little that remains on earth, for depend upon it, since you talk of lines, you could not choose a more crooked one than you are proposing to yourself."

While listening to this speech Mr. Sweetman busied himself in rolling up his papers and putting them into a small tin case, which he slipped into the pocket of his coat.

“ Good morning, brother,” he said, with a somewhat angry tone, “ I see I am not to number philanthropy amongst your virtues. I consulted you upon this scheme because I had always a high opinion of your moderation and sound sense, but I see I was mistaken in you. It is easy to see why you can see no novelty in my system. It is easy to see the motives of this great indignation at my designs, but I forbear to notice them. It would be well, however, if you had examined your own mind before you undertook to fathom mine. You would not perhaps find the bottom so clean as you suppose. Had Plato, or More, or Howard had such counsellors as you where would their works be now? But I believe it was the better genius of the human race that prompted your speech. Had you had the prudence to disguise your natural feelings with better care the world might never have been the wiser for the contents of this box, (slapping his pocket vehemently with his hand) ;

but now I am resolved at every hazard to commence the building without delay.”

“ And I tell you, Everard,” said Mr. M‘Donough, “ that you are about to lay the foundation-stone of your own ruin, and that, so far from being led by feelings of benevolence in what you are undertaking, you love nothing whatever but your own silly vanity and conceit, which you unfortunately possess the means of indulging, and to gratify which, I am firmly persuaded, from the very nature of your *principia* as you call them, you would risk both your own happiness and that of the whole human race, here and hereafter.”

## CHAPTER II.

Poor wretch—he read and read till his brain turned,  
He held unlawful thoughts of many things.

THE neighbourhood shortly rung with the fame of the new seminary. It was founded at great expense, and supported at a greater. It was easy to find inmates for an establishment where all was gratuitous, more especially as the philosopher had the prudence to avoid all open interference with the religion of his pupils. Charts of the lines were hung up against every wall; but, alas! do or say what he could, Mr. Sweetman was surprised to find the crooked lines the favourites.

Mr. Sweetman excluded all coercive discipline, laying his lines of conduct before the pupils, and trusting to that ardent love of per-

fection for which human nature has in all ages been so very, very remarkable, for their adopting the right one. Nevertheless, he found the obliquity in his seminary greater than in the world he would correct. He was astonished to discover that men were capable of stealing where they had neither the necessity nor example for it; that covetousness, anger, pride, and other passions would spring up in grounds where he thought the seeds had not been sown: in a word, he found what many others find too late, that *false sentiment* and *false philosophy* are but weak restraints for human will.

His disappointments, however, did but stimulate his industry; and he was just upon the point of seeing all go as he wished when funds failed him! The blow was an irrecoverable one, for he was already sunk in debt to a degree far beyond his means. The seminary was seized by his creditors, and sold for a lace factory, where he had soon the mortification to see his pupils all at work, and seeming to remember no more of

him or of his lines than if they never had existed. The ruin did not rest here. The family estate and house were put into the hands of trustees, and poor Mr. Sweetman shortly had the mortification to see the scenes (beloved in spite of the philanthropy) where he had spent the happiest years of his existence, the haunts of his youth, and the home of his tranquil married life, making a distinguished figure in the advertisements of an eloquent auctioneer. It was announced for sale as the

BEAUTIFUL VILLA AND DEMESNE,

situate within little more than a mile of the

SHANNON,

THE QUEEN OF IRISH RIVERS;

while the front windows command an enchanting prospect, including a view of the

CELEBRATED RECTILINEAL SEMINARY

OF THE

GREAT PHILANTHROPIST, MR. SWEETMAN,

&c. &c. &c.

With many a sigh, and many a useless tear, Mrs. Sweetman left this paradise, accompanied by her husband and four amiable children, who must now depend upon their own exertions for independence in society. The philanthropist had not even the consolation of being regretted by the tenantry who gathered round to witness the departure of the family. Mrs. Sweetman was bewailed by young and old; but her husband was, notwithstanding all his benevolence, but little known or regarded amongst his dependents, with whom he had never been connected by the surest of all social ties, the tie of sympathy.

No man cried—God save him!

and the carriage rolled away without a parting benediction on his head.

“He was a dhroll, quare kind o’ man, sir,” said Clancy, the herdsman, to one of the visitors who came to inspect the premises; “he never was much good for those about him, although

they say people thinks a dale of him in other places. He was a great scholar they say, but he had no more sinse than a child. Mither M'Donough, that doesn't read the one half as much, would buy an' sell him at any fair in the counthry. It's afther thoughts of his own the mather used always be goin' in place o' lookin' to those about him, an' taking care o' the tenanthry as a landlord ought to do. An' still an' all he had a way o' talkin' with him, now, that when he'd once begin at you he'd persuade you out o' your eyesighth, as it's my opinion he often persuaded himself. 'Tisn't good, sir, I b'lieve sometimes, God help us, for people to know too much without the grace o' God. It dhraws their thoughts away from what they ought to do. It would be better for Mither Sweetman, any way, he never opened a readin'-made-asy, than to read himself as he did out o' house an' home. An' sure what hurt, if he done any good by it?"

The unfortunate philanthropist arrived at the



dwelling of his brother-in-law, in a state of beggary, the world no better than before, and little saved out of the general wreck besides his case of philosophical *principia*. Mr. M'Donough had the kindness to refrain from reproaching him in his downfall, and struck (as Sweetman believed,) with remorse for his former injustice, lent him privately a sum sufficient to purchase the interest of a neighbouring farm. But how could Sweetman quietly sit down to till the earth while the garden of the human intellect lay waste, and was he to suffer his discovery to perish, after having sacrificed so much to make it known? Accordingly, one summer morning, before any of the family were up, putting what money he had in his pocket, and committing his wife and children to the care of Providence, he mounted the plough horse, and set off to preach his discovery in the cities of the empire.

Mrs. Sweetman was still enjoying a tranquil morning dream, when her chamber-door flew

open, and Kitty the housemaid burst into the room, exclaiming—

“ Oh, missiz, missiz, that I may never die in sin if the masther isn't gone *philanderin'* about the country ! ”

“ How do you mean, Kitty ? ”

“ 'M sure, ma'am, I seen him myself puttin' a night-cap an' the box o' papers in his pocket, an' there he's now gone throttin' down the aveny an' he mounted upon Knowing Tom, that was wantin' this very mornin' to *rise* airth to the praties.”

Mrs. Sweetman started up in terror.

“ Run, Kitty, run—call master James, and tell him to follow your master instantly—make haste ! ”

The energetic housemaid was in all corners in an instant.

“ Masther James ! get up, sir—there's your father gone off from us ! Jack, Jack ! I say, get up, an' saddle the mare for masther James.”

In a few minutes Mr. James Sweetman was

on horseback ; and accompanied by Jack, on foot, pursued the fugitive philanthropist with as much rapidity as a spavin a-piece on each of his mare's feet would suffer him to use. Mr. Sweetman was trotting quietly along by the fragrant hedgeways, inhaling the delicious morning air, and enjoying the beauty of the early day, when the cry of " Masther ! M—a—sther ! Hulloo—ee ! Hulloo—ee !" resounded far behind him. Suspecting what was a-foot, without looking around, he privately administered the spurs to his horse's flanks, and being well mounted, soon lost all hearing of the unpleasing sounds.

He did not for some time find mankind ungrateful. Crowds of such individuals as those I have above described, who, like the ancient Athenians, were " always looking out for some new thing," came to hear his lectures, to see him unfold his charts and plans, and expound the advantages of rectilinear habits. The system was cried up as a prodigy ; all his movements were faithfully recorded in the newspapers under

the head of "Fashionable Intelligence;" the seats of the nobility and gentry were open to receive him in his progress through the country, and he was every where distinguished by the sounding name of "The Philanthropist." "It is well," thought Mr. Sweetman, "the world at last is beginning to go right." And had it not been for the importunities of his son, and his wife, who followed him from place to place, either in person or by letter, endeavouring to recal him to his home and his neglected business, it might be said that at this time Mr. Sweetman enjoyed ample felicity. But he was doomed to suffer, in his turn, the pangs that are experienced by all the craving hungerers after fame, even those who longest keep possession of the public eye. Not the smile of a courtesan, not the favour of a despot, not the glimmer of a summer lake, not the hue of an autumn cloud are so variable as the breath of popular fame. The public began to grow tired of rectilinealism, and all went as crooked as ever. A dancer

appeared, who could pirouette for half an hour, if requisite, upon the top of one toe, and a fiddler who could play behind his own back, so it may be judged what chance a philosopher had of retaining his hold on public attention. Poor Sweetman became utterly miserable — nobody took notice of him, and he was not philosopher enough to live in solitude.

One day, as he was walking in a pensive attitude along one of the high roads leading into a provincial town, and brooding on the apathy of mankind, he heard a voice at a little distance behind, exclaim—

“ Jack, there he is ! ”

In an instant he was pinioned from behind, lifted from the earth, and placed upon a horse which he had no difficulty in recognising as the same which he had ridden from home some years before.

“ Ah, masther,” exclaimed the voice of Jack Riedy, as he mounted behind him, “ I have you now at last, an’ sorrow one o’ me will let

go the grip till I bring you to the missiz, any way."

The philanthropist shouted "murder," and a crowd was speedily collected. But on observing his strange contortions as he struggled in the muscular grasp of the young ploughman, and seeing the latter touch his forehead with a significant air, they concluded it was some poor lunatic escaped from bedlam, and Jack Riedy was suffered to convey his prize away in triumph to the village, which he entered towards the close of day.

The decline of his popularity, and the old complaint of want of capital, made it an easier matter than it might otherwise have been, to confine him for some little time to his domestic circle, and to make him enjoy, in spite of himself, some months of uninterrupted peace.

"Yes, Mary," he said one morning to his wife, taking her hand affectionately as they sat together after breakfast, looking through the open window upon a harvest scene. "It is

better after all for me it should be as it is. The happiness of mankind may suffer to my poverty of means ; but the quiet of my own breast—my own serenity and peace are augmented by this impediment, which confines me to the circle of domestic life, and the intimate converse of my nearest friends. For do you know, Mary, that even in those moments when my projects seemed most prosperous, and all the world seemed hurrying to gather wisdom from my lips, I was not quite at rest. A horrid suspicion would sometimes cross my mind, that all was wrong, that I was teaching *falsehood*—and the more I was applauded, the oftener would this fancy cross my mind.”

“ Ah, my dear Everard,” said Mrs. Sweetman, “ there is that great difference between those who inculcate what is true, and those who put forward what is merely speculative. Repose of mind, peace, joy, are always the possession of him who administers genuine instruction ; while the ambitious speculatist, even when he gains

disciples, is for ever gnawed in secret with doubts of his own doctrines. His glittering fancies may, perhaps, catch some idle spirits in his lifetime, but burst like a schoolboy's air-blown bubbles on his tomb. With many, they end in mental gloom and eventual fatuity."

In this well meant speech poor Mrs. Sweetman, once more, in the vulgar idiom, *put her foot in it*. Her husband was not yet so much out of conceit with his system, that he could endure with any fortitude to hear it stigmatised as empty speculation. Neither did Mrs. Sweetman trust so implicitly to his smooth encomiums on domestic felicity as to forbear keeping an eye upon his movements. Her anxiety was not abated on this subject when, after a close seclusion of some weeks, he entered the breakfast parlour one morning, and informed them all, confidentially, that "he was no longer at a loss for money to travel all over the world, for he had discovered the day before that he was a steam engine, and



capable of going at a prodigious rate either by sea or land."

Poor Mrs. Sweetman turned pale as death.

"I thought it would come to this," exclaimed his son.

"A *steam Indian!*" cried Kitty, in amaze, as she set the kettle on the chafing dish.

"A' d'ye hear that eroo?" said Jack Riedy, opening his eyes and mouth as if to receive the rare intelligence at every aperture.

"Yes," resumed the philosopher, with his usual self-complacent smile, "but I mention it confidentially, so take care to say nothing of it to my brother, M'Donough, it would be so hard to persuade him of its truth. What I had been in the habit of regarding as my mouth I found to be the chimney—these," said he, pointing to those apertures beneath the nose, which it is only lawful to name in poetry, "are the safety valves—the eccentric motion"—tapping his forehead—"is here"—

‘ He has some sinse then afther all,” said Jack.

“ My lower limbs are propelling stilts of an ingenious mechanism, by which I move on land, and my arms,” said he, “ or what I thought my arms, are paddles which I am to use at sea. I propose leaving home for England without delay, but I think I shall go by land as far as Dublin, the back-water from the paddles is so injurious to the sides of the canal.”

Jack uttered a deep groan.

“ But would it not be better, my dear,” said Mrs. Sweetman, recovering her presence of mind, “ if you would say something of it to Doctor M‘Patchitup, before you start.”

“ Oh, no,” replied Sweetman, looking a little embarrassed; “ that fellow is as obstinate as a mule—and besides those doctors are so fond of thrusting their medicines upon you, whether you stand in need of them or no.”

With all their care they did not keep so strict a watch on the philosopher, but he slipped

through their fingers, (to Jack's eternal shame and disgrace) and (availing himself of a legacy which had been left him by a friend) set off for London, not confiding so much in his own locomotive powers upon the way as to disdain the assistance of the Bristol coach and steam-boat. Arrived in the metropolis, he soon discovered that before he could make any progress with his own system, it was absolutely necessary to undo all that had ever been done by anybody else, so he leagued with prophets, founders of new sects, people who believed anything, and people who believed nothing, together with other liberty-loving gentry of the same description, in preaching war, open and subtle against all existing institutions good and bad, and as they were.

In order to accommodate those who were induced to lay aside their early principles by the cogency of his reasoning, and the vigour of his eloquence, he had the kindness to establish a church, in which he himself officiated on Sundays, commencing divine service by a song, such

as "Cease your Funning," or "I'd be a Butterfly," while the congregation evinced the fervour of their piety by clapping their hands and stamping with the feet as in a theatre. So successful was he for some time, that in the parish in which the Rectlineal Temple was established, it is supposed the cases of shop-lifting, child-murder, robberies by servants, and other offences for which we must refer our readers to the city calendar, were nearly doubled.

Things were in this flourishing state, when the philosopher was once more doomed to experience the fickleness of the *aura popularis*. A rival establishment was set up in the same street with the Recitilineal Temple, in which an individual appeared who had lately discovered that everybody in the world (not even excepting Mr. Sweetman) was going wrong, except himself, which he undertook to prove beyond dispute. Poor Sweetman was once more deserted, and compelled to give himself over to chagrin.

It was in this situation that Mrs. Sweetman

found him on her arrival in London, where she hoped, assisted by her son, at length to reclaim him from a folly of which he ought by this time to have had enough. They succeeded so far as to induce him to return with them, but I afterwards heard that he had contrived to give them the slip once more at Bristol, and took shipping for America, where he hoped to find in the new settlements of a growing country, a field for his Rectilinealism less open to competition than in the crowded opinion-mart of Europe.

**THE BLACKBIRDS AND THE  
YELLOW HAMMERS.**



## THE BLACKBIRDS AND THE YELLOW HAMMERS.



“ SHAMUS, I won't let you go till you shake hands.”

“ Take off o' me !”

“ Shake hands, an' I will.”

“ Take off o' me, again.”

“ I won't, I tell you, till you shake hands, an' say we're friends.”

“ Didn't you sthrike my son 'istherday at the fair green before the whole place, an' he not doin' one ha'p'orth to you nor to any body else ? an' didn't he come home to me for the first time any body ever seen him in such a state, with your mark upon his head, and the blood



sthramin' down betune his eyes? Did you, or did you not?"

"I own I did."

"Did he ever sthrike you, or one belongin' to you, in his whole life?"

"I own, he didn't."

"Did you ever see him, or did any body in the whole parish ever see him, lift a stick at a fair in his life, or any place else?"

"Never, I own; there isn't a qui'ter boy goes the road."

"An' what for did you sthrike him? Take off o' me, I advise you."

"'Twasn't out of any harm I done it, Shamus. There's none of us but'll do a thing of an odd turn, that he'll be sorry for afther, when he'll be cross. Many is the time I had to put up with the like myself from an ould neighbour, an' I'll engage I never made any work about it, when I'd know that it isn't o' purpose he done it."

“You’re the first man that ever ruz a stick to Phaudhrig.”

“An’ I’ll engage it’ll be long from me till I’ll do it again.”

“Like enough—like enough. He didn’t spake a word since, an’ the docthor hasn’t much opinion of him. Like enough it may be the last sthroke he’ll ever get from you or any one else. No matther—I’ll remember it for you.”

“Ah, Shamus, don’t say that; that’s a bad word. Arn’t we the one *cleon*? don’t harbour hathred; don’t let one blow break an ould friendship. Don’t look so black; say the word—forgive an’ forget! Do you break from me afther all, without a word? Well, maybe I’m wrong to talk about it now, an’ Phaudhrig bad. But you’ll think betther of it when he’s up an’ well again, as he will be before long, I hope. There he goes, as black as night, an’ small blame to him, the state the boy is in afther me. Well, heav’n forgive the man that first invented whiskey; ’tis it that desthroys us all. That’s

always the way I talk in the mornin'. Oh, whiskey, whiskey! 'tis you that ought to have my heavy curse! an' sure afther all it isn't, only myself—for I'll go bail, if I never went to you, you never would stir hand or foot to come to me. What in the world makes the goverment allow there to be so many public-houses? to have the poor people killin' and murtherin' themselves an' one another, an' plannin' all manner o' bad work besides? If I was a magisthrit I know I'd ordher it defferent. I wouldn't allow a license to one publican that I'd know let one get dhrunk in his house the whole year round. See what a bill this is for a poor boy to have to pay out of his day's hire! Timothy Gibbons, docthor—docth—no debtor to Michael Shaughnessy—” And he began to spell and tot over an account of which we subjoin an accurate transcript, for the information of the Temperance Society, and all legislators who are concerned either in the distillery laws or in the moral condition of the people.

MR. TIMOTHY GIBBONS, *Dr. to Michael  
Shaughnessy.*

October 8th, 18—.

	£	s.	d.
Feb. 4. to a Glass of sperrits in The Morning			3
13. To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint With Jerry M'Coy . . .			10
14. to 3 penerth Candles And tobaco . . .			3
15. To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint With Jerry M'Coy . . .			10
17. to $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon Porther with Same . . .			8
19. to A Noggin with Dito . . .			8
22. To Nogin with coachman . . .			8
28. to 6 penerth of Tobaco per Wife home			6
March 2. an a glass home per dito . . .			2
4. to tobaco per do home . . .			2
6. And pint with Jerry M'Coy & others	1	8	
8. to 3 half pints with Wife and others	2	6	
9. to 2 half pints and $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon porther with Jerry M'Coy . . . . .	2	4	
11. to $\frac{1}{2}$ Pint by yourself . . . . .			10
12. to 2 tumblers with Jerry M'Coy . . .			10
14. to 2 pints with Dito the Day You made The vow . . . . .	3	4	
Sept. 14. To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint The Day the Six Months was out . . . . .			10
9. to a quart Porther and Nogin with Jerry M'Coy . . . . .	1	9	
25. To a Jug with Jerry M'Coy . . . . .			10
Oct. 4. To half a bottle by Yourself . . .	1	4	
7. to 3 jugs with M'Coy and Others . . .	2	6	
	<hr/>		
	total	£1 6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$

“Ah, them three jugs was the jugs that tumbled poor Phaudhrig, an’ for no rason in life only just because he was the first to come across me, an’ I lavin’ the public-house afther Jerry M’Coy daarin’ me to do it. And what’s the end of it now? Ould Shamus Collins, that was one o’ the best friends I had in the whole place, to be turned again me as bitther as winther! an’ all through the mains o’ the whiskey! O the back o’ my hand to you, whiskey, every day you rise!”

The name of the village, which about noon on a sharp October day, was the scene of the foregoing conversation, is a point of no consequence to our tale. The persons speaking, were James or Shamus Collins, a poor cottier burthened with a family, whom he supported chiefly by fishing in a neighbouring river, and Tim Gibbons, a young man of the same rank, living by his daily labour and the produce of five or six acres of ground, the greater portion of the profits of

which were annually deposited in the till of Mr. O'Shaughnessy, proprietor of the neighbouring public-house. An over-fondness for Mr. O'Shaughnessy's merchandise, and (the natural consequence of this indulgence) a thirst for such glory as an oaken cudgel could produce him, were almost the only faults (and it must be acknowledged they were *rather* serious ones) that disfigured the otherwise hearty and generous character of Timothy Gibbons. "The whiskey," as he emphatically called it, had brought him into many a difficulty long ere now. It involved him in quarrels, though he was naturally peaceful and good-tempered. It induced idleness and expense, though when free from its influence he was industrious and thrifty enough. But this last perplexity in which it had involved him, far overbalanced all before, for reasons which we shall learn by following the old fisherman down the village street, and attending to his indignant soliloquy,

as he moves gloomily along in the broad sunshine.

“Give you my daughther? ’Tis I that’ll think of it. A purty fellow you’d be to have a house an’ family, undher your charge! ’Tis’nt for that I reared her—to give her to a dhrunkard an’ a boulum-skioh o’ your kind that would lift a hand to a boy that never done a ha’p’orth to one belongin’ to you, an’ her own brother besides! Well, it’s no matther! If ever you darken the thrash’ld o’ my doore agin, you may call me a fool. No—if I was to wait a hundherd years for it I’ll have revinge for that blow.”

As he spoke these last words aloud, he turned and shook his huge clenched fist in the direction which had been taken by the object of his wrath. He stood at this time before a plain looking house, yet somewhat superior to the ordinary village dwellings, having a neat green hall-door, with a little parapet wall enclosing some rose trees and laurel bushes, and thick white muslin

blinds, drawn across the windows. Any person acquainted with the country would at a glance have known the priest's house, even if the countenance of that personage had not appeared at the moment above the blind, directed with an expression of severity against the vindictive fisherman. He threw up the sash and accosted the latter from the window.

“Shamus, what's that I heard you saying?”

“Och, nothin', plase your riverence, only talking to myself I was.”

“But what were you saying?”

“Och, nothin' to be throublin' your riverence about it.”

“You spoke of a blow, and of taking revenge on some one.”

“Why, then, I'll tell your riverence, I was talking of Tim Gibbons, a bad mumber.”

“What! is it he to whom you promised your daughter Mary?”

“'Tis, plase your riverence, an' that'll never have her now by my consent.”



“Indeed? I’m sorry to hear that, Shamus. Why have you changed your mind?”

“Oyeh, he’s no good, Sir. He’s given to the liquor, entirely—entirely.”

“That’s a serious fault; but I have reason to hope for his amendment. I know he has made many efforts to get rid of this failing, and he certainly has in part succeeded. If he could once become altogether sober (as I have little doubt he may in the course of time), there would not be his equal in the parish.”

“Och! the vagabone!”

“Why, you seem to have taken up some prejudice against him, Shamus.”

“Is it me, your riverence? I’ll engage I have no *prodigies* agin’ any one, only I know what sort he is, that’s why I talk.”

“Well, I hope to see you better friends. Are you going to fish?”

“No, then, Sir, I was goin’ for your riverence to come over to Phaudhrig, that’s as bad as he can be.”

“What, Phaudhrig! is Phaudhrig ill? what’s the matther with him?”

“Why then, what I thought never would be the matther with him, a sthroke he got ’istherday at the fair-green that had like to stiffen him.”

“Who could have done it? It must have been accident or mistake, for Phaudhrig never was apt to give provocation to any one.”

“Why then, there he is, that we were just talking of this minute, and that’s Tim Gibbons, that came again’ him in the fair with a halloo an’ a whisk of his stick, an’ laid him on the flat of his back, before he knew where he was standing.”

“And that was the blow for which I heard you say that you would be revenged?”

“The very blow.”

“Oh, well—come—let us go and see Phaudhrig. We’ll talk about that affair another time.”

The clergyman knew enough of the old man to see that this was not the most favourable moment to discuss the subject. He knew him

to be in general inclined to peace and harmony  
with his neighbours, not easily moved to anger—

— but, being wrought  
Perplex'd in the extreme.—

The consanguineous connections of both the  
old man and his intended son-in-law were  
widely ramified throughout the neighbour-  
hood, and he had known many a rustic feud,  
originating in as slight a cause,

Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,

until combat seem'd to both parties an essential  
part of their existence. He determined therefore  
to say nothing on the subject until Phaudhrig  
or Patrick Collins should be out of danger,  
an event which, notwithstanding the predictions  
of old Shamus, he had the satisfaction to learn  
took place within the course of the ensuing  
fortnight.

Those who are desirous of tracing the

progress of an Irish rustic feud, may feel an interest in learning the course of the events which followed the recovery of the younger Collins. While the latter was confined to his apartment, the house was daily crowded with the friends and relatives of the family, whose stern countenances showed that they fully participated in the sense of injury manifested by the old fisherman. Phaudhrig, however, as it has been said, recovered, and there was reason to hope that all would be forgotten. But private whispers by the cottage fireside did not confirm the hope. The "Gibboses" and the "Collinses" were soon spoken of as two separate parties; and though no overt act of retaliation yet took place, it required no very extensive experience of the habits and dispositions of that rank to which both parties belonged, to judge that such a contingency was not far distant. Accordingly, no one was surprised when the news spread through the village and its neighbourhood, that, "a brother an' a cousin of Tim Gibbons had

been waylaid on their way from a market town convenient, an' left for dead upon the road."

In all countries and classes of society, when once the passions of the many have been awakened, there are not wanting evil spirits to fan the fire of ill will until it bursts into an open flame. Such demon tongues were not idle now amongst the friends of either party. Bad counsellors there were, who suggested to old Shamus, and especially impressed it on the younger clansfolk, that it was the first time such an affront had ever been put up with by one of the name, and that if he suffered this to pass, the "whole counthry would be down upon him." Accordingly, alpeens, cudgels, and even fire-arms were prepared; throngs of the same faction met and discussed and drank together, and all the necessary preliminaries were arranged for declaring war upon the "Gibbonses."

Nor were the like envenomed spirits wanting on the other side. The first aggressor, Timothy, was taught to consider old Shamus's determi-

nation to break off the match between him and Mary Collins, as an insult with which no one would put up, who had "the laste sperrit," and as to the subsequent aggression on his brother and cousin, *that* was generally agreed to have "settled the business," and that nothing now remained but to pay off the Collinses in their own coin and to give them enough of it.

"It isn't your father, nor your grandfather, nor one o' the name that ever came before you, that would be put off in that way," said one of those officious friends, "an, the match all as one as made an' compleat."

"The most genteelest way for you, Tim," said another, "if it's the genteel thing you want to do, is just to have a handful o' boys ready some night after nightfall, an' to whip her away with you widout waiting to ax his lave."

"It's just what myself was thinkin', Tim," said Jerry M'Coy, "an' you ought to know, so far as one boy's help can go, that you can depend upon me."

The final adjustment of the proposal was adjourned to Michael Shaughnessy's, where Tim was eventually persuaded to fall into this national proposition, on the express understanding, however, that "not one ha'p'orth o' hurt" should be done to Mary, only just to take her away to his mother's, where nothing would be shown her but the greatest respect, until old Shamus could be induced to relinquish his resentment and his obduracy together.

The cottage of the stubborn fisherman, was situate near the borders of a small river, which runs brawling through one of the wildest and most romantic glens in our neighbourhood. It was on the second evening after the conversation just detailed, that Phaudhrig, Mary, and old Judy (who lived as a kind of helper in the family) were seated at the kitchen fire, awaiting the return of the man of the house. He had gone out fishing in the morning, and, tempted by unusual success, was induced to prolong his journey further up towards the source of the

little river than he had intended at setting out from home. The sun had already gone down, and Mary, feeling somewhat lonesome, called on Judy to assist in passing away the time, by telling some of her old stories.

“A’, what story, child?” said old Judy, pushing back her grey hair, and looking fidgetty: “sure you know I have no stories?”

“Indeed, I know you have, if you wished to tell them.”

“Well, what story will I tell you?”

“Any one at all you like, that’ll make the evening pass away, and not to be lonesome this way.”

“Well, asy, an’ I tell you somethin’ that’ll show you what it is for people to be meddlin’ with what doesn’t belong to ’em, an’ to be *curous* an’ *covitious*, an’ not to be continted with what was their own by rights.

“There was once upon a time, an’ a very good time it was, there was a poor lone widow



woman an' her son, that lived in a little cabin in a lonesome place westwards, an' all in the wide world they had to live upon, was one little haggart o' cabbitch, that they had behind the house. Well an' good: they used to ait a head o' the cabbitch every day betune 'em, an' if they did it isn't long till the whole haggart a'most was gone, all to one little head, and they didn't know what in the world would they do when that was out. So the poor widow called her son, an' says she—

“‘Shaun, there's no use in talkin', we arn't like the fishes that we could live upon wather, or like the birds upon the air, so 'tis betther for us part in time. Take my blessin' with you, my good boy,' says she, 'an' go an' seek your fortune.'”

“‘Oh, murther!' says the boy, 'a' where'll I go?' says he.

“‘I'll tell you,' says she, 'how you'll know it. Take this wattle, an' this handful o' chaff,

an' when you go outside the doore throw up the chaff until you'll see what way the wind blows, an' whatever way that is,' says she, 'folly it.'

“ ‘Why then, never say it again,’ says the boy, ‘I’ll do your biddin’, an’ more loock to me,’ says he; ‘an’ whatever I get I’ll be sure to bring it home.’

“ ‘Do so, achree,’ says the widow, ‘an’ I’m full sure you’ll have the loock,’ says she, ‘for you were ever an’ always a good boy, that was dutiful to myself an’ all that ever was over you, an’ never would be cursin’ nor swearin’, nor michin’ from school, nor doin’ one ha’p’orth that would be conthrairy—so good bye asthore!’

“ ‘Good bye, mother.’

“ An’ away with him out the doores. Well, he threw up the handful o’ chaff, accordin’ as she bid him, an’ marched off with the wind in his back to seek his fortune.

“ Well an’ good: he was, goin’, goin’, goin’—an’ he went farther than I can tell, until he

came to a very very lonesome place entirely, where there was a big hill with threes all about it, an' the sun shinin' finely down upon the whole place. But what plased him most, was a beautiful clear spring well that was a-near him, for he was very dhry; so he stopped to take a dhrink o' the wather.

“Hardly he squinched the drouth, whin what should he see only the whole side of the hill openin' out, an' out come a big woman with a hatchet in her hand, that looked as sharp as a razhure.

“‘Who is that,’ says she, ‘that daares to go dhrink out o' my well without axing lave? Come in here this minit,’ says she, ‘until I'll cut the head off o' you.’

“‘Oh, murther intirely, Ma'am,’ says Shaun, houldin' up his two hands in the greatest fright, ‘sure you wouldn't go for to kill a poor boy, for no rason, that never done any harm to you, upon the 'count of a dhrop o' could wather?’

“ ‘ Who are you ? ’ says she.

“ ‘ A poor boy, Ma’am, that’s goin’ seekin’ his fortin.’

“ ‘ How are you behaved ? ’ says she ; ‘ do you be cursin’ or swearin’, or stopping from chapel on a Sunday, or things that way ? ’ says she.

“ ‘ Yeh, is it I, Ma’am,’ says Shaun, ‘ the dear knows, I’ll ingage I don’t.’

“ ‘ Oh, well, very well,’ says the woman, ‘ since I find that’s the case, I won’t touch you,’ says she ; ‘ come in here, and tell me all about it.’

“ So the boy folly’d her in. There was a mighty fine house inside in the hill, an’ the woman dhrew a chair, an’ made him tell her every whole ha’p’orth. Well, when he was done—

“ ‘ Say no more, now,’ says she, ‘ but ait and dhrink enough, an’ I’ll give you something before you go.’

“ So when he was done aitin’, she showed him a handsome bracket hen.

“ ‘ Do you see that hen ? ’ says she.

“ ‘ I do, Ma’am,’ says the boy.

“ ‘ Well,’ says she, ‘ take that hen home with you, an’ when you go there, if you want any thing, tell the hen to lay,’ says she, ‘ an’ she’ll keep laying goolden eggs ever until you’ll bid her stop.’

“ Well, the poor boy gave one jump for joy.

“ ‘ Oh, Ma’am,’ says he, ‘ that’s just the very thing we wanted, an’ I’m greatly obleest to you.’

“ ‘ But take care,’ says the woman, ‘ if you stop anywhere, not to let the people know the secret, or may be ’tis the last you’d see of your hen or her eggs.’”

“ Well an’ good, the boy took the hen undher his arm, an’ away with him home. Towards nightfall, he was passin’ by a farmer’s house, an’ he a good piece from his own place yet.

“ ‘ I declare to my heart,’ says the boy, I’ll

go in an' ax for a night's lodgin', an' I'll be fresh and sthrong to go home in the mornin."

"No sooner said than done: in with him into the farm house.

"'Well, what do you want, good boy?' says the farmer.

"'A night's lodgin' an' vittels, Sir, if you plase,' says Shaun.

"'Well, an' what'll you give for your thrate-ment?' says the farmer, 'the times are hard.'

"'I'll give you this goolden egg,' says he.

"'Tis good payment,' says the farmer; 'in with you, and ait your 'nough.'

"Well, when the boy was goin' to bed, he axed for a *coob* to put the hen into, an' when he got it—

"'Take care now,' says he, 'an' for ye'r lives, don't one o' ye bid my hen to lay till mornin.'

"'A' why so ayeh?' says they.

"'Oh, for rasons.'

"Well an' good, when the boy was asleep in the dead o' the night, I'll engage nothing

would do them, but they should go and bid the hen to lay for 'em. She done their biddin', an' there she went on layin' goolden eggs until the *coob* was a'most full, an' then they bid her stop, which she did aiqually obadient in like manner.

“ Well, they took the hen an' the eggs, these rogues did, an' they put a little bracket hen o' their own in the place of her. So in the mornin' airly the boy got up, an' put the hen andher his arm, an' away with him out the doores, cock-sure all was right. It was a fine soft spring mornin', an' nothin' could aigual the joy of the poor widow, I'm sure, when she seen Shaun makin' towards her with the bracket hen anher his arm.

“ ‘ Well, Shaun, a 'ra gal,' says she, ‘ what loock did you meet upon your thravels ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, loock enough,' says Shaun, ‘ to last us for our whole lives to come.’

“ ‘ How, so' a-chree ? ’

“ ‘ Asy an' you'll soon know.’

“So he sot the hen down upon the floore.

“‘Hen,’ says he, ‘I’d be obleest to you to lay if you plase.’

“But in place o’ mindin’ him, ’tis what the hen done was to begin pickin’ up a few grains o’ corn, that was about the place.

“‘Don’t you hear me tellin’ you to lay?’ says the boy.

“‘A Shaun, a ’ra gal, is it light you are? Who ever heard of a hen layin’ that way, when you’d bid her.’

“‘Ah, murther!’ says Shaun, ‘I’m kilt and desthroyed, says he. ‘Did any one ever hear the likes o’ this? Well, there’s no help for it; but who’d ever think that woman with the hatchet would go to play me sich a mane thrick?’

“So he tould the whole story to the widow, an’ they both began caballin’ an’ clappin’ their hands an’ cryin’ over the hen till they were tired.

“‘Well, I declare,’ says the boy, ‘if we can’t have any goolden eggs from you, we’ll



have the satisfaction of aiting you, at any rate. So get a pot an' scald her, mother, an' let us have our dinner.'

"Well, they ate the hen, an' airly the next mornin' away with Shaun again to seek his fortin'; an' I'll engage he never stopt o'goin' until he come to the very same spot where he was before, an' sat down in like manner to take a dhrink out o' the spring well; an' if he did, the hill opened aiqually as before, an' out come the big woman with the hatchet, an' called him to an account for dhrinkin' out o' the well without lave.

"'Who are you,' says she, 'that daar do it?'

"'E' then, don't you know me, Ma'am?' says he, 'or don't you remimber the time whin I was here before wid you?'

"'Oh, is that you?' says she. 'Well, what makes you be in sich a poor way, now?'

"'Why thin the bad times, Ma'am,' says he, 'the same thing that's ruinatin' the whole airthly universe.

“ ‘Why so?’ says she. ‘What did you do with the hin I gev you?’

“ ‘We ate her, Ma’am,’ says the boy.

“ ‘Oh you villain,’ says she, rising the hatchet to him. ‘What do you tell me?’ says she, ‘did you ait my fine hin that used to lay the goolden eggs? or was it for that I gev her to you?’

“ ‘’Tis the rason we had for atin’ her, Ma’am,’ says Shaun, ‘was because she would’nt lay an egg at all for us.’

“ ‘So the woman thought in her own mind for a minute.

“ ‘Did you stop any place,’ says she, ‘on the way, before you got home?’

“ ‘I did, Ma’am,’ says he, ‘at a farm house; but nothin’ could happen her there because I tould them upon their *apparel* not to bid the hen to lay.’

“ ‘Umh!’ says the woman. ‘Well, come in now,’ says she, ‘an’ I’ll give you somethin’ that you must take better care of, than you did o’ the hin.’

“ So she showed him a table cloth folded.

“ ‘ Cloth’ says she, ‘ spread out !’

‘ Hardly she said the word when the cloth opened out, an’ there he seen the finest of all sorts of aitin’ an’ dhrinkin’ upon the cloth, an’ lashins o’ punch an’ porther, an’ every thing that was good.

“ ‘ There now,’ says she, ‘ take that away with you, an’ take care for your life don’t let any body know the sacret of it, or may be ’twould be worse for you.’

“ Well, poor Shaun, be coorse, was in the greatest delight, an’ more obleest to the big woman than ever. So away he went with the cloth folded undher his arm, and never made a stop or stay till he came to the farm-house where he slept the turn before. So in he went, an’ if he did they were very glad to see him, an’ gev him a night’s lodgin’ ready enough.

“ Well, when he was goin’ to bed he took the cloth an’ laid it folded as it was on a table in the kitchen.

“ ‘Take care now,’ says he, ‘I beg o’ ye, an’ let not one o’ ye tell that cloth to spread out for ye’r lives.’

“ ‘Oh, is it we?’ says they all (the villyans).

“ ‘Very well,’ says Shaun, ‘I’m only tellin’ ye.’

“ Well, he was hardly dozin’ when these thieves bid the cloth to spread out, an’ if they did, I’ll engage it is’nt long till they had a fine faist before ’em. So the woman folded up the cloth again, an’ put it into her sthrong box, an’ took another cloth of her own that was like it, an’ put it on the table for the poor *slob* of a boy to take it in the mornin’.

“ Well (to make a long story short), when he went home the second time an’ thought to make the cloth spread out before his mother, ’twas no use for him, not a ha’p’orth did he get by it. So afther great lamentations, he set out the third time, an’ came to the hill, an’ the same way as before, the woman with the hatchet come out o’ the hill an’ axed him what ail’ded him, for he kep a great *lavo* a-near the well.

“ ‘Eyeh, I’m as bad as ever, Ma’am,’ says he: ‘the hin would’nt lay for me, and the cloth won’t spread out, an’ I don’t know what’ll I do.’

“ ‘Did you stop any where,’ says she, ‘afther I givin’ you the cloth that time?’

“ ‘I did, Ma’am,’ says he, ‘at the same’ farm-house.’

“ ‘Very well,’ says she, ‘I see how it is. Come in here a minute.’

So she brought him in, an’ showed him a fine long woodbine switch, with knots on it as big as marvels.

“ ‘Here,’ says she, ‘take this rod ; an’ in like manner as you done before, go to the same farm-house, an’ when you’re goin’ to bed, lay the rod in the same place upon the kitchen table, an’ tell ’em for their lives not to tell the switch to *go round*. I’ll engage you’ll soon get your hen an’ your cloth again.’

No sooner said than done. Away with my bould boy, an’ med for the farm-house, and got his night’s lodgin’ as before, an’ done every

thing just as the big woman bid him; and, if he did he was woke in the dead o' the night be the greatest screechin', an' roarin', an' racket, an' noise, an' murther ever you hear. Up he got, an' put on his clothes, an' took a peep out into the kitchen, when what should he see there only the whole family runnin' thro' and fro,' roarin' an' bawlin', and the woodbine switch follyin' 'em from corner to corner, flakin' 'em right an' left. Well, Shaun began laughin' ever so fast.

“ ‘ Ah, ha !’ says he, ‘ nothin’ would do ye only to bid the switch go round afther I biddin’ ye not. Mend ye,’ says he, ‘ now ; I suppose ye thought it was somethin’ as good as the hen or the cloth ye had there.’

“ ‘ Oh, stop it, a’ra-gal,’ says they, ‘ an’ we’ll give ‘em all back again, an’ never ‘ll touch a ha’p’orth belongin’ to you any more.’

“ ‘ Very well,’ says Shaun, ‘ produce ‘em first, an’ we’ll see what’s to be done afther.’

“ So they brought them out, hen, and cloth,

an' eggs an' all, an' gev 'em to him, an' he bid the switch to stop flakin' 'em, but not before they paid dear for their thievery, havin' welts the big o' my finger on every bit of 'em. So he took home the things to his mother, an' they built a fine house, an' every thing in the same place, an' was very honest an' good to every body, an' if they didn't live happy that you an' I may."

Old Judy had not long concluded her tale, and her young companions were still occupied in deducing from it all the moral reflections which it was capable of suggesting, when the slight wooden bolt which made fast the door was dashed in with a loud crash, and the kitchen was immediately filled with strange men, having their faces blackened, and armed with rusty sithes, reaping hooks, and other weapons of the kind. Mary shrieked aloud. Phaudhrig seized the tongs, and old Judy, flinging herself on her knees, bawled out for mercy, in a voice that might be heard a mile off.

“Stand back!” cried one of the foremost of the party, “we want to do no hurt nor harm to any body here, only let Mary Collins get her cloak and bonnet and come with us where she’ll be well taken care of.”

“Ye’ll have my blood first, ye night-walkin’ villins!” cried Phaudhrig grasping the tongs and placing himself between his sister and the assailants.

“’Tis no good for you, Phaudhrig,” cried a second speaker, in an assumed tone of voice, “there’s ten to one at laste, an’ you might as well be quiet, my good boy.”

Phaudhrig, however, was resolute.

“If I can’t do much,” said he, “I’ll do what I can. The first o’ ye that comes a-near me, will get the marks o’ this any way.”

There was a pause and some deliberation amongst the assailants, after which the first speaker said aloud—

“Let ye all go out, boys, an’ let the women go into another room awhile, and let nobody



stay here only Phaudhrig an' myself, until we'll have a little talk."

The men retired, and Phaudhrig, after a little hesitation, bade his sister and old Judy retire into an inner room. He then awaited in silence the speech of the stranger.

"Phaudhrig," said Tim Gibbons, for the first time speaking in his natural voice—"weren't we always frinds?"

"I thought so, Tim."

"An' wasn't it by your good word that the ould man was ever brought to think of listenin' to any thing about meself an' Mary?"

"It was, and what of that? Your own bad conduct, an' your dhrinkin' an' bad company, an' every thing that way, put it all away again afther it was settled an' all. Is it upon account o' what I done for you that you'd go lay me on the flat o' my back in bed for betther than a fortni't?"

"A' then, Phaudhrig, I didn't think you'd keep a thing o' that kind on your mind."

“’Tisn’t I that keeps up ill will, only yourself. If you may behave, I’ll engage nobody would have a word to say again’ you.”

“Well, Phaudhrig, listen: Mary was promised to me. It may be I misbehaved, an’ it is through my own fault that it was broken off, but if you’ll be my friend now, I give you my hand an word, ’tis the last cross word or deed you’ll ever hear from Tim Gibbons.”

“An’ how am I to be your friend?”

“I’ll tell you. You know the ould father well, an’ that from once he said it he never will give his consint afther, so there’s no use in axin’ him. But I’ll tell you how it is. Let Mary go with us now, the way that when ould Shamus sees there’s no help for it, he’d give in at last, an’ we’d all be frinds again. If you’re in dhread anything would happen to Mary, you can come with her yourself, an’ stay with her until all’s settled with the ould man. An’ if you won’t agree paceably to what I tell you,

Phaudhrig, I have nothin' for it but to make you do it."

Finding that Phaudhrig, instead of acceding to his wishes, expressed new indignation at this proposal, Tim Gibbons put his threat into execution. The party came rushing in at a given signal, Mary and Phaudhrig were secured, their hands tied with kerchiefs and neckcloths, and old Judy left to lament alone over the outrage which she could not prevent.

It is not necessary to describe the mingled feelings of consternation and of wrath with which the old fisherman, on his return home about two hours after, discovered that his humble dwelling had been invaded in his absence, and his children carried off by violence. From old Judy (who nevertheless was not without her shrewd conjectures as to the real state of the case) he could learn nothing that was calculated to confirm his own strong surmises as to the perpetrators of the crime.

“Warn’t you by? Didn’t you see ’em? Didn’t you hear ’em talkin’?”

“Eyeh, what good is it for me, a’ra gal? an’ their faces all black with the bog dust, an’ they squeakin’ just like a little *bonuveen*\* that wouldn’t be a day ould?”

“Didn’t you see their dhress?”

“A’ how could I be mindin’ it, when they wor goin’, as I thought, to have my life, an’ they put the both of us into that room there? I’ll engage it isn’t their clothes I was thinkin’ of, only what in the world would become of us all.”

“I know who it was,” said Shamus, “it was the Gibbonses. Well—let ’em folly on, no matther. May be my turn would come another time. So that’s the way of it? Oh murther, murther! what’ll I do at all afther my childher?”

At this, Judy set up an awful roar, and the night was spent in lamentations and mourning.

\* Young pig.

The ensuing fortnight was spent in vain search after the delinquents. They had so well concerted their plans, that no trace could be found which would lead to the place of their concealment.

In the mean time, Tim Gibbons began to think better of his enterprise, and to abate somewhat of the triumphant feelings which at first attended its accomplishment. The reproaches of Mary Collins and her brother (from the former of whom, at least, he had expected little opposition) taught him to view the whole transaction in a different light.

“Long would it be from me, I’ll engage,” said Mary, “ever to say to you a word o’ what I once done, if I knew you as well as I do now. The back o’ my hand to you now, Tim, from this time out. Little I ever thought once, that you could behave so mane an’ so ungrateful.”

“Mane!” exclaimed Gibbons, angrily.

“Yes, mane; what else is it but maneness to come with your gang o’ night-walkers to a

house that you wor often welcome to, an' to spirit people away again' their will."

"I wondher you arn't in dhread o' me."

"Me in dhread? of what? The dear knows I amn't a bit. 'Tis you that ought to be in dhread, an' not those that done no harm to any one."

"Well, Mary, houl' now, an' shake hands."

"Don't give him the hand, Mary," said Phaudhrig.

"I will not shake hands with you, Tim."

"You won't? is that the way of it?"

"It is the very way."

"'Tis all your doin's," cried Tim, clenching his rough fist and shaking it at Phaudrig.

"Very well if it is, I'm not one bit ashamed of it. I'd be sorry to see her ever shakin' hands with the likes."

"Isn't it all out o' love I done it? Do you think I'd go to run my neck in a halther that way, if it isn't out o' the dint o' love I done it."

"'Twas," answered Phaudhrig, "out o' love

for yourself. If it was out o' raal love for her you done it, 'tis what would be plasin' or good for her you'd do, an' not what would be cross or conthrairy."

"I'll tell you what it is, Tim," said Mary, "you may say what you like, but I never will give you a hand in friendship, until you la' me and Phaudhrig again where you found us on the middle o' my father's floore, an' that's as good as if I took my oath of it."

"A' d'ye hear?"

"'Tis throe for me, so you may as well houl' now. That's enough."

Gibbons was at length convinced that his conduct was not altogether so heroic as his friend Jerry M'Coy would have him suppose.

"Well, Mary," said he, "you know I couldn't stand this at all. Supposin' I send yourself an' Phaudhrig back again, will you promise to do your endayvours to get the ould man to forgive an' forget the whole o' what's past an' gone?"

“I will freely promise you that, Tim.”

“An’ to make good his word to me, the same as if nothin’ conthrary ever happened between us?”

“Tim, I wont be decaiving you about that. I never ’ll spake a word to him about it, be coorse, so I can’t do anything; but even if you spoke yourself, an’ that he gev his consint, you won’t get mine still until I see you dhraw a line between yourself an’ Jerry M’Coy, an’ them boys, an’ alther your whole ways entirely.”

“Well, no matther—we’ll talk of it another time.”

Old Shamus received his son and daughter, as might have been expected, with no small joy; but it was in vain that they sought to wring from him an expression of forgiveness towards the aggressor. Neither the penitence of Gibbons, nor the respect and tenderness which he had shown to both the young people during their absence from their father’s house, could have any effect in mitigating the stern



hostility with which he was still regarded by the stubborn fisherman.

“For what should I be friends with him?” he asked, in an angry tone. “Is it for lavin’ Phaudhrig sthretched on the fair green, an’ thin highs in’ the two o’ ye away from me like a flyin’ aigle, an’ lavin’ me here like a fool without one to tell me where to turn to afther my childher?”

“To be sure, father—to be sure,” said Mary in a soothing tone; “but you see, he seen the deffer of it himself afther, for he sent us home again without a ha’p’orth o’ harm.”

“He did, an’ what rason? to save his own neck. Do you think he’d ever do it upon your account? I’ll engage he wouldn’t.”

“But he thrated us so well, father,” interposed Phaudhrig.

“Agh—what talks! he had his rasons.”

Tim Gibbons was really distressed when he found that old Shamus was in no way affected by his generosity (for such he considered it) in restoring his children to their home. It was

even said that the fisherman had spoken of prosecuting him and his companions for the abduction, but both Mary and her brother had declared they never would give evidence in such a case. The whole transaction had a salutary effect on the disappointed friend of Jerry M'Coy. He "took a new turn," renounced the company of his former companions, paid up his score at Michael Shaughnessy's, and never was seen to cross that fascinating threshold by night or by day. Before another year had ended, it became evident that he was an altered man, and few small farms in our neighbourhood presented an appearance of greater neatness and attention than the little holding of Tim Gibbons.

An event, unfortunately of too frequent occurrence in our rural annals, at length brought matters to an issue between the latter and the family whom he had offended. It happened at this time that the surrounding neighbourhood was divided between two power-

ful factions, distinguished by the names of the Blackbirds and the Yellow Hammers. To the latter the Gibbonses were naturally allied. The former claimed kindred with the Collinses, and "had their claim allowed." The laws by which their rustic warfare was carried on, were not always the most chivalrous that could be. It was, for instance, considered perfectly fair and honourable, for any dozen or two of the Yellow Hammers to waylay a solitary Blackbird on his return from fair or market, and leave him half dead, or even wholly so, on the road side; and *vice versa*, the Blackbirds might return the compliment, without any imputation on their character as honourable foes. Sometimes a champion was selected on either side, after the manner of the ancients, to decide the fortune of both parties, but far from terminating hostilities, these single combats commonly ended in drawing on general ones, which left matters much in the same state as ever.

But it was on the fair green of Lohar that

both parties annually put forth all their strength. To gain and keep possession of this fair green, was a point of emulation, which not for years alone, but generations, had kept up the ball of contest between the rival factions. Scarce a year elapsed in which some lives were not sacrificed to the thirst of *glory* thus engendered even from childhood in the breasts of the youthful peasantry. Do we censure them? Alas! with the disasters of Oporto and of Belgium fresh in our recollection, and those of Lecaroz and other places almost before our eyes, are we to wonder that the poor Irish peasant is sometimes made the victim of a passion from which even the most enlightened are not safe?

They might, it is true, have been better off if they had been better educated; but they were too poor to educate themselves, and unhappily their superiors, being of a different religion, could not be brought to afford them gratuitous instruction, unmingled with danger to their

faith, which the peasantry were not willing to surrender. No other field, therefore, being open to the exercise of his active mind, and no other subject afforded on which his ardent temperament might exhaust itself with utility, or even without evil, it is no wonder that honest Paddy, in our neighbourhood, as in other parts of the island, for lack of better employment, took to whiskey and—glory!

“The Yallow Hammers abo’ boord!”

“The Blackbirds! Whiskh! Hoo-ip! Here’s the Blackbirds all through!”

Such were the exciting sounds that for a month before the fair-day went like the fiery cross of the Scottish highlands from cabin to cabin, and roused the spirit of the rival parties.

It was evening, and the parish clergyman, already spoken of, was reading over the newspaper by his parlour fire, when the clerk entered, to say that Phaudhrig, the son of the old fisherman, wanted to speak a word in private with his reverence.

“Tell him to come in.—Good morrow, Phaudhrig.—Well, what’s the matter? is it any body you have sick?”

“No, Sir, thank God—but something a dale worse, that I heard to-night.”

“What’s that, Phaudhrig?”

“I hear there’s no bounds to the bad work that’s to be at the fair green on Wednesday, Sir, betune the Yellow Hammers and the Blackbirds.”

“Aye?”

“They say, ’tis all child’s play with ’em till now, Sir. They have got the fire-arms wherever they come by ’em, an’ they’re bent upon murther. I hard it all while ago from one that knows it, an’ I thought I might as well give your riverence notice, in case you might like to say anything about it a Sunday from the alther.”

“You did right. An’ so they have fire-arms, have they?”

Phaudhrig communicated all he had learned

of the intended affray, after which he took his departure, as privately as he came, lest any curious eye should mark him out as the busy-body, who had "gone an' toul't the priest."

It was evening likewise, when Mr. Gabriel Fitzpatrick (who was at this time one of the most active magistrates in the place) was informed, that a countryman wished to speak with him on pressing business. The parlour door was opened, and he recognised his own tenant, Timothy Gibbons.

"Well, Gibbons, what's the matter now?"

"Why then, nothing, plase your honour, only this business that's goin' on again the fair. There's no bounds to it, I'm toul't. for work. Fire-arms and pitchforks, an' every whole ha'p'orth o' the kind."

"'Tis a new thing with you, Gibbons, to be on the peaceable side in matters of this kind."

"Oh, long life to your honour. Betther late than never. There's great preparations entirely. I'm in dhread nothin' but the army will be able

to put a stop to it. 'Tisn't an hour since half a dozen of 'em was at my own house, an' you never seen what abuse they ga' me, plase your honour, for to say I'd go to dhraw back of 'em. There's Jerry M'Coy, above all others, vowed he'd have my life. But what do I care for him? I never'll have anything to say to any work of the kind again, the longest day I live."

Mr. Fitzpatrick took down all the information which Gibbons was able to afford, and on the following day rode out to consult his brother magistrates as to the best mode of putting a stop to the achievements of the hostile forces.

It was evening likewise, when a party of the Yellow Hammers, with Jerry M'Coy as their acknowledged leader, were assembled at Michael Shaughnessy's public house, drinking around a deal table, and, between whiles, laying down plans, offensive and defensive, for the approaching engagement.

It had been arranged at a council of the



leaders on both sides, that the two factions should allow the early portion of the day, until about noon, to pass without disturbance, in order that those who had business at the fair might be able to complete it. With this view both parties were to encamp within a quarter of a mile of the fair green, on opposite sides, and, on a given signal, to rush together to the spot, and let who could, obtain and keep possession of the post of glory.

“Here’s glory to the Yellow Hammers.” cried one of the party at Shaughnessy’s, lifting up a brimming glass.

“Hoo-ee—hoo-ee—whishk! oop!”

“An’ here’s confusion to all mane cowards that wouldn’t stand by their friends when they’d be sthruck!” cried Jerry M’Coy.

“Hullo-ee!”

While they were yet in the act of cheering the last toast, the landlord entered to say, that “some boys belongin’ to the Blackbirds was below and wanted to spake with the laidher.”

"Let 'em come in," cried Jerry, with an air of dignity.

The deputation, consisting of three or four middle-aged countrymen, made their appearance. After a fresh round of bumpers had been filled, and tasted with much persuasion by the new comers, one of the gravest amongst the latter undertook to be spokesman for the rest.

"Boys," says he, "whatever comes o' this business, I know ye won't be backward to hear rason, any way."

"Say what you have to say," said Jerry M'Coy.

"I will then, since you bid me. The boys over sent us hether to say, that there's great doin's goin' on amongst the magistrates to put a stop to this business. There's to be a company o' the Lancers on the fair green, mounted, an' a power o' the forty second (that fought at Watherloo) convanient, an' they're fully deter-

mined to put a stop to any crossness. So that may be it would be as well or better for both parties to make some sort o' terms, and let it pass for this turn."

"An' the boys sent you to make terms, did they?"

"They did."

"Then go back an' tell 'em from me," said Jerry M'Coy, rising in his chair with the air of an Alexander or a Napoleon—"THAT WE'LL MAKE OUR TERMS WITH 'EM A WEDNESDAY, AT THE FAIR GREEN OF LOHAR!"

This heroic reply was hailed by a loud cheer from all the Yellow Hammers present, and the disappointed Blackbirds returned to their party.

On the Sunday before the fair, many of both parties, as usual, were amongst the congregation at the neighbouring chapel. The clergyman exhorted them long and strenuously on the wickedness of the project which they meditated. He represented to them also the childish folly of contending about a thing of no value, and to

all appearance succeeded in impressing his congregation with a deep sense of sorrow for past evils, and of horror at the idea of their renewal. They wept, they groaned, they showed the deepest feeling of the counsel which they heard, and they went to the fair after all. The fresh wind seemed to take away the wholesome thoughts they had been indulging in the chapel, and the intervention of two days succeeded in obliterating all remains of their better intentions.

On the day of the fair, the little village presented a deserted look. All had gone to the fair, except a few women and children, and some old men who gathered in groups at the corners of the streets to look out for intelligence from the field of battle. As the nearest dispensary was in the village, it was rightly conjectured that the wounded would be conveyed thither.

Meantime, the fair green and the fields around presented an animated appearance. On

the high-road, which passed close by it, the carriages of many of the neighbouring magistrates were drawn up, and several others on horseback remained in readiness for operation. A strong party of the Lancers, with bannerets flying at their spear heads, were drawn up on an adjacent slope. More near the scene of traffic, two companies of infantry awaited the orders of their commanding officer.

As an instance of the peculiar notions of honour by which the movements of the rival factions were directed, it should be stated that the Yellow Hammers had taken their position at what they considered the appointed distance from the fair-green, when a deputation arrived from the Blackbirds, complaining that they had encamped too near the fair. Immediately, the Yellow Hammers retired, until the ambassadors themselves admitted that the distance was sufficient. This difference was scarcely arranged, when another message arrived from the magis-

trates, summoning the leaders of both parties to their presence with a view to effecting an adjustment.

The leaders obeyed, and the case was argued long and vigorously before the open carriages of Major O'Brien and Mr. Fitzpatrick. The Blackbirds, as before, were willing to come to terms, but the Yellow Hammers would hear nothing. While they were still contesting the point with all the force of rustic eloquence, a man was seen running towards the magistrates at his utmost speed. On reaching the circle, breathless and exhausted, he exclaimed—

“Boys! Boys! the Yallow Hammers are after brakin' into the fair!”

This was the signal for universal uproar. The younger magistrates galloped off towards the military, while the two factions met like the concussion of two seas in the midst of the fair. Seeing all efforts at reconciliation useless, the military received orders to fire, and a scene of confusion ensued which it is impossible to

describe. The rattling of the musketry, the screaming of the women as they ran from the fair, the shouts of the rival parties, and the clattering of thousands of oak and hazel cudgels in the conflict, formed a mixture of sounds beyond expression deafening and terrific. Unable to withstand the charge of the regularly armed troops, both parties gave way, but as they dispersed and fled across the fields, they continued in groups, and even singly, the combat with each other. Sometimes a haystack or a turf-rick formed the nucleus around which they conglomerated, until a fresh volley from the infantry, or the approach of the lancers, obliged them to change their quarters. On more than one occasion they showed an address in baffling the efforts of the military that was worthy of a better cause. When the latter directed their fire towards a field in which the fugitives seemed disposed to rally in any considerable number, on a sudden, as at the whistle of another Roderick Dhu, all disappeared as if the ground had swallowed

them, and nothing remained to be seen except the potato stalks which waved their long and dark green foliage in the wind. In the midst of this uproar Jerry M'Coy might be seen and heard, shouting, flourishing his stick, and encouraging his routed troops.

“ Oh, Yellow Hammers, what are ye doin' ? Are ye in dhread o' the sodgers ? Whoop ! Ishk ! Don't ye be bate by 'em ! Don't give it to say that ye'd be disgraced in that manner ! ”

Others in the meantime scampered through the red ground, the dust flying around them as the balls struck the loose earth over which they ran. But the most amusing part of the scene was that in which the lancers were engaged in pursuing the runaways through the enclosed ground. The latter, themselves almost as agile, and far better accustomed to the soil than the cavalry, took care to lead them into the most intricate ground ; and a young country man might be heard, in the midst of all the din, shouting and laughing aloud at the plight of an unfortu-



nate horseman, bogging in the trench, over which himself had flown with the nimbleness of a Mercury, or viewing his intended prey with fruitless longings from the other side of an impassable hedge.

To complete the terrors of the scene, an awful storm, accompanied by frequent bursts of thunder and lightning, supervened towards the close of the fight, as if the wrath that burned on earth had communicated its influence to the clouds above. The darkness and the heavy rain put an end to the combat and pursuit, and the military prepared to return to their quarters, with about twenty or thirty prisoners whom they had taken in the course of the affray. On the whole, it was found that the Yellow Hammers had had the worst of the day. Three of their best men had been carried lifeless from the field, including the redoubted Jerry M'Coy himself, who had met his death from the blow of a heavy stone, dealt him by an old antagonist amongst the Blackbirds. Few regretted either his misfor-

tune or that of his party. The Yellow Hammers had long been looked upon as a nuisance in the country, from their custom of waylaying individuals of the opposite party, and the relentless and implacable ferocity of their conduct. Indeed, so determined were the Blackbirds to "put them down for ever" upon this occasion, that had it not been for the interference of the military, it was said that "ten horses and cars would not have been sufficient to remove the killed and wounded amongst the Yellow Hammers."

While these transactions passed at the fairgreen, an event arose out of them of no light importance to the fortunes of the principal characters in our narrative. Alarmed lest Tim Gibbons might be induced to swerve from his resolution of not joining the combatants, Mary Collins had prevailed on her brother Phaudhrig to leave home unknown to their father, and by remaining with Gibbons during the day, effectually prevent his getting into mischief.

In the meantime, old Shamus took his rod

and line, and went out to his accustomed toil on the banks of the river which flowed near their cottage. As he slowly strolled up the craggy and broken sides of the stream, his iron temper was perplexed by many struggles. There are certain dispositions which opposition and aggression will only render more unyielding, but which, if left alone, and suffered to enjoy their own opinions unmolested, will feel uneasy and awkward in their triumph, and the more so, if, as in old Shamus's case, such opinions be accompanied with an inward misgiving of their correctness. The old fisherman found it far more difficult to withstand the silence of his children than he had their open importunities. The consciousness likewise of something which in his cooler hours he could not commend in the feeling he entertained towards Gibbons, added still more to his discontent. It could not be altogether owing to mere disapproval of the character and conduct of the latter, that he felt reluctance to meet and speak with him on friendly terms.

for Tim was now reformed, and had done as much as it was possible for any man to do, in order to repair his fault, and to conciliate the forgiveness of the family, yet without being able to effect any apparent change in the resolution of the old fisherman. All that could be said to him was of no avail; he would not forgive the man who had brought to death's door a son whom he loved far better than himself. He was warned in vain of the consequences of harbouring resentment, and it was only when counsel, and menace, and entreaty had proved of no avail, and every one left him to follow his own course, that he began to feel disquieted in mind.

Before the storm already alluded to had commenced, Shamus had reached a small glen called the Esk-corrig (or Glen of Rocks), where the first muttering of the thunder put an end to his sport for the day. As the rain soon began to fall, he rolled up his line, and took shelter under an overhanging crag, which formed a spot perfectly dry in the midst of the surrounding deluge.

Into this wild and broken dell the stream came tumbling from shelf to shelf of the interposing crag, frequently shifting its course, and making a gradual descent from a height of more than thirty feet, to a broad basin beneath, where it boiled in many an eddy along the steep and timeworn banks. About half way down the descent was a pathway, leading on either side the stream to the water's edge, where, in more favourable weather, it was just possible for a steady person to cross the river by stepping carefully from rock to rock. As these crags, however, were for the most part shelving and slippery, it was in weather like the present an undertaking of no trivial danger. The old fisherman was therefore somewhat startled, before the storm had quite abated, and while the rain was yet descending heavily, to see the figure of a countryman descending the pathway on the opposite side, apparently with the intention of crossing the stream. As the figure emerged from the trees and stood on the verge of the

torrent, Shamus had no difficulty in recognising the heavy great coat which Tim Gibbons had worn on the day when he refused to shake hands with him after striking his son.

“Let him go on!” he said aloud, in an impatient tone; “what is it to me? A great loss the likes of him would be to any body. An idle, quarrelsome, dhrunken — is he cracked all out I wondher? or is he in airnest goin’ to cross the sthrame? Murther! I’ll run an’—no, I won’t — what do I care if he was dhrownded fifty-times? A vagabone, that—Eh! He’s goin’! Oh, murthur! his poor father an’ mother—Hello! you sir!” he rushed from his place of shelter, and in the midst of the rain and gloom made signs to the stranger to desist from his intention.

“Do you hear me? Don’t offer to cross the sthrame; don’t offer to do it!”

The stranger, however, did not appear to understand his meaning, for he made signs of recognition, and stepped hastily from the

bank. He had, with much difficulty, reached the middle of the river, when it seemed to become evident to himself that he had undertaken more than he could accomplish. He looked back, but to return was now as difficult as to advance—he made another step—his foot slipped, and in the next instant he was hurried headlong down the torrent.

The fisherman beheld him fall. There lay his enemy within the jaws of death. For a moment a violent struggle took place within the old man's breast, but his better feelings triumphed. The body rose—it sunk—it rose again. Dressed as he was, old Shamus plunged into the flood, and after a few vigorous strokes, succeeded in laying hold of the drowning man. With much exertion, owing to the violence of the current, he was able at length to draw him to the land. He laid him, yet insensible, upon the bank, and turned to look upon his face,—it was that of his own son, Phaudhrig!

On returning from the cottage of Gibbons,

Phaudhrig had borrowed his great coat, as it still was raining hard, and this it was which occasioned the error of Shamus. It appeared now that had the old fisherman yielded to the impulse of the dreadful passion which he had so long been cherishing within his heart, he would have been the destroyer of his own child! The terrible idea shot conviction to his heart. He gazed upwards, with a look of mingled gratitude and awe, raised his clenched hands until they trembled above his head, then flung himself prostrate beside his son, with a burst of tears and of thanksgiving.

“ I forgive Tim Gibbons now, anyway,” said Shamus, as he and his son went home together after the storm had abated, and Phaudhrig had recovered from his swooning fit.

The same declaration he repeated to Gibbons himself on the following morning, in the cottage of the latter, where he had sought him with the view of making all up between them.

“ Well, Mary,” said Tim Gibbons, as he



entered the fisherman's cottage on the same morning, in company with its proprietor, "will you shake hands with me now, itself, an' the ould father biddin' you?"

"To be sure she will," answered Phaudhrig. "You see there's thruth in the ould sayin', that it is a bad wind that blows nobody good. So much anyway come out o' the bad work that was between the Blackbirds and the Yellow Hammers."

## NOTES TO "SHANID CASTLE."

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### NOTE I.

*Along the sunny highland, pacing slow,  
The Keyriaght lingers with his herd the while.*

STANZA I.

The *Keyriaght* in ancient Ireland was a kind of wandering shepherd, or herdsman. It would appear from their being prohibited by the Kilkenny General Assembly of Confederate Catholics, that the number of persons who pursued this roving pastoral life must have been at one time considerable.

### NOTE II.

*And bells are tolling faint, from far Saint Sinon's isle.*

STANZA I.

Few landscapes on a calm and sunny evening present a scene of sweet and solemn beauty exceeding that of the little island of Scattery, or Iniscatha, near the mouth of the Shannon, with its lofty round tower and the ruins of its numerous churches, said to have

been founded by St. Sinon or Senanus, one of the brightest ornaments of the ancient Irish church.— The peasantry still point out the tomb of the saint about the centre of the islet, and, as may be judged, the place is not without its share of legendary anecdote.

## NOTE III.

*Upon that spot where Corrig's lofty tow'r,  
A lengthen'd shadow cast —*

## STANZA III.

The Castle of Corrig, one of the many fortresses, along the Shannon side, dependent on the Earls of Desmond, was taken by the troops of the Lord President Carew, in the reign of Elizabeth, after a siege of two days. The fragments of the walls still visible show it to have been once a place of considerable strength.

## NOTE IV.

*And many a loving glance was bent on thine,  
O knight without reproach! O stainless Geraldine!*

## STANZA V.

Master Stanihurst, one of the quaintest and most loquacious authorities in Holinshed, favours us with the following account of the remarkable family of the Geraldines or Fitzgeralds, in his "Description of Ireland."

"This house was of the nobilitie of Florence, came from thence into Normandie, and so with the ancient

Earle Strangbow, his kinsman, whose arms he giveth, into Wales, neare of bloud to Rice ap Griffin, prince of Wales, by Nesta, the mother of Maurice Fitz-Gerald and Robert Fitz-Stephans, with the said Earle Maurice Fitz-Gerald removed into Ireland in the yeare 1169. The corrupt orthographie that diverse use in writing this name, dooth incorporat it to houses thereto linked in no kinred, and consequentlie blemisheth diverse worthie exploits atchieved as well in England and Ireland, as in forren countries and dominions. Some write Gerold, sundry Gerald, diverse verie corruptlie Gerrot, others Gerard. But the true orthographie is Girald, as maie appear both by Giraldus Cambrensis, and the Italian authors that make mention of the familie. As for Gerrot, it differeth flat from Girald: yet there be some in Ireland that name and write themselves Gerrots, notwithstanding they be Giraldins, whereof diverse gentlemen are in Meeth. But there is a sept of the Gerrots in Ireland, and they seeme, forsooth, by threatning kindnesse and kindred of the true Giraldins, to fetch their petit degrees from their ancestors, but they are so neere of bloud one to the other, that two bushels of beanes would scantlie count their degrees. Another reason why diverse strange houses have been shuffled in among this familie, was, for that sundrie gentlemen at the christening of their children would have them named Giralds, and yet their surnames were of other houses; and if, after

it happened that Girald had issue Thomas, John, Robert, or such like, they would then beare the name of Girald as Thomas Fitz-Girald, and thus, taking the name of their ancestors for their surname, within two or three descents they shoove themselves among the kindred of the Giraldins. This is a general fault in Ireland and Wales, and a great confusion and extinguishment of houses."

The Fitz-Geralds were amongst the earliest settlers in Ireland. John Fitz-Girald was created Earl of Kildare in 1315. Maurice Fitz-Thomas (a Geraldine), Earl of Desmond in 1300.

## NOTE V.

*Son of the Geraldine ! renown'd in song,  
To that bold mettled race, resolved and high.  
Alone such giant might of arm belong,  
And purpose undismay'd of nerve and eye.*

STANZA XXII.

Many amusing anecdotes are related in Holinshed illustrative of the character of this distinguished family.

"Kildare was open and plaine, hardlie able to rule himself when he were moved to anger, not so sharpe as short, being easily displeased and sooner appeased. Being in a rage with certaine of his servants for faults they committed, one of his horssemen offered Master Boice (a gentleman that retained to him,) an Irish hobbie, on conditione that he would plucke an haire from the earle his beard. Boice, taking the proffer

at rebound, stept to the earle (with whose good nature he was thoroughly acquainted), parching in the heat of his choler, and said: 'So it is, and if it like your good lordship, one of your horssemen promised me a choise horsse if I snip one hair from your beard.' 'Well,' quoth the Earl, 'I agree thereto; but if thou pluck anie more than one, I promise thee to bring my fist from thine eare.'

"The branch of this good nature hath been derived from him to an earle of his posteritie, who, being in a chafe, for the wrong saucing of a partridge, arose suddenly from the table, meaning to have reasoned the matter with his cooke. Having entered the kitchen, drowning in oblivion his challenge, he began to commend the building of the roome, wherein he was at no time before, and so leaving the cooke uncontrolled, he returned to his guests merrilie. . . .

"In his warres, he (the former Kildare) used for policie a retchlesse kind of diligence or a headie carelessness, to the end his souldiers should not faint in their attempts, were the enemie of never so great power. Being generall in the field of Knocktow, one of the earle his captains presented him a band of kerns even as they were ready to joine battele, and withal demanded of the erle in what service he would have them imploied? Quoth he, 'Let them stand by and give us the gaze.' Such was his courage that, notwithstanding his enemies were two to one, yet would he set so good a face on the matter, as his soul-

diers should not once suspect that he either needed or longed for anie further helpe.'

## NOTE VI.

*He said, and far beyond the target placed,  
Deep in the turf, a Carrowe's ashen spear.*

STANZA

The *Carrowe* was the ancient Irish horseman.—  
“These,” says an old writer, “when they have no staie of their own, gad and range from house to house, like arrant knights of the round table, and they never dismount till they ride into the hall and as farre as the table. There is among them a brotherhoode *Carrowes* of that proffer to plaie at cards all the year long, and make it their only occupation. They plaie away mantel and all to the bare skin, and trusse themselves in straw or leaves; then wait for passengers on the highwaie, and ask no more than companions to make them sport.”

## NOTE VII.

*“Shanid a-bo! the Desmond's in his hall!”*

Shanid a-bo! the war-cry of the Earls of Desmond.

THE END.

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