



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

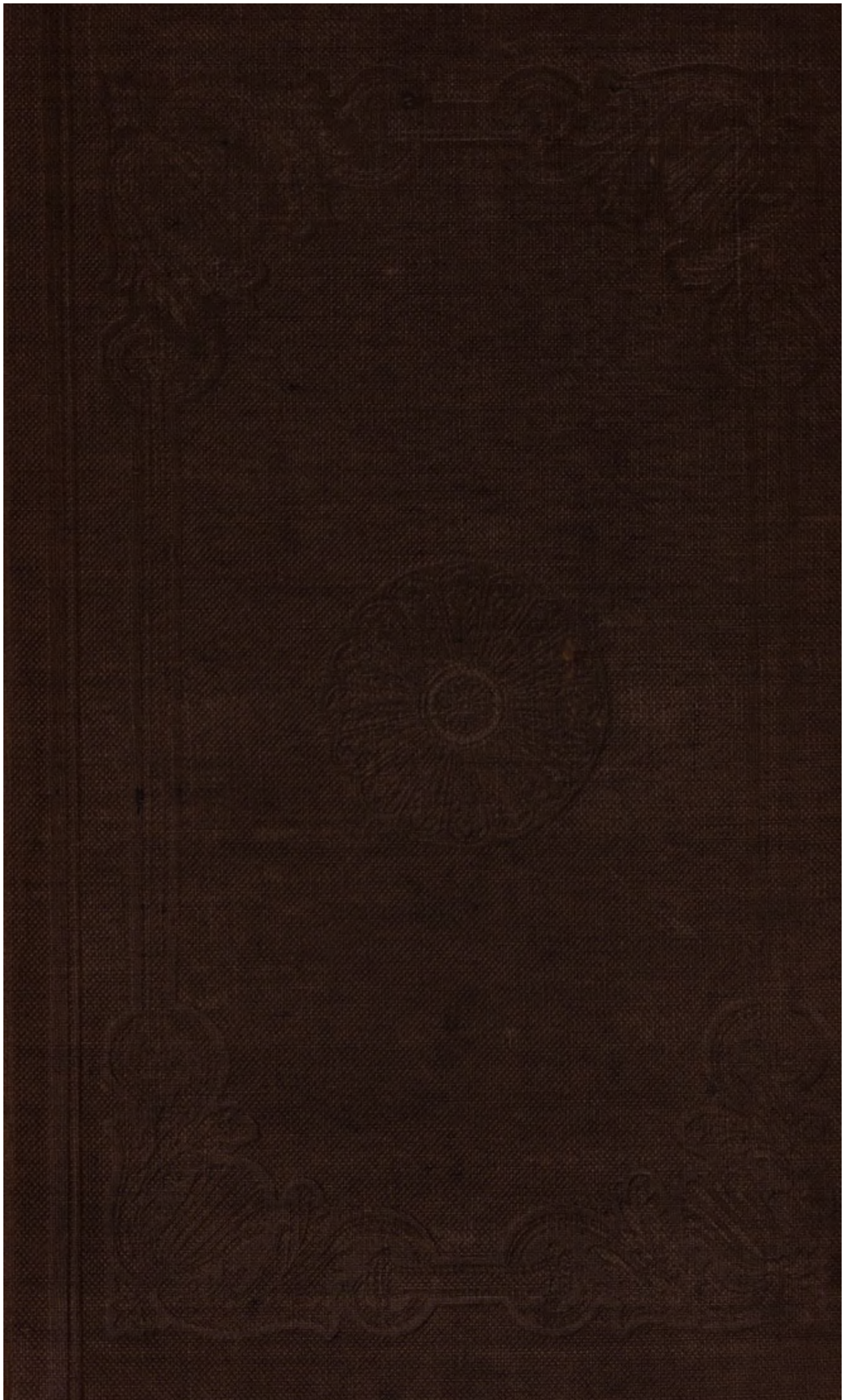
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





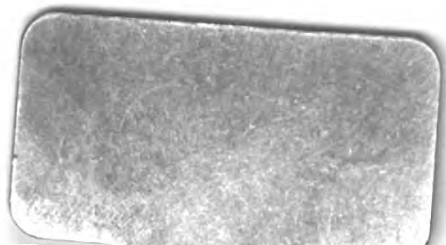
600034334N

42.

405.



BODLEIAN LIBRARY
OXFORD



With the publishers compliments,



TALES
OF
THE JURY ROOM.

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. III.

LONDON.
MAXWELL AND CO., PUBLISHERS,
30, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1842.

405.



CONTENTS
OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

—o—

THE NINTH JUROR'S TALE—THE LAME TAILOR
OF MACEL, (*continued*).

THE TENTH JUROR'S TALE—ANTRIM JACK.

THE ELEVENTH JUROR'S TALE—THE PROPHECY.

THE TWELFTH JUROR'S TALE—SIR DOWLING
O'HARTIGAN.

THE STRANGER'S TALE—THE RAVEN'S NEST.



ad a
re in
ning

t he
and
nce.
from
d a
othed
nsive
ducts
under
ch had
While I
yes, my
hich was

y" he said,
ee abruptly,





THE LAME TAILOR OF MACEL.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER question arose to my mind, namely, whether the person I had been conversing with was in reality a supernatural being, who had come at my summons, or a mere creature of flesh and bone like myself. A few reflections conducted me to the latter conclusion, yet not so surely but there still remained a great degree of perplexity upon my mind. I had likewise cause for anxiety of a more vulgar kind. What would my father think of my absence and in

what way would he receive me on my return? On this point, however, there was no use in dwelling, and it was never my wont to torment myself by brooding over the anticipation of evil which of necessity must be. Accordingly, I rather yielded to musings of a more congenial nature, and began in my own mind to compare the present state of darkness and confinement in which I was placed with the ignorance that enveloped my mind, and which I was so anxious to have dispelled.

While my thoughts were thus engaged, I gradually felt the effects of the want of rest and mental labour of the previous night, and although I judged the day must be now considerably advanced, I soon fell into a profound and dreamless sleep, from which I was at length awakened with sensations of pleasure so exquisite that I never can forget their influence. As my senses slowly returned, delicious strains of music came floating from a distance that seemed to lend them a celestial softness. At the same moment (a sound not less delightful to my

ears,) I heard the massive door thrown open, and a figure entered which, by the light of a lamp it bore in one hand, I soon recognised to be that of my morning acquaintance.

I was about to burst forth into reproaches, but he laid one finger on his lips with a warning frown, and beckoned me once more to follow him in silence. Having no alternative, I complied, and emerging from the dungeon, (for such it seemed to be) I entered a handsome arbour, seated on a slope thickly clothed with foliage, from which I had a view of an extensive garden furnished with fountains, baths, and aqueducts of a princely grandeur. Some musicians seated under a date tree, produced in concert, the sounds which had broken so agreeably upon my slumber. While I gazed with wonder on a scene so new to my eyes, my guide accosted me in the hesitating tone which was customary with him.

“I have at length found an opportunity” he said, “of resuming our conversation. I left thee abruptly,

but it would have been dangerous to us both had I tarried an instant longer. This is a tolerable nest, is it not, the Cæsars have built for themselves in Cappadocia ?

“It is indeed, magnificent.”

“And yet the Romans never busied themselves very deeply with the discussion of such subtle matters as thou sufferest to come between thee and thy rest. But thou art fasting long. Here is food, and while thou eatest, we can converse a little longer, at our ease on topics which appear to be of equal interest to both.”

“I pray thee hold me excused,” I replied. “Thou hast already used me very ill and earned for me, at my fathers hand, that which I believe thou wouldst not be very willing to suffer in my stead.”

“Nay, go not yet,” he said, “eat first and let it not appear that we part in anger.”

So saying, he unfolded a napkin and placed it on the grass, on which we both reclined while he spoke and I ate at leisure.

“I said,” he resumed, “that these world-conquering Romans never troubled themselves very deeply about points of abstract knowledge. How to whet the sword, and draw up the legion, were to them matters of more general interest than any attempt to point out the exact line which separates matter from spirit. Yet what are a host of bearded sophists, in the presence of a single centurion in his coat of mail, and half a maniple of Roman soldiers at his back. The eagle of Jove is a nobler bird than the owl of Minerva.”

“I have never felt so,” I replied, “nor ever can. If excellence consist in force and strength, then Cæsar himself must yield to the animal from which he takes his name.* I had rather be the poor sophist in fetters than his gaoler with his key and his ignorance.”

“Art thou so satisfied then,” said the stranger, “that happiness cannot consist with ignorance.”

“I know not in, or with what it consists,” I replied,

* The name *Cæsar* is said by some to be adopted from a Phœnician word, signifying an elephant.

“and with such ignorance as that, how can it consist?”

Here I entered into a long detail of all I had learned and thought upon subjects so interesting to me.

“From all thou hast said,” resumed the stranger after a long and thoughtful pause, “I am disposed to befriend thee. Thou seemest in earnest, which is being more than half way to success in any pursuit whatever.”

“And what art thou,” I asked, “who takest so strange an interest in my fortune?”

The stranger paused an instant, and then said:

“Hast thou [never heard of him who at five and twenty years of age, had conquered the most powerful empire in the world, and who died at two and thirty, leaving after him a name which will fill all history to the end of time.”

“Thou meanest Alexander of Macedon?”

“I am he!” said the stranger.

At this, I burst into a fit of laughter. “Thou!” I

exclaimed, " why he has been dead for many ages."

" I am he, nevertheless," persisted the stranger, " the same diamond in a new casket—the same soul in a new garment of flesh."

My first supposition had been, that the stranger either jested, or was a lunatic, but I now suspected that I had to deal with a disciple of Pythagoras, who held in common with all of his sect, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

" And by what name," I asked evading any disputation as to his identity with Alexander the Great, " by what name is it thy fortune to be known at present ?"

" Restrain thy curiosity," he answered. " Enough for thee, that I desire to serve thee, and have much in my power. I promise thee, if thy mind hold, as I have no doubt it will, thou shalt have the means of seeing Athens. Only meet me to-morrow morning, at the same spot where we met to-day, and at the same hour, and I will tell thee more. This is a festal night

in the palace, being the birth day of Gallas, the elder of the young princes.”

We parted, but not to meet so soon as we had arranged, for it was on that very evening within a few paces of my father's door that I fell and broke the bone of my left leg, thus earning for myself, the name which I ever after bore, of The **Lame Tailor of Macel**. During my illness, my unknown acquaintance sent me by the hands of a slave, a sum of money sufficient for the purpose which I had so much at heart. Before I recovered, many events had occurred to alter my immediate prospects. In the first place my father died. Alas, poor man! he had been long urged by several of his christian neighbours to receive baptism, but though he fully admitted its necessity, the fear of offending some Pagan and Jewish customers whom he retained by his neutrality, kept him wavering from day to day, until death came to close his earthly accounts for ever. He then sent for a clergyman, but he came too late. Some zealous christians in the

neighbourhood had themselves baptised for him after his death, but I merely mention this as a curious fact, as I could never learn since, that such a ceremony was looked upon by the general church as of any efficacy.

On my recovery, if it could be called a recovery which left me still maimed and halt for life, I began to entertain serious thoughts of seeking out some eligible mode of passing the remainder of my days in a manner worthy of a rational being. An old Jew, with whom I spoke one day upon the subject, recommended to me to join the Essenians, who he said led just the kind of life which would be likely to suit my inclinations. They were Jews, but much more superstitious and exact in the observance of outward legal ceremonies, than the rest of their nation. Like the christian monks, they lived in strict seclusion, flying cities and taking up their residence in villages, where their communities subsisted by the exercise of such trades as were useful and innocent in their nature. In

those societies they allowed no traffic, no commerce in slaves, no navigation with a view to profit, no use of money, nor extensive possessions in land. They served each other, and had all their property in common. Each house was open to every member of the sect, their business was labour, and the care of the sick. Beholding the evils which so frequently attend on marriage, they for the most part renounced that state of life, but lest their doing so should expose them to the reproach of leading a life useless to the common wealth they made the education of youth, a part of their employment, bringing up the children of others, and forming them to their own manners, from the tenderest years. Each community had its steward, and in all these was enforced a great respect for age, and a horror of anger, lying or swearing, with the exception of the oath they took, on entering the sect, to obey the superior, to distinguish themselves in nothing, if they were afterwards raised to that dignity, to teach nothing but as they learned it, to conceal nothing from those

of their own sect, and to reveal nothing of its mysteries to others, even for the preservation of life. Their only study was the morality of the law of Moses, a portion of which was read on Sabbath days in their synagogues by one individual, while another expounded its meaning. Rising early, they occupied themselves with prayer until sunrise, no profane discourse being allowed before that period. They then worked till within an hour of noon, when they bathed, denying themselves the use of oil, no slender mortification in such a climate. They then ate together, in a hall where strict silence was observed, their food consisting of bread, and one kind of meat, after which, they again worked till evening. They were sober in their habits, and so long lived, that a century was the usual limit of their years. In their judgments they were severe—a great transgression was followed by the penalty of expulsion from the community, which was a punishment scarcely less than death itself from the destitution to which it exposed the sufferer. But

the bible was their great study. In that they looked for every thing. Some even pretended to divine the future from it, by using certain previous preparations. Others sought in it for medicine, and the properties of roots and minerals—for every thing their text book was the bible.

Besides all this, they were most exact in sending their offerings to the Temple, although they never themselves approached the city, and encouraged themselves in entertaining a contempt for torments and death itself.

“Since you are a tailor,” said the old Jew, as he concluded, “you are qualified by trade for admission amongst them, and, since you love seclusion, they will supply you with abundance of it in return for any little service you can do them, in the way of your calling.”

I was very much taken with this description given me by the old Jew, and after arranging all affairs, left in confusion by my father's death, I lost no time in

visiting the house of the sect, which was in our neighbourhood. I found all things in the community pretty nearly as he had described them, with the exception of some points of doctrine, and certain feelings of which he had not spoken. I found that while they professed a strict obedience to their own superior, they acknowledged none such outside the precincts of their community, acknowledging only God for their master, and ready to suffer every thing rather than obey man; unlike the christian monks, who, independent of their religious obedience, made it a rule to be models of submission to any government under which they may be placed. But what most of all disgusted me in addition to such empty pride, and their never ending purifications, was the absurdity of their belief in destiny, imagining that all things were done, even to their own acts, by necessity, and that there was no such thing as freedom of the will. Accordingly, after a trial of some months, not finding myself much farther advanced on the road to wisdom and happiness, I left

Essenians their white robes and their ablutions, and turned my attention seriously to my long projected journey to Athens.

“In that city of sages,” I said, “I shall at least learn something to the purpose. The garden of philosophy, the school of the whole world, must have some fruits as yet unculled, some wisdom still remembered. There I shall learn something satisfactory of man, and of his nature.”

Thus I went on, figuring to my own mind, a city of silence and of gravity, filled with bearded philosophers whose eyes for ever betokened abstraction of mind, and whose lips were ever silent, except when they opened to convey instruction. Alas! how quickly on my approach to the city were those sublime visions put to flight.

I was pacing leisurely along one of the public roads, within a few miles of the city, when I was accosted by a young man, who asked without ceremony on what business I came to Athens? On hearing my reply, he said ;

“Then you are fortunate in having met with me, for I am a pupil of the sophist Himerius, by far the most eminent in Athens ; he teaches grammar, history, poetry, mathematics, to perfection, and there is not such another astronomer beneath the moon.”

He ran on pouring forth such a torrent of eulogy as he walked by my side, that I could not but admire my good fortune in falling in with a disciple of the renowned Himerius. As he continued to speak, a new voice suddenly struck upon my ear.

“Harken not to him, unwary stranger, but follow me, and I will conduct thee to the feet of the sophist Proheresius, to whom this Himerius is no better than a clown.”

Other voices, now broke in, and we were presently surrounded by a crowd of young men in the habit of students, all vociferating the names of the several sophists under whom they studied, and pulling me one from another, until I thought I should have been torn in pieces between these partizans of the rival teachers

of wisdom, and in the midst of a still encreasing tumult, I was dragged rather than conducted to the town, where after a dreadful contest, in which my own inclinations were no longer consulted, I was borne away in triumph by the strongest party and conveyed to a house, when I thought my troubles were at an end: but this was only the commencement of such a day of persecution as I had never before experienced. It were tedious to detail the whole. First I was exposed in public to a crowd of disputants, who set upon me like so many hounds about to worry an unfortunate hare, one asking what I thought of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls? another, to what sect I belonged? a fourth, my trade? a fifth, my country? another if I placed happiness in the things without or those within my power? to all which enquiries my grave and serious answers seemed to afford them infinite diversion. When tired of this scene, they conducted me with great ceremony, marching two and two, to the public bath, on reaching, which, they began

shouting and leaping like so many bacchanals or madmen, enjoying the terror I could not avoid manifesting, and knocking at the door as if they would have torn it from the hinges. Fortunately I was not so dismayed but I made my way in as soon as the door was opened, on which I was given to understand that my persecutions were at an end, and that I was now initiated and entitled to all the honours of an Athenian student.

Such were the manners of the young Athenian votaries of wisdom! Such was the city of Minerva, to which I had travelled so far, and with so sanguine a heart in search of happiness and wisdom. I received some consolation for these annoyances in the progress which I soon began to make in philosophic learning. The sophist with whom I studied was one of the most celebrated masters of eloquence in Greece; So highly were his lectures esteemed, that they were always attended by many notaries, who by means of symbolical figures representing words were enabled to transfer his

words to paper as rapidly as they were uttered. These symbols were again transcribed in full by notaries of a second class, so that all was preserved in the exact form in which it had been written. We had students of all sects and nations at this time in Athens, but the greater number were christians, and many intended for the ecclesiastical state.

One day a student told me of a sophist in the city, who, in addition to his mathematical demonstrations, in which they all excelled, was privately addicted to the art of magic. For a time I despised the story, as since I came to Athens, my application to the demonstrative sciences had greatly diminished the curiosity I once entertained respecting those superstitious arts, which I began to regard as altogether visionary. The mention of such appearances brought back to my mind the occurrences of the day on which I had received my lameness, and the unknown individual by whose capricious bounty, I was now enabled to pursue a course so much more in accordance with my own inclinations than that from which I had withdrawn.

“ You may think what you please,” urged the student, “ of the reality of the strange appearances which he conjured up, but that such do appear in obedience to his summons, is a fact to which I can myself bear evidence. If you are still in doubt you may to night have the testimony of your own eyes and ears.”

After hearing more from him upon the subject, I agreed to be his companion on the ensuing night. My curiosity (if it were mere curiosity) upon the subject of supernatural appearances, and immaterial agency, was once more aroused by what I had been told, and the longer I reflected upon it the more impatiently I longed for the arrival of the appointed time. Such a night ! such a scene as it was soon my lot to witness !

CHAPTER III.

A DIM moonlight conducted us to the temple of Hecate. On entering, my companion laid one finger on his lips to intimate that we must observe the strictest silence. There was no light in the temple save that of the moon, which entered in many places, revealing the gigantic idol, looking doubly awful in the stilly gloom by which it was surrounded. My companion and I took our places in a recess, where, concealed behind an idol of lesser size than that of the goddess to whom the temple was dedicated, we prepared to

observe all that was about to take place, without the danger of being seen by others.

In a short time we could discern the figure of the hierophant, who entered the building accompanied by a stranger, whose features I could not discern, but his garb seemed that of a student like myself. When he spoke, the first sound of his voice startled me, as if I had heard it before, under some strangely interesting circumstances.

“What care I,” said he, “for squares and circles, for angles and curves, for sines and tangents; what care I to hear that unity is thrice contained in three, or what proportion the radius bears to the circle it divides? I am weary of the dry and obvious conclusions of the mathematicians—of magnitudes and their measures,—I wish to hear from you something more worthy of interesting an immaterial spirit.”

“You shall be gratified,” replied the hierophant.

“Yet I know not how it is,” continued the stranger, “but now that I am about to witness what I have so

long desired to see, the thought of it freezes me with terror. The silence of this place, the awful hour of night, and the image of Hecate seen thus dimly in the gloom, are not in themselves sufficient to account for what I feel. The very air I breathe, since we have entered, seems to communicate a degree of terror such as I have never felt before."

"It is the influence of what you are about to behold that already seizes on your spirits," said the hierophant. "Be bold and brief in what thou sayest, and expect but one answer to one question. Be cautious, and above all things, beware of using any sign or phrase familiar to thy christian education, else thou wilt ruin all."

This stranger then was a christian! This discovery astonished me, for I already knew there was nothing which they held in greater abhorrence than any participation in the magic rites of these hierophants. In the meantime, while the magician made his preparations I could not avoid sharing in all the feelings

expressed by the stranger. The place seemed to grow hot and suffocating, and I could not withdraw my eyes from the statue, before which the hierophant burned what seemed a small grain of incense, which he had first purified with many ceremonies. While he did so muttering some verses in a low voice, I could plainly discern a smile arising on the stony features, and the torch which the Goddess held in her hand, broke gradually out into a flame.

The scene which it revealed still fills my mind with horror in recalling it. Before the idol, the light shone full upon the figure of the stranger, who seemed to recoil with an attitude of horror, his features pale and distorted with excess of fear. I had no difficulty in recognizing my Pythagorean friend, the new revival of Alexander the Great, to whose bounty I stood so much indebted! He seemed now oppressed with terror, his limbs shook, and his mouth half open, seemed gasping for air and utterance. There was enough to justify his terror, and to make it impossible for me to avoid

sharing it to an extent fully equal to his own. Between him and the idol stood or rather floated a shadowy figure of such terrible and hideous aspect, as I cannot even now recall without a shudder. There was visible through the mists that ever floated and wreathed around it, a lurid semblance of eyes and ghastly features, but with an expression from which the beholder recoiled, with a feeling of indescribable fear and melancholy.

“I am here!” exclaimed the phantom, “what wouldst thou?”

“I would hear something,” said the stranger, “of the world to which thou belongest. Is it happier or more wretched than our own?”

“It is happier and more wretched.”

“When shall I enter it?”

“When thou wilt.”

“But apart from my own act or will?”

“Beware of Phrygia.”

“What shall I be called, when that day arrives?”

“Augustus.”

“ Shall I succeed in the design which I am meditating at this moment ?”

“ Thou shalt do much, but much shall remain undone.”

“ From whom, then, shall the new system receive its heaviest blow ?”

“ From its professors.”

“ Thou sayest, the world from which thou comest is more happy and more wretched than our own. Which is it to thee ?”

“ Happiness has many names.”

“ Which of the two is it more adviseable to use in the design I meditate ?—force or art ?”

“ Art—and force.”

“ I would ask thee more. Why are laws so strong in the physical world, and so feeble in the moral ?”
“ Why is there order in the heavenly bodies, and little or none on earth ?”

“ The stars have no will.”

“ What reward do you propose, in case I serve you in the way I meditate ?”

“ A share in our kingdom.”

“ And happiness ?”

“ In our kingdom.”

“ Hast thou companions ?”

“ Beyond the numbering. Dismiss me !” the phantom continued addressing the hierophant, who stood at a distance, a silent spectator of the scene.

“ A moment !” cried the stranger, hastily. “ I would see thy companions,” he added, in a lower tone.

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the horrors of the scene, already on the verge of mortal endurance, became multiplied tenfold. Volumes of curling mist ascended in the strong torch light, to the very roof of the temple, through which, innumerable shapes were seen, thick as sparks above a furnace, of an appearance so shifting and variable, that it baffles every effort at description, and amid a dull roar of mingled sounds like that of a distant multitude, or the noise of a storm tossed ocean. Some looked like specks in the remotest distance, others appeared to be

almost in startling contact with the very person of the beholder. Most bore a hideously distorted resemblance to the form of man or of other animals, but with a capricious alteration of size, either in particular features, or in the whole, or half the figure, which had an effect as whimsical as it was horrible. It is impossible to convey any idea of the scene, for what, singular to say, was the most appalling in its influence on the beholder's mind, would in cold narration be more likely to provoke laughter or contempt. The whole soon came to a termination as abrupt as it was unexpected. Terrified by the phantoms he had himself evoked, the stranger, trembling in every limb, and pale as death, forgetting the warning of the magician, signed himself with the cross in the manner of the christians, and to my relief and astonishment, the awful sights and sounds were no longer to be heard or seen, and the temple remained silent and lonely as before; the torch extinguished in the hand of the idol, and the dim moonlight shining on the marble features as before.

“Why did'st thou disregard my warning?” said the hierophant. “Thou hast ruined all.”

“I knew not what I did,” replied the stranger. “But how was it that the sign I made, had power to terrify those beings, themselves so terrible?”

“It was not fear,” said the hierophant. “They did it, but to show a horror of your weakness. What thou! with such designs in head, thou show thyself a slave, to the very folly thou condemnest in so many others. Thou must sheath thy heart in a panoply of steel if thou wouldst carry into effect the mighty work of which thou dreamest by night, and arguest in thy waking hours.”

“It may be as thou sayest,” replied the stranger, still pale and trembling in every limb,—“and if so, I grieve to have offended those tremendous beings. O shadows of the immaterial world, how terrible ye are! How even in recollection, ye still freeze with supernatural awe, the very current of my blood. And have I indeed beheld them? Have I truly looked upon those, whom I have so long thirsted to see, and to

serve? This strange excitement, so unlike all fear awakened by the sense of natural danger, this chilly creeping of the flesh, and stirring of the hair, and all but dissolution of the strong knit frame itself assures me that it is so. But alas! what am I? what has a being such as I the power of accomplishing? without place, without command, without dominion?"

"Thou canst watch occasions," said the hierophant, "thou canst hold the weapon poised, and be ready with the blow, when the opportunity shall be afforded thee. No mortal of his own mere force hath any power. The successful are only stronger, because they are more vigilant than others. When conquest makes them careless, they fall in their turn, by affording the occasions which they watched before."

"Thou heardest," said the stranger, "the phantom evaded my enquiry as to the issue of my design."

"And is it by doubting of the issue that thou canst ever hope to be successful?"

"O Evemarus," exclaimed the stranger, "is it not like the madness of one, who with outspread hands

would attempt to arrest the rushing of the broad north wind? This all-powerful illusion, which I have half hated all my life, and wholly so within the last few years, spreads irresistible as a pestilence throughout the world. All yield, all fall before it—thrones, kingdoms, land and sea, island and continent, the city and the desert, wherever it breathes, with stilly and penetrating influence, it subdues and changes all. To thee, Evemarus, I disclose my thoughts in confidence. There are times, when I think of abandoning all for peace.”

“You let it trouble your mind too much,” said the hierophant. “All must be done with quietude and perseverance. Be not solicitous, nor devour your own mind with useless anxieties.”

“Are they devils or Gods, whom I have spoken with?” exclaimed the stranger with a sudden burst of impatience.

“If thou waver thus,” said the hierophant in a sedate tone, “twere better all should come to an end at once. I am sorry that I brought thee hither. I ever

doubted of thy resolution, and now thou givest me cause. Why didst thou press me? Did I not tell thee, few were capable of preserving the reason cool in mysteries, such as these? But thou wert so assured, so confident—nothing could move thee—the Acropolis itself was not more firm. Thou wouldst be gratified, thou wouldst behold and speak with them. But yesterday, who was so eloquent and bold? Who mourned in more musical terms over the deserted temple—the neglected sacrifice? And yet now, the first occasion has revealed thy weakness. I tell thee once again—proceed no further. Have nought to do with that which thou wouldst take in hand. If I urged thee differently, but now it was but to put thee fully to the test. Thou wilt either miserably fail, or thy reason will become a wreck in the protracted and soul-wearying effort. It is the work of a giant to which thou puttest thy hand. Thou art not fit for it—be content and return to the lectures of Ecabolus, and think of it no more. The veil that hangs at the door of his grammar school, hides no mysteries that can place thy wits in danger.”

“Thou hast a taunting tongue, African,” said the stranger, “but I suffer thy reproaches.”

“Hast thou strength of mind,” continued the hierophant, “to stake all upon a hazardous cast, and then bear the suspense of years, or perhaps half a life before the issue can be known? Hast thou vigour of body to endure the watchings, the labours, the ceaseless tension of the mind, and frame, that such an enterprize demands? If, as thou sayest, it be indeed the spirit of the son of Ammon, that animates thine, I tell thee that the work of which thou speakest with so free a lip, is one to which the conquest of ten Dariuses were sport for virgins.”

“Sharply, but surely,” said the stranger, “thou hast recalled me to myself. For the present, let all be covered with the deepest silence. Thou only Evermarus, knowest as yet my secret. For some time longer, I must continue to play the hypocrite, and seem to honour that which in my soul I hate. Hence then ye idle fears, remorse of childhood, offspring of custom, and of prejudice, I renounce your empire! And

thou, dread Hecate! he continued stretching his arms toward the idol, "and yet more awful jove, forgive me if I seem still to doubt, in order that I may serve you the more surely."

During the entire of this scene, it would be vain to attempt giving any idea of the feelings which it excited in my mind, or of the thousand heart piercing circumstances, that gave it an interest while it passed, which far from being transferred into a cold narration of the past, cannot even be recalled in memory, with anything approaching the same distinctness. I have not made an effort to convey a notion of the tones, the gestures which accompanied the words of the several speakers, now penetrating the mind of the hearer with a certain wild and preter-natural melancholy, which it is impossible for those who have not felt it to conceive; and now disturbing, and as it were shaking it to its very foundation with a strange and unaccountable terror, making the spectator feel, as if he stood in the presence, and in the power of capricious beings, of a tremendous strength, whose force it was impossible

for him to avoid, and whose nature he knew not how to propitiate. I shared the first terror, but not the subsequent admiration of the stranger, nor would I for millions of worlds have been willing again to look upon such sights, or hear such sounds. The shifts of the hierophant, were not to me so satisfactory, as they seemed to the philosophic stranger. I was not altogether without experience of the arts of such impostors. I had been present more than once at the scenes of merriment, which took place among the populace when the adyti, or sacred recesses of some half ruined temple were disclosed, and all their oracular machinery brought to light, but this was never sufficient to satisfy me that all was the mere result of human craft, or that a delusion so universal could be so long sustained, if there really was nothing in it, beyond what the resources of cunning man could furnish. Candour seemed to demand a more open and honest course of dealing, and from all I had heard and read, of events in my time—and more especially in the past, I could not deny that the oracles had given answers in many in-

instances which must have proceeded from a more than human understanding.

Whether the scene I have detailed to thee Chrysanthus, were an imposition or a reality, judge for thyself. the state of my own feelings were to me, I confess, a no less powerful evidence of its truth than that of my senses.

But what most of all excited my curiosity was the part which the unknown stranger had taken in the dialogue. Who could he be? A christian it appeared, and one on the verge of forsaking his religion in order to return to that which all the world were abandoning. But who was he? and what stupendous design was this of which he spoke in terms so mystical? Conjecture could tell me nothing, and my companion to whom I referred, could afford me no information. All he knew was that the hierophant was an African named Evemarus, (as I had heard the stranger term him,) notorious for his skill in magic. All my endeavours to obtain a sight of the stranger after we had left the temple were in vain, and both my curiosity and my gratitude were compelled to remain unsatisfied.

I returned to my studies. It was often to me a source of amusement to observe the various minds and dispositions of the students who at this time crowded the schools, where they afforded me the opportunity. Some of them were fellows wholly devoted to demonstrative reasoning, with minds as dry as chips of wood or marble, incapable of being interested in anything less susceptible of demonstration than a mathematical problem, and would discourse of morals and religion in precisely the same spirit as they would of angles and parallels, or not at all, and listen to nothing which was not capable of being proved to a metaphysical certainty. Others with imaginations like flax, ready to catch fire at every spark, believed any thing upon trust that happened for an instant to dazzle their minds with ever so faint a resemblance of truth. Others again would hear nothing which one did not lay before them in some regular dialectic form; while they would, without hesitation, admit any extravagance you pleased, provided it were dressed out with a suitable major, minor and conclusion, or were to be found lagging at the fag end of a respectable sorites.

According, however, as I advanced in such acquirements as the sophists taught, I began to discover how very improbable it was that the sanguine hopes I had formed on entering Athens could ever be fulfilled. I felt like one ascending a hill in order to ascertain how much of his journey remains yet unfinished, and is disheartened to find that the higher he ascends the longer the way appears⁵ which he has yet to travel. These reflections brought on a mood of indolence which contributed nothing to restore my cheerfulness. The following lines written, at this time, on one of the walls of my sleeping chamber, may furnish some idea of the state of mind under which I laboured :

I.

O Indolence! curst worm
 That cankerist in mid bloom fair virtues form,
 That when with heaviest pain
 We breathe released from Passions hateful reign,
 Creep'st with thy noisome blight
 Into the heart, and, killest its promise quite,
 Were it not better even again to be
 The world's unthinking slave, than pine in gloom with thee?

II.

To thy unheeded brain
Fame sounds her spirit rousing trump in vain!
To thy dull sluggish ear
Vain hope's sweet whisper or the shriek of fear,
Nor loud ambition's call
Can wake the palsied soul thou holdest in thrall,
Nor craving Avarice, nor Hate, nor love,
Nor aught on earth beneath, nor aught in Heav'n above.

III.

Yet triumphs too thou hast—
Witness full many a dawning hope o'er cast—
Witness from day to day
Full many a ruin'd friendship's slow decay,
Full many a joy effaced,
And lovely flower of genius run to waste,
And golden hour of happiness unprized,
And scheme of good forgot, and heavenly aid despised.

IV.

As gangrene taints the blood,
Nor rests till the whole frame be quite subdued,
So gradual is thy growth,
In noble souls thou unseen rust of sloth!

Writhing with unfelt shame,
We loathe thy yoke, yet loathing live the same.
O subtle paced, and velvet footed evil
Let one among thy slaves have leave to call thee—devil!

CHAPTER IV.

IN this mood of thought I was walking one evening in the outskirts of the town, when I saw a figure at a distance, which I soon recognized as that of my benefactor. Enraptured at the idea of speaking with him, I hurried towards him, but it did not appear that I was welcome. His air was gloomy and reserved, and he sought to escape me by a sudden turn as I approached. Perceiving this, however, to be impossible, he stopped short and awaited my coming, with a cold and chilly look. My ardour, as I drew nigh, gave place to timidity, and I stood before him, out of breath and agitated.

“Chenides,” said he, “why do you follow me? Did you not perceive by my action that I wished to be alone?”

“I wished to thank thee,” I replied, “generous stranger, for the succour thou hast afforded me, and for the advantage I have derived from it.”

“Thou hast done so then, and leave me,” he said abruptly.

I knew not what reply to make. His coldness checked and surprized me, yet I felt, if I should obey him, as if I were leaving one in whom I felt the strongest interest, in a situation of danger and perplexity. I turned, therefore, after some hesitation, and said to him, with the tears standing in my eyes.

“I beseech thee, pardon me, if I offend without designing to do so; but I am poor and friendless, and thou art almost the only being, who has shown me kindness from my childhood. I cannot assume at once the indifference which thou desirest. Be kinder than before, and permit me to be grateful.”

The stranger remained awkwardly shifting his person as I spoke, and eyeing me with that disagreeable and questioning glance, which was peculiar to him. I cannot describe the mixture of feelings which his demeanour excited within me, but gratitude was ever paramount.

“I entreat of thee,” I said with ardour, “do not deny me the satisfaction of sharing in some way, the sense I have of what thou hast done for me. Let me know who my benefactor is—let me love—let me serve him.”

He looked on me for some time with a smile, if smile it could be called, which conveyed unmixed contempt:

“I see Chenides,” he said, “thou canst be curious as well as grateful.

“And is it evil?” I exclaimed. “Is it for harm or for mere satisfaction of an idle thought, that I do seek to know thee? The weakest may often have the power of rendering good service, even to the strong. Thou hast aided me in seeking happiness—shall I see

thee in want of the blessing, and not feel desirous to sympathize with, and befriend thee."

"How knowest thou," he asked, with a sudden gesture of rebuke and haughtiness, "that I am not happy?"

"Thy speech—thy action reveals it."

"Tush fool!" he exclaimed, "thou art of the brainless herd, who think that happiness consists, in a perpetual sunning of the teeth, and giggle of the voice. Silence and gravity, and even tears, have more to do with happiness, than thou, and such as thou conceivest."

"Aye," I replied, "but peace of mind has yet even more."

The stranger started, and frowned scowlingly upon me.

"How darest thou twit me with the want of peace?" he said sternly, "what dost thou mean?"

"Answer me first," I exclaimed, "what is that dread design which occupies thy reason even at the instant that we speak? Does Peace consist with that?"

“ He recoiled and looked upon me, like one betrayed and ruined.

“ I seek not to deceive thee,” I exclaimed, “ be not alarmed. I know not what it is, but I have learned enough to know that it is likely to make a lasting wreck of thee and of thy peace. Let thy astonishment cease. All that I know of thy designs, I learned from thy own lips on a certain night which thou canst not have forgot so soon, in the temple of Hecate.”

“ Mean spy that thou art,” the stranger exclaimed, with an anger which seemed encreased by the previous terror he had undergone. “ Is it then thy wont by such means to pry into the purposes of those whose folly leads them to befriend thee? Is this what thou hast learned at Athens?”

“ Do not think so hardly of me,” I exclaimed, “ I went there with a different intent, and all I heard was purely accidental. Let me not suffer in thy thought, by dealing openly with thee as I have done. If it were ever my intent to reveal what I saw

and heard to thine injury, I would not have mentioned it to thee."

The stranger paused for a time, during which, his eyes, that either from doubt of others, or of himself, never rested on one object for more than an instant, were frequently directed to my countenance. I felt his glance upon me, while the fear of offending yet further, kept mine still fixed at his feet. At length he said in a more tranquil tone, but still with the contemptuous manner which was usual with him.

"And what reason hast thou, inquisitive tailor, to judge that the project which I have in hand, is such as cannot consist with peace or happiness?"

"I fear," I replied, "if I tell thee all my motive thou wilt make little account of my philosophy."

"Say it however," returned the stranger.

"A few nights after I had seen thee at the temple," I said, yielding to his wish, "it happened that I sat alone in my room, thinking of thee, and lamenting that I had not found some means of seeing and conversing with thee, ever since I received thy generous gift in

Macel. The night stole on, while I continued still occupied with these reflections, and it was near midnight before I retired to rest. They returned in my sleep, and a singular dream, which I had, added nothing to my tranquillity. But' you will think me foolish—"

"No—no—let me hear thy dream," the stranger said, with an appearance of sharper interest than he had hitherto manifested.

"But then thou wilt be offended," I said, "at that part of my vision which relates to thee."

"Fear not, Chenides," he said, "I know thou art not the master of thy sleeping thoughts; few have that sovereignty even in waking."

"I thought, then," I continued, "that I was walking in a fertile plain, where I beheld a beautiful child running sportively from place to place, and wherever he came, scattering around him seeds, which presently struck root, and changed the whole scene into a garden of the loveliest fruits and flowers. While I enjoyed its perfume and its beauty, I beheld with horror, a

swarthy looking figure creeping behind some rose trees at my side with bended bow and arrow ready drawn, and eyes full of the deadliest enmity, intently fixed upon the naked infant. I looked upon the intensely wrought countenance of the stranger—forgive me!—it was thine own!—”

“Proceed,” said the unknown; still manifesting an interest that surprized me—“what followed?”

“I was about to cry out and catch thine arm,” I resumed, “but it was already too late, the arrow had sped hissing from the bow which gave a shrill and mournful vibration as if grieving to be made the instrument of so cruel a murder. I glanced to the child—he looked back at me with a piercing smile, as if half amused at my idle fears for his sake, and went on with his occupations as before, unhurt, and untroubled. A moan of the intensest anguish made me turn again to thee—but shall I tell the rest? Thou seemest disturbed——”

“Disturbed? at what?” cried the stranger, recovering himself with a sudden effort at laughter. “At a dream? Proceed——”

“Thou wert lying on the ground, on thy left side,” I continued, “the arrow buried halfway in thy right, just here above the liver, the blood bubbling around the shaft, and death already visible on thy features. At the same instant I heard a sound as if of millions of distant voices chaunting a hymn of victory, while another voice more near, and resembling that which we both heard in the temple of Hecate, exclaimed with a burst of mocking laughter: ‘Did I not tell thee to beware of Phrygia?’”

The stranger remained for a considerable time after I had concluded, absorbed in the profoundest thought, with his eyes fixed immoveably on the earth.

“Judge now for thyself,” I said at length. “whether it were a merely idle curiosity that moved me in desiring to know thy name.”

“Chenides,” the stranger asked at length, “didst thou truly dream this, or dost thou know more of me and of my affairs than thou pretendest, in order to impose upon, and lead me into an explicit confidence?”

“Canst thou think,” I replied, “that I would compass

my end so falsely. Thou hast my assurance, and my word at present is no better than my word that is past."

"Well," he said at length, "I do believe thee—and more—I thank thee for the interest thou showest in my fortunes. But once again, observe, if thou wouldst have me continue to be thy friend, never while thou livest, on any pretence, whether of benevolence or gratitude, or whatsoever cause, seek to know more of my affairs than I have given thee leave. For the present be content with what thou hast learned already. And now to speak of thine own interests. Thy dress, and countenance, (for wisdom soon begins to show itself in the features when it inhabits the head) tell me that thou hast been long a resident among the schools of Athens. Art thou yet weary of the long beards and gowns of the philosophers?"

"Not of their beards," I said, "but more or less so I confess, of their brains. I have been even thinking seriously for some time past of returning to Macel, and resuming the practise of the needle and the sheers.

There is some positive utility in covering the bodies of men, though it be not so noble an employ as the attiring of their minds ; but I have yet made so little progress in qualifying myself for the loftier profession that I am almost fain, already, to recur to that which I learned from my father, A whole coat for the body is at any time preferable to a pied and ragged patchwork for the mind, such as the greater number of our sophists furnish it with. And as to profit, an expert tailor can at any time earn more than an ordinary sophist."

"Thou hast got, I see, some satire in thee," said the stranger. "If thou be really bent on leaving Athens, and hast not yet fixed upon thy future place of destination, I have thought of a way by which thou mayest do both myself and thee a service."

"And what is that?" I asked anxiously.

"Pursue thy inclination," he replied, "give up the sophists—return to thy tailoring—and neither speak of what thou hast already seen and heard respecting me, nor ever seek to learn more."

With these words, he turned abruptly and hastily away. I looked wistfully after him, but dared not follow, and presently lost sight of him, as I thought, for ever.

I begin to be sensible, Chrysanthus, that I have not been sufficiently brief in what I have hitherto related. I will therefore hasten to the conclusion of my narrative, with as much speed as is consistent with clearness, entreating thy patience, if I still seem tedious. I will not, therefore, run through the whole course of my researches at the schools of various philosophers, without being contented with any. Neither will I detain you with an account of my journey to Alexandria, my visit to the deserts of Seatis and Arsinöe, and the conversation I there held, with those extraordinary recluses, who have taken up their abode amongst the dens, and caverns, and extensive marshes of those regions. Nor will I detail to you the sojourn I made, for a few delightful days, in that wonderful city of the same land which is all inhabited by monks, who meet the traveller outside the city gates, and receive him

with a hospitality that makes him long to live and die amongst them. Their simple manners, however, wounded my intellectual pride, for I had not yet done with the sophists. At length, being utterly offended with a Pythagorean teacher who advised me to learn music,(as if at my time of life it were necessary, in addition to the use of my needle, to learn to scrape the fiddle in order to arrive at wisdom,) I followed the advice of my unknown benefactor, and gave up my studies altogether, for the practise of a poor, but honest and useful trade.

CHAPTER V.

FOR some time after I returned to my own country, where I set up a little shop in the far famed city of Maraca, a man paid no small penalty for the possessing a pair of ears. You must know that the Arians had begun to get footing in the place, and thence forward there was scarce a tongue in the city but went from morn to night like the mouths of so many village dogs at sight of a stranger. And it were well if all the discourse about religion had tended at all to improve the manners of the inhabitants ; but the case was woefully

the reverse, it had merely the effect of disturbing the general peace. These Arians had made their appearance, within my own time, on the occasion of a dispute respecting the election of a bishop in Alexandria, and, for the time they were in existence, had made astonishing progress. They had already gained over the Emperor Constantius and Gallus his cousin, whom he had made Cæsar, and carried it with a high hand over the Catholics, through many of the chief towns and cities of the empire, under the wing of the secular power.

Both parties were, however, soon led to forget their immediate dissensions, in the dread of a more appalling foe. An event which occurred about this time, and which I learned in the following manner, occasioned a change in the position of public affairs, the importance of which was soon felt throughout the empire.

I had been fatigued almost to death by an Arian goldsmith who came into my shop, ostensibly to have

a rent in his cloak repaired, but in reality to worry me with theology. When he had departed, I walked some distance outside the city, where, in a little grove near the River, a christian church had been erected. It was a festival day with them, and numbers were crowding towards the walled enclosure that surrounded the consecrated building. Never having entered one of those churches in my life, I felt desirous to see the interior and mingled with the throng. On entering the court, or open space before the front of the building, I was much struck by the neatness and, (even with my remembrance of Athens) elegance of the structure. A handsome peristyle ran along the walls of the enclosure, supporting galleries, access to which was afforded through a wooden trellice which connected the columns of the peristyle. In those galleries were numbers of catachumens, as they were called, or persons who received the first instructions. In the centre, opposite the entrance of the church, were fountains, in which many washed before they entered. The front of the building itself, facing the east, rose to a majestic height,

and gave admission to the people, through three doors, that in the middle much loftier and wider than the others, all adorned with minute and elaborate sculpture. Within, a double row of columns, much loftier than those without, separated the centre of the church from the two narrow passages, or galleries, on either side, where numerous windows of open trellice work admitted abundant light without excluding air. At the further end was a semicircular ballustrade which separated the altar and the seats of the clergy, from those of the rest of the people. Before the porch, several public penitents, lay prostrate, beseeching the prayers of those who entered, or came out.

I remained standing near one of the columns of the peristyle without. While thus placed, the conversation of some persons, who sat within the adjoining recess, was heard distinctly where I stood. Perceiving that it related to public affairs, I made no difficulty of listening.

“Hast thou heard the news that arrived in Maraca

this morning?" said one. "They say that Gallus Cæsar has been put to death."

"I heard so," replied a second. "The Arians have had something to do with that."

"Not an iota. It was a matter of treason. They said the Emperor suspected him of some design upon the government. The Arians have no cause to rejoice at it. It is well known he was their friend, though not so open as Constantius himself."

"Few will grieve for him at Antioch," said a third. "He was beginning to lean heavy enough upon the towns around him, when Constantius sent for him."

"And who is it thought will be Cæsar, in his stead?"

"Most like, his brother Julian, if Constantius be still disposed to place any trust in his own blood."

"Why, they say he's a Hellenist." *

"Nay, that was but talk, because he wore a beard, and loved to converse in the manner of the philosophers. Betwixt ourselves, there may be more reasons

than one, for his disrelishing the rumour. It would be a somewhat dangerous part for him to play before Constantius, although he be an Arian ; aye, or Gallus either, while he was alive, and wielded the power of the Cæsars.”

The opening of the church doors put an end to their conversation. I took little notice, but ere long the course of public events began to recall it to my mind. Julian the brother of Gallus, was created Cæsar in his room and sent to Gaul. From day to day, and year to year, my open shop door gave me opportunities of hearing how matters were carried on.

There were strange rumours respecting the new Cæsar. He had married Helena, the sister of the Emperor, and many said he entertained designs similar to those for which Gallus lost his life. But the sequel is known to the world. Julian rebelled in Gaul, the army declared him Augustus, in opposition to Constantius—the latter died, leaving him in peaceable possession of the title which he had already usurped by violence.

It was some years after that a forced levy was held throughout the provinces, in order to assist the war which Julian had declared against the Persians. As not even the aid of a tailor was to be despised in such a crisis, I was one of the new conscripts. It was an unpopular war. The long concealed sentiments of Julian had burst out soon after his elevation to the throne, and by the pen, and by the sword, by all the means that a crafty genius and powerful self-command could furnish him with, he exerted himself to overturn the rising edifice of Christianity, and to re-establish Paganism, or Hellenism, (as it was the fashion then to call it) upon its ruins. The christians, however, were not entirely disheartened by his attempts. When he prohibited them from reading the old classic authors, through which alone a knowledge of grammar was acquired, the Apollonarises wrote dramas to supply the want, and to his more direct persecution they opposed the shield of an invincible endurance. The expedition to Persia, had for a time compelled him to put a period to his designs, but he did not engage in

it without menaces which made his return an anticipation full of terror to the larger portion of his subjects.

It was on the twenty-sixth of June, that our forces were attacked in the rear by a large body of the enemy. That part of the legion to which I belonged, was amongst the first who felt the shock, and I grieve to say, for a space yielded to it. Our troop was dispersed, many of them disabled, or killed, and the rest compelled to fly. I make no apology, for saying that I was amongst the latter. Before the sounds of pursuit had ceased, I reached a small grove on the banks of a running stream. Here I sat on the ground exhausted in mind and body, and began to meditate on my wasted years, on a life merely occupied in consuming day after day, without having any settled or definitive object in view, without labouring for any certain end. But then came the old query, what that aim should be? Money I cared not for; fame—what should a lame tailor do looking for it—or do with it when he had got it?—and what else——

While I mused the sounds of battle again drew nigh—I started up and beheld at a distance, a horseman, apparently wounded, galloping at full speed in the direction of the little grove, where I stood. As he approached, the effects of his hurt began to be more apparent, for he bent forward over the neck of his steed. Fearing he was an enemy, I lay concealed, but soon recognized the armour of the Roman soldiery. As he passed the grove, the horse staggered and fell, and the rider was thrown forward to some distance on the plain. Instinctively, I ran to his assistance. His attitude and appearance, as I drew near, struck me with a kind of bewildered recollection, as if it suddenly floated on my mind that I had somewhere, on some deeply interesting occasion, witnessed the whole scene before. He was lying on his left side, apparently motionless, except that with one hand he strove to pluck forth, a Persian arrow, which was buried in his right, half way up the shaft, and immediately over the situation of the liver. My glance next fell upon the

countenance. It was one, though disfigured with gore, pale from loss of blood, and distorted with the workings of a hundred dreadful passions, which could not be mistaken. It was my old acquaintance of Macel and of Athens, my unknown friend and benefactor.

I raised him from the earth, and supported his head for some time upon my knee. By degrees, recollection returned, and he gazed wildly and fixedly for some moments on my features.

“What has happened?” he said, “what place is this?”

“Be at ease,” I answered, “thou art in the hands of a friend. Thou art safe--”

“From what?” he asked suddenly, clasping my hand and looking eagerly into my eyes. “Who art thou? What! Chenides? Methought—O what a dream! or was it a dream?”—he continued, waving one hand before his eyes, as if to dispel a mist which gathered upon them, while with the other, he still

clutched mine with the iron grasp of death. "But now, I thought I was a conqueror—hosts fled before me—I tell thee it was no dream—I saw it—I saw the Persian banner fall before me—I heard the shrieks of their wounded—the tramp of their flying cavalry—I saw the host in rout and tumult—and our eagle soar triumphant amid the storm of the battle. I exulted—I cast myself loose upon the tide of conquest; 'twas mine—'spite of the false Armenian treachery, and the prayers of the Galileans—all was mine—O misery and death!—even in the very whirl of triumph—I felt a something graze my arm—and a pain upon my side—and my horse turned short—and—he! there it is again—here—here—behold!"—and feeling the shaft with one hand, while he gazed with a horrid smile upon the dabbled and bloody feather. "I knew it was no dream—thou art there yet—messenger of ruin—fast—fast fixed—ah! ha—ha!]

And with a burst of frantic laughter, he endeavoured to tear it from the wound—but his arm lacked strength,

and he sank back exhausted, after wounding his fingers to the bone, in the effort to draw forth the steel.

“Chenides!” he continued, more calmly after a pause. “I remember thee now—thou wert with me in Gaul—among the Parisii——”

“In Athens,” I replied—“and earlier in Cappadocia——”

“Cappadocia?—ah!—I remember—there it was first—this wound—what says the Tuscan—the presages still unfavourable? then, hark you—Mars is no god—I call Jove to witness, that I will never sacrifice to him again—nine victims die without a blow—and the tenth unfavourable. No—Mars is false and powerless. I will break his images, when the war is ended. Is it Eusebius that should twit me with rebellion?” he continued with the same hurried and tumultuous utterance. Eusebius the Arian?—ha!—Thou proud bishop! go wash thy hands at the fountain of Nice, and when thou seest no taint of the Arian impudence upon them, then come and taunt me with forgetting

what I learned at Macel. Away with thee paricide! What, thou shalt lift thy heel against Rome, and yet bid me not sacrifice? What care I for thy taunts? "Here he was hurried forward into a paroxysm of fury, which rendered it impossible to follow him with any distinctness. "They dream of triumph now," he said, after another pause, "but I will baulk them yet. Tell me," he added, with a look of hardness, mingled with anxiety, "how do they name this place? I was once advised to beware of Phrygia, we are far from Phrygia."

"Not so far," said the voice of a peasant, whom the sight of the wounded man so far from the scene of contest, had attracted to the spot. "This place is so named of long standing."

The sufferer, aghast with terror, turned to look upon the speaker, but the latter perceiving the Roman cavalry approach at a distance, disappeared amongst the trees. In a few minutes a number of horsemen galloped to the spot, amongst whom I beheld some eu-

nuchs of the Emperor's palace as I afterwards learned (for being a new conscript I had as yet seen little of the camp) and Ammianus Marcellianus his historian. Their demeanour, as they drew nigh enough to recognize the wounded soldier, was sufficient to confirm the suspicions which the appearance and language of the unknown had now excited within my mind. He who had so long perplexed me as a friend and benefactor, was indeed, the all-dreaded Julian, at whose very name the christians of the province and of the state had learned to shudder—the Apostate Augustus—he who had torn down the labarum of Constantine, to restore the blood stained eagle of the Cæsars in its stead!

With looks and exclamations of astonishment the attendants raised him from the ground and proceeded to convey him slowly to the camp. I saw him no more but the memory of his dying looks and his last tones of agony and passion, for a long time haunted my mind with an influence, which I vainly strove to banish.

Thou knowest my subsequent history, and the peace and joy which were soon diffused throughout the empire, under the happy reign of Jovian a successor in every way so entirely the opposite of the much feared and little lamented Julian. Under his banner, the again triumphant labarum, thou art now about to seek that western city, where Julian first raised the standard of rebellion, and commenced a career so brief, and so disastrous, to others and himself. At thy desire I send this narrative as a parting gift. Even a centurion may sometimes derive instruction from the adventurers of so insignificant a being as the *Lame Tailor of Macel*.

“Well, gentlemen,” exclaimed one of the company, as the Ninth Juror took off his spectacles and returned the manuscript to his coat-pocket, “I think we have had quite enough of Greek. ’Tis, a very learned story, and with many hard words, and we ought to be thankful that ’tis over.”

“Oh, certainly,” said another, “I protest I don't know when I felt more pleasure at the conclusion of any story, and if that be not a sign of a well wrought catastrophe, I don't know what is.”

“But what I'm most uneasy about,” said a third, with a sly wink at his neighbour, “is the condition of the poor *concierge* at the Palais des Thermes, if the minister of the Interior should ever come to hear that so valuable a document was purloined by a tourist!”

“I shouldn't wonder,” cried a fourth, “if it were the ground of something very unpleasant taking place between the French and English governments.”

“Oh, I trust not,” replied a fifth, “I'm sure our friend would readily restore the manuscript, rather than that it should endanger the national peace.”

“It is all a proof,” added a sixth, “of the great advantages of travelling. How long might one of us poor fellows, be rambling from bog to bog in this unfortunate country, without lighting on so valuable and entertaining a relic of departed times!”

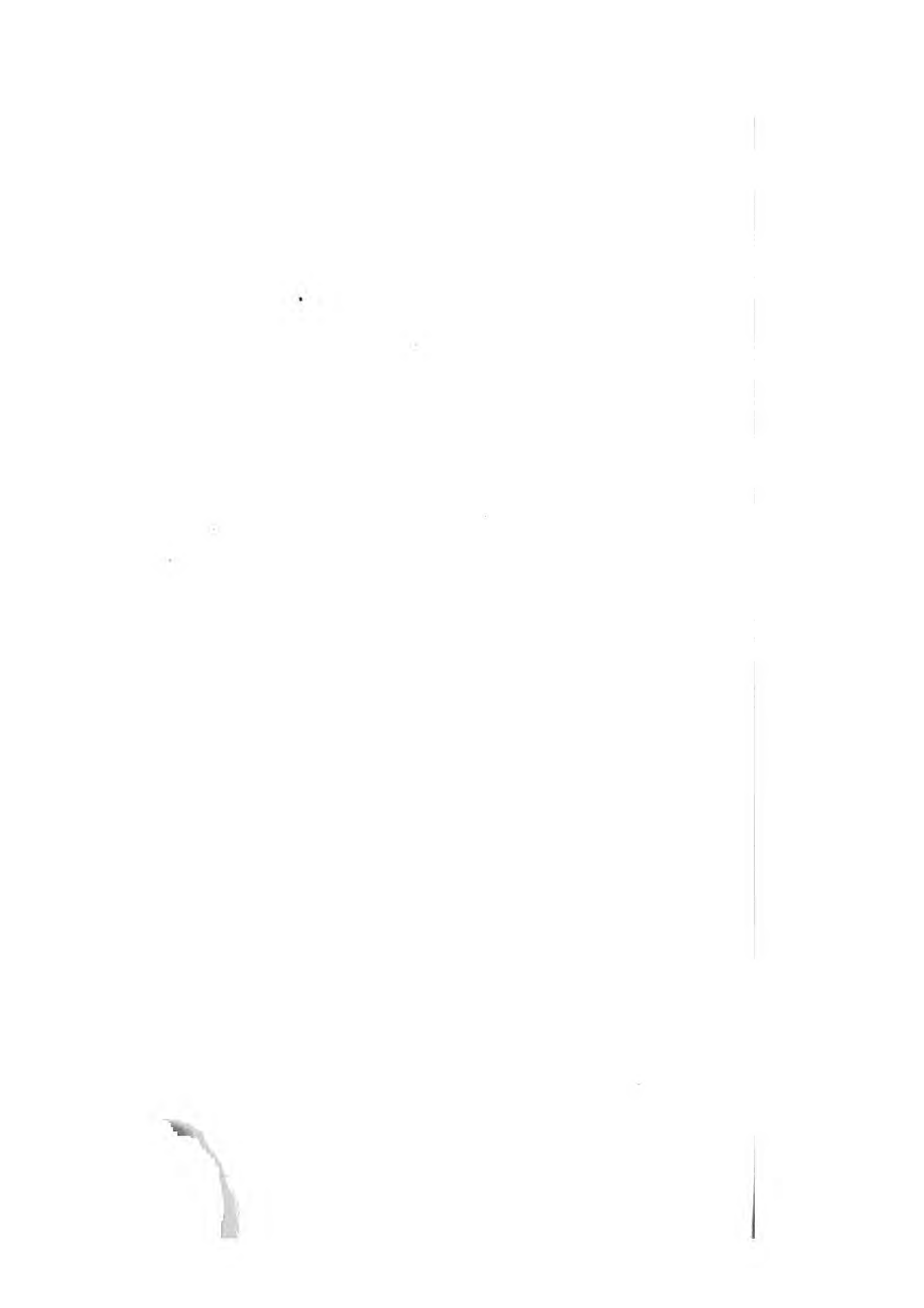
“Aye,” exclaimed a seventh, “but what good would all that be, without a classical education?”

“Gentlemen,” said the Ninth Juror, after listening to these jests for some time, in good humoured silence, “you are pleased to be merry upon my tale, and you are heartily welcome; but a man can only do his best. All I have to say is, that I hope you may hear no worse.

The Ninth Juryman then proclaimed his incapacity to sing, and was preparing to acquit himself by the payment of the fine, when the attention of the whole party was suddenly arrested by a disturbance in the street, which at so early an hour naturally awakened their curiosity. The noise which had attracted the attention of the Jurors proceeded from a house, which, though at a considerable distance, was yet partly within view of the window. Crowding around the latter, the Jurors were enabled by the faint light of morning, (which seemed to indicate that the sun was thinking of rousing

himself and beginning his day's work) to descry a section of a hall door, before which stood a section of a chaise, drawn up as if awaiting orders from within. Lights gleamed occasionally in the windows, passing rapidly to and fro, as if preparations were on foot for a journey of unusual length. The interest of the Jurors was heightened to the utmost, when one of them announced that the house in which they saw the lights was the residence of the fair plaintiff. In a short time the hall door opened, the figure of a gentleman attired in a fur collared frock and travelling cap appeared, followed by a slighter figure, closely muffled, which, imperfectly as it was seen by our incarcerated Story-tellers, there was no mistaking for that of a lady. Could it be the Plaintiff herself? And if so where was she going at that hour in the morning leaving her suit still *sub judice*—a suit, too, which involved so many more important interests than the mere private happiness of the parties immediately concerned. These were questions of that very exten-

sive class, which are much more easily asked than answered, so that after a few conjectures, which, like most conjectures, left the matter in the same condition in which it stood before they were made, the Jurors philosophically dismissed the subject from their minds, and sitting once more around the fire, proceeded to pay attention to the tale of the Tenth Juror. This he delivered in the following words :—



THE TENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

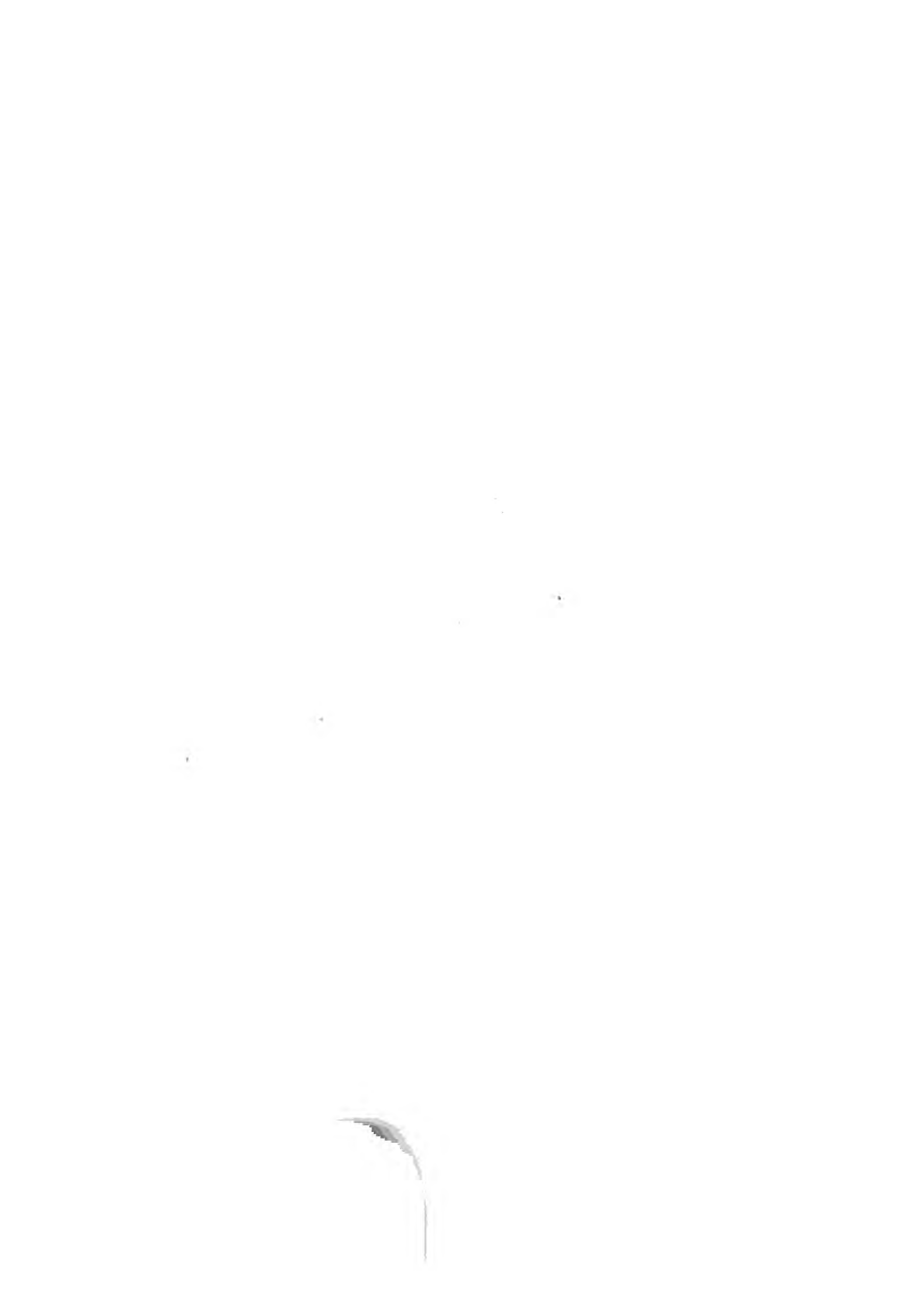


ANTRIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL.



"I say the tale, as 'twas said to me."

Scott.



ANTRIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL.

In the "year of the troubles," a term by which the memorable year '98 of Irish history is distinguished in the traditions of the peasantry, there was among the ranks of the insurgents, a man named O'Dwyer, who made himself formidable to the king's troops by the most extraordinary and skilful application of those arts of warfare, for the most part, irregular in their nature, which were peculiar to the united Irishmen. This man was the son of a country farmer. He was first placed at the head of a small party, among the rebels,

and, though perfectly illiterate, in a very short time, partly by the force of his character, but a good deal by the success which attended every scheme he devised to entrap and annoy the military, was distinguished by the title of General among them. In this new capacity, his ingenuity and military talent became more conspicuous, and every day parties of the regular troops were either defeated in open contest, or cut off by some subtle stratagem. Nothing could equal his daring on those occasions when he chose to exhibit himself openly, and they were entirely unprepared for the craft with which he eluded their pursuit when driven to the expedient of concealment. In every circumstance, except regularity of discipline, he seemed completely superior to them; and after a long and weary contest, they felt the contempt with which they had at first regarded him, give way in the end to the dearly bought, but wiser conviction, that he was so. He and his followers seemed never to tire. After having given him chase for the greater part of a day,

and having hunted him to his fastnesses in the county of Wicklow, the military on returning to their encampment were often set upon in the act of cooking their victuals—fired at from behind the hedges—many of them wounded—some killed, and all thrown into such disorder, as to destroy all unity of purpose among them. On some occasions they were even obliged to give up their encampment, food and all, to their merciless and ever restless foes.

These circumstances, the harassing nature of the duty they had to perform, the losses they had already sustained, and the constant and unrelenting spirit of their enemy, made it no less a matter of feeling than of interest with the military to have him arrested. This feeling animated every man of them, and made them much more zealous in their aim, than a mere sense of duty or the hope of profit by his capture would have ever done. Various were the expedients resorted to effect this most desirable end; but every one of them was completely defeated by his vigilance,

and so great was his tact and skill, that while they every day had to grieve over the loss of some of the most valuable of their own men, they could scarcely ever boast of having taken even a single one of his followers. As the troops became inured to this kind of warfare, they gradually acquired a portion of the tact and skill for which their enemy was so much distinguished, and this circumstance brought him latterly into much greater difficulties, than usual ; nevertheless narrow as all his escapes were, he always did escape, and this often occurred when the soldiers imagined they had him quite within their grasp, and there seemed no possibility of his deliverance. These straits, into which he was now and then put, usually alternated with attempts on his part to put them into the same difficulties, which were similar to the others in every respect, except that they were generally successful. This game, in which one side were all the losers, was played for some months, and at the end of this time, when every expedient seemed exhausted, and the mili-

tary engaged in this service were fairly foot-fallen, and worn down with constant hardship, it was judged right by the commanding officers to persuade him to submit on terms, which, the nature of them being communicated to him by an emmissary dispatched for that purpose, he at once agreed to accept. He dismissed his followers,—laid down his arms, and was conveyed to Kilmainham gaol under a promise of security to his life and person.

! The Governor of Kilmainhan prison, from whom we have indirectly obtained this account, discribes him as a man of extraordinary muscular strength. His figure approached the gigantic, with shoulders enormously broad, great brawny arms, and large, though sinewy legs. His countenance, on which fear had never traced a line, was not remarkable for austerity in its quiet mood, but it was usually full of a changing expression which flew from severe to gay with a rapidity and force that indicated a quick sensibility, and a current of strong, and rapid thought. He could in an

instant light it up with the most engaging signs of good will, and in the next hang on it a menace of dreadful meaning. He seemed sensible of this quality in himself, and often, during his stay in the prison, used to amuse himself in trying its effect on the more timid of those visitors who were prompted by the fame of his desperate character to see him. The accounts which were brought him by the Governor, of the different impressions of him, evident in the conversation of the visitors, as they departed, seemed infinitely to excite his mirth. These impressions being extremely agreeable, or terrific, according to the mode in which he chose to exhibit himself.

He was at all times a fellow of infinite humour, enjoyed conversation very much, and often carried forgetfulness to the hearts of the less fortunate inmates of the prison, with the relation of his adventures, by which many an evening hour was got rid of which would otherwise have passed wearily. The qualities to which his deliverance seemed owing in many difficul-

ties were, a spirit that never sunk in any emergency, and that instructive and instant perception of the best course in such cases, commonly called presence of mind, which so far outsteps all reasoning, and which he seemed to possess in the highest degree possible. These qualities, combined with the greatest fertility in stratagical devices, showed a genius that would have been dazzling under a better education, and in a better cause.

On one occasion, in the latter part of the contest we have described, after a hot pursuit in which all his followers were dispersed, his flight was directed as the evening fell, across a narrow and deep ravine, filled with a light copse, and short stunted bushes of hazel, in the bottom of which ran a wild and rapid torrent, crossed by one of those one-arched little bridges, which seem so much too large for their purpose in summer, and yet so much in danger of being carried away by the impetuosity of the mountain floods in winter. His pursuers reinforced by fresh men that fell

in by the way, were rapidly gaining ground on him and had kept up the chase with so much spirit, that for the last half hour notwithstanding the closeness of the country they scarcely for a moment lost sight of him. His fate seemed now certain. The soldiers but a few yards behind, sure of their prey, came down the hill towards the bridge, with eager shouts, and delivering themselves to the impulse of the steep descent, rushed onwards with all the impetuosity, and force, which that circumstance aided by the utmost muscular exertion, could give, evidently with the purpose of taking him at the moment, when his speed must slacken with the opposite ascent, and theirs would be at its highest, at this instant, instead of crossing the bridge, he slightly changed his course, and slipped under the arch. They almost immediately perceived their error, but the mistake was fatal. In the next moment, nearly, he had disappeared from them. A few shots from overheated and breathless men, as they caught the last glimpse of him at some

distance, were not much to be feared, and the exploit ended in mutual upbraidings, and disputes among the soldiery, as they returned, each laying the blame of the failure on some one, or all of the rest.

This was an instance in which his escape was due singly to his own ingenuity and exertion, but of the many he had, the greater number were mainly owing to the good faith and attachment of his followers. There were many circumstances in his relation of these transactions, which shewed that this attachment was of the strongest kind, and to this was probably to be attributed, the fact of his having been so often brought out of peril in which another would have perished. His deliverance from one of these dangers in particular, was attended with a degree of self-devotion, so extraordinary on the part of one of them, that very few instances on record will bear to stand by its side.

The name of this person we cannot at present call to mind. He was originally from the County of

Antrim, and after having enlisted and served some years in the army, deserted and joined the insurgents. He was a wiry and sinewy fellow, of great activity, and considerable muscular strength for his appearance. His frame was thin, but well knit, and somewhat above the middle size. In his action and manner he was somewhat flighty, wild, and sudden, which made the men consider him not quite right in his mind, yet he never shewed any signs of irrationality, and indeed whatever he was intrusted with was executed with a ready and prompt tact, which was seldom exhibited by those who were supposed to possess much more ability. At such times too, his whole mind seemed absorbed in the business he was engaged in, and that to such a degree, as to make him apparently quite disregard any danger attending it, except, in so far as his safety was essential to the success of what was given to his charge. This, together with the extreme, yet seemingly thoughtless tact, with which every thing was executed—a circumstance which was considered not inconsistent with the

conduct of one whose mind was not entire, tended rather to confirm the suspicion we have alluded to, which was also in some degree strengthened by his abrupt and rapid utterance, when speaking, his indisposition to conversation when unoccupied, and the sudden and unbridled flights of a quick small grey eye, which darted from place to place, and from person to person, without any rest. By his obligingness, and a disposition far away from all selfish feeling, he had endeared himself to the men, to whom he seemed much attached, and who usually distinguished him by the title of "Antrim Jack," from the county of his birth. The strongest feeling, however, of which he seemed capable, was exercised towards O'Dwyer, to whom he seemed to attach himself with an unbounded and even wonderful affection, that shewed itself in the most minute and circumstantial attention to his comforts and wishes, and even to his slightest feelings. These attentions were almost incessant in their occurrence, and were often so feminine in their nature, as to

awaken a troublesome degree of raillery in the rest of the men, notwithstanding their good feeling towards him, and even sometimes to make it difficult for O'Dwyer himself, to repress a smile. The effect of this oft repeated raillery, was, that eventually Antrim Jack, without any diminution of his affection, began to be ashamed of it as of something discreditable, and was driven to the uncomfortable expedient of performing most of his little offices of affection in secret, and indeed at length could only indulge himself in them, as it were by stealth, and unknown to his troublesome censors, who when they found what a degree of soreness their quizzing produced in his mind, exchanged it out of good nature for nods and winks, and a kind of slanting jest, which, though less direct, was scarcely less irritating. There was one among them, indeed, who seemed beyond the influence of this spirit of gentleness—a man named Farrel who under a feeling of envy at the partiality, real or imagined, which O'Dwyer seemed to extend to Jack, directed his

shafts with a most unsparing hand against this supposed effeminacy, and child-like fondness. Though the other men shewed an indisposition to torment him with these failings, (as he was led to think them) yet when the fire was once opened by Farrel, they could seldom refrain from flinging in a random bolt. All this Jack bore with a good deal of forbearance and in general, with a silence only broken by a few short threats muttered abruptly, which, however, were not usually carried into execution, though there were times, when to judge from the light that flashed in his unsteady and fitful eyes, the disposition to break out into sudden vengeance, seemed almost un-governable.

On the very morning after the above mentioned affair at the little bridge, O'Dwyer appeared early in the field with a band of adherents that looked fresh and hale, and more numerous than ever. The military too had turned out on that morning with a number of picked men, swift of foot, and lightly equipped, a precaution,

their experience in pursuit in this kind of warfare, had long shown them the necessity of. The disappointment of the night before only increased their eagerness for the coming contest, and the sight of their audacious and successful foe gave them a keen longing to be at odds with him, arm to arm again. After a sharp conflict, in which the rebels fought with that wild and impetuous daring, which sometimes distinguished them, they were completely routed, and obliged to fly in detached parties through the rocky passes of the country. The experience of the military had taught them not to look upon this as a victory, and accordingly they entered on the pursuit with all the energy that willing minds and hardy limbs, enabled them to muster. After very severe and prolonged exertion, however, they were obliged to give in without obtaining much additional advantage. The rebel general, with a few of his adherents, among whom either in success or failure, Antrim Jack might be always numbered, having far outstripped them,

reached a half ruined cabin at the skirts of a wood where he determined to pass the night which was already falling.

In the course of this pursuit, O'Dwyer while the soldiers were close behind, looked back, and thought he perceived distinct signs of a communication between Farrel and one of them. As he had observed a little jealousy on the part of Farrel towards Antrim Jack, he did not wish to give him the additional mortification of being reprov'd in his presence, and therefore sent the latter out, on some pretext before he called him up to make enquiry about it. He thought this step the more necessary, as he had observed that Farrel's disposition was proud and passionate, and exhibited a good deal of low cunning and craft, together with a large share, also, of that shallowness of mind that so commonly attends it, qualities of mind that would make such a mortification, more galling.

"Farrel," said he, "what signs were those I saw pass between you and the soldier to day?"

“What soldier?” said Farrel.

“The fellow that was next behind you.”

“When?” said Farrel.

“In the beginning of the chase, when they were close to us, as we came through the Scalp.”

“Oh, nothing, sir,” said Farrel.

“Come, come,” said O’Dwyer, “that fellow said something to you, tell me what was it.”

“A pinch o’ snuff he wanted,” said Farrel.

“A pinch of snuff? said O’Dwyer with surprise.

“Yes,” said Farrel.

“Do you tell me that the fellow asked you for a pinch of snuff?”

“Yes,” said Farrel.

“Nonsense!” said O’Dwyer.

“Faiks, its throe for me,” said Farrel, “sure you don’t think ’tis a lie I’m telling?”

“I’m quite sure of it,” said O’Dwyer.

“Egad then, you needn’t,” said Farrel.

“Well,” said O’Dwyer, “you’re a pleasant fellow.

The king's troops chase you for half the length of a day, and seek your life with might and main. You do your utmost to preserve it by flight, and in the very height of this pursuit, and when you are hardest pressed, the fellow who is nearest to you, is unreasonable enough to expect you will oblige him with a pinch of snuff! Do you want me to beleive you man!" he said, as the picture stared him in all its absurdity.

"I do," said Farrel, "that's what he wanted."

O'Dwyer paused, and then after some moments said :

"And when he asked you for the pinch of snuff what did you say to him?"

"I told him I wouldn't said Farrel, nor as much as would make a bee sneeze."

"Well," said O'Dwyer smiling, "you were true to your colours at any rate."

"What?" said Farrel.

"I say," said O'Dwyer, with more distinctness,

“you did not desert your colours, you refused him the pinch of snuff.”

Farrel coloured slightly as his commander said this, and there was a pause for some moments.

“Tell me, Farrel,” said O Dwyer, after looking into his face for some time, with a glance that few, even of the guilty could withstand, “did he offer you any thing in return for the pinch of snuff?”

Farrel coloured again slightly, and said he did not.

“Well, this was still more unreasonable, when a man asks a pinch of snuff of a person, he has no right to expect it from, one would think he'd feel himself bound to give something in return. And did he promise you nothing?” said O'Dwyer, continuing his searching glance.

Farrel was silent.

O'Dwyer paused for some time. “Well Farrel,” he said at length in an altered tone; “All I wish to say to you at 'present, is, be cautious how you hold

any communication with these soldiers. Be on your guard I warn you. I have some reason to know what the pinch of snuff was, that fellow asked you for; it is a kind of snuff that has made these soldiers sneeze more than once, and may perhaps make them do so again; you may go."

Farrel was about to offer something in explanation, but was stopt by O'Dwyer, who saw there was no probability of obtaining any further acknowledgement from him. The circumstance was suspicious to say the least of it, but O'Dwyer, who always depended much upon his own personal exertion, thought it unnecessary to take any further step than to watch him closely, and keep him as much as possible about his own person.

Farrel was evidently dissatisfied at the manner in which he came out of this examination. The bantering form in which O'Dwyer put his questions, and the altered and serious tone with which he concluded, perplexed him not a little. He remained long moody,

sullen, and silent, and it was only some time after O'Dwyer went out in the moonlight, to take his customary glance from some elevated spot, before retiring to his hardy couch on the earthen floor, that he could bring himself to take part in a conversation that occurred among the men, on their present condition and prospects, which the harassing nature of the day's duty, made a natural topic.

"I never was more in humour for a sleep in all my life, than I am after to-day's run," said one of them as he lay down and stretched himself across the place the fire had lately occupied. "Egad this place is desperately hot after the fire. I suppose some of us will be taught to dance a new step in the air, to military music—others will meet with as good luck as Ned Sheehy of Dromin."

"What happened him?"

"Why, he was known for a notorious night-walker, and like our General here, they were looking for him night and day, for months, and could never catch him

At last they put a few lines in the paper, to say, that if the nearest relation of the late Jerry Sheehy, (a cousin of his that was at say, and wasn't dead at all at all,) would come to some office in Dublin, he'd hear of something to his advantage. Poor Ned was always very covetous for money, so he went there, and they pinned him. When he axed 'em what he had to learn to his advantage, they told him he ought to have been hanged long ago, but they'd only transport him for life—"

"Well, I dont think they kept terms with him," said the inquirer." §

"Why so?"

"Because I'd rather be hanged, than be transported for life. I dont think he heard anything to his advantage."

"So Ned thought too; first he wanted them to hang him—at least he wanted to have a toss up with them—head or harp whether it should be double or quit, hanging or nothing; but they would not agree to

it, and so Ned abused them, and called them cowards, and they parted. He went to Botany bay, poor fellow, and they went about more tricks of the same kind."

"And which would you prefer, Will?" said Farrel to the last speaker, "hanging or transportation."

"Egad I dont know," replied the other, "I never gave my mind much to the matter—I wouldn't like either of them—Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Farrel, "I have no fancy myself, for either one or the other, whatever Antrim Jack may do. I'll be off to-morrow."

"I never doubted you," said Jack, "I never saw you but throwing cold water on every thing we have in hand."

"Why, what do you expect?" said Farrel. "Do you ever expect to have the comfort of dying in your bed?"

Whether from any previous contemplation, or from whatever cause, it would seem as if this question had lighted on Jack's mind with a more serious feeling,

than any such enquiry could be expected to produce, on a character such as his. He paused for some time, and then, with a countenance and tone, that betrayed a deeply altered state of thought and feeling, he said:

“I wouldn’t care much, whether I did or not, if it wasn’t for those I’d leave after me.”

“Who would you leave after you?” said Farrel in his customary tone of raillery.

“I know what you mean by your question,” said Jack in a melancholy tone, “you mean the general, and all I have to tell you is, and I don’t care who knows it, that whatever end the general comes to, Jack will come to the same, and at the same time. If he’s shot or taken, you’ll find me somewhere near him. If it wasn’t for him, I’d think but little of death. I know,” he continued with an expression of feeling his voice seldom assumed, “I know it is a comfort, a great comfort, to die in one’s bed. I was near it once, and I often thought since, when I had a narrow

escape of being shot, or spear'd, or hang'd, and it came into my mind afterwards, to think of death in different ways, which it seldom does. I often thought that a man can have no comfort so great as to die in his bed with his friend sitting near him. For all this, I tell you I would not value it much, but for what I mentioned, and as you asked me the question Terr," he said with earnestness, "I'll tell you that I hope and trust with God's blessing—I hope and trust, and I have every hope of dying in my bed. I hope we'll all live long and happy and that we'll all die in our beds,"

Jack had seldom, indeed scarcely ever, made so long a speech before, and it was with some surprise that the men heard him avow himself under the influence of a feeling, which certainly his conduct would never have indicated the existence of. The hope with which he concluded—so deeply felt—so earnestly expressed—was doomed to be grievously disappointed.

The candid avowal of his strong attachment to O'Dwyer, was not sufficient to protect him from Farrel's ridicule, and it was probably this circumstance that made the raillery of this evening fall more sharply upon his nerves than any thing of the kind had ever done before. He became extremely irritated. His eyes flashed, and flew with incessant activity from one object to another—first he endeavoured to beat Farrel at his own weapons, but the complete coolness of the latter entirely disconcerted him. At length he lost all controul, and seizing a rugged faggot that lay near, dashed it at him with such a sudden and dexterous aim, that notwithstanding an equally sudden motion of avoidance, it came upon his side with so much violence as at once to take away his breath, and destroy utterly the equanimity with which he had hitherto proceeded. Farrel was now roused in his turn, and snatching up the knotted weapon with which he had been assailed, proceeded to inflict summary chastisement. A scuffle ensued

attended with so much noise, that it reached O'Dwyer's ears, who entered the cabin with a face of much anxiety. He separated the combatants before Farrel had effected his purpose, and with some severity of manner inquired into the cause of the dispute.

After much questioning, however, he could not obtain a satisfactory account.

"Who began this?" he asked at length, angrily. "Farrel, I saw you attacking Jack, what was that about?"

"When he hit me a blow o' that root," said Farrel, "that would kill a horse."

"Jack, what did you hit him for?" said O'Dwyer.

"When he wouldn't let me alone," said Jack, "he's for ever gibin' at me."

"What right had you to hit me?" said Farrel. "Wasn't that a purty instrument to hit a man with?" said he furiously, holding up the root towards O'Dwyer.

"Dear knows twould'nt hurt a chicken what I done to him," said Jack.

“For heavens sake, what was all this about?” said O’Dwyer with impatience. “Neville, you were looking on and can tell. How did it begin?”

“Indeed,” said Neville twasn’t worth a bean what was between them, ’twas a foolish falling out between friends—Terr there, was taken’ fun out o’ Jack—Jack did’nt like it, and gave him a touch o’ that instrument as Farrel called it, in the side—Terr took offence at that then, and thought to have his revenge, and so they tangled in one another as you found ’em when you come in, and—”

“He’s for ever at me,” said Jack, “and I often tould him to let me alone.”

O’Dwyer] was greatly irritated,—“Farrel, said he, what do you mean by all this?—you’re the most worthless fellow I ever met. This morning I wanted you to catch that fellow they sent into town with letters, and you came back without him. Then you tell me a lying story about a soldier asking you for a pinch of snuff, when I well know what he wanted; and now,

when our dangers are run to the very highest, you raise a quarrel and make a noise that may bring the military upon us, who I find are not three hundred yards off. I wish to heaven," said he vehemently, "I never had any thing to do with you."

"What more can a man do than his best," said Farrel.

"You could have told the truth," said O'Dwyer, "you didn't do that."

"I did," said Farrel sullenly.

"You did not," said O'Dwyer, "and you know you did not. I do not believe one word of what you told me, about that soldier."

"Well," said Farrel, sulkily, "if you dont like me, cant you get others to do your business."

"If I had got others to do it," said O'Dwyer, much irritated, "when I gave it to you, they would not have failed. I'm heartily sorry, twas'nt Jack I sent."

"Oh, aye," said Farrel insolently ; "Jack is the great man with you, there's no one like Jack in your mind,

Jack here—and Jack there. That I might'nt then, but I'll be even with Jack."

"How dare you," said O'Dwyer enraged, "have the insolence to say such a thing in my presence. How do you dare to let me hear such words from you—look ! Farrel," he continued more calmly, "I warn you now in time, if I find you injure a hair of Jack's head I tell you, you'll repent it."

Here, Jack pulled O'Dwyer by the coat, and whispered him something apparently with the view of moderating his anger.

"I dont care a pin," said O'Dwyer, "what right had he to go on with his nonsense, and raise this row in the difficulties we are hourly brought into by these soldiers. Farrel," he continued, "I have no hesitation in telling you, I'm not satisfied with you, and that we must part."

"I'm satisfied," said Farrel, rising in a rage, "and the sooner the better. I'll leave you this instant."

"No," said O'Dwyer, "not to night, you'll stay here

to-night, when the morning comes, you may be off as early as you please."

"I'll be off this moment," said Farrel, in a paroxysm of anger. "I'll not stop here, for any man living."

"Take care my good fellow," said O'Dwyer, in a firm and determined manner, "how you dispute my orders you know my trials are short, and my justice sudden; sit down I advise you, and take care, how you dispute my orders."

Farrel knew O'Dwyer's manner, when he was determined to be obeyed, and he had seen more than once the consequences of disobeying him. He sat down in a moody passion, and passed the evening in sullen silence. O'Dwyer went out once again to make his last dispositions for the night. He sent the men each to a different lurking place, set Neville on guard, outside the cabin, and lay down on the floor, a great coat flung over him, with Farrel at his feet, and Antrim Jack as usual by his side.

The slumbers of that night, were probably deeper

than usual, for it was only after having been repeated two or three times, that the low whippers of Jack, caught O'Dwyer's attention, when he asked him if he heard any noise.

"No," said he, "I did not, Farrel get up, and see if it is day. Do you hear me, Farrel!"

There was no answer from Farrel, after repeated calls.

"Terr," said Jack in a low voice, "don't you hear the General calling you—Terr again—Terr—how sleepy you are man—Terr I say."

But there was still no answer, and after groping about in the dark for some time. they became satisfied that he was not in the cabin.

"How could he have got out," said O'Dwyer, "surely I fastened the door, so that it could not open."

"It did not either," said Jack.

"Then how could he have got out!"

After some further search, they discovered an opening in the wall, into which a large stone had been

dragged, that was recently displaced. Through the opening, they became convinced that Farrel had passed.

“The treacherous villain ” said O’Dwyer, “I knew by his black look last night, that he had something in his mind.”

“But how could he get out unknown to us,” said Jack, “and through so small a hole too, I never thought Farrel was so handy.”

“Oh the rogue—some of my training—but if I catch him, I’ll be even with him. We must be off out of this presently—run out and call Neville. I wonder how that scamp could escape unknown to him.”

Jack was about to open the door, when looking through a slit in it, he suddenly ran back to O’Dwyer, and said with a hurried utterance, but in a low voice.

“Oh General—the soldiers! we’re pinned!”

“Where?” said O’Dwyer.

“Outside—round about the house!”

“Ha!—so ’tis late already—but what’s become of Neville?—let’s see.”

The day had just broke, and O'Dwyer on looking out beheld his poor sentinel, a captive, and in forgetfulness of his condition, looking towards the door with a countenance of wretched sympathy. He directed Jack's attention towards him, who gazed at him for some time, and appeared to be touched by the expression of concern, he saw in his face. "Poor fellow!" said he. "It is like him."

Neville's look of generous distress, was not without cause. He had heard the party, which consisted of about thirty men, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, discussing the manner in which O'Dwyer was to be drawn out of his present position, as they all knew an attempt to do so by open force, would be dangerous and bloody, if not entirely unsuccessful; some of the hardiest among them, were for adopting this course, and breaking in the door boldly on him, but the more timid, encouraged the cowardly and savage proposition of setting fire to the building and compelling him to leave it or die there. This

proposal was urged, and discussed, in the midst of much brutal levity, on the part of the soldiery, who could not conceal their satisfaction at having their enemy, at length, in their power, and it was with extreme anguish, that Neville saw it at length universally agreed upon.

It was determined, however, first to try if he would surrender peaceably, and one of the party approached the door with orders from the serjeant, to call upon him "to lay down his arms and submit."

The sharp voice, and rapid utterance of Antrim Jack was heard presently in reply.

"It's what the General bid me tell ye, said he, "if ye wanted the arms, to come in he says and take 'em."

"Well said, master spokesman," said one of the soldiers, "perhaps we'd find a means of bringing down your high note though, and coaxing ye out o' that,—you, and your General, as you call him. Do you know how to catch rabbits?"

"Eh?" said Jack.

“Do you know how to catch rabbits, I say?”

“I believe its funnin’ me you are—what would I know about them?”

“Oh—you don’t know then?”

“No, I don’t said Jack—I have something else to do.”

“Oh, well, I’ll teach you.” “You smoke them out of the holes, when you can’t get them to come out otherwise. Do you see?”

“Oh yes,” said Jack drily, when your ferrets get cowardly, and are afraid to follow them.”

“Very good, my boy—very good, we’ll find ferrets that will match you though, I promise you—indeed we will.”

O’Dwyer, soon became aware of their savage purpose. Thick wreaths of smoke began to enter the dwelling, and rise to the top, from the four corners at once. After an examination, which shewed him that the house was completely invested, he made as good a preparation as he could, with Jack’s assistance, for

resisting any attempt upon the door. More than once indeed, he began to consider, whether it would not be better to stake all upon a determined sally and a vigorous attempt to cut through his foes, but the chance of success in this, seemed so slight, that he determined not to put it in practice just then. He therefore warned Jack of his designs, and waited by the door, until some accident of fortune should make this course appear more feasible, or until they should be otherwise driven to adopt it.

“ ’Tis easy to see,” said he, “ there isn’t an *officer*, among them. You never see these things done in the presence of a gentleman. Ho! look at Farrel! look at the wretch !”

Jack looked through the broken door, and beheld his late, but faithless associate. He was standing among the soldiery, who having no further occasion for his services, jostled him about headlessly, while they indulged in the rude jests, their present triumph inspired. His fit of passion had done its worst, and

was entirely gone, and as he sometimes looked towards the door, O'Dwyer was able to perceive the ghastly and wretched attempts at levity, with which he joined in their jokes, and endeavoured to crush the feeling that followed, for even he, false as he played him, was not without a certain attachment for his master. This remorseful feeling was rendered more keen by the contemptuous neglect of those around him, and by the dreadful destiny, to which he saw his brave and affectionate commander now consigned.

"Jack," said O'Dwyer, in a low voice, "mind the door, and watch close. If the least opening occurs at any point, be ready in an instant to cut through them."

Jack's attention seemed absorbed by Farrel, and his answer was not to the purpose. "General," he asked after a pause, "Isn't it a horrid thing to see him thrying to laugh that way?"

The flames soon raged with extreme fierceness, and rose from the building in a lofty pyramid of intense light, which in the grey of the morning twilight cast a

strange glare over the green of the trees around, while all looked on with the dead silence of feverish and anxious expectation. Every thing now tended to the consummation of their wishes. This was evidently the concluding scene, and they were determined not to be tricked again—their enemy was at last within their grasp, and they looked forward to the closing act of this dreadful drama, with the deep set and dire appetite of hungering vengeance, about to be fully sated. Hopeless—utterly hopeless beyond all previous times, as his situation now appeared to be, no expedient that the united thought of many could suggest, as likely to be adopted by him in this, his last extremity, was left unprovided for, and even the wild idea, that he might ascend through the column of flame and dense white smoke that arose from the crackling rafters of the ruined building, was not deemed too extravagant for his matchless daring. A number of men were placed at short distances round the house who stood in an attitude, with their pieces ready cocked

and half presented, but by far the greater portion of them arranged themselves in a semicircle round the door, where a sortie was expected, the nature of which they could well imagine, and which they prepared to meet with the decision, befitting such an attempt.

Meanwhile the sufferings of O'Dwyer and his companion were almost beyond endurance. They had a plain view of the enemy, whose designs they could easily understand, and who was posted outside, at a deadly advantage. The conflagration had now reached its full strength, and besides what they suffered from the tormenting fire which raged a few feet above, and poured down its rays with intolerable fury upon them, they could only find as much breath, as would support existence, by lying along the floor, where the smoke and suffocating vapours, were less dense—but even this, they were unable to continue long, for the black and sooty substance, that lined the inside of the roof, fell like burning pitch upon their persons, and setting their clothes on fire, added dreadfully to their torture.

They in some degree sheltered themselves from this fiery shower, by placing a small deal table that lay in the house, in the middle of the floor, and creeping under it—but this like the rest of the building was soon wrapped in flames, O'Dwyer had watched in vain for some moment, when the vigilance of the soldiers might give them an opportunity of bettering their condition, by a determined sally, but after some time he gave up all hope of any such occasion, presenting itself. It became evident indeed, that the moment that was to decide their fate, was fast approaching—for the last few moments, they lay with their faces to the earth, in silent suffering, but they now began to meditate on the necessity of bringing matters at once to a conclusion. When at length, O'Dwyer laid his hand on Jack's shoulder to warn him of the necessity of this, and give him his latest instructions, he found him to his surprise in tears.

“Jack!” said he—for shame!—what ails you?”

“General,” said Jack looking at him affectionately,

his eyes swimming in tears. "'Tis all up with us."

"Well," said O'Dwyer and suppose so—let us meet it like men—why, Jack! I'm surprised at you!"

"Oh," said Jack, "wiping the tears from his eyes with his thin and skinny fingers—"sure you dont think 'tis for myself I'm this way. No—but it goes to my heart to think that you—that you should fall into the hands of these fellows."

"My poor fellow!" said O'Dwyer, very much moved,—“I'm very much obliged to you, but you know we must make up our minds to these things when they come; others have borne them in their time, and so will we."

"Oh aye," said Jack, "if it was myself only, I'd be satisfied."

He laid his face to the earth again, and O'Dwyer perceiving the extravagance of his grief, tried to console him."

“Jack,” he said,—“this is ridiculous, I never expected with any confidence to die a natural death, therefore you must not think I make much of this; you have often heard me say that any bully may brave the appearance of death, but it is a man of true spirit only that will face its reality. I would be quite unworthy of your kind feeling for me if such speeches were false and hollow, and made but for some occasion. No!—whatever pains I may have taken to perserve my life, I was always ready to meet death if it came—say a prayer like a good fellow, and think no more about me.”

“Jack replied only by a low moan, and O’Dwyer continued.—

“We must start from this place presently,” he said, “and remember, if we are to be taken we must be taken dead, and dearly—give me your hand,”

Jack did not seem to attend to this speech, but it was scarcely ended when he suddenly caught O’Dwyer’s hand between both of his, and looking him in the face, said, earnestly and rapidly.

“ Oh ! I have it, I know how we'll manage it.”

“ How so ?” said O'Dwyer.

“ We'll take them by surprise this way, I'll run to the door first—they have all their pieces ready.—I'll make a run out suddenly, and they'll all fire at me you'll make a run then—they'll have nothing left for you in their guns, and you'll get off.”

“ And leave you dead,” said O'Dwyer—no—no.”

“ And why not ?” said Jack,—“ we'll both die you know, otherwise.”

“ Oh !” said O'Dwyer, “ 'tis very good of you to think of this, but t'will never do.”

“ Why not ?” said Jack.

“ Oh ! no matter.”

“ Oh,” said Jack, “ you don't know how little I'd think of it.”

“ I do, Jack, know very well how little you'd think of it, and that's one of the reasons why I can't listen to it. No, no, we have done as good a turn for them more than once, though not so brutally, their turn is come

now, and they're heartily welcome to it. Besides, you have as good a right to your life as I have to mine, if you go to that of it."

"E'ye," said Jack, "what is my life to yours?"

"Why 'tis as good to you as mine is to me."

"No, nor half," said Jack, "I never had much pleasure out of it. Do general, be said by me! if I'm taken, as I surely will be, I'll be shot as a deserter."

"And if I'm taken, I'll be shot as a rebel—what's the difference?"

"But if you're not taken," said Jack.

This contest was carried on, as may be supposed with extreme rapidity. Antrim Jack was urgent—protested over and over again his determination to die there, whether O'Dwyer consented to his proposition or not, and once or twice threatened to run out and meet his fate on the instant. It is impossible to tell what motive influenced O'Dwyer eventually to yield to his entreaties; if he did give a satisfactory account of

them in his narrative the explanation has not reached us. That he did, however, at last allow himself to be prevailed upon is certain. When his consent was at length won, he listened to Jack's instructions, which were given with many an earnest prayer, that he would follow them accurately. As the moment came round in which they were to be put into execution, Jack grasped O'Dwyer's hand in a final and affectionate farewell, and prepared himself.

As they were about to start from their position, however, a suspicion seemed to cross his mind. He turned back—caught O'Dwyer's hand firmly—looked in his face, and said, with a touching earnestness:

“You're not going to deceive me, now, General?—are you?”

“How so?” said O'Dwyer.

“I'm afraid,” said Jack, “you have it in your mind to run to the door along with me, and spoil all.”

“My poor fellow,” said O’Dwyer, “I thank you more than ever, but I had no such intention.”

“God bless you,” said Jack, “and don’t think of such a thing,—’Tis the only favour you can ever grant to Jack to do as he asks you now. If you refuse it to him, you never will have it in your power to oblige or disoblige him again. General, dont think of it.”

“My poor fellow,” said O’Dwyer, “who was touched by the earnestness with which he sought this extraordinary boon, “I have promised you I would not.”

“God bless you,” said Jack, “I am satisfied, and happy.”

The final moment came speedily. Jack started up quickly, and placed himself behind the door, which was already in flames, while O’Dwyer took his place beside him. He knew the withdrawing of the bolt would be the signal to the soldiers for their last preparation, and he took care to do this with sufficient

distinctness to make it clearly heard. A cheer of horrid triumph from without, assured him that he had attained this object, and immediately, every piece was levelled with fearful steadiness, and better directed aim to the door way; but he waited a little until a few, who heard the cheering, and seemed to understand it, ran round and took their places, and gave their pieces the same direction. At this instant the door was flung wide, and the appalling figure of Antrim Jack, black, burning, and hideous, appeared amid a volume of smoke and cinders, for a moment before them. There was an air of excitement about him; a strange wild kind of light was in his eyes, and an expression of pleasure on his half destroyed features, which those who looked on him in that passing moment could not understand the meaning of. He sprung forward and they fired—the entire charge of every gun—powder, flame, ball, passed through his body, which fell motionless among them. O'Dwyer took notice that he seemed to fling himself on his side as he went

down, as if with the wish to see the event, but the body never moved again. At this moment, and while they were yet unprepared, O'Dwyer rushed forth. A blow or two from his powerful arm, sent to the earth with dreadful violence, a few who were daring enough to fling themselves in his way. In the confusion that followed, and while the smoke still lingered around them, some struck wildly with the butt ends of their musquets, which meeting those of their fellow soldiers, made a dreadful crash ; others made fierce and unmeasured thrusts of the bayonet at him as he passed, but stumbling over the dead body, only hurt their companions. There were some wild shouts of anger and disappointment, a short pursuit, and in the brief space of a few seconds, the magnanimous purpose of his faithful and fallen companion was accomplished.

At the conclusion of the tale, and while all were admiring the devoted fidelity and heroism of the unfortunate Jack, the narrator bethinking himself of his song cast his eyes on the ceiling, in quest it would seem of some dimly remembered melody, and after a rather long and perplexed pause, hesitatingly observed :

“ As I believe, gentlemen, our rules do not restrict us to our national music, I shall give you a song, written by a friend of mine, for a very popular Scotch air, Roy’s Wife of Aldavalloch.”

A general clapping of hands announced the gratification of the company at the proposal, upon which as soon as the noise subsided, the Tenth Juror sung as follows :

I.

Know ye not that lovely river ?

Know ye not that smiling river ?

Whose gentle flood,

By cliff and wood,

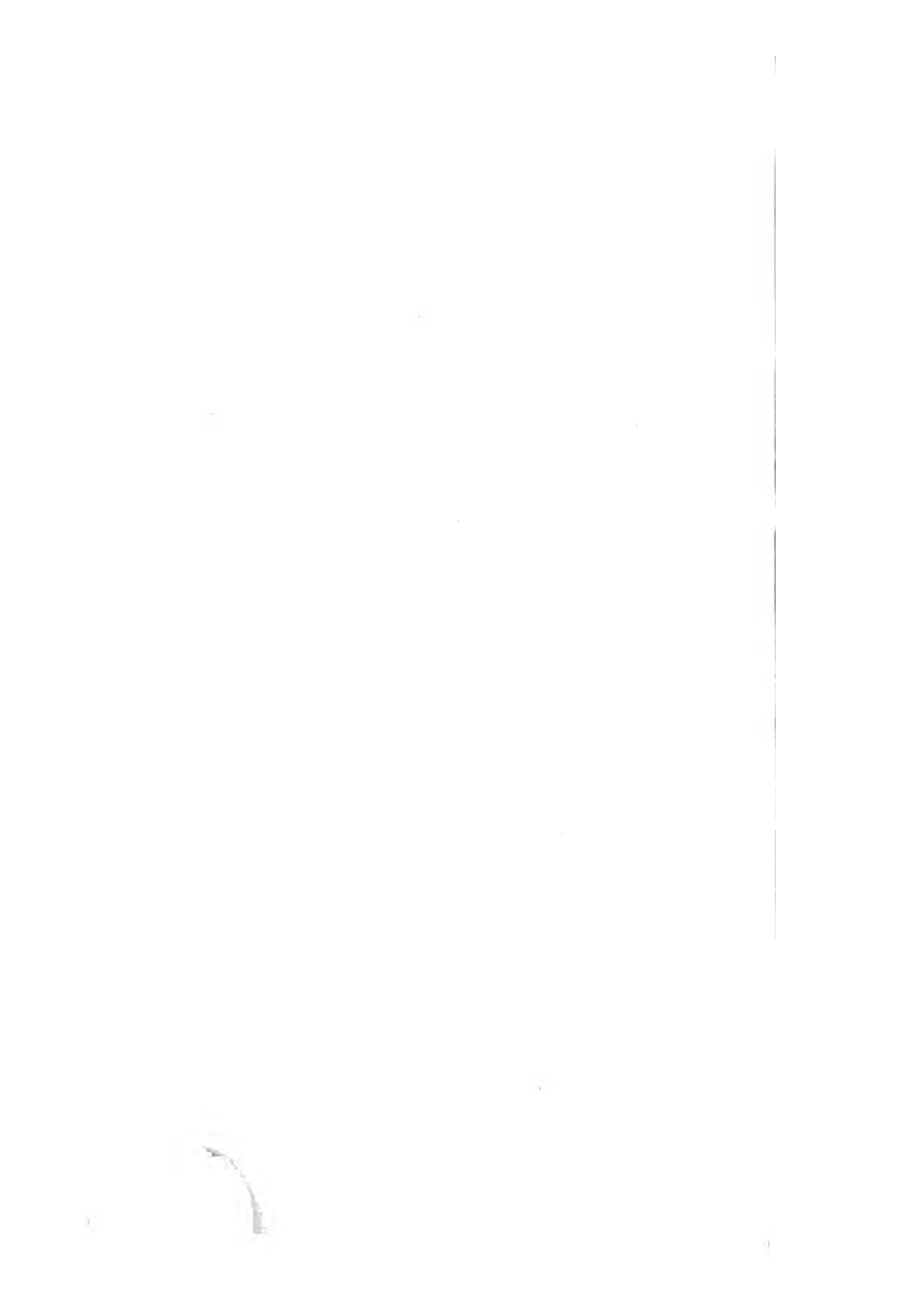
With wildering sound goes winding ever.

Oh! often yet with feelings strong
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize its murmuring song,
For by my childhoods home it wanders.
Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever,

II.

There's music in each wind that flows
Within our native woodland breathing,
There's beauty in each flower that blows
Around our native woodland wreathing.
The memory of the brightest joys,
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys
The present vainly sheds around us .
Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood,
With wildering sound goes winding ever.

At the conclusion of the song, which was received with the usual plaudits, the gentleman whose turn came next, on being called upon, related the following story.



THE ELEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE PROPHECY.

GAOLER—"Come Sir, are you ready for death?"

POSTHUMUS—Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

GAOLER—Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready."

CYMBELINE, ACT V. SCENE III.



THE PROPHECY.

“IN a ramble,” said the Eleventh Juror, “which I once made, to visit the many beautiful lakes, that, far away from the ordinary route of the traveller, lie hidden in the depth of wild and lonely mountains in the County of Clare, I was entertained one night, at the house of a country gentleman, Captain O’Kelly of Kilgobbin, upon whose hospitality accident had thrown me. He had overtaken me in the midst of a thunder shower, while endeavouring to make my way through a mountain pass leading from one of the lakes,

and observing that I was like himself, on foot, and drenched with rain, he kindly brought me to his residence, which offered the only shelter within many miles. During the very pleasant evening I passed there, which I shall ever recollect with feelings of enjoyment, my attention was particularly caught by the appearance of a wild, grey-faced, awkward looking little serving man, who waited upon us at table. He moved backward and forward, performing his part with the utmost assiduity and interest; but the expression of his countenance never lost its sedateness, nor indicated the slightest diversion of his mind from the duty he was engaged in. All the amusing stories of my good-natured host, as well as some happy essays, if I may so call them, of mine own to pass the winters night, failed to elicit even the subdued smile in which the merriment of the table, becoming fainter and fainter as it reaches the confines of the apartment, so often expires upon the constrained countenance of the footman. Even when conducting me to my room

at bed-time, and assisting me to undress, he preserved the same mild, taciturn manner, speaking only when obliged to reply to any interrogatory of mine, and then in as few words as the occasion would admit of. My curiosity was very much excited by a demeanour so unusual, but seeing no fit means of satisfying it, and being greatly fatigued after the exertions of the day, I turned into bed, and was soon buried in a deep and dreamless sleep. I cannot tell exactly what time might have passed, when I was startled by a loud jingling noise, like the falling of fire-irons upon a flagstone. It was succeeded by a momentary silence, and afterwards by sounds as if some one was endeavouring to compose a giddy poker and tongs in their place by the hearth. Another short pause followed, and then came the murmur of a voice as if engaged in a long recital. The hour was so extraordinary for any colloquy, and the murmur continued so long, that I grew somewhat uneasy, and resolved to ascertain from whence it proceeded. Descending the

stairs in the dark, and creeping cautiously along a cold passage, I found myself at the door of the kitchen which stood half open and disclosed to my view the figure of the grave serving man on his knees near the fire, holding a string of beads in his left hand, and beating his breast unmercifully with his right. He was looking towards the ceiling and praying in an unsuppressed tone of voice, but he ran over the words so rapidly, that I could only catch the conclusion of each supplication, which, as if to avoid the monotony, was slightly varied in the repetition. The heartfelt and imploring tone in which these words were uttered, and the fervent manner in which he struck his chest at the termination of each sentence, seemed to imply some deep apprehension of impending evil, which the unfortunate man could hardly hope to escape.

→ Impressed with a feeling of strong sympathy for his unhappiness, I was about to retire, when his prayers taking a new direction, again arrested my attention. He begged that every possible blessing might attend

on his master and mistress, that their guardian angels might always protect them from harm, and in conclusion, but in a fainter and more affecting voice, he implored the assistance of the grace of Heaven that before he died himself, he might bring his heart to forgive his bitter enemy and destroyer Will Wiley. Wondering what surpassing injury the latter could have done him to occasion such deep feelings of resentment, or what circumstance could have led to his apprehensive and desponding state of mind, I at length returned to bed, and midnight having resumed its quiet, endeavoured to win back the unconscious sleep which had been so unceremoniously driven off by the sound of the falling fire-irons."

Several hours had passed, when I was startled anew by loud voices apparently in violent altercation beneath my window. Springing from the bed, and hastily withdrawing the old fashioned heavy moreen window curtains, I perceived at a little distance upon the lawn in the broad morning sunlight, the sad faced little

man, to whose devotion I had been a witness in the night time. His character and appearance were, however, entirely changed, his countenance was inflamed, his eyes sparkling, and he stood in a threatening attitude, armed with a large stone, opposite an ugly deformed, little person, who appeared rather amused than alarmed at the ferocious looks directed towards him.

“Get out o’ my sight, you hump-backed villian,” exclaimed the enraged domestic.

“Eyeh, what’s the matter, Morris,” returned the deformed quietly, elevating his arm a little, as he spoke, lest the stone might unexpectedly reach him.

“Get out o’ my sight again you informing Dane.”

“Begannies tishn’t easy Morris, you keep sitch a sharp eye on one.”

“I tell you I’m dangerous.”

“Faix, you look like it any way! I never see you in sitch a passion since the day at Clondegad.”

It seemed as if the name of the locality just adverted 'to' had some peculiarly irritating association connected with it, as it brought the indignation of the party addressed to a sudden climax, and the stone which had been long poised uncertainly in the air, was at once projected through the intervening space and passing close to the Hunchback's ear, left it a matter of doubt for some moments whether it had not clipped off a portion of that organ.

Having satisfied himself that no considerable damage was done, the Hunchback looked up with apparent astonishment at his assailant.

"Why, then, I wondher at you entirely, Mr Moran! Is it to murther me you want?"

Morris's countenance abated nothing of its fury, his face grew more red, his mouth foamed, and his eye wandered from point to point in search of another missile. But not seeing one within reach, he glanced furiously again at the deformed, and shaking his clenched fist at him, exclaimed:

“I tell you once more, you vagabond of the earth, beware o’ me! go along about your business? put the side of the country betune us, or I’ll be the death o’ you.”

“See that now,” returned the imperturbable humpback, “there’s nothing will taich some people—’tis by sitch coorses one is led to the gallis. You ought to know that Morris.”

“You ought to know it better yourself you un-hanged sinner—’tis often you earned it, late and early, spying, and murthering, and bethraying innocent craythurs that arn’t cute enough for you. Sayzur, wheu, sayzur, halloo—halloo—halloo, goød dog, good dog, good—halloo, halloo, halloo!”

These last few words were addressed to a huge shaggy newfoundland dog, who hearing an altercation going on, sprung from behind an adjoining wall to enquire into the merits of the affair. Discovering that one of the household of Kilgobbin had been subjected to some unparalled ill usage, which he in-

ferred from Morris's indignant looks and gesture, he instantly darted in pursuit of the offender. The latter whose tantalizing equanimity of manner, under all the opprobrious epithets heaped upon him, might have aggravated the ire of a saint, lost all disposition to continue his bantering, when he beheld the wide mouthed animal bounding towards him, and seized with evident terror at so unlooked for an attack, fled across the lawn, with a speed perfectly astonishing, in a person whose ill-made limbs seemed so little adapted for fleetness. Cæsar, however, was no way lazy in the pursuit, while the triumphant Morris pressed after him panting, and hallooing, sometimes pausing to take breath, sometimes to clap hands and encourage him, by gentle suggestions of the manner in which he was to treat the offender as soon as he overtook him. "Thats right Sayzur—tear him boy—tear him—good dog—halloo—halloo—halloo."

Alarmed lest any serious injury might be inflicted on the unfortunate fugitive, by so ferocious looking an

animal, I threw on my clothes, and hurrying down stairs found Captain O'Kelly already in the breakfast parlour. On describing the scene to which I had been a witness, and expressing my apprehensions for the fate of the humpback, he fell into immoderate fits of laughter, recovering from which, he assured me Old Will Wiley, as he called him, would suffer no other injury from the chase, than the long run or his own terrors might bring upon him. "Cæsar," he said, "was a most humane dog, whose worst threatenings always ended in mere sound and fury. Having related what I had seen in the night, and the pathetic manner in which the melancholy Morris deplored his unextinguishable resentment against this same Will Wiley, the Captain informed me that the story of their falling out was not only an interesting but a very curious one, and requesting me to draw a chair to the breakfast table, entertained me with the following narrative.

THE PROPHECY.



MORRIS Moran lived on the outskirts of a retired village, in the county of Clare. He was an industrious, harmless, quiet little man; and though, like Sancho Panza, not unwilling upon occasion when passion prompted to punish an adversary at fisty-cuffs, he had the reputation of being a very timid and apprehensive being. He could not well be called a coward in the usual acceptation of that term, for he felt no sense of shame or indignity in any effort, which he conceived it his duty to make, to escape personal danger, and would willingly in such instances have every thought or feeling of his mind published at the

market cross. He could never, indeed, conceive the object or utility of that self appreciation which makes men so very captious of indignity, nor had he a notion of that enthusiastic passion for earthly fame, which leads the soldier to seek

—“The bubble reputation
Even at the Cannon’s mouth.”

True glory with him lay either in avoiding or dexterously escaping from danger, and his most important study from the time he began to reason, was to discover how he could best fulfil the primary law of nature—self-preservation. This he considered to be no such easy matter as it was held to be by ordinary persons. On the contrary, with all his care and vigilance and foresight, the multiplicity of ways in which a man may be put out of existence, made it seem excessively difficult for him to accomplish his purpose of remaining a denizen of this sublunary sphere for any considerable length of time. By a life of exercise

and temperance he might perhaps for some years escape the evils of disease; by never venturing on ship board he might avoid drowning; by the ready egress from his little cabin, which two frail doors afforded, the danger of a conflagration might be averted, and a quiet harmless life might at least for a period protect him from the perils of the law. But what was to preserve him from the thousand incidental dangers inseparable from the circumstances of humanity—subject to have his cabin entered by Terryalts* at any hour of the night—to be waylaid by murderers on the highway returning from fair or market—to be run over by a restive horse—to be gored by a furious bull—or to have a fissure made in his skull, by the falling of a slate from the house top in the great town. The shades in fact of a hundred deaths stalked through his imagination like the ghosts by Richard's couch, whenever he ventured to calculate the positive chances in favour of a prolonged existence; a calculation, indeed,

* Associated bands of disturbers who went round the country breaking into houses, seizing fire arms, &c., &c.

not usually entered into by the mass of mankind (actuaries of Insurance companies excepted) with that grave consideration which its deep interest merits.

But of all the ministers of death, in a world out of which some one hourly makes an unexpected exit, none appeared so frightful to him as the implements of human warfare; and of all those implements, none so specially terrific as the barrelled gun. When one of these happened accidentally to be placed near him, he would often break out of some fit of musing, and gaze upon it with all the perplexity which one might be supposed to feel in investigating the end and aim of some complicated piece of machinery, when first introduced amongst men. He would view the lock and screws and various devices with a suspicious wonder; he would, with a sort of nervous creeping, fix his attention upon the trigger, whose dreadful click was so often the forerunner of blood and slaughter; or look down in palsied horror, like a fascinated bird, into

the small dark mouths of the barrel, as if he thought fire and thunder, without any human agency, might suddenly issue from its secret recesses. He sometimes, too, pondered in no little amazement on the prospect which a quiet monk could have proposed to himself in the invention of gun-powder, and was never fully convinced that such contrivances or discoveries originated in any thing beyond the mere pastime of busy and ingenious minds, until he saw an account of the construction of Mr. Perkins' celebrated steam gun which was capable of destroying so many hundred men a minute. He heard this invention so highly applauded by most persons, and spoken of disparagingly only by those who doubted its application on a larger scale, or the probability of its effecting an extent of slaughter proportioned to any increase of magnitude, that he began at length to suspect man was a much more bloody and ferocious animal than he had at all imagined.

The early period of Morris's life was the golden

passage of his existence during which he knew neither pain nor trouble. When in the gloom and mistrust of after times he glanced back in recollection over its many sunny hours, he felt as if the better age of the world had gone by with his boyhood, and the future was to be to him one dark struggle with the iron destinies of a corrupt generation. Alas! for the days when he sprung from his bed in the morning, like the lark from the nest, as the slanting beams from the eastward brought announcement of the dawn! when he whistled along the fields amidst dew and perfume and health breathing airs, too full of the blessings which nature offers to us so freely and often so vainly to entertain an earthly care or sorrow, when he whirled his hurly on the soft green turf, and sent the exulting ball bounding away from its pursuers; or essayed at innocent display in the evening dance, when all the happy young hearts of the village were assembled round the bag-pipes at the meeting of the roads. There were then no police.—no soldiery to disturb his

thoughts by day, or bring him an unquiet dream by night. The plough was seen dividing the furrows, or the spade turning up the soil, where dragoons were afterwards seen daily galloping with brandished broadsword in pursuit of the terror stricken peasantry and the toil worn labourer rested on the hill-side on his way home, watching the sun going down in the far waters of the west, without fear of the Curfew.

Before touching on the events of the perilous times more strictly connected with our present story, it is necessary to advert to an incident, which, though occurring in the earlier and happier period of Morris's life, made an impression on his mind that in some degree influenced his after fortunes.

It happened on some one of those long-gone November eves, which, while yet a youth, he had spent in his father's cabin, that a number of persons young and old, were gathered round a blazing fire, a merry making, in honour of the festival. It was a

scene of fun and uproar rarely surpassed even on so moving a night. At one side of the hearth stone, were sly-faced maidens, intently watching the burning of some nuts, with which their fortunes were wound up, and giving notice now and then, when an explosion took place, by peals of laughter reverberated from the rafters. At the other, was a party equally delighted at the merry game of snap-apple, and in the center of the floor, most boisterous of all, the younger fry stripped to the waist, amusing themselves by diving their heads into a tub of water, after a huge floating red-streak* which was to become the prize of him, who should bring it up in his mouth. Behind the revellers, and a little apart, were seated the grave and reverend seniors of the assembly, with their ancient partners, who entered into the enjoyments of the several groups, with all the zest of earlier life, though displayed in a more subdued and quiet manner. Time it is admitted, will bide no mans bidding, and the happiest hours must have an end. As the

* A variety of apple.

night wore away, the spirits of the gayest began to flag, the mirth became fainter, and several of the guests successively departed for their homes. The tired few who remained, gathered more closely round the decaying fire, and endeavoured to repel the advances of approaching sleep, by recounting strange stories of ghosts, or fairies to one another. A deaf and dumb old woman, a fortune-teller by profession, who sat huddled up in a corner, dead to the absorbing interest of the wonderful legends which engaged the attention of all around her, was the first whose drowsy notes gave notice of her passage to the land of dreams. As an example so tempting was portentive of a close to their night's amusement, it was at once agreed upon to awaken her, and for the more effectual prevention of a return of the drowsy influence, to invite a display of her prophetic skill in reference to the fortunes of the little party. Old Vauria, (so the dummy was called,) evinced sundry symptoms of displeasure at the unceremonious disturbance, and it was only after many

humiliating apologies on the part of the principals, and with much peevish asperity of manner, that she at last condescended to reveal those mysterious destinies, which to ordinary mortals lie profoundly hidden in the future. Morris happened to be the first who was pointed out to her as an interesting study. She fixed her eyes on him, with a look of intense scrutiny, that made him shrink back from the circle—paused for a few minutes, looked down thoughtfully, and then gazed upon him again. In a little while, she turned from him, broke a small branch or rod from a broom that lay near her, and smoothing the ashes on the hearth at her feet, began to trace lines in it. The deepest silence fell upon the group, as they watched with anxious curiosity, the progress of her sketch, but nothing could equal their astonishment, or Morris's horror, when there appeared, clearly delineated on the smooth grey surface before them, a lofty gallows. Some, who had little faith in the fortune-tellers gift of prescience, were amazed at the occurrence, but the

credulous majority, fully assured of her power, gazed upon the fearful design with feelings of awe and apprehension. Many offered serious conjectures—not indeed as to the nature of the prediction, for that was too apparent, but as to the manner in which it was possible for an honest boy like Morris to be brought to so nefarious an end; while others treating the matter more lightly, bandied jokes back and forward, touching the large produce of hemp for the year, the skill of certain persons in curious slip knots, or the expertness of their performances, on great public occasions. No one distinguished himself more for the brilliancy of his wit in the affair than a little Hump backed shoemaker, known by the name of Will Wiley, a sort of rustic, Sir Malachie Malgrowther, whose happiest moments seemed to grow out of the miseries of his neighbours. After all the most obvious points of annoyance to poor Morris were worn out, the Hump'd back observed in a consoling tone, “that the old ooman, sure as she always was, might be out in her

reckoning for once, and that even if she was right, the unlucky day might perhaps come late in life, and give him a longer run than many who died in their beds. 'Twas a shame to be down on the boy that way, sure all must die, young and old, handsome and contrary. The only question that was of real consequence to Morris was the time it was to happen, for, natherally enough, no one likes to be cut off in the bloom of his days." It may be imagined the effect such consoling observations had on the mind of a simple, timid, superstitious lad like Morris. He summoned up sufficient resolution at first, to join in the general merriment, pretending to regard the affair as mere pastime, but he soon grew fidgetty, his humour appeared constrained and unnatural, and at length assumed so piteous an expression, that it became quite ludicrous. Unable any longer to sustain his expiring spirits, his countenance fell, and with pale cheek and compressed lip, he shrunk back into the corner, opposite to the fortune teller, the devoted and unresisting victim of the party.

There was but one person of all present, who took no part in this unmerciful persecution,—a near neighbour of Morris' named Peter Nocten. He was much about his own own age, sat upon the same form with him in school, and was his constant playfellow out of it. Possessed of more acuteness, and much less timidity of character than Morris, he felt the greatest indignation at the cruel bantering directed against his friend, and had much difficulty in restraining himself from openly declaring his feelings on the subject. His reserved manner did not escape the notice of his companions, who, looking upon it as a tacit condemnation of their proceedings, resolved by common accord to make him their next victim. The future destiny of Peter was therefore instantly demanded of the fortune teller, and the more strenuous his objections to tempt an inquiry which had proved so distressing to his friend Morris, the more resolved did they appear to overrule them. Old Vauria, ever since the conclusion of her terrific prediction was occupied apparently in watching

the flickering light of the burning logwood on the hearth stone ; with an expression of quiet satisfaction. She now however looked up as if to learn who next was about to make enquiry of coming events, and though unable to hear a single word that was uttered by the parties, evidently comprehended the general bearing of the discussion and the relative situation of the two friends and their tormentors. Peter's silence, his resentful expression of countenance, and utter disrelish of her art had not escaped her, and it was with a look of vindicative pleasure she now saw him dragged forward by the boisterous merry makers before the full light of the fire, that she might more faithfully read the lines which destiny had drawn in his angry countenance. After scrutinizing his features for a considerable time, with the same fixed looks which she assumed in examining Morris Moran's, she again smoothed the ashes on the hearth, and commenced a second sketch. The interest was now more intense than before : the stooping faces met in a condensed

crescent over the dummy's shoulder, and when the drawing was sufficiently advanced to admit of a conjecture as to the intention, a universal cry burst from among them. There was the gallows again, but in addition to it, close at its foot, was distinctly described a coffin with the letters P. N., on the lid. Peter, notwithstanding his natural strength of mind and his mistrust of all such pretensions to foreknowledge, was a little startled at the result, but speedily recovering his confidence, resolutely declared, "that he didn't care a rush what any ould hag like her ud draw, that she knew no more than himself what was to happen in the world, and that, if she met what she deserved, she'd be shut up in the jail be the magistrates for her lies and mischief making." There was a general exclamation against this disbelief of the mysterious gift of fortune-telling and the contempt so unhesitatingly expressed of the unconcious dummy. Sundry stories were related of the fulfilment of many of her former extraordinary predictions, which seemed

at the time as improbable as those now given, and such irresistible evidence was finally accumulated that none but the most hardened infidel could longer entertain a doubt on the subject. The certainty of the dummy's prescience being thus satisfactorily settled, the interest of the discussion naturally turned upon the interpretation which should be given of the two designs. They differed only in the circumstance of a coffin having been represented at the gallows foot, in the sketch referring to the date of Peter Nocten. The general opinion appeared to be, that the gallows in the first sketch only indicated imminent danger of death by suspicion for Morris, but, as there was no coffin, that he would finally escape, while the second design clearly intimated that the party would not only be brought to the gallows, but would actually suffer there. Morris, forgetful of the fate to which this explanation doomed the unfortunate Peter, felt for a while as if a heavy load was taken off his heart. The relief, however, proved of short continuance, for

the cobbler, who had been attentively listening to the various interpretations proposed, declared his dissent from them all; and, looking at Morris in a melancholy manner, observed, "that it went to his heart to say it, but what they were thinking of wasn't at all the maneing of the picthers the ould ooman had drawn in the ashes,—he wished to heaven it was,—but there was no going again the will o' providence, and it was our duty to submit to whatever lot is orthered for us, be it good or evil. What does it signify, after all," continued he, "whether a man gets christian burial or no when oncet the breath is out of the body."

"Oh! murther, alive! Will," exclaimed another humourist, who fully comprehended what the Humpback was driving at and was desirous of impressing it more fully on Morris', mind, "you don't main that aythur of the poor boys won't get berried in holy ground alongside their ancesthors, or what is it you understand be it."

"I'll tell you then" returned Will, "and tis the real

maneing, and nothing else ; for I'd be loth to have Morris desaid about what it is of sitch consequence to him to know. When we dont know our end, God help us, and what we're to suffer, 'tis thinken more of the doens of this world we are, then of how we're to take our lave of it. But, as I said, I'll tell you the maneing of it. The two gallowses signify that they'll both be hanged—the Lord betune us and harm! Morris I main, and Pether. The coffin at the foot o' the gallows in the drawing for Pether is a sign, that after he's cut down his body 'ill be given to his friends to be berried nathurally, like any christhian. But their being no coffin in the dhrawing for Morris, betokens that his corpse 'll be kept over by the sheriffs for the surgeons to dissect it."

This interpretation was received with a cry of horror, and the eyes of the whole party were instinctively turned upon the devoted Morris, who waxed paler and paler in the fitful firelight until his motionless features and palsied stare looked so ghastly that

some of the tender hearted of those about him became alarmed, and repented of the extreme to which they had carried their persecution. The impression the discussion had made on Peter's mind did not so readily appear. His features were perhaps paler than natural, but they underwent no other alteration, whether from a natural firmness of mind, or the momentary resolution arising from a desire to disappoint his tormenters. As soon, however, as he found himself becoming an object of such unenviable interest, he started up and flung himself from the circle round the fire with much indignation. In the precipitancy of the movement, his foot coming upon the paw of a terrier dog, who lay snoring behind him, the irritated animal, in the anguish of the moment, seized him by the calf of the leg, and inflicted a deep wound. Peter's involuntary cry startled every one, and, on learning the injury he had suffered, much real sympathy was excited, and the tide of ill nature, which had been setting against him the whole evening, now flowed in his favour full of

kindness and interest. Even the malicious humpback seemed melted to some show of humanity when he beheld the streams of blood running down Peter's leg and his features fixed and contracted with the pain. Several assisted anxiously in dressing the wound, but although the suffering was soon allayed and the leg bandaged up, there seemed to be no disposition to renew the amusements of the night; guest after guest rapidly took leave and Peter at last, leaning upon his friend Morris, proceeded for his own home.

For several months after this ill-omened evening Morris was haunted by the dummy's predictions, which the interpretation of the humpback had made so much more horrible. It was long, very long before he recovered his former tranquility of mind, or enjoyed in his rustic avocations the cheerful and contented spirit which had blessed him from his cradle. Even in an after period of life when the recollections under which he had long drooped were nearly obliterated,

new and fearful times commenced, the events of which were but too well calculated to revive his apprehensions.

Every one yet remembers the disturbances in the County of Clare, and their origin. A combination of circumstances—the want of employment—the low rate of wages—the difficulty of obtaining potatoe ground since pasture lands became so profitable—the dispossession of the cottier tenantry throughout large tracts of country—and the high price of provisions consequent on the deficient harvest of the past year—all tended to drive the destitute multitudes into that utter recklessness of consequences, which made them ready and eager for the most desperate alternative. Bound together by common suffering, and confident in their numbers, it naturally occurred to them, that by adopting a systematic plan of operation, they might accomplish the redress of their grievances themselves. By enforcing a few simple regulations on a community who were very indifferent to their destitution, it

seemed clear that they could improve their unhappy state, and restore matters to a more just and natural condition. A rate of rent was accordingly fixed upon for potatoe ground, beyond which no man dare accept a farthing—a price was determined for potatoes—a price for labour, and no man was to be dispossessed of his farm for any cause but the non-payment of rent. It was also resolved that no one should pasture more than a certain proportion of his own land, and that any infringement of the regulation, should be visited on the offender by a general levelling of the fences, and converting his whole demesne into a commonage. For all other breaches of these new rules, the sentence of death was to be inflicted without mercy. For the purpose of securing a more perfect observance of them, they obtained arms and ammunition by storming the houses of the gentry, and afterwards marched in armed bands, by night from place to place, to issue new orders or to inflict summary punishment on delinquents. When this state of

things had continued for some time, and it was no longer safe to travel to fair or market by day, or lie in ones bed by night, the attention of government was aroused, a large number of the military were poured into the county, the insurrection act was put into force, and the most remote districts were constantly patrolled by parties of horsemen or mounted police. Persons caught out of doors after sunset, or who were taken with arms or ammunition in their hands, or concealed in their houses, or against whom there was any direct information, were instantly seized, tried by a Special Commission at Ennis, and sent off to Cork for transportation. The cabins of the country people were also visited at night by the patrols, and the muster rolls of the several families which they were compelled to have pasted over their doors being called over, such as were missing became liable to the same punishment. Those severe measures, so far from terrifying the insurgents or restoring peace to the country, seemed at first to aggravate the mischief.

Night after night, houses were attacked and the inmates flogged or murdered, straggling soldiers or lone post boys, were found dead on the highways, proctors were discovered in dykes or quarries, with their skulls somewhat unceremoniously trepanned, or witnesses, floating about in some of the wild lakes for which the country is so remarkable, with bladders fastened to their ankles and their feet over water.

It may be well conceived what a change came over the spirit of the poor peaceable Morris in such perilous times. There was no neutral ground between the two contending parties, (the authorities and the people,) whereon he might set his tent and lie down in safety, or rather any shew of occupying a neutral position made him suspected of both. His luke-warmness as a loyalist, exposed him to the direct accusation of the magistrates, and his refusal to take the Terry Alt oaths, led to the prospect of certain death by the hands of his comrades,

on any night they could spare from more important assassination. If his harmless and innocent mode of life was even so apparent as to protect him from those dangers, he was liable to daily and unanswerable accusations at the whim or malice of any corrupt creature to whom he had ever given offence, or who sought government patronage by evincing extraordinary zeal in bringing criminals to justice. It was merely necessary to drop a rusty old pistol in some corner of his cabin, or to conceal a few ounces of gunpowder in the thatch, and give immediate information to the police of the fact, that such articles were in his possession, to consign him at any moment to the fatal tree. Circumstances such as these were not likely to give rise to reflections upon which even the most courageous persons could grow corpulent. It is little wonder therefore, that upon the timid Morris they should have a very contrary effect. His eye grew wandering and suspicious—his cheek became shrunk

and wan, and his limbs wasted day after day, until he almost presented a double of that celebrated specimen of a living anatomy, Claude Seurat. He was sometimes to be seen for hours sitting on a little stone bench at his cabin door, with his elbows on his knees, his temples resting between his hands, and his dilated eyes staring vacantly on the road before him—at others, wandering about near his residence, pale and dejected, starting at the appearance of a traveller, or glancing listlessly to the hills on either side, as if in resigned anticipation of some danger from which there was no possible hope of escape—or again, at night, huddled up in the chimney corner, poring intently over the dying embers, or listening with excited eye and palpitating heart whenever the faintest sounds of footsteps fell upon his ear. In these awful times it might be imagined that the disposition of even the stony hearted Cobler would become mollified, and partaking himself of the general apprehension of

danger, that he would have evinced some touch of sympathy for the sufferings of others. But strange to tell, in proportion as perils multiplied, and frequent murders and executions harrowed the hearts of all classes of the community, the spirit of the Humpback appeared to rise, and he walked the country amidst fire and bloodshed with a buoyant and elated step, as if no possible harm could befall him. Whenever he chanced to meet with the unhappy Morris, he gazed upon his emaciated figure with a look, not of compassion, nor on the other hand of delight, but as if amused at the extraordinary, and, as it seemed to him, comical change which fear could produce on poor humanity. It was some feeling of this nature perhaps, which in the worst circumstances tempted him to experiment a little further upon so susceptible an organization as Morris's and never did puss play more tantalizingly on the hopes and fears of a devoted mouse, than did this cruel deformity with his helpless victim. Sometimes

assuming a gloomy and woe-stricken look, he sympathized with him on the terrors of the times, and the utter inutility of contending against them. He would then, as if struck with a sudden recollection, ask him "did he remember the dumb fortune-teller long ago, and the picthur she drew?" On other occasions he would carelessly enquire for several of Morris's friends or acquaintances, who he knew had been hanged or transported a few days before, and start with well affected horror when informed of their fate. But it was especially in those seasons of lonely meditation, when every one else was abed, and the deep silence and darkness of Night was around Morris, that the Cobler took peculiar delight in persecuting him. It was strongly rumoured through the country that the latter had turned informer, and true or false, when once it got abroad, he had sense enough to recollect the old proverb, "give a dog a bad name &c.," and at once placed himself under the protection of the authorities. A more useful person, in every way, could not

have fallen into their hands, and as his value was well known, he was received with great favour. In a short time after he was to be seen accompanying the police in all their expeditions, and very generally acted as their interpreter at night, in visiting the cabins of the peasantry to call over the muster roll. It was the Hump back's delight on these excursions, to knock at Morris Moran's door, as if to ascertain whether he kept within, but in reality to enjoy his terror at the appearance of a large party of military about his house in the dead of the night. "He used to come to my Cabin, sir, the villyan," was Morris's expression long afterwards, when giving a detail of these visits, "with his thundering knock, just as if I was the biggest rebel in all Ireland. 'Morris,' he'd roar out—'come forward Morris, and answer to the king, sich questhins as ill be axed of you.' "I'm here gentlemen, at your sarvice," I'd cry, not pretending to know who was speaking to me. 'Is it Morris Moran, himself that's making answer,' the ould Humpback 'ud cry

again. "The very same," I'd say, replyen, "sure you can come in and see." 'That's an honest man,' Morris the vagabond would say in return, 'there's no occasion to open the door, sence you're at home where you ought to be,' upon which, they'd march off with themselves, to frighten the life out of some other poor soul."

It was in the midst of this distress, said my kind host, in continuation of his interesting narrative, that I happened to encounter poor Morris, and struck with compassion by his worn frame and dejected countenance, offered him an asylum at Kilgobbin. The man fell into extacies at the proposal, and before the sun went down upon his happiness, transferred himself and such personal effects as were of any value to him to the house you now find him in. On that never forgotten night the first tranquil sleep he had enjoyed for months visited his weary eyes, and he awoke on the following morning like one who had been transported in his

slumbers, to some happy land, where joy and sunshine had eternal reign. Though ignorant and awkward he got through such duties as were assigned to him in the family with grateful earnestness, and untaught as he was, I cannot say I had ever the least reason to repent of any kindness I had shown him.

An event came to pass about this time which shewed how uncertain are all human hopes, and how idle it is for blind and helpless mortals to struggle against their destinies. The Agrarian conspiracy had become so universal in Clare, that notwithstanding the almost daily murders and burglaries committed in various parts of the country, the levelling of boundaries, and fences and the upturning of pasture lands, scarcely an individual could be induced to give information against the offenders. The magistrates therefore had no alternative, but that of keeping patrolling parties on foot in every district, on the chance of their coming into contact with the insurgents. On some special

duty of this nature, and with a view of making arrests of suspicious persons, a party consisting of eight privates of the 5th Regiment of foot, commanded by Sergeant Robinson, and seven policemen, commanded by Sergeant Woods, left Ennis, about ten o'clock on a fine night in the beginning of May. They were all dressed in coloured clothes, that no suspicion might be entertained of their object. Taking the road to Kilrush, and travelling all night, they arrived about five o'clock in the morning, at the little village of Ballincally in this very neighbourhood of Kilgobbin, where Morris Moran had as he hoped found such secure protection. After having breakfasted at the inn, the party moved on by a mountain road at the right, and crossing to the new line of road, from Ennis to Kilrush, arrived about 8 o'clock at a well known house of entertainment kept by a woman of the name of Fanny O'Dea. During the latter part of this journey, their movements seemed to have attracted some attention. Several men along the road were observed to leave their work,

and loiter in their rear, meeting and talking to one another, with great apparent interest. On leaving O'Dea's house, a man fell in with them upon the road, who, after some conversation, the sergeant of Police thought might be of much service in giving useful information, if they could only get him on to the next police station. He therefore made signs to his men to keep him along side them, but if possible without letting it appear he was under any restraint. His object, however, there was reason to believe, was soon observed, for the crowd behind gradually increased to an alarming amount, and pressed every moment more closely upon them. Soon afterwards bodies of men armed with swords, scythes and guns, were seen descending in all directions from the adjacent hills, and closing on their line of march, those nearest demanding with loud shouts of intimidation the liberation of the prisoner. The Police sergeant, apprehensive of any collision with so formidable a body, immediately desired the countryman to whom

they referred, to retire and rejoin his friends. He, at the same moment, directed his little party to draw their pistols from their breasts, and entreated the people to keep back, declaring that if any closer advance was made, he should order his men to fire upon them. The menace was answered by loud shouts of defiance, and it now became obvious to the leaders of the little band, that unless they could speedily effect a retreat upon some building, where they could better defend themselves from such numbers, their destruction was inevitable. Looking around the country, the nearest respectable house within view, was at Clondegad, a distance of three miles, and to this point they directed a retreat, taking their places in the rear of their men, and returning step by step with their faces to the assailants. A discharge of fire arms mixed with volleys of stones from the latter, at length commenced the anticipated attack, upon which the fire was briskly returned by the police and military. Two of the country people fell at the first

discharge, which occasioned some little confusion and delayed their rapid advance, so that the soldiery though several were badly wounded, were enabled to continue their retreat. A running fight was maintained in this way for an hour before they reached the boundaries of Clondegad, where their progress was impeded by a deep ravine, through which a rivulet pursued its course. Sergeant Robinson, who commanded the regulars, though wounded and fatigued, now halted and gallantly endeavoured to maintain his ground in the rear of his men, while they were escaping down the steep banks into the bed of the stream, crossing which they were on the lawn of Clondegad, within whose walls a more efficient defence might be made. The poor sergeant, however, was not fated to reach the place of safety which his bravery contributed so much to secure for his men. As the last of the party was descending into the bed of the stream, he observed him staggering on the pathway in the grove above, and making desperate efforts against two of his

armed assailants who were pressing furiously on him. In a few minutes after he disappeared from his view and when the combat was over, and the crowd finally dispersed, his body was found in the plantation covered with wounds.

Such a fierce conflict as this, with a body of military in the open day, had not occurred in Clare, since the commencement of the disturbances ; and it consequently, created an unusual sensation throughout the neighbourhood. A servant man belonging to Captain O'Kelly, of Ballinvoher, was riding home at the time from Ballincally, with a basket of bread on his arm ; on reaching the brow of the hill, he came in full view of the engagement, which so excited him, that he galloped back to the village, and called out to the people to come out and see the murder, that was going on towards Clondegad. Numbers rushed out at the summons, and among the rest, the wife of one of the policemen, who were engaged in the fray. Anxious for her husband's safety, she descended the hill, with many

other women perhaps equally interested for some of the insurgents, and spiritedly making her way through the dense crowd, reached Clondegad, just as Sergeant Robinson had fallen. This woman's evidence, subsequently, in identifying the murderers, was turned to good account by the magistracy.

Some few days after this occurrence, a loud knocking was heard about midnight, at the gate of Kilgobbin, Morris had just fallen into his first sleep, and was dreaming of some new and curious instrument for executing criminals without manual assistance, invented by an ingenious hangman who was at the time becoming very infirm. He thought he was witnessing the first trial of the machine, and distinctly saw a poor palid wretch, standing on a platform, awaiting his execution. When the signal was given, the inventors touched a spring upon which the platform opened, and allowing the culprit to fall through, closed again, as suddenly, so as to intercept his descent, just about the neck, which was at once cloven through—the head

springing about upon the scaffolding, while the corpse had disappeared. It was precisely at this moment of horror, that the loud knocking at the door became perceptible to his senses. He rubbed his eyes, elevated himself on his elbow in the bed, and listened with increasing terror, as the knocking became more astounding. At length, gathering sufficient courage to wrap his clothes about him, he hastily descended to the hall, from whence all the disturbance proceeded.

“Who’s there?” ejaculated Morris, in a tremulous tone, putting his mouth to the keyhole, and feeling at the same moment, whether the bar was firm.

“Open the door, you scoundrel,” was the terrific reply, “if there be any further delay, we’ll break it in and hang you up to one of the bacon hooks.”

It’s the sodgers—the Lord preserve us, whispered Morris to himself. I’m done for at last!—Eyah—’tis over with me!”

Again, the knocking was loud and reiterated, his limbs trembled beneath him, and the cold drops of perspiration burst out upon his forehead.

“This minute, your honour—this minute it ’ll be opened for you,” he found power to articulate, after repeating which many times, while fumbling with the locks and bolts, the heavy old fashioned door of the mansion, turned upon its hinges, and allowed him to look out into the night.

By the pale light of the moon, he saw that the house was surrounded by a party of soldiers and police and before he had time for even a conjecture, as to their object, the chief constable had entered, and was at his side.

“Couldn’t you display a little more activity and readiness in your movements my fine fellow,” exclaimed the chief, “I promise you this tardiness tells little in your favour.”

“I don’t know your honour,” returned Morris scarcely comprehending him.

“Oh you don’t, don’t you?” no matter. What is your name?”

“My name—your honour!”

“Yes, your name Sir—no harm I hope?”

“Eyeh, harm Sir, why should there? sure there’s no harm in what one was christened.”

“Egad I don’t know that either,” returned the chief, “Many a man was hanged on account of his name I can tell you, come sir, what are you called?”

“Morris Moran your honour!”

“Morris, hey, Morris Moran! Ah ha! my little hero. Have we nabbed you at last? All’s right here Copley,” he continued, addressing one of the party outside, in a louder voice: “bring in the hand-cuffs.”

The person addressed, attended by another policeman immediately entered, and seizing Morris by both arms, had his wrists locked together in a few moments.

“Gently Copley,—gently,” said the chief, with affected compassion while the operation was going forward, “pay all due respect to the Captain.—No noise Captain, no exclamations if you please—no necessity for disturbing the family—you would not wish to have them distressed by acquainting them

with the loss they are about to sustain—move on Copley.”

In compliance with the order, Morris was pushed forward by the police, and immediately surrounded by the soldiery ; the officer followed, the door of Kilgobbin house closing heavily after him.

The unfortunate prisoner moved along in the centre of the party with tottering step and bewildered brain, almost doubting whether he was yet awake, or whether the events of the last half hour did not form some extraordinary part of the hideous dream which preceded it. As he advanced, however, the realities of his situation became more apparent. He felt the chill night wind about him, and the hard road beneath his feet. He saw the bayonets bristling before and beside him, and he heard his name repeatedly mentioned by some one in his rear, who seemed to be giving an account of a bloody encounter, in which he seemed to occupy a distinguished position. He was often startled, too, when the road chanced to wind through

a dark glen or plantation, by the sudden voice of the chief from behind—"Hilloo—sergeant—look to your prisoner."

Arrived at the military station at Ballincally, he was handed over to the officer of the guard and committed to a little room with a strongly barred window. But of all that occurred to him during the night nothing astounded him so thoroughly as the charge he heard given respecting his safe keeping by the chief of police to the latter as he was departing. He heard himself described as a most notorious and desperate character, who, if the greatest vigilance and activity were not enforced, would assuredly on the first opportunity baffle the guards and effect his escape to the mountains.

He passed two or three hours in this solitary room, listening to the slow step of the sentry as he paced back and forward before the door. The more he reflected upon the circumstances of his arrest, the less was he able to form any satisfactory conjecture on the

subject. He might perhaps have been suspected of some participation in the late murder at Clondegad if he had not been fortunately for himself driving his mistress to mass, and seen by hundreds of people in the chapel-yard, at the very time that fatal conflict was going on. It seemed altogether like some unaccountable fatality, bearing no relation to the past circumstances of his life, but coming upon him as a doom in his hour of hope and security. It was now long past midnight, the moon had gone down—and the wind was blowing in fitful gusts, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, which beat against the window panes. As Morris listened in melancholy mood to its dreary pattering, he heard the tramp of horses rapidly approaching, and in a few moments after a mounted patrol rode up. On demanding the report of the night, Morris, who caught every sound that fell with a painful acuteness, heard the officer of the guard to whose care he was committed saying in an elated tone, “Egad! Edwards and his party have made a noble

nights work of it ; they arrested the principal in Robinson's murder, the celebrated Terryalt, Captain Morris Moran, at Kilgobbin not three hours ago, and we have him fast within."

"Capital! by jupiter," ejaculated the patroll, "what sort of a fellow is he?"

"Oh, a bold fellow, I promise you! He's low-sized, but hard and wiry-looking. 'Tis unknown, I'm told, all the men he killed, or the jails he broke through during the last half year."

"Aye—Aye—sharp's the word then—keep a good look out, and we'll have him to Ennis in the morning—a good night." Saying which the speaker touched his horse with the spurs, and, followed by his party rode off at a rapid pace.

It may be imagined what Morris' feelings must have been during this dialogue, in which he found he was reputed not only as the murderer of sergeant Robinson, but the leader and prime-mover of the principle outrages which had occurred in Clare since

the commencement of the disturbances. The large escort of horse and foot sent to accompany him to Ennis at the dawn of day gave him a still more vivid impression of the importance attached to his capture, and it may be supposed the sensation created on his arrival in that town, did not contribute to lessen it. Even at that early hour, crowds thronged round the military to get a glimpse of him—fingers were pointed from the shop doors and windows, and he heard persons now and then whisper to one another as he passed along, “There’s the man that killed Sergeant Robinson!” What a determined looking scoundrel!” “What a ferocious dog.” This unlooked for notoriety so paralyzed every faculty, that he passed along in a kind of bewilderment, listening and gazing about as if all the stir and excitement related to some other person, nor did his ordinary consciousness return until he was lodged in a cold gloomy cell within the walls of the jail, where he was left sufficient time for undisturbed reflection.

The perilous condition of the country for some months had induced the government to send down a special commission for the immediate trial of such as were made prisoners, and their summary punishment if convicted. The court held its sittings daily and it not unfrequently happened, that a person was indicted, tried, convicted, and executed before sunset for an offence committed on the previous night, or perhaps on the very same morning. There appeared to be some prospect of this decisive manner of proceeding in the case of the unfortunate Morris. The court was open at the time he arrived in Ennis, and as soon as it was known that one of the murderers of Sergeant Robinson was taken, indictments were directed to be laid before the grand jury, that if true bills were found, the trial might take place immediately.

Morris, in the mean time, was lying upon straw in his gloomy cell, endeavouring with what resignation he could to reconcile himself to the awful fate which,

however innocent, he well knew in such apprehensive times was awaiting him, when heavy footsteps at the door startled him, The key grated in the rusty lock, and as the door opened, and the dull beams of light from the barred window, fell upon the form of the person who was entering, he recognized his old and detested tormenter, Will Wiley. They gazed upon one another silently, but with very different feelings, for some moments, when the Hunchback at length said in a compassionate tone, and with an air of feigned concern.

“God save ye, Morris.”

“If its the same to you, Mither Wiley,” returned Morris, “I’d as live have the prayers of any one else.”

“May be so, aragal,” observed Will, “may be so—why, then, dear knows, whatever you think about it, I’m sorry for your throuble.”

“Eyeh, let me alone.”

“’Tis a bad business, I’m afeer’d. Morris?”

“Was it to bring me that comfort you’re come to see me, Mither Wiley?”

“Wisha! hear this now, and you not haven’ in the whole country, a greater friend than myself. Many’s the night you’d ha’ been dragged out o’ your bed be the armee, only for me, and you know that.”

“Well, well, no matter; sure I’m not saying agin it; but if you’re a friend of mine as you’re saying, you’ll answer me one questhin.”

“Gondhoutha! why wouldn’t I?”

“Well then, tell me, for what crime is it, I’m med a prisoner of in this way.”

“Al-li-lu! is it that your axing me,” exclaimed the cobbler, elevating his voice in utter astonishment. “Sure ’twas for the murder of the Sergeant and the sodgers at Clondegad, wasn’t it?”

“And who is it swears agin me, about it,” continued Morris quietly.

“The whole counthry that was looking at you, I hear.”

“I had nothing to do with it, Will!”

“Nothing to do with it,” iterated the Hump-back in renewed astonishment, “eyeh, don’t be afeard, I’m not going to turn King’s evidence again you.”

“I’m saying nothen but the truth, as if I was at my death hour,” returned the prisoner solemnly.

“Murther! hear to this, now! Sure the whole world was looking at you, at the head of the Terry’s, fighting like a Lion [all the ways from Ballincally to Clondegad. I hard a woman myself say, she see you cutten off the head of the sergeant at the latter ind, with one back-handed blow of your soord.”

“Its no use my sayen a word one way or another, sure I know that,” replied Morris, “but I wasn’t there for all that.”

“Well, well, no matter, I don’t want to pump you, dear knows there’s evidence enough agin you whether you were there or not, and ’tis hanging matter, you know that of coorse?”

"'Tis pleasant to be reminded of it at any rate Mr. Wiley."

"So I thought," said the Humpback cooly, "I was afeard, perhaps, them rascally Peelers might be consailing it from you. Dear knows, 'twas when I was gotten up this mornen it struck me. The poor boy, siz I to myself, the vagabones will take him by surprise, if there isn't some friend to tell him of his danger, and the rope that's preparen for him."

"I'm much beholden to you no doubt," returned Morris, as a cold creeping came over him, "but you may spare yourself any more trouble about me."

"No throuble in life, Morris, not the laste," continued the inperturbable Will, "I couldn't have it on my conscience, when I seen the informations, and knew your life was sworn away, to keep you in the dark about it. The dear lad, siz I to myself, sorrow a bit but he's as good as hung already—'tis a pity not to let him know it."

Morris clasped his hands together, compressed his lips firmly, and with much obvious effort suppressed any stronger indications of the feelings excited by his reflections on the fate to which the Humpback was so anxiously directing his attention.

“The villins,” continued the cobbler, “the villins, siz I, they’ll not give him time to get the Clergy itself, so they wont.”

“God help me Will,” exclaimed Morris, overcome at length, by the terrific anticipations against which he was endeavouring to contend, “I believe I’m done for.”

“True for you, Morris,” observed Will compassionately, “t’would be a sin to desave you about it, there isn’t a man brought to the bar in these times but is found guilty, and then they’re taken away to Cork for transportation, or straight to execution, as the case may be.”

“Would there be any hope of my being transported Will,” enquired the unfortunate prisoner catching at the alternative.

“Is it transportation for murder! Al-li-lu! what is it you’re dramen of?”

The Humpback uttered these words in a tone of astonishment which completely extinguished all hope in the heart of poor Morris. Pale and faint he had been sitting up on some straw in a corner of the cell ever since the entrance of his visitor, mustering what fortitude he possessed to support him during the dialogue, but his timid nature was unequal to the effort, and unable any longer to restrain his emotions, he fell back in a burst of tears.

“Shame on you Morris—shame on a courageous body like you,” said his unrelenting tormentor, “tish’n’t sich a hard death afther all.”

“Ove! ove! ove!” were the only expressions that escaped the miserable prisoner in reply, as he employed himself in clasping and unclasping his hands unconsciously.

“I had a cousin of my own,” continued the Humpback, “that recovered afther the first time he was

hanged by being bled, and faix he told me twasnt so bad at all—and tis asier now I hear, since they're hung be the drop—you're standen this way on a floor like, the signal is given, slap goes the floor from under your feet—down you go with a jerk, and you're dead in a minit—Eyeh! hangings an asy death.”

“Ove! ove!”

“If its the disgrace you're minden, may be as there's army law in the counthry, if good interest was made with the judge or the government, they'd shoot you instead.”

“Murther! murther!”

“Well, well, as you wish Morris—tis hard to please you about it. You never see a sodger's execution I suppose? There's a grave dug, as it may be near the windy there, and the prisoner has his eyes bandaged and is med to kneel down be the edge of it, and there's a file of sodgers, standen as it may be here, fire what they calls a volley upon him. He tumbles into the grave—they turn the sods over him

and there's an end of the bizness. In hanging to be sure there's a great deal in having a good hand, but of the two, I'd myself prefer shooten, as the asyest death. If you wish Morris, I'll spake to the chief to know if anything can be done about it."

Morris started up on the straw, as if he had been struck by a galvanic battery, and seizing the Humpback's hands in his own, with a desperate energy of manner, exclaimed, "hear to me Will Wiley, this once, and the heavens bless you. If you want to do me a favour, dont interfere in any way whatsoever between me and my end—let me live or die as God pleases—I dont want to have any more to say to you."

"Eyeh! any thing you wish,—there's no harm done I hope," returned the Humpback as he moved towards the door, "good bye a-gra,—but that's true," he continued, turning back as if something new had occurred to him, "I was near forgotten; do you remember the pleasant November eve we spent toge-

ther long ago, when we were boys, and the fortunes the ould dummy tould for us."

Morris groaned deeply.

"I just thought of it, dear knows—on account of the fortune she told for you comen to pass this way—tis so astonishen. I remember it as if twas only yesterday. She drew a gallows in the ashes for Pether Nocten and another for you, betokening as I tould ye at the time, that ye'd both be hanged."

Morris gave another groan.

"Well, well, I'll hould my tongue sure,—dear knows, one can hardly say a second word you take it to heart so, I'm blest if I'd come to see you at all, if it twasn't that I knew you had no other friend near you—tis so distressing. Howsomever—it 'll never be said I desarted you in your misfortune Morris,—No—no.—I'll come again, if I hear any news that I think 'ud be plasen to you—sitch as the nature of the execution and things of that kind that you'd be wishen to know."

Morris raised his face from the straw in which it was buried, and looked suspiciously at the humpback whose countenance at the moment presented an expression to which it would have been difficult to give an interpretation. The eyes were staring, and all the features struggling and convulsed, as if with an effort to subdue some almost irresistible emotions. Having succeeded in composing it to an appropriate expression of sympathy, he uttered faintly, (overcome apparently by his feelings, as he turned once more to the door), "Good-bye Morris—good-bye a-ragal," and withdrew.

"'Tis asy enough with you, you unhangd vagaband," exclaimed the prisoner, continuing to gaze in the direction of his departed visitor with an indignant expression, which had been gradually kindling within the last few minutes, "'Tis aisy enough with you, earken your blood money—you desthroyen informer—but your day will come yet."

There was but little time for further reflection on

the subject, when he heard a growing bustle outside—the tramp of military—the grounding of arms—the loud voices of officers and police, and the locking and unlocking of doors. The sounds gradually approached his cell, the door was pushed in, and a crowd of policemen, with fresh prisoners, entered. The latter were handcuffed, and the face and hands of one were soiled with blood. He looked depressed and jaded as if after some desperate struggle; but his eye, as it wandered round the dark vaulted dungeon to which he was about to be consigned, betrayed no expression of fear. Morris gazed on him with intense interest for a few moments, as if struck by some strange recognition; a deadly paleness began to overspread his countenance, his eyes grew fixed and staring, his jaw fell, his very breath seemed suspended. He remembered the last words of the humpback, for his early friend and companion, Peter Nocten, stood before him.

Peter beheld Morris with equal astonishment, but gave no further token of recognition than a look of

mute surprise before the police, proceeding to open the handcuffs, stood between them. A gentleman in coloured clothes who accompanied the chief constable and appeared to be a magistrate, immediately ordered all the prisoners, including Morris, to be placed against the wall in a line, and the witnesses to be then brought in to identify those who were engaged in the murder of Sergeant Robinson at Clondegad. As soon as the former were arrayed, the witnesses, a soldier of the 5th Regiment, a policeman and his wife, were accordingly introduced, and proceeded to examine their countenances, and dress with great circumspection. It was a moment of deep suspense, as they walked backward and forward slowly before the anxious prisoners, now pausing as if caught by some faint recognition, now passing to another and to another. It appeared for a time, as if they were wholly at a loss, and unable to identify any of them. At length the Policeman's wife made an unusually long pause before Morris, looked at his face steadily, and observing that

he was deadly pale, and trembled visibly, she enquired who he was. On learning that he was a servant of mine, said my entertainer, and mistaking between me and my name sake, Captain O'Kelly of Ballinvoher whose servant she really did see, she unhesitatingly exclaimed he was one of the murderers, and that she remembered him well, as he was the man who rode back from the fight to Balincally that morning, and halloed the people to come out and join 'em. Although Morris had previously entertained little hope of escape, this unexpected declaration of the woman quite astounded him. He stood silent and motionless as a marble statue before his accuser, and listened to the dialogue between her and the magistrate which followed without evincing any sign of animation. He was at length aroused from his trance by a singular incident. While the female witness was making her deposition, the soldier of the 5th Regiment who accompanied her, was stating to the chief constable his inability to swear positively to any of the prison-

ers, but mentioned that he shot one of his assailants in the back of the leg, as he was making a retreat, and suggested the propriety of ascertaining whether any of them had a wound in that situation. An examination was immediately instituted, and as chance directed Peter Nocten was the last who underwent the scrutiny. As soon as his leg was bared, the policeman gave a loud cry of exultation, exclaiming, "we have him—we have him—here it is, the mark of the bullet." And true enough, there appeared in the fleshy part of the leg, the marks of two wounds, one apparently where the ball entered, and the other where it had passed out. The soldier and the policeman's wife also, now that their attention was more particularly directed to Peter, though unable to identify his features, began to recollect the colour and quality of his clothes, declaring that the most fierce and forward of the party, wore precisely a similar description of dress. It was in vain that Peter declared his total innocence, or asserted that the marks were from

wounds received by the bite of a dog, when he was a boy. It was in vain that Morris corroborated his assertions. Both were listened to, with equal incredulity by the magistrate, who, to all they were urging in denial, replied with a disbelieving smile, "oh no doubt!" "very well," "very ingenious," "hope it may answer," "must send you to trial for all that." Satisfied in fact that he had now got hold of the right men, he directed the removal of the other prisoners, and, the hand-cuffs being replaced on Morris and Peter, consigned them to their present place of confinement. When the door of the cell was closed, the party paused outside, and the prisoners distinctly heard the chief constable cautioning the jailor, "to keep a sharp look out, and before he locked them up for the night, to search closely for any instrument of self-destruction which might be concealed about their persons. Let that little desperado Moran, he continued, be especially looked after, as from the position he holds among the Terry-alts, it is most important he should be made an example of."

"The Lord purrict us," ejaculated Morris, "did any one ever hear the like?"

"'Tis all up with us," observed Peter. "We have no more chance of escape, than if the grass was growing green over us this moment."

"Oh! vo! vo!"

"Eyeh! What's the use of grieven? may-be 'tis all for the better."

"God help us," responded Morris faintly.

"I thought once Morris, the world was'nt so dark as it looks to me now," said Peter, "I had my cabin, my garden of piaties, and my acre of corn. I had the love of a little girl that had'nt her equals on this wide earth, and two little craythurs were playen like kittens about the floor with me. Oh! mavrone, I was the happy man then Morris—and what am I now?"

"May be you would'nt suffer afther all, eroo," replied his fellow prisoner.

"Suffer is it," ejaculated Peter, "do you think I matter any thing they can do to me now. No, no, I

suffered whatever any crathur on this airth could suffer in the loss of all that wor near and dear to me and death cannot frighten me now."

"Was it to lose the wife you did agra?" enquired Morris compassionately.

"The wife—the son—the daughter—all—all—all— Morris, and here I stand alone in the world, and leave it naked, as naked I com into it. I tould you I was happy and comfortable—wait, and I'll tell you the rest of the story, 'tis a short one. I held my little farm aisy, and paid the rint regular, until an election come in the country, and I voted against my landlord for the sake of emancipation. From that day out he never had the same face for me, and I knew well my ruin wasnt far off. There was an ould abatement he med me in the farm some years before when the times grew bad. This abatement he now brought agin me as an arrear, and ordhered me to pay up at wanst. I could'nt do it, ov coorse, and got immediate notice to quit. On the following 25th of March, in

could stormy weather, the whole of us were turned out be the ditch-side, and the cabin was levelled before our faces. I made a shed against a bank on the high road with a few sticks and sods, and the neighbours, God bless 'em, sent us the piaties. But the cold and the wet brought the fever to us, and my darlen wife and my poor Dinny died. The little girl too, though she recovered for a time, was never the same after. From that time out she had a cough, and heezing-like, and a bright colour, kem in her cheek, and she waisted away day after day! Oh if you were to see her Morris, and to think of what she was!"

Peters voice faltered for a moment, and he appeared to struggle with some intense emotion, at length recovering himself he continued :

"Night and day, I watched the little craythur, and got medicine for her, and gev her goat's milk be the Docthors orders, and every whole happorth the neighbours said was good for her ; but 'twas all of no avail.

She grew worse and worse, and had heavy paroxysms on her, and was talking wild-like in her sleep at night, and the cough and the pain in the side would killen. If you were only to see her Morris, the little craythur looken up at me, after a violent fit, 'twould go to your very heart. 'I wish I was in Heaven daddy,' she used to say sometimes, and her lip tremblin, for 'then I'd have no more pain!' Well why, she grew so bad at last, I was obliged to give up the work and sit by the sop of straw constant, minding her, not knowen the moment she'd draw the breath. As I was watching this way last night, sometimes raising and settling her up when the oppression 'ud come on her, sometimes fixing the sods closer in the covering over her head, for the weather was wet and stormy, I thought I heard the sound of footsteps, like the tramp of sodgers between the gusts. I found I was right enough, for in a few minutes the shed in which we lay was surrounded, the door was thrown in, and a police officer stoopen down, desired me to come out and surrender. He laughed, the ruffian, when I axed him

what it was I done to make a prisoner of me, sayen I'd know shortly to my cost ; and when I pointed to my dying little girl, and begged of him to lave me, until I'd get one of the neighbours to mind her in the morning, he presented a pistol, and swore he'd shoot me unless I came out without delay. I grew wild to think of laving the little craythur to die alone, and slipping the handle of a spade behind me, I pretended I was comen to give myself up—he drew back to let me pass, when suddenly I darted out, and was lost in the pitchy darkness of the night ; some of 'em fired after me, and others followed by the sound of my steps. But when I thought they were a little asunder, I stopped on a sudden and stretched the first that come up, wid a blow of the spade-tree. Three more I sarved in the same way, and the rest thought it better for 'em to give up the hunt. I got back again to my little darlen before long, and I'd give a hundred lives if I had 'em, for the one look she gev me, when I come into her. Young as she was, she understood all that

happened to me, and put out her little mouth to kiss me, as I set down by the bed. But her lips were cold, and the damp of death was on her forehead and her eyes were glazen. I lifted her off the straw, wrapped the blanket about her, and thanks be to God, she died in my arms. I was as happy a most at the mercy, as if they were all again brought back to me. The sodgers were with me soon after, horse, foot and police, but I had nothing now to fight for—I walked out of the shed quiet and asy—held my hands stretched for the hand-cuffs, and never med complaint more.

“Dear knows, you wor to be pitied Peter,” observed Morris, as the former concluded his story.

“’Tis little to die afther what I suffered any way,” rejoined Peter. “I’m quite indefferent what they do to me.”

“So would I be said Morris, if it wasn’t for its being so sudden a death entirely. I always had a misgiving, somehow, about coming to a voyolent end,

and the Heavens be praised, 'tis comen to pass when I little expected it.”

“ We must all die sometime Morris, and what does the difference of a few days or years signify.”

“ 'Tis more natheral to die old for all Peter, and specially to die in one's bed. Oh mavrone! to think of to morrow mornen!”

“ Husht, you Muth-Dawn—let no one hear you.”

The conversation of the two friends, was interrupted by the return of the jailor, who, after closely examining their persons for concealed files or instruments of self-destruction, locked them up for the night. Peter who was exhausted with his late continual watching and anxiety of mind, threw himself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner of the cell, and in a few minutes fell into a sound and quiet sleep. Poor Morris also lay down, but not to rest or slumber. The dread of a violent and sudden death, that horrid shadow which had haunted his existence from the cradle, now grew imminent and gigantic. But a few short hours, and

the evil fate, which from his earliest apprehension of danger, it had been his study to escape, would fall upon him in its most awful form. The light—the morning light, which visits the awakening world with joy and brightness, will send its dingy beams into his cell, to tell him the scaffolding is erected for his execution, and the officer of death awaiting his arrival. He listened to the easy breathing of his companion, as he slept, and wondered. Then he thought of their boyish days—of the many happy years they had passed together—and how little they then anticipated the disastrous end they were now coming to. Again he thought of the long gone November eve, its eventful amusement, and, above all, the terrific sketch which the old Dummy had drawn in the ashes. “I might have known,” he muttered to himself, “I might have known I had no chance after what she foretold for me. He turned, and turned upon the straw, and shut his eyes, and tried to sleep or to think on some other subject; but horrid sights came before him, of men

with their faces covered, and carts slowly rolling along, and lines of horsemen, and of swords and bayonets, and heads densely crowded together, and all moving towards a distant tree, from an arm of which something was swinging in the wind; sometimes he fell into a momentary doze, and dreamed that he stood upon a high place, saw the upturned faces of a gazing multitude, felt the cold fingers of a hideous muffled figure, which stood beside him, pawing about his neck, and springing up with a feeling of suffocation, startled his companion with his cry! The dawn which broke in upon him through the grating of the little window, though it was the last he might see, came almost like a reprieve to him, after the horrors of such a night. The Police arrived at the prison at an early hour, and to his astonishment, it was announced to his companion, that he was to be the first for trial that morning. Peter was accordingly led away to the court, and Morris was once more left to his own gloomy reflections.

He turned from the closed door, threw himself upon his miserable bed, and as he heard the last faint echo of Peter's retiring footsteps, burst into tears. He felt they had parted for ever, that his friend would be soon out of trouble, and much as he dreaded the awful end which awaited him—almost wished to have been himself the first sufferer. Worn out with the cares and fatigues of the past night, and relieved in some sort by the unrestrained weeping, to which he had given way, he at length fell into a disturbed sleep. He knew not how long it lasted, but on awakening, the first face which presented itself to his shrinking vision, was that of the Humpback, who, seated quietly on the floor, was looking down on him with a curious air. Morris rubbed his eyes, and looked dubiously at him!

“That I may be blessed,” said the Humpback, “but 'tis wondering at you I am, to see you sleepen so sound.”

“Eyeh! sound! repeated the prisoner, you dosen't know the night I had.”

“Faix, may be so,” resumed the Cobler, “thinken natherally enough uv the mornen! That I mightened, but I believe ’tis more distréssin’ to be in doubt and throuble about ones end, than to be certain sure of a violent death.”

“May be so,” was faintly uttered in reply.

“Well, well, don’t be so down about it altogether Morris. I did my endayvours any way to get every infurmentation for you, so as to make you asy in your mind. Your thrial is to be called on in about an hour the jury is detarmined to find you guilty, and you’re to be hanged in the morning, about half past nine along with Pather.”

Morris shuddered, but recovering at length, and turning to his informant, he ejaculated in an almost inaudible whisper. “And is Peter found guilty?”

“Allilu! guilty what else? the Jury never left the box! I hard the sheriff afterwards giving orthers about both o’ ye to the hangman, who is a partiklar friend, and would do anything to serve me. ‘Jem’ siz

I to him, as soon as the sheriff was gone, 'I have a favour to ax of you—and that is—to put the two poor fellows you'll have in hands in the morning, out o' pain quickly, especially the little man, siz I.'

Mr. Wiley made a slight pause, perhaps to give Morris an opportunity of expressing his gratitude, but receiving no reply, continued :

"Never fear Will," says the hangman, "I'd obleege you in more than that. If them boys," says he "cuts a second caper, after the knot I'll tie, say I'm——Lord presarve us—'tis dyen he is I believe."

While the Humpback was so vividly recounting his interesting conversation with the hangman, and the benevolent efforts he was making for the advantage of his friends, he observed Morris's cheek and lips becoming whiter, and his breathing deeper, when suddenly a noise came in his throat, a convulsive struggle took place, and he lay back as cold and inanimate, as a corpse before him.

It was just at this moment, said my worthy host of

Kilgobbin, and while the Humpback was yet gazing with a look, in which the expression of the playful amusement he had been indulging in, was blended with some slight signs of astonishment, that I entered the prison, accompanied by a magistrate, and the jailor. I should mention, he continued, that on ascertaining the nature of the crime, for which Morris was committed, I hastened to Ennis on the previous night, accompanied by Mrs. O'Kelly, to prove an alibi for him. We were both ready to bear testimony to his having driven our jaunting car to the chapel on that morning, at the precise hour when the battle with the police and murder of the serjeant took place, and lost no time in making the fact known to the magistrates. The bills against all the prisoners, indicted for that crime, were already found by the grand jury, the witnesses in attendance and Morris, as one of the reputed leaders among the Terry-alts, was ordered up for immediate trial. When, however, it was ascertained that persons of our rank in the country were prepar-

ed to come forward with direct evidence of an alibi for the prisoner, it became a question whether such testimony, besides ensuring Morris's acquittal, might not so damage the evidence of the witnesses in the trial of Peter and others, as to make it wholly valueless. After mature deliberation it was deemed adviseable to discharge Morris without trial, and proceed with the trial of the remaining prisoners on the same evidence, which would, by this management, come before the jury unimpeached. Peter was accordingly at once brought up and convicted, while I obtained the order for the liberation of Morris, which occasioned my unlooked for visit to his cell at the critical moment I have been describing to you."

"There was an exclamation of surprise and horror from all of us, as we entered and beheld my wretched servant stretched on the straw, apparently a lifeless corpse, with the Humpback seated like some evil demon at his shoulder. We soon discovered that he had merely fainted from apprehension, the degree of

which, from the timidity of his disposition, I could very well imagine. Although sufficiently indignant with the Humpback, whose share in exciting the poor fellow's alarm I at once estimated, I could not resist the temptation which occurred to me at the moment of having him removed to his own room at Kilgobbin, before he recovered his consciousness. He was therefore carefully conveyed to a carriage, which I had waiting at the prison gate, and in a very short time was lying snugly wrapped up in blankets in the very bed which he had left so unwillingly on the former night, to answer the terrific knocking made at the Hall-door by the police who arrested him. It was the most amusing scene in the world, when he began to recover his senses, and to recognize the room and furniture and people about him to witness his utter bewilderment. The servants had directions to pretend total ignorance of all that had passed, of his having ever been arrested, and even of any time having elapsed since he went to sleep on the night he was taken ; so

that Abon Hassan himself was not more puzzled to tell whether his recollections were those of a dream or of a strange reality, than was poor Morris Moran.

“I need not, I think,” said my hospitable entertainer, “say a word more to convince you that the hero of my story had good cause for his aversion to the tormenting Humpback, and that it is little wonder even at this distance of time, his indignation should be so strongly revived by an uncalled for visit from him.

“And now, gentlemen,” said the Eleventh Juror, “allow me to observe, that however the executive or magistracy may reconcile to their consciences in disturbed times such a suppression of evidence affecting the testimony of a crown witness as I have described to you, I shall always as a Juryman raise my voice against the practice. Though convinced the parties conducting a prosecution may be of the guilt of a prisoner, I hold it to be their bounden duty to bring before the Jury all the important evidence which may have come to their knowledge, whether it make for or against him,

“I entirely agree, gentlemen, with my friend who has just concluded his interesting tale,” said another Juror, “as I am sure you all do. The injustice of the practice could not be more forcibly illustrated than in the instance he has placed before us. It was no apology for the magistracy that the policeman’s wife did not designedly swear false informations against Moran, but believed him to be the identical man who rode into Ballincally on the morning of the engagement, and was, she thence assumed, a principal in it. Admitting even that the convictions were sincere, the jury in the subsequent trial, had the whole evidence come before them, would have taken into account her rashness and recklessness in forming positive conclusions on very slight grounds.”

“Such an atrocious proceeding as that,” observed the political unionist, “could never have happened if there had been a stipendiary magistrate there. A stipendiary magistrate would never have”——

“Order!—order!—order!” from several voices.

The juror who had on a former occasion excited the indignation of the last speaker, by his sneers at the morality of his countrymen, now started up in his turn equally enraged. "I cannot sit here sir," he said directing his inflamed looks at the Foreman, "and hear the virtuous magistracy of this country traduced, and calumniated"——

"Order!—Order!"

"Gentlemen," said the Foreman, rising from his chair, "I cannot permit the continuance of these observations on either side. They are a direct infraction of the understanding by which we hoped to maintain the harmony of the night; and I should deem myself unworthy to fill the proud situation which you have assigned me as your president, if I so far forgot my duty as to sanction the introduction of any subject which might lead to disagreeable discussion, and perhaps quarrels, among a company otherwise so happily associated."

The observations of the chairman were received with acclamation, and the two offended Jurors slowly resumed their seats, eyeing one another, nevertheless, for a considerable time with looks of ill-restrained defiance.

“Come—come,” exclaimed a good humoured looking personage at the foot of the table, who seemed more amused than interested in the altercation, “a plague on all politics—let’s have our story—I’ll be hanged if I wouldn’t at any time rather listen to a good story than the best speech of Sir Rob— (order! chair!) I beg pardon, gentlemen, I did not mean to infringe— but come, Sir, (addressing the Twelfth Juror) your story, if you please—nothing like a story for restoring harmony.”

The Eleventh Juror, hoping that his song might be forgotten, and feeling, indeed, that in the present humour of the company it would be a little out of place, turned his head aside and kept poring with

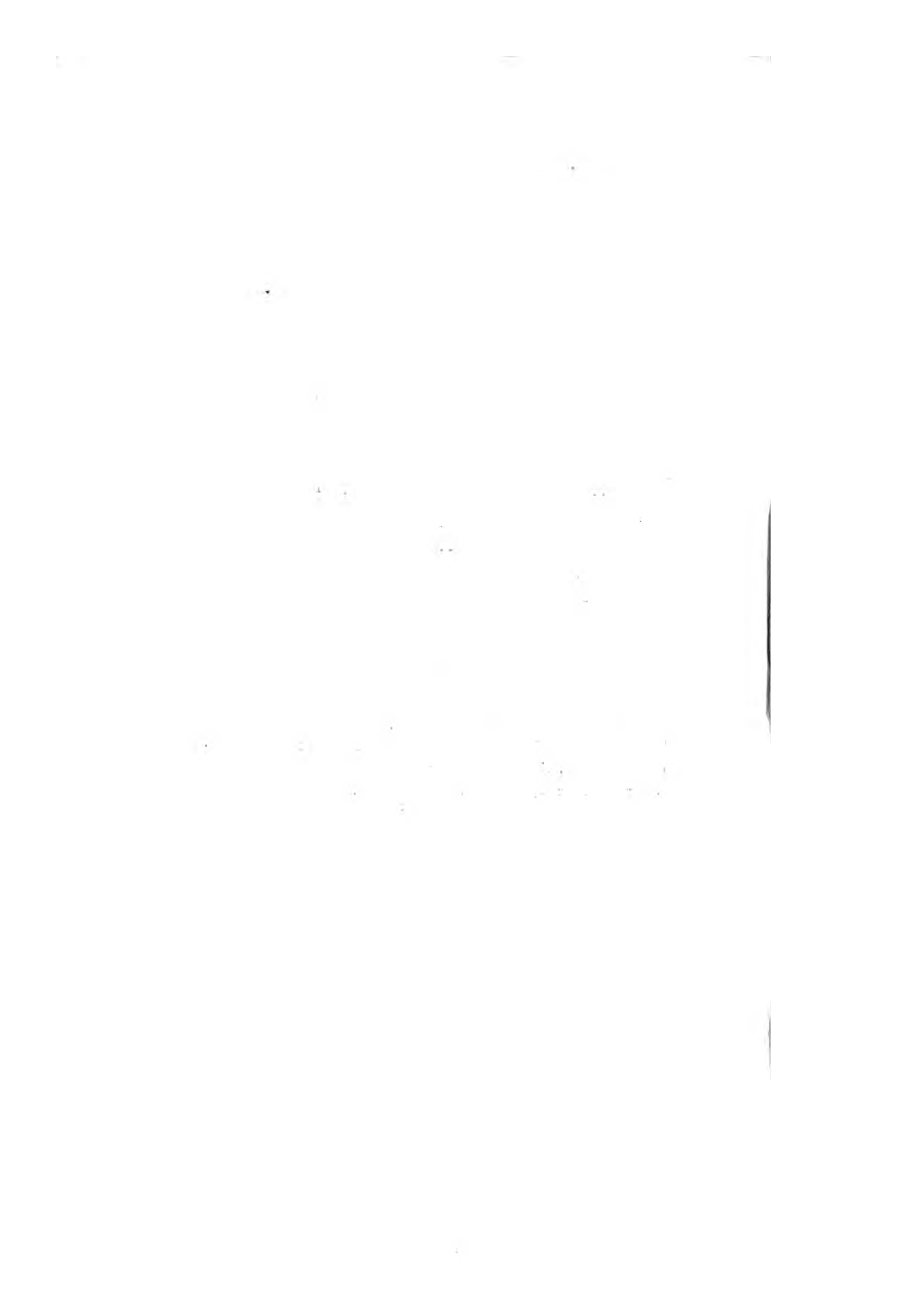
intent looks upon the declining fire. His anticipation was speedily realized, no one thought of the song, while the Twelfth Juror at once answered the call made upon him, as follows :—

THE TWELFTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN.

“Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array ;
For the field of the dead rushes red on my sight
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight.”

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.



SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN.

“As your patience does not appear to be exhausted by the few specimens of ancient Irish romance which you have heard, gentlemen,” said the Twelfth Juror, “I will venture to relate another to you, not less interesting for the high Chivalry of its hero than for its fairy wonders.”

Among the bravest of the followers of the celebrated Prince Murrough O'Brien, whose valour and devotion are not yet forgotten on his native soil, was a knight named Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, whose character, like

that of all the brighter ornaments of Irish chivalry, was a mixture of northern honour, of oriental fervour and devotion, and of the deepest and sincerest religious feeling. In reading the accounts of other days, the pride of modern times takes umbrage at the profound humility which is traced out amid the glorious workings of old heroic zeal, and the sordid levity of our commercial temperament is ready to scoff at the deeply seated and unselfish devotion which gave to the chivalry of the middle ages more than half its grandeur. In those days the heart of mankind was still profoundly impressed with those great truths which, by keeping continually before the mind the transitory nature of all earthly things, are best calculated to detach it from the baser interests, to elevate its desires, and enlarge its views. But what, gentlemen has the character of the middle ages to do with my story? and I feel conscious indeed of a somewhat ponderous commencement for a mere fairy tale, for such, after all, is the legend of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan.

Every body who knows any thing of Irish history must have heard of Brian Boru. This we assume as a postulate, without which we can proceed no further. It is equally notorious that in the course of his reign he met with no little annoyance from those unruly neighbours called the Danes, who had now for more than three centuries exercised a barbarous tyranny over the original inhabitants of the isle, sometimes carrying it with a high hand, and sometimes suffering severely in the efforts made by the latter to rid themselves of their unfeeling assailants. Amongst the most distinguished of those native warriors who endeavoured to aid the Ard-Righ, or Arch-King, Brian, in his battles against the lawless Scandinavian, was the knight whose name I have adopted as the title of my legend. None wielded the *lann* or the battle-axe with a more fatal skill; none stood more firm in the fight, and none appeared so indifferent to the reputation which his deeds had won him, as Sir Dowling O'Hartigan. He fought not for fame, nor power, nor

wealth, nor for any selfish end, but purely for his duty; duty to his prince, to his country, and to heaven. Thus despising death, not from animal temperament alone, or the greediness of ambition, but on the principles of right reason, his valour was as constant and steadfast as it was heroic.

It was a few days before the famous battle of Clontarf, in which the venerable monarch gave his enemies a final overthrow and lost his own life, that Prince Murrough received the orders of the Ard-Righ to be present, with all the force he could muster, at the royal camp within a stated time. At the moment when the royal order arrived Sir Dowling O'Hartigan was seated at the table of the prince. He immediately rose and requested permission to return to his own home, in order to muster all the force he could command, and to bid adieu to his wife and family, for it was foreseen that many a warrior would leave home for the approaching contest who might never return. The prince gave him permission to depart after re-

questing him to be punctual as to the day of joining them with his force.

Night had fallen before Sir Dowling reached the dreary wilds of Burrin, in which his house was situated. The sky was dark and stormy, and the Knight commanded his foot-boy or daltin, (whose [duty it ordinarily was to run by his master's side holding the stirrup,) to mount on his crupper and to keep his seat as well as he might behind him. Thus, doubly freighted, it was matter of wonder to master and squire with how much life and vigour the little hobbie continued its journey. It was interrupted, however, in rather a singular manner. At a gloomy turn in the road, the hobbie stopped short with so much suddenness, that the two riders, were it not for Sir Dowling's superior horsemanship, would, by the impetus of their own motion, have continued their journey homeward in the air for at least a yard or two beyond the hobbie's head. Still as a stone statue stood the animal, seeming neither to hear the voice of the

knight, nor to feel the still more cogent remonstrances which were applied with profusion both to rib and flank.

“ You might as well let him alone, Sir Dowling,” said the daltin.

“ Why do you think so, Duach ?”

“ Because Ireland wouldn't make her stir now. There's something near us, masther, that's not good.”

“ Foolish being!” said the knight; “ Descend and see what is the matter.”

“ Me! me get down!” exclaimed Duach; “ I had rather face a whole *cath* of the Loch-Lannoch.* Masther, asthore, get down yourself, since you arn't in dread of them.”

Sir Dowling complied, compassionating the weakness of his attendant, and giving the reins to the awe-struck daltin. Advancing a few paces, he beheld, by the faint light which the stormy sky afforded, the

* A name given to the Northern pirates.

figure of a woman in a sitting posture, on the right hand side of the road, with the hood of her cloak turned over her head, and her arms clasped in an attitude of profound affliction.

“Who’s there?” exclaimed Sir Dowling in a peremptory tone.

There was no reply.

“Speak!” said the knight: “if you be in sorrow, tell your sorrow; if not, retire and let my hobbie pass the road.”

Still neither sound nor motion on the part of the hooded figure gave sign of attention or of compliance, and it was not until the knight added menace to his words, that he was able to procure an answer.

“You’re like the rest of the world,” said the woman, slowly revealing in the faint light her worn and wrinkled features, “that never knows its friends.”

"Is that [Nora?]" asked Sir Dowling in astonishment.

"It is. Ah, Sir Dowling, a'ra gal, I'm in trouble."

"Upon what account, Nora?" asked the Knight.

"I'll tell you then. Do you know that lake you used to be so fond of fishing in when you used to go to visit your relations in the county Galway?"

"Do you mean Lough Ennel?"

"The very same."

"I do, indeed," replied the knight. "Many a pleasant day and moonlight night I spent upon the banks, or on its waters. It was a fine lake for fish."

"Well, a ra gal, you'll never spend another there, except you go to the county Westmeath for it."

"To the county Westmeath!" exclaimed Sir Dowling in astonishment.

"To the county Westmeath, achree. 'Tis there

Lough Ennel is now, and there it will remain, I'm very much in dread."

"Nonsense" said the knight, "did I not see it with my own eyes the last time I was in Galway, and didn't I send the prince a basket of the finest trout he ever tasted, that I took in the very middle of it, with my own hands? What nonsense!" said the knight, "how could it be in the county Westmeath?"

"Oh, then, through nothing in the world, only my folly," said the old woman, "that couldn't but go lend it to an old neighbour of mine, a decent woman, as I thought her, that lives in those parts, and now she won't return it."

"Well, Nora," said Sir Dowling, "I'm surprised at you. Is it possible? A woman of your sense to go lend such a lake as that! And sure you ought to know them Leinster people before now, how hard it is to get any thing from them. There's hardly an Ard-righ we had this length of time but was heart-broken with them, trying to get their tribute. I thought you'd have had more sense, Nora."

“Oh, then,” says the old woman, “who’d ever think that she’d serve me such a trick? Last summer twelvemonth she sent over to me her compliments, and she’d be obliged to me for the loan of a lake for a little while, Westmeath being an inland place, where it was very hard to get fish, and she knew that I couldn’t miss it much, as Connaught was bordering upon the sea coast, and that she’d return it faithfully on the first Monday of the month. Well, I didn’t like to refuse her, for she has greater power than I have, and might do me some mischief—so I took Lough Ennel, and rolled it up in an apron, and sent it off to her, with my compliments, and that I was happy to have it in my power to accommodate her. She kept the lake; and the first Monday of the month came and the first Monday after, and she never sent it home, and little thanks she gave me when I sent for it, neither, I waited as long as I had patience to wait, but not a sight of Lough Ennel did I see from that day to this.”

"And you are going to look after it now?" said Sir Dowling.

"I'm going now to look after it," replied the witch ; "but indeed I'm afraid it is little good for me. This is my thanks for being obliging."

I may remark that old Nora was right in her apprehensions, as may be ascertained by a reference to Shaw Mason's Topography, or the Collectanea, for there lies Lough Ennel to this day in the middle of the county Westmeath, whose inhabitants continue to enjoy the fruits, or rather the fishes of the old woman's dishonesty, while the poor Galway mountaineer stands often supperless upon the heights of Farmoyle, and overlooks the wide and barren flat where once Lough Ennel basked and tumbled in the sun. It is true that the time of possession specified in the Statute of Limitations has long since expired ; but there are points in this case which render it a peculiar one, and I have no doubt that a Chancery injunction might readily be obtained to prevent any

intermeddling with the fish until the case should have been fairly argued in equity, and finally adjudged.

“But this,” continued old Nora, “is not the only nor the principle cause of my trouble. I had rather all the lakes in Galway were in Westmeath, than to hear what I heard to-night, and to know what I know.”

“What did you hear?” inquired Sir Dowling.

“I heard thousands of Irish wives and mothers lamenting over the slain and wounded in the battle of Clontarf.”

“You heard them lamenting,” said the Knight, “for a calamity which did not yet take place.”

“But it is certain,” said the woman. “When the oak shall be levelled by the storm, what will become of the underwood! You know not what this means now, but you will if you should live another week.”

“Explain yourself plainly,” said Sir Dowling. “Whatever be the issue, it is better I should be pre-

pared for it. I am to join the standard of Prince Murrough at the battle, and I am now returning to take leave of my family and friends."

The woman remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly said:—

"Return and collect your force, and meet me here to-morrow evening an hour before midnight—alone, and be sure you do not fail,"

With these words she disappeared, and Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, in much perplexity, continued his journey. He arrived at his castle, arranged his temporal affairs, and made the necessary preparation becoming one who was about to encounter imminent danger. On the following day, having bid adieu to those amongst his friends who were to remain behind, he set forward at the head of a strong party of horse and foot, with whom he encamped after night-fall within a short distance of the place of meeting.

About an hour before midnight, Sir Dowling, throwing his war-cloak around him, advanced to the

rendezvous, where they found old Nora already expecting him with an air of deeper anxiety and apprehension than she had shown the night before.

"Are you resolved, Sir Dowling," she said, "to join the standard of O'Brien at Clontarf?"

"Is my Prince to be there," said Sir Dowling, "and shall I not be there?"

"Beware."

"Of what?"

"I passed the field last evening, and the colour of death was upon the sod."

"The Men of the Cold Hills, mother, shall make that vision good."

"Beware!" said the old woman again, elevating her finger with a warning look—"Death reaps his harvest without regard to the quality of the grain—the weed and the wheatear together fall beneath his sickle. He is a blast that blows its poison indiscriminately upon all that is fair and all that is hideous on the earth—the tender floweret of the spring that faints and

shrinks, and fades beneath a wind too chill—and the marble rock that accumulates its bulk for ages, and when its date is reached, rots atom after atom into the embrace of the grim destroyer, are both alike his victims. The ape that gibbers on the bough, and the sage that meditates beneath the shade—the coward that skulks behind a fence and the warrior that braves him in the daylight—the eagle in the plains of air, and the wren upon the summer spray—the lion in the bosom of the woods, and the hare that glides in the moonlight—the leviathan within the caves of the ocean, and the starfish, spangling the wave upon its surface, nay, even the very elements that feed those million shades and rich varieties of life, are all subjected to, and must at some time feel his power. In the deepest shades, in the heart of the densest substances, there is no escaping that pervading principle of ruin. His wings overshadow the universe, and his breath penetrates to the centre. The tears of the forlorn and the bereaved—the sigh of the widow and orphan

move him not—he has no capability of relenting—to him the Loch Lannoch and the children of the Dal Gais are alike.”

“Whatever be my fate,” said Sir Dowling, “I will never leave a tarnished reputation after me. The war-cry of the Strong Hand* shall never find Sir Dowling's slow to second it. But tell me if those fatal indications which look on you from the future point direction at my life, or at that of my prince.”

“I can only answer for your own,” said the hag, “and I cannot even guess at your fate without your own assistance. Go to the top of yonder hill, and tell me what you see.”

Sir Dowling O'Hartigan obeyed, and in a short time returned to the place where he had left the old woman.

“I have seen,” said he, “a woman clothed in saffron, and with golden ornaments upon her neck and shoulders.”

* He alludes to the motto of the O'Briens—*Lamh Laidler a bo !* or The Strong Hand for ever.

"The sign is fatal," said the old woman, shaking her head—"go again, and go to the other side of the hill."

Again he went—and again he came.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in white, and wearing silver ornaments."

"More fatal yet," exclaimed the hag, with a still more ominous shake of the head—"go yet once more, and take the western side of the ascent."

A third time Sir Dowling went, and a third time did Sir Dowling O'Hartigan return.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in black, and wearing no ornament whatever."

"It is completed then," said the woman: "and your fate, if you should join the fight at Clontarf, is fixed beyond all doubt. You die upon the field."

"I know not how that may be," answered the Knight, "but I am sure I shall be with my prince wherever he is."

"Abstain from the field, Sir Dowling," said the woman, looking on him with much earnestness, "I

was present when you received in your boyhood the order of knighthood. The wicker shield was hung up in the centre of the field, and you were provided with your lance. I saw you shiver shaft after shaft, from blade to hilt, while the plains rung with acclamations, and the ancient warriors tossed their beards in wonder at the vigour of so young an arm. From that day to this I ever loved your welfare, and I pray you now consult it by remaining from the field of Clontarf."

Sir Dowling, however, would by no means listen to her dishonourable, though friendly solicitations. He became so impatient of those unworthy suggestions, that he turned his back, at length, and was about to depart in considerable wrath—

"Stay, Sir Dowling!" exclaimed the witch; "although I cannot change the nature of the prophecy, I will do my utmost to prolong your life. Take this cloak—it has the power of rendering those who wear it invisible to the eyes of others. If it cannot avert the fate that threatens you, it may at least retard the

term of its approach. But above all things, I warn you, let nothing ever induce you to resign the cloak until the fight is at an end; if you do, you are lost."

So saying, and flinging the filead upon him, she hobbled off, without waiting for thanks, and took the way towards Westmeath to recover her lost lake, and to harangue the borrower about her want of punctuality.

"It might be pardoned," she muttered to herself as she moved along, "if there were no other lake in the county Westmeath but the one, although even then the best that could be said of them is that they came by it shabbily enough—but when they have Lough Iron, and Lough Owheh, and Lough Devereragh, and Lough Lane, and a good piece of Lough Ree!—It is scandalous and unneighbourly, and I will not submit to it. I'm sure it is we that ought to be borrowing lakes out of Westmeath, and not they out of Galway."

Sir Dowling, in the meantime, returned. Desirous to ascertain whether old Nora's cloak did in reality possess the wonderful virtue which she ascribed to it, he paused at a little distance from the first sentinels, and fastened it about his neck. To his astonishment he passed all the guards successively, without receiving a single challenge, and reached his own quarters unobserved. Here he found Duach lying half asleep by the watch-fire, which had been lighted for Sir Dowling's use. Knowing his daltin to be one of those persons who are sensible of scarcely any fear, except that which is referred to a supernatural object, he determined to put the power of the cloak to a still surer test.

"Duach!" exclaimed Sir Dowling, "Duach, awake!"

The daltin started up, and gazed around.

"Duach!" continued the knight, "here, take my cloak and *lann*, and watch while I lie down and take a few hour's sleep."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the daltin, trembling.

"Do you hear me, sirrah? Have you lost your wits?"

"'Tis the master's voice!" said Duach, rubbing his eyes, and looking around on all sides; "but where in the earthly universe is he?"

"Where am I, 'rogue? Do you not see me standing close to you?"

"Well," cried Duach, "I never was in trouble till now!"

At these words, Sir Dowling struck him pretty smartly over the shoulders with his sheathed sword.

"If you do not see me, you shall feel me, sirrah," said the knight.

At this unexpected assault, Duach, with a yell that might have been heard across the Shannon, turned short, and would have fled the camp, had not Sir Dowling seized him by the skirt of his saffron coat, and held him firm. At the same time he undid the tie which made the mantle fast about his own neck, and stood visibly before the astonished daltin.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, "I often heard of wonders, but if this doesn't flog all Munster—it's no matter. Where in Europe were you, master? or where do you come from? or is it to drop out of the sky you did, or to rise out of the ground, or what?"

Nothing could exceed the amazement with which Duach heard his master relate the interview which he had with the old woman, and the extraordinary virtue of the cloak which she had lent him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Sir Dowling," said the daltin, "I don't count it sufficient trial that the guards and myself couldn't see you, for people have often thick sight, and especially at night, that way; but wait till morning, and the first sheiling we pass where we'll see any pigs, you can put it on. They say pigs can see the very wind itself, so if they don't see you, you may depend your life upon the cloak."

Sir Dowling did not appear to think this test essential to his purpose, and, on the following morning, he

set forward, accompanied by his force, to join the standard of the Ard-Righ. That monarch, and his son, to whom he had deputed the command of the royal army on this occasion, were already on the field of battle when Sir Dowling O'Hartigan arrived. Many circumstances combine to give a strong and lasting interest to this brilliant day in Ireland's clouded story. King Brian, who was seventy-six years of age when he ascended the throne, had, in the course of twelve years ensuing, raised the condition of the island to a state of almost unexampled prosperity, and acquired for himself the character of a saint, a hero, and a sage. His reign bears a closer resemblance to that of the French St. Louis, or the English Alfred, than that of any other Irish monarch whom we can call to mind. Devoted himself to the cultivation of letters and the practice of religion, he encouraged both, by every means which the prerogative of his station could afford. He founded many churches, and added his influence to that of the clergy, in promoting a love of piety and

virtue. He conciliated the friendship of the independent princes throughout the island by confirming their ancient privileges, and aiding them in the enforcement of their authority. The success with which his efforts to establish national peace and harmony were attended, has been celebrated in a legend with which all are familiar who have read the Irish melodies, and whatever be the truth of the story, it bears testimony at least to the reputation of the monarch with his subjects and their posterity. At the close of his reign, however, he had the affliction to combat with internal treachery and foreign invasion. The annalists tell us, that Malmorda, the Righ, or inferior monarch of Leinster, aided by twelve thousand Danes whom he had called in to aid him in his rebellious enterprise, arose in arms against his sovereign. The aged monarch was prompt in taking the field against the traitor and his foreign allies, nor were his subjects slow to second him. The field, when Sir Dowling entered it, presented a striking and animated spectacle. The Irish archers

and slingers with their small Scythian bows and kran-tabals—the gallow-glach heavily armed, with genn and battle-axe, and the shoals of kerne, distinguished by the hanging cap, the ready skene at the girdle, and javelin in the hand, were arrayed between the royal tents and the rebel force. Amongst these last the island costume was shamefully mingled with the chain armour of the invaders, and the Irish poll-axe advanced in the same cause with the ponderous northern sparthe, which had so often drank the blood of the helpless and unresisting, in their towns and villages. Mindful of old Nora's warning, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan committed his men to the command of an inferior officer, and, fastening the cloak around his neck, passed, unobserved, to that part of the field where Prince Murrough O Brian was in the act of persuading his age-stricken parent, the venerable Priam of the day, to retire from a scene in which he could no longer afford assistance, and to await in his tent the issue of the combat. The monarch at length complied, and

bidding an affectionate farewell to his children of two generations, who were about to risk all for his crown and people, slowly retired from the field, and at the same instant Sir Dowling had the mortification to hear the prince give utterance to an exclamation of disappointment and surprise at his non-appearance.

“It is the first time,” said Prince Murrough, “that I ever knew Sir Dowling O'Hartigan untrue to his engagement.”

The knight had much difficulty in restraining himself from flinging away the cloak, and removing the uneasiness of his prince, but the warning of Nora, and the fear that in the eagerness to manifest his loyalty he might lose the power of manifesting it in a more effectual way, enabled him to controul his inclinations.

The battle commenced, and Sir Dowling, taking his position near the Prince, wrought prodigies of valour in his defence. The prince and his immediate attendants beheld with astonishment Dane after Dane, and

traitor after traitor fall mortally wounded to the ground, and yet none could say by whose weapon the blow was struck. More than once, the prince, as if his own strength were so gigantic that the mere intention of a blow on his part were more destructive than the practical exertions of another, saw his enemies fall prostrate at his feet when he had but lifted his sword into the air above them. At length a Nordman, of prodigious size, came bearing down upon the Prince, hewing all to pieces before him, and breaking the royal ranks with the strength of a rhinoceros. At the very instant when he had arrived within a sword's length of Murrough O'Brian, and while the latter was in the act of lifting his shield in order to resist his onset, to the astonishment of all, and doubtless to his own, the head of the gigantic Nordman rolled upon the grass. The Prince started back amazed.

"These must be Sir Dowling's blows," he exclaimed, "and yet I do not see the man!"

"And what hand," cried Sir Dowling, flinging aside

the cloak in a transport of death defying zeal, "what hand has a better right than Sir Dowling's to do its utmost for the son of Brian?"

He had scarcely given utterance to the words, when the sparthe of a Loch Lannoch, who stood at some distance, came whistling through the air, and transfixed him on the spot, the victim of his own enthusiasm. The rest is known. The aged monarch, the Prince, and many of their house, and four thousand of their followers shared the fate of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan; but their country was redeemed in their destruction, for Clontarf did more than 'scotch' the Danish hydra. It was never seen to raise one of its heads again in Ireland.

At this moment, and before the Twelfth Juror had time to add a vocal contribution to the narrative which he had just afforded, an extraordinary accident threw the whole Jury Room into a commotion which may be

more easily imagined on the reader's part than described on ours. The traveller, who had been lying in the cup-board during the whole night, and listening with exemplary attention to the various narratives which had been served up for the entertainment of the company was betrayed into an act of remarkable forgetfulness immediately on the conclusion of the foregoing Tale. Whether it was that his olfactory organs had been irritated, by some particles of dust which had found its entrance into the cupboard, or that the dampness of his uncomfortable retirement had given him a cold, or that, by some unaccountable fatality, the fit seized him, certain it is that at this instant he so totally forgot the precarious situation in which he stood as to give a sudden and violent sneeze in his hiding place. Once more, let the reader imagine the effect produced by this unexpected sound upon the astonished Jurors. They started, from their seats as we are told men do in tropical climates on feeling the first shock of an earthquake. "What noise was

that?" "Didn't somebody sneeze?" "Where was it?" "Who was it?" "'Tis from the cupboard?" &c. &c., were exclamations which broke from the lips of the company not *seriatim* as we have been obliged to transcribe them but almost at the same instant and as it were in the same breath. Some of the most courageous, arming themselves with poker, tongs, and such other weapons offensive and defensive as the place afforded, advanced to the corner in which the now silent and trembling intruder lay half dead with apprehension of he knew not what, and mentally bewailing the fit of absence which had rendered all his caution and previous self-denial vain and useless. There was some discussion as to whose duty it was to open the cupboard, which occasioned (for men in despair will catch at straws,) a wild hope in the breast of the stranger that none amongst them might be found hardy enough to take the task upon him. The difficulty, however, was removed by the Foreman who with an intrepidity worthy of imitation, taking the

poker from the timorous hand of the Juror who stood next him advanced so near the cupboard that he was able by extending the poker at arm's length and inserting the point of it between the two doors, to throw one of them back on the hinges so as to disclose the pent-up figure of the listener inside. A single glance was sufficient to show the Jurors that he was in a greater fright than they were, on which their courage rose to such a degree that all simultaneously rushed upon him and dragged him forward into the centre of the room. Language would only expose its poverty in attempting to describe the scene that followed. Let it suffice to say that after about a quarter of an hour consumed in vociferations which led to nothing, the stranger was able to obtain something like a hearing, and was allowed to explain in a consecutive manner the circumstances which had brought him into his present very questionable position. These, however, he related with so much candour and energy of manner, that he evidently produced a

favourable impression on the greater portion of his hearers. He was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination, which, however, did not in the least degree shake "his own original testimony." After some further deliberation, the case was submitted to the Foreman, who decided that presuming on the good intentions of the stranger, the Jury would be willing to favour his escape on condition that he would submit to the regulation of the night and add his story to those of which he had been in so extraordinary a manner a covert auditor. The stranger readily consented, and took his seat amid general applause.

THE STRANGER'S TALE.



THE RAVEN'S NEST.



Her sire, an earl—her dame of prince's blood;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.

Sonnet on the Countess of Lincoln.

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

THE Fabii make not a more distinguished figure in the history of the ancient Roman, or the Medici in that of the modern Tuscan State, than do the family of the Geraldines in the troubled tale of Ireland's miseries. Whenever the annals of the island shall be treated by a competent pen, they will not fail to be classed by all impartial judges amongst the most remarkable families in history. Their errors, and perhaps in many instances their crimes, were great; but their undaunted courage,—their natural eloquence,—

their vigorous genius, and their hereditary open heartedness are qualities which will be as certain of awakening admiration, as their misfortunes of exciting pity. The story of the earls of Kildare constitutes such a piece of history as Sallust might be proud to write, and the genius of Plutarch would have delighted in the pithy sayings, heroic actions, and touches of character, in which the annals of the family abound.

During the reign of the Tudors, a deadly feud had raged for many years, between one of the earls of Kildare, and a chieftain—a branch of the Geraldines, residing in a distant part of Munster. The Geraldine conceived his rights, as well as those of his country, invaded by the excessive rigour and even injustice with which Kildare (who was Lord Deputy) administered the government; and the earl was so highly incensed by what he called the turbulence and malice of his kinsman, that he protested his determination not to lay down his arms, until he had compelled him to make submission, “albeit he shall have him as a

common borderer, cut off by the knee." In this resolution, he received the entire sanction of the English government, who seldom bore hard upon their deputies for an excess of zeal.

Outworn by continual defeats, and feeling deeply for the sufferings which his fruitless resistance had brought on his dependents the gallant Geraldine testified at length his willingness to make terms, and offered to come in person to the metropolis in order to make a formal submission to the viceroy. He was not so despicable an enemy that even the haughty earl was not rejoiced at his proposal. He was received in Dublin with the highest ceremonies of respect and joy. The earl gave splendid entertainments, to which many, not only of the substantial citizens of the Pale, but of the native Irish chieftains, were invited; and the public places of the city for several days were thronged with a motley company of revellers, mingling with a confidence as enthusiastic as if they had not been for centuries as bitter enemies, as oppression on the one,

and hate and outrage on the other side, could make them.

On the second night after the arrival of the Geraldine in Dublin, a party of horse, bearing the marks of long travel, in the jaded carriage both of the animals and their riders, appeared upon the borders of the Pale which they had entered by one of the northern roads. They were commanded by a young man of an appearance at once delicate and martial. The peasants and humble artisans doffed their bonnets as they passed him on the road, and the sentinels saluted, and suffered him to go unquestioned. As they approached the city, the sounds of rejoicing which were distinctly heard in the calm air, awakened the attention and curiosity of the group.

“Ride on before, Thomas,” said the young officer, addressing the page who bore his shield and helmet, “and ask what feasting is toward in the city.”

The page spurred on his horse, and after making inquiry at the booth of a rosy looking vender of

woollen stuffs, returned, to say that the Geraldine was in the city.

“The Geraldine! what! hath he taken it, then?”

“Nay,” cried the page, “if it were so, I question whether the Pale would be so orderly. He has come to make submission to the king.”

“To make submission! The Geraldine make submission!” repeated the young man. “This seems a tale no less improbable than the other. Alas! such wisdom is rare in a Geraldine. The poor isle has suffered deeply to the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Poor miserable land! Give me the helmet. We must not pass the Geraldine unarmed. How long is it now since this quarrel has begun?”

“Near sixteen years, my lord.”

“Thou sayest aright. I remember to have heard of it on my mother's knee. I well remember how Kildare returned to the castle on an autumn evening, all black with dust and sweat, and how she flew to meet him, while I marked his rusty javelin, and puzzled my

brains to comprehend its use. I am not so ignorant now. Ill-fated country! How many lives, dost thou compute, have already fallen in this feud!"

"It is thought, my lord, some seventy or eighty soldiers of the Pale, with about seventeen thousand of the Irish in various encounters; besides castles sacked, about fifty; towns and villages demolished to the number of nineteen; and private dwellings of the common sort, to the amount of some thousand roofs. The Pale, too, suffered loss of property; a woollen draper's booth destroyed, besides some twenty cabins in the suburbs, laid in ashes."

"I pray you, Thomas, who might be your accountant?"

"My cousin Simmons, my lord, the city bailiff;—your lordship may remember him?"

"Ay, I thought the computation had been made within the Pale. And what was the beginning of the strife?"

"The insolent Geraldine, my lord, had the audacity to turn a troop of the Lord Deputy's horse——"

“Out of a widow’s house upon his holding, where they would have taken up their quarters for a fortnight in the scarce season. The insolent Geraldine! I long to see the disloyal knave. Know you if the lady Margaret his daughter be with him in the city?”

“My lord, the woollen-draper spoke not of her.”

“I long to know them both. Report speaks loudly of her, no less than of the Geraldine himself. But here’s the city. Good morrow masters! Thank you heartily, thank you all! O’Neil is quiet in the north, my masters! Long live the King! Huzza!”

The last sentences were spoken as the young warrior passed the city gate, where he was recognised and hailed by a holiday throng of the loyal citizens, with shouts of welcome that made the houses tremble around them. “Kildare for ever! Long live the King! huzza!” was echoed from the city gate to the very drawbridge of the castle. The young nobleman, who had, amid all his gallantry and gaiety, a certain air that shewed him to be above the reach of party

spirit, received their congratulations with spirit and cheerfulness, but without losing a moment's time either to speak or hear. The streets as he passed presented an appearance singular and altogether new to his eye. The Irish green hanging bonnet seemed as common as the cap of the Pale; kernes who spoke not a syllable of English were gaping at the splendour of the city; and citizens, standing in their booths, stared with no less amazement at the unshorn locks, wild looks, and woodland attire of their new allies. Passing on to St. Thomas's Court, where the Lord Deputy, at that time, transacted the business of the government, Sir Ulick Fitzgerald, the young knight whose course we have been following, alighted from his horse, and sent one of the officers to inform the Lord Deputy of his arrival. He was received by Kildare in the king's chamber; and gave an account of the state of affairs in the north, where he had for some months past occupied the place of the Lord Deputy himself.

“Thou art welcome, Ulick, from the north,” said

Kildare, reaching his hand to his son, who kissed it with reverence and affection. "And, now, how hast thou done thy work, my lad?"

"Like a true soldier of the Pale, my lord," replied Sir Ulick. I taught the rascals what it was to have to do with a friend of England. Thou and our royal master I am sure will love me for it."

"What said O'Neil at the conference?"

"O my good father, bid me not repeat his insolence. He said his lands and castles were in the keeping of his ancestors, before the very name of Ireland had sounded in the ear of a Plantaganet,—that we used our power cruelly—(we, my lord, cruel! we! and I could aver upon mine honour as a knight, we have not piked above twelve score of the rascal's Irishry, except on holidays when we wanted exercise for the hobbblers. We cruel!) he complained also of trespass on the property of his dependents, (what! had we touched their lives, my lord?); he said all men were naturally free; that he derived his possessions from

his progenitors, not from the royal gift ; and many things beside, for which I would have set his head upon his castle gate, but as your lordship recommended clemency, I only hanged a cousin of his whom we caught in the camp after dark."

"Ulick," said the earl, "thou art a bantering villain ; and I warn thee, as the Geraldines stand not over well with Tudor, how thou sufferest such humours to appear, and before whom. It has been remarked, and by those who might not pierce thine irony, that thou art rather a favourer of these turbulent insurgents. Thou art over mild with the rebels."

"It is a mending fault, my lord," said Sir Ulick ; "in the service of Tudor it will soon wear off."

"I tell thee," said the earl, "it is thought by many that thine heart is less with the people of the Pale than might become the descendent of those who have grown old in the royal confidence and favour, and transmitted both as a legacy to their posterity.—Thou hast learned the language of these rascal Irishry."

"I confess my crime, my lord," replied the knight ;
"I know my country's tongue."

"Thou lovest their braggart poetry, and villainous antiquities ; and art known to keep in thy train a scoundrel harper, who sings thee to sleep at night with tales of burnings and rapines, done by their outlaw chiefs upon the honest subjects of the crown."

"I confess my fault, my lord. I love sweet music."

"Thou hast even been heard at times," continued the earl, "to sing a verse of their howling ditties in the very precincts of the castle."

"Nay, nay, good father," cried the knight, "if you will impute my tuneful voice as treasonous, blame nature and not me, for I had it of her. I confess myself guilty in that point also. There is a rebel melody in my voice that I cannot well be rid of."

"Ay, banter, banter, villain," said the Lord Deputy!

"I tell thee, in a word, to treasure up what I have said, nor presume so far upon thy loyal deeds to excuse disloyal words. Princes are jealous of a smile.

Thou must bear in mind that it is a conquered race thou hast to deal withal, and add a ferule to the rod of government."

"I shall learn, my lord, I hope, as aptly as my predecessors. Ere I am twice Lord Deputy I shall amend."

"And now," said the earl, "to thy chamber, and prepare to meet the Geraldine at evening. In a few days he makes formal submission to the King before the Lords of Council at Kilmainham Castle, and to-night he must here be entertained as becomes a Geraldine of his birth and breeding. Farewell!"

Spirited, lively, and yet filled with generous affections, the young knight was no less calculated to attract admiration in the hall than in the field. He was early at the festival, and met the Geraldine in his father's presence. The latter was a swart, stout-built man, with a brow that spoke of many dangers braved, and difficulties withstood, if not overcome. Unaccustomed to the polished raillery of a court, the stubborn

chief was somewhat disposed at first to be offended with Sir Ulick, who addressed him in a tone of ironical reproof, and upbraided him in eloquent terms with the unreasonableness and selfishness of his withholding from the conquerors, possessions and immunities which he and his ancestors had now so long enjoyed, and which it was but fair that they should yield at least to those poorer adventurers, whose services the Tudors had no other means of rewarding. "Did the Geraldine, or his confederates, consider what the Tudors owed those men to whom they were indebted for the subjugation of so large a province? and would they be so ungenerous as to withhold from the sovereign the means of recompensing so palpable a public service, &c."

The Geraldine, who did not understand irony, was observed two or three times to bend his brows upon the youth, but had his ire removed by some gracious turn in the harangue, introduced with timely promptitude. The hall of the festival was now thrown open; and Sir Ulick, standing at the farther end, summoned

"The Lord purtect us,"
any one ever hear the like?"

"'Tis all up with us," ob
no more chance of escape, tha
ing green over us this moment

"Oh! vo! vo!"

"Eyeh! What's the use o
all for the better."

"God help us," responded M

"I thought once Morris, the
as it looks to me now." said Pe
my garden of piaties, and my ac
love of a little girl that had'nt he
earth, and two little craythurs w
about the floor with me. Oh!
happy man then Morris—and w

"May be you would'nt suffe
plied his fellow prisoner.

"Suffer is it," ejaculated Pe
matter any thing they can do to

suffered whatever any creature in this world could suffer in the loss of all that we near and dear to us, and death cannot frighten us now."

"Was it to lose the wife you did agin?" enquired Morris compassionately.

"The wife—the son—the daughter—~~the~~ Morris, and here I stand alone in the world, and here it naked, as naked I com into it. I tould you I was happy and comfortable—wait, and I'll tell you the rest of the story, 'tis a short one. I held my little farm aisy, and paid the rint regular, until an election come in the country, and I voted against my landlord for the sake of emancipation. From that day on he never had the same face for me, and I knew well my ruin wasnt far off. There was an old abatement he med me in the farm some years before when the times grew bad. This abatement he now brought agin me as an arrear, and ordered me to pay up or wanst. I couldnt do it, or course, and he gave me notice to quit. On the following 24th of March, in

who took her husband off with him to the court, single-handed, set upon them as they were at Cullenswood."

good stead. And who was the man?"

O'Moore, who hanged him in Offally for speaking against the poor."

aters, who were by at the time, and they all hush!"

What would you ask?"

Now you tell me, Thomas, what was the name?"

beyond the rest in beauty?"

simplicity of her attire?"

attendant, "is your name?"

to his side his favourite attendant, Thomas Butler, from whom he inquired the names and quality of such guests as, in entering, had attracted his attention.

“ I pray thee, gentle Thomas,” said Sir Ulick, “ what man is that with a cast in his right eye, and a coolun as thick and as bushy as a fox’s tail, and as carrotty-red withal ; and a sword that seems at deadly feud with its owner’s calves ?”

“ Who? he, my lord? That is O’Carroll, who thrashed Mac Morrourn, at the Boyne, for burning his cousin’s castle, and piking his children in the bog ?”

“ And who is she who hangs upon his arm ?”

“ His daughter Nell, my lord, who eat the tip of Mac Morrourn’s liver, with a flagon of wine, for dinner, on the day after the battle.”

“ Sweet creature! And that round, short, flashy, merry little man, with his chain ?”

“ That is the mayor, my lord.”

“ And the lofty lady who comes after, like a grenadier behind a drummer ?”

“The lady-mayoress, my lord, who took her husband upon her shoulders, and ran off with him to the city, when he would fain have fought, single-handed, with an enormous O'Toole, who set upon them as they were taking a morning walk to Cullenswood.”

“Her stature stood him in good stead. And who are they who follow close behind?”

“Burke of Clanricard, and O'Moore, who hanged and quartered the four widows in Offally for speaking against the cosherings on the poor.”

“And the ladies?”

“Their wives and daughters, who were by at the quartering.”

“A goodly company. But hush!”

“What is it, my lord, that you would ask?”

“Hush! hush! Canst thou tell me, Thomas, what lady is that in yellow, as far beyond the rest in beauty of person as in the graceful simplicity of her attire?”

“That, my lord,” said the attendant, “is your

cousin, Margaret Fitzgerald, and the only daughter of the Geraldine."

"Fame, that exaggerates all portraitures, fell short in hers. My cousin Margaret! Away, good Thomas, I care not to learn more."

Approaching the circle, of which the fair Geraldine formed a chief attraction, Sir Ulick was introduced to his young relative. The evening passed happily away in her society; and before many days they were better friends than, perhaps, themselves suspected, or the parents of either could have readily approved. Both freely communicated their thoughts and wishes on the condition of their families and country. Both mourned the divided interests that distracted the latter, and the wretched jealousies which seemed destined to keep the well-wishers of the island for ever disunited in themselves, and therefore utterly incapable of promoting her advantage. Such themes as these formed the subject of conversation one evening, while the dance

went gaily forward, and the hall of the banquet seemed more than usually thronged with brilliant dresses.

“Now, at least, cousin Margaret,” said Sir Ulick, in a gentle voice, “we may promise ourselves brighter times. Our fathers seem better agreed at every interview; and so nearly do their tempers harmonize, that I am sure it needed but an earlier intimacy to render them as fervent friends as they have been strenuous—Hark! What is that noise?”

While he spoke, the sounds of mirth were interrupted, in a startling manner, by loud and angry voices at the end of the hall, which was occupied by the Lord-Deputy and other chieftains of every party. Before time was given for question or reply, the wordy clamour was exchanged for the clash of weapons, and in an instant the scene of merriment was changed to a spectacle of horror and affright. The music ceased, the dance was broken up, the women shrieked, while of the men some joined the combatants, whom others sought to separate by flinging cloaks, scarfs, caps,

and various articles of dress across the glancing weapons. A truce was thus enforced; and Sir Ulick learned with indignation, that the hot-blooded Geraldine had struck his father. The news soon spread into the streets where a strife began that was not so easily to be appeased. The followers of the Geraldine, whose hearts were never with the treaty of submission, seemed glad of the occasion given to break it off. They fell upon the citizens, who were not slow in flying to their weapons, and a scene of tumult ensued which made the streets re-echo from the river side to the hills. The Geraldines were driven from the city, not without loss, and their chieftain found himself on horseback without the walls, and farther from the royal countenance than ever. He was with difficulty able to rescue his daughter, who, on the first sound of strife, had immediately placed herself by his side.

The war now re-commenced with redoubled fury. The Lord-Deputy received orders from London to have the Geraldine taken, dead or alive, and set his

head, according to the fashion of those times, upon the castle gate. In obedience to these instructions which needed not the concurrence of his own hearty good will, Kildare marched an army to the south, and after several engagements, laid siege to the Geraldine in one of his strongest castles. The ruins still occupy a solitary crag, surrounded by a rushy marsh, at a little distance from New Auburn. The place was naturally strong; and the desperation of the besieged made it altogether impregnable. After several fruitless efforts, attended by severe loss to the assailants, to possess themselves of the castle by storm, it was placed in a state of blockade, and the Lord-Deputy, encamping in the neighbourhood, left famine to complete the work which his arms had failed to accomplish.

With different feelings, Sir Ulick, who held a subordinate command in the army of his father, beheld the days run by, which were to end in the surrender, or (as was more probable from the well known cha-

racter of the Geraldine), in the destruction and death of the besieged. Two months rolled on, and there appeared no symptom on the part of the latter that indicated a desire to come to terms. Such, likewise, was the fidelity with which those feudal chiefs were served by their followers, that not a single deserter escaped from the castle to reveal the real state of its defenders. They appeared upon the battlement as hearty and as well accoutred as on the first day of the blockade.

Meantime there was no lack of spirit in the castle. The storehouse was well supplied for a blockade of many months ; and the Geraldine depended much on a letter he had sent beneath the wings of a carrier-pigeon to a distant part of Desmond. The days passed merrily between watching and amusement, and the frequent sounds of mirth and dancing from within, shewed that the besieged were thinking of something else beside giving up the fortress.

One evening, Margaret, retiring to her chamber,

gave orders to her woman to attend her. The latter obeyed, and was employed in assisting her lady to undress, when the following conversation passed between them.

“ You have not since discovered by whom the letter was left in the eastern bolt-hole?”

The woman answered in the negative.

“ Take this,” said Margaret, handing the maid a small wooden tablet, as white as snow, except where it was marked by her own neat characters. “ Take this, and lay it exactly where the former was deposited, Yet stay! Let me compare the notes again, to be sure that I have worded mine answer aright.”—“ Sweet Margaret.—Be persuaded by one who loves thy welfare. Let thy sweet voice urge the Geraldine to give up the fortress which he must yield perforce ere long, and with sorer loss perchance than that of life and property. Thy friendly enemy unknown.” “ Well said, my friendly enemy, not quite perhaps so un-

known as thou esteemest—now for mine answer.—
“Kind friendly enemy. Thine eloquence will be much better spent on Kildare, in urging him to raise the siege, than my poor accents on the stubborn Geraldine. Wherefore I commend thee to thy task, and warn thee to beware of my kinsmen’s bills, which, how shrewdly they can bite, none ought to know better than the Lord Deputy and his followers. Thy thankful foe.”

The tablet was laid on the window, and disappeared in the course of the night. On that which followed, while Margaret and her maid were occupied, as before, in preparing for rest, a noise at the window aroused the attention of the mistress, and struck the woman mute with terror. Dismissing the latter into the sleeping chamber, which lay adjacent, and carefully shutting the door, the daughter of the Geraldine advanced to the window, and unbarred the curtained lattice. A brilliant moon revealed the lake, in the midst of which the castle rose upon the summit of a rock,

the guarded causeway by which it was connected with the shore, the distant camp of Kildare, and the tranquil woods and hills extending far around. Beneath her, on the rock, appeared a figure, the identity of which she could not for an instant mistake; but how it came thither, to what intent, and wherefore undetected, was more than she had skill to penetrate. Perhaps, like a second Leander, he had braved the waves with no other oar than his own vigorous limbs! But the stern of a little currach, peeping from beneath the overhanging rock, gave intimation that Sir Ulick (for he indeed it was) knew a trick worth two of Leander's. Waving his hand to Margaret, he ascended the formidable crag which still separated him from the window of her apartment, and came even within whispering distance. He did but come, to be sure that she at least was not in want of food. It so happened that this side of the rock alone was unguarded, being supposed impregnable from the steepness of its ascent, as well as of that of the opposing shore. Sir Ulick, how-

ever, gliding under the shadow of the distant cliff, and only venturing to dart for the isle when the sky was darkest, had already visited it for three successive nights, and seemed, at every new venture, more secure of his secret. The alarm of Margaret, however, was excessive. The discovery of an intercourse would be certain death to one or both—for the Geraldine, in a case of treason, whether real or apparent, would not spare his nearest blood. The same as Sir Ulick was himself aware, was true of the Lord Deputy. Made bold, however, by impunity, he quieted the lady's fears, and without much difficulty, communicated to her mind the security of his own. His visits were continued for a week without interruption ; after which period, the fair Geraldine observed, with perplexity and uneasiness, that they terminated abruptly nor did she, for an equal space of time, see or hear anything that could account for this sudden disappearance of her accomplished friend.

One night as she sat in her window, looking ou

with the keenest anxiety for the little wicker skiff, she observed, with a thrill of eagerness and delight, some dark object gliding close beneath the cliffs upon the opposite shore. The unclouded brightness of the moon, however, prevented the approach of the boat; and her suspense had reached a painful height, before the sky grew dark. At length a friendly cloud extended its veil beneath the face of the unwelcome satellite; and in a few minutes the splash of oars, scarce louder than the ripple of the wavelets against the rock, gave token to the watchful ear of Margaret, of the arrival of the long expected knight. A figure ascends the rock; the lattice is unbarred; there is sufficient light to peruse the form and features of the stranger. It is not Sir Ulick; but Thomas Butler, the *fidus Achates*, and only confidant of the youthful knight.

“What, Thomas, is it thou? Where is thy lord?”

“Ah, lady, it is all over with Sir Ulick!”

“How sayest thou?”

“ He is taken, lady, by the Lord Deputy's servants, and stands condemned in the article of treason.”

These dreadful tidings, acting on spirits already depressed by a sudden disappointment, proved too much for Margaret's strength, and she fainted away in the window. On reviving, she obtained from Thomas a full detail of the circumstances which had occurred to Sir Ulick since his last appearance at the island, and the cause in which they had their origin.

About a week before, the Lord Deputy was sitting at evening in his tent, when a scout arrived to solicit a private audience. It was granted; and the man averred that he had discovered the existence of a treasonable communication between the inhabitants of the island and the shore. In his indignation at this announcement, Kildare made a vow, that the wretch, whoever he was, should be cast alive into the Raven's Nest; and appointed a party to watch on the following night on the shore beside the cliffs for the return of the traitor from the rock. Having given the men

strict injunctions to bring the villain bound before him, the instant he should be apprehended, he ordered a torch to be lighted in his tent, and remained up to await the issue.

Towards morning, footsteps were heard approaching the entrance of the tent. The sentinel challenged, and admitted the party. The astonishment of Kildare may be conceived, when, in the fettered and detected traitor, against whom he had been fostering his liveliest wrath, he beheld his gallant son, the gay and heroic Ulick! The latter did not deny that he had made several nightly visits to the island; but denied, with scorn, the imputation of treasonable designs, although he refused to give any account of what his real motives were. After long endeavouring, no less by menace than entreaty, to induce him to reveal the truth, the Lord Deputy addressed him, with a kindness which affected him more than his severity.

“I believe thee, Ulick,” he said; “I am sure thou art no traitor. Nevertheless, thy father must not be

thy judge. Go, plead thy cause before the Lords of Council, and see if they will yield thee as ready a credit. I fear thou wilt find it otherwise ; but thou hast thyself to blame."

A court was formed in the course of a few days consisting of Kildare himself, as President, and a few of the Council, who were summoned for the purpose. The facts proved before them were those already stated ; and Sir Ulick persisted in maintaining the same silence with respect to his designs or motives, as he had done before his father. It seemed impossible, under such circumstances, to acquit him ; and having received the verdict of the court, the Lord Deputy gave orders for the fulfilment of his dreadful vow.

On the night after his sentence, his attendant, Thomas Butler, obtained permission to visit him in his dungeon ; and received a hint from Kildare, as he granted it, that he would not fare the worse, for drawing his master's secret from him. Ulick, however, was inflexible. Fearing the danger to Margaret's life, no

less than to her reputation, he maintained his resolution of suffering the sentence to be executed, without further question. "The Lords of Council," he said, "were as well aware of his services to the king's government, as he could make them; and if those services were not sufficient to procure him credit in so slight a matter, he would take no further pains to earn it."

Disappointed and alarmed on the eve of the morning appointed for the execution, Thomas Butler, at the hazard of his life, determined to seek the lady Margaret herself, and acquaint her with what had occurred. The daughter of Geraldine did not hesitate long about the course she should pursue. Wrapping a man's cloak around her figure, with the hood (for in those days, fair reader, the gentlemen wore hoods), over her head, she descended from the window, and succeeded in reaching the boat. A few minutes' rapid rowing brought them to the shore. It was already within an hour of dawn, and the sentence was to be completed

before sun-rise. Having made fast the currach in a secret place, they proceeded amongst crag and copse in the direction of the Raven's Nest. The dismal chasm was screened by a group of alder and brush-wood, which concealed it from the view, until the passenger approached its very brink. As they came within view of the place, the sight of gleaming spears and yellow uniforms amongst the trees, made the heart of Margaret sink with apprehension.

“Run on before, good Thomas,” she exclaimed; “delay their horrid purpose but a moment. Say one approaches who can give information of the whole.”

The fetters, designed no more to be unbound, were already fastened on the wrists and ancles of the young soldier, when his servant arrived, scarce able to speak for weariness, to stay the execution. He had discovered, he said, the whole conspiracy, and there was a witness coming on who could reveal the object and the motive of the traitors, for there were more than one. At the same instant Margaret appeared, close wrapt

in her cloak, to confirm the statement of Butler. At the request of the latter, the execution was delayed while a courier was despatched to the Lord Deputy with intelligence of the interruption that had taken place. In a few minutes he returned, bringing a summons to the whole party to appear before the Lords of Council. They complied without delay, none being more perplexed than Sir Ulick himself at the meaning of this strange announcement.

On arriving in the camp, the unknown informant entreated to be heard in private by the council. The request was granted; and Margaret, still closely veiled was conducted to the hall in which the judge sat. On being commanded to uncover her head, she replied:—

“My lords, I trust the tale I have to tell may not require that I should make known the person of the teller. My Lord Deputy, to you the drift of my story must have the nearest concern. When you bade the Geraldine to your court of Dublin, he was accompa-

nied by an only daughter, Margaret, whom your son Ulick saw and loved. He was not without confessing his affection, and I am well assured that it was not unanswered. On the very evening, my Lord Deputy, before that most unhappy affray, which led to your disunion, and to the dissolution of our—of Sir Ulick's hopes, a mutual avowal had been made, and a mutual pledge of faith, (modestly, my lords), exchanged, always under the favour of our—of the noble parents of the twain. My lords, I have it under proof, that the visits of Sir Ulick were made to the Lady Margaret,—that to no other individual of the castle were they known,—and that no weightier converse ever passed between them, than such silly thoughts of youthful affection as may not be repeated before grave and reverend ears like those to which I speak.”

“And what may be thy proof, stranger?” said the Lord Deputy, with a tenderness of voice which shewed the anxiety her tale excited in his mind.

“The word of Margaret Fitzgerald,” replied the

witness, as she dropped the mantle from her shoulders.

The apparition of the Geraldine's daughter in the council chamber, gave a wonderful turn to the proceedings. Kildare was the first to speak. He arose from his seat, and approaching the spot where the spirited young maiden stood, took her hand with kindness and affection.

"In truth, sweet kinswoman," he said, "thou hast staked a sufficient testimony. And to be sure that it be so with all as it is with Kildare, I promise thee to back it with my sword; and it shall go hard but thy honest-hearted speech shall save the Geraldine his lands and towers to boot. My lords, I think I see by your countenances that you deem the lady's tale a truth. Then summon Ulick hither, and let a flag of truce be sent to the Geraldine, to let him know that his child is in safe keeping. The Raven's Nest has taught me what he feels."

The chroniclers of New Auburn conclude their story by relating that the promise of the Lord Deputy

was fulfilled,—that the affection of the heroic pair received the sanction of their parents,—and that whenever, afterwards in their wedded life, a cloud seemed gathering at their castle hearth, the recollection of the Raven's Nest was certain to bring sunshine to the hearts of both.

If the merit of the several stories told during the night were to be estimated by the loudness and continuance of the applause which followed, the strangers was beyond all comparison the best. Each Juror vied with the others in expressing his gratification, and silence was restored only when the Foreman reminded them, that the gentleman had yet to favour them with a song, which he had no doubt they would find quite as entertaining as his interesting story.

“I cannot, gentlemen,” said the stranger, “better acknowledge your very great indulgence and kindness than by at once complying with your wishes, so far as my ability enables me. I will attempt a song, which as a composition of my wooing days, long gone

by, I yet remember, perhaps, with as much interest as an Irishman could." Smiling as he uttered these few words of preface the stranger began :—

I.

I love my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair,
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
Its clouds, her golden hair.
Her glance its beam, so soft and kind,
Her tears its dewy showers,
And her voice, the tender whispering wind,
That stirs the early bowers.

II.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon,
For she is bright, as the Lord of light
Yet mild as Autumn's moon.
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one
Till even that sun shall fade.

III.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at even,
Her smile's soft play, is like the ray
That lights the western heaven.
I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose,
But best of all when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close.

No sooner had the stranger concluded his song than all declared with one voice that he merited his liberty and they accordingly began to devise means of procuring him that valuable boon. The window was raised, and it was soon found that by lowering him no further than their arms might reach, he could reach a projection in the building, from whence his descent to the pavement was but an easy fall. Shaking hands warmly with each of the Jurors in succession, and thanking them with the liveliest gratitude, both for

the entertainment he had derived from their narratives, and for the kindness with which they connived at his escape, the stranger having ascertained, by a previous glance of inspection, that there was no person within sight, suffered three or four of the Jurors to grasp his wrists and lower him from the window, and in a few seconds found himself in the little street with no other injury than a slight momentary inconvenience from the concussion, and stiffness in the limbs occasioned by his having been so long in one position. Waving his hand again and again to the Jurors, who stood looking from the window to see that he had reached *terra firma* in safety, he hastened to his hotel, where he found the Boots already stirring and commencing his daily avocations. The stranger hurried to bed, where he soon lost all recollection of the Jurors and their stories, and slept so soundly that he was only awakened some hours after by the trumpeters, who preceded the Judges on their way to the court house.

The instant he heard the sound of the trumpet, our

traveller was seized with an irresistible desire to learn and, if possible, to witness the issue of the trial which had already awakened so lively an interest in his mind. Dressing with all possible speed, he was able to make his way into court just as the Jury entered the box to give his lordship an account of their proceedings since the previous evening. To the traveller, who knew so much more than the rest of the spectators of the manner in which the Jurors had been passing their time, it was amusing to observe the gravity with which they took their seats and prepared to answer the questions of the Judge.

“Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?”

“No, my lord.”

“You have considered the evidence?”

“We have fully considered it, my lord,” the traveller groaned.

“Is there any point——” his lordship began, but before he could complete the sentence one or two persons hastily entered the court and an extraordinary

commotion was presently observed amongst the gentlemen of the long robe, which soon extended itself through the body of the court. A general whispering and tittering commenced, which soon became so loud as to call for the attention of the bench. In answer to a question from his lordship one of the defendant's counsel rose, and, with a voice half broken with laughter, said:

“My lord, you may remember I gave your lordship and the gentlemen of the Jury to understand that there was some influence connected with this cause, foreign to the inclinations and judgment of both the parties immediately concerned. The defendant, my client, was, I grieve to say, led, against his will, to give cause for this action by the instigation of his friends, who are of one political party; and the plaintiff, I understand, was persuaded against her will to institute this action in compliance with the wishes of *her* friends, who hold political principals of a different kind. Both parties were thus made to sacrifice their own hap-

piness to the prejudices of others ; but now I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that they have this morning saved your lordship and the gentlemen of the jury the trouble of proceeding farther with the case. They have very wisely taken their own business out of their friends' hands, and taken it into their own. In a word, my lord, not to keep your lordship and those respectable gentlemen any longer in suspense, I have just learned that the plaintiff and defendant have decided the case by running away with each other, after being legally married by special license at five o'clock this morning, (loud laughter), and are now actually on their way together to the Lakes of Killarney, leaving us old fools with wigs on our heads (roars of laughter, in which his lordship heartily joined,) to pore through spectacles over our briefs, while they have done more in half an hour to bring the litigation to a satisfactory close than all our law could effect for a whole term together."

The scene which followed was such as one does not

often witness in a court of law. The counsel threw up their briefs amid roars of laughter; the Jurors, who had entered heartily into the general mirth, were immediately discharged, and the traveller as he took his way from the court could not help suffering a sigh to mingle with his mirth as he murmured a wish that party spirit might never lead to worse consequences than it had on this occasion, when its utmost activity had led to no more injurious result than the imprisonment of an over curious stranger, during one night, in the corner of a Jury Room.

FINIS.

LONDON:

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





