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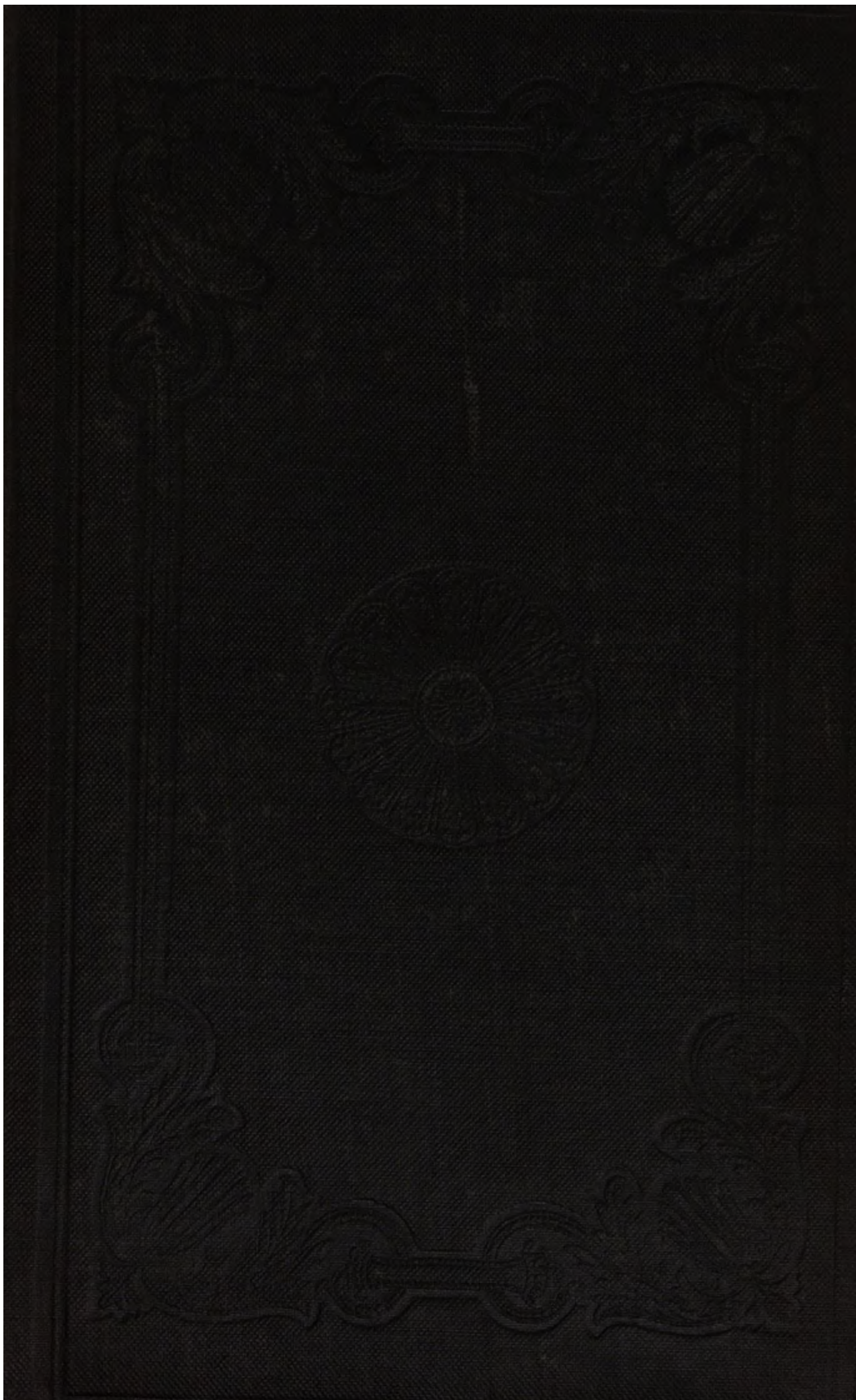
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Gentleman, said he, I fear after all this indignation that you will be much disappointed at the conclusion of my story. All that Mr. O'Leary discovered on removing the awful head dress, was that the fine hair of which he had so often expressed an enthusiastic admiration, was only his wife's by purchase. The good lady had no more than the average quantity of features, and less than the average quantity of hair, and sharing the weakness of the lady, who on a like occasion, charged her handmaid to

—give her cheek a little red!

she feared that it should be known, even after her death, that she was indebted for almost her only personal attraction to—a wig.

The Eighth Juror having concluded his story, there was a general call for his song; which, in order to avoid the forfeit, he gave, after a little hesitation, as follows:

## I.

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream  
 Brightly glancing, brightly glancing,  
 See, oh see the ruddy beam  
 Upon its waters dancing!





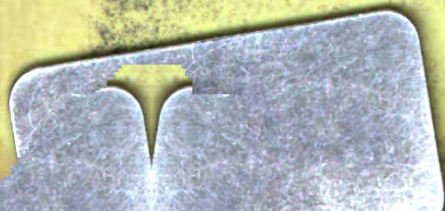
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L O N D O N :

J. WYATT, Printer, 4, The Terrace, Old Kent Road.



TALIS QUALIS,

OR,

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM.

BY

GERALD GRIFFIN, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "GISIPPUS," THE "COLLEGIANS," &c.

---

Eamus in jus.

PLAUT. *Pomilius*, Act v.

*Dogberry*. Are you good men and true?

*Much ado about Nothing*.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON.

MAXWELL AND CO., PUBLISHERS,  
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1842.

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## DRINK, MY BROTHER!



### CHAPTER I.

I DON'T know, gentlemen, said the Fifth Juror, after pausing for some moments to collect his thoughts, what your opinions may be of Irish parish priests in general, but it was my lot at one time to have an individual of that class for a neighbour, and a more civil, worthy kind of man I have seldom——

The Fifth Juror was here interrupted by some murmurs and cries of "order!" from two or three of the company. After some discussion, however, it was decided that simply to speak of a parish priest in the

way of narrative could not, strictly speaking, be considered controversial, and the story was suffered to proceed.

—A more worthy civil gentleman than Father Magrath it was not often my lot to meet. He was one of those few persons in whom good principles are engrafted on a happy nature, and whose minds like some fertile regions of the east, produce spontaneously, and in abundance the flowers and fruits which are elsewhere only the product of costly and laborious cultivation. He was well liked by all in his neighbourhood, excepting a perverse few with whom it would be a disgrace to be at peace, and this without any mean compliances, such as are too often used by cowardly spirits to propitiate the good will of those they fear. Many an occasion arose between him and the gentry in his neighbourhood to try his firmness in this respect, and while Father John, accepted and returned without hesitation or distinction, the civilities that were offered him, all were surprised to find him as independent and as unyielding in his measures as if he had not dined and cracked his jest with them on

the previous evening by their firesides or his own. A gentleman by birth, a foreign education had added to his natural benevolence a costly demeanour under which, if I might say so, he used to disguise his fundamental stubbornness. The consequence was that no one could quarrel with him, except such persons as were noted for love of strife, or who could not endure to be thwarted in their views.

Well gentlemen, I dare say you think I have been long enough singing the paroënesis of this country priest. However, I can assure you whatever good qualities he possessed, he had not one more than he needed, for, of all the laborious offices that have been intailed upon our species by the sin of our first parents, perhaps that of an Irish priest upon a country mission is not readily to be surpassed. There was in the first place some thousands of rough, stiff-necked, wrong-headed country fellows to please and manage, many of them folks of impervious brains and inveterate habits, with which it were as idle to deal as to set about altering the bend of an old oak tree. It was in vain he begged of them in the most persuasive terms to make their

calls in the day-time. If an old woman had but got the headache, they were sure to wait until he was just dropping off in his first sleep, and then knock him up to set out on a journey of two or three miles across a wild and boggy mountain, with all the assurances in the world that "he never would *overtake* her." And slight would be their apology when, as it sometimes happened after arriving at the scene of terror, he found the poor penitent smoking a pipe by the fireside without any more notion of making a voyage to the other world than of setting out for Constantinople. What added to the annoyance (if so patient a man could be annoyed by anything) was that it was invariably the most worthless, reckless, good-for-nothing vagabonds in his parish who were least sparing of his time or labour, and who seemed to think that the less peace or quietness they allowed the priest, the more they showed their piety, and the surer they were of their salvation. It seemed in truth as if by some supernatural means they knew precisely the very moment when their calls would be most embarrassing, and inopportune, and chose that time especially to lay

hands upon the well-plied knocker of his door. And there might be something to say if those individuals were as liberal in contributing to the decent maintenance of their pastor, as they were in adding to his labours, but the reverse was the case to a lamentable extent. While the good, pious, well-conducted parishioners who never troubled their clergyman, but when it was necessary, and always at the proper time were attentive to his temporal wants, and generous in contributing to his support, those reckless, unmanageable fellows whom it was impossible to please, who thought least of interrupting his meals or his sleep without necessity, and had menaces of a complaint to the bishop most frequently on their lips, were precisely those of all others who were most niggardly in giving, and whose names remained longest on the list of the unpaid at Christmas and Easter; who were always best provided with an excuse, when a horse was wanted to draw home his hay, or a hand to work in his potatoe field. Nor was this all his trouble. Now and then some zealous preacher of an opposing creed would cast an eagle eye upon his remote mountain



parish, and make a sudden and unexpected inroad, preaching through highways and byways, and scattering small tracts about him like hand grenades, setting the whole district in commotion for a time, and then as suddenly make his exit, leaving Father John some month's work at least upon his hands to pick up all his combustible *cahiers* and clear the soil of the seeds of heterodoxy which he had left behind him. Sometimes, likewise, such an individual, bolder than his brethren, (no small thing to say,) would seek an opportunity of encountering him face to face, in the presence of the most ignorant of his flock, and open a volley of citations from various councils, the very names of which were sufficient to invest him who was capable of uttering them, with all the authority of a man of parts and learning, more especially before hearers who are but too apt to suppose that the man who talks most and loudest has the best of the dispute, and that he is the most learned whom they find it hardest to understand. Then again there was the perpetual fighting at fairs, and drinking in public houses, to say nothing of night dances, card-players,

fortune-tellers, and other such characters. To counterbalance all this he had it is true his satisfactions also. He had the pleasure of believing that he was doing some good in his way, and of numbering amongst his flock some gentle peaceful souls, such as one sometimes has the happiness to meet in this selfish world, and whose very looks inspire serenity and love. He had besides, his books of theology and ecclesiastical history, to furnish him entertainment in his leisure hours, and if life after all felt burthensome at intervals, he had the hope which we all have, that he was laying up provision for a better.

I should have told you that Father John was not dependent on his parish for a subsistence. He inherited a small property, of which at the suggestion of some friends rather than by his own inclination, he retained possession after devoting himself to religion. The care of this he left in the hands of a younger brother, one of the most unprincipled ruffians that ever set his foot upon the earth. Neither the example nor the kindness of his brother had the least effect upon him, and everybody wondered that Father John did

not send him about his business, and commit the care of his affairs to safer and honester hands.

One morning it happened that the clerk and the housekeeper were both busy in the kitchen, the former in giving the lost polish to his master's boots, the latter in preparing breakfast. They were very free in their remarks both on the priest and his brother, the former of whom was in the meanwhile quietly reading his office in the parlour.

"'Tis an admiration to me, Mrs. Ahearn," said the clerk, "that his reverance would put up with the likes at all, at all. There is'nt a man but himself, that would bear with it. An' to hear the way he talks to him when they meet about the accounts—the daarin' impident language he gives the mather. 'Tis my firm opinion, Mrs, Ahearn, that 'tis what he wants is to tire him out until he'll rise out o' the property entirely, an' let him have it for himself, an' my hand to you from the day he does that, it wont be long 'till the whole goes in ducks an' dhrakes about the counthry."

"Why then, that would be a pity, Ned, although I'm

in dhread there's a dale of it doesn't go much better as it is. Is it throe for 'em what they say, that of late he's keepin' worse company than ever he did before?"

"Is it Mither Richard?"

"What else? Sure tisn't Father John I'd mane?"

"Be coorse. 'Tis then, throe, whoever tould you."

"I hear a thing of him," said Mrs. Ahearn, after a pause, "an' I'm a'most afeerd to ax you about it, in dhread either that it 'ud be throe, or that I'd be casting such a slight upon him an' he not deserving it. Is it fact what I'm tould, that he keeps company with the Poundher?"

At the sound of this terrible word, the clerk laid aside the boot to which he was administering the last varnish of Warren's jet, looked and listened cautiously on all sides, and then advancing to the side of Mrs. Ahearn, whispered in her ear with the frightened gaze of one who was uttering a mystery of the most awful import:

"It is."

"I'm sorry for it," replied the housekeeper.

‘ So you ought, an’ I’m in dhread there’ll be more sorry for it before all is over.’

“ An’ who is the Poundher, Mither Fitzgerald, if you please? Because I only heard a little of him from Susy Kenerk the milk-woman, yesterday, when she tould me about himself an’ Mither Richard, an’ you know besides I’m sthrange to these parts.”

“ Will you answer me one question first, Mrs. Ahearn, if you plaise—Can you tell me who is Beelzebub?”

“ Lord save us, Mither Fitzgerald,” said the house-keeper crossing herself, and curtesying devoutly, “ what is it you mane be that?”

“ I mane to say that the one answer will match both our questions. Who is the Poundher? Why then, I’ll tell you, ma’am. Although you bein’ from another pat o’ the counthry, still for all, I make no doubt you heard tell o’ the river Shannon.”

“ O! vo! sure the whole world hear talks o’ that, Ned.”

“ Well, about as good or betther than ten years ago, this Poundher as they call him, was a boatman on that



river, that used to be, airnin his bread like the rest of 'em by carryin' turf an' praties, an' corn, an' butter, an' things that way, for the small farmers along shore up to the Limerick market, an' gettin' his nate per centage upon the loadin'. The little boat he had is all the substance he was left by the ould father when he died, an' I'm sure 'twas enough for him if he'd be satisfied to get his living quiet and honest, to keep sowl an' body together without brinin' either to any throuble here or hereafther."

"'Twas a fine life, Ned."

"Well, you see Mrs. Ahearn, since the fall of Adam, we're all prone to sin. The Poundher wasn't satisfied, an' he got tired o' gettin' honest wages, an' tackin' back an' forward betwixt Limerick an' the west. So what does he do but to lend an ear to temptation, an' turn out a wather-pirate."

"A wather-pirate!"

"A *rare* wather-pirate. 'Tis the way he used to do, of a night when there would be no moonlight, he'd cast anchor in one o' the small lonesome creeks along the river side, an' then he'd go paddlin' about in a

small skiff he had along with himself an' a few more of his commerades, that he had under his command, an' the whole of 'em havin' plenty of arms an' ammunition lyin' in wait for the poor boatmen that would be comin back from Limerick afther sellin' their little cargoes. When they'd see a boat out in the middle o' the river, they'd slip out alongside her in the dark an' rob the crew or may be do worse if they offered 'em any resistance."

"You don't tell me so?"

"The counthry knows it. 'Twas as much as a boatman's life was worth that time to venture out from the quay of Limerick at any time that he'd be likely to be overtaken by night upon the water. I h'ard of a thing he done once that if it be fact, flogs all ever I hear for the dint o' wickedness."

"No?"

"Asy an' you'll see yourself. Of a time Bill Doherty's big turf-boat was lying at anchor off Ahanish of a winther's night, when the Poundher an' his men (if the likes could be called men,) boarded her an' the crew asleep, an' murthered every one of 'em! One

poor fellow med an attempt to escape by letting himself down from the boat an' swimming unknownst, but they spied him at a distance making for the shore, by the light of the moon which appeared at the moment, and shot him as they would a duck in the water."

"O murther, murther alive! A' Ned, is it fact you're tellin' me?"

"I only tell it to you as I'm tould myself. So you may considher, Mrs. Ahearn, what sort o' company that is for Mистер Richard to be follyin' after."

"Oh, vo, vo! Mистер Fi'gerald, I don't know what to say about it at all, at all. An' was'nt there ever any attempt med to put a stop to such doin's?"

"There was many a time but what good was it for 'em. They might as well be sthriven' to catch an eel between their finger an' thumb. They took out the sogers to look for him, an' twice they even caught him but he did'nt let 'em keep him long. One time——asy! Is'nt that a rap I hear at the hall-doore?"

"'Tis, an' a double rap too. I suppose 'tis Mистер Richard, that thought fit to come at last, after keepin'

the master expectin' him these three days. Dear knows, 'twould be well we had either less or more of him.

I' you! there's another rap. What a hurry he's in?"

Mr. Fitzgerald, who added the dignity of porter to those of clerk, groom and valet in the service of his master, laid aside the boots which he had at length bought to a suitable degree of lustre, and went to the hall-door. He had not opened it many minutes when a cry of terror suddenly resounded through the house followed by exclamations of "help! murder! robbery! The Poundher! The Wather-Pirate!"

It may be imagined what alarm these terrific sounds excited through the quiet dwelling of the priest. Mrs. Ahearn sunk down almost fainting upon the settle-bed. Father John came hurrying in his slippers from the parlour, but ere he reached the hall, the sounds had already ceased, and all was silent. On arriving, at the front door he found it wide open, and his clerk lying prostrate and apparently lifeless across the threshold. Anxious in the first place to ascertain the cause of the



commotion, he hurried out upon the little gravel plat before the house, and looked on all sides, but could discern nothing capable of furnishing a clue to the mystery. Returning to the clerk, he found him already coming to himself, opening his eyes with looks of ghastly terror and amazement, and glancing on all sides as if he thought an enemy still lurked about the place. Mr. Magrath assisted him to rise and conducted him to the kitchen, where he placed him in a chair and commanded Mrs. Ahearn to have done fainting and get him a glass of wine.

The stimulant in some degree restored the affrighted clerk to his recollection, and after much sighing and groaning and broken exclamations, of "oh, the villain! oh the water-pirate! oh my cheek! my jaw!—to daar to come facin' in the very doore!" he felt sufficiently restored to be able to give some account of what he had seen.

He had gone to the door, he said, expecting to find Mr. Richard Magrath, for whose arrival they had been all looking out during several days past. To his surprise therefore it was that he beheld a man in the

common dress of a boatman standing outside. An enormous great coat of frieze enveloped his person, and as he stood, half turned away, the high standing collar aided by the wide-leafed oiled-cloth hat, which was drawn over his brow, almost completely hid his features. In this position he remained while he asked the clerk, "whether Mr. Richard was within?"

"I was full sure that it is one o' them boatmen I had comin' to sell his turf," so the clerk continued his narrative. "Why then, says I, you're welcome home to us with your double rap; one would think it was the Lord Lieutenant was there! I was so vexed with him that I'was goin' to slap the doore in his face, when what does the impident vagabone do but to turn over-right me, an' openin' his great coat, put a pistol to my breast. If you stir says he, or make the laste noise you're a dead man. I knew the Poundher in a minute, for I saw him once in Kilrush! Well though bein' greatly frightened, the Lord was plaised to put that spunk into my heart, that in place o' makin' him an answer, 'tis what I did was to lep upon him like Sampson among the Philistines, an' saize him by the collar

roarin' for help an' I don't know what besides. I don't know what his object was, whether it was to rob the house he wanted or what, but I suppose he changed his mind when he seen me so conthrairy, for in place o' firin' he only ga' me a fist in the jaw an' med off. Between the sthroke an' the fright, an' one thing or other I get such a megrim, that I suppose I lost my senses, for I don't remember anything more 'till I see your raverence along-side o' me with the glass o' wine."

The rumour of so daring an attempt made upon the very dwelling of the pastor, soon spread throughout the parish and excited universal astonishment, and indignation. Afrer this, what enterprise was there which the Pounder might not be expected to undertake. Every one was terrified for his house and all that it contained. Like small birds twittering after a hawk had passed, the people of the parish were seen getting into groups at each other's doors throughout the day, and discussing the motives of so audacious a proceeding. What could be the Pounder's object? And what was there that could stop him after pulling out his pistol at the priest's hall door? It could not be rob-

bery he had in view, for he was shrewd [enough to know that he had little chance of finding any great share of ready money in Father John's coffers. A less criminal intent could scarce demand so violent and hazardous a proceeding, and for any design bearing a deeper hue of wickedness, no probable motive could be imagined; so after all the disquisitions of all the longest heads that could be put together in the parish during the ensuing day, the aim and origin of the occurrence remained as much a mystery as they had been at the commencement.



## CHAPTER II.

WHILE the folks of the parish were talking and wondering, Father John had returned to his parlour where he remained for some time in a state of great uneasiness of mind. The clerk had been despatched to the house of the next magistrate, and a pursuit had been set on foot, but as might have been anticipated without success. Father John, or (as it is the more elegant modern fashion to call persons of his class,) Mr. Magrath continued to say his office, walking to and fro at a slow pace between the window and the cupboard, pausing now and then in involuntary distraction of mind, and yielding unconsciously to the anxieties that pressed upon him.

“What am I to do with him?” he ran on half in his own mind, half in audibly whispered soliloquy, as his reflections crowded more forcibly upon him, “or was ever father plagued with an unduteous son, as I am with this most intractable of brothers? Is it even excuseable to bear with him any longer? to sanction as it were by evident connivance, the scandal which he gives to the whole neighbourhood? Mildness has no effect on him; gentleness and forbearance which are ever sure to disarm a generous nature, seem only to stimulate his insolence. How long shall I endure his rapacity towards my poor tenants, and his gross dishonesty towards myself? Is it not time for me to give up all hope and to have done with the heart-sickening, suspense in which his conduct holds me. Nor is it even a moderate evil—a moderate ruin that menaces him. His whole career tends to no better a goal, than a disgraceful exile, or an ignominious death. Shall I bring all to a close with him this very day, and appoint another in his place? No, never! Let all go to wreck and ruin before I lay patience aside, and surrender a brother to despair. The moment of mercy

yet may come for him, as it has for others, and death shall come for one or both, before I grow weary of awaiting its arrival. At moments, too, amid the pitchy darkness that blinds him yet, I can fancy I see already faint gleams of light that seem to promise such a dawn. O joy of joys, if I should live to see it!"

At this instant, the door of his chamber opened and half a figure presented itself in the aperture. There was nothing in it to prepossess the beholder in favour of its owner. The dress was soiled and disordered as if through long travel or laborious exercise, and the countenance though not deficient in youth or comeliness was pale and dingy as if from the effects of toil and watching. The features had moreover an expression of anxiety which was plainly visible through the air of habitual dissolute boldness which invested them. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, his hand still grasping the door handle.

"Come in, Richard, come in," said Mr. Magrath in a quiet tone.

The young man entered accordingly with a discontented reckless look. He spun his hat across the room

till it rested on a table at the further end, and walked towards the fire-place with a confident air, his hands thrust into the huge pockets of his open coat, and his uncombed hair half shadowing his forehead as he looked sullenly downward.

"Morrow, John."

"Good morrow, Richard."

"Well, John, have you been thinking since about that business we were speaking of?"

"How can you be so unreasonable? Give you up my property, not only as to the usufruct which you possess already to all intents and purposes, but as to the actual ownership; *quoad dominuine*. I cannot consent to it."

"So pious a man as you, and the pastor of a parish too, might find something better to mind than a temporal possession."

"That's a good sentiment, Richard, but I fear not altogether disinterested. It would be much the better done if you would give an account of your stewardship, Richard, which I can by no means prevail on you to do, than to continue urging me to a step to which I cannot conscientiously consent, Richard."



“Every body says that it is ill-done in you, who have your course chalked out before you, to refuse to provide for a brother who has nothing in the world to look to, except what you may choose to afford him.”

“Refuse to provide for you, Richard! Me! Name any profession you will, and I will gladly furnish you the means of attaining it.”

“I do not want a profession, it is too late in life for me to begin studying. Every body says it is a shame.”

“I’m afraid you do not choose the best counsellors in the world, Richard.”

“That’s my own affair. I’ll tell you what it is John, if you don’t do what I ask, I know how to make you sorry for it.”

“Indeed you do, Richard. I know already that you know how to make me sorry, Richard.”

“I’ll give you more of it then, I promise you. I’ll make you tired of your life before I have done with you, if you don’t repent your avarice and covetousness.”

the brother smiled pensively, as if to say, 'you have gone right to that already,' but he only answered :

"You can do no more than God suffers you. Welcome be his will, Richard."

"Why do you keep calling me Richard, Richard, in that way at every sentence. That's what I hate, that preaching manner you always have towards me, as if I was some fool that you wanted to convert."

At this his brother laughed outright.

"You remind me," said he, "of what is related of some obstinate Pagans in old times, who were so irritable at beholding the devoted affection of the early Christians for one another, and hearing them call each other brothers, that they declared it gave them a disgust for the word when applied to their own natural relatives. But no such deep rooted depravity has a place in your heart, and I can tell you I have my hopes of you."

"Then I can tell you that you never were more mistaken in your life," exclaimed Richard in a loud and passionate tone. "I think I see myself indeed bending down my head and crying *peccavi*, brother

John. You shall see strange things first, I promise you."

"Never mind," said his brother, nodding his head and smiling, "time will tell."

"I'll let you know what time is likely to tell since you put me to it," cried Richard, still furious with anger, "and what I was thinking of this morning as I came hither, and what I most certainly will do if you continue to show your niggardly, and parsimonious temper. I'll read my recantation. I'll engage I'll find plenty of people who will be glad to do me justice. As for religion, I don't care what you may say about it; I think one is as good as another. Never fear; I'll make a stir in the country before long, and if I have not the head to write a long letter to the newspapers about the Irish parish priests I can find those that will be ready and able to help me. Never fear, I'll touch you all up, depend upon it. I'll come like a thunderbolt upon you when you are least thinking of it. I'll go to meetings—I'll make speeches in England, and Scotland, and Dublin. I'll learn Latin—I'll print books—I'll ransack old libraries—or

I'll find those that know how—I'll do for you, be certain,"

"I suppose, Dick," said Mr. Magrath, after enduring this hail of menaces in silence, "it might be one of those theologians you speak of, who was flourishing his pistol at the hall door this morning."

"This morning?"

"Yes—a kind of sea-faring missionary, more commonly known, as Fitzgerald tells me, by the significant appellation of the Pounder."

At the mention of this name the countenance of Richard Magrath acquired a prodigious length.

"The Pounder?" he exclaimed in amazement. "Did Fitzgerald say he saw that ruffian here this morning?"

"He both saw and felt him," replied the priest, "as if you take the trouble to examine, his left jaw will bear testimony at this instant."

Richard hurried from the room with a confused and agitated look, as if he were not sorry at the instant to have an excuse for retiring. His brother quietly resumed the reading of his office and awaited his return,

but in vain. On his ringing the bell at the end of half an hour, the clerk entered with his face bound up in a handkerchief to say that he had left the house immediately on hearing the particulars of the Pounder's visit, and with an air of confusion and haste, as if the intelligence had occasioned him some strange perplexity.

"But there's one abroad, sir," added the clerk, "that wants to speak with you."

"Who is it?"

"Nobody only me, please your Reverance," said a voice outside the door.

"Come in Mahony, come in," said the priest, and the stranger entered while Fitzgerald returned to the kitchen. "Well, Mahony, what's the matter now?"

"I hear you had the Poundher here this morning, sir?"

"You heard aright."

"An' Mистер Richard? wasn't he with you while ago?"

"He was."

"Do you know where he's gone to, sir?"



“ I have no idea.”

The stranger made a considerable pause, and drew up his person as if about to deliver an oration. There were few circumstances which could occasion more uneasiness to the worthy clergyman, or to any one who knew the individual who stood before him. He was a cooper by trade and a great politician ; one of those blustering noisy patriots, who I make no doubt think much of their country, but certainly think a great deal of themselves. No one could be on more pleasing terms with another than Mr. Mahony was with himself. A certain fluency of words, in a district where English, not to say Latin, was at premium, aided by that noble scorn of false modesty peculiar to great minds, rendered him by pre-eminence one of the most troublesome, unmanageable, turbulent characters in Father John's entire parish. Wherever a mob collected, or on whatever occasion, he was sure to be a ringleader. Who would might look after his tubs and cans when any popular movement called him out of doors, and his neighbours declared that he must have a great capacity for minding the business of the

public, for it was acknowledged on all hands that he paid very little attention to his own. Some wags indeed, either through envy or malice, had contrived to affix upon him the sobriquet of "*Incubus*" from the frequent use which he made of that word in his orations, and with so much success that he was better known by the name of Incubus Mahony than by his own. But such petty malevolence he treated with the silent contempt which it deserved. On the present occasion however he seemed to labour under some more immediate alarm than that of any prospective political calamity.

"Sir," said he, after a pause, "I have not words to express my feelings at the extraordinary news which I have heard, The times are out of joint. It is my painful duty to announce to you that your valuable life is in danger."

"Do you mean general danger, arising out of the deplorable state of things in which we live, or any particular danger as regards myself?"

"Reverend sir," said the cooper, "in this case the danger is particular. Most undeniable it is indeed,

that at any time we cannot be said to possess our habitations in security. Our destinies are in the hands of persons whose minds are a century behind the age. But they sleep on a volcano. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Dispersed by the whirlwind of popular indignation they shall see its waters burst upon them with outspread wings and find themselves overwhelmed when too late beneath the tottering conflagration. Too long have we groaned beneath that incubus, which—”

As Father John knew by experience that when the cooper was once fairly mounted on the incubus it was no easy matter to stop him, he cut short his career at the outset by requesting him to state what the particular danger was of which he spoke. The question seemed at once to restore the orator to his recollections and enabled him to speak rationally.

“The danger,” said he, “is nearer to you than you imagine. At some time to-day you will be sent for to visit an old man who, you will be told, lies ill in a cabin near the shore. Beware of that old man?”

“This is too absurd,” said Mr. Mahony, “Whom have I injured, that I should fear such treachery?”

“Ask not whom you have injured, but whom your death might serve?”

“How?”

“With what purpose, do you think, that infamous wretch presented himself at your door this morning? Was it to look for money? He is not so simple.”

“And [what could be his object,” said Mr. Magrath, “what has he to gain or lose by my life or death?”

“Might it not be that he would feel an interest in the loss or gain of others? Might it not be made worth his while?”

“To whom do you allude?”

“I scarce know how to make you credit it, but this much I can tell you as certain, that the Pounder and one of his notorious gang were both overheard as they were drinking together, forming a plot to put you out of the way in order that your brother Richard might have the disposal of your property. I am not at liberty to make known to you the name of my informant, but you may depend upon my information.”

“I am obliged to you for it, Mahony, but I cannot

give credit [to your informant whoever he is. You surely do not suppose that I can think my brother capable of such an act.”

“I did not hear that he was actually privy to it, but I would strongly recommend to you to mind what sick calls you may have to answer on this day, Prudence is the first of the cardinal virtues. In answer to the question ‘whom have you injured?’ I am free to answer no one; but if you ask ‘who is likely to injure you?’ I would keep the negative in the rear ranks until I find myself treading on smoother water. True indeed, reverend sir, no wrestler in the game of patriotism has approached nearer to the goal, or culled more laurels in the stormy waves of political life, as the whole parish and the rest of Europe can bear testimony. No one has been more prompt in responding to the call of the people, when uplifted against that incubus which—”

“You flatter me, Mahony, too much, but I am thankful to you for your information, and I hope you will be satisfied with my telling you that I will not fail to think of it.”



With this assurance the cooper took his leave, not however until he had enabled Mr. Magrath to take down in writing a minute account of all that he was at liberty to reveal. Putting the notes which he had made into his pocket book, the clergyman after wishing his informant a good morning, resumed the customary business of the day.

## CHAPTER II.

As the merchant Richard Murgatroyd had taken his departure from his brother's house in a state of mind which would not be easy to describe. There is no doubt, however, more certain, and we have frequent opportunities of bearing testimony to it, than that there is no spirit of depravity at which we are not sensible of arriving, when we have once forsaken the path of holiness. The prince of the apostles denied his master, and an unguarded glance transformed the King of Jews from a saint into a murderer. There was not a much truth in the statement of the cooper that the devil's act had already been spoken of be-

tween the parties in question, and the plan proposed ; and there was just so much justice in the clergyman's opinion of his brother, that the latter had recoiled from the detestable act when placed before him in all the naked horror of detail, and refused his assent to the perpetration of a deed, under any circumstances, as singular in enormity as it is rare in actual occurrence. Amid the violence of character which he had displayed from childhood, occasional gleams of goodness had appeared, though at long intervals, which seemed to redeem his nature in some slight degree from the reproach of absolute and unmingled depravity. Those favourable indications, however, were completely lost in the vicious and dissolute career which he had run for many years, and it was only the startling proposition of his reckless associate, which at length awakened something like a movement of remorse within his mind. Stunned by the atrocious suggestion, he was for a time unable to offer a reply, and spent the whole of the remaining day in a reverie of thought. He had heard in his childhood, stories of crime and violence, and listened with a terrified inter-

est, to the awful detail of evil practises by which, step by step, some miserable being had been led to the extremity of guilt, and he started as he asked himself whether it were true that such was indeed to be the end of his course? and was he really now himself in the terrible position of those wretched beings, whose history in old times struck dismay into his soul? He felt for a moment like a sleep-walker, who suddenly awakened by the grasp of some rude hand, finds himself standing on the verge of a tremendous precipice, and on the point of making the last decisive step. Such wholesome thoughts, however, did not long retain possession of his mind. His heart, habituated to resist and to subdue such impules, began ere long to feel less sensitive even with regard to this, and he listened with less horror to the hardened suggestions of his associate, and the details of the plan which he laid down for the accomplishment of his design. The latter was, however, astonished and vexed to find that he could not at any time obtain from him either by word or action, a distinct assent to his proposition. It was in vain he tempted his cupidity by setting before

him its advantages to himself, and stimulated his passions by exaggerating the distrust with which he was treated. The young man listened to him but avoided as if instinctively, all the traps which he laid for catching an assent however slight, and all the remarks he made in reply, came in the shape of an objection of some kind or another, either as to the means to be used, or the probability of escaping detection, or on some other ground. At length, the Pounder began to look on him as one of those beings who combine weakness with their wickedness, and who are much more easily induced to play the part of accessories after the fact than before, through a feeling, not of virtue still unextinguished but, of mere selfish cowardice. Reasoning in this manner, though not altogether correctly, on the dispositions of his coy disciple, this minion of iniquity had been induced to make that daring attempt at obtaining admission to the presence of Mr. Magrath, which had been frustrated by the unexpected valour of Fitzgerald the clerk.

Well, gentlemen, I will not weary you any longer with general observations, when I know you are long-



ing for incident. The account which Richard had received of the appearance of the Pounder at his brother's cottage, excited his indignation to the highest. He sought and found him in a low cabin near a small creek, where he was accustomed to moor his boat. He reproached him vehemently with his treachery, to such a degree that it had nearly brought on a breach of their evil intimacy. As before, however, the pertinacity of his companion exhausted his anger, and he was once more prevailed upon to listen almost in silence to plans and arguments against which he offered but faint and nominal objections. While they disputed, the Pounder adroitly caused some drink to be placed upon the table. It appeared also as if he had mingled some unusual ingredient in that portion of which he prevailed on Richard to partake, for before he had finished a single glass, its effects became apparent in the extreme drowsiness which affected his features and his conversation. Perceiving the unaccustomed heaviness which oppressed him, he refused to drink more, and telling the Pounder that he would only take a turn in the air in order to shake off his drowsiness, he arose and left the cabin.

Unobserved, the Pounder followed him at a distance cautiously watching his movements. The evening was calm and sunny, the surface of the river lay smooth as a mirror, and the wood and cottages along the shore had that melancholy beauty which was occasioned by the loneliness of the scene and the hour. The freshness of the air dissipated in a degree his inclination to sleep, and enabled him even to pursue a connected train of thought or rather of musing with tolerable distinctness. The loveliness of the landscape, and the tender light of evening by which he looked upon it, affected his spirits and predisposed him for the reception of gentle and softening impressions. Forgetting the promise made to his associate, he strolled for a considerable way along the margin of the waters, following the numerous windings of the shore, as they led him onward, at one time by a jetting point, and at others by a silent wood, or green and level corcass. The thoughts, which amid the hurry and dissipation of the past months had occurred at intervals and for passing moments only to his mind, now came before him in a

connected series, and fixed his almost undivided attention. Still wrapt in thought, he entered a small glen, through which a broken stream came hastening to mingle its waters with those of the majestic river that flowed beneath. Following at a distance, the Pounder saw him turn into this glen and continue his lonely walk, thridding his way slowly amid the rocks and brushwood by which the place was filled. About a quarter of a mile from the shore the glen was crossed by a small green valley, free from trees and ornamented on one side of its acclivities by a ruined kiln or church called by the name of some saint of the Carlovingian times, whose name alone survived in popular tradition. Further up the valley, at some distance on the opposite side, stood the small parish chapel, a low white-washed building overshadowed by a few elms. Being the eve of the Sabbath, a few men and women, cottagers in the neighbourhood, were seen passing the door or following the lonesome pathways that led from various directions to the house of worship. The quiet, sunny scene contributed still further to dispose the mind of the young man to a mood of calm reflection. He ap-

proached the ruin. The waste of time was visible on all around it. A broken holy water vase of hewn stone lay fallen near the threshold. Some mouldering bones discoloured by the weather were scattered near the porch and around the rank grass that grew around. Through the moss and lichen, and between the foliage of ivy that mantled the decaying walls and grew close around the doors and windows, traces were visible of elaborate sculpture and mason work. Thoughts of times long past, came over the mind of the young prodigal as he gazed around him. The contrast of manners struck and interested him. Those mouldering bones, where were the spirits that inhabited them? and were they at this moment the better or the worse, for the share which they might have had in the creation of this ruined temple, and the hymns which once sounded within its walls? From the past, his thoughts strayed to the future, and he gazed curiously on his limbs, and over his extended fingers, and strange feelings woke within his mind as he compared them with the miserable fragments that lay strewn around him. Continuing to watch his movements the

Pounder soon beheld him enter the church, and lost sight of him for a considerable time. On crossing the valley and reaching the ruin, he was surprised to find him seated amid some loose stones, with his shoulder leaning against the wall and sleeping profoundly!

Satisfied that he was indeed asleep, he hurried downward through the glen and across the fields in the direction of the cabin which he had left to follow Richard. Crossing the threshold, he beheld seated near the fire, one of his accomplices, in boatman's costume like his own, and busy in finishing the drink which he had left behind him.

"Come along!" exclaimed the Pounder, beckoning impatiently. "He is safe."

"Isn't he coming back?"

"No,—he will remain quiet where he is, till midnight at the least. I took care of that when I mixed his drink."

"Did you get his consent?"

"Trash, man! I didn't want it. He'll be ready enough to consent when it is done."

"I'm in dread to have anything to do with it. I done



many a thing with you, but never the likes o' this before. Nobody ever has neck or grace that has any deal to a thing o' the kind."

"I suppose some outit woman was talkin' to you since I left the house."

"Tis not any outit woman, but the whole country knows it. We seen ourselves the time o' the troubles, those that waylaid Father Whitequeen, and took his life for crossin' 'em in their night walkin', that none of 'em ever come to a good end. One was drownded in goin' to America, another was killed by a fall from his horse, another was found dead in his bed (lord save us!) after spendin' the night drinkin', and sure there was only the other day 'at yourself seen the last of 'em dyin' of the dint of starvation, in his codd days, after bein' in beggary half his time."

"Is it crack'd you're gettin'?"

"If you wouldn't heed that, isn't it recorded in history itself what happened all those that had a hand in the death o' Father Sheehy of Clonmel? Isn't it noted to this very day, that from all the grand jury

down to the manest witness, neither they nor their children after 'em, ever come to a timely end?"

"It's my belief you're gettin' light."

"Whatever would come across myself, I would'nt be plased my deeds 'ud be visited upon my childher."

"Why didn't you think o' that before? Sure you can plase yourself. If you don't like to do it, you can stay here. I'll find plenty besides that has notions above crusheening with ould women in the chimney corner?"

"I wasn't sayin' again' goin' all out. I was only talkin' as it came into my head."

"Well, then, did you talk enough? If you did, go now an' do as I tould you. You know yourself what you're to say. An' ould man, a thraveller, that's taken suddenly ill, on the road side. But there's one job that we'd have a right to settle first."

"What is it?"

"Do you remember when last we were talkin' o' this business?"

"I does."

“An when we settled the way we were to do it?”

“I remember that likewise.”

“Well, don’t you call to mind that just after we settlin’ the plan, an’ we thinkin’ there was nobody hearkenin’ to us only ourselves, how we hard one give a little cough in the room, a-near us, just as if he was sthrivin’ to keep it in, and he could’nt?”

“I does—little Sam Hare the tinker that does jobs about the counthry. There’s no one need to be in dhread of him; he’s a little cowardly sprissawneen that wouldn’t daar open his mouth.”

“I think ’tis betther make sure of him for all that. ’Tis aisy done, for his cabin is in among the threes on the road side as we go.”

“Wisha, the dear knows nobody need to be in dhread o’ Sam Hare.” “What is it you’re thinkin o’ doin’?”

“I’ll tell you as we go along.”

They left the house together.

In the meantime Father John expected with anxiety the return of his brother. Evening fell, however, and he came not. Day closed in all the splendour of an

Atlantic sunset. Night came, and it was evident that Richard did not intend returning. It was within two hours of midnight and every one in the house had retired to rest. Mr. Magrath had already begun to disencumber himself of his dress, when a loud knock was heard at the front door. In a few minutes after, Fitzgerald turned the handle of the chamber door.

“Are you asleep, sir?”

“No, what do you want?”

“A call, sir, there’s one abroad for you to go over in all haste to the cross.”

Mr. Magrath thought of the cooper’s warning, but he kept the suspicion to himself, and said in an ordinary tone:

“It is just like them, just the old story. They let the whole day pass and wait until I am just stepping into bed. Who is it that’s ill?”

“An ould man, sir,” he says “a thraveller, that’s taken suddenly ill, a little piece in from the cross, I axed him myself why he wouldn’t come airly, an’ he says ’tis only while ago the man come to the house at all.

"I suppose there is no help for it. Bring round the horse as soon as you can. You had better give the messenger a drink by the fire-side while he is waiting."

Fitzgerald departed and returned in a few minutes.

"He wouldn't take anything for the world, sir. He says he must go back at once, as ourselves knows the way, an' there'll be one waitin' for us at the cross to show us the house."

This last incident did not contribute to the removal of the doubts which had occurred to the mind of the clergyman. In a short time the horses was ready, and Mr. Magrath, accompanied as usual by his clerk, set out upon his mission. It is scarcely necessary to say that he experienced no little anxiety, as he left the house but he did not feel the vague warning of Mahony, sufficiently precise or credible to warrant him in acting on it, at the hazard of abandoning a fellow creature in his extremity. The night was moonless and calm, with just sufficient light to enable them to pursue their road with tolerable certainty. About half a mile from the house, after traversing a lonely mountainous track, on which, at long intervals only, ap-

peared the wretched cabin of some poor labourer, or petty agriculturist, the travellers descended a slope leading to a turn in the road which was crossed by a small stream. On either side, at this place, extended one of those woods of stunted oak, which grow spontaneously in various parts of the country. As they crossed the stream, an exclamation from the clerk attracted the attention of his master.

“The light, sir! Did you see the light in the wood?”

Mr. Magrath turned to the left and beheld among the trees at the distance of a musket shot from the road, the reflection of a strong light, but from what cause it originated, the distance and the intervening wood rendered it impossible to discern.

“What can be the cause of that, Edward?” he said after gazing on it for some moments in silence.

“The heavens bless you, mather, an’ don’t let it throuble you, but let us go on, whatever it is. What call have we to it?”

“I’m afraid there’s some mischief going on thereabout, Edward.”



“Eyeh, what mischief, sir ? A heap o’ faggots may be, they’re burnin’. The night will be lost on us, if we stop lookin’ at it.”

The clergyman hesitated for some moments.

“I do not like to go further without knowing more about it,” he said. “Follow me, or if you are afraid remain here till I return.”

This speech left the hearer in a state of cruel perplexity, for being long since fully, though privately satisfied in his own mind, that the light which they beheld proceeded from no natural cause, the horror of approaching the awful scene, even in so good company as that of his master, seemed nothing inferior to that of remaining alone upon the road. He decided however, on accompanying Mr. Magrath, knowing enough of his character to judge how useless would be any attempt at dissuading him from his terrific purpose.

## CHAPTER IV.

TURNING into a narrow bridle road, they proceeded for some minutes in silence, the clergyman with difficulty preventing his horse from stumbling over the huge stones and masses of broken earth, that filled the track. At length, an opening in the wood disclosed the cause of their perplexity. The light was seen to proceed from a small cabin, which fronted the narrow road, and was almost hid on every other side by the close ash and fir trees that grew around. From the small window, but more especially from the doorway which stood wide open, the light proceeded.

“What in the world came over me, an’ not to know the place ’till now?” exclaimed Fitzgerald. “Sure it ought to be as well known to me as our own hall doore. ’Tis Sam Hare the little tinker that lives there.”

Proceeding onward until they arrived opposite the door they beheld within a figure which had enough of the grotesque, to have afforded them amusement under any other circumstances. On the floor was seated a small sized, thin featured man, his hands bound together at the wrists and passed over his knees in such a manner, as to allow a long broom handle to pass beneath the flexure of the latter, and over that of the elbows, so as effectually to keep him pinioned in his sitting posture, without the power to stir a limb, and at the least motion in imminent danger of falling on either side, in which case his misfortune would have been as irremediable, as that of an inverted turtle. His countenance as he looked up betrayed the most pitiable terror and anxiety.

Dismounting, Mr. Magrath gave his bridle to Fitz-

gerald, and approached the door. As he presented himself at the threshold, a harsh cry broke from the little man, which was echoed by a female voice from an inner room, and for some minutes, a screaming duet was kept up which rendered it impossible to distinguish any other sound. His appearance however, contributed more to make it cease than anything which he could say. The terror of the pinioned tinker changed, on seeing him, to the most extravagant joy. Drawing out the broom handle and releasing his wrists, Mr. Magrath enquired for a time, in vain the cause of his being found in so extraordinary a position. The poor tinker, however, was too thoroughly affrighted to be able to give any account of the occurrence, and it was only from the female he learned, that, while they were at their supper, their house had been suddenly invaded by two men in boatman's dress, who after menacing and ill-treating Hare in various ways, administered an oath to him, to what purport she could not say, as they had taken the precaution to remove her at first to another chamber, where she could only

gather an indistinct account of what was passing. In the meantime, the bewildered tinker did nothing but moan and laugh with a kind of incoherent joy, when he looked upon the clergyman. The fire-place was occupied by an enormous heap of burning turf, which the woman told him had been made by the strange men, who threatened to burn the tinker behind it, in case he persisted in refusing to take the oath.

So these people have made you take an oath, Sam," said the priest.

"Hi! hi! the Poundher! he! he!"

"Oh! ho! the Pounder was it? Well, what did he swear to you?"

The tinker was silent.

"Of course you are well instructed enough to know Sam, that you had no right to take an unlawful oath, and are as little bound to keep it, more especially if it binds you to anything unjust. You know what is said of the ways of becoming a partaker in the sin of another. Don't be guilty by concealing; *participans, mutus, non obstans, non manifestans*, are all alike."

“Aye, sir, that’s the way,” said Fitzgerald, whose curiosity had led him to fasten the horse at the door, and follow his master unseen into the house, “give him enough o’ the Latin, an’ I’ll engage you’ll soon bring him to, if anything could do it.

Nothing however could do it, as it appeared, for neither by Latin or English could the tinker be induced to reveal a word of what had passed between him [and the Pounder. Still it was evident that something had occurred, in which Mr. Magrath was personally interested, for when that gentleman, weary of the scene, was about taking his departure, the tinker flung himself before him, and embracing his knees, seemed entreating him in the most piteous manner not to venture abroad. In answer to the clergyman’s repeated questions, he only exclaimed in broken sentences’.

“Don’t—don’t!—Go home!—I can’t!—Go home.”

“Why should I? What is it you desire me not to do? What have I to fear?”

“I can’t—I can’t tell—I can’t speak at all—I’d be



burnt—I'm destroyed—I'll be burnt behind the fire."

"You may surely tell me at least what is the nature of the danger you see for me? You will not? Then do not annoy me with your noise."

Abruptly leaving the house, Mr. Magrath deliberated with himself for a few moments on the course which he had best take. Some mischief was evidently afoot, but he could hardly persuade himself, that it was directed against his life. The thought seemed too extravagant. No motive, but Richard's benefit could be imagined for it, and he never could persuade himself that his brother could really even for a moment entertain so horrible a thought.

"Amid all his thoughtlessness and violence," he said to himself, I have detected traces of a better spirit, that makes it seem impossible he should proceed to such atrocious lengths. I have seen him on more than one occasion bestow his best coat, or pair of shoes, on a poor man, when he thought he was entirely unobserved. It is impossible that he can be a party to such a plot, and without him what motive can any other person have to injure me?"

He determined to pursue his journey, and dismissing Fitzgerald on the ground that he did not require his attendance, he took the road which led to the appointed place, alone.

In the mean time Richard continued to sleep profoundly on the uneven resting place, which he had taken up within the ruined Kill. The drug which had been mingled in his drink, while it oppressed his senses quickened his imagination and rendered it more susceptible of those vivid and singular impressions, which the mind often receive in dreaming. At first his visions were confused and mingled of the pleasing and the horrible. Sometimes he fancied himself borne upon a strong wind, with a speed that excessive as it was, yet filled him with a sense of buoyant delight and exultation, over houses, rivers, towns, churches, gardens, seas and continents, all of which seemed gliding rapidly away beneath him, in brilliant panoramic succession. Then a sudden and intense darkness overspread the face of all things—terrific sounds re-echoed through the gloom, and a crash like that of

falling mountains, with rocks rolling upon rocks to an unfathomable depth, turned the very sense of hearing to an affliction. Then again the series of phantoms assumed a pleasing character. Green fields and gently flowing streams with waving groves and rustic music succeeded to the congregation of terrors, from which he had just escaped. For a considerable time these incoherent phantoms occupied his fancy. At length, whether that the influence of the potion he had drunk was worn out, or from some other cause, this extreme confusion ceased, and his visions began to assume a more consecutive order.

Again, he thought he was seated in the cabin, where he had left the Pounder. He was alone and meditating on the deed, to which the latter sought to urge him. While he deliberated, now dwelling listlessly on the advantages which he should derive from its accomplishment, now recoiling horror-stricken, from the means suggested, he thought the Pounder entered and beckoned him from the cottage. Led by some strange impulse, he arose in silence and followed. The Poun-

we set the way in the shore, where he turned and  
smiled him. So they walked together on the beach,  
the river concur renewed his instances, and with so  
much force and artifice, that the dreamer could no  
longer hold out against him. He consented, but as  
soon as that done so, the tempter turned a look upon  
him with a gesture of applause and satisfaction, he  
started back with a thrill of fear, as he discerned be-  
neath the broad leafed hat and matted hanging locks,  
the malignant features of the Arch-enemy of mankind!

The consent, however, was given, and it was not  
recalled. The deed he now thought was executed  
exactly in the manner which had been proposed to him  
when awake. Their whole scheme succeeded to their  
desire. Detection was effectually baffled, and Richard  
as his brother's legal heir, entered into possession of  
the property, which he had acquired by the sin of  
Cain!

Still, the connection of his dream continued. He  
entered on the gay and dissipated course of life which  
had been for so long a time, the object of his ambition.

He kept hunters—attended and bet at race courses—won and lost at cards—indulged in all the varieties of what he had regarded, and heard spoken of by others, as a life of pleasure.

He did not however find it such. In the midst of his tumultuous delights, remorse haunted him, and the memory of what he had done, was for ever present to his soul. It was in vain that he shut out reflection at one sense ; she instantly re-entered through another, and as he hurriedly swallowed cup after cup of the intoxicating waters of delight, she was for ever present to mingle bitterness and anguish in the draught.

Wearied out by the incessant strife, sick of his disappointed hopes, and stung almost to madness by tormenting recollections, a settled gloom and melancholy at length took possession of his mind. Every kind word that had been ever spoken to him by his brother in their days of familiar intercourse, every gentle tone and mild forbearing glance came back upon his mind, and pierced it through with agony. The

love which in childhood he had felt toward his brother, revived with a more than redoubled force, and as he reviewed his whole career of quiet generosity and kindness, he experienced a torment, somewhat similar to that, he might imagine of a lost spirit, remembering the happiness which it slighted, and which it could never more regain.

One evening, scourged in spirit by such thoughts, he sought relief by walking out alone by the riverside. Insensibly he found himself pursuing the same path, which he had actually followed during his walk on the preceding evening. On arriving within view of what in his waking moments appeared to him to be a ruined church, he was surprised to behold it thronged with people as at the celebration of some great festival. Making enquiry at one of the doors, he was told that a most holy priest, celebrated throughout the country for his skill in directing consciences, was within, and engaged in hearing the confessions of the people. Immediately the idea occurred to him of seeking relief from his remorse, by acknowledging his guilt at the



feet of this saintly minister. Entering the church with this intent, he was however, diverted from carrying it into execution by the extraordinary sight which he beheld within. The people were on their knees and praying in silence ; a great number of candles were lighted on the altar, before which stood a priest with his back turned, and engaged in the most solemn part of the mass. While he stood fixed in wonder, with his eyes riveted on the officiating minister, the latter slowly turned as if to give a benediction to the people, and revealed to the conscience-stricken Richard, the ghastly inexpressive features, and meaningless eye of his murdered brother !

The terrible dream continued with the same consecutive distinctness. He now thought, that while he still gazed as if spell-bound on the features of the awful figure, it returned his gaze, and slowly descending the steps of the altar, approached the spot on which he stood, bearing in his uplifted hands the silver chalice which he used during the sacred ceremony. The people gave way in silence, and formed

an open passage between the brothers, along which Richard saw the figure still approach. He thought to fly, but all power of motion had deserted him, nor could he even avoid the cold and fearful glance, that met his own. At length the figure stood, and presenting to his lips the sacred vessel, which now he saw was filled with blood, said with the gentle smile which he so well remembered:—

“DRINK, MY BROTHER !”

At the same instant one universal cry of execration burst from the assembled multitude. Some rushed upon him with hideous looks, some menaced, some some railed loudly at him, while one dipping his fingers in the silver vessel and drawing them forth all steeped in blood, with a smile of sharp contempt sprinkled some drops upon his face and dress. His senses could no longer support the oppressive vision : he awoke with a cry of terror, and springing to his feet, for a time could neither remember where he was nor whether he still slept. The darkness contributed to bewilder him ; he could only discern the open sky

alone, where a few stars twinkled faintly between the masses of cloud, and the broken outlines of the roofless walls around him. The night had changed in his sleep, for the wind now rushed hoarsely through the trees, and drove a mizzling rain upon his person ; circumstances which had probably some influence in producing the latter changes in his dream. So strongly was the intense feeling of terror still upon his mind, that one of his first impulses was to fly, supposing that the dreadful scene might be renewed. He darted through the open doorway and again involuntarily paused, as he reached the grassy slope outside. He gazed around him. Gradual recollection stole upon him, the ruin, the distant river, the little valley, every new sight restored him to himself, and as the thrilling idea, "It is only a dream !" flashed upon his mind, with a wild cry of extacy and gratitude, he flung himself upon his knees and gave vent to his feelings in a burst of joyous weeping.

His extacy was not of long duration. Recollection awoke, the occurrences of the preceding evening returned to his mind and filled him with alarm.

“What!” he exclaimed—“A dream? This hour—this very instant all may become real. Already—”

Without waiting to give full expression to the terrible doubt, he started from his knees, and forgetting even his hat which had fallen from him in his sleep, he rushed with the speed of madness through the fields.

While this was passing Father John continued his journey towards the place appointed, still unable to persuade himself that any evil was really intended him. The night had already changed to wind and rain. On arriving at the cross, he found as he had been led to expect, a person waiting for him on the road. The man answered his question without embarrassment or hesitation, and recommended him to dismount as the way was rather difficult to ride. Mr. Magrath, who saw nothing to be gained by any show of distrust, at once complied and accompanied the messenger on foot, conversing cheerfully as they proceeded. About a quarter of a mile from the common road they reached the house, a miserable cabin in which they found only the man for whom the clergyman's assistance was re-

quired: The loneliness of the place, the discomfort of every thing, and the deserted look of the house in which scarce even a spark of fire was lighted on the hearth, added nothing to the confidence of Mr. Magrath. A wretched partition divided the hut, on the inner side of which, the sick man lay on a low pallet, covered by a tattered quilt. These particulars the clergyman was enabled to discover by the glimmer of a rushlight, stuck in the fissure of a cleft stick, which was handed him by the messenger. Having caused the latter to leave the house while he received the confession of the penitent, he drew for that purpose a low rush-bottomed chair close to the bedside, and prepared to enter on the office of his ministry. Before doing so, he knelt, as was usual with him, for a few moments to offer up a customary prayer. In this attitude he did not perceive what was done by the pretended penitent, who arose softly from his pallet, and drawing from beneath the bed-clothes a large and pointed knife, he lifted the right hand and leaned forward to reach the spot on which the priest was

kneeling. At this instant a rush of hurried feet and a rapid voice was heard outside. The clergyman turned his head to listen, and the penitent shrunk again beneath the bed-clothes. The outer door was dashed back upon its hinges and a figure drenched in rain, and wild in look and gesture, rushed into the room. It was Richard Magrath. Standing between his brother and the bed, from which with one arm he held him back, with the other he dragged off the bed-clothes, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished clergyman the figure of the Pounder, fully dressed, and with the knife exposed and gleaming in his grasp. For some moments all three remained motionless and without speaking. The baffled assassin seemed irresolute what he should do, and glanced from one to another as if doubting which of the two he should select for the object of his assault, while the clergyman lifted his hands and eyes in mute astonishment, and Richard pointed out the detected ruffian with a look of deprecation and self-abasement.

At length Richard, turning to his still irresolute



accomplice addressed him in a low and agitated voice :

“Go!” said he, “and provide for your security, It is not for me to be your accuser, who have more reason to accuse myself. But never see nor speak with me again.”

The fellow arose with a sullen look, and after muttering something which they could not distinctly hear departed from the house. Richard then turning to his brother and casting himself at his feet, confessed with sentiments of the deepest remorse, the whole extent of his criminality, relating at the same time the temptations by which he had been assailed, and the awful dream by which he had been recalled from the very verge of ruin.

“But now, he added, “I place myself in your hands to do with me as you will, to deliver me up to any punishment my crime deserves. I resign the trust which you reposed in me, and which I have so grievously abused. From this time forward it shall be my chief care to repair the injustices I have committed, and to avenge against myself, the unnatural war which I have so long made on my own happiness and peace.”

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the astonishment and horror of the worthy priest at the extraordinary scene which passed before, or his heartfelt thankfulness to Heaven, not so much for his own providential escape, as for the repentance and restoration of his lost brother. After a full reconciliation and forgiveness, Richard returned with him, and by his advice and his own perseverance, became, and continued for the remainder of his life, a model of exactness and regularity to all the neighbourhood, never ceasing to recal with feelings of terror and of gratitude the awful precipice, to the very verge of which he had been led by his precipitate and headless conduct. The fate of his seducer is public, so that it is scarcely necessary to mention it. Touched by some impulse, the nature of which was known to few besides himself, he surrendered himself into the hands of a gentleman residing near the river which had been the scene of his piracies. By some kind of tacit understanding with the authorities whom he so long had

baffled, he was tried on a minor offence, and sent into perpetual exile in one of the great South Sea colonies.

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All the Jurors courteously returned thanks to the Fifth Juryman for the pains he had taken to entertain them by his narrative.

“An incident, somewhat similar to what forms a main feature in the story we have just heard,” said one of the company, when the murmur of voices had subsided, “is related of one of the later Greek Emperors, who, if I mistake not, afterwards came to a violent death while absent from his dominions. But unfortunately in his case the dream came after the crime and not before it.”

“The only fault that I would presume to find with our friend’s story,” said another juror, “is that in accordance with the vicious taste of the day, he has made the interest turn too much upon the evil dispositions of our nature. I know that vice itself can be so represented as to make the picture serve the interests

of virtue, but I cannot relish the continual harping upon guilt and crime which overspreads what people still persevere in calling our literature. For my part as I never could take a pleasure in reading such productions, so when it comes to my turn you must not expect anything of the kind from me."

"If you tell about our own beloved isle," muttered another of the company, in a half sneering tone, "I fear you can scarce be so choice of your subject and adhere to the truth."

"I emphatically deny, sir," exclaimed one of the patriot's, (who was a member of a political union, and secretary to a liberal club,) rising from his seat with an inflamed countenance, and gazing with fiery eyeballs on the last speaker—while he placed his clenched hand upon the table to express determination: "I most emphatically, sir, deny the correctness of your last position. Crimes take place in Ireland as in all countries, but I deny sir, [with a slight rap on the table]—I deny, sir——"

“ Two or three voices called, “ order,” and “ chair !”

The political union man still kept his eyes fixed on the other party. “ It is most incorrect,” said he, “ to charge a whole country with the deeds of individuals, and most untrue to say that Ireland exceeds, aye, or equals other countries either in the number or quality of the crimes which stain her soil. You may smile, sir, in the consciousness of your own fancied superiority, but I tell you, [another rap on the table] that nothing but the most engrossing spirits of monopoly——”

This was the signal for universal uproar. At the word “ monopoly” a storm arose, in the midst of which the vehement gesticulation only of the political union man, and the words “ temerarious,” “ foul calumny,” and “ sinister intentions,” which at intervals were heard to escape his lips, were all that gave a hint of the nature of his oration. Amid tumultuous cries of “ chair !” “ order !” and deafening calls for “ silence,” the Foreman arose like Neptune, amid the breakers in the first book of the *Æneid*.

*Prospiciens, summā placidum caput extulet undā,*  
but had not the same facility in obtaining silence. Having procured a hearing he endeavoured to reconcile all parties by reminding them of their covenant, but for a time in vain, one party insisting that the patriot should explain what he meant by the word, "monopoly," and the other demanding a retraction of the calumny upon the character of the country. At length both were prevailed on to explain, each' paid the stipulated fine, and quiet was restored.

The incarcerated tourist, who lay all this while in the lower cupboard, much diverted by what he conceived to be so frivolous a dispute amongst fellow-countrymen, was now doomed to experience the truth of that adage which tells us that "listeners hear no good of themselves."

"There is one thing at all events," said a Juror, in the calm which followed, "which all will readily admit. Whatever may be thought of crime in Ireland, I believe everybody will allow that it is not half so bad as it is at the other side of the Channel."



To this there was a general and immediate expression of assent. Every one agreed that, let people say what they would of Ireland, she was not half so bad as England.

“There is something naturally bad about all the English,” said one. “You read every other day in the newspapers of crimes committed in England, the like of which are not so much as known in this country.”

“Gentlemen,” said the Juror, who had given rise to this discussion, perceiving that all those remarks appeared to be directed toward his side of the room, “you must understand me. When I alluded to the condition of our own country on the score of moral offence, I was far from designing to insinuate that the case was at all so bad as it is in England.”

“Oh, we all know that,” exclaimed a number of voices. “Except a man was out of his senses he couldn’t think that.”

It may be imagined what feelings agitated the breast of the tourist, while he was thus compelled to hear

his native country spoken of in such a manner. Involuntarily, he thrust open one of the doors a few inches, and a vehement expression of dissent arose to his lips, when he was recalled to his senses by one of the Jurors asking "what was that noise?" to which another having replied that "he believed it was a rat," the first speaker flung a sod of turf at the cupboard, remarking that the whole town was pestered with them." On reflection, he judged it better to remain quiet, consoling himself with the thought, that whatever they might say of his country, he had often heard their own as ill spoken of at the other side of the Channel; "and perhaps," he candidly added in his own mind, "with as little justice or due balancing of circumstances after all."

Harmony being perfectly restored, the fifth Juryman was called on for his song, which after a little pause he gave to the company as follows:

## I.

The merriest bird on bush or tree,  
Was Robin of the grove  
When, in the jocund spring time, he  
Sang to his nesting love.  
Unknowing he the art to frame  
Methodic numbers vain,  
But as each varied feeling came  
He wove it in his strain.  
With freedom gay  
He poured his lay,  
While heaved his little breast of fire,  
To rival all the woodland choir.

## II.

Upon a day, a luckless day,  
When drove the wintry sleet  
Some urchins limed a willow spray,  
To catch poor Robin's feet.  
They sought by measured rule and note  
To change his woodland strain,  
*Do, re, mi, fa*, he heeded not,  
He never sung again!  
His joy is o'er  
He sings no more,  
Nor knows the genial kindling thrill,  
That only freedom's children feel.

## III.

You, who would dull the poets fire  
 With learning of the schools,  
 Gay Fancy's feet with fetters tire,  
 And give to Genius rules.  
 Had bounteous Nature's counsel hung,  
 Upon your will severe,  
 Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin sung,  
 Nor Burns the banks of Ayr,  
 O'er awed I ween  
 Both bards had been.  
 Nor dared to strike the simple lute !  
 In your majestic presence mute.

When the fifth Juryman had ended his song, which was received as the playbills have it, "with the most unbounded applause," the Juryman next in order was called on for his Tale.

The sixth Juror, after surveying the company for some moments with an air of gravity and importance, as if deliberating with himself whether or no he should resolve his thoughts into words, and striving to form an estimate of the frame of mind of the company to which he was about addressing himself, said :

“Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen, may I be allowed to ask you a question?”

“Certainly,” said several voices.

“I wish to know then,” he said, “before I begin my story such as it is, whether you object to impossibilities in the tales we are to tell?”

“Object to impossibilities!” exclaimed a juror in astonishment. “How can you ask such a question? Why impossibilities are the very life and soul of fiction, and for aught I know of history too. By no means whatever. It is in describing impossibilities that the genius of an author appears in all its splendour. Was there anything in all the wars of Hannibal at all comparable to his melting a passage through the rocks with vinegar? For my part I candidly confess to you I would not give a button for a narrative that had not three or four good stout impossibilities to show the author’s mettle and keep one from falling asleep over the course of the tale.”

“All depends,” said the foreman, “upon the genius of the author. There are some writers who will des-

cribe a journey to the moon with a greater air of verisimilitude than others can throw into their account of a trip from Dublin to Liverpool. One can make a lie look like truth, another will maul the truth in such a manner that the whole world shall take it for a lie. So in the hands of a stupid dunce, an every day fact will wear all the awkwardness of an impossibility, while in those of another, better skilled in the use of language a physical or moral impossibility will read as smoothly as an every day fact."

"Since that is your feeling gentlemen," said the sixth juror, "I will no longer delay but supply my lack of invention by relating for your entertainment, as closely as my memory will enable me to do, one of those numerous ancient Irish romances which are at this day circulated so extensively in their original language in the cottages of the Irish peasantry, but for the most part so totally unknown in any other circles, whether literary or polite."

The one I am about to relate is perhaps the most popular of them, and as a purely literal translation of



a national romance, the great antiquity of which is indisputable, must be regarded as a literary curiosity. You have all heard of the mournful history of the children of Lir, if not in its original language, at least in the beautiful melody of our island bard, which commences :

“ Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters,”

a narrative in the original of pathos so affecting, yet wild withal ; so deeply wrought and uniformly sustained to its close, that an Irish peasant at this day cannot hear it named without a sigh.”

The attention of the company being excited by this preamble, a general silence prevailed, when the Sixth Juryman commenced the story.



## THE SIXTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

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### THE SWANS OF LIR.

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Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,  
Break not ye breezes your chain of repose,  
While murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter.  
Tells to the night star her tale of woes.

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.



## THE SWANS OF LIR.



### CHAPTER I.

**AFTER** the battle of Tailtean, the Tuatha Danaans assembled together from the remotest corners of the five provinces of Ireland, in order to make arrangements for the future government of the Isle. All agreed that it was better the whole country should be united under one monarch, chosen by common consent than to continue subject to the interminable dissensions and oppressive imposts, arising from the rivalry of a number of petty sovereigns. Six candidates aspired

to this supreme power, namely, Bogh Dearg, or Red Bow, of the tribe of the Deasies. Ibbreac, or the Many Coloured, from the Red Stream, Lir, Fiuvar the Royal, Mioyar of the Great Burthen, so surnamed from his prodigious strength, and Aongusa Og, or young Oneas. All the rest of the Tuatha Danaans, except the six candidates then went into council, and the determination, was to give the kingdom to Bogh Dearg, for three reasons. The first reason was that his father had been a good man in his time, the second, that he was a good man himself, and the third, that he came of the blest blood in the nation.

When Lir heard that the crown was to be given to Bogh Dearg, indignant at the choice, he returned to his own home, without waiting to see the new king inaugurated, or letting any of the assembly know that he was going, for he was convinced that the choice of the people, would have fallen upon himself. Bogh Dearg however was proclaimed in due form, by the unanimous consent of the assembly, none of the five rejected candidates opposing his election, except Lir alone.



The ceremonies being concluded, the assembled tribes called on the new monarch to lead them in pursuit of Lir.

“Let us burn and spoil his territory,” said they. “Why dares he, who never had a king in his family, presume to slight the sovereign we have chosen?”

We will follow no such counsel,” replied Bogh Dearg. “His ancestors and himself have always kept the province in which he lives in peace, and it will take nothing from my sovereignty over the Tuatha Danaans, to allow him still to hold his own possessions there.”

The assembly, not fully satisfied with this reply debated much on the course they had best take, but after much discussion, the question was allowed to rest for a time. Meanwhile, an incident occurred, which pressed heavily on the mind of Lir. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, fell ill and died in three nights. The report of her death which was looked upon as a grievous loss in her own country soon spread all over Ireland. It reached at length the ears

of Bogh Dearg, and of the princes and nobles who were at his palace.

“Now,” said the monarch, “if Lir were willing to accede to it, I could propose a mode of redoubling the present friendship which I entertain for Lir. You all know that I have three daughters, the fairest in the kingdom, and I would praise them further, but that I am their father. I mean Aov, Aoife, and Alve, of whom Lir might choose which he pleased, to supply the place of his dead wife.”

The speech of the king circulated among the Tuatha Danaans and all agreed that a messenger ought to be sent to Lir in order to propose the connection, with a suitable dowry for the bride. When the ambassador arrived at the palace of Lir, he found the latter willing to accept the proposal, and accordingly both returned together to the royal residence of Bogh Dearg on the shores of Longh Derg, where they were received on the part of the Tuatha Danaans, with all the acclamations that even a more popular prince could expect. All parties seemed to take an interest in promoting the union.

The three daughters were sitting on chairs richly ornamented, in a hall of their father's palace. Near them sat the queen, wife of Bogh Dearg. When Lir and the Monarch entered, the latter directed his attention to the three princesses, and bade him choose which he would.

"I do not know which of the three to choose," said Lir, "but the eldest is the most royal, and besides it is just that she should have precedence of the rest."

"Then," said the monarch, "that is Aov."

"Aov, then, I choose," replied Lir.

The marriage was celebrated with the magnificence becoming the rank of the parties. They remained a fortnight in the palace of the monarch, after which they went to the residence of Lir, who gave a splendid banquet on his arrival. In the progress of time Aov had twins, a son and daughter, who were named, the one Fingula, and the other Aodh, or Eugene. In her next confinement, she gave birth to two sons, to whom were given the names of Fiacra, and Cornu, but died

herself in a few days after. Lir was exceedingly grieved at her death, and any far the love he bore his children, would almost have wished to die along with her. The tidings reached the monarch, who, together with all his household, made great lamentations for his eldest daughter, grieving more especially for the affliction which it caused to Lir.

"Nevertheless," said the monarch, "what has occurred, need not dissolve the connection between Lir and us, for he can if he please take my second daughter Aoife to supply her place."

This speech as was intended, soon found its way to Lir, who set out immediately for the palace of Bogh Dearg. The marriage was celebrated with the same splendour as on the former occasion, and Lir after spending some time at the monarch's palace, returned to his house with Aoife, where he received her with all the love and honour which she could expect. For some time Aoife returned the same to him and to his children, and indeed any person who once saw those children, could not avoid giving them all the love

which any creature could receive. Frequently the old monarch came to see them to Lir's house, and often took them to his own, where he would gladly keep them, but that their father could not bear to have them out of his sight. It was the custom of the Tuatha Danaans to entertain each other in succession. When they assembled at the house of Lir, the four children were the whole subject of discourse, and the chief ornament of the day, they were so fair and so winning both in their appearance and their dispositions, and even as they dispersed to their several homes, the guests were heard to speak of nothing else. Lir himself would rise every morning at daybreak, and going to the apartment in which his children lay, would lie down among them for a while. The black poison of jealousy began at length to insinuate itself into the mind of Aoife. As if the love of Lir were not wide enough to comprehend them and herself, she conceived a mortal hatred against her sister's children. She feigned illness, and remained nearly a year in that condition, totally occupied in devising in her mind, some means of ruining the children.

One morning she ordered her chariot to the great surprise of Lir, who however, was well pleased at this sign of returning health. Aoife next desired that the four children of Lir should be placed in the chariot with her, and drove away in the direction of Bogh Dearg's house. It was much against her will that Fingula, the daughter, went into the carriage, for she had long observed the increasing coolness in the mind of her step-mother, and guessed that she had no kindly purpose in her thoughts at present. She could not however, avoid the destiny that was prepared for her, nor escape the suffering which she was doomed to undergo.

Aoife continued her journey until she arrived at Fiondach, where dwelt some of her father's people whom she knew to be deeply skilled in the art of the Druids. Having arrived at their residence, she went into the place where they were, and endeavoured to prevail on them to kill the children, telling them that their father through his affection for them had slighted her, and promising to bestow on them all the riches which they could require.

“Ah,” replied the Druids, “we would not kill the children of Lir for the whole world. You took an evil thought into your mind, and left your shame behind you, when you come with such a request to us.”

“Then if you will not,” cried Aoife, seizing a sword which lay near, “I will avenge myself, for I am resolved they shall not live.”

Saying these words, she rushed out with the drawn sword, but through her womanhood she lost her courage when she was about to strike at the children. She then returned the sword to the Druids and said she could not kill them.

Aoife resumed her journey, and they all drove on until they reached the shores of Lough Dairvrae, on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. Here she unharnessed the horses and desired the children to descend and bathe in the lake. They did as she bade, but when all were in the water, she took a magic wand and struck them with it one after another. One after another the forms of the beautiful children disappeared, and four white swans were seen upon the water in



their stead, when she addressed them in the following words :

AOIFE.

Away, you children of the king! I have separated your lives  
from joy.

Your people will grieve to hear these tidings, but you shall  
continue birds.

What I have done, I have done through hatred of you, and  
malice to your father.

THE CHILDREN.

We, left here on the waters, must be tossed from wave to wave.

In the mean time Lir, returning to his palace, missed his children, and finding Aoife not yet come home, immediately guessed that she had destroyed them, for he likewise had observed her jealousy. In the morning he ordered his chariot to be prepared, and following the track of his wife, travelled along until he came to the Lake of the Speckled Oak, when the children saw the chariot approaching, and Fingula spoke as follows :

By yon old Oak, whose branches hoar,  
Wave o'er Lough Dairvrae's lonely shore,  
Bright in the morn, a dazzling line  
Of helms and silver targets shine ;  
Speed brethren dear, speed towards the sheling strand  
'Tis royal Lir himself who leads the shining band.

Lir came to the brink of the water, and when he heard the birds conversing as they drew nigh in human language, he asked them how they became endowed with that surprising gift.

"Know, Lir," replied Fingula, "that we are your four children, who through the frantic jealousy of our step mother, and our own mother's sister, have been reduced to this unhappy condition."

"Are there any means," asked the wretched father, "by which you can ever be restored to your own forms again?"

"None," replied Fingula, "there is no man in existence able to affect that change, nor can it ever take place until a woman from the south, named Deocha, daughter of Ingri the son of Black Hugh, and a man

from the north, named Larigneau, the son of Colman, shall occasion our deliverance in the time of THE TAILGEAN\* when the christian faith and charity shall come into Ireland."

When Lir and his attendants heard these words they uttered three doleful cries.

"Are you satisfied," said Lir, "since you retain your speech and reason to come and remain with us?"

"It is not in our power to do so," replied Fingula, "nor are we at liberty to commit ourselves to the hands of man, until what I have told you shall have come to pass. But in the mean time we possess our speech and our mental faculties as fully as ever, and are moreover endowed with one additional quality which is that we can sing the most melodious airs that the world has ever heard, and there is no mortal that would not feel a pleasure in listening to our voices. Remain with us for this night, and you shall hear our music.'

\* Tailgean, or the Holy Offspring, a name supposed to have applied by the Druids, to St. Patrick, previous to his arrival in Ireland — O'BRIEN'S *Irish Dictionary*.

When Lir had heard these words, he ordered his followers to unharness their steeds, and they remained during the whole night on the strand, listening to the music of the birds, until all were lulled to sleep by the enchanting melody, excepting Lir alone. In the morning Lir arose from the bank on which he lay, and addressed his children in the following words :

## LIR

In vain I stretch my aching limbs  
And close my weeping eyes,  
In vain my children's moonlight hymns,  
For me alone arise.  
'Tis morn again, on wave and strand  
My children, we must part ;  
A word that like a burning brand  
Falls on your father's heart.

O had I seen this fatal hour,  
When Lir's malignant queen  
First sought his old paternal tower,  
This hour had never been.  
As thus between the shore and you  
The widening waters grow,  
So spreads my darkening spirits through  
The sense of cureless woe.

Lir departed from the lake, and still following the track of Aoife, came to the palace of the Ard-Righ, or Chief King, as Bogh Dearg was entitled. The monarch welcomed him, but complained of his not having brought his children as usual.

“Alas, poor that I am!” said Lir, “it is not I who would keep my children from your sight, but Aoife yonder, once your darling, and the sister of their mother, who has had them transformed into four swans and abandoned them on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. They have been seen in that place by a great multitude of our people, who have heard the story from themselves, for they retain their speech and reason as before.”

The monarch started at these words, and looking on Aoife immediately became convinced, that Lir had spoken the truth. He began to upbraid his daughter in a rough and angry tone.

“Malicious as you were,” said he, “you will suffer more by this cruel deed than the children of Lir, for they in the progress of time will be released from



their sufferings and their souls will be made happy in the end."

He then asked her into what shape of all living creatures she would least like to be transformed.

"Speak," said he, "for it is not in your power to avoid telling me the truth."

Aoife, thus constrained, replied with a horrible look and tone, that there was no form which she more abhorred than that of a Deamhain Eidhir or Demon of the Air."

"That form then," said the monarch, "shall soon be yours," and while he said so he took a magic collar and laid it on her. Immediately losing her own shape she flew away shrieking in that of a foul spirit of the Air, in which she continues to this day, and will to the end of time, according to her deserts.

Soon afterwards, the monarch and the Tuatha Danaans went to the Lake of the Speckled Oak and encamped upon its shores, listening to the music of the birds. The sons of Mile, likewise came thither from every part of Ireland, and formed an encampment

in the same place, for there never was music comparable to that of those swans. Sometimes, they related their mournful story, sometimes they would answer the questions proposed to them by the people on shore, and talk familiarly with their relatives and friends, and at others they sung, both by day and night, the most delightful music that was ever heard by human ear; so that the listeners on shore, notwithstanding the grief and uneasiness in which they continued, enjoyed as sweet sleep, and arose as fresh and vigorous, as if they had been resting in their accustomed beds at home. The two multitudes of the Sons of Mile, and of the Tuatha Danaans, thus remained in their respective encampments, during the space of thirty years. At the end of that time, Fingula addressed her brethren as follows :

“ Are you ignorant, my brothers, that but one night is left of the time which you were to spend upon this lake ?”

On hearing this, the three brethren grew very sorrowful, and uttered many plaintive cries and sounds of



grief; for they were almost as happy on that lake enjoying the company of their friends and relatives, talking with them and answering their questions, as they would have been in their own home; more especially, when compared to the grief they felt on leaving it, for the wild and stormy sea that lies to the north of Ireland. Early in the morning they came as close to the brink of the lake, as they could, and spoke to their father and their friends, to all of whom they bade a mournful farewell, repeating those pitiful lines that follow:—

## THE CHILDREN.

Receive, O royal sage, our last farewell,  
 Thou of the potent spell!  
 And thou, O Lir, deep skill'd in mystic love—  
 We meet—we meet no more!  
 The sum complete of our appointed hours  
 We leave your happy bower's.  
 Farewell, dear friends, till time itself is o'er  
 We meet, we meet no more!  
 For ever now to human converse lost  
 On Moyle's wild waters tost,

For noon till eve, midnight, and season-fair

To weave a mournful tale.

Three lingering ages in the northern main

To waste in various pain!

Three lingering ages in the stormy west

To leave on ocean's breast.

But a fair noon near friends, on wintry seas,

Through many a year to freeze—

Thrust wine and roses with horrid sea-weed brown

For Lir's sad seeds of down.

No more the joy of Lir's paternal breast,

Early we part, indeed!"

A power unseen commands that we forsake

Love Dearweard's peaceful sea.

Rise from the wave, companions of my fear,

Rise, mistresses dear!"

Bright wave and jetting beach and shining isle

Farewell, a last farewell!"

And you dear friends who throng the leafy shore,

We meet—we meet no more!"

## CHAPTER II.

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages away,  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

HAVING ended those verses the swans took wing and arising lightly on the air, continued their flight until they reached the Sruih na Maoile, or the Sea of Moyle, as those waters were called which flowed between Ireland and Scotland. Their departure occasioned deep sorrow to all who witnessed it, and they had a law proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that any one from the king to the peasant, who should kill

a swan, let his power be as great as it might, should meet with certain death. In the mean time, the children of Lir found that they had made an unhappy change of place. When they saw the broad wild ocean around them, they grew cold and hungry, and began to fall into despair, thinking that all they ever suffered was nothing until they were sent to these seas. They remained on the waters until one night it began to freeze very hard.

“My loving brothers,” said Fingula, “we make very unwise provision against the coming night if we do not keep close together, and lest by any mischance we should lose sight of each other, let us appoint a place where we may meet again as soon as it may be in our power.”

“In that case, dear sister,” said the three brothers, “let us meet at the Carrig na Roin; (or the Rock of Seals,) for that is a place with which we are all acquainted.”

They continued thus until about the middle of the night. The wind then increased to a storm, the

waters arose, and the mountains of brine as they rolled and broke around them, sparkled in the gloom as if they had taken fire. So great was the tempest that the children of Lir were separated by the waves. All were scattered far and wide, nor could one tell whither any of the three others had been driven. At length it abated a little of its violence, the deep became more settled, and Fingula found herself alone. Not being able to see her brethren any where around, she felt the deepest anxiety of mind, and at length broke forth into the following words :

## FINGULA.

## I.

Heart-broken o'er these seas I glide,  
My frozen wings together clinging :  
No more along the stormy tide,  
I hear my brethren singing.

## II.

Three lingering ages marked by woes,  
Since first we left Lone Dairvreac's water ;  
Break, break my heart and give repose  
To Lir's unhappy daughter.

THE SWANS OF LIR.

III.

My dear Lir, O loved so well,  
You made your sister's breast your pillow,  
You made my wandering brethren tell,  
Where roam you o'er the billow ?

IV.

Tell me by what rocks or secret caves,  
Where you went beneath my wings to slumber,  
That the dead will leave their graves,  
And time restore our number.

V.

How I was tossed by the surge and sleety storm  
At random o'er this briny water;  
How, wee to all who share the form  
Of Lir's unhappy daughter.

She remained that night on the Rock of the Seals.  
The next morning, looking out in every  
direction along the water she saw Cornu coming to-  
ward her with head drooping, and feathers drenched  
so cold and feeble that he could not an-

swer her questions. Fingula received him lovingly under her wings, and said :

“ If Eugene were with us now, our condition would be tolerable.”

Not long after she saw Eugene coming towards her, with a drooping head, and wings hanging to the ground, and she welcomed him, and put him under the feathers of her breast. Immediately after she saw Fiacra approaching, and she then removed Cornu from beneath her right wing and placed him under her left, and put Fiacra beneath her right wing where Cornu had been before. She then settled her feathers about them and said :

“ Severe, my dear brothers, as you have found the last night, you must yet see many more as bad.”

The children of Lir continued for a long time in the same condition on the *Sruh na Maoile*, until one night they suffered so much from the cold and wind and snow, that nothing they had hitherto felt was comparable to it ; which made Fingula utter the following words :



## FINGULA.

## I.

Hard is our life and sharp with ill,  
 My brethren dear;  
 The snow so thick, the wind so chill,  
 The night so drear.  
 We strive to keep  
 Sad concert in our songs of pain,  
 But the wild deep,  
 Relentless, mars the rising strain.

## II.

Vainly we sooth our aching hearts  
 With converse sweet,  
 Wave after wave, high heaving, parts  
 Our union meet.  
 Ah, doom severe!  
 Harsh was our mother's vengeful will,  
 Ah, brethren dear,  
 Hard is our life, and sharp with ill.

They remained for a year on the sea of Moyle,  
 when one night, as they were on the Rock of the Seals,  
 the waters congealed around them with the cold, and

as they lay on the rock, their feet and wings were frozen to it, so that they could not move a limb. When at length, after using what strength remained in their bodies, they succeeded in getting free, the skin of their feet, and the innermost down of their breasts, and the quills of their wings, remained clinging to the icy crag.

“Woe to the children of Lir!” said Fingula, “mournful is our fate to-night for when the salt water pierces into our wounds, we shall be pained to death;” and she sung these lines:

## FINGULA.

I,

Sad is our hap this mournful night,  
With mangled feet and plumage, bleeding;  
Our wings no more sustain our flight,  
Woe comes to linked woe succeeding.  
Ah, cruel was our step-dame's mind,  
When hard to nature's sweet emotion,  
She sent us here mid wave and wind,  
To freeze on Moyle's relentless ocean.

## II.

The wild sea foam that strews the shore,  
The weeds those briny waves engender,  
For past delights are all our store,  
Though fostered once in regal splendour.  
Rise, sister of three brethren dear,  
Let custom dull the edge of anguish,  
In hollow rock or cavern drear,  
By doom unrighteous, bound to languish.

Leaving the Rock of Seals, they alighted again on the waters of Moyle, where the sharp brine pierced them keenly, although, they strove to keep their feet under their wings, as closely as they could. They continued to suffer thus, until their feathers grew, and the wounds of their feet were healed. They used frequently go as near the shore as they could, on that part of the Irish coast, which looks towards Scotland, and every night they came together to Moyle, which was their constant place of rest. One day as they drew nigh the shore of Bama, to the north, they saw a number of chariots and horsemen, splendidly arrayed

with horses, richly caparisoned, approaching from the west.

“Do you observe that brilliant company, you sons of Lir?” said Fingula.

“We know not who they are,” replied her brethren, “but they seem to be Irish; whether of the Sons of Mile, or the Tuatha Danaans, it is impossible for us to conjecture.”

They drew close to the shore, in order to observe more accurately. When the horsemen saw them coming, they hastened towards them, until they came within speaking distance. The persons of note, who were amongst them were, Aodh Aithiosach, or Merry Hugh, and Feargus Fithcall, (of the Complete Armour,) the two sons of Bogh Dearg the Monarch, and the third part of his body-guard. The horsemen were for a long time, shifting their place, in order to come near the birds, and when at length they did so, they saluted each other very lovingly, with the affections which became relations. The children of Lir enquired how the Tuatha Danaans were, and especially, Lir and Bogh Dhearg, with their friends and dependents.

“They are all well in their respective homes,” replied the horsemen. “At present it is true, they are in your father’s palace, partaking of a splendid banquet, in health and joy, knowing no other want than that of your absence, and their ignorance of your place of abode, since you left the Lake of the Speckled Oak.”

“Evil has been our life since then,” said Fingula, for neither we nor any other creature, that we have heard of, ever suffered so much as we have done, since we came to the waters of Møyle;” and she uttered the following words:—

FINGULA.

We four are well,  
 Though in keen want, and sombre grief we dwell,  
 Happy are they;  
 Who sit in Lir’s bright hall, and share his banquet gay.  
 Rich food and wine,  
 For them in sparkling gold and silver shine;  
 While far away,  
 His children shiver in the hungry spray!  
 We, who of yore,  
 On dainties fared, and silken garments wore;

Now all our fare,  
Cold sand, and bitter brine, for wax and honey rare.  
Our softest bed,  
The crag that o'er those surges lifts its head ;  
Oft have we laid  
Our limbs on beds of tenderest down arrayed.  
Now must we lie,  
On Moyle's rough wave, with plumage seldom dry ;  
A pageant rare .  
Oft bore us to our grand sire's palace fair.  
Ah mournful change !  
Now with faint wings, these dreary shores I range.  
O'er Moyle's dark tide,  
Plume touching plume, we wander side by side ;  
Sharing no more  
The joys that cheer'd our happy hearts of yore ;  
The welcome mild,  
That on our grandsire's kingly features smiled !  
Lir's counsel meet,  
And fond paternal kiss, that made the morning sweet.

The horsemen returned soon after to the house of Lir, and told the principal men of the Tuatha Danaans where they had seen the birds, and the dialogue they had held together.

“We cannot assist them,” they replied, “but we are well pleased to hear that they live, for they will be restored to their former shape, after a long time has elapsed.”

The children of Lir meantime returned northwards to the sea of Moyle, where they remained until their time in that place had expired. Then Fingula spoke to her brothers and said :—

“It is time for us to depart from hence, for the period appointed for us to remain here, is it at an end, and she added these verses :—

FINGULA.

I.

At length we leave this cheerless shore,  
 Unblest by summer's sunshine splendid;  
 Its storm for us shall howl no more,  
 Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended.  
 Three hundred sunless summers past,  
 We leave at length this loveless billow;  
 Where oft we felt the icy blast,  
 And made the shelving crag our pillow.



Still on our lingering night of pain,  
Far distant beams the dawn of gladness ;  
Light ease beside the western main,  
Awaits our long accustom'd sadness.  
Long must we haunt, that billowy shore,  
Ere breaks for us, the day beam splendid,  
But here our numbered years are o'er,  
Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended.

After that time, the children of Lir left the sea of Moyle, and flew until they came to the most westerly part of the ocean. They were there for a long time suffering all kinds of hardship, until they happened to see a man, a tiller of the ground, who used often watch them when they came near the shore, and took great pleasure in listening to their music. He told the people on the coast of what he had seen, and spread the tidings of the prodigy far and near. However, the same tale remains to be repeated, for the children of Lir never suffered so much before, or after as they did on that very night, after the husbandman had seen them ; the frost was so keen, and the snow coming so

thick upon the wind. The waters all congealed into ice, so that the woods and the sea were of one colour. Their feet stuck to the ground, leaving them unable to move, and they began to utter the most lamentable cries, while Fingula comforted, and strove to persuade them not to grieve, but in vain; and she repeated these lines :

## FINGULA.

## I.

Sad are my suffering brethren's piercing cries,  
    This dreary night!  
Sharp drives the snow shower, o'er the moonless skies,  
    With ceaseless flight!  
Where'er they search the frost bound ocean o'er,  
    On solid ice, their thirsty beaks are ringing,  
    Nor on the wintry shore,  
Fresh water laves their plumes, nor bubbling fount is springing.

## II.

O thou dread Monarch, who to sea and coast,  
    Their being gave,  
And led'st, as shadowy rumour tells, a host,  
    Through the deep wave!

Behold these wretched birds with pitying eyes,  
Their lingering years in joyless slavery spending,  
In thy great might arise,  
And bid our souls be free, their bonds of anguish rending.

“Brothers,” said Fingula, “confide in him, who made heaven and the elements, the earth with all its fruit, and the sea with all its wonders, and you will find comfort and relief.”

“We do confide in him,” they answered.

“And I confide with you,” said Fingula, “in the only being, who is full of knowledge and of pity,” and their confidence came in due time, for they obtained the relief they sought, and from that day forward they never suffered trouble or perplexity. They remained on the Oraas Domhnan, (Deep Seas,) until their time was fulfilled, when Fingula said to her brethren :

“It is time for us to go to Fioncha, where Lir and his people dwell, and our people also.”

“We are well content to do so,” replied they; and all proceeded together somewhat joyfully, until they came to Fioncha. They found the place where their

father's palace had stood, and all around it, without either house or inhabitants, but every thing looking dreary and dull. They saw smoke at a distance, and the four came towards it, and uttered three mournful cries, and Fingula repeated these words.

#### FINGULA.

##### I.

A mournful wonder, is this place to me,  
Which once I knew so well!  
Not even the trace of that loved home I see,  
Where Lir was wont to dwell.  
Nor hound, nor steed, nor lord nor lady bright,  
Nor welcome spoken!  
Since I have lived to see this mournful sight,  
My heart is broken.

##### II.

This was not in our father's time of old,  
A loveless, lightless waste,  
Without a cup, the sparkling wine to hold,  
Or princely guest to taste.  
The home where oft we hail'd each joyous morn,  
Is bleak and lonely!  
And nothing left, to us its heirs forlorn,  
Save memory only.

III.

Now do I know the deep devouring grave,  
    Holds all who once were dear !  
Sad was our life, on Moyle's tempestuous wave,  
    But keener grief is here.  
Low rustling grass, and winds that sadly blow  
    Through dry leaves creeping !  
And he who should his cherish'd darlings know,  
    For ever sleeping !

## CHAPTER III.

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When shall the day-star mildly springing,  
Warm our island with peace and love.  
O when' shall heaven its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit to the fields above.

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

The children of Lir remained in the place where their father and their ancestors had lived, and where they had themselves been nursed and educated, and late at night they began to sing most melodious music. In the morning they took wing and flew until they came to Inis Gluaire Breanain, and they began to sing there; so that all the birds of the country that could swim came to that place which was called Lochan na Heanlaithe (or the Lake of the Birds) situate in Inis

Gluaire Breanain. They used frequently go round that country, and sometimes to Inis Geridh, and to all the western islands in the country, returning every night to their accustomed place of rest. They continued in that condition for a long time, until the christian doctrine was preached in those countries, when St. Patrick came to Ireland, and St. Macaomh Og came to Inis Gluaire Breanain. The first night he came there the children of Lir heard the sound of the bell ringing near them, and were greatly rejoiced. They hastened towards the place from whence they heard the bells, and the three sons of Lir made such speed that they left Fingula by herself.

“What is the matter with you, dear brethren?” said Fingula.

“We cannot tell,” they replied, “we know not how to account for the heavenly music we have heard.”

“I will explain it to you,” said she, “that is the bell of Macaomh Og, and it is by him you shall be released from your pain and trouble, and you shall be comforted; and she said these lines :



## FINGULA.

List, list to the sound of the anchoret's bell,  
Rise children of Lir from the wave where ye dwell,  
Uplift your glad wings and exult as ye hear,  
And give thanks, for the hour of your freedom is near.  
He merits our duty, the Mighty, to save,  
From the rock and the surge, from the storm and the wave.  
Who clings to his doctrine with constant endeavour,  
His grief shall be turn'd into glory for ever.  
Past moments of anguish for ever farewell !  
List children of Lir to the sound of the bell.

The children of Lir were listening to the music of the bell until the saint had finished his prayers.

“ Let us now,” said Fingula, “ sing our own music to the great ruler of the heavens and the earth ;” and they sung the most melodious strains of praise and adoration. Macaomh Og was listening, and in the morning early he came to the Lake of the Birds and saw them on the water. Coming close to the shore, he asked them were they the children of Lir ?

“ We are, indeed,” they answered.

“ I am most thankful to hear it,” said he, “ for it was

to relieve you that I was sent to this island, rather than to any other part of Ireland. You may trust in me, for this is the place that was appointed for you to be released from your enchantment."

On hearing these words the children of Lir came to the shore, and depended on his word. He took them to his own residence, where they remained listening to his instructions and joining in his devotions day after day. Macaomh Og sent for a craftsman and desired him to make two silver chains, which he accordingly did. One of them he put between Eugene and Fingula, and the other between Cornu and Fiacra. The four swans were frequently in great spirits, rejoicing at the termination of their sorrows, and as happy as if they had forgotten all their previous misery.

The king who governed Conact at that time was named Lairgnean, the son of Colman (the same of whom Fingula had spoken to her father on the Lake of the Speckled Oak,) and his queen's name was Deocha the daughter of Ingri, son of Black Hugh. Deocha came to hear of the wonderful birds, and being seized with

a violent desire of possessing them, requested the king to procure them for her. He replied, that he could never persuade himself to ask Macaomh Og to give them up. Deocha, enraged at his refusal, declared that she never again would spend a night within the palace of Glairgnea, as the king's residence was called, unless she got the swans ; and, leaving the palace, she travelled to Kill da Luadh (now called Killaloe) and took up her abode at her own home. When Lairgnean found her so resolute, he sent a messenger three several times for the birds, but could not obtain them. Incensed at being thus refused, he came himself to the place where Macaomh Og lived, and asked him if it were true he had refused his messengers ?

“It is true,” answered Macaomh Og.

“Then,” said the king, “it is true likewise, that I will take them with me whether you are willing or otherwise.”

As he said this he rushed toward the altar near which they stood, and seized the two chains which coupled them together. No sooner had he done so,

than the swans lost their plumage, their beautiful feathers disappeared, and the three sons of Lir appeared three withered old men, with their bones seeming to project through their skin, while Fingula, instead of the graceful swan that sung such enchanting strains, became an old shrivelled hag, fleshless, and bloodless. The King astounded at what he saw, let fall the chains, and returned home, while Macaomh Og uttered many lamentations after the birds, and pronounced a malediction on Lairgnean. Fingula then said:

“Come hither, holy father, and give us baptism, for we are as much concerned at parting with you as you in parting with us. You are to bury us together in this manner. Place Cornu and Fiacra at my back, and place Eugene before me,” and, she again said, “baptize us holy father, and make us happy, and I pray that He who made heaven and earth will prolong our lives until you can perform the holy rite after which you are to bury us in the manner I desire.”

After that they departed this life, and the children

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Her fruitless rapine wail,  
A shiv'ring spectre pale!  
The malison of heav'n is thine,  
I'll shoot of Colman's royal line!

Not long after, Lairgnean and his wife died a sudden death according to the prediction of Macaomh Og, which concludes the history of the Swans of Lir.

---

Many of the Jurors at the conclusion of the tale, seemed to feel themselves much in the situation of persons who had been just listening to what it would be dangerous not to admire, and yet in their hearts were not sorry to find the whole brought fairly to a close.

“For my part,” said one, taking the poker, and stirring up the fire, “I thought I should have been frozen to death myself, with listening, I never longed half so much for my dinner, as I did for an opportunity

of poking up the turf, which I thought it would be merciful to do, while our friend was making the air of the room chilly with his descriptions of the starvation of those poor Swans. I hope the heroes of the next tale will approach somewhat nearer to the tropics."

"They shan't go, either north or south I assure you," said the Seventh Juror, further than the borders of our own green isle, and that in the height of summer, as you shall understand, when our friend on my right has favoured us with his song."

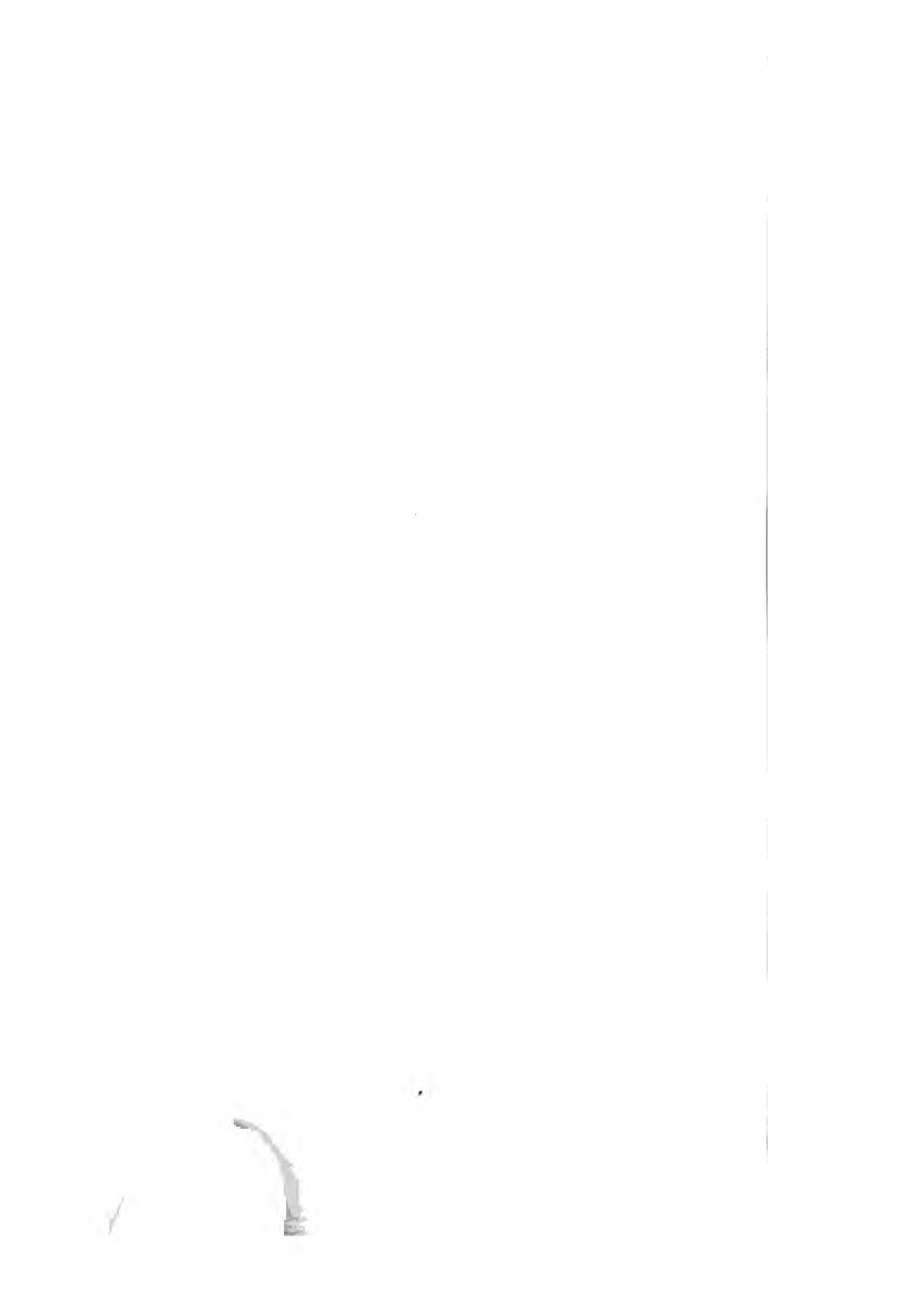
The Sixth Juror in reply to this hint, said that he was sure the company must have anticipated him in the lyric which he proposed attempting, and which was the only one he could think of appending to the melancholy tale which they had heard.

With those words he cleared his throat, with one or two preparatory "hems," and in the genuine old Irish cadence so different from the fashionable version of the air, delighted the company with the melody which Moore has furnished on the foregoing narrative:—

"Silent O Moyle be the roar of thy water!"



When the applause which followed his performance had subsided, the Seventh Juror was called on to redeem his pledge, which he did by relating the narrative which follows.



**THE SEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.**

—

**Mc ENEIRY, THE COVETOUS.**

—

—What a rare punishment

Is avarice to itself!

VOLPONE.



## MC ENEIRY, THE COVETOUS.

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### CHAPTER I.

NEAR the spirited little town of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, arises, as the whole universe is aware, the famous mountain of Knoc Fierna. Its double peak, forms one of the most striking objects on the horizon, for many miles around, and awful, and wonderful, and worthy of eternal memory are the numerous events, connected with its history, as veraciously detailed in the adjacent cottages. But I have not now undertaken to give you a history of the mountain, nor even a description of it, or of its neigh-

bourhood. My sole business at present is with a certain Tom Mc Eneiry, who formerly took up his abode near the foot of that majestic eminence. Were I writing a novel in three volumes, instead of relating a plain story here by the fire-side, to eleven of the most intelligent and patient hearers, that ever sat in a jury-box, it might be prudent on my part, having the prospect of some nine hundred weary blank pages before my eyes, to fill as large a portion as possible, with a minute description of Tom, or as I should in such case feel it my duty to call him Mr. Thomas Mc Eneiry, beginning with the soles of his feet, and ending upon the crown of his head, recording the colour of his eyes and hair, not failing to state whether his nose ran faithfully in the painter's line, or capriciously deviated in any degree to either side, if the mouth were straight or otherwise, together with an accurate sketch of his costume, a full description of his house and furniture, and a copious history of his ancestors. But as there is not a rogue amongst us, however grave a face he may put upon it, who does not in his heart love the stimulus of incident far better than the most exquisite

display of mere pictorial fidelity, I shall beg leave without further preamble, to leave all these elaborate details to your own fertile imaginations.

Tom Mc Eneiry, then, was Tom Mc Eneiry ; once a *comfortable* farmer, as any in the vicinity of Knoc Fierna, but reduced by extravagance at first, and then by long continued reverses to a condition far from prosperous. In vain did he and his wife endeavour by a thorough economical reform, to retard their downward course in worldly fortune. At one time cattle died, at another, the potatoe crops failed, or the wheat was half smut ; misfortune after misfortune fell upon him, until at length the change began to eat its way even into appearances themselves. Mr. Thomas Mc Eneiry became Tom Mc Eneiry, and at last, "poor Tom Mc Eneiry," and his helpmate might have applied to herself, the well known stanza, in which a lady in similar circumstances laments the changes of manner produced in her old friends, by a like alteration in her affairs

When I had bacon,  
They called me Mrs. Akon.  
But now that I have none, 'tis ' How goes it, Molly ?'



They grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier, until both in fortune and appearance, they presented little more than the skeletons of what they had been. At length they actually came to their last meal, and Tom sighed deeply, as he took his seat on the side of the table opposite his helpmate.

“Here, Mrs. Mc Eneiry,” he said, politely handing her a laughing *white-eye* across the table—“take it—’tis a fine maly one, an’ make much of it—for I’m sorely afeerd, ’tis the last time I am ever to have the honour of presenting you with anything in the shape of aitable.”

“’Tis your own fau’t if you don’t,” said his wife.

“How so?” said Tom, “how do you make that out?”

“Why,” replied his wife, “I’ll tell you what I was thinking of this morning. I was turning over some of the old lumber in the next room, looking for a little firing, when I found an old harp that I remember you used to play upon, a long time ago.”

“Oh, ’tis time for me to forget that now,” said the husband.

“You’re not so ould as that,” replied Mrs. McEneiry, “you could play very well if you liked it, and, you know yourself, the great pay, harpers and poets, and historians, and antiquarians, and *genologists*, an’ people of that sort gets from the great lords and gentry in Ireland, ’Tis known to the world, the repute music is in, and the taste they have for it in this country.”

“The more taste they has for it,” says Tom, “the less chance I has of pleasing ’em when they hears me.”

“Can’t you put good words to it,” says she, “an’ ’twill pass.”

“Why, that’s harder than the music itself woman,” replied her husband, “for the words must have some sense in them, whatever the music has—and where am I to get *idayes*, a poor fellow o’ my kind, that never had any recoorse to history, or other great authors, nor knows nothin’ of joggeraphy, nor the juice of the globes, nor mensuration, nor more branches of that kind.”

“Many’s the songs and pothery I ever hard myself,” said Mrs. Mc Eneiry, “and there wasn’t much sense nor *idayes* in ’em, an’ they to be well liked for all. Begin praisin’ their ancesthors, an’ they’ll be well satisfied, I’ll go bail, whatever way the varse runs.”

“But when I do’n’ know one o’ the ancestors woman?”

“What hurt? Can’t you praise ’em so itself?”

“But sure I should have their names any way.”

“You needn’t I tell ’you, call ’em any name, an’ praise ’em enough, an’ I’ll go bail they won’t disown ’em. Do my biddin’ an’ I’ll engage you’ll soon have a pocket full of money.”

Tom Mc Eneiry was prevailed upon, he searched for his old harp, set it in order, so as to produce sounds as nearly resembling music, as could be reasonably expected from such a musician, and such an instrument. Now, in order to comprehend the full extent of Tom’s presumption, and of the nature of the competition, which the eloquence of his helpmate urged him to set at defiance, it is necessary to bear in mind

that the race of wandering bards in Ireland, was not yet extinct. The printing press, and the newspaper had not yet rendered man independent of the talents of those locomotive geniuses, whose business it was to travel from castle to castle, entertaining the lordly host or hostess, with the song, the tale, or the geneological narrative, according to the mood in which they happened to find their hearers. The privileges and emoluments of those bards were considerable, and consequently, the candidates for the profession were numerous, and the course of education protracted and elaborate. They generally went in companies of twelve to the houses of the chieftains, and petty princes, about the isle, comprising in their number a poet, or filea, a crotarie or harper, a seanachie, or antiquarian, together with a jester, and persons skilled in various field sports; all of whom, when the time allotted had expired, having received their several fees shifted their quarters, and gave place to a new batch of rambling literati of the same description. The amount of their fees, and the degree of honour shewn

them in the number of their attendants, or persons who were appointed to wait on them, and in the length of time allowed them to remain as guests, were regulated by the number and quality of their compositions. The many privileges and emoluments attached to the profession, gave rise to a degree of competition, which appears almost incredible. In the seventh century they are said to have comprised no less than a third of the male population of the kingdom ; insomuch, that the monarch of that day, was obliged to restrict their number by law. Nor is it to be supposed that all which is related of their laws and customs, is a mere by-gone legend. The practise continued to a period, long subsequent to the English invasion, and even at the present day, some individuals of the class are to be found at rural wakes and weddings, and their compositions, though now limited to the entertainment of a humbler class of auditors, are not less popular than when told by the bedside of the monarch, desirous to forget the toils of state, or the provincial chief, returning weary from the pleasures of the chase.

At this moment yawning seemed about to become a favorite recreation amongst the Jurors, observing which, the narrator prudently changed his tone.

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But I perceive gentlemen," he continued, "that you have heard enough for the present, of the customs of the ancient bards of Erin, so to return to Tom Mc Eneiry. He set off early on a winter morning, like the Minstrel Boy, with

"his wild harp slung behind him,"

after bidding Mrs. Mc Eneiry an affectionate farewell. The morning was fine, though frosty, and Tom felt something of the spirit of adventure buoy up his heart, as his footsteps rung upon the hard and lonely high-road. He remembered the outset of the renowned Jack and his eleven brothers, and found himself with a conscious elevation of mind, in much the same circumstances under which that favourite of Fortune and many other great historical personages had set out on their career. He had not gone far, indulging these thoughts, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a strange voice at a distance,

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“Well, we must only see what can be done,” said the stranger. “Show me your hands.”

He took Tom’s hands between both his, and rubbed them a little, after which he said :

“Now try what hand you can make of it.”

Tom took up the harp, but such was the exquisite harmony which his touch now drew from the instrument that he had well nigh lost his wits in ecstasy.

“Oh,” he exclaimed, “where am I? or is it a phoenix I hear? or one of the children of Lir singing upon the Sruih na Moile? I never hard sich music all my days! I’m a made man—you’re a jewel of a taicher to me this morning.”

“I could taich you more than that,” said the stranger.

“Could you now?” asked Tom with a curious grin.

“I could, so.”

“What is it av you plaze?”

“I could taich you how to make ugly men handsome.”

“In airnest?”

“Not a word of a lie. Take me into your service and I’ll show you how ’tis done.”

“*Me* take you!” cried Tom, “sure it would be much better for *you* to take me. What business would I have of a boy, that isn’t able to keep myself, let alone a servant.”

“Don’t mind that,” said the stranger, “I have a fancy to serve you beyond others, and I’ll ask only what wages may be reasonable according to the gains we make.”

“If that be the case,” said Tom, “I’ll take you and welcome, an’ where are we to face to now?”

“To some ugly man’s house, to be sure,” replied the stranger.

“Where are we to find ’em?” asked Tom, “if it be our thrade to make ugly people handsome, we’d starve in the county Limerick for there’s nobody in want of us.”

“That’s not the case with other parts,” said the stranger—“and now I think of it, I’ll tell you where we’ll go. There’s a gentleman they call Seaghan

(or Shaun) an Thiona, *i. e.* John of the wine, who lives at Carrigfoile down by the river's side; and there's not an uglier man from this to himself, nor a good piece a-past him. Let us go there, and do you begin playing a little upon the harp, and if they fault your music, you can offer to alter his lineaments, and leave the rest to me. He'll pay you well, I'll engage."

"With all my heart," said Tom, "you are a surprising man, and I depend my life upon you."

They travelled along together, the stranger instructing Tom, as they proceeded, in all that it behoved him to say and do, when they should arrive at Carrigfoile. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was late in the evening when they reached the gate of Carrigfoile Castle.

"There's some great givin'-out here to-day surely," said Tom Mc Eneiry, "there's sich a fine smell o' *griskins*."

'There always is, mostly," replied the stranger, "there isn't a betther warrant in the counthry to keep an open house, than John of the Wine, though he being so ugly."

They blew the horn at the gate and were admitted without question, that being a gala day, on which all persons were allowed to partake of the festivities of the castle without distinction or invitation. When they entered the castle hall, Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the lord of the castle amongst all his guests, and could not help acknowledging in his own mind that report had not wronged him in the least, when it spoke of him as an ugly man. However, he kept such reflections to himself, and took his place amongst the musicians, who all looked upon him with supercilious eyes as an intruder of whose pretensions none of their number had any knowledge. After a little time John of the Wine, (who was so named in consequence of his hospitality,) observed a strange face amongst the harpers, and addressed himself to Tom Mc Eneiry.

“ Well, my good friend,” said he, “ what place do you come from ?”

“From a place convenient to Knoc Fierna, please your honour.”

“Well, you are welcome. And tell me now, can you do anything to contribute to the entertainment of all these gentlemen and ladies?”

“I’ll do my endeavour to play a dhrass for ’em upon the harp, if they wishes it,” said Tom.

“I’m sure they’ll be all very happy to hear you,” said John of the Wine, “music is always pleasing, more especially when people are disposed to spend a pleasant evening.

Tom took his harp, not without some feeling of timidity, when he observed the eyes of all the ladies and gentlemen fixed upon him, and above all, the eyes of the other great harpers and poets, and the place as bright as the noonday, with the blaze of the huge rush-lights, some of which were twisted to the thickness of a man’s arm and more. When he had played for a while, John of the Wine asked him from whence he was? Mc Eneiry replied that he was from Knoc Fierna in the County of Limerick.

“And who is the best harper in your country?” asked Shaun.

“They say I am, when I’m at home,” said Mc Eneiry, “but I don’t b’lieve ’em.”

“Upon my word then, *I believe you,*” replied his host. “You might as well stop,” he added, “and not be spoiling whatever good music we have in the place without you.”

“Plase your lordship,” said Tom, “I hardly got well into the tune, before you began to cross-hackle me. If you let me thry another dhrass, may be, I’d knock something out of it that ’ud be more plasin’.”

“That would easy be for any one, but yourself, I’m thinking,” said Shaun, “but however, you can try again if you desire it.”

Tom took his harp again, but so far from improving upon the former experiment, he had hardly struck a few notes, when his music created such a tumult in the hall of the castle, that it was with great difficulty any degree of order could be restored. Some roared



that the company thought themselves happy to hear him.

“Well,” exclaimed John of the Wine, “I give it up to you, and to your instructor, whoever he was. You’re the finest touch at the harp of any man that ever set foot across our threshold.”

“Ah,” said Tom, smiling round on the company, with all of whom he had now become an object of great admiration. “I could do more than play a tune upon the harp.”

“And what else could you do?”

“I could make an ugly man handsome,” said Tom, fixing his eyes upon the master of the castle.

“Could you really?”

“I could by being reasonably considered for it.”

“Why then,” said John of the Wine, “there isn’t a man in Ireland stands more in need of your art at this moment, than I do myself, and if you can make me handsome, my word to you, you’ll not be sorry for it.”

“Poh,” said Tom, “I could aisily do it.”



“ And when will you begin ?”

“ We may as well try it to-morrow morning,” said Tom, “ for my boy and myself will want to be going before night.”

## CHAPTER II.

It was agreed upon, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and feasting, Tom Mc Eneiry enchanting all who heard him with the music of his harp. In the morning John of the Wine rose early, after spending a sleepless night in anticipation of the important change which he was about to undergo. When all was ready, he went with Tom and his servant into a private room, where they proceeded to business, after having locked the door. The Boy, as Tom chose to call him, placed a large basin full of water on

a table at the middle of the room, and near it a small quantity of a whitest powder, exactly resembling wheat flour. He then desired John of the Wine to be stowed on the floor, and took a large knife in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" said John of the Wine, looking somewhat surprised.

"To cut off your ugly head," replied the Boy, "and to give you a handsome one in place of it."

"Nonsense, man," said Seaghan an Fhiona, "do you think I'd allow you to cut off my head?"

"Oh, well, surely you can keep it if you wish," said the Boy, "I didn't know you had such a value for it."

"And couldn't you perform the cure without cutting off my head?"

"No—nor the most skilful man that walks Ireland. Sure it stands to reason you must root up the weed before you plant the flower."

"Well, cut away," said O'Connor, "I'd risk a deal to get rid of such a face as I have at present."

He lay down, and the Boy cut off his head, washed

it carefully, shook upon the wound a little of the white powder already spoken of, and placed it once more upon the body. He then slapped O'Connor on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Get up now, John of the Wine, look at yourself in the glass, and I wish you joy of your fine face and fine poll of hair."

Shaun started up from the table, and Mc Eneiry handed him over to the looking glass.

"Now, sir," said he, "do you rejoice at your change of features?"

"Upon my honour," replied John of the Wine, "I never saw a finer face upon any man, though 'tis so like my own in all but its ugliness that any one would know me again. You are welcome now to stop at my house as long as you like."

Mc Eneiry looked at his man.

"We can't stop so long, master," said the man "for you know we must go down to Ulster to the great O'Neil, who stands very much in want of your skill."

“That’s true,” said Mc Eneiry, “’twould never do for us to make any delay here.”

“Well, I am sorry for it,” said Shaun, “but let me know when ye are going in the morning, an I’ll be prepared for ye.”

Early next day Mc Eneiry and his man got up and told Shaun they were about to go. Finding it useless to attempt prevailing on them to remain, he called his herdsman, ordered him to bring out a score of the fattest cattle, and desired a pair of his best horses to be got ready for the use of the travellers. When they had mounted and all was ready for their departure, he brought out two boots, one full of gold and the other full of silver.

“Here,” said he, “Mr. Mc Eneiry is a small token of my gratitude for the favour I have received at your hands. There are two score of fat cattle, of which I request your acceptance, and a small sum of ready money, which may be of some use to you on the way home.”

So saying he handed the two boots to Mc Eneiry,

who desired his man to carry them, with as much composure as he could use, although it was hard for him to avoid springing off his horse with surprise and joy. O'Connor next summoned four of his working men, and commanded them to drive the cattle home for the two gentlemen, and to be sure to show them all due respect upon the way. When all was arranged they took leave of John of the Wine and his family and departed.

They had not proceeded a great way on the journey homeward, when the Man turned round to the persons who were driving the cattle, and said -

“ Well, what are ye, my good men ? ”

The four men all took off their hats, and bowed down almost to the ground before they answered, according to the instructions given them by their master.

“ Plaze your honour's raverence and glory,” said they, “ we are labourin' men of the Seaghan, an Ehiona.”

“ I dare say now,” said the Man, “ you may have some work to do at home for yourselves.”

“Plaze your majesty,” said the four men, bowing down again to the earth, “it is true for you; we have so.”

“What time,” asked the Man, “did your master allow you to go and come with us?”

“He gave us one week, my lord.”

When the Man heard this he put his hand into the boot that was full of gold.

“Come here, my good man,” said he.”

They approached in the most respectful manner, with their hats off, bowing down their knees, and he gave each of them a handful of gold and another of silver.

“There,” said he, “poor men, take that and go home and till your gardens until the week is out, and take the horses back with ye, likewise, and we’ll drive the cattle home ourselves.”

The four men broke out into a torrent of gratitude, showering down praises and blessings of all kinds upon the travellers, after which they all set off on their way home.

For some time after their departure, Mc Eneiry

remained silent, following the cattle without turning his eyes on either side. At length he said to his Man :

“ Why then, you had very little to do that time, so you had.”

“ Why so ? ” asked the Man.

“ To be giving our money away to those fellows that had their day’s hire to get when they’d go back.”

“ Don’t speak so uncharitable ” said the Man, “ we earned all that in the course of a few hours without much labour or trouble, and we have plenty remaining after what we gave them.”

“ What do you call plenty ? ” said Mc Eneiry.

“ If you had the one tenth of it when I first met you,” replied the man, “ you needn’t go about with your harp upon your back as you did, and a bad hand you were at it too. There’s gold and silver enough for us yet, besides all the fat cattle we have on the road before us.”

Mc Eneiry said no more, but resumed his journey in silence, looking as he were rather defeated than con-



vinced by the reasoning of his companion. At length they reached the foot of Knoc Fierna, and he beheld the smoke rising from the chimney of his own house.

“Well, I suppose we must be parting now,” said the Man, “so we might as well stop here and divide what we got.”

“What do you mean by dividing it?” said Mc Eneiry.

“I’ll tell you,” replied the man, “do you take ten of those fat cattle for your part, and I’ll keep the remaining half score, and we’ll make two fair halves of the gold and silver, and you must get one of them also.”

At this proposal Mc Eneiry looked like a man who was treated in a very unreasonable manner.

“Well,” said the man, observing how he stared at him, “have I three heads on me?”

“No,” said Mc Eneiry, “but the one you have hasn’t much sense in it. Will you bear in mind, if you plaze that in all this business I was the Masther an’ you were only the man. It is I that should have the

sharing of it an' not you ; and I think," he continued, "the one twentieth part of that we got ought to be enough for you, more especially considering all you wasted on them fellows that had their hire growing for 'em while they were with us."

"Ah," said the Man, "that is an ingenious speech. We have both plenty by dividing all fairly in two, and I'll engage your family will have a joyful welcome for you when you go home with the half of it."

"Well," said Mc Eneiry, "all I can say to you is, that I will insist upon getting the most part of it, as I was master, and if you offer any objection, I am here in my own neighbourhood, and I can get more people with a whistle than will be sufficient to make you agree to it."

"There is no one living would allow you so much," said the Man, "and as it happens, let us leave it all to that man on the white horse behind your back, coming along the road. I am satisfied to abide by his decision."

"Let us hear what he'll say first," replied Mc Eneiry.

Saying this he looked about in the direction pointed out by his Man, but could see nothing.

“What white horse do you speak of?” he said, “I can see no—Eh? what’s this?” He looked round again—above, below, behind, on all sides, but neither Man, nor boots, nor cattle were to be seen. All had vanished, and there he stood, at the foot of the hill, as poor as he had left it on the preceding day, the wind lifting his threadbare garment, and sighing with a melancholy cadence through the strings of his old harp.

Tom only recovered from his astonishment to vent his feelings in a burst of lamentation. The inutility of wasting his time in the mere indulgence of grief was however apparent, and he accordingly soon desisted. Sitting down on the road side, he endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts, and entered into the following dialogue with himself:

“Well, Tom Mc Eneiry what are you to do now? If you go home you know you must be under the painful necessity of leaving it again and parting with

your family in the same manner as you did yesterday, and where would be the use o' that. I'll tell you what you'll do, Tom, as I'm your best friend, and indeed I may say almost your only friend, these times. Go to the next farmer's house, and begin to play your harp for them, and you'll get a welcome there for this night, and stop there; and if you want to know what you are to do in the morning, don't be in a hurry, but take things aisy, and I'll tell you. Start off with yourself, at the peep of day for Carrigfoile, and come before John of the Wine, and tell him you want a letter of recommendation from him to the great O'Neil, in Ulster, statin' what an ugly face he had, an' what a purty one you gave him in the place of it. When you get the letther, which he will be most happy to give you, start away with yourself again for Ulster, an' when you get there, you have only to put a purty face upon the great O'Neil, the same way as you seen your Man done upon O'Connor, an' you'll get twice as great a reward from him as from Seaghan an Fhiona, an' you can keep it all to yourself, without having an

ungrateful, unmaythur'l, baste of a Man to squander the half of it away upon the road home, and rob you of the rest when you get there. That's my advice to you, and if you're a wise man you'll take it."

## CHAPTER III.

MC ENBIRY like a great many people in the world had a great respect for his own advice, so he followed it without delay. He slept that night at the house of a neighbouring farmer, who was not so nice in music as John of the wine, and in the morning early, set off for Carrigfoile. It was near sunset when he beheld the majestic castle lifting its head between him and the west, and proudly towering above the waves that lashed the base of the lofty cliff on which it stood. When he arrived at the gate, he was surprised to find

all in confusion before him. The court-yard was full of men and women running to and fro and a large body of kerns and galloglach were under arms before the door. While he looked on all sides, perplexed to think what could be the cause of all this tumult, he saw a man approach, whom he recognized as one of those who had been sent to drive the cows home with him and his man. The poor man saluted him with great respect and seemed overjoyed to see him. In answer to his enquiry respecting the cause of the confusion which he beheld, the countryman told him that there was confined in the castle, a young boy, a servant of John of the Wine, whose name was Cluas ó Faibbhe or Fulvey of the ear, (so called because he had one ear of unusual size).

“Every body is sure,” said he, “that he will be hanged this evening or to-morrow morning airly, an’ that’s the raison they’re gatherin’ to see the execution.”

“An’ what is it he done out o’ the way?” asked Mc Eneiry.

“I don’t know that, indeed,” replied the man, “but they say there’s no doubt but he’ll be hanged. If the master plazes to hang him, sure that’s no business of ours to ax the raison.”

“Surely, surely.” assented Mc Eneiry. “The quality an’ us is different.”

At this moment casting his eyes towards the door of the Castle, he beheld O’Connor coming forth with his handsome new countenance looking very mournful. He went towards him, and John of the wine brightened up a little on seeing him, and received him very cordially.

“I am very glad to see you,” said O’Connor, “whatever brought you here, but I have not time to say much to you, now, for I am in great trouble of mind. There is a servant of my own, for whom I have a great regard, in prison in my castle for some offence he gave to my brother, O’Connor of Connaught, who is come to demand satisfaction for the affront he gave him, and I am very much afraid he must be hanged in the morning. I can’t tell you how sorry I



am for it ; for he was one of the wittiest men I ever had in my service, besides being an excellent poet, and you know yourself, what respect I have for poets, and bards, and all branches of science and learning. However I'll tell you what you'll do. Go in to the Castle and stop there to-night. I'll give orders to have you well taken care of, and in the morning I'll hear whatever you have to say to me."

Mc Eneiry did as he was desired, and was entertained for the night in princely style. In the morning, hearing a bustle in the court yard, he arose, and looking through a window, saw the people gathering to behold the execution. He dressed himself as quickly as he could, and coming down to the court, found the two brothers, John of the Wine, and O'Connor of Connaught, standing before the castle, surrounded by knights and gentlemen, kerns and galloglach, waiting to have the prisoner brought forward.

"Well, brother," said John of the Wine, "this is too bad. I hope you won't go any farther with the business now. He got punishment enough for what

he did, in the fright you gave him without carrying it any farther."

"You may defend him, and have him hanged or no, just as you like," said O'Connor of Connaught, "but if you refuse me satisfaction for the affront I have received you must be content to incur my displeasure."

"Oh, well, sooner than that," says John of the Wine, "if you insist upon it, he must of course be hanged and welcome, without further delay."

He turned to some of his attendants, and was just about to give directions that the prisoner should be brought forward, when Mc Eneiry, having heard what passed, stepped boldly forward and made his bow and scrape in the presence of the two brothers.

"Pray, my lords," said he, "might I make so free as to ask what was it the fellow did, that he is going to be hanged for?"

O'Connor of Connaught stared at him for some moments, as if in astonishment at his impudence and then said, turning to his brother :

“What kind of a fellow is this, that has the assurance to speak to us in that manner?”

“He is a man of a very singular profession,” replied John of the Wine.

“And what profession is it?”

“Why,” answered Seaghan an Fhiona, “he has that degree of skill, that if a man had the ugliest features Nature ever carved out upon a human head, he could change them into the fairest and most becoming you ever looked upon. I have reason to know it,” he added, “for he tried the same experiment upon myself, and executed it very much to my liking?”

“Indeed,” said O’Connor of Connaught, “you may well say it is a singular profession, and since you speak of yourself, sure enough, I remarked the great change for the better in your countenance, although I did not like to speak of it before, for fear you might think me impertinent; and what most surprises me is that he should have preserved the resemblance so completely, notwithstanding the great alteration.”

“Yes,” said John, “everybody says I’m a handsome likeness of what I was.”

“Please your lordship,” Mc Eneiry said, addressing O’Connor of Connaught, “might I make so bould as to ax again, what is it he done amiss, an’ if it be left to my decision,” he added, with a tone half jesting, and half serious, “I’ll do my endayvours to get at the rights of it.”

O’Connor of Connaught commanded one of his attendants to tell Mc Eneiry what Falvey of the Ear had done.

“Some time since,” said the attendant coming forward, “my master came down here on a visit to his brother, and was so much diverted by the wit and sprightliness of the prisoner, that he asked John of the Wine to let him go with him to Connaught for a while. When they were about going, John of the Wine called the prisoner aside and addressed him in these words. ‘Now, you Falvey of the Ear, listen to me and remember what I am going to tell you, for if you don’t it will be worse for yourself. My brother is a man of a hasty, turbulent temper, and I strongly recommend to you, to keep your wit under check, and

take care never to play upon his words, or to make him a smart answer, or take him short in what he may say. for that is what nobody relishes, and what he cannot bear. A satirical tongue, or a mouthful of repartees, Cluas,' said he, 'are more dangerous to the owner of them, than to anybody else. You may remember what the Latin poet says ;

—Mitte jocos : non est jocus esse malignum,  
Nunquam sunt grati qui docuere salas

and moreover :

*Omnibus minatur qui facit uni injuriam.*

meaning, that the honey of wit cannot sweeten the sting of satire, and that the jester is a common enemy, for he who cracks a joke upon one, threatens 'all. But enough said—remember what I tell you,' Falvey promised him, to be careful, and came with us to Connaught. He went on very well for some time and my master liked him every day more and more. One morning, however, my master and some gentlemen went out fowling in the wood of Landers, belonging

to his wife's father, and they took Falvey with them. One of them shot a bird which fell into the top of a very straight and lofty tree. When my master saw that, he said, he would be very glad to have the bird down by some means or another. 'I'll go up for it, O'Connor,' said Falvey of the Ear, and accordingly he did so. When he was coming down again with the bird in his hand, my master looked up, and said; '*Ni rian suas an gerann ar mo capul.*'\* On hearing this Cluas looked down at him, and said: '*Bo dheachair domhsa dul suas gancuram capul do bleith oram.*'† At this there was a laugh amongst those who stood by. When my master heard his words played upon in that manner he got furious. 'Take him some of ye,' said he, 'until I hang him this instant out of the tree.' They made a run at him, but Cluas hop-

\* I would not go up there for my horse.

† It was hard for me to go up without a horse! The wit of Cluas o Failbhe's answer turns on the double meaning attached to the *ar* in Irish, which signifies either *for* or *upon*, according to its context. Cluas affected to take it in the latter sense.

ped away from them, and run homewards. My master and his people followed him a long way, but he had an advantage of them, for he could go all the short cuts across the country, while they being mounted were obliged to take the road round. They pursued him to Limerick and beyond, and got sight of him just as he drew nigh the river Maig, where it flows between Adare and Court. There being no bridge, he had no other way of escape than to leap across the river, and he did so, cleverly, and I'll leave it to anybody that ever saw the Maig whether it wasn't a noble hop. Well, when my master saw that, he forgot all his anger in admiring such a spring. 'Cluas,' said he, "that was a good leap." 'It wasn't better than the run I had to it,' replied Cluas, taking him short again. At that my master got twice as furious as ever, though he was upon the point of forgiving him the moment before. The whole party dashed into the river on horseback and swam across, but with all the haste they could make, Cluas was at Carrigfoile before them and told John of the wine all that happened, begging of

him to save him from his brother. 'Well,' says Seaghan an Fhiona, 'I told you how it would be, and I don't see any chance of protecting you, for I'm sure I have no notion of getting into a dispute with my brother on account of a trifle, such as the hanging a fellow of your kind. Cluas hearing my master at the gate, went up into a turret of the Castle where he is now confined, and waiting the order for his execution.'

When the attendant had concluded his narrative, O'Connor of Connaught turned to Mc Eneiry, and said with a jesting air :

"And now that you have heard the case my good fellow, what is your opinion of it?"

"My opinion is plaze your lordship," replied Mc Eneiry, "that I declare to my heart I'd give the poor crathur a chance for his life."

"Well said Mc Eneiry," cried John of Wine. "He is right brother and you ought to give the poor fellow a chance."

"And what chance do you ask for him?" said O'Connor of Connaught a little softened.



John of the Wine was well aware of Cluas's abilities in verse making, and had no objection to let the company witness a specimen of them.

"The condition I propose," said he, "are these. You see that sea-gull swimming abroad upon the sea. Let him, before that sea-gull rises from the wave, compose extempore, six stanzas, which must not contain a lie from beginning to end, and every stanza ending with the word "West."

"That's a chance in airnest," exclaimed Mc Eneiry.

"If he does that," said O'Connor of Connaught, "upon my honour as a gentlemen I'll give him his life and never say a word more of what has passed."

"That's fair," says John of the Wine.

Accordingly, Cluas came forward to the window of the turret in which he was confined, and without rolling his eyes this way or that, or starting, or brushing up his hair, or indulging in any other of the customary tricks of improvisation, recited in a clear and loud tone the following:

VERSES,—*made by Cluas o Failbhe in order to save himself from hanging.*

## I.

Full many a rose in Limerick spreads its bloom,  
 With root embedded deep in earth's soft breast ;  
 So many miles from hence to lordly Rome. :  
 And many a white sail seeks the watery West.

## II.

Full many a maid in ancient Cashel dwells,  
 In Carrigfoile feasts many a weary guest ;  
 Full many a tree in Lander's shady dells,  
 Shook by each breeze that leaves the stormy West.

## III.

Far east a field of barley meets my gaze  
 Farther, the sun in Morning splendour drest.  
 When Lander's daughter views his sinking rays,  
 Two gentle eyes behold the purple West.

## IV,

Rock of the Candle!\* it is well for thee—  
 Fresh blows the wind around thy lofty breast,  
 From thy bold height thy chieftain's eye may see,  
 Each freighted bark that seeks the billowy West.

\* Carrigoguniel Castle, which overlooks the Shannon, near Limerick.

## V.

Rock of the Beam,<sup>†</sup> it is well for thee!

Beight shines the sun, against thy lordly crest;  
While shivering Fear and Darkness wait on me,  
Thy gallant brow looks proudly tow'rd the West.

## VI.

Lord of the Ocean, it is well for thee!

High swells the wave beneath thy snowy breast,  
Fast bound in chains, I view you foaming sea,  
While thou at freedom, seek'st the pathless West.

All present agreed that the poet had fulfilled the conditions agreed upon, after which O'Connor of Connaught gave orders that he should be brought down and set at liberty, and the chains were hardly struck from his limbs when the sea-gull rose from the wave, and flew away amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

<sup>†</sup> Carrigfoile, so named from the deep pool, which the sea forms close to the base.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN all were reconciled, John of the Wine took Mc Eneiry apart and asked what he could do for him ? Mc Eneiry told him his business, and obtained the letter without difficulty.

“Here,” said Seaghan an Fhiona, “although I wrote to him before about you, recommending him to send for you, as I understand there is not a man from here to himself, stands more in need of a cast of your office.”

Mc Eneiry thanked him, and set off for Ulster

playing his harp at the houses on the way-side, and staying no more than a night in any one place 'till he arrived within sight of the Castle of the great O'Neil. When he drew near the house he hid his old harp among some furze bushes on the side of a hill, for his success as musician on the journey was not such as to render him willing to make any display of the kind before the great chieftain of the north. On reaching the gate of the Castle, he demanded to see O'Neil and was admitted by the chieftain's orders. He wondered much as he passed the court-yard, at the prodigious number of galloglach and kernes that crowded all parts of the building, besides poets, harpers, antiquarians, genealogists, petty chieftains, and officers of every rank. When he entered the presence of O'Neil he could hardly avoid springing back at the sight of his countenance. However, he restrained his astonishment, and laid aside his bonnet and girdle with a respectful air, after which he delivered his letter.

“Are you the man,” asked O'Neil, when he had

read it, "that was with my friend O'Connor of Car-rigfoile?"

"I am, please your lordship."

"Well," said O'Neil, "and when will you begin the operation?"

"In the morning airly, I think would be the best time if your honour was agreeable to it."

"O'Neil ordered that he should be hospitably entertained that night. In the morning about day-break Mc Eneiry got up and asked whether the great O'Neil was risen yet?

"He is," replied the servant, "and waiting your directions."

"Very good," said Tom, "let one o' ye go now, and put down a big pot of wather to bile, an' when 'tis bilin' come an' let me know it, an' do ye take it into a big spare room, an' let there be a table put in the middle of it, an' a grain o' flour upon it, and a sharp carvin' knife, an' when all is ready, let the great O'Neil come in, an' let us not be disturbed till the operation is over."

All was done according to his directions, and when both were in the room together, and the door made fast on the inside, Mc Eneiry addressed the chieftain as follows :

“ Now, you great O’Neil, listen to we. Mind, when once we begin you must not offer to say a word, or make any objection to what I please to do with you, if you have any taste for beauty.”

“ Certainly not,” said O’Neil, “ but will you tell me in the first place what are you going to do with that carving knife ?”

“ You’ll know that by and by,” said Mc Eneiry, “ lie down an’ do as I bid you.”

O’Neil lay down. Tom whipped the carving knife across his throat, and after more cutting and mangling than could have been agreeable, he succeeded in severing the head from the body. He then took the head and washed it carefully, after which he shook a little flour upon the wound, and placed it on the body as it lay lifeless on the table.

“ Rise up, Great O’Neil,” said he, slapping the

chieftain smartly on the shoulder, "and I wish you joy of your fine face and your fine, poll of hair."

It was in vain, however, that he exhorted the great O'Neil to arise and admire himself. The body still lay stiff upon the table, and the head rolled upon the floor, as ugly as ever and not half as useful. Tom now began to suspect that he had got himself into a quandary, and did not very clearly see how he was to get out of it. Repeated experiments convinced him that the great O'Neil was come to the end of his career, he was as dead as a herring, and he had little doubt if the family should lay hold of him, that his own was not much farther from its close. After much perplexity and several cold fits of terror during which the gallows danced many a hornpipe before his mind's eye, he luckily bethought him of the window! The height was considerable, but Tom wisely calculated that the chance of a broken leg was preferable to the certainty of a dislocated neck, so he let himself drop on the green. Finding his limbs whole, he ran across the



country with all the speed of which he was master, towards a forest on which the window looked. After some hard running, he reached the hill where he had hid his harp, and judging that the hue and cry would be quickly raised after him through the country, he determined to lie concealed till night-fall, and then continue his journey homeward. Accordingly, he crept in amongst the furze bushes, and covered himself so completely, that he thought it was impossible for the sharpest eye to discover him.

In the mean time, the family of the chieftain were perplexed to think what could be the cause of the long delay made by their lord and the professor of beauty in the room which they had locked themselves in. Hearing no noise, they knocked at the door, but of course received no answer. At length, their suspicions being awakened, they broke in the door, and their sensation's may be imagined on beholding the great O'Neil weltering in his blood, the window open, and no account of the stranger. Their astonishment giving place to grief, and their grief to rage, they dis-

persed in all directions, seizing whatever weapons they could lay hands on, and breathing vengeance against the murderer.

Mc Eneiry heard, from his place of concealment the hue-and cry that was raised after him, and was ready to die with fear, when, unexpectedly, he felt his legs grasped hard, just above the ancles, by two powerful hands. He uttered a yell of despair, and kicked and plunged with all his might and main, but to no purpose. He was dragged forth from his hiding place, and thought all was over with him when suddenly a well-known voice addressed him in the following words:—

“ Well, tell me what do you deserve from me now, after the manner in which you have acted ? ”

At this question Tom ventured to look up, when, to his great relief and joy he beheld his Man standing before him.

“ What do you deserve, I ask you ? ” said the Man.

“ I desarnes to be pulled asundher between four wild horses,” answered Tom, with a look of humility.

“Very well,” said the Man, “since I see you have some sense of your merits, I will protect you this once, although it would be serving you right if I left you to fall into the hands of your pursuers. But rise up now boldly, and come with me to the Castle.”

“To the Castle!” cried Tom in terror, “is it to be torn in pieces you want me?”

“Do not fear that,” replied the Man, “tell them when you meet them, that you could not finish the operation without my assistance, and leave the rest to me.”

Tom allowed himself to be persuaded, and both went boldly forward towards the Castle. When the multitude beheld Mc Eneiry they rushed towards him with horrible outcries, demanding his immediate death.

“Stop! stop! hear me!” cried Tom.

“We won’t hear you,” they exclaimed with one voice, “you murderer, what made you kill the great O’Neil? We’ll make small bits o’ you.”

“Don’t,” said Tom, “if you do the great O’Neil will never rise again.”

“No wondher for him, when you cut the head off him.”

“Be quiet,” said Tom, “an’ I tell ye he’ll be as brisk as a kid in half an hour. The operation isn’t half done yet, for I couldn’t finish it rightly without my Man as he had something belonging to the profession that I couldn’t do without.”

“’Tis true for my master,” said the Man, “let ye fall back, if ye want ever to see the great O’Neil again.”

The people were appeased, and Mc Eneiry, with his Man, entered the room in which the body lay. When all was made fast a strong guard being now set on window and door, the Man took up the head, and shook a little powder on the wound, after which he placed it on the shoulders, and slapping him smartly on the back, said:—

“Rise up, now, Great O’Neil, and I wish you joy of your fine features and your fine poll of hair.”

O’Neil jumped upon the floor, and they led him to the looking glass, but on seeing the beautiful countenance

which he now possessed, his transports were so great that he had well nigh broken his bones springing and leaping over tables and chairs, and cutting all kinds of capers in his extacy. When the vehemence of his glee had somewhat abated, he unlocked the door and summoned his lady and all the household to witness the change which had been effected. All congratulated him upon it, and all lavished praises and caresses on Mc Eneiry and his Man as plentifully as they had done abuse and menaces before. A grand banquet was made, to which all the chieftains in the neighbourhood were invited. The feasting lasted several days, during which Mc Eneiry and his Man were treated with all the respect and attention due to noblemen of the highest rank. At length they signified to him their intention of departing, as the duties of their profession would not suffer them to continue longer at his Castle. O'Neil pressed them much to stay longer, but finding them determined, he commanded his herdsmen to fetch forty of the fattest bullocks in his paddock, and while he was doing so ordered his groom to bring for-

ward two noble horses, ready bridled and saddled, for the journey. When all was ready he went into one of his own secret apartments, and brought out two pair of boots, one pair full of gold, and the other of silver. Ten men were then summoned to drive home the cattle.

“Allow me, Mr. Mc Eneiry,” said the Great O’Neil, “to present you with this trifling mark of my esteem. Those horses, and this gold and silver and the cattle which you behold, I request you to accept as a very inadequate compensation for the important service you have rendered me.”

They took leave of all in the Castle and departed. When they were passing the furze hill in which Mc Eneiry had concealed his harp, he got down off his horse and went to look for it. Finding it safe where he laid it, he brought it out and placed it on the saddle before him, when all resumed their journey. When they had gone two or three miles on the road homeward, the Man called aloud to the cattle drivers and asked them who they were? They answered that they were labourers belonging to the Great O’Neil. †

“ What time,” said he, “ did he allow you to go and come ? ”

“ He allowed us a fortnight, or a month if necessary,” replied one of the men.

“ Ah ! ” said the Man, “ go home, my poor fellows and till your gardens during that time, and we will drive these cattle home ourselves.”

Saying this he put his hand into one of the boots and gave each of them a handful of gold, and another of silver, and sent them away filled with gratitude, and leaving abundance of praise and blessing behind them.

When they were out of sight, Mc Eneiry said, after proceeding for some time in silence:

“ How very liberal you made yourself in sharing my gold and silver ! ”

“ Make yourself easy now,” said the Man, “ I did not I am sure altogether give one bootful out of the four, and we shall have more in the remainder than we can spend for the rest of our lives.”

“ That won't do,” said Mc Eneiry, “ you should have borne in mind that I was the master, and that the whole was given to me.”

“Remember,” said the Man, “that what we have was very easily acquired, and therefore we ought to share with the poor; for what we have ourselves does not belong to us altogether, especially when we have obtained it without much trouble. And as to your part, I am sure if I was to leave you where you were hid in the bush the other morning, you would be thinking of something else besides bootfuls of gold and silver before now.”

Mc Eneiry said nothing, and they continued their journey in silence, until they reached the foot of Knoc Fierna.

“Now,” said the Man, “we are on the spot where we first met, and as I suppose we must part, let me see how you’ll behave yourself, and I hope not as you did on a former occasion.”

“Very well,” replied Tom, “I am here now, at home and among my own neighbours, and those that know me, and will you let me have the sharing of what we got?”

“Let us hear what division you intend to make of it, first,” said the Man.



"These are forty valuable ones," said Mr Enery, "and if you are willing to take five of them I'll be content with the remainder. There are also four bushels of gold and silver with the exception of what you made away with on the road, and I am satisfied you should have a proportionable share of them as of the cattle."

"But do you imagine," said the Man, "that any one would be satisfied with such a division? I'll leave it to that woman behind you with the can in her hand whether I ought to consent to it."

"What woman?" asked Mr Enery, looking around. He saw no woman, and turning again neither cattle nor Man, nor boots, nor horses were visible. At this second disappointment Mr Enery began to roar and howl at such a rate that it was a wonder he had not the whole neighbourhood in commotion. His lamentations were interrupted by the approach of a horseman very genteelly dressed, and with rather a simple expression of countenance, who accosted him civilly and enquired the occasion of his grief. Tom evaded

the question, not feeling very proud of what had taken place, and the stranger, observing a harp in his hand, requested him to play a little, and that if he liked his music he would give him a piece of money. Tom complied, but did not produce altogether such ravishing strains as when at the Castle of Seaghan an Fhiona.

“Indeed,” said the stranger, “I can’t flatter you on your proficiency in music; but, however, as I know something of the art myself, I will give you this horse bridle and saddle, as he stands, for your harp.”

“Never say it again,” said Tom, it is a bargain,” thinking in his own mind that he could make something of the horse by selling it.

The stranger alighted and Tom got up in his place, but he soon found cause to repent of his bargain. He was no sooner fixed on the saddle than the horse stretched himself at full length and shot like an arrow along the hill side, and, taking the direction of the Cove of Cork, flew over hedges and ditches, walls, houses, churches, towns, and villages with such rapidity that Tom felt as if his life had been left half a mile behind

him. When he reached the Cove the horse suddenly turned, and keeping his off shoulder to the sea galloped, or rather glided, all round Ireland, and never stopped until he returned to Knoc Fierna, where the stranger was still standing with the harp.

"Well, how do you like your purchase?" he asked with a smile, as Mc Eneiry gasping for breath sat clinging to the saddle bow, his features pale, his eyes almost starting from his head and his hair blown backward in such a manner that he looked more like a maniac than a rational being.

"Oh, take me down, an' the heavens bless you," said Tom, with difficulty. "I'm stuck to the saddle, myself, an' I can't stir. Make haste, or I'm in dhread he'll be for the road again."

The stranger complied, and Tom alighted from the horse.

"You may take your horse now," said Tom, "and much good may it do you."

"No," said the stranger, "I can't do that, for what I once give I never take back again. But I'll buy him from you, if you are willing to sell him."

“What will you give me for him?” asked Tom.

“I have a razor here,” said he, “and it is endowed with a property, so that let a man’s clothes be ever so bad, if you give them the least scar with it, he will have a perfectly new suit in an instant.”

“I declare then,” said Tom, “a little touch of that razor would be very much wanting to myself at this moment, for my own are nothing the better for the wear.”

The bargain was struck again, and Tom was so eager to be well dressed that he opened the razor on the instant, and cut a small piece off the tail of his coat. No sooner had he done so than he found himself attired from head to foot in the pie-bald uniform of a professed fool, perfectly new, but boasting a greater number of colours than he cared for.

“Well,” said the stranger, “are you satisfied with your new suit?”

“I’m made a real fool at last,” replied Tom, “but tell me what is your reason for playing these tricks on me?”

“You may well ask that,” said the stranger. “All that you have suffered is the fruit of your own covetousness. You were extravagant in your days of prosperity, and poverty did not teach you compassion.”

“I own it,” said Tom, with a sorrowful look, “and I blame myself now very much that I didn’t take the fair half I was offered both times, since I see you know all about it—or that I did not content myself with even a part of that same.”

“Still,” said the stranger, “it is your covetousness makes you express that regret, and not a due sense of your error. And now do you wish to know who I am.”

“I would indeed be glad to hear it,” said Tom.

“I am DON FIRINE,” replied the stranger, “of whom I dare say you have often heard, and I reside in this mountain.”

At the sound of this famous name, Mc Eneiry started back in astonishment.

“I heard of your distress,” continued Don Firine,

“and I came to relieve you when you first left home with your harp, but you were so covetous that I could do nothing for you, although I made several trials, thinking that one or two severe lessons might be sufficient to open your eyes and your heart, but you would not be taught. I would have made you rich and prosperous for the remainder of your life; but now, that fool’s coat you wear shall be the only one you shall ever be able to purchase.”

Saying these words he disappeared, and Mc Eneiry returned to his home poorer than when he left it. His wife and daughter received him kindly, until he told them how he had fared since they parted, and the cause of his reappearing amongst them in his present ridiculous dress. When they had heard his story, they all joined in blaming him, and though they shared his disappointment could not but acknowledge that he had brought it on himself.

“And now, gentlemen,” said the Seventh Juror, “comes a difficulty which was hardly contemplated in the regulations of our Institution. You all, I suppose, expect either a song or a shilling from me at this moment. I acknowledge my culpability in not having confessed my infirmity at the time when our rules were made, but I’m not the only person in the world who has allowed himself to be placed in a prominent position without recollecting that he wanted some necessary quality, until the moment came for exercising it, I never tuned a tune in the whole course of my life.”

At this announcement there was a murmur of dissatisfaction amongst the Jury.

“And I, gentlemen,” said another Juror, “am in exactly the same predicament. I think it better to tell you so before it comes to my turn, lest you may accuse me of having any longer deluded you with false expectations. It will be impossible to make me sing inasmuch as Nature denied me the capability, and it would be unjust to fine me for it, as my will is wholly blameless in the affair.”

“I fear, gentlemen, observed the Foreman, “if this be allowed we shall have neither songs nor fines. For my own part,” he continued, with a look of increasing determination, “I am fully resolved to enforce the conditions agreed upon at the commencement of the night’s entertainment, so long as I am supported by my respected brethren who have placed me in the chair.”

The fine—the fine—the fine resounded from all parts of the room, at the conclusion of this address, and ceased only when the defaulting Jurymat. had deposited a shilling in the snuff tray. He protested, however, that, when offering his inability to sing as an excuse, he had no desire to evade the penalty. This unexpected difficulty being arranged, the Juryman next in succession commenced his tale as follows:—





## THE EIGHTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

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### MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.

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They use commonly to send up and downe to knowe news, and if any meet with another, his second word is—what news? Inso-much, that hereof is told a prattie jest of a Fenchman, who, having been sometimes in Ireland, where he remarked their great inquiries for newes, and meeting afterwards in France, an Irishman whom he knew in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwards said thus merrily, “ O Sir, I pray you tell me of curtesie, have you heard any thing of the news, that you so much inquired for in your country? ”

SPENSER.



## MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.

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### CHAPTER I.

IN that exceedingly romantic, but lonesome tract of country which extends along the Upper Lake of Killarney, there stood, within my own recollection, one of those antique mansions, which are to be found in different stages of decay in many parts of the country. It was easy to see from the style of building, that the hands by which it was raised, had given up business for more than a century at least.

In this honse, somewhat less than fifty years since there dwelt a gentleman of very ancient family indeed.

He was one of those persons whose faces ought to be turned behind them in order to correspond with the prevailing bias of their intellects, for he seemed to think of nothing but the past, and was infinitely more familiar with the days of Moses and Zoroaster, than with his own. As to the future he saw, and desired to see no more of it than a man beholds of those objects which stand in a right line behind him. His tastes, if not so entirely sentimental as those of Sterne, who could find more satisfaction in communing with a dead ass than with a living christian, appeared yet sufficiently fantastic in their way, to that very limited number of persons who had the honour of being scattered in his neighbourhood. A mouldy Irish manuscript, a Danish rath or fort, a craggy ruin of an Abbey, or Castle which had survived the very memory of their possessors, a moss-covered cromleach, or lonely Druid stone, were to him more welcome company any day in the year, than the wittiest or most sociable amongst his living friends. As to the ladies, if Cleopatra herself were to arise from the grave,

unless her great antiquity might awaken some interest for her, she would find her charms and talents as entirely wasted on the insipid mind of Mr. Tibbot O'Leary, as they were in her natural life-time on that very ill-bred gentleman whom they call Octavius Cæsar. Although habits of retirement and absence of mind, had made him very unobservant of the manners of his own time, and he was apt to make awkward mistakes occasionally, both at his own table, and at those of others, yet he could hardly be taxed with a want of breeding, for he would have known to a nicety how to conduct himself at the tables of Lucullus or Meccenas, when those who now laughed at him for his ignorance, would have looked like fools or clodpoles by his side.

But the darling object of his affections, was a round tower. What especially charmed him about these singular buildings was that nobody in the world could tell for what possible use they were intended. Volumes on volumes, had been written, all proving the great learning and acuteness of the different writers,

yet the subject still remained as much a mystery as ever. What in the world could they be for? That was the question which constantly recurred to his mind, alone or in company, silent or conversing, sleeping or awake. There they were, round, lofty edifices, as cylindrical inside and outside as the barrel of a gun, exact in all their proportions, and admirable in their masonry, yet of no possible use that anybody could divine—no steps—no way of getting up to the top either inside or outside, no apartment underneath, nothing but its small doorway, and the tall circular wall, as if the sole object of the founder had been, to show how high it was possible to build a round wall, which could not be of any earthly use to himself or to anybody else. They could scarcely have been watch towers, seeing that some (as at Glendaloch) were at the bottom of a valley, and surrounded by hills, any one of which would give a better view than the top of the round tower. Nor could they have been Stylite columns, since that was acknowledged to be almost exclusively an Oriental institution. Nor

could he see that great resemblance in structure, which others professed to discover between them and the Pyratheia of the Perian Gaurs which are still to be seen in the East, for those last were at least habitable and accessible. What on earth could they be for? There was no knowing, and that was the very circumstance which fascinated his mind, and kept his intellectual powers for ever on the stretch.

Absorbed by such pursuits, he felt not for a long time the loneliness of his position, living in a dilapidated house with no other company than that of his man, Tom Nash, and a moving antique in the shape of an old woman who took care of his housekeeping. Tom felt no great interest for ruins either old or new, and had a much keener taste for a corned round of beef, or a cheek of pork and greens, than for all the round towers between Scattery Island and the Persian Gulf. However he always listened or seemed to listen attentively, while his master spoke, and as the latter in their rambles from place to place, unfolded to his mind's eye the most recondite learning of past ages,



he was careful to mark at the same time his attention, and his astonishment at every new piece of information by such intelligent observations as "See that!" "Murther, murther!" "Well, well, there's nothing can surpass the art o' man!"

In this complacency he found his account. An attentive or patient pair of ears, was an article which his master valued in proportion to its rarity, and as amongst the few which flourished in his vicinity, still fewer were at his service as often as he could wish, his esteem for those which adorned the head of Tom Nash, made him liberal to their owner. And if ever any piece of neglect or awkwardness occurred to deminish the cordiality with which his master always treated him, Tom had it always in his power to restore himself to favour, by taking the first opportunity to ask, as if from a reverie: "Why then, I wondher, mather, what in the airthly universe could them ould round towers be built for?"

This was certain to bring back good humour, and in the learned disquisition which followed, all traces of displeasure were sure to be forgotten.

I have already said that Mr. O' Leary lived almost alone, nor, though yet young, did he seem to have any idea of (as the phrase is) "changing his condition." Rumour said, indeed, for Rumour will find its way even into a wilderness, that it had not always been so, and that a disappointment of a nature which least of all could be suggested by his present character and pursuits, had much to do both with his present retirement and his studies. It was whispered, moreover, that he owed it all to an unreasonable exercise of the same spirit of restless, and fidgetty curiosity, which had been a leading feature in his character from childhood, and many thought his present occupations were no more than a new direction taken by the ruling passion. The manner in which he first met with his man Nash, furnished a proof that he had been afflicted with it long before it took its present turn.

Mr. Tibbot O'Leary was left early in possession of his property; so early that he was compelled to become a man of business almost before he was a man at all. Even at this period, however, and indeed long

before, he was the same busy, systematic, prying, inquisitive, untiring burthen to himself, and plague to his neighbours that he was all his life, until his river of curiosity happily emptied itself into the boundless ocean of antiquarian research. There was scarce a sentence left his lips, or a thought passed through his mind, which might not have a note of interrogation placed at the end of it.

One of his numerous daily practices was to walk down as far as the gate of his own avenue, which opened on the mail coach road, at half past nine o'clock every morning, and at quarter to four every evening, these being the two diurnal periods at which the coach passed, or ought to pass on its way, to and from the nearest county town. And if he were too early for the coach (he never was too late) he would wait patiently with his back against the pier of his gate until the "conveniency" made its appearance, and at the very instant it was passing his own gate, he would draw out his silver hunting watch and mark the time, and then leisurely walk home and compare his watch

with the dial, and then compare the dial with the almanac, making allowance to the fourth place of decimals for difference of longitude, and thus discover exactly how many minutes, or fractions of minutes, the coach had been "behind time" in its progress for that day. Nor was he a jot disconcerted by observing (indeed he did not observe it at all) that in progress of time the automaton-like regularity of his appearance and of his movements, the punctual apparition of his figure seen afar off leaning against the pier, the motion of the hand to the watch-fob as the coach drew nigh, the production of the time piece, and the glance at the coach to observe the precise moment when they were in a direct line opposite the gate, all became matter of undisguised amusement to the coachman and his passengers, who might be seen looking back with laughing countenances, as he put up his watch with the air of a philosopher and walked up the avenue to complete the troublesome process which he had imposed on himself as a morning and evening recreation.

“Have you any news?” was at this time the second or third, and often the first question which he put to every acquaintance at meeting. Having, unlike busy-bodies in general, brought his own affairs into tolerable order, little remained for him to do besides interesting himself in those of the world outside, and his feeble mind, like a creeping shrub unable to support itself, went throwing its tendrils about in all directions, seeking for events and circumstances to prevent it from falling back an inert mass upon itself. Fortunately his hunger for novelty was of a kind which was easily appeased. His more observant friends soon remarked that any answer satisfied him, except a direct negative, and this was his aversion. To tell him of a sick cow, a dog strayed or poisoned, a servant turned off, a leg of mutton spoiled in the cooking, anything was preferable to the barren and unwelcome “No.” Indeed, to those who knew him, few things could be more painful than its infliction; and, accordingly, where it was understood that nothing more was requisite than merely to keep the sense of hearing in play for a certain

portion of time, there was scarcely any one who had not got news of some kind for Tibbot O'Leary. Those who did *not* know him, were not so well aware of the nature of the food for which he craved, and were not so prompt in satisfying his hunger, as was exemplified in his first meeting with his man Tom Nash.

One morning Mr. Tibbot O'Leary arrived as usual a few minutes before half past nine o'clock at his own pier gate. Crossing the stile he was surprised and disconcerted to find his place occupied by a young country lad, who seemed to have made a long and wearisome journey, and was now resting in Tibbot's favorite attitude, and against his favorite pier. The lad touched his hat respectfully, but did not move. Mr. O'Leary began to grow fidgetty, but felt as if it would be inhospitable to desire him to change his quarters; besides, that it would look somewhat ridiculous to turn him away from the pier merely for the purpose of taking the place himself, and the fellow had an arch eye which looked as if nothing ridiculous would be likely to escape it. The exclusive possession

of the pier of a gate could hardly be an object of ambition to any being, except a cow to whom the sharp angle at the corner might be a temptation, or a human being inclined to indulge in the same pastime. Mr. O'Leary, however, had no such inclination, so on that morning, the coachmen, the guard, and the passengers were astonished to behold Mr. O'Leary for the first time go through his customary evolutions on the opposite side of the gate to that which he was wont to stand. After the coach had passed, and the watch was put up, Tibbot glanced at the individual who ornamented the opposite pier, and said:

"Well, my man, who are you?"

"A poor boy, plase your honour."

"Have you any news?"

"Not a word your honour."

"No news!" What's your name?"

"Tom Nash, sir," (respectfully touching the leaf of his hat with the tip of his forefinger),

"Where do you come from?"

"E'stwards, your honour."

“And where are you going?”

“Westwards, your honour.”

“And you have no news?”

“Not a word please your honour.”

“How far do you mean to go ”

“Why then, just until somebody axes me to stay.”

“And who do you expect to ‘ax’ you, as you call it?”

“Wisha, some gentleman that’ll have an open heart an’ a house by the road side. Sure tishn’t any close fisted negar I’d expect to ax me.”

“Umph! And who do you imagine would give a night’s lodging to a person like you, who hasn’t got a word of news or anything to say that would make his company entertaining or desirable?”

“Wisha, that’s as it falls out. If they doesn’t do it for God’s sake, I dont expect they’d do it for mine. ’Tishn’t any fault o’ mine. If I hard any news goin’ I wouldn’t begridge tellin’ it.”

“But you didn’t hear it.”



"I did not."

"Not a word?"

"Not one."

"Don't you come from town?"

"I does."

"And didn't you hear any news there?"

"I did not."

"That's very strange. They almost always have news in town of some kind or another."

"If they had it, they were very sparin' of it this turn, for they didn't give me any."

"Did you ask for it?"

"Wisha, then, not to tell your honour a lie, I didn't. I had something else to think of."

"What else had you to think of?"

"Oh then, my poverty and my hunger, an' the distance that was betune me an' home?"

"Where is your home?"

"Wisha, no where, until some one makes it out for me. But my native place is behind near Kenmare."

"How long is it since you left it?"

"Six years."

"And you are now going back?"

"I am."

"I suppose you had a great many strange adventures during your absence from home?"

"Oh, then, not belyin' your honour, sorrow a 'venther, 'cept that it was a venthersom thing o' me ever to think of lavin' it."

"And did you never hear anything wörth relating during all those six years?"

"Sorrow ha'p'orth."

"Did nothing ever happen to any of your friends or acquaintances, that might be worth mentioning?"

"Sorrow ha'p'orth ever happened any of 'em as I know."

"Nor to yourself?"

"Not a ha'p'orth. What should happen me?"

"Did nobody ever tell you a story of any kind that was worth listening to?"

"I never heard one."

If ever there was an individual less likely than

another as yet into the good graces of Thomas O'Leary, it was the inquisitive, incommunicative being whom we now stand before you. After contemplating his figure in silence for some moments, he turned away, saying:

"Upon my word, my man, if you have no more than that to say to your friends when you get to Kenmare, you'll be no great prize to them when they have you, or to any one you meet on the way either."

By this time the traveller began to form a better estimate of the man with whom he had to deal. Seeing the inquisitive gentleman turn up the avenue with a discontented air, he thrust his head between the bars of the gate, and called aloud:

"Please your honour!"

"Well?" said Tibbot, turning and looking over his shoulder.

"I have some news, please your honour."

The brow of Mr. O'Leary relaxed.

"Well," said he, "what is it?"

“I was comin’ through a part o’ the County Tipperary the other day, and passing near the foot o’ the Galteigh mountains, what should I see only a power o’ people with horses and tacklin’ an they dhraggin’ after ’em the longest bames o’ timber I ever seen upon the road—great firs and pine trees fit for the mast of a man of war, an’ bigger, that looked as if they were just cut down for some purpose or another, an’ so they wor. I wondhered greatly, an’ I axed one o’ the people where is it they wor goin, with the big threes. ‘We’re goin’ to plant ’im on the top o’ the Galteighs,’ says he. ‘What to do?’ says I. [‘A big split that come in the sky,’ says he, ‘an, ’tis only lately we observed it. So we’re getting the tallest threes we can find to prop it up, for the split is increasin’, an’ there’s no knowin’ the minute it may fall.’ When I hard that, I axed him no more, but left him an’ come away.”

“Well,” exclaimed Mr. O’Leary, and why didn’t you tell me that at first?”

“Oh sure, tishn’t every news a *keowt* o’ my kind would hear, that would be worth relating to larned quollity like your honour.”

"Some things come along and go our way," said Mr. Terry. "I do think never say you have no more than."

They went to the avenue together, and as well as the regular service to maintain the rail connection to the north in the first instance, but before the day was over it was formally inaugurated into the past which to-day after continued to hold in Mr. Terry's treatment.

It was very shortly after this auspicious meeting that Mr. Terry made the visit to the Metropolis, which was the subject of so much mysterious whispering, and question, and conjecture in his own neighbourhood long after his return. And about the period of this last event, likewise, it was that the vine of Terry's curiosity (to the great joy and relief of all his living friends,) began to stream backward steadily towards the past, and ceased to interest itself as much as before in the petty affairs of his contemporaries, on which his genius had been hitherto exhausted. It was hinted that it would have been

happier for him had his enquiries taken this turn before his return from Dublin. The fair cause of his disappointment and retreat, had, it was said, no other ground of dissatisfaction, on her own admission, than poor Tibbot's ruling foible, which had become more and more intolerable as their intimacy encreased. Many a characteristic scene, whether real or imaginary, was retailed among the fire-side circles in the neighbourhood as having led to the lachrymose result which exercised so strong an influence over O'Leary's subsequent fortunes. If poor Tibbot was fidgetty and inquisitive with his acquaintances in general, there was no end to his queries in the company of one in whom he felt a particular interest, and without having a particle of jealousy in his constitution, all his conduct was like that of a jealous person. Now, without having anything the least in the world criminal to conceal. all ladies know, and gentlemen too, that a thousand things happen in the customary routine of life, which it may not suit one's purpose to speak of even to one's most intimate friend. Even the poet

who insists most strongly on the merit of confidential frankness, advises you, though in the company of "a bosom crony" to

—still keep something to yourself,

Ye'll scarcely tell to ony.

If Tibbot saw Miss Crosbie talking to a stranger in the street he should know who he was? who was his father? and his mother? what was his business in town? &c. besides a thousand similar queries, the repeated answering or evading which, was found so burthensome, that it finally outweighed all the good qualities of the querist. Among many appropriate speeches which were kindly ascribed to the hero and heroine of their fireside romance by the tattle-mongers in the country side, there was one which was said to have produced a powerful effect in making poor Tibbot look like a fool, at the time it was uttered:

"If notes of interrogation were as current as other notes, Mr. O'Leary," said the lady, "what an immense capital you could set afloat!"

Others averred that there was no such exclusive feeling of disappointment whatever, on the part of the gentleman, and that it was quite as much in accordance with his own desire as with that of the lady, that the affair ended as it did. However this might be, Tibbot did not seem to allow the event to weigh very heavily upon his spirits, and it was with much equanimity that he subsequently even heard of her marriage to another. His beloved studies supplied to him the place of all other domestic happiness, and but for one of those accidents which so much more frequently determine the fortunes of men, than any efforts of prudence or foresight, he might have continued his solitary pursuits until he had become himself as venerable a relic of the past as any of the weather-worn *dallans*, or *trilithons*, or musty manuscripts over which he was accustomed to consume his youthful hours with all the devotion of an enthusiast.

It was late on an autumn evening, and throughout the lonesome apartments of Mr. O'Leary's dwelling, that interval of stillness reigned which precedes the



hour of general nightly rest. Tom Nash was getting out turf for the next morning. The old woman was raking the kitchen fire in the huge ashpit. The proprietor of the mansion was in a distant corner of the building, with a chamber candle in his hand, looking over the precious antiquarian treasures contained in that apartment which he called his library, but which had much more the appearance of a museum, or the cabinet of a dealer in the black art. Here stood the jaw bones of an enormous grampus which was stranded on the coast of Dingle half a century before, there a huge stalactyte, from some inland cavern, here a penny struck in Galway, when Edward IV. had a mint in that town, there a thigh bone of heaven knows what animal, with a neck and head of a moose deer, here a model of the five-inch hail stones, which fell in 1748 there a massive silver broche, which had figured on the breast of some Kerry chieftains, of the middle ages here a whole array of battered trumpets, rusty swords, wicker targets, skenes, bows and arrows, bells, crosses, and other mementos, to show how our ancestors used

to live, and how people used to kill one another in former times ; there a row of fossils, Kerry diamonds, pyrites from Bantry, mare asites from Carberry, and so forth.

Nor was his library less curious. Heaps of Irish manuscript songs, and metrical histories of the ancient bards and senachies of historiographers of the isle, volumes, the contents of which, like the vane of a vessel, sailing against the wind, still pointed backwards towards the year of the creation, huge folios in various languages, and above all, a whole shelf of learned treatises on the probable use and origin of round towers were ranged against the walls of his apartment.

On a sudden, the unusual sound of a horse's hoof was heard upon the avenue. Mr. O'Leary, in his room, holding the candle in his hand, and Tom Nash in the kitchen, at the same instant paused to listen. What belated wight could it be, who sought so unfrequented a place of shelter, as Chore Abbey, at this lonesome hour. It was evident the rider was a man and a merry fellow too, for as he drew near the house,

they could hear him singing at the top of his voice, a burlesque Latin version, of a popular song :—

Quam tyrocinii tempus in Drogheda  
 Impiger egi ut ullus in oppido,  
 Magistri filia Bidelia Doghertidas  
 Foramen fecit in corde Raffertidis.

Both the voice and words seemed familiar to the ear of Tibbot O'Leary, for his countenance immediately exhibited a mingled expression of pleasure and alarm.

“ Bless me !” he exclaimed, “ it is he sure enough. Was ever any thing more unfortunate ? How did he find me out here, and what shall I do with him ? ”

“ Why then, who in the airthly universe is that, that's comin' singin to the doore at such an hour ? ” ejaculated Tom Nash, below stairs.

“ Now for an arrowy shower of ridicule, and shallow derision,” said the master above.

“ Now for another job o' work afther I thinkin' all my business was done for the night,” said the servant below.

Unconscious of this querulous duet, which his ar-

rival occasioned within door, the *sans sonci* horseman, instead of taking the trouble to alight at the hall door continued to shout and sing alternately. at the top of his voice :

“ What ho ! house ! Why, house ! I say ! Is there any one within ? ”

“ Eu ! Eu ! Patrici Raffertides !  
Macte virtute, Patrici Raffertidfs !  
Magistri pilia,  
Pulchra Bidelia,  
Foraman fecit in corde Raffertidis.

What ! house ! ”

In the mean time Tom Nash had made his way to the presence of his master.

“ The key of the hall doore sir, if you please.”

“ Oh Tom I’m ruined.”

“ How so, sir ? ”

“ This is Mr. Geoffry Gunn, an old college chum of mine, and the last person in the world whom I would have find me in this place.”

“ Well, sure ’tis asy for me to give him the nien shesthig, or for us all to hould our tongue, an’ purtind we

don't hear him, an lave him bawlin' an' singin' abroad there 'till he's tired. The Gunns ar'nt only a modern stock in these parts. The first of 'em come over on dher Queen Lizabit."

"Nay, nay, that would never answer; I am very glad to meet him, though I could wish—there he calls again, run—run and open the door. And stay, have you got anything for supper?"

' Lashins and lavins."

"Very well, have it ready, and bring it when I call!"

If it be true as some wise men have asserted that the more a man does, the more he is able to do, it is no less a fact, that the less a man does, the less he is inclined to do. The comparatively idle life which Tom Nash led under his studious master, had strengthened to the utmost, a powerful natural taste for doing nothing, and rendered him proportionably unfriendly to any demands upon his labour, especially when they happened to be unforeseen, or out of course.

"Why then, you're welcome, as the farmer said to the tithe proctor," he muttered, going down stairs,

“ what a charmin’ voice you have this evenin’. I must go, make up your horse now, and get him a feed, and be cleanin’ your boots, an’ stirrups, in place o’ bein’ where I ought to be this time o’ night in my warm bed. An’ all on account of a roystherin’ bawlin’ bedlamite that — What’s wantin’ plaze your honour ?” he added in an altered tone, as he opened the door and confronted the belated horseman.

“ Is your master at home ?”

“ He is plaze your honour.”

“ Will you tell him that his old friend Mr. Gunn is come to see him.”

“ He knows it already plaze your honour. He hear your honour singin’ on the aveny, an’ he knows the voice. Tom Nash, says he, (mainin myself,) that’s Mither Goffrey Gunn, my old friend, an’ I’m very glad to meet him, says he, take care an’ have supper ready when I call !”

“ It appears to me, Tom,” said the stranger, as he dismounted, and gave the bridle to Nash, “ that you cannot be much troubled with visitors in this place.”

"Only middlin' sir, of an odd turn. The last we had was Aisther two years, a very civil aisy spoken gentleman indeed. He stopped only the one night, an' ga'e me a half crown in the mornin' when he was goin' although I never seen any one that gave' so little trouble. I wanted not to take it, but he wouldn't be said by me."

"Um. And where am I to find your master?"

"If your honour will condescend to take the light in your hand, an' go sthrait up stairs, while I'm takin' round the house, you'll find him above in the library. That's the place for you to visit. He has all the ould rattle-thraps, an' curiosities up there, that ever was dug out o' the bowls o' the airth since the creation. That's the man that has the long head. Take care of the hole upon the first landing. You'll see yoursel' where there's a step wantin'—in the second flight. You can see the kitchen down through it. The gentleman we had here last, was near breakin' his leg in t, comin' down stairs in the mornin'. We forgot to tell him about it."

Taking the candle in his hand, Mr. Gunn proceeded to ascend the venerable staircase, with all the caution which these hints were calculated to excite. It is curious to think of what materials we are made, and how apt we are to consider an object rather as it appears to men, than as it really is in itself. The idea that there could be any thing absurd or ridiculous in his present pursuits, had never once occurred to Mr. O'Leary, yet now that he found himself and them about to be subjected to the eye of one, who, whatever he might think of the present or the future, did not, as he knew, care a button for the past, he felt as much ashamed, as if he were conscious himself that his life was spent in a very silly manner. Whether it was however that it is not so easy, or so amusing to quiz a man in his own house as elsewhere, or that the world had altered him, Geoffry Gunn did not manifest the least inclination to turn his old companion or his "curiosities," as Nash called them into ridicule. On the contrary, he even manifested a degree of interest about them, and after mutual and cordial enquiries had been



interchanges between them, he had the courtesy to ask the names of two or three of the most interesting objects which he looked around him. Charmed the more with his compliments, as I was so wholly unexpected, Mr. O'Leary explained their uses and uses, much admiring the change which time had wrought in the old world, since the period when himself was wont to form the target of his meriment.

"And this curious looking thing—that long spike with the ring and two heavy balls at one end of it. It seems of silver."

"The present silver. It is a broche."

"A broche?" exclaimed Gunn, placing it against his wrist for a moment. "Why it weighs half a pound!"

"The more nearly resembling the menial, but necessary utensil, from which it derives its name," said Mr. O'Leary. "It is the dealg-fallain or ancient Irish cloak lodkin, worn at the cosherings or feasts of the nobility."

"Bless me!" said Gunn, "who would have thought it! I say, O'Leary, what a figure a man would cut goin' to a subscription ball at the Rotunda, with such



a thing as that stuck in his button hole! Well, you have a complete museum here, a second Norah's ark. What a time it must have taken you to get them all together! And you have them all so pat at your finger's end. [Here he yawned slightly.] Well it is all very curious I dare say, and very entertaining to those who have a talent for such studies. Besides, it is so much more interesting and instructive to spend one's time amid the relics of the past—the memorials of the mighty dead, as somebody calls them, than amongst the frivolous beings, who usurp the name of men in our own degenerate time. As Tully says "*Heu quanto minus est cum iis versari quam te meminisse!*"

Mr. O'Leary made no reply, unwilling to interrupt a flow of sentiment, which he could not sufficiently admire.

"Yes," said Geoffry Gunn, "there is a grandeur about the past, which the more one thinks of it, makes him shrink with distaste, from the pettiness and littleness of the present. There is a sublimity of feeling

associated with the preterite *Was* which its fellow tense *Is* can never produce. The very sound of the words indicate a superiority in the former. *Was*, full-toned and broad, opens the whole mouth. *Is*, comes forth between the teeth, like the hiss of a goose. How pleasing to turn from the tiresome, matter of fact illumination of our own times, that spread of dry practical knowledge, which takes away from learning half its importance, by removing its singularity, and contemplate the beautiful gloom of those majestic ages, when the very alphabet itself, to the mass of mankind was invested with all the interests of mystery!"

"My dear Geoffrey," said Mr. O'Leary, "I forgot to ask have you dined?"

"Psha, a fig for dinner or breakfast either," said Gunn, after another stifled yawn, "I am not so entirely void of taste, as to think about eating, while such a mental treat as this is spread before me. And not to speak of the pleasure, the utility of such pursuits must be apparent to every body. For instance,

but for the fortunate recovery of those silver bodkins, would not the knowledge of the manner in which the old O'Donoghoes and their contemporaries fastened their cloaks be lost for ever to the world? Besides it is so much more useful to study, how people lived a thousand years ago, than it is to reflect, how we are to live ourselves. Any fool can know his own business, but it is only men of sense and understanding, as well as charity, who take an interest in that of persons, who are no longer able to take care of it themselves."

[Another heroic effort to suppress a yawn]

"You must be hungry however. It is a good step from Killarney here. [Herung the bell.] Besides we can so much more agreeably talk over old times at a supper table by the fire-side."

Geoffry Gunn suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and a very tolerable supper was speedily laid before the pair, to which Gunn did such justice, as showed that his antiquarian enthusaism had not taken away his appetite. On a sudden, while they conversed upon indifferent subjects, Gunn raised his head and said as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"A group of antiquaries, Thibot, are you acquainted with this great female antiquarian, who lives in your neighbourhood?"

"Not I. Whom do you mean?"

"Why, now that's very odd. I have only come down to this part of the country, to snatch a peep at the lake, during the vacation, and I know more of your neighbours, than you who live on the spot: but then, rogue as you are, I would be a fool to you I warrant, if we came to question about the court of the Ptolemies or Phameas. But indeed it was accidentally I heard of her first. She is a Miss Moriarty, (a genuine west country stock,) and a very witch at the books; knows Hebrew, and can even scrawl a hieroglyphic or two of the Chaldaic and such things. As for Greek and Latin, she makes no more of them, than a squirrel would of cracking a nut.

"Is it possible? How odd I should never have heard of her?"

"Not at all odd, my dear fellow, you were busy about more important things. It is only for us eph-

meral beings to, have our ears cocked for such every day novelties. But indeed you ought to know her. She lives not more than half a mile from here, on the Kenmare road in an humble farm house, tenanted by the husband of a relative, where she has a couple of rooms filled with all the antediluvian rarities in the world. You should have heard her upon the round towers."

"You don't tell me so?"

"She has a theory of her own about them. I had the full benefit of it, for a few days since, I was compelled to take shelter in the house from a shower of rain, and had the honour and happiness of hearing, during the half hour I remained, more words I couldn't understand than I did the whole time I was in college."

A lady in his neighbourhood who knew Hebrew and had got an original theory upon the origin of round towers! Little more was said upon the subject during supper, unless that a particular description was given of the lady's residence, but Tibbot O'Leary was far from letting it slip out of memory, On the following

morning after Geoffrey Gunn had taken his leave (not forgetting the gentleman who had given Nash a half crown "last Aisther two years,") he remained, as that faithful domestic conceived, unusually pensive and silent, though loquacity, indeed, was never amongst his failings. Let us however follow Mr. Gunn. He was one of a class of persons very common in Ireland—and for aught I know as common elsewhere. He was a liberal dealer in what might be called white lies. Dining out, or paying a visit, or breakfasting, or even meeting a friend in the street, he seemed to consider his time thrown away if he did not leave a few such fictions behind him, nor was it necessary that they should be in any degree humourous, or have any particular object in view; it was quite sufficient if they had no foundation in truth. A foreign potentate dead—a coach upset—Mrs. O' What d'ye call brought to bed of twins—Mr. So and so killed in a duel—such were the species of inventions which rolled from his lips like a little torrent {whenever he found himself amongst a civil set of hearers, and in which he was

encouraged by the laughter of some friends with whom he passed for a genuine wit. The instant he turned from Tibbot O'Leary's avenue, he trotted briskly away and slackened not his speed until he pulled bridle at the door of a Mr. O'Connor, who was not less a gentleman for being a farmer, and not less a farmer for being a gentleman. This gentleman farmer appeared to have observed his approach from the windows of the sitting room, for Geoffry Gunn had no sooner pulled up his horse than the hall door opened, and Mr. O'Connor appeared with outstretched hand and smiling countenance.

"Good morrow, good morrow! you are welcome. Well?"

"I told you I'd do it."

"But have you done it? Have you seen him?"

"Seen him! If *you* see him not here before a month is at an end, I'll give you leave to say this head is good for nothing more than slashing wheat upon."

"You're a non-pareil. And is *she* to know any thing about it?"



“As much as your love of small talk may induce you to communicate, provided always, and be it excepted, that no mention be made of a preconcerted plan. One word of *that* would ruin us for ever.

“I understand—trust me for the discreet thing. But come in, come in, we are just going to luncheon. She'll be delighted to see you.

“To tell you the truth,” Gunn continued in a lower tone, as he entered the little hall and took off his great coat, “it is partly a matter of conscience with me, for I had a greater share than sits easy on my memory in that former transaction, so that I have something like a personal interest in seeing—Ah, Miss Moriarty how dy'e do?” &c. &c., and all sat down to luncheon.

There is generally a degree of decorous silence attending the commencement of any serious meal, (such as luncheon often is in a mountainous country,) which gradually wears off according as the motives diminish which stimulate to action rather than to dialogue. Accordingly for some time little was heard except the jingle of knives and forks interspersed

with an occasional sentence or two in the way of courtesy. At length the attention of the company to the business before them appeared to relax, and conversation gradually became general.

“A shocking accident I witnessed this moment on the road, Mrs. O’Connor,” said Mr. Gunn, “a child run over by a wheel-barrow—never saw such a spectacle—driven by a blind man. Unfortunately it was loaded with stones—saw the infant—the wheel passed over its neck.”

“Had they medical aid in time?” asked Mr. O’Connor.

“Why, no—unfortunately the doctor was out of the way, attending a lady who required his services under very peculiar circumstances. She had taken her passage hither in the canal boat at Shannon Harbour paying cabin fare for one of course, when, lo and behold you, before they had got half way she thought proper to fall ill and add two fine boys and a lovely girl to the number of her majesty’s subjects. However, all was well until she came to settle with the captain

at parting, when he insisted on being paid his fare for the whole force. She refused—he insisted—and was for keeping possession of the three young defaulters until he should be paid. However, on second thoughts, reflecting that he would probably be no gainer by such an arrangement, he preferred suing for the amount. The case is to come on next term—'tis a very knotty question—bets are even upon it all over the country—the curiosity is most intense. Apropos of curiosity, Miss Moriarty, I saw a friend of yours lately."

"A friend of mine?"

"One at least who ought to be so—as great an antiquarian as yourself—a terrible fellow for round towers—Mr, Tibbot O'Leary."

"Is it possible? How I should like to see him."

"Like all very clever people, he has some oddities; amongst others I hear he can't bear the idea of a wig or a false tooth—has some extraordinary prejudice about them." Here the speaker and Mr. O'Connor exchanged significant looks, which seemed to indicate that their last remark had a meaning or a purpose beyond what it might bear upon the surface.

While this was passing, Mr. O'Leary continued silent and reflective as he had been ever since Geoffry Gunn's departure. Days passed away, and the same moodiness of mind continued. Tom Nash knew not what to think of it. It was in vain that he strove to draw him into a communicative humour, in vain did he even call the talismanic round towers to his aid. From the moment in which Mr. O'Leary first heard of this female Pundit he was smitten with a desire to hold some conversation with her, and learn her opinion of past ages and matters before the flood. It was not easy, however, to accomplish it, for there was nothing in the world, which he abhorred at any time, more than a visit of ceremony, and even if it were otherwise, what formal motive could be assigned for such a visit as this? Geoffry Gunn however had thrown out a hint which recurred to the memory of the Irish antiquarian. For many days, Nash observed him consulting the weather glass, with a frequency which betokened a secret solicitude of mind. It continued during the space of about a month, hovering between the degrees

Fair and Set Fair, with a constancy which **did not** seem to afford his master any considerable **degree of** satisfaction. At length, about the end of the **month**, the mercury began to fall, and his master's **spirits** to rise in an inverse ratio, which was exceedingly **puz-**zling to Nash.

"Tom," said his master, with a look of **sprightliness** and glee, such as he had not manifested before, **since** the visit of Mr. Gunn. "Tom, I'm in hopes we'll have rain to-morrow.

"In hopes, masther? 'm sure 'twould be our ruina-  
tion. Sure 'tis to-morrow we have men hired to have  
the piaties dug in the next field."

"Hang the potatoes!" exclaimed Mr. O'Leary.

"Hang the piaties! Millia murdher! I never heard  
so foolish a speech as that from him before. Hang the  
piaties! The whole stock we have again' the winter!  
Lord send them ould books an' round towers ar'nt  
makin' a whirligig of his brains," Nash muttered, as  
he left the room. "Wisha, we never hard more than  
that any way. Hang the piaties!"

Early on the following morning Nash went into his master's room as usual to take his clothes to brush. While he emptied the pockets and laid the contents on the table, Mr. O'Leary, awoke by the jingling of keys and half-pence, turned his head and asked :

“ Well, Nash, are we likely to have rain ?”

“ I never seen such a mornin', sir. The sky is all one cloud from est to west, an' so low that I could a'most tetch it with my hand. I don't know from Adam, what we'll do about the piaties ; the men won't be able to give half a day with the weather, a clane loss of half a guinea at the laste.”

“ That's delightful.”

“ Delightful !” Nash repeated involuntarily, looking over his shoulder with surprise. “ He's pursewarin in it, I see.”

“ Nash,” said Mr. O'Leary pulling back his night-cap and sitting up, “ have both horses saddled and fed. I intend riding out immediately after breakfast.”

“ Is it in the rain, masther ?”

“ It is. Make haste and do as I desire you.”

"Pursewarin' all through!" ejaculated Nash, as he went out and shut the door behind him. "A whole month of the fairest weather that ever come out o' the shky, he laves the horses in the stable without stirrin' an' now the first day he hears 'tis rainin' he ordhers 'em out for a ride. 'That's delightful!' he says when I tell him we'll loss a guinea by the men. 'Hang the piaties!' If he bean't gettin' light I do'n know what to make of it. I suppose we must only do his biddin'."

"Some drops were just beginning to fall as Mr. O'Leary and his faithful squire set off upon their journey.

"Will you bring the umbrella, sir!" enquired Nash as they were about leaving the hall door.

"No, that would never do."

"'Tis goin' to rain, sir."

"So much the better."

Nash opened his mouth as if to let his astonishment come forth.

"Wouldn't you take a cloak or a coat itself, mas-ther, sech a day as this?"

“No, no, ’twould never answer.”

“The lord betune uz an’ harm! A’ why so, mas-ther?”

“Wonder, Tom, is the child of ignorance, and experience the fruit of time. Be patient, therefore, and content yourself with doing as you are directed.”

They rode on for something more than half a mile, at the termination of which space the rain began to fall in torrents. Mr. O’Leary now quickened his pace, and Nash followed his example, but their speed did not save them from a thorough drenching.

“Dear knows, masher,” exclaimed Nash, who really feared that the antiquarian was becoming demented, “we’ll be dhrowned this way. Wouldn’t it be better turn into some house ’till it gets lighter any way?”

“I hinted to you Tom, that patience is the sister of content,” replied his master continuing his gallop.

“Oh, bother to herself an’ her sither,” muttered



Nash, gathering the collar of his coat up under the leaf of his hat so as to prevent the water running down his neck, and fortifying, as well as he could, that side of his person on which the wind beat. "I never had such a ride in my life. I wondher is he cracked in airnest. Dear knows, if it wasn't that I'm dhread what might happen to him, I'd be apt to let him folly his coorse alone. This day flogs all I ever hear."

After riding about a quarter of a mile further, Mr. O'Leary suddenly pulled up his horse and said:

"Tom, isn't that the avenue leading to Mr O'Connor's?"

"'Tis, sir."

"I think we might as well turn in and ask for shelter there, until this shower passes, at all events."

"The lord be praised, he's comin' to again," Nash added to himself, as he alighted and opened the gate. They followed the windings of the path for nearly a quarter of an hour, amid the wildest and barest scenery, at the end of which time they reached a cot-

tage somewhat superior in appearance to the general description of farm houses in the country, with at least a sufficient degree of decoration about the doors and windows to intimate that the inmates were not compelled to be at all times toiling at the spade or the ploughhandle. As the door, which was on that side of the house on which the wind did not then blow, stood open at the moment, our travellers alighted and entered the porch without ceremony. Here they stood but a few moments, when one of the side doors opened and a hale looking man of respectable appearance presented himself before the visitors. Mr. O'Leary apologized for their intrusion, talked of the rain, and mentioned his name, at the same time looking out and expressing a hope (which Nash could not help thinking either strangely inconsistent, or very insincere,) that it would shortly clear.

“Mr. O'Leary!” exclaimed the host with an expression of great satisfaction, “the very man of all others who should be most welcome to this house. I can assure you, you are no stranger here. Many a

time your name is spoken of amongst us. Come in, come in. In the first place you'll stop and dine with us—that's settled—not a word now. Hallo! Pat, take round those horses and see them well taken care of. But you are dripping wet."

"Oh, 'tis nothing."

"Nothing? Why you couldn't do a worse thing than to sit in wet clothes—that and reading a wet newspaper. My poor father ought to know both, for he lost his eyes by one, and his life by the other. The time of the election he used to be in such a hurry to learn the state of the poll, and to read the editor's remarks, that he never would wait to dry the paper after taking it out of the cover. I used often say to say to him, 'now, father, mightn't you as well just hold it to the fire for a minute. You'll certainly lose your eyesight.' True for me so he did. Come up stairs and change your clothes. Not a word now. I tell you 'tis madness not to do it. Peg, tell Miss Moriarty that Mr. O'Leary is come to spend the day with us. Step into the kitchen my good friend, (addressing Nash) and warm yourself."

There was no resisting, so that Mr. O'Leary abandoned himself into the hands of his host, and after the necessary change of attire, was by him [conducted to the sitting room, where he found the antiquarian lady ready to receive him. To his surprise, there was nothing at all extraordinary either in her manner or appearance, except that she wore a profusion of very fine hair, which made some amends for a decidedly ordinary set of features. He had not, however, much time to speculate on either when the blunt and hospitable master of the mansion, arose and said in his customary tone:

“Well, now, as I have a little business to do before dinner, and would be only a blockhead in your company, I will leave you both to talk of all that took place before the flood and after, while I settle an account with one or two of my tenants in another room. Let me see now, which of ye will puzzle the other.”

One of the parties was already in this predicament. Mr. Tibbot O'Leary at this instant, found himself in the condition of those unhappy individuals who

rashly place themselves in situations for which they are wholly unfitted by nature, and only discover their want of capacity when it is too late to make a graceful retreat. Not a word had yet passed between them, he had merely bowed to the lady seven yards off on being introduced, when they were left as it were, caged together, with the pleasant consciousness that he was expected to entertain her. Had it been with a lioness, Tibbot O'Leary could not have felt a greater confusion of mind. Being totally unused to anything like strange society, he never, until this moment, became aware of his failing. Miss Moriarty with a polite movement of the hand invited him to be seated. He placed himself in a chair with the utmost celerity, then after a few minutes, perceiving that the lady was yet standing, he sprung from his seat with the greatest embarrassment, and bowed repeatedly by way of apology, without the power of uttering a syllable. After a time both obtained chairs, but without seeming to have approached the nearer to anything like a sociable interchange of sentiments. The longer the

silence continued, the more difficult Mr. O'Leary found in breaking it, and yet the more embarrassing it became. It was not that he had got nothing to say, The evil was, that a thousand things occurred to him, but all were rejected as unsatisfactory. The lady, whether that she shared his awkwardness, or resolved to enjoy it, was equally silent. At length, when the chimney ornaments were beginning to dance before his eyes and the room to move slowly round, he ventured to stammer forth :

“P—p—p pray, ma—ma'am, what is your opi—pi—pinion of the r—r—round towers?”

“I can hardly say,” replied Miss Moriarty, with a degree of ease which somewhat deminished the confusion of her visitor, “that I am satisfied with any of the theories which have been broached upon that most interesting subject. Cambrensis calls them “ecclesiastical towers,” with some probability. Lynch attributes them to the Danes, as does also Peter Walsh who are followed by Ladwich and Molyneux, but then, as Harris very properly asks, if so, why are no remains

to be found in Denmark? As to Dean Richardson's conjecture that they were used by anchorites, I can hardly admit it, when I know that history furnishes but one instance of a Stylite monk in the Western Christendom in the celebrated wood of Ardennes. Neither can I say, that the ingenious but fanciful author of *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis* has thoroughly convinced me, though I admit his conjecture to be plausible as his evidences are ingenious."

During the delivery of this speech Mr. O'Leary gazed from side to side, opened wide his eyelids in astonishment, and from time to time, gradually moved his chair an inch or two nearer to the speaker.

"What a woman!" he exclaimed in his own mind, and then added aloud: "I cannot help thinking ma'am, that one who is so familiar with the theories of others, cannot but have formed some conjecture of her own upon a subject which has deservedly occupied so much of her attention."

"Why I cannot but say I have been thinking of it," said Miss Moriarty, "though I have not yet ven-

tured to mention it to any one, there is such danger of a person's being anticipated. However, for all I have heard of Mr. O'Leary, I am sure he would be incapable of taking so unhandsome an advantage.

"Mr. O'Leary acknowledged an exemption in his favour by a low bow, accompanied by a look of horror at the very idea of such baseness.

"My idea, then, is, that they were built for none of the ends I have mentioned," said Miss Moriarty. "You are aware that mankind have in all ages been remarkable for a love of the arduous, and that no pursuits have been carried on with greater zeal, expense and perseverance, than those which held out least hope of ever yielding any profitable result; and the most important practical discoveries in science have often been attained in the pursuit of some visionary and unattainable end. The search after the philosopher's stone, led to the discovery of Glauber's salts—the study of judicial astrology produced those elaborate calculations in old times which are of such importance to the astronomer—and the desire to effect a North



West passage conducted the voyagers of England to the magnetic pole. Now my theory is, that some philanthropic patron of letters in old time, observing this disposition in his species, had those round towers built with no other view than that they should exercise the research and ingenuity of the learned, in succeeding ages, and, by furnishing an inscrutable subject of inquiry, perpetuate the study of Irish antiquities through all succeeding time."

The astonishment and admiration of Mr. O'Leary had been reaching a climax during the delivery of this ingenious speech, at the conclusion of which he again sprang from his seat, and seemed about to fling himself on his knees in an ecstasy of delight, but recollecting himself in time, he drew back with a respectful bow and remained in his chair. At the same instant the master of the mansion returned in time to prevent any repetition of such ecstacies, and the conversation became more general and less abstruse. In some time after, dinner was announced, and served up with a degree of comfort which made the recollection of his own

solitary meals at Chore Abbey less tolerable, in the comparison to Mr. O'Leary's inward eye, than they had hitherto been. The worthy farmer's family was numerous, and die cordial justice to the cheer which was set before them. After the cloth was removed, and grace said, Mr. O'Connor turned to his guest and made the following speech :

“ I dont know, Mr. O'Connor, whether you are a patron of those modern fashions which they have begun to introduce, such as not drinking healths after dinner, bowing as if you had not a joint below the shoulder, and such like, but for our parts, we still keep up the good old customs here, and I hope you will have no objection to join us ?”

“ I can assure you sir,” said Mr. O'Leary, with equal cordality, “ that I am no friend to modern innovations or creations, which very often savour more of self-sufficiency, than of politeness. As the poet says :

We think our fathers fools so wise we grow,  
Our younger sons no doubt will think us so.”

“ Ah !” said Mr. O'Connor, shaking his head, “ many

a palmer those two lines cost me, when I used to write them in my copy book at school."

The glasses were now changed, and the next ten minutes were occupied with a confused babble of "Mrs. O'Connor, your health," "Miss Moriarty," "Miss O'Connor," "Mr. O'Connor," "Mr. O'Leary," "Mr. O'Leary," "Mr. O'Leary, your health," and a perpetual ducking of about a dozen heads around the table, which would have had a somewhat comical appearance to any person not immediately interested.

During their ride home, and for months after, Tom Nash observed an extraordinary change in the deportment of his master. He became more talkative than usual, began to show more solicitude about his dress, shaved every day, found fault with every thing, staid little in his museum, talked much of repairs and alterations about the house, and acted on the whole, as if some strange influence was at work within his mind. At length the secret came out, one morning when Nash was in the act of carrying a bag of seed sets into the back parlour.

“Tom,” said Mr. O’Leary, “you must not put oats or potatoes into that parlour any more.”

“Why so, masther? what hurt is it doin’ there?”

“No matter. She might’nt like it.

“Is it ould Nelly sir?”

“No, your mistress.”

“*My* missiz!” Nash exclaimed, dropping the bag of oats.

“Yes—did’nt I tell you I am going to be married?”

For nearly a quarter of an hour, the master and man remained gazing in each other’s countenances, without uttering a syllable. At length, the latter found words to say in a tone of the profoundest sympathy:—

“The lord preserve us, masther!”

“Amen, Tom!” sighed Mr O’Leary, and not another sentence was exchanged between them upon the subject, until Mrs. O’Leary, *ci-devant* Miss Moriarty, was introduced, amid rejoicings that resounded far and near, to the venerable mansion which, it was the owner’s will and pleasure, should thenceforth call her mistress.

For a considerable time after his marriage, Nash observed nothing in the demeanour or conversation of his master, which could lead him to suspect that he regretted the step which he had taken. Mrs. O'Leary was all that could be wished in every respect, either by master or servant, and indeed it surprised Nash, a great deal more than he cared to let Mr. O'Leary understand, how she came to be so easily satisfied. Matters continued in this even course, until they received a second visit from Mr. Geoffry Gunn, now "Counsellor," Gunn, who on hearing the humorous antiquarian, repeat his happiness for the hundredth time, exclaimed:

"I can tell you then, that if ladies are curious, they sometimes know how to keep a secret. Did you hear about Captain \* \* \* \* \* and his wife?"

"No—what of them?"

"A most extraordinary story, they tell indeed. They had been living together in perfect harmony, it seems for more than twenty years, when she died, and it was for the first time discovered, that she had exactly got two faces—one behind, and one before."

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Mr. O’Leary,

“It may be so,” replied his friend. “I do not answer for the reality of the story.”

“I know not how the truth may be,  
I say the tale, as ’twas said to me.”

“If it be true,” said Tibbot, “I think the worst part of the affair, was the keeping it concealed from her husband.”

As he said this, he could not help observing that his wife looked uneasy and confused, and a strange doubt rushed into his mind, which re-awakened his original foible in more than all its former force. The conversation ended; but for a long time after, Tibbot did not retain the untroubled peace of mind which had till now accompanied his steps. The extreme amiability of his helpmate, had won all his confidence, but it made him uneasy to perceive that Mrs. O’Leary did not behave towards him with an equal absence of reserve. There was evidently something preying on her mind, and the more pains he took to remove every thing that could in the least degree interfere with her peace and comfort, the more she seemed to feel it.

"I don't know what to do about it, Tom," he said one day addressing Nash, who was the only person in whom he could repose a confidence. "She scarcely eats a morsel, and instead of going off as I thought it would, it is only growing worse and worse every day."

"Ah, murder," said Nash, "don't be vexin' yourself about it. You don't know the women. They'd keep on dyen' that way, from the age of fifteen to a hundred. The only way in the world is to let 'em alone an' lave 'em to themselves. The more notice that's tuk of 'em, the worse they gets. They don't know their selves what is it ails 'em half their time. Take it from me, 'tis never any good to be frettin', more especially if you lets 'em obsarve it."

Mr. O'Leary adopted Tom's advice, and found his account in doing so. For a considerable time after he observed that the less he appeared to notice the anxiety which preyed on Mrs. O'Leary's mind, the more visibly it diminished.

Years rolled away, and after a life spent in the most exemplary discharge of all her duties as a wife and

mother, Mrs. O'Leary felt her death to be at hand. In disposing her mind with all the tranquillity which an untroubled conscience afforded, to enter on its final passage to a better world, her faithful spouse took notice that something of her long forgotten and mysterious melancholy, would occasionally cast a gloom upon her manner. At length, finding her end approach, she called him to her bedside, and after saying much to him in the way of consolation and advice, as to the care of the house and children, she added with an appearance of anxiety :

“ I have now but one request to add. It is that my head dress, such as it is, be not removed after my death ; that you will not yourself uncover my head, nor suffer any one else to do so. I have a particular objection to it. Great and good minds, my dear Tibbot, are always superior to the mean vice of curiosity. I am sure I need say no more to you, except to add that the injury, will be your own, if you neglect to comply with this, my last injunction.”

In the first access of sorrow, for the loss of so faith-



ful, and so amiable a partner, Mr. O'Leary found nothing very arduous in the accomplishment of her dying wishes. After the first day, however, when nature had exhausted herself in fits of mourning, and intervals of quiet reflection would succeed the tumult of the widower's grief, he could not prevent the question repeatedly presenting itself to his mind—what in the world could be her motive for desiring that her head-dress might not be removed?

In palliation of any negligence, which the worthy antiquarian might have committed in resisting such suggestions, it should be remembered that a great portion of his life had been spent in researches, having chiefly for their end the gratification of that foible, on which his excellent wife in dying, had imposed so grievous a burthen. By continually recurring, and meeting at each fresh assault a fainter resistance, it obtained at length, a complete mastery over his mind. It was in vain he thought of Blue Beard, and a thousand other awful warnings of the kind. In the throes of his curiosity, desiring rather to gain an accomplice

than a counsellor, he confided his agonies to Nash, and desired his opinion.

“Be dis an’ be dat,” said Nash, who, in a matter which appeared to him indifferent on the score of morality, considered rather what would be agreeable to his master, than what was most in accordance with the laws of chivalric honour—“dat I may never die in sin, but I’d have a dawny peep.”

“But then her last words, Tom—her dying wishes.”

“Ayeh, sure she never’ll know it.”

“Well,” said Mr. O’Leary much shocked, “I am sure you do not consider the meaning of what you say. I wish indeed she had never given such an injunction, for it is probable I never should have thought for a moment about her head dress. Could I trust you Tom, with what I suspect to be the true cause of her injunction?”

“Could *you* thrust *me* mather!”

“I believe I can. Well then Tom, I think the true reason is——” he looked around, and then whispered in horrified accents in his ear—“that my wife had two faces.”

"I am not."

"That possible some object could be at the same time. However, I will have a bit in each of you from the testimony which will be given. I am not."

"What are the facts?" said Mrs. O'Leary, sitting at the table with her hand to her face as if in pain. "I will have the facts—nothing more. If it was any thing that would bring me any harm, I would not have it. The case would be sufficient."

"That is the fact," said the minister. "She told me that it would be to my own injury. Now, were any other persons at stake, I would not for the world—nor to a man injure to one and myself—Come along, you must assist me in this awful enquiry."

They entered the room in which lay the remains of the poor lady, Mr. O'Leary's mind filled with the story of *Cathleen Gunn*, which had occupied his thoughts since he first heard it, a great deal oftener than he would have wished Mrs. O'Leary to suspect. Having ex-

cluded, on different pretexts, every other individual, they proceeded to the task of removing the head dress, A cold perspiration already stood on Nash's brow as he lent his aid in the investigation, holding the candle in his hand, while his master with a countenance expressing the most horrible anticipations, removed the mysterious head dress. Imagine his amazement, when he disclosed to view——

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At this instant, some gravel was thrown from without, against the window of the Jury Room. Almost all started, as if they held the chain of a galvanic battery, so highly were their nerves excited by the situation into which the Eighth Juryman had brought his principal characters.

“Who can that be?” cried a Juror.

The Foreman arose, and lifted up the window.

“Who's there?” he asked after a pause.

“'Tis nobody only myself your honour,” replied a well known voice from below. “I'm come to know if your honours are done with the bottles and things.”

Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the fleeting nature of all human gratitude, than the effect which this announcement produced in the Jury-room. All the good offices and merits of the poor oysterman seemed forgotten in the general burst of indignation, which arose at his interrupting the story in so critical a juncture.

“Tell the fellow to be hanged,” cried one.

“’Twould be a good deed,” cried another, “to break one of his bottles upon his own head.

“Give the scoundrel his glasses, and send him about his business,” exclaimed a third.

The Foreman, who as chairman, preserved the greatest degree of moderation, here interposed and caused the line of handkerchiefs to be once more lowered for the basket, observing that in a world where so much intentional evil passed, without any reprehension whatever, it was rather hard to make much account of what was purely accidental. The oysterman being satisfied, the Eighth Juryman resumed his tale.

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Gentleman, said he, I fear after all this indignation, that you will be much disappointed at the conclusion of my story. All that Mr. O'Leary discovered on removing the awful head dress, was that the fine hair of which he had so often expressed an enthusiastic admiration, was only his wife's by purchase. The good lady had no more than the average quantity of features, and less than the average quantity of hair, and sharing the weakness of the lady, who on a like occasion, charged her handmaid to

—give her cheek a little red!

she feared that it should be known, even after her death, that she was indebted for almost her only personal attraction to——a wig.

The Eighth Juror having concluded his story, there was a general call for his song; which, in order to avoid the forfeit, he gave, after a little hesitation, as follows:

## I.

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream  
 Brightly glancing, brightly glancing,  
 See, oh see the ruddy beam  
 Upon its waters dancing!



## THE NINTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

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### THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

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“Or man, or spirit  
I answer thee! Behold me here—behold me!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“I was musing  
On things that are not of this world: aye dallying  
With dreams that others shrink from; communing  
With disembodied Nature in her den  
Of lonely desolation, silent and dark.”

*JULIAN the Apostate.*





## THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

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GENTLEMEN, said the Ninth Juror, I should have at once to pay my forfeit with a good grace (for I never charged my memory with anything like a story,) but for an accident which I will relate to you, as an appropriate preface to my tale.

In the course of last autumn, it happened that business called me for the first time in my life, to visit the city of Paris. If any one of the company has had either the good or bad fortune, as the case may have been, to see that celebrated capital, he must have

observed to his great perplexity, perhaps and grief, that the houses in some of the streets are numbered in so irregular a manner, that it is often a matter of no little difficulty to ascertain an address, however minute a note one may have taken of it, on leaving home. It was in such a state of mind, that I was picking my steps to and fro, on a dirty November morning, in the Rue de la Harpe, one of the dirtiest thoroughfares of the arrondissement to which it belongs, being led by my classical curiosity, to search for that famous relic of the Roman times in France, which is known to modern tourists, under the name of the *Palais des Thermes*. I had turned aside into an entry, with the view of once more consulting my map and guide book without the risk of being rolled into the channel, by some liberty-loving *voiturier*, when a good woman, who stood at an adjoining shop door, and conjectured by my proceedings, on what enterprise I was bound, said something of which the words, "*Palais des Thermes*," were the only ones that conveyed any meaning to my ear. On my nodding assent, for I understood her countenance

better than her words, she gave utterance to a good natured volley of instructions, out of which the words "*tout contre—porte cochere—a droite—*" and "*en face.*" were all I could comprehend, but they were enough, so with a civil "'*Merci,*" I hurried on toward the *porte cochere*, of which she spoke, and gazed with surprise, and I confess some little disappointment on the mouldering walls of alternate brick and stone, which had been for so long a time, the seat of Roman splendour and authority. Dean Swift by a fine stroke of satire, makes Gulliver express his disappointment at finding the cathedral of Brobdignag only three thousand feet high, and with perhaps as little reason, I felt a certain damp on my spirits, on finding a palace in which the Roman emperors had feasted fifteen centuries before, no better than a mass of ruins.

As I do not choose to bring any body into trouble, more especially, when they have been civil and obliging to one, I shall not tell you where it was, that I picked up a certain Greek manuscript, containing the facts of the story I am about to tell you, I can only say in

general terms that the *concierge* who shows "those interesting remains," as they are called in the guide books, is a very civil person. If you should desire to know any more, I can only answer you by a sentence known to tourists, in search of *chambres alouer* in the streets of Paris—*Parlez au portier*.

With your good leave then, continued the Ninth Juror, drawing the candle nearer to him, and taking from one pocket a manuscript, and from another a pair of spectacles, the one of which he laid upon his knee, while he fixed the other on his nose, with your permission, I will read for you the story of Chenides the Lame Tailor of Macel, as the writer stiles himself though evidently a person of very superior mind and understanding.

"What!" exclaimed a Juror, "are you going to read all that Greek for us?"

"No—no," he replied, lifting his spectacles from his nose, and gazing under them at the speaker, this is not Greek. I had it *done into English*, as our forefather's expressed it, by a very clever fellow, a relation of mine

who lives in the County Cork, and as I have no head of my own for spinning a story I will give you this by way of substitute, if you desire it.

No person expressing any objection, the ninth Juror adjusted his spectacles, and read as follows



## THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

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### CHAPTER I.

Birth of Chenides—Some account of his father—The early love of learning, and dislike of his needle—Makes acquaintance with a Sophist—Desires to behold a supernatural being—Consequences thereupon.

IN this lonely desert I prepare, my dear Chrysantha, to give thee an account of the singular adventures which have induced me to fly the haunts of men, and to consume in silence and solitude, amid burning sands, and in the practise of religious austerities, a life once chequered by a variety of worldly adventure.



I was born in Macel, a place of little note, in Cappadocia, toward the middle of the fourth century, according to the christian mode of computing time. My father, who exercised the trade of a tailor was obliged to take up his residence in this remote district, owing to a circumstance which may be worth relating.

He had been long settled in a comfortable way of business, in the city of Alexandria, which was at that time, prettily evenly divided between the Pagans and the Christians, although it was easy to see that the scale was already turning in favour of the latter, and almost all those persons who filled the public offices were of that persuasion. Still, the former were formidable from their multitude, and though sacrifices were more rare amongst them than heretofore, yet they did not forbear to have their festal days and ceremonies, which they observed in a manner, that was often as little to the comfort, as it was to the edification of their neighbours.

My father was one of a very numerous class, who as yet belonged neither to the one side, nor the other. His parents had been pagans, but already somewhat cooled in devotion to their gods, by observing the progress which the new faith had made amongst their friends and acquaintances, so that they were not very strenuous in instilling into their children's minds, that abhorrence of the Christians, which had been no small part of the religion of their forefathers. The result of this indifference, was that my father shot up in what might be called, a sort of neutral ground, between the two persuasions, so that when he had arrived to man's estate, little more could be said of him, than that he was a very excellent tailor. Few people in Alexandria had any great opinion of his religion, but all were unanimous in praise of his work, and with that he appeared to be content. I cannot help thinking, that he was encouraged in this middle course, by observing that it procured him advantages, in the way of his business, which he would probably have missed, had

he openly declared himself on the one side or the other. As it was, he numbered amongst his customers persons of every description, and contented himself with avoiding to give offence to any by his sentiments, while he strained every nerve to please them all in the fashion of his garments.

Persons of this character are, however, always in danger of some turn of events which may render their neutrality more troublesome than the most decided partizanship. It happened one day, when my father was at work amongst his men, that a neighbour, who was a christian, dropped in to look after a cloak which he had left to be repaired, and asked my father what course he intended to observe on the approaching festival of Serapis ?

“ For my part,” said he, “ I will hang no lamp over my door though they were to drag the house about my ears. I hear some say there is every expectation of a tumult.”

My father, to whom this intelligence caused no

slight uneasiness, applauded the resolution of his customer, at the same time that he evaded giving any direct answer to his inquiry respecting the line of conduct himself intended to pursue. Indeed he could scarce have done so, for he knew not himself distinctly, as yet, what it was to be. If he refused to hang lamps and flowers over his door, as was the custom with the pagan citizens, he ran the risk of severe injury, both to property and person, on the part of the incensed votaries of Serapis, and Isis, and if he complied with the custom, he lost at one sweep the countenance of all his christian patrons, who were, by a great deal, both the most numerous and the wealthiest portion of his customers. In cases of this kind where the temporal gains and losses on both sides were exactly of one weight, I must do my poor father the justice to say, that he was always careful to give the casting vote to conscience, and as he had privately a leaning to the christian side, he indulged his predilection in this instance. Poor man! the consequence to him, was a<sup>s</sup>

disastrous as if he had incurred it from the purest motives, and he had all the sufferings of a confessor with, I fear, but a very small portion of the merit belonging to such a character. His customer, already spoken of, was right in supposing that there would be a tumult on the night of the feast of Serapis. It began as the noisy revellers passed some doors which had no lamps and garlands hung out in honour of the occasion. Before the Prefect could make his appearance in order to quell the sedition, the rioters had already plundered and almost demolished several houses, amongst which was that of my poor father, whose worst anticipations had merely pointed to a probable diminution of custom.

Thus totally ruined, and obliged to leave the city, he took refuge, after many vicissitudes not worth detailing, in the remote corner of Cappodocia already named, in which I was born, within a year of the foregoing occurrence. I was bred up to my father's business, more I confess to his liking than to my own taste

for I was naturally gifted with a reflective turn of mind that could never be content to waste all its force upon the insignificant details of so humble a profession. Accordingly, from the time when I first learned to finger a needle, until I was fifteen years of age, a day scarcely passed over my head on which I did not receive a severe chastisement, either verbal or manual from my father, for some piece of neglect occasioned by absence of mind, and too great a proneness to indulge in abstract reflections when I should be attending to the work upon my knee. My thoughts indeed, it is true, were not occupied about idle and frivolous subjects, such as games, plays, shows in the amphitheatre, and such toys, but they were as completely hurried away from my mechanical tasks, and my clipping and stitching was as much neglected as if they had been busy about the silliest fancies in the world, and that seemed to my father the very nucleus of the calamity.

“Tell me one thing, Chenides,” he would say, when

my good genius put it into his head to reason with me, rather than vent his wrath upon my body, "if thou wert hungry, (as thou art like often to be at this tailoring,) to whom wouldst thou apply in thy necessity, to a sophist, or a baker?"

To such a question there could be only one answer given. "To a baker, father," I replied.

"Most truly then," said my father, "art thou named Chenides, which signifies, the son of a goose, when thou deemest that those who art in want of well wrought attire, cannot reason as correctly. When a customer comes into our shop, it is not a new Pythagoras he expects or wishes to find behind the door, but a good working tailor, and if thou hast all the philosophy on earth, I would not give a dry pea for thy wisdom, while thou continuest a dunce at the needle and the shears."

"It may be as thou sayest," I replied; "but if thou interpret my name, 'Son of a Goose,' in respect of my



descent, by what name then shall men call thee, O father?"

Offended by, what he conceived, the impertinence of this enquiry, my father, without making any answer in words, fell to beating me over the shoulders, the usual accompaniment of his instructions.

I could not however deny the justice of his reproaches, and strove to amend, but my predilections though repressed, were not extinguished. In truth, my father was not altogether reasonable, for it is hardly possible that a person of a rational mind, could remain satisfied with the merely animal kind of training with which he would have me be content. As for him, he seemed to care for nothing but his trade. The place was not so poor but there were one or two sophists to give lectures in it, with one of whom I managed to scrape an acquaintance by affording him the aid of my needle in repairing any fissures made by time in his threadbare garment, a task which his poverty and the thinness of his auditory obliged him often to impose upon me. In



return for such good offices, he gave me a general knowledge of the doctrines of various philosophers, such as sufficed to stimulate the desire of information which I already entertained, without satisfying it. I well remember the feeling with which I returned from the first lecture I ever heard him deliver, having stolen away from the house when my father thought I was in bed. I can well remember the absorbed and absent state of feeling, the dilation of mind which I experienced, as I returned homeward by moonlight through the narrow streets, my imagination full of the speculations of various schools, and revolving with a sort of wondering delight, the doctrines of the Stoics, the Epicureans, the Peripatetics, Pythagoreans and others, which I had heard detailed in the course of the evening. The fat Cappadocian slave, (the only one whom we possessed,) whom I had bribed with a measure of Greek wine to open the door softly for me on my return, was faithful to our contract, and I retired to rest unperceived by my father, to dream of atoms and

transmigrations, matter, and spirit, and I know not what beside, which had constituted the subject of my good sophist's lecture.

But what most of all awakened my interest, were those discussions which treated of a separate state of existence in a manner somewhat superior to the vulgar and superstitious notions of those with whom we commonly associated. Everything relating to this favorite theme, had for me, whose mind had never received any training of the kind, a fascination, which might have been destructive to a person of less simplicity of character, but I was naturally blessed by Providence with a quiet contented disposition, and a good humoured turn, which I would not have exchanged for the heads of all the sophists in Greece. Day and night, however, I devoted every instant that I could spare, to my beloved studies. All the money I could save out of the little gains allowed me by my father, went in the purchase of such books as I could procure in the

place. An accident, which all my friends considered a very serious misfortune, but for which I found abundant consolation in the leisure it procured me, enabled me to reach a greater proficiency in learning, than it is possible I might otherwise have for a long time attained.

One night, after reading over, as was my wont, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, in which I took an especial delight, I was so hurried beyond myself, by reflections connected with these subjects, that the morning began to dawn before I could get a wink of sleep, and when I did so, it was but to dream of spectres, shades, starry influences, and all things connected with that mysterious world, of which I had heard and read so much, and respecting which, our sophists gave such conflicting accounts. With nerves exhausted from long continued study, and intense reflection, and now still further weakened by want of sufficient sleep, and by uneasy dreams, I arose before sunrise and walked out in the fresh morning air, hoping by its influence to dispel

the weariness I felt, before the hour should arrive for opening my father's shop.

At no great distance from our dwelling, stood the magnificent castle in which the two young princes, nephews of the Emperor Constantine, were kept secluded, in order to be educated in a manner suited to their birth. The building was furnished after the Roman style, with extensive gardens, baths, and fountains, and often in walking at evening by the little river which flowed by its walls, did I admire the happy condition of those youths, thus furnished from their very childhood with all that could enrich the mind, and form the understanding. Mathematics, dialectics, all that related to the science of reasoning, those sciences, of which I could receive but stimulating glimpses, as I did of the outer walls of that royal abode in which they dwelt, were at their daily use, with the assistance of the most celebrated masters in fathoming their depth. What a difference between their lot, and that of a poor tailor's son! Even the half-starved

sophist, who sometimes flung me a piece of instruction by way of reward for keeping his rags together, as one throws a bone to a hungry beggar, and whom I looked upon as a living mine of information, was I understood, a mere dunce, compared to the least proficient of those who were entrusted with the tuition of the young princes.

The dusky twilight of morning, and the gloom of the trees, by which the castle was surrounded, invested it on this occasion, with a solemnity more than usually impressive. As I rambled along by the river side, which was considerably lower than the site on which the castle stood, I perceived a spot immediately adjoining the garden walls above, which seemed to command an extensive prospect of the heights of Mount Argeus and the surrounding country. The ascent to this spot from the place on which I stood, was rather precipitous, but I was not yet the "Lame Tailor of Macel," as the people called me after my mishap, and

I reached it without much difficulty. While I remained gazing on the landscape, yet dimly lighted, and revolving in my mind the difficulties which my humble condition opposed to the gratification of my ruling passion, the acquisition of knowledge, one reflection led to another, until, as persons are wont sometimes foolishly to use when alone, I began to utter some sentences aloud.

Where were now the times, I asked, when immortal beings were accustomed to hold communion with the sons of men? I had heard from my relatives, when a child, an infinite number of stories relating to the discovery of hidden treasure, through some preter-natural agency. Why will not some being from that shadowy world, step in to my assistance at this moment, since none of my own species are willing to assist me? Appear, if ye exist, ye who are so much talked of, and so little seen. I fear you not; I court, I call upon you. This is the scene, and the time for your manifestation, and here is a being, who, of all

which requires and implies your aid. If you have any evidence, better than in the speech of babblers, appear."

Turning as I uttered those foolish words, which I shall regret the longest day I live, I beheld standing immediately between me and the garden wall, a figure which fixed my attention in a more forcible manner than any on which I ever yet had set my eyes. It was that of a young man, about the middle size, his neck thick and short, his shoulders huge and incessantly in motion, and his feet in an irresolute attitude, as if deliberating whether they should stand or go. His eyes had a kind of disagreeable light, that seemed as if their owner wished to read my very soul, yet they shifted and twinkled when their gaze met mine, as if not willing to undergo a similar scrutiny in return. His nose and mouth had a disdainful expression, while his lower lip hung downward in a manner that gave a peculiarly hideous air to the whole countenance, and a beard pointed and grisly, completed the uncouth

appearance of the whole figure. How he had come there I could not divine, for I possessed the only pathway leading up the steep ascent. If human, he must have used some hidden passage through the massive garden wall, and if more or less, he must have descended from the air above, or arisen through the solid earth. That he was not an immaterial being, however, I soon discovered, both by the effects of his motion, and the sound of his voice, which was at the same time violent, and hesitating, as if the speaker were never fully decided in his thoughts, and strove to cover his embarrassment of mind, by a needless vehemence of expression.

“Whom do you call?” he said with a glance, in which derision was blended with curiosity.”

“Thee—if thou canst assist me,” was my reply.”

“What is your difficulty?”

“The ignorance in which I was born, and in which I unwillingly remain,” I answered, with a readiness which afterwards surprised me.



“ And what kind of knowledge do you seek ?”

“ That which brings happiness.”

“ The lip of the stranger curled more than usual, and he said with a voice that had more of contempt than of compassion.”

“ Of what calling art thou ?”

“ A tailor.”

“ And thou dwellest in Macel ?”

“ Yes.”

“ And what is thy wish at present ?”

“ To travel if possible to Athens, and become a disciple of one of the numerous sophists who give instructions in that city.”

“ But that will require money.”

“ Aye! that is my difficulty. Alas, the needle and the sheers will never bring me these.”

“ Art thou a christian ?”

“ No.”

“ A Pagan, then ?” he asked with vivacity.

“Nor a pagan neither. I have been brought up in ignorance of all but tailoring.”

“Thy father was wise.”

“If so,” I replied, “he was a shrewd miser of his wisdom, for he never shewed nor shared it. If he be wise, for teaching me nothing more, then the eagle is wise, and wiser than he, for to say nought of the difference between flying and stitching, he teaches his young to soar rather than to sit. And if all men be no wiser, why then, our race has been ill used, for the eagle and the lion, and the dolphin have their garments ready made, while nature has left our outward furnishing to the tailor. I doubt there is somewhat at the bottom of this wonderful design which has placed us so far beneath, and, at the same time, so immeasurably above all other animals.”

“Thy father should have made thee a barber and not a tailor,” said the stranger. “Knowest thou not that silence and gravity are as commendable in the latter calling as the lack of both in the former?”

“I crave pardon if I have offended,” I replied, “but

there are moments when, as I meditate upon the subjects, I find an ardour arise within me which it is impossible for me to restrain. They talk of the wisdom of contentment, but is it contentment—is it not rather slavish indolence of spirit, to eat, drink, sleep, stitch and clip on from day to day, without knowing whence I come or whither I go, driven on at random like a pilotless bark in the *Ægean*, on a cloudy night. I know that I come from my mother's womb and go to the grave of worms, but if that be all, the beginning and end, the alpha and omega of my journey, why do I fancy more? why *can* I fancy it? To be born—to marry—and to die!—If that be all, would I had never been! or would at least I had never been cursed with longings that make the mind miserable without making it wise. The bee—the ant, the bird, the beast, seem all contented with their several destinies. The fish, as he cleaves the shining waters around him, ask not of his origin or end; the rainbow tinted butterfly as he sports in the noonday sun, enquires not what shall be his

doom when the snow cloud shall gather once more upon the summit of Mount Argeus. Their hour of enjoyment is not embittered by those impatient questionings which make the present to me a dreary blank, and fix my thoughts for ever, either on the past or on the future."

"If thou be as expert at the needle, as thou art with thy tongue," said the stranger, "I blame not thy father for confining thee to the use of it. But tell me, dost thou reckon personal courage amongst those qualities with which Nature has endowed thee?"

"I am not, I think more fearful than tailors in general."

It is a prudent answer. Here then, let me bind this cloth over thine eyes, and follow me in silence."

I consented without speaking, and he bound the cloth upon my eyes. Then desiring me, take hold of his garment, he moved around several times as if with the view of rendering me unable to tell, in what direction we were about proceeding. After walking five

or six paces, we descended suddenly about half the number, when the stranger bade me stoop low, and follow him, still retaining my hold upon his garment. I did so, and after treading for some time what seemed to be a low and vaulted passage, with many windings and several abrupt descents, I could perceive by the sound of our footsteps, that we had entered a capacious chamber. Here with a sudden twitch, the stranger wrested his garment from my grasp, and after listening to his hastily retiring steps as they grew fainter from distance, a sullen sound like that of a massive door, sent home with violence into its place resounded through the place, and all was silent after. I called, but there was no answer. I took the bandage from my eyes, but could see nothing. All was dark around me, and the idea that either a silly or a mischievous trick had been played upon me, filled my mind with shame and indignation.

After an hour had elapsed in the most distressing reflections, I began to grope about the gloomy vault in

which I was left, to seek for some mode of egress, but in vain. Nought met my hands all around, but the massive circular wall, nor could I in the ponderous door, find either chink or hole, to satisfy me that I still retained the faculty of vision. Calling out might subject me, even supposing I should be heard, to still more unpleasant treatment, so I resolved to reserve that measure, as a last resource, and allow a reasonable time for the capricious stranger to return, if he entertained any idea of so doing.

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