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Kathy Hutchon

from

Uncle James O'Hagan

1968.

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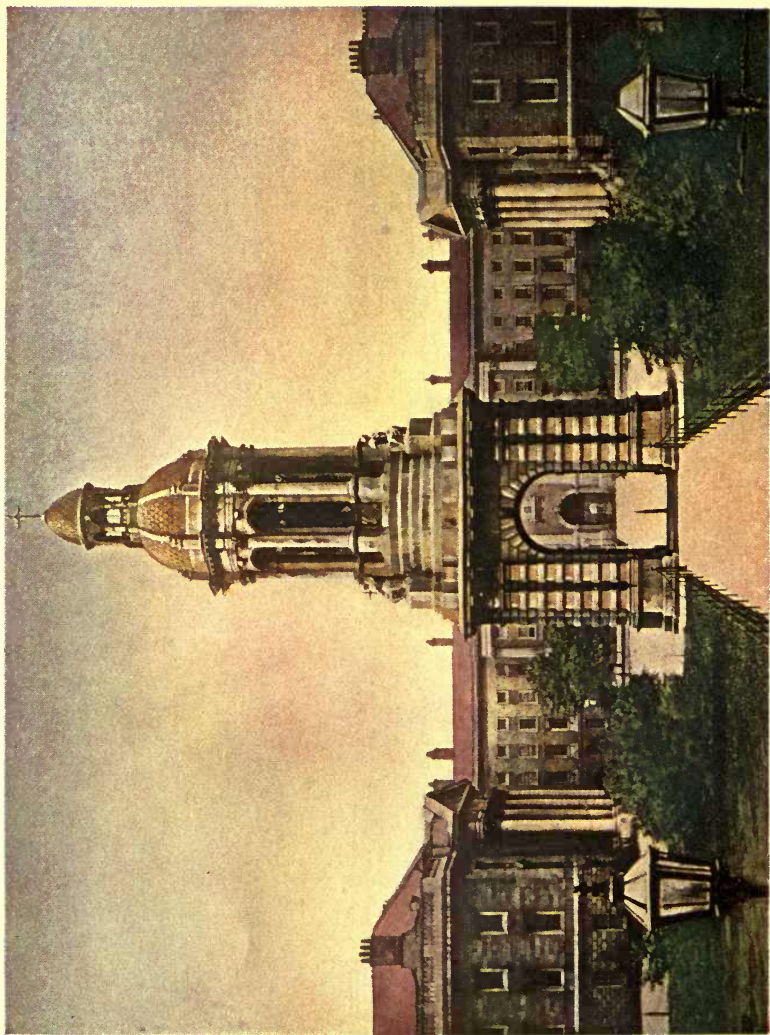




IRISH
LITERATURE

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IRISH LITERATURE

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EARLY IRISH LITERATURE.

THE editors of 'IRISH LITERATURE' have very wisely decided to represent in their volumes, so far as literal translations will allow them, the real autochthonous literature of Ireland as it existed both before any of the modern languages of Europe had made their appearance as literary vehicles, and since that time. The great and revivifying movement which is at present pulsing through Ireland, and creating, wherever it is felt, new hopes and a new spirit, has indeed rendered it impossible to produce a work upon Irish literature in which, as has happened too often before, the real Irish element was calmly ignored, and the scope of Irish literature narrowed to the productions of English-Irish writers, who after all were, for the most part, too often only imitations of Englishmen.

For the literature of Ireland does not begin with Ware or with Swift, with Molyneux or with Sheridan.

Hundreds of years before the English language had risen out of a conglomeration of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, hundreds of years before the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc* struggled for mastery upon the plains of France, hundreds of years before the language of the Nibelungen Lied had risen upon the ruins of Gothic, Ireland swarmed with bards, scholars, poets, saga-tellers, and saga-writers; while "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of the men of Erin" (as Angus the Culdee had called them more than two centuries before the birth of William the Conqueror) filled the island from shore to shore; and Erin, at that time civilizer and Christianizer of the western world, was universally known as the "Island of Saints and Scholars."

There are two points about the native literature of Ireland which entirely differentiate it from the rest of the vernacular literatures of Europe, Greek excepted. The first of these is the extraordinarily early period at which it took its rise, and the enormous length of time during which it flourished. The other is the absolute originality of this literature, which was self-evolved, which was utterly unaffected by classic models, and in the syntax of which

scarcely a trace is to be found of those Latinisms upon which are really founded and built up so many other modern languages. It is only right, accordingly, that a word of warning should at the outset be addressed to the reader of these volumes, and that he be reminded, when reading, of how necessary it is to place the occasional pieces culled from this antique literature in their proper perspective. In other words, he should be invited to approach them with a certain historic sense of the early date at which they were written, and of the strange and self-developed people that produced them, so different from the rest of Europe in their manners, thoughts, feelings, civilization, and, beyond all, in their mode of expression. Ireland's wonderfully copious and extraordinarily early literature is, without doubt, her greatest glory; but its very wildness of flavor and strange extravagance of manners are likely sometimes to render it of only moderate interest to the ordinary reader of English—more to him I imagine than to readers of other languages—although it can never fail to be piquant and delightful to the literary connoisseur, who is sure to be captivated by its unique originality. There are a sufficient number of pieces included in these volumes for the reader to sample their flavor for himself, but to do so to the full he must, as I have said, remember that many of them were composed and written before the English language, through the medium of which he now reads them, had been heard of. He must also remember that it is universally acknowledged that the extracts from Ireland's heroic past portray pictures of a far older and more primitive civilization than any that either the Slavs, the Teutons, or the Latin-speaking races have preserved, pictures of an age more primitive in point of social development—though it is later in point of time—than even those depicted in the lays of Homer.

There has seldom been a literature pursued with greater malignity and a prey to greater misfortune than that of Ireland. The Norsemen, who first made their appearance toward the close of the eighth century, made it a point to "drown" the Irish books, since fire was a less certain agent than water in the destruction of the parchment volumes. When the worst storms of the Norse invasions, which had lasted for over two hundred years, had come to an end, on

the 23d of April, 1014, by the crushing defeat of Clontarf, "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of the men of Erin" had almost disappeared, and the literati of Ireland, under the great Brian, began laboriously to gather together their fragments and to rewrite them. It is from this period that the most important still existing Irish MSS. date, and these contain largely a re-editing in the language of the twelfth century of things originally composed in old Irish, many of which were first written centuries and centuries before.

But it may well be asked, how is it possible or how can it be proved that the Irish had a written literature centuries before the rest of western Europe, and preserved an accurate history of their own past when the contemporary history of so much of the western world is sunk in the blackest oblivion? A conclusive answer to this question is furnished by the Irish Annals, which have been proved by the discoveries of modern science to be exceedingly reliable. There is only one class of entries by which the credibility of the Irish Annals can be absolutely tested, and that is by their accounts of natural phenomena. If, for instance, we find, on calculating backward, as modern science has luckily enabled us to do, that such events as, for instance, occurrence of eclipses, are recorded to the day and hour by the Annalists, we can then know with something like certainty that these phenomena *were recorded at the time of their appearance by writers who observed them*; whose writings must have been actually seen and consulted by those later Annalists whose books we possess. Nobody could think of saying of natural phenomena thus accurately recorded, as they might of mere historical narratives, that they were handed down by tradition only, and reduced to writing for the first time many centuries later. Now the Annals of Ulster, to mention one alone of many, treat of Irish history from about the year 444 onward; and in the Annals we find between the year 496 and the year 884 as many as eighteen records of eclipses and comets which agree exactly, even to the day and hour, with the calculation of modern astronomers. How impossible it is to keep such records accurately, unless written memoranda are made of them by eye-witnesses, is shown by the fact that the great Bede, the glory of the

Anglo-Saxon church, in recording the striking solar eclipse which took place only eleven years before his own birth, is yet two days astray in his date. On the other hand, Cathal Maguire, the compiler of the Annals of Ulster, gives not only the exact day but the exact hour, thus showing that he had access to the original account of an eye-witness, or to a copy of it.

Indeed, it is almost certain that the Irish had written books before the coming of Saint Patrick. Keating expressly mentions one such volume, the 'Book of Dromsneachta,' which is often quoted as a source of information in our oldest manuscripts; and O'Curry seems to have proved that this book was compiled by a Pagan, son of a man who died in the year 379.

Then, too, the Irish Celts invented for themselves—at what period is doubtful—a very ingenious alphabet, and one unknown to the rest of Europe. Inscriptions in this alphabet are found, chiefly upon stone monuments, only in Ireland and in those parts of Great Britain, Scotland, and Wales where the Irish Celts had made settlements. This curious script is known as Ogham. It consists of a number of lines, some short, some long, some straight, and some slanting, drawn either below, above, or through one long stem line. This stem line, in the stone monuments, is usually the sharp angle or corner between two sides of the upright rectangular stone. Dots or nicks represent the vowels. Thus:

	•	/	/	•		////		•			
M	A	Q		I	L	I	A	G	M	A	Q		I	E	R	C	A

The above is a simple inscription—MAQI LIAG MAQI ERICA, *i.e.* "of Mac Liag the son of Erc."

Over two hundred monuments have been found inscribed in Ogham, and the language appears to be that of the old Gaulish inscriptions, infinitely older in its forms than the very oldest language preserved in the oldest manuscripts. So much for the age of the most ancient Irish records. Now let us glance at their extent.

The exact amount of Irish literature still remaining has never been accurately determined. M. d'Arbois de Jubain-

ville has noted 133 existing MSS., all of them over three hundred years old, and some over 1,000 years, and the whole number which he found existing in public libraries on the Continent and in the British Isles was 1,009. But hundreds upon hundreds of other MSS. exist in private collections scattered throughout the country, and hundreds upon hundreds more have been destroyed since the so-called "National" Schools were established by the English Government in Ireland, to train up the children of Irishmen as though they were the children of people in Birmingham or Liverpool. Jubainville quotes a German as estimating that the literature produced by the Irish before the seventeenth century, and still existing, would fill a thousand octavo volumes. O'Curry, O'Longan, and O'Berne Crowe catalogued something more than half the manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, and the catalogue of the contents filled thirteen volumes containing 3,448 pages. From a rough examination of these I should calculate the number of different pieces catalogued at about eight or ten thousand, and varying from single ranns or quatrains to long epic poems and sagas. And the Academy is only one of many libraries where Irish MSS. are deposited.

The contents of these volumes are not all pure literature. Law, medicine, science, annals, and genealogies fill many of them. But the Sagas, the Lives, and the Poems are what chiefly interest us from a literary point of view.

There are three well-marked classes of sagas, dealing with different periods and different materials, and outside of these are many isolated ones dealing with minor incidents. The three chief cycles of saga-telling are the mythological, the Red Branch, and the Fenian cycles. The first of these is really concerned with the most ancient tales of the early Irish pantheon, in which what are obviously supernatural beings and races are more or less "euhemerized," or presented as real men and heroes. Lugh the long-handed, the Dagda, and Balor of the Evil Eye, who figure in these stories, are evidently ancient gods of Good and Evil, while the various colonizations of Ireland by Partholan, the Nemedians, and the Tuatha De Danann, may well be the Irish equivalent of the Greek legend of the three successive ages of gold, silver, and brass. The next great cycle of story-telling, the Heroic, Ultonian, or Red Branch

cycle, as it is variously called, is that in which Cuchulain and Conor mac Nessa king of Ulster are the dominating figures, and the third great cycle deals with Finn mac Cumhail, his son Oisín, or Ossian, the poet, his grandson Oscar, and the High Kings of Ireland, who were their contemporaries. In addition to these there are a number of short groups of tales or minor cycles, and many completely independent sagas, most of them dealing, as these greater cycles do, only with pre-Christian times, though a few belong to the very early medieval period.

All these Irish romances are compositions upon which more or less care was evidently bestowed in ancient times, as is evident by their being shot through and through with verses. These verses often amount to a considerable portion of the whole saga, and Irish versification is usually very elaborate and not the work of any mere inventor or story-teller, but of a highly trained technical poet. Very few sagas, and these chiefly of the more modern ones, are written in pure prose.

In the Book of Leinster, a manuscript made nearly eight hundred years ago, we find a list in which the names of 187 of these sagas are given. An ollamh, as the holder of the highest bardic degree was called, was obliged to know by heart two hundred and fifty prime sagas, and one hundred secondary ones. The prime stories—combinations of epic and novel, of prose and poetry—are divided in the Book of Leinster and other manuscripts unto the following catalogue: Destructions of fortified places, Cow-spoils (*i.e.* Cattle-raiding expeditions), Courtships or Wooings, Battles, Cave stories, Navigations, Tragical deaths, Feasts, Sieges, Adventures, Elopements, Slaughters, Water-eruptions, Expeditions, Progresses (migrations), and Visions. "He is no poet," says the Book of Leinster, "who does not synchronize and harmonize all the stories." Besides the 187 stories whose names are given in the Book of Leinster, we have a second list giving the names of a great number of other sagas. This list is contained in the tenth or eleventh century tale of Mac Coise. Now what is most noticeable in these lists is that, while the known sagas contained in them deal with subjects of Irish history from the sixth century before Christ onward, not one of them treats of matters later than the seventh century after Christ. The

very essence of the national life of Ireland was embodied in these compositions, but unfortunately few specimens of this enormous mass of literature have survived to our day, and many of these are mutilated or are mere digests. Some, however, exist at full length, quite sufficient to show us what our romances were like, and to cause us to regret the irreparable loss inflicted upon the Irish race by the ravages of Danes, Normans, and English. Even as it is, O'Curry computes that the contents of the strictly historical tales known to him would be sufficient to fill 4,000 quarto pages. He computed that the stories about Finn, Ossian, and the Fenians would fill another 3,000 pages, and the miscellaneous imaginative stories that are neither historical nor Fenian would fill 5,000 pages more. So much for the extent of the saga literature; now let us glance at its style.

The romantic, as opposed to the realistic, dominates Irish utterance from first to last. Allied to this we find an exuberance of minute description and a love of adjectival thunder, which last, by the way, is a trait that has not wholly departed even to this day from among Irishmen—even those who have lost their language. Its love of rhetoric, its peculiar mode of hyperbole, and its copiousness of synonyms lend to early Irish literature a charm and a flavor that are wanting to early German, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman-French. On the other hand, Irish writers, despite their weakness for a multitude of alliterative adjectives, go fairly straight to the point. Their sentences are not obscure or involved, and there is very little of mysticism or cloudiness about them. "Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français," say the French, and the same with much truth may be said about the Irish. They begin their sentences with the verb instead of ending with it, as do the Germans. Some witty linguist once remarked that had the Irish through some philological catastrophe been forced to speak in German half the race would have died through heart disease within a couple of generations. This is perhaps poking an undue fun at the rapidity and vigor of the outpourings of an Irishman's mouth, but it is not without an element of truth in it, all the same. The ancient Gael did not avoid similes, but he did not make an excessive use of them. In this respect the Welsh books are more demonstrative and less chastened than the Irish. Both offer

a curious contrast to the Anglo-Saxon. In the whole seven thousand lines of *Beowulf* we meet with scarcely one simile. Yet in spite of their exuberant number of epithets and other peculiarities, the early Irish were masters of story-telling, and pursue their sagas to the end, without over-redundancy or chasing of side issues, so that each presents a fairly perfect unity of its own. In this way their best poetry often reminds us of the marvelous drawings in their illuminated manuscripts, which, despite the thousand-fold involutions and twistings of their lines and knots and other ornaments, never fail, when looked at from a distance, to present a perfect unity of figure. The naïveté of Irish similes is also striking, and they are usually introduced in a natural manner of their own, completely different from the severe and self-possessed similes of the Latin and Greek epics. There is more of quaintness, more of originality, and, if I may say so, more of humanity about them. Thus in describing the appearance of Cuchulain, the romancist exclaims in admiration of his white teeth, "it seemed as though it were a shower of pearls that were flung into his head." When his steeds have the reins flung loose upon their necks their career is "like a hawk's swooping from a cliff on a day of hard wind." The watchman who beholds Froech and his suite flashing past him in crimson and gold relates it to the listeners, and adds, "from the perfumed breeze that floated over them it is the same with me as if my head were over a vat of wine." When Lughaidh (Lewy) is pursued by Conall Cearnach, his servant looking behind him sees the pursuing chariot and tells his master that a warrior is on his track: "you would believe," said the servant, "that all the crows of Ireland were flying above him, and flakes of snow are whitening the plain before him." "Those birds you see," said Lewy, "are the earthclods thrown up by the hooves of the Dewy-Red, Conall's steed, and those flakes of snow are the foam from his nostrils."¹

We also find in early Irish literature a disinclination to indulge in anything like generalization or metaphysical abstractions, even of the simplest kind, a disinclination which perhaps accounts for the particularity of description

¹ See the story of 'The Death of Cuchulain,' from 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne,' by Lady Gregory, in Volume IV.

which is such a marked feature in the sagas. Everything there is described in detail, with a minute individual analysis. Thus the board on which Queen Medb (Mève) plays chess is "a beauteous chess table—a chess board of fine metal on it, four ears and elbows on it," "a candle of precious stone illuminating it for them"; "of gold and silver are the chessman on that table." This faculty for close description is nearly allied to the love of expletives by which nearly all Irish writers, not the unknown writers of the sagas alone, but biographers, historians, and theologians, are more or less affected. Thus in the almost contemporary account of the Danish wars, the blow which Murrough deals the Earl of Orkney is "a fierce powerful crushing blow," the right hand that deals it is "valiant, death-dealing, active," the helmet on which it alights is "the hateful foreign helmet," and so on.

Another trait which distinguishes even the earliest Irish literature from that of the rest of Europe is the marvelous way in which it is interpenetrated by the love of nature in all its aspects. The songs of summer and winter, and the dialogue of the King and the Hermit contained in these volumes are instances of what I mean. When the Fenian poet describes the delights and pastimes of the famous Finn mac Cumhail, the commander of the Fenian bands in the third century, he expresses himself thus:

"The desire of my hero who feared no foe,
Was to listen all day to Drumderrig's sound,
To sleep by the roar of the Assaroe,
And to follow the dun deer round and round.

"The warbling of blackbirds in Letter Lee,
The Strand where the billows of Ruree fall,
The bellowing ox upon wild Moy-mee,
The lowing of calves upon Glen-da-vaul,

"The blast of the horns around Slieve Grot,
The bleat of the fawns upon Cua's plain,
The sea-bird's scream in a lonesome spot,
The croak of the raven above the slain,

"The wash of the waves on his bark afar,
The yelp of the pack as they turn Drimliss,
The baying of Bran upon Knock-in-ar,
The murmur of fountains below Slieve-mis,

“ The call of Oscar upon the chase,
 The tongue of the hounds on the Fenians' plain,
 Then a seat with the men of the bardic race,
 Of these delights was my hero fain.”

And the poet Oisín or Ossian is supposed to describe to Saint Patrick the exquisite singing of the Blackbird of Derrycarn, and the delight which his father Finn had taken in listening to it. My friend Dr. Sigerson has thus translated these verses :

“ The tuneful tumult of that bird,
 The belling deer on ferny steep,
 This welcome in the dawn he heard,
 This soothed at eve his sleep.

“ Dear to him the wind-loved heath,
 The whirr of wings, the rustling brake,
 Dear the murmuring glens beneath,
 And sob of Droma's lake.

“ The cry of hounds at early morn,
 The pattering deer, the pebbly creek,
 The cuckoo's call, the sounding horn,
 The swooping eagle's shriek.”

In fact the glowing rendering of nature-scenes, which appear to have perfectly intoxicated the early Irish, frequently transcends mere descriptive and borders upon the interpretative. This is no doubt what prompted Matthew Arnold to write as follows: “ The Celt's quick feeling for that which is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation give it a better gift still—the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there: they are nature's own children and utter her secret in a way which makes them quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance with the Celts; magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the in-

timate life of nature, her weird power and fairy dream." Even the animals in the Irish sagas have often an interest attached to them for their own sake, which may have had its origin in the Druids once teaching a doctrine of metempsychosis. Bran, the hound of Finn mac Cumhail, was no mere dog, and Oisín himself was descended from a mother who had once been a deer. Cuchulain's great war-horse, the "Grey of Macha," knows when its master is going to his fate, and unwillingly allows itself to be yoked to his chariot. The magnificent white bull of Mève, Queen of Connacht, had been once a man, reborn a bull, who, "thinking it dishonorable" to remain under a woman's control, passed over to the herds of Mève's husband, thus giving rise to the greatest of all Irish epics, the Cattle-Spoil of Cuailgne. The very trees and plants have a life of their own. The mountain ash in which Diarmuid conceals himself while the Fenians play at chess below sprung from an enchanted berry; the branch which the little boy shakes before King Cormac has power to dispel sorrow and sickness. The hard rock is gifted with a voice and can both answer and prophesy. Even the billows of Ocean are inspired with a spirit, and when a catastrophe is impending the Wave of Cliodhna rolls in upon the shore in thunder. The very air is tenanted by supernatural beings. When "the battle-fighting battle-winning hero Cuchulain" springs into his chariot, there shout around him "spirits and goblins and spirits of the air and demons of the glens." Venomous witches ride upon the wind, and the direction from which the breeze blows at the time of birth influences the rest of a man's existence. Even among the early Christians this sympathy with the animal creation remained. Saint Columcille when in exile at Iona is made aware that a heron from Ireland with long-drawn weary strokes of its wounded wings has alit half frozen upon the furthest point of his island, and he sends one of the brothers to care for the bird and chafe its wings and feed it, because it had come from Erin, from the land he should not see with his eyes again forever. And when Columcille himself is about to die, although seemingly in health, the old white horse, the faithful servant of the monks of Iona, is mysteriously aware of what the monks themselves did not know, and approaching the saint thrusts its head into

his bosom and weeps copious tears. And the story runs that one of the early Irish saints, finding that while immersed in prayer and meditation a blackbird had made a nest upon his hand, which was extended through the window, refused to chase the bird away or to withdraw his hand until she had hatched her eggs!

This excessive love of nature among the early Irish is all the more remarkable when we remember that it has always been believed that the Aryan races owe their appreciation of the beauties of nature to the introduction among them of Christianity. Religion for the first time taught them that the same God that created them created also all their surroundings, and thereby made these surroundings an object of increased interest. Any esthetic sensibility, where nature was concerned, seems to have been practically unknown among the Pagans of Greece and Rome. According to Humboldt, we discern the first faint traces of it in Cicero and the younger Pliny. But the Irish Pagan seems to have been penetrated with it to his profoundest depths, for there can be little doubt that such descriptions as I have quoted do not take their color from Christianity, but are a real legacy from pre-Christian times.

No account of Irish literature, however brief, can be given without mentioning the elaborate system of bards, poets, and meters, which seems to have assumed shape in very early days. There was probably never any race of people who so revered, admired, and, better still, rewarded their poets, as did the Irish. The complexity of the bardic system almost takes one's breath away. There were two classes of poets, the *filès* (fillas) and the bards, the latter being quite inferior in rank to the former. The bards were divided into Free and Un-Free, or Patrician and Plebeian, There are eight grades of Patrician and eight of Plebeian bards, each with his own restrictions and laws. These shared between them, with the more powerful *filès*, the three hundred or more meters which had been invented in pre-Danish times. The names, and specimens of the greater part of these meters, have come down to us in the surviving fragments of the poets' books and they are of intense interest.

It is a tremendous claim to make for the Celt that

he taught Europe to rhyme, yet this claim has been made for him over and over again, not by himself, but by some of the greatest European linguists. The illustrious Zeuss, the founder of Celtic studies, is emphatic upon this point. "The form of Celtic poetry," he writes, "to judge both from the older and more recent examples, appears to be more ornate than the form of any other nation, and even more ornate in the older forms than in the modern ones; from the fact of which greater ornateness it undoubtedly came to pass that at the very time when the Roman empire was hastening to its ruin, the Celtic forms—at first entire, afterward in part—passed over not only into the songs of the Latins but also into those of other nations and remained in them." He unhesitatingly ascribes the advance toward rhyme, made by the Anglo-Saxons in their Latin hymns, to Irish influence. "We must believe," he said, "that this form of composition was introduced amongst them by the Irish, as were the arts of writing and of painting and of ornamenting manuscripts, since they themselves in common with the other Germanic nations made use in their poetry of nothing but alliteration." "Final assonance or rhyme can have been derived only from the laws of Celtic phonology," says Constantine Nigra. One thing at least is certain, that already in the seventh century the Irish not only rhymed but used intricate and beautiful meters of their own, while for many centuries after this period the Germanic nations could only rudely alliterate. After the seventh century the Irish brought their rhyming system to a pitch of perfection undreamed of by any other nation, even to this day. The elaborateness of the system they evolved, the prodigious complexity of the rules, the subtlety, delicacy, and intricacy of their poetical code, are astounding, and wholly unparalleled by anything that the rest of the western world has produced.

After the coming of the Normans, Irish art and Irish literature began to decline, and the next four centuries produced little except the rather stereotyped poems of the bardic houses, whose imaginative faculties were too much overridden by the artificial difficulties of their art—difficulties which they seem to have almost taken a delight in creating for themselves. In the seventeenth century the

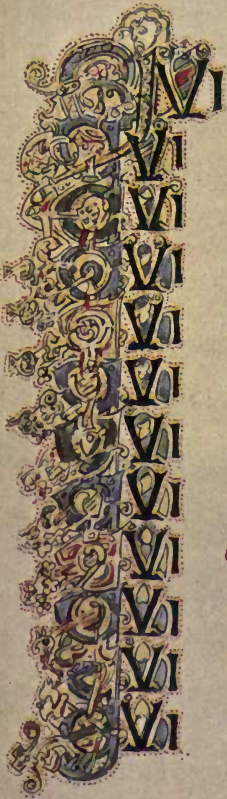
great Gaelic houses, overthrown by incessant wars with English invaders, began to succumb to fire and sword and banishment, and the fortunes of the hereditary bards fell with the fortunes of their patrons. Then a new school arose from among the people themselves, untrammelled by technicalities, and produced an exquisite new growth of poetry throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The motto of the new school might have been couched in the words which Uhland addressed to the poets of Germany:

“Formel hält uns nicht gebunden,
Unsere Kunst heisst Poesie !”

Scores and scores of new and brilliant meters, based upon an accentual instead of the old syllabic system, made their appearance, and the Irish deprived by law of their trade, their education, their lands, and all the rights and possibilities of free men, could do nothing else but sing, which they did in almost every county in Ireland, with all the sweetness of the dying swan.

Irish literature never quite ceased to be written, but the nineteenth century produced little worth remembering. It is only within the last few years that a new and able school of Irish writers has sprung up, with a sympathetic public to encourage it, and bids fair to do something once again that may be worthy of the history of our island—once one of the spots most desirous of learning and of literature to be found in the whole world. The tenth volume of ‘IRISH LITERATURE’ contains some specimens of this new school with translations.






*Misc
An Craobh
(Douglas Hyde)*



ioseph         



 fute   heu  

 fuit   macha  

 fute   leui  

 fuit   melchi 

 fute   wa il ic 

 fuit   ioseph 

 fute   macha hic 

 fuit   amos 

 fute   maun 

 fuit   esu 



 fute   hage 

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The first meeting of the Irish House of Parliament on College Green was in October, 1731 ; the last was in 1800, the members being induced by bribery and corruption to vote their rights away. The buildings stand upon five acres of ground and are now used as the office of the Bank of Ireland. In the foreground is seen the typical Irish jaunting car, and in the middle distance J. H. Foley's statue of Burke, of which we also present a nearer view.

SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER.

(1838 —)

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER, K. C. B., the well-known soldier-author, was born in 1838. He was educated in a Jesuit college and trained for his profession at Sandhurst. At twenty years of age he was appointed to an ensigncy in the 69th Regiment, and rose rapidly, becoming captain in 1872; major, 1874; and deputy adjutant quarter-master-general, headquarters staff, 1876.

He served with distinction on the Red River expedition, and acted as special commissioner to the Saskatchewan Territories in 1870 and 1871. While in command of the West Akim native forces during the Ashantee war, he was honorably mentioned in several dispatches of Sir Garnet Wolseley. In 1874 he received the order of Companion of the Bath. In 1877 he married Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the famous painter of 'The Roll Call,' etc. He also served in the Zulu war, and the Egyptian campaigns of 1882, 1884-85.

He prepared the first portion of the Nile flotilla in 1884; he was in the Soudanese war in 1886; in Egypt from 1890 to 1893; was appointed to the Cape command in '98-99 and was made Lieutenant-General in 1900. Throughout his military career he has, with the one exception recorded in his 'History of a Failure, an account of the English attack on Coomassie,' been conspicuously successful. He has received frequent commendations from superiors and many other marks of distinction.

While in North America he collected materials for his two well-known works, 'The Great Lone Land' and 'The Wild North Land.' He has written also 'Akim-foo, the History of a Failure,' 'Far and Out,' 'Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux,' 'The Campaign of the Cataracts,' 'Charles George Gordon,' 'Sir Charles Napier,' and 'Sir George Pomeroy Colley.' He is a born littérateur, and in his hands the history of a military campaign becomes a romance.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

From 'The Great Lone Land.'

It was near sunset when we rode by the lonely shores of the Gull Lake, whose frozen surface stretched beyond the horizon to the north. Before us, at a distance of some ten miles, lay the abrupt line of the Three Medicine Hills, from whose gorges the first view of the great range of the Rocky Mountains was destined to burst upon my sight. But not on this day was I to behold that long-looked-for vision. Night came quickly down upon the silent wilderness; and it was long after dark when we made our

camp by the bank of the Pas-co-pee, or Blindman's River, and turned adrift the weary horses to graze in a well-grassed meadow lying in one of the curves of the river. We had ridden more than sixty miles that day.

About midnight a heavy storm of snow burst upon us, and daybreak revealed the whole camp buried deep in snow. As I threw back the blankets from my head (one always lies covered up completely), the wet, cold mass struck chillily upon my face. The snow was wet and sticky, and therefore things were much more wretched than if the temperature had been lower; but the hot tea made matters seem brighter, and about breakfast-time the snow ceased to fall, and the clouds began to clear away. Packing our wet blankets together, we set out for the Three Medicine Hills, through whose defiles our course lay; the snow was deep in the narrow valleys, making traveling slower and more laborious than before. It was mid-day when, having rounded the highest of the three hills, we entered a narrow gorge fringed with a fire-ravaged forest. This gorge wound through the hills, preventing a far-reaching view ahead; but at length its western termination was reached, and there lay before me a sight to be long remembered.

The great chain of the Rocky Mountains rose their snow-clad sierras in endless succession. Climbing one of the eminences, I gained a vantage-point on the summit from which some bygone fire had swept the trees. Then, looking west, I beheld the great range in unclouded glory. The snow had cleared the atmosphere, the sky was coldly bright. An immense plain stretched from my feet to the mountain—a plain so vast that every object of hill and wood and lake lay dwarfed into one continuous level, and at the back of this level, beyond the pines and the lakes and the river-courses, rose the giant range, solid, impassable, silent—a mighty barrier rising midst an immense land, standing sentinel over the plains and prairies of America, over the measureless solitudes of this Great Lone Land. Here at last lay the Rocky Mountains.

Leaving behind the Medicine Hills, we descended into the plain and held our way until sunset towards the west. It was a calm and beautiful evening; far-away objects stood out sharp and distinct in the pure atmosphere of these elevated regions. For some hours we had lost sight

of the mountains, but shortly before sunset the summit of a long ridge was gained, and they burst suddenly into view in greater magnificence than at mid-day. Telling my men to go on and make the camp at the Medicine River, I rode through some fire-wasted forest to a lofty grass-covered height which the declining sun was bathing in floods of glory.

I cannot hope to put into the compass of words the scene which lay rolled beneath from this sunset-lighted eminence; for as I looked over the immense plain and watched the slow descent of the evening sun upon the frosted crest of these lone mountains, it seemed as if the varied scenes of my long journey had woven themselves into the landscape, filling with the music of memory the earth, the sky, and the mighty panorama of mountains. Here at length lay the barrier to my onward wanderings, here lay the boundary to that 4,000 miles of unceasing travel which had carried me by so many varied scenes so far into the lone lands; and other thoughts were not wanting. The peaks on which I gazed were no pigmies; they stood the culminating monarchs of the mighty range of the Rocky Mountains. From the estuary of the Mackenzie to the Lake of Mexico no point of the American continent reaches higher to the skies. That eternal crust of snow seeks in summer widely severed oceans.

The Mackenzie, the Columbia, and the Saskatchewan spring from the peaks whose teeth-like summits lie grouped from this spot into the compass of a single glance. The clouds that cast their moisture upon this long line of upheaven rocks seek again the ocean which gave them birth in its far-separated divisions of Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic. The sun sank slowly behind the range, and darkness began to fall on the immense plain, but aloft on the topmost edge the pure white of the jagged crest-line glowed for an instant in many colored silver, and then the lonely peaks grew dark and dim.

As thus I watched from the silent hill-top this great mountain-chain, whose summits slept in the glory of the sunset, it seemed no stretch of fancy which made the red man place his paradise beyond their golden peaks. The "Mountains of the Setting Sun," the "Bridge of the World," thus he has named them, and beyond them

the soul first catches a glimpse of that mystical land where the tents are pitched midst everlasting verdure and countless herds and the music of ceaseless streams.

AN AFRICAN QUEEN.

From 'Akim-Foo.'

On the day following my arrival, Queen Amaquon came to visit me. She brought with her a large bevy of the ugliest women I had ever seen. The dress of the queen and the court at Swaidroo was peculiar. Queen Amaquon wore a necklace of beads, a stick and a scant silk cloth; her ladies were attired in a costume which for simplicity and economy, I can safely recommend to the talented authoress of that charming book, "How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Year," since it might almost be achieved on as many pence. Nearly all the ladies had babies on their backs; there were no men. Here and there in the crowd one occasionally saw a woman with the peculiar eye and eyelash of the better-looking Akims—an eye which I have nowhere else noted on the coast or in the interior.

I was introduced in turn to the queen's daughters, to her "fetish woman," a large wild-eyed lassie, and to several other ladies of rank and quality. As the ceremony was gone through, the lady presented stepped out into the hut, and shook hands with me as I lay on my couch; and it not unfrequently happened that the baby on the bustle at her back, looking out under her elbow and beholding a white man in such close proximity, would howl in terror at the sight.

At first but a limited number of women came into the inner yard of my hut, and the queen alone entered the hut itself; but as the interview went on the outsiders grew bolder, and at last the yard and opposite hut were filled to overflowing.

But the event of the day was the statement of the queen's illness. I had tried to turn her mind to war. I had spoken of the warlike deeds of a former queen of Akim—of how, sword in hand, she had led her soldiers

against the Ashantis at Dodowa, saying, "Osay has driven me from my kingdom because he thinks I am weak; but though I am a woman he shall see I have the heart of a man"; but the effort was useless.

"That was all true," she said; but the point which grieved her most was this illness under which she suffered, and on which she wanted my opinion.

Now I was sufficiently ill myself to make the diagnosis of an old lady's ailment by no means an attractive pastime. I doubt if at any time I should have entered into such a question with the slightest interest. Nevertheless, the situation was not without novelty, and African fever was not so totally depressing as to shut out the ridiculous aspect of finding myself Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty Queen Amaquon of Akim. Seated on a low stool, she began the statement of her case. There is no necessity to enter now into the symptoms. They consisted of the usual number of pains, in the usual number of places, at the usual number of hours; but their cause and cure?—ah, that was the question.

"Did I consider," asked the queen, "these symptoms could have had their origin in poison? She had visited Cape Coast Castle four years before this time, and ever since her return had suffered from this ailment. Perhaps she had been poisoned by the people of the Coast?"

I inquired "if she had consumed much rum during that visit to the coast? Rum was a subtle poison." The soft impeachment of having tiddled freely was as freely admitted; but it was a mistake to suppose that rum could harm anybody. "Surely, among the medicines which I carried, I must have some drug which would restore her to health."

Now my stock of drugs was not a large one. The specifics in use against fever were precious, they could not be spared.

Had I any more? Yes—a bottle of spirit of sal volatile. Her majesty bent her nose to the bottle, and the tent shook with her oft-repeated sneezes.

The whole court was in a commotion. The fetish woman demanded a smell; the royal daughters grew bolder; the ladies pressed in from without, and the queen declared when sneezing left her at liberty to articulate, that she

felt immensely relieved. It was some time before order could be fully restored.

The heat meantime became stifling, and the press of women seemed to threaten suffocation. "Tell Queen Amaquon," I said to the interpreter, "that to-morrow I will see her again. Meanwhile I have to cure myself." With difficulty I got rid of the lot.

ISAAC BUTT.

(1813—1879.)

THE reader will look in vain through the speeches of Isaac Butt for passages of sustained beauty. Butt's great merit was that he was emphatically a man of ideas, not of words; filled with his subject, he forgot mere form; many of his sentences were unfinished, all of them rugged; and yet since O'Connell there was perhaps no Irish political orator who could so thoroughly convince and so deeply thrill Irish audiences.

Isaac Butt was born in Stranorlar, County Donegal, in 1813. He entered Trinity College in 1832, and his course, both in his studies and in the College Historical Society, was brilliant. He held the chair of political economy. In 1838 he was called to the bar, and six years after he was made a Q. C.; for many years subsequently he was engaged in every important trial, political or otherwise, which took place in Ireland.

He had the honor of meeting the redoubtable O'Connell himself in a pitched battle on the question of Repeal of the Union, in the Dublin Corporation, and the great agitator paid a high compliment to the talents and the good feeling of his youthful opponent. In 1852 he was elected in the Conservative interest for Harwich. Then he sat for Youghal until 1865, when he was rejected by his old constituents, owing to his changed political views. The nature of the change may be gathered from the fact that he took a prominent part in defending Fenian prisoners, and thus rose to high popularity in the National party. Having now adopted Home Rule as a national platform, he devoted to it all his energies of pen and tongue and organization. He was returned without opposition for the city of Limerick in September, 1871, and for several sessions he was the undisputed leader of the Home Rule party. As time went on, younger and more ardent spirits proposed a policy more active than Mr. Butt was willing to sanction, and his last days were probably embittered by the sense of waning power. He died after a lingering illness in 1879. His death evoked a feeling of universal and deep sorrow, for the splendor of his talents, the genuineness of his nature, and, above all, his simplicity and modesty, made him one of the most loveable of men.

Mr. Butt was a very prolific writer. He was among the founders of and earliest contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine*. His stories in that journal were republished under the title 'Chapters of College Romance.' His other most ambitious work is a 'History of Italy from the Abdication of Napoleon I.' A book of his on 'The Irish People and the Irish Land' is a marvel of analytic power.

ON LAND TENURE.

From a Speech in the House of Commons, 1876.

I have now brought down to 1866 the testimonies as to the state of feeling which exists between the landed proprietors and the occupants of the soil. However much we may regret that feeling, and desire to remove it, the legislature must deal with circumstances and with feelings as they exist. No such feeling exists in England, and therefore English gentlemen have difficulty in forming a correct opinion upon it; but I do not hesitate to say that there is a general desire on the part of the landed proprietors of Ireland to keep their tenants in a state of subjection to themselves. Remember this desire is not confined to those landlords who may be described as being cruel and hard, it is shared in by the landlords who would treat their tenants kindly and even aid them in distress. How was the object of the landlords accomplished? Simply by the power of notice to quit. I am speaking, of course, before the time the Land Bill became law.

In a trial in which I was engaged I examined a gentleman who was believed to have a large number of notices to quit, but he denied it. I then asked him—"Did you not serve some last year?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I do that every year—it is part of the management of my estate. I never intend to act upon a notice, but I want to be able to take any field or holding in case I should wish to do so, and, therefore, I give notice to quit each year."

Yet this was a landlord of a humane and kindly character, who would not treat a tenant harshly. It is his desire to keep his tenants under his own power that so easily reconciles to his conscience the practice I have just alluded to. The Irish landlords think they can do much better for the tenant than he can for himself. I believe that a country in which you allow the mass of the population to be reduced to a state of serfdom never can be prosperous, never can be contented, and never can be peaceful. Bad landlords will abuse the power which a good landlord will only use for a beneficial purpose. The landlords who could serve notices to quit have two powers in their hands. They

have the power of capricious eviction, and the power of arbitrarily raising the rents. While there are landlords in Ireland who would scorn to do either of these things, there were others who did them with a reckless cruelty which had not a parallel in history.

I do not wish to dwell on the fearful scenes enacted between 1847 and 1852, but in a book of high authority, Mr. Ray's 'Social Condition of Europe,' I find it stated that in one year, 1849, no fewer than 500,000 civil bill ejectments were served in Ireland; and I may add that I myself have seen whole districts desolated. Sir Matthew Barrington relates that immediately Parliament passed the Poor Law, the landlords of Ireland began to clear their estates by notices to quit and by tumbling down houses. On many occasions the military were brought in to throw down houses, and hundreds of people were, to use an expressive phrase, thrown on the road, simply because the landlord wished to get rid of the superabundant population.

Many measures, passed by statesmen with a most honest intention of doing good to Ireland, have produced results directly the reverse. This was because they were framed by men who had not the knowledge which can only be acquired by residence among the people, and by a long and intimate acquaintance with the circumstances. The case of the Poor Law was an instance of this, for it ought to have been foreseen that the giving of relief to the poor would lead to the very evil which followed. I will give one instance of what occurred. The matter came into a court of justice because the landlord, fortunately for justice, made some slight mistake in his proceedings.

It was the case of an estate in the county of Meath, and there were on it twenty-seven families. It was admitted that their labor made the property rich and profitable, and that they never had been in arrear one half-year's rent during the thirty years that the landlord had been in possession of the estate. The landlord got embarrassed, and he sold the estate to a gentleman, who purchased it on condition that all the tenants should be evicted. The landlord concealed this circumstance from the tenants, and when he served them with notice to quit told them he did not intend to act upon it. Well, a jury of landlords gave to one of the evicted tenants the full value of the fee-simple of the land.

Such things, it should be remembered, could not be done in England, for Henry VIII. got his Parliament to pass an act that every landlord who pulled down a house should build it up again in six months, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth another act was passed that gave a legal right of relief to every one who was born on the soil. If there had been a law of settlement in Ireland, many of the landlords who were now living on their estates would be in the work-house to which they consigned their tenants.

But there was a still more grievous wrong—namely, the power of the landlord to confiscate the improvements of his tenants in Ireland. All the improvements of the soil—certainly all the improvements made up to a very recent period—were effected by the tenants. Yet there was nothing to prevent an unscrupulous landlord from confiscating these improvements, and, in point of fact, it was done over and over again. Lord Clarendon, I think it was, who spoke of it in the other House as a legalized robbery. It was to that state of things that the Land Act was applied. I believe that any friend to the Irish tenant would act very wrongly indeed if he spoke of the author of that act in other terms than those of profound respect, knowing, as I do, the difficulties he had to contend with and the prejudices he had to meet. I give him every credit for that act.

At the same time, I regret to say, it has failed, from a reason which I foresaw,—as you leave to the landlords the power of eviction. In the circumstances of Ireland no device that the legislature can make can prevent them from converting that tremendous power into an instrument to render themselves absolute despots over their tenants. Still the act established a principle. It first legalized the Ulster tenant right. Now, what is the meaning of that? As property which was only protected by custom, and to which the tenant had no legal claim whatever, except in justice and in honor, was converted into a legal property, that is a very great principle as applied to Irish land. . . .

I will now detain the House a few minutes by referring to some incidents which, I confess, have had effect on my own mind in reference to the value of giving security to tenants. One of the incidents is an old one, as old as the days of Arthur Young, who certainly described in a striking way what was the benefit of giving security to tenants.

He says that a man with a wife and six children met Sir William Osborne in the county of Tipperary. The man could get no land, and Sir William Osborne gave him twelve acres of heathy land, and £4 to stock it with.

Twelve years afterwards, when Young revisited Ireland, he went to see the man, and found him with twelve acres under full cultivation. Three other persons he found settled in the same way, and he says their industry had no bounds, nor was the day long enough for their energy. He says if you give tenants security, and let them be certain of enjoying the rewards of their labor, and treat them as Sir William Osborne did, there would be no better or more industrious farmers in the world. I have often thought of that, and have said that if there had been men like Sir William Osborne to give employment to those who have been evicted, and who took part in the Irish insurrection, there would not have been a better set of farmers in the kingdom.

Now let me refer to another case. A Roman Catholic prelate, whom I can respect as much as a prelate of my own church, was examined before a committee of this House, and illustrated the advantages of giving security to the tenants. He describes how he one day saw a man enter into the occupation of some land. There was nothing but a barren heath, and he saw the man carrying on his back manure which he had brought from a road two miles distant. Two years after the prelate again passed that way, and he found corn growing on what had been heath, and a house built there. It had all been done by the man himself, and the simple cause, he had a lease, and was thus secure of his tenancy. The prelate then went to another man who had no lease, and who said:—"If I did the same as my neighbor has done my landlord would not only ask for an increase of rent upon my improvements, but also upon what I now hold."

That is the sort of discouragement there is to industry all over Ireland, and it proceeds from the desire of the landlords not so much to extract money from the tenants—that is but an incident, but from the desire to keep the tenants in their power. Why, on some estates in Ireland they cannot marry, except with the consent of the landlord's agent, and at the risk of being evicted. I assure you that those rules still prevail on many estates in Ireland.

Another rule which used to exist was that the tenant

should not harbor a man at night. There is a story of one poor boy whose mother had been evicted from a farm, and who sought shelter with his uncle; the uncle would have let him in; but his neighbors said he must not, or the agent would evict them all. Therefore the boy was shut out, and the next morning was found lying at the door a lifeless corpse. The men who had refused him admittance were tried for murder, and were convicted of manslaughter, their defense being that they did not dare by the rules of their farms to give him shelter. Now no rights of property can give a man such dominion as that over his tenants, any more than property can give dominion over the thews and sinews of your servants. Now these evils can only be guarded against by taking away the arbitrary power of eviction, and allowing the tenant to hold his farm at a valued rent. The condition of every Irish estate was originally to give security of tenure. Your landlords have not done it.

Your ancestors were placed there not to be lords over the people, but to settle and plant the country, and you are there still among the people whom you have neither conciliated nor subdued. There is not a landlord in Ireland who holds land except on trust for creating upon it a contented tenantry. I go upon the great principles of jurisprudence, which will allow no right of property to stand in the way of a general good. I go upon the principles established by the Irish Land Act, and I ask you, as you value the peace of Ireland, to carry those principles into full and beneficial effect. I will say nothing more about the peace of Ireland, or I shall be charged with making a stereotyped peroration. I have no official responsibility for the peace of Ireland, but I have the responsibility attaching to every man, who takes ever so humble a part in public affairs, to promote peace and tranquillity. I have the anxiety which any man must feel who looks back on the ruin, desolation, and misery brought to many parts of Ireland by that civil war—for it was a civil war—which has raged between landlord and tenant since the days of the Cromwellian confiscation, and who regards with trembling the indications of a renewal of the war. I rejoice to say that those indications have at present come only from the landlords. I trust they will cease before they come from



the tenants; but it is only by giving protection to these tenants that you can have security against a return to that state of things which every man of right feeling deplored.

A SCENE IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

From 'The Irish People and the Irish Land.'

Let me say once for all how I came to write. Two years ago I had formed views of the land question, as, I suppose, most persons in my position have. I was satisfied of that which lies on the very surface—that insecurity of tenure is a great evil. I was convinced that compensation for tenants' improvements was just and right; but when I saw the people flying in masses from their homes I felt that really to understand the question we must go deeper than all this—that there must be some mischief deeply rooted in our social system, which in a country blessed with advantages like ours produced results so strangely contrary to everything which the laws which regulate the history of nations or the conduct of classes or individuals might lead us to expect.

An accident turned my thoughts more intensely in this direction. Traveling on the Southern railway, I witnessed one of those scenes too common in our country, but which, I believe, no familiarity can make any person of feeling witness without emotion. The station was crowded with emigrants and their friends who came to see them off. There was nothing unusual in the occurrence—nothing that is not often to be seen. Old men walked slowly, and almost hesitatingly, to the carriages that were to take them away from the country to which they were never to return. Railway porters placed in the train strange boxes and chests of every shape and size, sometimes even small articles of furniture, which told that the owners were taking with them their little all. In the midst of them a brother and a sister bade each other their last farewell—a mother clasped passionately to her breast the son whom she must never see again. Women carried or led to their places in the carriages little children, who looked round as if they

knew not what all this meant, but wept because they saw their mothers weeping. Strong men turned aside to dash from their eye the not unmanly tear. As the train began to move there was the uncontrollable rush, the desperate clinging to the carriages of relatives crowding down to give the last shake-hands. The railway servants pushed them back—we moved on more rapidly—and then rose from the group we left behind a strange mingled cry of wild farewells, and prayers, and blessings, and that melancholy wail of Irish sorrow which no one who has heard will ever forget—and we rushed on with our freight of sorrowing and reluctant exiles across a plain of fertility unsurpassed, perhaps, in any European soil. It was a light matter, but still there was something in that picture—close to us rose the picturesque ruins which seemed to tell us from the past that there were days when an Irish race had lived, and not lived in poverty, upon that very plain.

These are scenes which surely no Irishman should see without emotion. The transient feeling they may excite is but of little use except as it may be suggestive of thought. It was impossible not to ask why were these people thus flying from their homes, deserting that rich soil. I could not but feel that no satisfactory solution of the question had yet been given. I asked myself if it were not a reproach to those among us whom God had raised a little above that people by the advantages of intellect and education if we gave no real earnest thought to such an inquiry; and I formed a purpose—I almost made to myself a vow—that I would employ, as far as I could, whatever little power I had acquired in investigating facts in endeavoring to trace the strange mystery to its origin.

MRS. MANNINGTON CAFFYN ("IOTA").

KATHLEEN GORING was born at Waterloo House, County Tipperary, the daughter of William Hunt and Louisa Goring. She was educated at home by English and German governesses, and lived in the country till she was twenty-one, when she trained for nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital; after a short nursing career, she married Dr. Mannington Caffyn, an able surgeon, writer, and inventor.

His ill health obliged them to emigrate to Australia, where they lived for several years, Mrs. Caffyn contributing occasionally to the newspapers there. Soon after their return, in 1893, Mrs. Caffyn made an immense success with 'The Yellow Aster.' She has since written 'A Comedy in Spasms,' 'Children of Circumstances,' 'A Quaker Grandmother,' 'Poor Max,' 'Anne Mauleverer,' 'The Minx,' 'The Happiness of Jill,' and has contributed to many magazines.

LITTLE BRITONS.

From 'The Yellow Aster.'¹

Not only the entire county of —shire but even the whole University of Cambridge had been thrown into quite a whirl of emotion by the marriage of Henry Waring and Grace Selwyn, the most unexpected ever concocted in heaven or on earth.

A Senior Wrangler and a Fellow of his college, who at twenty-six eats, drinks, and sleeps mathematics, besides being possessed of other devouring passions for certain minor sciences, does not seem a very fit subject for matrimony with its petty follies and cares.

If one is, besides, the son of a cynic and a bookworm, who loathed and eschewed the sex with bitter reason, and whose own practical knowledge had been gained chiefly through the classics and the bedmakers, the one of which appeals but little to one's sense of propriety, the other still less to one's fleshly sense, the prospect of a domestic and patriarchal career must seem as remote as it is undesirable.

And yet Henry Waring found himself, to his constant and increasing bewilderment, embarked on one almost before he altogether knew where he was.

The year previous to his marriage he had suffered a good

¹ In order to give the proper continuity to this extract, we have taken the liberty of transposing chapters I. and II.—[Ed.]

deal from ennui. A favorite theory in geology over which he had peered himself half blind was suddenly exploded without hope of reconstruction. He felt rather lost and *distract*, and cast about for some tangible solid brainwork.

But to pass the time until the fresh inspiration came on, he took to propounding stray problems, and—through the press—launching them broadcast over the land. Strange to say, he got answers, and by the score. A good many more “mute inglorious Solons” infest our villages than we have any notion of.

Mr. Waring groaned in spirit and mourned over the depravity of the race as he read their epistles, and drew farther back than ever into his shell. If the average man and woman without the academical walls resembled these productions, the less one had to do with them the better, he very reasonably reflected.

After this had been going on for the space of three months, he came, one morning, down to breakfast. He felt very sick at heart; his pupils seemed so amazingly full of enthusiasm for minor concerns, and absolutely lacking in it for the one thing needful, that he was cut to the quick and moved to much gentle wrath. And then these letters! They were fast becoming his Nemesis. He ate his breakfast and watched with unwonted pleasure some dust motes dancing in a sunbeam, and, raising his eyes to follow them, they unconsciously strayed farther out into the college quad, where the dew was still sparkling on every grass blade, and shimmering on every flower.

Mr. Waring felt quite cheerful and revived as he pushed away his plate and cup and began to open his letters. Letter after letter was laid down, a spasm of pain passing each time across his face, and more than once an audible groan escaped him.

At last he picked up a letter gingerly, as he handled all this variety of correspondence—the village mathematician being an unclean beast—but this letter seemed somehow different; he turned it over with growing interest, and even took the pains to examine the postmark, then he opened it and found a quite different production from any he had yet received.

First on opening it a curious indefinite scent struck on his nostrils. He sniffed it up perplexedly; some queer old

memories began to stir in him, and he paused a moment to try and classify them, but he could not, so he set himself to examine the contents of the missive.

The answer given to his problem was accurate and the accompanying remarks clear, strong, and to the point, written in a woman's hand and signed with a woman's name, "Grace Selwyn."

That letter was answered before the breakfast things were cleared away, and certain fresh problems inclosed which were not sent in any other direction.

Many letters went and came after that, containing problems and their answers, the answers always full of that strange, vague, delicious scent, which seemed to waft itself through the study and to remain there, caught with the dust motes in the sunbeam.

A longing and a yearning for those little notes began to take possession of Henry Waring and to disturb his mind. Old memories of the time when he wore frocks and toddled began to haunt him, and his work was no longer done by reflex action.

He consulted a doctor, but as he only confided half his symptoms to that scientific person, quite suppressing the letters, the doctor felt rather out of it and prescribed quinine, which had no effect whatsoever.

One morning the yearning for a letter grew suddenly quite overmastering; and none came. This was the climax. By a sudden impulse which he never succeeded in explaining to himself on any satisfactory grounds, Mr. Waring went to his bedroom, knelt down by his big chest of drawers, and proceeded to pack a little valise with every article he did not want, leaving out all those he did. Then he stepped into a cab and made for the station.

Towards the close of the day he presented himself at the door of a queer old red-brick manor house in Kent owned by a Colonel Selwyn and his wife, and asked simply for "Miss Grace Selwyn."

In three months from that day the two came down the path hand in hand and stepped out together on life's journey, and six months later, through the death of a cousin, Waring Park fell to them and made up for the loss of the Fellowship. . . .

The stable-yard of Waring Park seemed to be slightly off its head on a certain fine afternoon in June. Such an afternoon as it was, so sweet and so soft, so full of fragrant sleepy haze, that any sound louder than the sing-song of a cricket must have distracted any ordinary nerve-possessing mortal.

On this particular afternoon, however, the sole occupants of the yard were the stable-boys, the groom's urchin, and the under-gardener's lad, and as none of these had yet reached the level of nerves, whilst the blood of all of them throbbed with the greed for illegal sport in every shape, their state of lazy content was in no way upset by a medley of blood-curdling shrieks, squeals and gobbles that issued from the throats of a little boy and a big turkey which the boy was swinging round and round by the tail, from the vantage ground of a large smooth round stone, with an amount of strength that was preternatural, if one had judged by the mere length of him and had not taken into consideration the enormous development of the imp's legs and arms.

The stable-boys grinned, and smoked like furnaces as the show proceeded, and the other two cheered like Trojans, at the cruelty of the natural boy, and it might have gone badly for the turkey, if there had not swooped down upon him and his tormentor, just in the nick of time, a little lean, wiry woman, armed with an authority which even the imp, after one spasmodic struggle, saw best not to gainsay.

"Master Dacre, whatever do you do it for? Do you think the bird has no feelings? There is no sense in such goings-on."

"There is sense," spluttered the boy at full speed; "I like bein' swung, and I like swingin' the turkey, and I'll learn him to like it too, and if he don't learn that anyway he'll learn something else, which is life's discipline, which father says I'm learnin', when you whip me. If I want it, so does the turkey and wuss. I b'longs to higher orders nor beasts and birds."

Here the grins of the stable-boys broke into hoarse guffaws, and Mary's ire culminated in a sharp rebuke all around.

"Go to your work, you idle fellows. I told your father

long ago, Jim, what 'ud be the latter end of you. As for you, Robert, I could cry when I think of your blessed mother!

"And what business have you in the yard?" she cried, turning on the two younger sinners. "Be off with you this instant. 'T is easy to see none of the men are about. You two, Jim and Robert, you 'd be surprised yourselves if you could see what soft idiots you look with them stumps of pipes between your jaws.

"Look, Master Dacre, look at the bird's tail. Haven't you any heart at all? The creature might have been through the furze covert—"

"There's not a feather broke," said the boy, after a critical survey, "not one; I believe that tail were made for swingin' as much as my arms was."

For an instant words failed Mary and she employed herself hushing the bird into his pen. When she came back, Dacre had disappeared, and the yard seemed to be quite clear of human life, not to be traced even by the smell of shag tobacco.

Pursuit was useless, as Mary very well knew, so she returned to her nursery, a good deal down at heart, muttering and murmuring as she went.

"O Lord, whatever is to be the end of it all? Learning is the ruin of the whole place, and yet them children is as ignorant as bears, excepting for their queer words and ways. Set them to read a Royal Reader or to tot up a sum, bless you, they couldn't for the life of them. And the tempers of the two," she went on, putting the cross stitches on a darn, "their parents had no hand in them anyway. Where they got 'em from the Lord only knows. Tempers, indeed! And from them two blessed babies as bore 'em." She lifted her head and glanced out of the window.

"Look at 'em," she whispered, "hand in hand up and down the drive, talking mathymatics, I'll be bound," and Mary's eyes returned to her basket a trifle moist. She had nursed Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Waring's children, and she was a good soul with a deal of sentiment about her.

As it happened, Mr. and Mrs. Waring were not discussing mathematics. They were just then deeply and solemnly exercised in their minds as to the exact date of a

skeleton recently unearthed from some red sandstone in the neighborhood. They had dismissed the carriage at the hall gates, and were now hot in argument concerning the bones, each holding diametrically opposed views on the subject, and struggling hard to prove his or her side.

Now and again the husband's voice rose to a pretty high pitch, and his fine mouth was touched with a sneer, and the wife's eyes flashed and flamed and shot out indignant wrath. Her hat had fallen off far down the drive, and her rings of yellow fluffy hair fell wildly over her forehead; one small hand was clenched in eager protest, but the other was clasped tight in her husband's.

They always went like this, these two; they had got into the foolish way very early in their acquaintance and had never been able to get out of it. Suddenly some common hypothesis struck them both at once, and Mrs. Waring cried out with a gasp:

"If we can prove it, I am right."

"Yes, if you can prove it, darling, that's the point, and I hope that you never will. Have you any idea, dear love, what the proving of this will undo, what it must upset?"

"I think I have," she said slowly, her blue eyes gleaming eagerly, "but it seems to me whenever a great hubbub is made about the upsetting of some theory, that it generally ends in being much ado about nothing, and that the new thing that springs from the ashes of the old dead is infinitely more beautiful than ever its predecessor was, for it is one step nearer the truth."

"Dearest, we must end our talk," groaned Mr. Waring, peering with terrified looks through his eye-glasses. "Here is Gwen, most slightly clad and of a bright blue tint, pursued by Mary. I fear very much that story of Boadicea you told her has instigated her to this action. I think, dearest, I will go to the study and work out this question of date."

Mr. Waring turned nervously and made a gentle effort to disengage his hand from his wife's, but she clutched him firmly. "Henry," she cried, "you would not desert me?"

"Oh, my dear," he gasped, "what can I do? The child must be cleansed and, I presume, punished. I can be of no use," and he still showed signs of flight, but the horror-

stricken eyes of his wife, fixed pleadingly on him, made him waver and wait.

By a superhuman effort Mary got up first.

"Oh, ma'am," she shrieked in tones that went through Mrs. Waring's head, "oh, ma'am, look at her! I found her with nothing on but this rag and some leaves, painted blue, and varnished—varnished, sir, eating acorns outside of the orchard fence. It's common indecency, ma'am, and if it's to continue I can't—"

By this time Gwen had arrived, desperately blown, but overflowing with words; rather an advantage under the circumstances, for her parents had not one between them.

"Mother, I were a woaded Briton and blue all over. Mag Dow did me behind and I done the front, and it aren't common naked if queens done it like you said. She did, Mary, say it Thursday when she begun the history course. Dacre was to be a woaded king too, but he were a beast and wouldn't do nothing but swing turkeys for discipline."

"Mary, I think perhaps you should give Miss Gwen a bath, and then we will consider what further course to take."

Mrs. Waring caught her skirts nervously and drew a step nearer to her husband.

"A bath, ma'am! Don't you see she's painted and varnished? No water 'll touch that, ma'am; turpentine it must be and cart grease, not to say paraffin,—and, ma'am, the indecency!"

"Please, Mary," implored the tortured woman, "oh, please take her away and put the cart grease on—and—the other things, and we can then talk over the rest."

Here the light of a sudden inspiration leapt into her face, and she turned to her husband. "Henry," she said solemnly, "do you not think that Gwen should go to bed? She seems to me," she continued, taking a critical survey of the blue-daubed figure, "she seems to me a little old for such very peculiar adaptations of history."

"To bed," remarked the husband, infinitely relieved. It seemed quite a happy solution to the whole question, and must fulfill every purpose,—be Gwen's Nemesis, a salve to Mary's hurt morality, and a merciful deliverance to all others concerned. "Yes, a very sensible suggestion of

yours, dearest. I consider that it would be a most salutary measure to send Gwen to bed."

"Indeed, sir," remarked Mary, without a particle of the satisfaction that might have been expected from her, "Miss Gwen will be fit for no other place by the time I've done with her, what with the paraffin and the scrubbing and her skin that tender. Oh come, Miss, come away," she cried grimly, laying hold of Gwen.

"Grace, my darling," said Mr. Waring, passing his free hand wearily over his brow, "such scenes as these are indeed upsetting. I am quite unable to take up the thread of our discourse."

"I feel as you do, Henry," said his wife sadly, "we seem to have so very little time to ourselves."

"Do you think, Grace, we should procure a tutor for those children? Let me see, how old are they?"

"I have their ages down somewhere in my tablets," said Mrs. Waring, rummaging in her pocket and producing a little book of ivory tablets. She consulted it anxiously.

"Just fancy," she exclaimed with astonished eyes, "Dacre will be seven in April—I had no idea he was so old—and I see Gwen is just twelve months younger."

"I think their physical powers are now fairly developed—indeed, I am of the opinion that the boy's development will continue to be mainly physical; he will, I fear, run much to cricket and other brutal sports. But no doubt he has some small amount of brain power that should be made the most of. We must now get some one who will undertake this business for us, dear love."

"Ah," said his wife plaintively, "the feeding and physical care of children seems a terrible responsibility; it weighs upon my life. But the development of their intellectual powers!—I wish the time for it had kept off just a little longer, until we were farther on in our last, our best work. And if," she said wearily, "you think the brain power of Dacre, at least, is so insignificant, the task becomes Herculean."

"We must consult the rector, dear."

"I feel in some way we must have failed in our duty. The grammar that child spoke was appalling, as was also the intonation of her words. I wonder how this has come

to pass? I should have thought her mere heredity would have saved us this."

Mrs. Waring sighed heavily, fate seemed against her, even heredity was playing her false.

"It is shocking, dear, but unaccountable," said her husband soothingly; "you are disturbed, and forget how widely modified heredity becomes by conditions. If I recollect aright Gwen mentioned one—Mag—h'm, Dow. Children are imitative creatures. And now with regard to another matter. I think, dear love, it were wiser if you discontinued that proposed course of history. The imagination of our daughter Gwen must not be fostered until it has a sounder intellectual basis to work up from."

"Very well, dear," and Mrs. Waring sighed a sigh of relief. No one but herself knew the horrible embarrassment of having those two children sitting opposite to her glaring all over her, while she discoursed to them on the customs of the early Britons, and it was only a consuming sense of duty that had seized on her, and forced her to the task.

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN.

(1795—1829.)

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN, the poet, was born in Cork in 1795. Owing to the fact that Jeremiah resembles slightly in sound the English form into which the Irish peasantry transpose the Gaelic name Diarmiud, he was often called Jeremiah. Very little is known of his boyhood, save that he loved and learned the legends and history of his country. He was intended for the priesthood, but in 1816 he left Maynooth for Dublin, where he was an outpensioner at Trinity College. While there he wrote two poems, one on the 'Restoration of the Spoils of Athens by Alexander the Great,' and the other on the 'Accession of George the Fourth.' For these he was awarded the prizes in the gift of the Vice-Chancellor.

After spending two years in the university he turned his steps toward his birthplace. Here he found his parents dead, his friends and acquaintances scattered, and all his old haunts in the hands of strangers. This so affected him that in utter despair he turned away and enlisted in the 18th Royal Irish; some of his friends, however, bought him off. Then for two years he was tutor in the family of Mr. M'Carthy, who resided near Mill Street, County Cork. Here the poet enjoyed the romantic scenery of the Killarney and Muskerry Mountains; but his restless spirit longed for change, and in 1822 we find him in his native city, Cork, leading an aimless life. In 1823 he became a tutor in the school of the celebrated Dr. William Maginn of Cork. The doctor soon found out and encouraged his talent, and introduced him to several literary friends. The result of this was the appearance of six popular songs, translated from the Irish by Callanan, in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

He soon gave up teaching and spent his time in wandering about the country, collecting from the Irish-speaking inhabitants the wild poems and legends in their native tongue, which had been handed down from father to son for generations. These he clothed in all the grace, beauty, and sentiment of the English language, of which he was master. He chose the romantic and lovely island of Inchidony for a temporary residence; and in this retreat, surrounded by the wild nature he loved, he wrote some of his best known and most popular verse, including 'The Recluse of Inchidony,' published in 1830. His poem 'The Virgin Mary's Bank' was inspired by a tradition connected with this island. 'Gougane Barra' is the most popular of his poems in the south of Ireland.

In 1829 he was advised to try a change of climate; and he became tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman residing in Lisbon. Here in a few months he learned enough of the language to read Portuguese poetry; and here also he prepared his scattered writings for publication in a collected form. His health grew rapidly worse; and he longed intensely to return and die in his beloved native land. Although utterly prostrate, he went on board a vessel bound for Cork, but his symptoms became so alarming that he was



forced to return on shore, where he died a few days later, Sept. 19, 1829.

"His vigorous, stirring, and thoroughly original poem on 'Gougane Barra,' with its resonant double-rimes, so characteristic of the Gael," has a freedom all its own, says Mr. George Sigerson, who continues: "His pride was to have awakened the ancient harp and mingled with the voice of southern waters the songs that even Echo had forgotten, he says, invoking the 'Least Bard of the Hills.' The claim was justified. Moore unquestionably revived the spirit of Irish melody and first infused into poetry the legends of the land. It is Callanan's distinction—a great one, though ignored till now—that he was the first to give adequate versions of Irish Gaelic poems. Compared with preceding and many subsequent attempts, they are marvelously close and true to their originals. . . . Callanan was among the first (after the popular balladists) to introduce a Gaelic refrain into English poetry."

A third edition of Callanan's poems appeared in 1847, with a biographical introduction and notes by Mr. M. F. M'Carthy. Another volume of his collected poems was published in 1861.

GOUGANE BARRA.¹

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc² the eagles are screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,³
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,

¹ Gougane Barra is a small lake about two miles in circumference, formed by the numerous streams which descend from the mountains that divide the counties of Cork and Kerry.

² A mountain over the lake. ³ Cape Clear.

And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
 In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
 Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
 As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water!

High sons of the lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
 To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
 Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
 I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
 And gleaned the gray legend that long had been sleeping,
 Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
 From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
 When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory!

Least bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
 The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
 With the wrongs which, like thee, to my own land have bound
 me,
 Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me;
 Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
 And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
 But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
 Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
 Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
 And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

The girl I love is comely, straight, and tall,
 Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall.
 Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, who'er she be!

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek;
 Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek;
 Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, who'er she be!

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round;
The barrel is full, but its heart we soon shall see,—
Here's a health to that charming maid, who'er she be!

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me,—
Here's a health to the maid I love, who'er she be!

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
And five times five for my love one hour each day;
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green tree;
Then, my dear, may I drink a fond deep health to thee!

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

From the Irish.

Oh many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream or malt, like the brewing of men;
My bed was the ground; my roof the green wood above,
And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance from my love.

Alas on that night when the horses I drove from the field,
That I was not near my angel from terror to shield!
She stretched forth her arms, her mantle she flung to the wind,
And she swam o'er Loch Lene her outlawed lover to find.

Oh would that the freezing sleet-winged tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone far off on the deep;
I'd ask not a ship, nor a bark, nor pinnacle to save,
With her arm round my neck I'd fear not the wind nor wave!

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven, resides;
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go asleep by the wild, sweet twist of her song.

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.¹

Translated from the Irish.

O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,²
 Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
 Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
 At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day
 All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
 The cold turf is o'er them;—they hear not my cries,
 And since Louis no aid gives I cannot arise.

O! where art thou, Louis, our eyes are on thee?
 Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
 In freedom's last strife if you linger or quail,
 No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his right,
 Come, proud in his strength, for his country to fight;
 Like leaves on the trees will new people arise,
 And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
 The isles of his father, his rights and his throne,
 My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
 And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
 The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
 My sons all united shall bless the glad day
 When the flint-hearted Saxons they've chased far away.

 THE WHITE COCKADE.

Translated from the Irish.

King Charles he is King James's son,
 And from a royal line is sprung;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 And we'll raise once more the white cockade.

¹ *Drimin* is the favorite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath—into which the island was divided under the Milesian dynasty.—*Callanan*.

² *Silk of the cows*, an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle.

O! my dear, my fair-haired youth,
 Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe;
 On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow;
 The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
 Since our rightful prince went far away;
 He's gone, the stranger holds his throne;
 The royal bird far off is flown:
 But up with shout, and out with blade,
 We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
 The woods no more with the staunch hounds ring;
 The song from the glen, so sweet before,
 Is hushed since Charles has left our shore.
 The prince is gone: but he soon will come,
 With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 Huzza for the right and the white cockade!

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.¹

Translated from the Irish.

How dimmed is the glory that circled the Gael
 And fall'n the high people of green Innisfail;²
 The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore;
 And the mighty of nations is mighty no more!

Like a bark on the ocean, long shattered and tost,
 On the land of your fathers at length you are lost;
 The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
 And you're doomed from your cradles to bondage and chains.

O where is the beauty that beamed on thy brow?
 Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou now!

¹ *Fearflatha O'Gniamh* was family *olamh* or bard to the O'Neil of Clano-boy about the year 1556. The poem of which these lines are the translation commences with "*Ma through mar ataid' Goadhil.*"—*M. F. M'Carthy.*

² *Innisfail*, the island of destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies
O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
Proud spirit of Gollam,¹ how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

O'Neil of the Hostages;² Con,³ whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep;
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep.

In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O night!
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light!
For freedom or valor no more canst thou see
In the home of the brave, in the isle of the free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bowed,
And oppression hath wrapped all your land in its shroud,
Since first from the Brehon's⁴ pure justice you strayed
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

We know not our country, so strange is her face;
Her sons, once her glory, are now her disgrace;
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your cheer,
Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the deer?
Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning and riven,
Be the hills where your forests waved brightly in heaven?

O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears!
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

¹ *Gollam*, a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish O's and Macs.

² *Nial of the Nine Hostages*, the heroic monarch of Ireland in the fourth century, and ancestor of the O'Neil family.

³ *Con Cead Catha*, Con of the Hundred Fights, monarch of the island in the second century. Although the fighter of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields; his valorous rival Owen, King of Munster, compelled him to a division of the kingdom.

⁴ *Brehons*, the hereditary judges of the Irish septs.



AND MUST WE PART?

And must we part? then fare thee well!
 But he that wails it—he can tell
 How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
 And ever must be, to this heart:
 But now 't is vain—it cannot be;
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break
 Than one unholy thought awake;
 I'd sooner slumber into clay
 Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;
 Go, free as air—as angel free,
 And, lady, think no more on me.

Oh! did we meet when brighter star
 Sent its fair promise from afar,
 I then might hope to call thee mine—
 The minstrel's heart and harp were thine;
 But now 't is past—it cannot be;
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour
 When mercy's all-atoning power
 From His high throne of glory hears,
 Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears;
 Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,
 Then—then, O lady! think on me.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

From the Irish.

One of the Sullivans of Bearhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He was betrayed by a confidential servant, named Scully, and was shot by his pursuers. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it through the sea from Bearhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years. Such is the story current among the people of Bearhaven. The dirge is supposed to have been the composition of O'Sullivan's aged nurse.—
From the author's note.

The sun on Ivera
 No longer shines brightly,
 The voice of her music
 No longer is sprightly,

No more to her maidens
 The light dance is dear,
 Since the death of our darling
 O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully! thou false one,
 You basely betrayed him,
 In his strong hour of need,
 When thy right hand should aid him;
 He fed thee—he clad thee—
 You had all could delight thee:
 You left him—you sold him—
 May Heaven requite thee!

Scully! may all kinds
 Of evil attend thee!
 On thy dark road of life
 May no kind one befriend thee!
 May fevers long burn thee,
 And agues long freeze thee!
 May the strong hand of God
 In His red anger seize thee!

Had he died calmly
 I would not deplore him,
 Or if the wild strife
 Of the sea-war closed o'er him;
 But with ropes round his white limbs
 Through ocean to trail him,
 Like a fish after slaughter—
 'T is therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
 Of his people pursue them:
 Scully that sold him,
 And soldier that slew him!
 One glimpse of heaven's light
 May they see never!
 May the hearthstone of hell
 Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole which the vile hands
 Of soldiers had made thee,
 Unhonored, unshrouded,
 And headless they laid thee;

No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These agèd eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol!
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessèd ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter:
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear!

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL is the youngest daughter of Edmond Maghlin Blood, Brickhill, County Clare, Ireland. She was educated in Italy and France. She married Lord Colin Campbell, the youngest son of the eighth Duke of Argyll. She obtained a separation from Lord Colin Campbell for cruelty, and became a widow in 1895. She was the art critic of *The World*; and was also the author of 'A Woman's Walks,' in the same paper.

Her publications are 'Darell Blake,' 'A Book of the Running Brook,' 'A Miracle in Rabbits,' etc.

A MODERN ÆGERIA.

From 'Darell Blake.'

He had never loved anything or anybody until he met Lady Alma; hence he had no standard of comparison in his mind whereby he could gauge the extent of his present absorption. His affection for his wife was a pleasant equable feeling; she was a dear, good, unselfish creature; but, if such an expression were permissible, his feeling for her, without his knowing it, had always been more that of a brother than of a husband.

Unfortunately for Victoria, she was not a woman gifted with the particular power to captivate and arrest the interest of a mind so energetic as Darell's. The small domestic trivialities of every-day life, which she would daily weary and irritate him by discussing, seemed to her to be the most natural subjects of interest between them during their conjugal *tête-à-têtes*, when Darell arrived home tired and worn out at the end of his day's work. At the same time the crushing sense of inability to grasp the interests that she dimly felt were ever occupying her husband's mind, acted as a perpetual discouragement to her. Thus it was only too natural that the effect of the contrast between the minds of these two women, the only two that Darell Blake had ever been thrown in contact with—the one prosaic, timid, and sluggish, yet capable of the most exalted unselfishness; the other quick, tortuous, unsparing, and devoid of all guiding principle—should heighten the

illusion which Lady Alma's personality had produced on Darell's inexperience.

The man's sentimental nature had lain dormant all his life. From his earliest youth he had lived through his brain alone; he had been too eager, too restless, too impatient to make his way, ever to think of asking himself whether he had a heart or not. Loving or not loving is far more a habit than most people know or will acknowledge. With Darell it was a habit he had entirely neglected to cultivate, and the result of such neglect was that having at last fallen into the clutches of Love, that enemy of human peace of mind, he found himself struggling with a passion that threatened to shipwreck his whole existence unless he got the upper hand.

Darell was no weak child, and he struggled bravely, but in such acute cases discretion is the better part of valor, and presence of mind should promptly dictate absence of body. The idea of going away, of leaving London, did indeed occur to him for one brief moment, but he swept it aside. It was impossible he should give up his work, his whole career, at the very moment it was trembling in the balance! Besides, in that work, in that career, lay his best hope of salvation; and he threw himself into the political campaign (which had been opened before him even sooner than he had expected, owing to the premature resignation through ill-health of the Member for South Peckham) with an impetuosity which at least had the merit of acting as a relief to his intense mental strain. Only in this way could he let Lady Alma see that the man to whom she had been so graciously kind was worthy of her interest and her approbation. He felt as if he were entering the lists with his liege lady's colors pinned to his helmet, and he resolved in his heart that she should have reason to be proud of the champion she had sent into the fray. Only in this way could he ever prove his adoration, both to her and to himself; and it was, therefore, with the unflagging enthusiasm born of this idea, as well as with the unrest caused by the effort to stifle the passion which strove within him and called aloud for utterance in words, that Darell toiled early and late. Working at the *Tribune* office, speaking at meetings at South Peckham, where his fervent eloquence had stirred up all the elements of political storm, canvassing,

interviewing important people, he gave himself rest neither night nor day, until even Sedley began to look almost grave as he tried to put a drag on his turbulent *protégé*.

"It's all nonsense your working like this, my lad," he said one night in the *Tribune* office, "no constitution can possibly stand it, especially after the work you have done, without a single interruption, ever since you came here more than a year and a half ago. You do ten times, fifty times as much as you need, especially while you have this election business on your shoulders. Why don't you leave more to your sub? He is a clever young fellow enough in his way, and if you only knew all that your predecessor left in his hands, you would be surprised."

"Hardly a recommendation to me to do likewise, when I remember where the *Tribune* had drifted to when you put me at the helm," answered Darell, with a weary smile. He was in that acute state of over-work when one feels as if something *must* snap in one's brain, and that if it did do so, it would be a relief. He had seen Lady Alma for a few moments that day, and the questions that he read, or thought he read, in her eyes were almost more than he could stand. *Not* work so hard? Why, his work was the only thing that kept him from going to pieces, the only means whereby he could compel his thoughts in some measure away from Lady Alma; though no matter how much he strained his attention to other things on the surface, through it all, like the sense of the dominant key in a phrase of music, ran the memory of her beauty, of her charm, which seemed to hold every fiber of his being. "You need not worry about me," he added, "the *Tribune* is not going to lose its editor yet awhile. I'll take a holiday in August, and that will set me up again. And as to this extra work just now, the worst of it will soon be over, you know, for the polling is the day after to-morrow. You will be down there with me, won't you?"

"Till the evening, certainly," answered Sedley, "but I have to dine at the Speaker's that evening, so I must get back to town early, and shall not be able to wait to hear the result. Not that I have much fear about it," he added, with a laugh, "and I have the courage of my opinions, for I have backed you for fifty pounds! I have been around today to a number of people and they have all promised you

their carriages. Lady Alma and Mrs. Walpole have done the same, and they mean to bring down a bevy of workers to whip up the recalcitrant voters. You'll see, everything and everybody will go upon wheels—the pun was unintentional, but we will take it as a good omen! So cheer up, my lad, and prepare to accept with becoming dignity the honors that the South Peckhamites are going to shower upon you!"

To say that South Peckham woke up in a state of ferment on the morning of the eventful day is but a poor and inadequate expression. In fact, it can hardly be said to have waked up, insomuch that a considerable number of its inhabitants never went to bed at all, and as these persisted in perambulating the streets singing party songs, and cheering at intervals for the rival candidates, it may fairly be said that but few South Peckhamites slept peacefully that night. Never had there been such excitement over an election in that placid constituency before. Both sides had strained every nerve in the campaign, but as yet neither had any idea with whom would lie the ultimate victory.

The Radical party had felt all along that the fight at South Peckham would be a serious one. It was true that the registration of the Radical electors had been very carefully kept up, but on the other hand Darell Blake was an unknown man to the constituency, while the Conservative party had for once had the intelligence to put forward as candidate a local dry goods dealer, an owner of one of those immense establishments of modern growth which, like Aaron's rod, had swallowed up all the other little retail rods around it. The head of this huge system of local patronage and employment, one Prodgers, was as the straw is to the drowning man to the Conservative Association. There had been distinct heartburnings among the titled members of the Tory organization at the Carlton that such a move as this should have to be resorted to. There had been many *pourparlers* as to the choice between the two evils which had to be faced—*i. e.*, the loss of a London constituency, or the sacrifice on the altar of Baal by admitting the undeniably *parvenu* Prodgers to that home of the country gentleman and Tory purist, the Carlton Club. Darell was better known in Pall Mall than in Peck-

ham, and the announcement that he had been chosen as Radical candidate had filled the breasts of the wirepullers at the Carlton with blank dismay. There was no time to be lost in finding a sufficiently strong local influence wherewith to oppose this firebrand. It was quite clear that at such a juncture, and with such an opponent, it would be absolutely useless to put forward some colorless youth who happened to be the younger son of a Tory peer, so the Prodgers pill was swallowed, though not without many wry faces and murmurings amongst the rank and file of the Conservatives.

“Vote for Prodgers, your local Friend and Neighbor,” “Prodgers and the Integrity of the Empire,” “Prodgers the Public Benefactor,” these and many similar placards, all calculated to appeal to the self-interest of the population to whom the great Prodgers afforded so much employment, adorned the hoardings and blank walls on every side as you approached the scene of the contest. The battle of the billposters had been carried on with ardor, for Darell Blake’s supporters had not been behindhand. There was, perhaps, less froth on the surface, but none the less were there determination and energy. The whole of the *Tribune* office had turned out *en bloc* on every occasion that the *employés* could get an hour’s leave from the printing presses. Many of the most acute battles of the bills had been carried on by the printer’s devils from Fleet Street, to whom the guerrilla warfare of tearing down the opposition posters had been absolutely delightful.

The Radical organization spent, in comparison to their opponents, but little money. They had not the resources of Prodgers behind them. The magnificent *fourgons*, with their sleek teams of splendid horses in richly caparisoned harness, bearing the proud device of “Prodgers, Provider,” were not procurable on the Radical side to impress and overawe the electorate. Each little baker, haberdasher, and bootmaker, however, who had become abnormally Radical under the predominating influence of the absorbing Prodgers was up in arms on this occasion to deal one bold blow against the hated rival, salving their consciences meanwhile with the belief that they were actuated by a spirit of the purest patriotism. Needless to state, the orthodox clergy were on the side of the big *fourgons*, the

fat horses, the wealth, and the eminently Conservative respectability of Producers. The dissenting element went therefore "solid" for the Radical candidate—Wesleyans, Baptists, Nonconformists, Salvationists, all toiled manfully for the man who promised to bring about the Disestablishment of the Church of England at the earliest possible date, and the prospect of such a distribution of loaves and fishes impelled them to canvass every corner of the district. South Peckham was in a ferment of what it was pleased to consider national emotion. It felt that not only the eyes of all the civilized world were upon this particular election, but that the Ministry itself was trembling in its shoes at what might be the verdict of South Peckham. Had not the *Tribune* placed this issue clearly before the electorate? Thus it came to pass that while the worthy Peckhamites were working themselves up into a perfect *furor* of political passion under the stirring speeches of Darell, which revealed to many of them, no doubt for the first time, undreamt-of political issues, they were also enjoying the delicious sensation of being individuals of public prominence, and at the same time gratifying the petty jealousies and local hatreds that are so peculiarly characteristic of the genus of Little Pedlingtons.

No wonder, therefore, if South Peckham enjoyed itself when the great and eventful day at last arrived. All day long the streets and thoroughfares were crowded. Ordinary business was practically at a standstill, for every tradesman in the place, with few exceptions, was an ardent partisan, and every one who possessed any vehicle other than a wheelbarrow was both pleased and proud to lend it for the service of the candidate he supported. Outside help, too, was not wanting, and much amusement might have been derived from studying the faces of the smart coachmen from the West-end obliged to drive voters to the poll in what they evidently looked upon with contempt as an uncivilized and unseemly part of London, which no coachman who respected himself could be expected to know. Most active of all, darting hither and thither through the crowd, was a miniature dog-cart, brown in color throughout, and driven by Mrs. Chester, a small but most enthusiastic worker on the Radical Women's Association, to whom Sedley had given the appropriate *sobriquet*

of "Mother Carey's Chicken of Politics," for, like her prototype, she was always the harbinger of storms. The energy of this little lady knew no bounds; and in pursuit of voters she would whip up her little rat of a pony, and reckless of life or limb, or of the safety of the small tiger who occupied a slippery and precarious seat at the back of the tilted-up cart, she would dash through the crowd, and, having secured her prey, land him in triumph at the poll, and then swoop off after another. There was no withstanding her eloquence or her energy; and it may safely be said that Mrs. Chester, in the course of that long day, did greater service to Darell than any other individual who worked to secure his election.

Lady Alma and Mrs. Walpole were also amongst the workers, but while Mrs. Walpole did her best to emulate Mrs. Chester's feats of activity, Lady Alma remained the greater part of the day at one or other of the committee rooms, going over the list of voters, seeing that no one was forgotten, hearing reports, sending out messengers, and generally superintending the progress of the battle. Darell was but little with her, but this she did not seem to mind. Even her steady pulses were quickened under the influence of the fight that was going on. She felt confident of Darell's victory, and at the bottom of her heart she felt equally confident that her victory over Darell would not linger long behind. She had read him with her usual quickness, and the fight he had been waging with himself ever since Sedley's interruption on the terrace—Lady Alma even now could not think of that interruption without a frown—was not altogether unknown to her; and with her habit of analyzing her sensations, she owned to herself that though Darell's elusiveness irritated her, at the same time it had invested him with an attraction which she had never felt in her life before. She had never known a man who struggled against any feeling with which she might have inspired him; and as she watched Darell, and saw not only how he fought with himself, but how that fight was beginning to tell on him, she told herself, with keen delight of anticipation, how exquisite the moment of victory over such a nature would be when it came.

But Lady Alma was one of those rare women who, though they never lose sight of their quarry, understand

the science of stalking; and to mix sentiment with the turmoil of an election would be, she felt, a fatal error. Whenever she and Darell met during that long day, she was charmingly amiable, sympathetic, full of interest in the battle, and of encouragement as to the result; but not in looks, gestures, nor words did she in any way seek to disturb his mind or suggest more personal or tender thoughts. In her cool white embroideries and straw hat, with a bunch of dark blue cornflowers and dark blue ribbon—Darell's colors—at her breast, the sight of her rested him "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." All the sense of struggling seemed to have slipped from him like a cloak from his shoulders, in the closeness of interest which seemed to bind them together that day; he even forgot or only dimly remembered that he had ever struggled at all. He had not time to analyze his feelings, or to ask himself what this new peace which had succeeded the turmoil of the last weeks might mean. There would be time enough to explain and understand later on; for the moment he could think only of the battle which was raging around him, and in which he felt that his whole life was at stake.

Lady Alma had no intention of deserting the battlefield without knowing who had carried off the victory, and had accordingly, with Mrs. Walpole and Mrs. Chester, accepted the invitation of one of the local dames, the wife of a rising rival of the redoubtable Prodgers, to dine and rest at her house while awaiting the result of counting of the ballot boxes. Not that she really needed rest. She was as untiring, when she was interested, as a wolf or a Red Indian; and she had never before been so interested as she had been that day. Far otherwise was it with Mrs. Walpole. That good lady, by the time the evening came on, felt that to spend a whole day away from a looking-glass was a sacrifice on the altar of friendship and popularity which was too severe for her weak nature. It was true she had a powder-puff in her pocket, but what was a miserable puff, after a hot summer's day of work, and talk, and excitement, to a lady so carefully built up and artistically made youthful as Mrs. Walpole? She felt that her *toupée*, though warranted to have been made of "naturally curling" hair, was growing limp and disheveled, and she felt

distinctly put out when she looked across the table at Alma Vereker and saw what "naturally curling" hair really meant. What a fool she had been not to have gone straight home, instead of saying she would wait to hear the result, and drive back with Alma and Darell! Poor Mrs. Walpole's usually good temper had given way under the combined influences of fatigue, heat, and above all of mortified vanity, when she compared her own disheveled, worn-out appearance and flushed, haggard cheeks with the cool serenity of the younger woman opposite. She mentally determined not to court such a comparison any longer than she could help, and when the hour for the declaration of the poll drew nigh, and Lady Alma announced her intention of going to the Town Hall, Mrs. Walpole excused herself on the ground of fatigue, and she said she preferred to wait where she was till Alma returned to fetch her.

The poll closed at eight P. M. and Darell had adjourned to the Town Hall, whither the ballot boxes had been carried. Each side was in the highest state of excitement, and fully believed it had secured the victory. Prodgers was passing the anxious hours in one of the committee rooms downstairs, surrounded by a bevy of his supporters, while his representative was watching over his interests upstairs in the room where the counting of the votes was going on under the eye of the sheriff. Darell, in another room, was, with his usual impetuosity, busily employed with his various agents in the occupation known as "counting his chickens before they were hatched." But the hatching was accomplished now, for, as Lady Alma arrived at the door of the room where Darell and his supporters were waiting, an excited partisan came tumbling down the broad stairs at the imminent risk of his neck, gasping out that Darell Blake had won the day.

The news ran like wildfire, and as the members of both committees accompanied the rival candidates upstairs, their ears were almost deafened by the uproar that burst from the crowd outside as the result of the election was passed from lip to lip. Cheers, groans, huzzas, and hisses were freely mingled, and the huge seething mass of humanity surged hither and thither in a tempest of excitement as the sheriff came out on the great balcony above the entrance to make the official declaration:—

Darell Blake (Radical)	3332
Gustavus Adolphus Prodgers (Conservative)	3129
Majority for Darell Blake	<u>203</u>

The hush that had fallen upon the crowd when the sheriff appeared was but of brief duration, and was followed by a tumultuous storm of applause from every little costermonger and tradesman who had gathered *en masse* to assist at the dethronement of the almighty Prodgers on this memorable occasion. The Rights of Labor, Free Education, the Disestablishment of the Church, and the most cherished principles of the Liberal creed had vanished from the imaginations of the enthusiastic Peckhamite Radicals in the realization of the personal success which had attended their struggle in this trade feud with the omnivorous Prodgers. The faces of the local magnates, the representatives of prosperous villadom, whose social position in the district had given them the right to be present in the Town Hall on such an occasion, grew longer and longer as they slowly realized that what they believed to be an era of social revolution was at last going to sweep over them. Prodgers, however, with the deep instinct of a tradesman to make the best of a bad bargain, put as smiling a face as he could upon his defeat; and with the same self-complacent, semi-obsequious air with which he would have offered "the last sweet thing in mantles," he came forward and congratulated Darell on his victory. Darell, ready to believe in everything and everybody in the enthusiasm of that moment of triumph, seized the outstretched hand of Prodgers, as though the latter had been a long-lost friend and brother. As this affecting scene took place on the balcony in full view of the crowd, the whole audience howled approval of so admirable and exemplary a termination to the fight. The only exception to this remarkably peaceful electoral picture was the row of vinegar faces of the local magnates standing as a background to the two candidates. As soon as the gush of approving sentiment had somewhat spent itself, another cry went up of "Speech! speech!" and Darell, advancing to the balustrade, looked out over the sea of upturned faces below, all curiously white and distinct in the strong glare of the gaslight. As he realized that these people were his

constituents, that he was their Member, that at this moment he was at last touching the height of his boyish ambition, a knot seemed to rise in his throat, and for an instant almost choked him. But not for long, and, recovering himself, his voice rang out clear and strong—

“In offering to you, my friends, my thanks and congratulations on the result of our great victory, I feel that there is one portion of my task which is beyond my powers, and that is to make a fitting acknowledgment to those who have fought the fight for me, and to whom, far more than to my own poor efforts, is due the glorious result of to-day’s contest. I am indeed both glad and proud that the principles we have fought so hard for should have been crowned with victory; and I am the more glad and the more proud that you should have honored me by selecting me as the champion of our great cause of Liberty and Progress. It is indeed a great and glorious reward, after many years of conflict on behalf of the People, to find that they place confidence not only in my judgment, but in my ability to serve them. The day has now come when Labor can claim its rights. These are the occasions we look for to hear the voice of the People, and so long as they come forward in their thousands, show themselves actuated by an interest in great political questions, and are prepared to express their opinions with the overwhelming power which they alone possess, no political intrigues of an embarrassed Ministry, no wire-pulling by aristocratic organizations, will be able to prevail against them. I have not only to congratulate you, my friends and supporters, on the result of this election, but it behoves me also to offer a tribute of praise to the honorable and straightforward way in which our opponents have conducted their side of the campaign!”

A perfect tempest of applause broke out when Darell ceased speaking, so that it was some time before the estimable Prodgers could obtain a hearing for a few trite remarks of sympathy to his defeated supporters, ending up with the usual promise to reverse the result of the poll on the next occasion.

When Darell retired to the back of the balcony after making his speech, and turned round to enter the room, he found himself face to face with Lady Alma. She seemed

completely absorbed in the scene that was taking place. Coquetry, thirst for admiration, love of homage, all had, for one brief moment, died out of even her nature. For once in her life Alma Vereker had forgotten her own personality in her admiration for that of another; and as she had stood there behind Darell while he was speaking, looking at his square, close-cropped black head and lithe, sinewy form outlined against the gas-lit crowd below and beyond, listening to his clear, mellow voice that rang out with a triumphal defiance in its tones that thrilled her even as it thrilled the surging mass of people, she felt not only proud of Darell, but was conscious of a secret wish that it had been her lot to have had such a man, with his indomitable spirit, energy, and enthusiasm, by her side as her partner in life's battles.

She startled slightly when Darell paused in front of her, and just then her footman appeared in the entrance to the balcony. "If you please, my lady," he said, touching his hat, "I went for Mrs. Walpole, but she had left word for your ladyship that she was so tired that she had gone home with Mrs. Chester, as she did not feel well enough to wait for your ladyship. And Jones has brought the carriage round to the side-door here, so that your ladyship may avoid the crowd."

Lady Alma had listened with a frown while the man was speaking. So Mrs. Walpole had thrown her over? Well, she was not one to change her plans on that account. "Very well, Frederick," she said. "Fetch my cloak out of No. 1 Committee Room downstairs, and take it to the carriage. I shall leave directly. You see, Mr. Blake," she said, turning to him, and raising her eyes to his, when the man departed on his errand, "you will have to be satisfied with my poor companionship on the road home, as Mrs. Walpole has deserted us, and I think, as it is getting late, the sooner we start the better."

Prodgers had just finished speaking, and suddenly there arose another cry for Darell. He stepped forward, bowing his acknowledgments, and Lady Alma, out of a movement of curiosity to see the crowd, moved with him. Instantly some one raised a shout, "Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Blake!" Again and again the cry was taken up, until

the crowd fairly shouted itself hoarse in admiration of the couple before them.

Lady Alma, on hearing the shout, had grown first crimson, then dead white. Darell was thunderstruck, aghast, bewildered; and he was just trying to find some words wherewith to correct the mistake, when he felt the touch of Lady Alma's fingers on his arm. "Don't say anything," she whispered hurriedly, "explanations will only make matters worse! Let us get away as soon as we can," and recalling her presence of mind, she bowed to the crowd and left the balcony. Fortunately the majority of the local magnates had already preceded them into the room beyond, and those who were left had been too much occupied discussing their defeat, to notice anything more than that the crowd were cheering their new member.

For the greater part of the way home Lady Alma lay back silently, with closed eyes, in the corner of the landau. At first Darell was glad of this silence. His brain was on fire with the excitement of the day's fight, the glorious victory, and the last shout of the crowd had fairly put him beside himself. He sat back in his corner of the great open carriage, looking at Lady Alma. Ah! if this woman were really his wife, as the crowd had just acclaimed her to be! His companion in heart and soul, his crowning triumph in joy, his crowning consolation in sorrow! with such a woman to help him with her keen intellect, her resistless charm, her strength of will and power of comprehension, to what triumphs might he not ultimately climb! How good she had been to him, how good! It was to her he owed everything that made life most dear; it was from her hand that he had this day received the crowning ambition of his existence. How she had worked for him! and to think that at the end of it all she should have been offended by the mistake of the crowd! Darell could not bear this idea, and, overcome by the turmoil of his feelings, he bent forward and laid his hand on hers, from which she had withdrawn the glove when she entered the carriage. Lady Alma opened her eyes. She felt as if in a dream, but through the dream came a vague, exquisite consciousness that the hour of her victory had at last arrived.

"Tell me you are not offended with me for what happened," said Darell, in a low husky voice. The sensation

of her cool hand, which Lady Alma did not remove, under his palm, put the finishing touch to his emotion. "You know it was not my fault—that I would lay down my life sooner than that you should have a second's annoyance!"

"No, I am not annoyed," she answered, in slow, lingering tones; "why should I be? It can be no offense to be taken for the wife of such a man as you."

"Would to God that you were!" interrupted Darell in a hoarse whisper, while his hand closed upon and clenched Lady Alma's unconsciously in so tight a grip that she winced. "No! do not withdraw your hand. You know you told me that night on the terrace that I was not to thank you till I had won the victory. It is *you*, and you only who have won it for me, you who have crowned my life with a joy and an intensity of feeling I have never known before. You have created me anew. I am no longer the same man in any respect that I was before I knew you, and I love you for this as surely never was woman loved before! My whole life, my whole future is yours, to do as you will with; and, indeed, it is but a poor return for all the gladness which you have revealed to me. I never thought it possible that any one should feel what I feel for you! I have struggled so hard to put your image aside, but it is beyond my strength. The sound of your voice thrills me; even to hear your name mentioned makes my heart throb! I ask nothing but to live within sight of your beauty, within touch of your hand. I know that you are as far above me as those stars are above our heads, and I only ask to look up at you, to live in the light of your presence, to lay down my heart at your feet!"

Darell's voice died away in a sob as he bent his head over the hand that lay passive in his clasp. Lady Alma shivered slightly. Her strong imagination, notwithstanding the coldness of her nature, could not help catching some of the fire of Darell's headlong torrent of words. The moment of her triumph had come at last, and was even more complete and satisfying than she had expected it to be. She felt that, from this evening, this man she admired for his indomitable strength and energy was in her hands like clay in those of the potter, to be moulded as she chose, and the sense of power was like incense to her nostrils.

"Foolish boy!" she said quietly, "you must not talk

like this; you are excited and unstrung to-night, after all the excitement of the past fight and to-day's victory; and perhaps I am, too, now that it is all over. I am so proud to hear you say that you think I helped you—"

"I did not say that," interposed Darell, raising his head from the hand he was still holding. "I said that it is to you I owe the victory; and that is the truth, for I should never have won it without you, without feeling your encouragement."

"Well, perhaps I did help you in that way," admitted Lady Alma, with a tender smile; "I am glad I did, and if my sympathy and encouragement are really a help, you can count upon them never failing you. A nature such as yours wants sympathy and comprehension, as a flower needs dew; and I do not think," she added in a tone that in its quiet impressiveness and suggestion shook Darell as if he had received an electric shock, "that in all the world you will find any one who will sympathize with you, understand you, or be as proud of your successes as your friend, Alma Vereker."

It may safely be asserted that when Darell found himself alone in the great landau, on his way to Onslow Crescent, after dropping Lady Alma at Grosvenor Square, there was not in the length and breadth of London town a more insanely happy mortal than he. Long years after, that night's drive came back to him as one of those rarest of moments experienced by mortals, when everything has been granted to them, every heart-wish gratified. Darell felt on the very apex of all sensation, and if his head reeled or swam as he drove home through the warm perfumed night it was not to be wondered at. He was mad, drunk with the intoxication of success, and with the realization of all that this woman's personality had become to him; and his ears were closed to the voice of the experience of many ages, saying in solemn tones, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat!*"

JOHN T. CAMPION.

(1814——)

JOHN T. CAMPION, like so many Irishmen, has been made famous by one poem. He wrote the verses on Robert Emmet, beginning "‘He dies to-day,’ said the heartless judge." The poem first appeared in *The Nation* in 1844, but owing to a misprint it has not until lately been attributed to him. He was born in Kilkenny in 1814, and lived to a great age. He wrote several historical tales for *The Irishman* and *Shamrock*—some of which have been published in book form. He has also contributed a number of poems to Irish periodicals over the signatures of "Carolan," "The Kilkenny Man," "J. T. C.," "Spes," and "Urbs Marmons." The date of his death is unknown.

EMMET'S DEATH.

"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge,
 Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lip
 As he uttered a ribald jest;
For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
 That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft as that vile judge gave him food
 The demon throbbed within.

"He dies to-day," said the jailer grim,
 Whilst a tear was in his eye;
"But why should I feel so grieved for *him*?
 Sure, I've seen many die!
Last night I went to his stony cell,
 With the scanty prison fare—
He was sitting at a table rude,
 Plaiting a lock of hair!
And he look'd so mild, with his pale, pale face,
 And he spoke in so kind a way,
That my old breast heaved with a smothering feel,
 And I knew not what to say!"

"He dies to-day," thought a fair, sweet girl —
 She lacked the life to speak,
For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
 And white were her lip and cheek—
Despair had drank up her last wild tear,
 And her brow was damp and chill,
And they often felt at her heart with fear,
 For its ebb was all but still.

GEORGE CANNING.

(1770—1827.)

THIS famous orator, wit, poet, and statesman—whom Byron calls “a genius—almost a universal one,” was the son of an Irish barrister, himself a man of talent and no mean poet—and was born April 11, 1770. He was educated at Eton, where he was the most brilliant of that brilliant group of boys who conducted *The Microcosm* from November, 1786, to July, 1787; a weekly consisting of papers written in imitation of *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, *The Guardian*, and similar publications of the period. It contains many unique examples of juvenile essay writing and some of them have high literary merit. Canning's essay on *The Books for Children*, published by Newbery, Goldsmith's friend and publisher, is a remarkable piece of clever fooling.

A Liberal in early life, he very soon became a Tory, and with some other members of the same group founded *The Anti-Jacobin*, which lived through thirty weekly numbers in 1796. Its mission was to oppose revolutionary sentiment and to cast ridicule on those who sympathized with it, but there was much non-political writing in it also, and it was here that the famous and oft-cited ‘Needy Knife-Grinder’ appeared. The poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin* was collected and published in 1894, but it is chiefly interesting to the student of that stormy political period when the fear of the spread of those revolutionary principles which were expressed with so much attendant horror in France in 1792 brought forth torrents of abuse and ridicule upon those who sympathized with them.

Canning also was associated with the work of founding *The Quarterly Review*, in which some of his humorous articles appeared, notably that upon the bullion question. He was an Oxford man and studied for the law, but on Sheridan's advice he decided to enter Parliament; this he did in 1794 and here he early distinguished himself as a Parliamentary manager as well as a wit and an orator. One of his contemporaries, Lord Dalling, speaks of “the singularly mellifluous and sonorous voice, the classical language,—now pointed with epigram, now elevated into poetry, now burning with passion, now rich with humor,—which curbed into still attention a willing and long-broken audience.”

We have only space to recapitulate briefly the chief events of his Parliamentary career. He became Under-Secretary of State in 1796; was Treasurer of the Navy, 1804–06; Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1807–09; Ambassador to Lisbon, 1814–16; and Premier in 1827, in which year he died.

He assisted the South American Republics to obtain independence, and a letter he addressed to the American representative in England proved to be the initial step which led President Monroe to formulate the famous Monroe doctrine.

ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

From the 'Speech on Parliamentary Reform.'

Other nations, excited by the example of the liberty which this country has long possessed, have attempted to copy our Constitution; and some of them have shot beyond it in the fierceness of their pursuit. I grudge not to other nations that share of liberty which they may acquire: in the name of God, let them enjoy it! But let us warn them that they lose not the object of their desire by the very eagerness with which they attempt to grasp it. Inheritors and conservators of rational freedom, let us, while others are seeking it in restlessness and trouble, be a steady and shining light to guide their course; not a wandering meteor to bewilder and mislead them.

Let it not be thought that this is an unfriendly or disheartened counsel to those who are either struggling under the pressure of harsh government, or exulting in the novelty of sudden emancipation. It is addressed much rather to those who, though cradled and educated amidst the sober blessings of the British Constitution, pant for other schemes of liberty than those which that Constitution sanctions—other than are compatible with a just equality of civil rights, or with the necessary restraints of social obligation; of some of whom it may be said, in the language which Dryden puts into the mouth of one of the most extravagant of his heroes, that

“They would be free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in the woods the noble savage ran.”

Noble and swelling sentiments!—but such as cannot be reduced into practice. Grand ideas!—but which must be qualified and adjusted by a compromise between the aspirings of individuals and a due concern for the general tranquillity;—must be subdued and chastened by reason and experience, before they can be directed to any useful end! A search after abstract perfection in government may produce in generous minds an enterprise and enthusiasm to be recorded by the historian and to be celebrated by the poet: but such perfection is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment;

and never yet did a passionate struggle after an absolutely unattainable object fail to be productive of misery to an individual, of madness and confusion to a people. As the inhabitants of those burning climates which lie beneath a tropical sun sigh for the coolness of the mountain and the grove; so (all history instructs us) do nations which have basked for a time in the torrid blaze of an unmitigated liberty, too often call upon the shades of despotism, even of military despotism, to cover them,—

“—O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!”

a protection which blights while it shelters; which dwarfs the intellect and stunts the energies of man, but to which a wearied nation willingly resorts from intolerable heats and from perpetual danger of convulsion.

Our lot is happily cast in the temperate zone of freedom, the clime best suited to the development of the moral qualities of the human race, to the cultivation of their faculties, and to the security as well as the improvement of their virtues;—a clime not exempt, indeed, from variations of the elements, but variations which purify while they agitate the atmosphere that we breathe. Let us be sensible of the advantages which it is our happiness to enjoy. Let us guard with pious gratitude the flame of genuine liberty, that fire from heaven, of which our Constitution is the holy depository; and let us not, for the chance of rendering it more intense and more radiant, impair its purity or hazard its extinction!

SONG.

From ‘The Rover ; or the Double Arrangement.’

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in!—
 Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
 At least I thought so at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
 Ye bore Matilda from my view;
 Forlorn I languished at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
 This blood my veins is clotting in!
 My years are many—they were few
 When first I entered at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
 tor, law professor at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

¹Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
 That kings and priests are plotting in:
 Here doomed to starve on water gru—
 el, never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE
 KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in 't.
 So have your breeches!

¹ This verse is said to have been added by the younger Pitt.

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
 Road, what hard work 't is crying all day, "Knives and
 Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it some squire? or parson of the parish?
 Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit?

Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir:
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody; they took me before the justice;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
 Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in
 a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
 thropy.]



WILLIAM CARLETON.

(1798-1869.)

“WILLIAM CARLETON was born on Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1798, when the pike was trying to answer the pitch-cap. He was the youngest of fourteen children. His father, a farmer of the town land of Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, County Tyrone, was famous among the neighbors for his great knowledge of all the Gaelic charms, ranns, poems, prophecies, miracle-tales, and tales of ghost and fairy. His mother had the sweetest voice within the range of many baronies. When she sang at a wedding or lifted the keen at a wake, the neighbors would crowd in to hear her, as to some famous prima donna. Often, too, when she keened, the other keeners would stand round, silent, to listen. It was her especial care to know all old Gaelic songs, and many a once noted tune has died with her.

“A fit father and mother for a great peasant writer—for one who would be called ‘the prose Burns of Ireland.’

“As the young Carleton grew up his mind filled itself brimful of his father’s stories and his mother’s songs. He has recorded how, many times, when his mother sat by her spinning-wheel, singing ‘The Trougha,’ or ‘Shule Agra,’ or some other mournful air, he would go over to her and whisper : ‘Mother, don’t sing that song ; it makes me sorrowful.’ Fifty years later he could still hum tunes and sing verses dead on all other lips.

“His education, such as it was, was beaten into him by hedge schoolmasters. Like other peasants of his time, he learned to read out of the Chap-books—‘Freney the Robber,’ ‘Rogues and Rap-parees’ ; or else, maybe, from the undesirable pages of ‘Laugh and Be Fat.’ He sat under three schoolmasters in succession—Pat Fryne, called Mat Kavanagh in ‘Traits and Stories’ ; O’Beirne of Findramore ; and another whose name Carleton has not recorded, there being naught but evil to say of him. They were a queer race, bred by Government in its endeavor to put down Catholic education. The thing being forbidden, the peasantry had sent their children to learn reading and writing, and a little Latin even, under the ‘hips and haws’ of the hedges. The sons of plowmen were hard at work construing Virgil and Horace, so great a joy is there in illegality.

“When Carleton was about fourteen he set out as ‘a poor scholar,’ meaning to travel into Munster in search of more perfect education. ‘The poor scholar’ was then common enough in Ireland. Many still living remember him and his little bottle of ink. When a boy had shown great attention to his books he would be singled out to be a priest, and a subscription raised to start him on his way to Maynooth. Every peasant’s house, as he trudged upon his road, would open its door to him, such honor had learning and piety among the poor. Carleton, however, plainly was intended for nothing of the kind. He did not get farther than Granard, where he dreamed that he was chased by a mad bull, and, taking this for an evil omen, went home.

“He felt very happy when he came to his own village again, the uncomfortable priestly ambition well done with. He spent his time now in attending dances, wakes, and weddings, and grew noted as the best dancer and leaper in his district; nor had he many rivals with a spear and shillelah. When he was about nineteen a second pious fit sent him off on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Derg. This ‘Purgatory,’ celebrated by Calderon, is an island where the saint once killed a great serpent, turned him into stone, and left his rocky semblance visible forever. Upon his return, his opinions, he states, changed considerably, and began slowly drifting into Protestantism.

“One day he came on a translation of ‘Gil Blas,’ and was set all agog to see the world and try its chances. Accordingly he again left his native village, this time not to return. For a while he lingered, teaching in Louth, and then, starting away again, reached Dublin with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket.”

Thus far the story of his life is told by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in his ‘Representative Irish Tales.’ Carleton was now in that darkest night which comes before the dawn. One anecdote of many may illustrate this period of his career. A bird-stuffer being in want of an assistant, young Carleton offered himself for the vacant post. He was asked what he proposed to stuff birds with, and his reply was “potatoes and meal.” At last he resolved to enlist; previously, however, after the manner of the English poet, Coleridge, addressing a letter in tolerably good Latin to the colonel of the regiment he purposed to join. From that gentleman he received a kind reply and a remittance; and soon after he managed to obtain some tutorships: while thus employed he met the lady who afterward became his wife.

After a hard struggle with poverty he met the Rev. Cæsar Otway, then joint-editor of *The Christian Examiner*. Mr. Otway had recently written a work in which there was a description of Lough Derg. Carleton told him of his own pilgrimage to this same historic spot; and as he was detailing his adventures Mr. Otway suggested that he should commit them to paper. Carleton modestly promised to “try.” The sketch was written, approved, printed in *The Christian Examiner*, and at the end of two years he had contributed about thirty sketches to the same periodical; they were collected in a volume, and published under the title ‘Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.’ This was in 1830; in the course of three years the book had run through several editions. A second series appeared in 1833, and the next year came yet another volume entitled ‘Tales of Ireland.’ Many of the tales contain glimpses of Carleton's own feelings and personal experience. In ‘The Hedge-school’ he draws the schools and the teachers of his own boyhood; in ‘Denis O'Shaughnessy going to Maynooth’ he describes himself, when he was still filled with the desire of becoming a priest; and in ‘The Poor Scholar’ we have a description, partly of the adventures he had, partly of those he might have encountered, when his parents resolved to send him from home to be taught in the educated province. Many of the incidents in the story are conceived in the spirit of the truest pathos; and the happy ending to the sorrows of the

'Poor Scholar,' and of his much-tried parents, can be read by few without their feelings being stirred to their deepest depths. A picture of the domestic and more tranquil feelings is given in 'The Poor Scholar,' but the 'Traits' are, besides, full of pictures of the darkest national passions. 'Donagh, or the Horse-stealers,' presents a thrilling portrait of the effect of superstition on a criminal nature; 'The Party Fight' portrays the fierce animosities which religious and political differences can excite among the ignorant; and in 'The Lianhan-shee' there is a fine description of the struggle of a tortured and fanatic conscience.

Finally, there are stories in those first volumes of Carleton, in which he turns to lighter and more joyous scenes; and some of the tales are as fine specimens of the broadest farce as others are of the deepest pathos. 'The Hedge-school' and 'Denis O'Shaughnessy,' cannot be read without aching sides; and the story of 'Phelim O'Toole's Courtship' is told with exhaustless humor. So far for the 'Traits.' The chief story in the 'Tales' is 'The Dream of a Broken Heart'; which has been well described as "one of the purest and noblest stories in our literature."

'Fardorougha the Miser,' in 1839, met the demand for a regular tale; but this was the least of its merits. It is one of the most powerful and moving books ever written; indeed, its fault is that it harrows the feelings overmuch by its realistic pictures of scenes of tragic sorrow. There are two exquisite female portraits: Honor O'Donovan, the wife of the miser, and Una O'Brien, the betrothed of his son. Of the former character Carleton's own mother was the original. The story was dramatized by Miss Anne Jane Magrath, produced at Calvert's Theater, Abbey Street, Dublin, and ran for some time. Carleton, after this, returned to the shorter stories. In 1841 he published a series of tales, some humorous, some pathetic. The chief of the former was the sketch of 'The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan,' and of the latter 'The Dead Boxer.' In 1845 he again ventured on an extended work of fiction, 'Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent, or Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property'; there are several fine scenes of tragic interest, but the book has not the intensity or the uniform somberness of 'The Miser.'

In 'Valentine M'Clutchy,' too, unlike its predecessor, the more serious passages frequently alternate with scenes of laughter and moving comedy. In the following year his works received an addition of 'The Pious Aspirations of Solomon M'Slime,' an attorney whose religion is that of Tartuffe. To this period also belongs 'Rody the Rover, or the Ribbonman,' a description of the operations of the secret societies, which up to a recent period were so prominent a feature in the rural life of Ireland. In the year 1845, Duffy, the well-known Dublin publisher, was bringing out a series under the title of 'The Library of Ireland.' The issue for a particular month was announced from the pen of Thomas Davis, and already sixteen pages of the story were in print. But before the tale could be completed the hand of the poet was forever still. There remained but six days to find another author and the story. Carleton came forward, and in less than the appointed time had produced 'Paddy-Go-Easy,' a temperance tale said by Father Mathew to be the best in existence.

The period chosen for the story 'The Black Prophet' is that of the great famine, and the scenes in that appalling national calamity have never been more powerfully told. About this time also appeared 'The Emigrants of Ahadarra' and 'Art Maguire,' the last the story of the gradual degradation by drink of a man of good inclinations and of originally pure nature. In 1849 was published 'The Tithe Proctor.' In 'The Black Baronet,' which first appeared in 1852 under the title 'The Red Hall, or the Baronet's Daughter,' Carleton made the interest of his story depend more than in any of his previous works on intricacy of plot. The famine is again described, and there is a most touching picture of an evicted tenant, who, leaving the hut in which his wife lies dead and his children are down with the fever, goes out to seek subsistence by a life of crime. In 1852 Carleton published 'The Squanders of Castle Squander,' a not very happy production; and in the same year 'Jane Sinclair,' 'Neal Malone,' and some other of his shorter tales were republished from the periodicals in which they had originally appeared. 'Willy Reilly and his Dear Colleen Bawn' (1855) is in parts weak and rather sentimental; but there are several bright bits descriptive of Irish domestic life. In 1860 was published 'The Evil Eye, or the Black Specter,' and in 1862 'Redmond Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee.' These were the last works of any considerable length which issued from his pen except his autobiography, which is one of the most remarkable human documents ever penned; it is included in Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue's life of William Carleton, published in 1896. He was not free from the embarrassments which attend the precarious profession of authorship, and on the representation of his numerous friends a pension of £200 (\$1,000) a year was secured for him from the Government. His last illness was of some duration, and he passed away Jan. 30, 1869.

From the foregoing brief characterization of his books we can understand why, as Mr. George Barnett Smith very truly says: "Carleton has been regarded as the truest and most powerful, and the tenderest delineator of Irish life. Indignant at the constant misrepresentation of the character of his countrymen, he resolved to give a faithful picture of the Irish people, and although he did not spare their vices, he championed their virtues, which were too often neglected or disputed."

THE BATTLE OF THE FACTIONS.

Composed into Narrative by a Hedge Schoolmaster.

"My grandfather, Connor O'Callaghan, though a tall, erect man, with white flowing hair, like snow, that falls profusely about his broad shoulders, is now in his eighty-third year; an amazing age, considering his former habits. His countenance is still marked with honesty and traces of hard fighting, and his cheeks ruddy and cudgel-worn; his

eyes, though not as black as they used to be, have lost very little of that nate fire which characterizes the eyes of the O'Callaghans, and for which I myself have been—but my modesty won't allow me to allude to that: let it be sufficient for the present to say that there never was remembered so handsome a man in his native parish, and that I am as like him as one Cork-red phatie is to another; indeed, it has been often said that it would be hard to meet an O'Callaghan without a black eye in his head. He has lost his fore-teeth, however, a point in which, unfortunately, I, though his grandson, have a strong resemblance to him. The truth is, they were knocked out of him in rows, before he had reached his thirty-fifth year—a circumstance which the kind reader will be pleased to receive in extenuation for the same defect in myself. That, however, is but a trifle, which never gave either of us much trouble.

“It pleased Providence to bring us through many hair-breadth escapes with our craniums uncracked; and when we consider that he, on taking a retrogradation of his past life, can indulge in the plasing recollection of having broken two skulls in his fighting days, and myself one, I think we have both rason to be thankful. He was a powerful *bulliah batthagh*¹ in his day, and never met a man able to fight him, except big Mucklemurray, who stood before him the greater part of an hour and a half, in the fair of Knockimdowney, on the day that the first great fight took place—twenty years aafter the hard frost—between the O'Callaghans and the O'Hallaghans. The two men fought single hands—for both factions were willing to let them try the engagement out, that they might see what side could boast of having the best man. They began where you enter the north side of Knockimdowney, and fought successfully up to the other end, then back again to the spot where they commenced, and afterwards up to the middle of the town, right opposite to the market-place, where my grandfather, by the same a-token, lost a grinder; but he soon took satisfaction for that, by giving Mucklemurray a tip above the eye with the end of an oak stick, dacently loaded with lead, which made the poor man feel very quare entirely, for the few days that he survived it.

“Faith, if an Irishman happened to be born in Scotland, he would find it mighty inconvenient—aafter losing two or

¹ *Bulliah batthagh*, hard striker.

three grinders in a row—to manage the hard oaten bread that they use there; for which rason, God be good to his sowl that first invented the phaties, anyhow, because a man can masticate them without a tooth at all at all. I'll engage, if larned books were consulted, it would be found out that he was an Irishman. I wonder that neither Pastorini nor Columbkil mentions anything about him in their prophecies consarning the church; for my own part, I'm strongly inclined to believe that it must have been Saint Patrick himself; and I think that his driving all kinds of venomous reptiles out of the kingdom is, according to the Socrastic method of argument, an undeniable proof of it. The subject, to a dead certainty, is not touched upon in the Brehone Code, nor by any of the three Psalters, which is extremely odd, seeing that the earth never produced a root equal to it in the multiplying force of proliferation. It is, indeed, the root of prosperity to a fighting people: and many times my grandfather boasts, to this day, that the first bit of *bread* he ever *ett* was a *phatie*.

“In mentioning my grandfather's fight with Muckle-murray, I happened to name them blackguards, the O'Hallaghans; hard fortune to the same set, for they have no more discretion in their quarrels than so many Egyptian mummies, African buffoons, or any other uncivilized animals. It was one of them, he that's married to my own fourth cousin, Biddy O'Callaghan, that knocked two of my grinders out, for which piece of civility I have just had the satisfaction of breaking a splinter or two in his carcass, being always honestly disposed to pay my debts.

“With respect to the O'Hallaghans, they and our family have been next neighbors since before the flood—and that's as good as two hundred years; for I believe it's one hundred and ninety-eight, anyhow, since my great-grandfather's grand-uncle's ould mare was swept out of the 'Island,' in the dead of the night, about half an hour after the whole country had been *ris* out of their beds by the thunder and lightning. Many a field of oats, and many a life, both of beast and Christian, was lost in it, especially of those that lived on the *holmes* about the edge of the river; and it was true for them that said it came before something; for the *next year* was one of the hottest *summers* ever remembered in Ireland.

“These O’Hallaghans couldn’t be at peace with a saint. Before they and our faction began to quarrel, it’s said that the O’Connells, or Connells, and they had been at it—and a blackguard set the same O’Connells were, at all times—in fair and market, dance, wake, and berrin, setting the country on fire. Whenever they met, it was heads cracked and bones broken; till by degrees the O’Connells fell away, one after another, from fighting, accidents, and hanging; so that at last there was hardly the name of one of them in the neighborhood. The O’Hallaghans, after this, had the country under themselves—were the cocks of the walk entirely—who but they? A man dar’n’t look crooked at them, or he was certain of getting his head in his fist. And when they’d get drunk in a fair, it was nothing but ‘Whoo! for the O’Hallaghans!’ and leaping yards high off the pavement, brandishing their cudgels over their heads, striking their heels against their hams, tossing up their hats; and when all would fail, they’d strip off their coats, and trail them up and down the streets, shouting, ‘Who dare touch the coat of an O’Hallaghan? Where’s the blackguard Connells now?’—and so on, till flesh and blood couldn’t stand it.

“In the course of time, the whole country was turned against them; for no crowd could get together in which they didn’t kick up a row, nor a bit of stray fighting couldn’t be, but they’d pick it up first—and if a man would venture to give them a contrary answer, he was sure to get the crame of a good welting for his pains. The very landlord was timorous of them; for when they’d get behind in their *rint*, hard fortune to the bailiff, or proctor, or steward, he could find, that would have anything to say to them. And the more wise they; for, maybe, a month would hardly pass till all belonging to them in the world would be in a heap of ashes: and who could say who did it? for they were as cunning as foxes.

“If one of them wanted a wife, it was nothing but to find out the purtiest and richest farmer’s daughter in the neighborhood, and next march into her father’s house, at the dead hour of night, tie and gag every mortal in it, and off with her to some friend’s place in another part of the country. Then what could be done? If the girl’s parents didn’t like to give in, their daughter’s name was sure to be

ruined; at all events, no other man would think of marrying her, and the only plan was to make the worst of a bad bargain; and God he knows, it was making a bad bargain for a girl to have any matrimonial concatenation with the same O'Hallaghans; for they always had the bad drop in them, from first to last, from big to little—the blackguards! But wait, it's not over with them yet.

“The bone of contention that got between them and our faction was this circumstance: their lands and ours were divided by a river that ran down from the high mountains of Sliew Boglish, and after a course of eight or ten miles, disembogued itself—first into George Duffy's mill-dam, and afterwards into that superb stream, the Blackwater, that might be well and appropriately appellationed the Irish Niger. This river, which, though small at first, occasionally inflated itself to such a gigantic altitude that it swept away cows, corn, and cottages, or whatever else happened to be in the way—was the march-ditch, or *merin* between our farms. Perhaps it is worth while remarking, as a solution for natural philosophers, that these inundations were much more frequent in winter than in summer—though, when they did occur in summer, they were truly terrific.

“God be with the days, when I and half a dozen gorsoons used to go out, of a warm Sunday in summer—the bed of the river nothing but a line of white meandering stones, so hot that you could hardly stand upon them, with a small obscure thread of water creeping invisibly among them, hiding itself, as it were, from the scorching sun—except here and there that you might find a small crystal pool where the streams had accumulated. Our plan was to bring a pocketful of rocheline with us, and put it into the pool, when all the fish used to rise on the instant to the surface, gasping with open mouth for fresh air, and we had only to lift them out of the water; a nate plan, which, perhaps, might be adopted successfully on a more extensive scale by the Irish fisheries. Indeed, I almost regret that I did not remain in that station of life, for I was much happier than ever I was since I began to study and practice larning. But this is vagating from the subject.

“Well, then, I have said that them O'Hallaghans lived beside us, and that this stream divided our lands. About half a quarter—*i.e.*, to accommodate myself to the vulgar

phraseology—or, to speak more scientifically, one eighth of a mile from our house, was as purty a hazel glen as you 'd wish to see, near half a mile long—its developments and proportions were truly classical. In the bottom of this glen was a small green island, about twelve yards, diametrically, of Irish admeasurement, that is to say, be the same more or less—at all events, it lay in the way of the river, which, however, ran towards the O'Hallaghan side, and, consequently, the island was our property.

“Now, you 'll observe, that this river had been for ages, the *merin* between the two farms, for they both belonged to separate landlords, and so long as it kept the O'Hallaghan side of the little peninsula in question, there could be no dispute about it, for all was clear. One wet winter, however, it seemed to change its mind upon the subject; for it wrought and wore away a passage for itself on our side of the island, and by that means took part, as it were, with the O'Hallaghans, leaving the territory which had been our property for centhries, in their possession. This was a vexatious change to us, and, indeed, eventually produced very feudal consequences. No sooner had the stream changed sides, than the O'Hallaghans claimed the island as theirs, according to their tenement; and we, having had it for such length of time in our possession, could not break ourselves of the habitude of occupying it. They incarcerated our cattle, and we incarcerated theirs. They summoned us to their landlord, who was a magistrate; and we summoned them to ours, who was another. The verdicts were north and south. Their landlord gave it in favor of them, and ours in favor of us. The one said he had law on his side; the other, that he had proscription and possession, length of time and usage.

“The two Squires then fought a challenge upon the head of it, and what was more singular, upon the disputed spot itself; the one standing on their side—the other on ours; for it was just *twelve paces* every way. Their friend was a small, light man, with legs like drumsticks; the other was a large, able-bodied gentleman, with a red face and a hooked nose. They exchanged two shots, one only of which—the second—took effect. It pastured upon their landlord's spindle leg, on which he held it out, exclaiming, that while he lived he would never fight another challenge with

his antagonist, 'because' said he, looking at his own spindle shank, 'the man who could hit *that* could hit *anything*.'

"We then were advised by an attorney to go to law with them; and they were advised by another attorney to go to law with us; accordingly, we did so, and in the course of eight or nine years it might have been decided; but just as the legal term approximated in which the decision was to be announced, the river divided itself with mathematical exactitude on each side of the island. This altered the state and law of the question *in toto*; but, in the meantime, both we and the O'Hallaghans were nearly fractured by the expenses. Now during the lawsuit we usually houghed and mutilated each other's cattle, according as they trespassed the premises. This brought on the usual concomitants of various battles, fought and won by both sides, and occasioned the lawsuit to be dropped; for we found it a mighty inconvenient matter to fight it out both ways—by the same a-token that I think it a great proof of stultity to go to law at all at all, as long as a person is able to take it into his own management. For the only incongruity in the matter is this: that, in the one case, a set of lawyers have the law in *their* hands, and, in the other, that you have it in *your own*—that's the only difference, and 't is easy knowing where the advantage lies.

"We, however, paid the most of the expenses, and would have *ped* them all with the greatest integrity, were it not that our attorney, when about to issue an execution against our property, happened somehow to be shot, one evening, as he returned home from a dinner which was given by him that was attorney for the O'Hallaghans. Many a boast the O'Hallaghans made, before the quarreling between us and them commenced, that they'd sweep the streets with the *fighting* O'Callaghans, which was an epithet that was occasionally applied to our family. We differed, however, materially from them; for we were honorable, never starting out in dozens on a single man or two, and beating him into insignificance. A couple or maybe, when irritated, three were the most we ever set at a single enemy; and, if we left him lying in a state of imperception, it was the most we ever did, except in a regular confliction, when a man is justified in saving his own skull by breaking

one of an opposite faction. For the truth of the business is, that he who breaks the skull of him who endeavors to break his own, is safest; and, surely, when a man is driven to such an alternative, the choice is unhesitating.

“O’Hallaghans’ attorney, however, had better luck; they were, it is true, rather in the retrograde with him touching the law charges, and, of course, it was only candid in him to look for his own. One morning he found that two of his horses had been executed by some *incendiary* unknown, in the course of the night; and on going to look at them he found a taste of a notice posted on the inside of the stable door, giving him intelligence that if he did not find a *horpus corpus* whereby to transfer his body out of the country, he would experience a fate parallel to that of his brother lawyer or the horses. And, undoubtedly, if honest people never perpetrated worse than banishing such varmin, along with proctors, and drivers of all kinds, out of a civilized country, they would not be so very culpable or atrocious.

“After this the lawyer went to reside in Dublin; and the only bodily injury he received was the death of a land-agent and a bailiff, who lost their lives faithfully in driving for rent. They died, however, successfully; the bailiff having been provided for nearly a year before the agent was sent to give an account of his stewardship—as the authorized version has it.

“The occasion on which the first rencounter between us and the O’Hallaghans took place was a peaceable one. Several of our respective friends undertook to produce a friendly and oblivious potation between us—it was at a berrin belonging to a corpse who was related to us both; and, certainly in the beginning, we were all as thick as whigged milk. But there is no use now in dwelling too long upon that circumstance: let it be sufficient to assert that the accommodation was effectuated by fists and cudgels, on both sides—the first man that struck a blow being one of the friends that wished to bring about the tranquillity. From that out, the play commenced, and God he knows when it may end; for no dacent faction could give in to another faction, without losing their character, and being kicked, and cuffed, and kilt, every week in the year.

“It is the *great battle*, however, which I am after going

to describe; that in which we and the O'Hallaghans had contrived one way or other, to have the parish divided—one half for them, and the other for us; and, upon my credibility, it is no exaggeration to declare that the whole parish, though ten miles by six, assembled itself in the town of Knockimdowney upon this interesting occasion. In thruth, Ireland ought to be a land of mathemathitians; for I'm sure her population is well trained, at all events, in the two sciences of *multiplication* and *division*. Before I adventure, however, upon the narration, I must wax pathetic a little, and then proceed with the main body of the story.

“Poor Rose O'Hallaghan!—or, as she was designated, *Rose Galh*, or *Fair Rose*, and sometimes simply Rose Hallaghan, because the detention of the big O would produce an afflatus in the pronounciation that would be mighty inconvanient to such as did not understand oratory—besides that, the Irish are rather fond of sending the liquids in a gutttheral direction—Poor Rose! that faction *fight* was a black *day* to her, the sweet innocent! when it was well known that there wasn't a man, woman, or child, on either side, that wouldn't lay their hands under her feet. However, in order to *insense* the reader better into her character, I will commence a small sub-narration, which will afterwards emerge into the parent stream of the story.

“The chapel of Knockimdowney is a slated house, without any ornament, except a set of wooden cuts, painted red and blue, that are placed *seriatim* around the square of the building in the internal side. Fourteen of these suspend at equal distances on the walls, each set in a painted frame; these constitute a certain species of country devotion. It is usual on Sundays for such of the congregations as are most inclined to piety, to genuflect at the first of these pictures, and commence a certain number of prayers to *it*; after the repetition of which, they travel on their knees along the bare earth to the second, where they repate another prayer peculiar to *that*, and so on, till they finish the grand *tower* of the interior. Such, however, as are not especially dictated to this kind of locomotive prayer, collect together in various knots, through the chapel, and amuse themselves by auditing or narrating anecdotes, discussing policy or detraction; and in case it

be summer, and a day of a fine texture, they scatter themselves into little crowds on the chapel-green, or lie at their length upon the grass in listless groups, giving way to chat and laughter.

“In this mode, laired on the sunny side of the ditches and hedges, or collected in rings round that respectable character, the Academician of the village, or some other well-known *shannahas*, or story-teller, they amuse themselves till the priest’s arrival. Perhaps, too, some walking geographer of a pilgrim may happen to be present; and if there be, he is sure to draw a crowd about him, in spite of all the efforts of the learned Academician to the reverse. It is no unusual thing to see such a vagrant, in all the vanity of conscious sanctimony, standing in the middle of the attentive peasants, like the knave and fellows of a cartwheel—if I may be permitted the loan of an apt similitude—repeating some piece of unfathomable and labyrinthine devotion, or perhaps warbling, from stentorian lungs, some *melodia sacra*, in an untranslatable tongue; or, it may be, exhibiting the mysterious power of an amber bade, fastened as a decade to his *paudareens*,¹ lifting a chaff or light bit of straw by the force of its attraction. This is an exploit which causes many an eye to turn from the bades to his own bearded face, with a hope, as it were, of being able to catch a glimpse of the lurking sanctimony by which the knave hoaxes them in the miraculous.

“The amusements of the females are also nearly such as I have drafted out. Nosegays of the darlings might be seen sated on green banks, or sauntering about with a sly intention of coming in contact with their sweethearts, or like bachelor’s buttons in smiling rows, criticising the young men as they pass. Others of them might be seen screened behind a hedge, with their backs to the spectators, taking the papers off their curls before a small bit of looking-glass placed against the ditch; or perhaps putting on their shoes and stockings—which phrase can be used only by authority of the figure, *heusteron proteron*—inasmuch as if they put on the shoes first, you persave, it would be a scientific job to get on the stockings after; but it’s an idiomatical expression, and therefore justifiable. However,

it's a general custom in the country, which I dare to say has not yet spread into large cities, for the young women to walk barefooted to the chapel, or within a short distance of it, that they may exhibit their bleached thread stockings and well-greased slippers to the best advantage, not pretermittin' a well-turned ankle and neat leg, which, I may fearlessly assert, my fair countrywomen can show against any other nation living or dead.

"One sunny Sabbath the congregation of Knockimdowney were thus assimilated, amusing themselves in the manner I have just outlined: a series of country girls sat on a little green mount, called the Rabbit Bank, from the circumstance of its having been formerly an open burrow, though of late years it has been closed. It was near twelve o'clock, the hour at which Father Luke O'Shaughran was generally seen topping the rise of the hill at Larry Mulligan's public-house, jogging on his bay hack at something between a walk and a trot—that is to say, his horse moved his fore and hind legs on the off side at one motion, and the fore and hind legs of the near side in another, going at a kind of dog's trot, like the pace of an idiot with sore feet in a shower—a pace, indeed, to which the animal had been set for the last sixteen years, but beyond which, no force, or entreaty, or science, or power either divine or human, of his reverence, could drive him. As yet, however, he had not become apparent; and the girls already mentioned were discussing the pretensions which several of their acquaintances had to dress or beauty.

"'Peggy,' said Katty Carroll to her companion, Peggy Donohue, 'were you *out* last Sunday?'

"'No, in troth, Katty, I was disappointed in getting my shoes from Paddy Malone, though I left him the measure of my foot three weeks ago, and gave him a thousand warnings to make them *duck-nebs*; but instead of that,' said she, holding out a very purty foot, 'he has made them as sharp in the toe as a pick-axe, and a full mile too short for me; but why do ye ax was I *out*, Katty?'

"'Oh, nothing,' responded Katty, 'only that you missed a sight, anyway.'

"'What was it, Katty, *a-hagur*?'¹ asked her companion with mighty great curiosity.

¹ *A-hagur*, my dear friend.

“ ‘Why, nothing less, indeed, nor Rose Cuillenan, decked out in a white muslin gown, and a black sprush bonnet, tied under her chin wid a silk ribbon, no less; but what killed us, out and out, was—you wouldn’t guess?’ ”

“ ‘Arrah, how could I guess, woman alive? A silk handkerchy, maybe; for I wouldn’t doubt the same Rose, but she would be setting herself up for the likes of sich a thing.’ ”

“ ‘It’s herself that had, as red as scarlet, about her neck; but that’s not it.’ ”

“ ‘Arrah, Katty, tell it to us at wanst; out with it, *a-hagur*; sure there’s no treason in it, anyhow.’ ”

“ ‘Why, thin, nothing less nor a crass-bar red and white pocket-handkerchy, to wipe her pretty complexion wid!’ ”

“ ‘To this Peggy replied by a loud laugh, in which it was difficult to say whether there was more of satire than astonishment.’ ”

“ ‘A pocket-hankerchy!’ she exclaimed; ‘*musha*, are we alive afther that, at all at all! Why, that bates Molly M’Cullagh, and her red mantle entirely; I’m sure, but it’s well come up for the likes of her, a poor, imperint crathur, that sprung from nothing, to give herself sich airs.’ ”

“ ‘Molly M’Cullagh, indeed,’ said Katty; ‘why, they oughtn’t to be mintioned in the one day, woman; Molly’s come of a dacent ould stock, and kind mother for her to keep herself in genteel ordher at all times; she seen nothing else, and can afford it, not all as one as the other *fiipe*, that would go to the world’s end for a bit of dress.’ ”

“ ‘Sure she thinks she’s a beauty too, if you plase,’ said Peggy, tossing her head with an air of disdain; ‘but tell us, Katty, how did the muslin sit upon her at all, the upsetting crathur?’ ”

“ ‘Why, for all the world like a shift on a May-powl, or a stocking on a body’s nose; only nothing killed us outright but the pocket-handkerchy!’ ”

“ ‘But,’ said the other, ‘what could we expect from a proud piece like her, that brings a Manwill¹ to mass every Sunday, purtending she can read in it, and Jem Finigan saw the wrong side of the book *toards* her, the Sunday of the *Purcession*!’ ”

“ ‘At this hit they both formed another risible junction, quite as sarcastic as the former,—in the midst of which

¹ *Manual*, a Catholic prayer-book.

the innocent object of their censure, dressed in all her obnoxious finery, came up and joined them. She was scarcely sated—I blush to the very point of my pen during the manuscription—when the confabulation assumed a character directly antipodial to that which marked the precedent dialogue.

“ ‘ My gracious, Rose, but that ’s a purty thing you have got in your gown! where did you buy it? ’

“ ‘ Och, thin, not a one of myself likes it over much. I ’m sorry I didn’t buy a gingham; I could have got a beautiful pattern, all out, for two shillings less; but they don’t wash so well as this. I bought it in Paddy Gartland’s, Peggy.’

“ ‘ Troth, it ’s nothing else but a great beauty; I didn’t see anything on you this long time becomes you so well, and I ’ve remarked that you always look best in white.’

“ ‘ Who made it, Rose,’ inquired Katty, ‘ for it sits illegant? ’

“ ‘ Indeed,’ replied Rose, ‘ for the differ of the price, I thought it better to bring it to Peggy Boyle, and be sartin of not having it spoiled. Nelly Keenan made the last, and although there was a full breadth more in it nor this, bad cess to the one of her but spoiled it on me; it was ever so much too short in the body, and too tight in the sleeves, and then I had no step at all at all.’

“ ‘ The sprush bonnet is exactly the fit for the gown,’ observed Katty; ‘ the black and the white ’s jist the cut—how many yards had you, Rose? ’

“ ‘ Jist ten and a half; but the half-yard was for the tucks.’

“ ‘ Ay, faix! and brave full tucks she left in it; ten would do *me*, Rose? ’

“ ‘ Ten! no nor ten and a half; you ’re a size bigger nor me at the laste, Peggy; but you ’d be asy fitted, you ’re so *well* made.’

“ ‘ Rose, *darling*,’ said Peggy, ‘ that ’s a great beauty, and shows off your complexion all to pieces; you have no notion how well you look in it and the sprush.’

“ In a few minutes after this, her namesake, Rose Galh O’Hallaghan, came towards the chapel, in society with her father, mother, and her two sisters. The eldest, Mary, was about twenty-one; Rose, who was the second, about nine-

teen, or scarcely that; and Nancy, the junior of the three, about twice seven.

“ ‘There’s the O’Hallaghans,’ says Rose.

“ ‘Ay,’ replied Katty; ‘you may talk of beauty, now; did you ever lay your two eyes on the likes of Rose for downright—*musha* if myself knows what to call it—but, anyhow, she’s the lovely crathur to look at.’

“ Kind reader, without a single disrespectful insinuation against any portion of the fair sex, you may judge what Rose O’Hallaghan must have been, when even these three were necessitated to praise her in her absence.

“ ‘I’ll warrant,’ observed Katty, ‘we’ll soon be after seeing John O’Callaghan’ (he was my own cousin) ‘sthrolling afther them, at his ase.’

“ ‘Why,’ asked Rose, ‘what makes you say that?’

“ ‘Bekase,’ replied the other, ‘I have a rason for it.’

“ ‘Sure, John O’Callaghan wouldn’t be thinking of her,’ observed Rose, ‘and their families would see each other shot; their factions would never have a crass marriage, anyhow.’

“ ‘Well,’ said Peggy, ‘it’s the thousand pities that the same two couldn’t go together: for, fair and handsome as Rose is, you’ll not deny but John comes up to her: but faix, sure enough it’s they that’s the proud people on both sides, and dangerous to make or meddle with, not saying that ever there was the likes of the same two for dacency and peaceableness among either of the factions.’

“ ‘Didn’t I tell yees?’ cried Katty; ‘look at him now, staling afther her, and it’ll be the same thing going home agin; and if Rose is not much belied, it’s not a bit displasing to her, they say.’

“ ‘Between ourselves,’ observed Peggy, ‘it would be no wondher the darling young crathur would fall in love with him, for you might thravel the counthry afore you’d meet with his fellow for face and figure.’

“ ‘There’s Father Ned,’ remarked Katty; ‘we had better get into the chapel before the *scroodgen* comes an, or your bonnet and gown, Rose, won’t be the better for it.’

“ They now proceeded to the chapel, and those who had been amusing themselves after the same mode followed their exemplar. In a short time the hedges and ditches adjoining the chapel were quite in solitude, with the ex-

ception of a few persons from the extreme parts of the parish, who might be seen running with all possible velocity 'to overtake mass,' as the phrase on that point expresses itself.

"The chapel of Knockimdowney was situated at the foot of a range of lofty mountains; a by-road went past the very door, which had under subjection a beautiful extent of cultivated country, diversified by hill and dale, or rather by hill and hollow; for as far as my own geographical knowledge went, I have uniformly found them inseparable. It was also ornamented with the waving verdure of rich cornfields and meadows, not pretermittting phatie-fields in full blossom—a part of rural landscape which, to my utter astonishment, has escaped the pen of poet and the brush of painter; although I will risque my reputation as a man of pure and categorical taste, if a finer ingredient in the composition of a landscape could be found than a field of Cork-red phaties, or Moroky *blacks* in full bloom, allowing a man to judge by the pleasure they confer upon the eye, and therefore to the heart. About a mile up from the chapel, towards the south, a mountain-stream—not the one already intimated—over which there was no bridge, crossed the road. But in lieu of a bridge, there was a long double plank laid over it, from bank to bank; and as the river was broad, and not sufficiently incarcerated within its channel, the neighbors were necessitated to throw these planks across the narrowest part they could find in the contiguity of the road. This part was consequently the deepest, and, in floods, the most dangerous; for the banks were elevated as far as they went, and quite tortuositous.

"Shortly after the priest had entered the chapel, it was observed that the hemisphere became, of a sudden, unusually obscured, though the preceding part of the day had not only been uncloudously bright, but hot in a most especial manner. The obscurity, however, increased rapidly, accompanied by that gloomy stillness which always takes precedence of a storm, and fills the mind with vague and interminable terror. But this ominous silence was not long unfractured; for soon after the first appearance of the gloom, a flash of lightning quivered through the chapel, followed by an extravagantly loud clap of thunder, which

shook the very glass in the windows, and filled the congregation to the brim with terror. Their dismay, however, would have been infinitely greater, only for the presence of his reverence, and the confidence which might be traced to the solemn occasion on which they were assimilated.

“From this moment the storm became progressive in dreadful magnitude, and the thunder, in concomitance with the most vivid flashes of lightning, pealed through the sky with an awful grandeur and magnificence that were exalted, and even rendered more sublime, by the still solemnity of religious worship. Every heart now prayed fervently—every spirit shrunk into a deep sense of its own guilt and helplessness—and every conscience was terror-stricken, as the voice of an angry God thundered out of his temple of storms through the heavens; for truly, as the authorized version has it, ‘darkness was under his feet, and his pavilion round about was dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies, because he was wroth.’

“The rain now condescended in even down torrents, and thunder succeeded thunder in deep and terrific peals, whilst the roar of the gigantic echoes that deepened and reverberated among the glens and hollows—‘laughing in their mountain mirth’—hard fortune to me, but they made the flesh creep on my bones!

“This lasted for an hour, when the thunder slackened; but the rain still continued. As soon as mass was over, and the storm had elapsed, except an odd peal which might be heard rolling at a distance behind the hills, the people began gradually to recover their spirits, and enter into confabulation; but to venture out was still impracticable. For about another hour it rained incessantly, after which it ceased; the hemisphere became lighter, and the sun shone out once more upon the countenance of nature with his former brightness. The congregation then decanted itself out of the chapel—the spirits of the people dancing with that remarkable buoyancy or juvenility which is felt after a thunder-storm, when the air is calm, soople, and balmy, and all nature garmented with glittering verdure and light. The crowd next began to commingle on their way home, and to make the usual observations upon the extraordinary storm which had just passed, and the probable effect it

would produce on the fruit and agriculture of the neighborhood.

“When the three young women, whom we have already introduced to our respectable readers, had evacuated the chapel, they determined to substantiate a certitude, as far as their observation could reach, as to the truth of what Katty Carroll had hinted at, in reference to John O’Callaghan’s attachment to Rose Galh O’Hallaghan, and her taciturn approval of it. For this purpose they kept their eye upon John, who certainly seemed in no especial hurry home, but lingered upon the chapel green in a very careless method. Rose Galh, however, soon made her appearance, and, after going up the chapel-road a short space, John slyly walked at some distance behind, without seeming to pay her any particular notice, whilst a person up to the secret might observe Rose’s bright eye sometimes peeping back, to see if he was after her. In this manner they proceeded until they came to the river, which, to their great alarm, was almost fluctuating over its highest banks.

“A crowd was now assembled, consulting as to the safest method of crossing the planks, under which the red boiling current ran, with less violence, it is true, but much deeper than in any other part of the stream. The final decision was that the very young and the old, and such as were feeble, should proceed by a circuit of some miles to a bridge that crossed it, and that the young men should place themselves on their knees along the planks, their hands locked in each other, thus forming a support on one side, upon which such as had courage to venture across might lean, in case of accident or megrim. Indeed, anybody that had able nerves might have crossed the planks without this precaution, had they been dry; but, in consequence of the rain, and the frequent attrition of feet, they were quite slippery; and, besides, the flood rolled terrifically two or three yards below them, which might be apt to beget a megrim that would not be felt if there was no flood.

“When this expedient had been hit upon, several young men volunteered themselves to put it in practice; and in a short time a considerable number of both sexuals crossed over, without the occurrence of any unpleasant accident.

Paddy O'Hallaghan and his family had been stationed for some time on the bank, watching the success of the plan; and as it appeared not to be attended with any particular danger, they also determined to make the attempt. About a perch below the planks stood John O'Callaghan, watching the progress of those who were crossing them, but taking no part in what was going forward. The river under the planks, and for some perches above and below them, might be about ten feet deep; but to those who could swim it was less perilous, should any accident befall them, than those parts where the current was more rapid, but shallower. The water here boiled, and bubbled, and whirled about; but it was slow, and its yellow surface unbroken by rocks or fords.

"The first of the O'Hallaghans that ventured over it was the youngest, who, being captured by the hand, was encouraged by many cheerful expressions from the young men who were clinging to the planks. She got safe over, however; and when she came to the end, one who was stationed on the bank gave her a joyous pull, that translated her several yards upon *terra firma*.

"'Well, Nancy,' he observed, '*you're* safe, anyhow; and if I don't dance at your wedding for this, I'll never say you're dacent.'

"To this Nancy gave a jocular promise, and he resumed his station, that he might be ready to render similar assistance to her next sister. Rose Galh then went to the edge of the plank several times, but her courage as often refused to be forthcoming. During her hesitation, John O'Callaghan stooped down, and privately untied his shoes, then unbuttoned his waistcoat, and very gently, being unwilling to excite notice, slipped the knot of his cravat. At long last, by the encouragement of those who were on the plank, Rose attempted the passage, and had advanced as far as the middle of it, when a fit of dizziness and alarm seized her with such violence that she lost all consciousness—a circumstance of which those who handed her along were ignorant. The consequence, as might be expected, was dreadful; for as one of the young men was receiving her hand, that he might pass her to the next, she lost her momentum, and was instantaneously precipitated into the boiling current.

“The wild and fearful cry of horror that succeeded this cannot be laid on paper. The eldest sister fell into strong convulsions, and several of the other females fainted on the spot. The mother did not faint; but, like Lot’s wife, she seemed to have been translated into stone: her hands became clinched convulsively, her teeth locked, her nostrils dilated, and her eyes shot half way out of her head. There she stood, looking upon her daughter struggling in the flood, with a fixed gaze of wild and impotent frenzy, that, for fearfulness, beat the thunder-storm all to nothing. The father rushed to the edge of the river, oblivious of his incapability to swim, determined to save her or lose his own life, which latter would have been a *dead* certainty had he ventured; but he was prevented by the crowd, who pointed out to him the madness of such a project.

“‘For God’s sake, Paddy, don’t attempt it,’ they exclaimed, ‘except you wish to lose your own life, without being able to save hers; no man could swim in that flood, and it upwards of ten feet deep.’

“Their arguments, however, were lost upon him; for, in fact, he was insensible to everything but his child’s preservation. He therefore only answered their remonstrances by attempting to make another plunge into the river.

“‘Let me alone, will ye?’ said he—‘let me alone! I’ll either save my child, Rose, or die along with her! How could I live after her? Merciful God, any of them but *her*! Oh! Rose, darling,’ he exclaimed, ‘the favorite of my heart—will no one save you?’ All this passed in less than a minute.

“Just as these words were uttered a plunge was heard a few yards above the bridge, and a man appeared in the flood, making his way with rapid strokes to the drowning girl. Another cry now arose from the spectators. ‘It’s John O’Callaghan,’ they shouted—‘it’s John O’Callaghan, and they’ll be both lost.’ ‘No,’ exclaimed others; ‘if it’s in the power of man to save her, *he* will!’ ‘Oh, blessed Father, she’s lost!’ now burst from all present; for, after having struggled and been kept floating for some time by her garments, she at length sunk, apparently exhausted and senseless, and the thief of a flood flowed over her, as if she had been under its surface.

“When O’Callaghan saw that she went down he raised himself up in the water, and cast his eye towards that part of the bank opposite which she disappeared, evidently, as it proved, that he might have a mark to guide him in fixing on the proper spot where to plunge after her. When he came to the place he raised himself again in the stream, and, calculating that she must by this time have been borne some distance from the spot where she sank, he gave a stroke or two down the river and disappeared after her. This was followed by another cry of horror and despair; for, somehow, the idea of desolation which marks, at all times, a deep over-swollen torrent, heightened by the bleak mountain scenery around them, and the dark, angry voracity of the river where they had sunk, might have impressed the spectators with utter hopelessness as to the fate of those now engulfed in its vortex. This, however, I leave to those who are deeper read in philosophy than I am.

“An awful silence succeeded the last exclamation, broken only by the hoarse rushing of the waters, whose wild, continuous roar, booming hollowly and dismally in the ear, might be heard at a great distance over all the country. But a new sensation soon invaded the multitude; for, after the lapse of about a minute, John O’Callaghan emerged from the flood, bearing, in his sinister hand, the body of his own Rose Galh—for it’s he that loved her tenderly. A peal of joy congratulated them from a thousand voices; hundreds of directions were given to him how to act to the best advantage. Two young men in especial, who were both dying about the lovely creature that he held, were quite anxious to give advice.

“‘Bring her to the other side, John *ma bouchal*; it’s the safest,’ said Larry Carty.

“‘Will you let him alone, Carty?’ said Simon Tracy, who was the other. ‘You’ll only put him in a perplexity.’

“But Carty should order in spite of everything. He kept bawling out, however, so loud that John raised his eye to see what he meant, and was near losing hold of Rose. This was too much for Tracy, who ups with his fist and downs him—so they both at it; for no one there could take themselves off those that were in danger, to interfere between them. But, at all events, no earthly thing can happen among Irishmen without a fight.

“The father, during this, stood breathless, his hands clasped, and his eyes turned to heaven, praying in anguish for the delivery of his darling. The mother’s look was still wild and fixed, her eyes glazed, and her muscles hard and stiff; evidently she was insensible to all that was going forward; while large drops of paralytic agony hung upon her cold brow. Neither of the sisters had yet recovered, nor could those who supported them turn their eyes from the more imminent danger, to pay them any particular attention. Many, also, of the other females, whose feelings were too much wound up when the accident occurred, now fainted, when they saw she was likely to be rescued; but most of them were weeping with delight and gratitude.

“When John brought her to the surface, he paused a moment to recover breath and collectedness; he then caught her by the left arm, near the shoulder, and cut, in a slanting direction, down the stream, to a watering-place, where a slope had been formed in the bank. But he was already too far down to be able to work across the stream to this point—for it was here much stronger and more rapid than under the planks. Instead, therefore, of reaching the slope, he found himself, in spite of every effort to the contrary, about a perch below it; and except he could gain this point, against the strong rush of the flood, there was very little hope of being able to save either her or himself—for he was now much exhausted.

“Hitherto, therefore, all was still doubtful, whilst strength was fast failing him. In this trying and almost helpless situation, with an admirable presence of mind, he adopted the only expedient which could possibly enable him to reach the bank. On finding himself receding down, instead of advancing up, the current, he approached the bank, which was here very deep and perpendicular; he then sank his fingers into the firm blue clay with which it was stratified, and by this means advanced, bit by bit, up the stream, having no other force by which to propel himself against it. After this mode did he breast the current with all his strength—which must have been prodigious, or he never could have borne it out—until he reached the slope, and got from the influence of the tide into dead water. On arriving here, his hand was caught by one of

the young men present, who stood up to the neck, waiting his approach. A second man stood behind him, holding his other hand, a link being thus formed, that reached out to the firm bank; and a good pull now brought them both to the edge of the liquid. On finding bottom, John took his Colleen Gall in his own arms, carried her out, and, pressing his lips to hers, laid her in the bosom of her father; then after taking another kiss of the young drowned flower, he burst into tears, and fell powerless beside her. The truth is, the spirit that kept him firm was now exhausted; both his legs and arms having become nerveless by the exertion.

“Hitherto her father took no notice of John, for how could he? seeing that he was entirely wrapped up in his daughter; and the question was, though rescued from the flood, if life was in her. The sisters were by this time recovered, and weeping over her along with the father—and, indeed, with all present; but the mother could not be made to comprehend what they were all about, at all at all. The country people used every means with which they were intimate to recover Rose; she was brought instantly to a farmer’s house beside the spot, put into a warm bed, covered over with hot salt, wrapped in half-scorched blankets, and made subject to every other mode of treatment that could possibly revoke the functions of life. John had now got a dacent draught of whisky, which revived him. He stood over her, when he could be admitted, watching for the symptomatics of her revival; all, however, was vain. He now determined to try another course: by-and-by he stooped, put his mouth to her mouth, and, drawing in his breath, respired with all his force from the bottom of his very heart into hers; this he did several times rapidly—faith, a tender and agreeable operation, anyhow. But mark the consequence: in less than a minute her white bosom heaved—her breath returned—her pulse began to play, she opened her eyes, and felt his tears of love raining warmly on her pale cheek!

“For years before this, no two of these opposite factions had spoken; nor up to this minute had John and they, even upon this occasion, exchanged a monosyllable. The father now looked at him—the tears stood afresh in his eyes; he came forward—stretched out his hand—it

was received; and the next moment he fell into John's arms, and cried like an infant.

"When Rose recovered, she seemed as if striving to recollect what had happened; and after two or three minutes inquired from her sister, in a weak but sweet voice, 'Who saved me?'

"'T was John O'Callaghan, Rose, darling,' replied the sister in tears, 'that ventured his own life into the boiling flood, to save yours—and did save it, jewel.'

"Rose's eye glanced at John;—and I only wish, as I am a bachelor not further than my forty-seventh, that I may ever have the happiness to get such a glance from two blue eyes as she gave him that moment; a faint smile played about her mouth, and a slight blush lit up her fair cheek, like the evening sunbeams on the virgin snow, as the poets have said, for the five hundredth time, to my own personal knowledge. She then extended her hand, which John, you may be sure, was no way backward in receiving, and the tears of love and gratitude ran silently down her cheeks.

"It is not necessary to detail the circumstances of this day further; let it be sufficient to say that a reconciliation took place between those two branches of the O'Hallaghan and O'Callaghan families, in consequence of John's heroism and Rose's soft persuasion, and that there was also every perspective of the two factions being penultimately amalgamated. For nearly a century they had been pell-mell at it, whenever and wherever they could meet. Their forefathers, who had been engaged in the lawsuit about the island which I have mentioned, were dead and petrified in their graves; and the little peninsula in the glen was gradationally worn away by the river, till nothing remained but a desert, upon a small scale, of sand and gravel. Even the ruddy, able-bodied squire, with the longitudinal nose projecting out of his face like a broken arch, and the small, fiery magistrate, both of whom had fought the duel, for the purpose of setting forth a good example and bringing the dispute to a *peaceable* conclusion, were also dead. The very memory of the original contention had been lost (except that it was preserved along with the cranium of my grandfather), or became so indistinct that the parties fastened themselves on some more modern prov-

ocation, which they kept in view until another fresh motive would start up, and so on. I know not, however, whether it was fair to expect them to give up at once the agreeable recreation of fighting. It's not easy to abolish old customs, particularly diversions; and every one knows that this is the national amusement of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth.

"There were, it is true, many among both factions who saw the matter in this reasonable light, and who wished rather, if it were to cease, that it should die away by degrees, from the battle of the whole parish, equally divided between the factions, to the subordinate row between certain members of them—from that to the faint broil of certain families, and so on, to the single-handed play between individuals. At all events, one half of them were for peace, and two-thirds of them equally divided between peace and war.

"For three months after the accident which befell Rose Galh O'Hallaghan, both factions had been tolerably quiet: that is to say, they had no general engagement. Some slight skirmishes certainly did take place on market nights, when the drop was in, and the spirits up; but in those neither John nor Rose's immediate families took any part. The fact was that John and Rose were on the evening of matrimony; the match had been made, the day appointed, and every other necessary stipulation ratified. Now, John was as fine a young man as you would meet in a day's traveling; and as for Rose, her name went far and near for beauty; and with justice, for the sun never shone on a fairer, meeker, or modester virgin than Rose Galh O'Hallaghan.

"It might be, indeed, that there were those on both sides who thought that, if the marriage was obstructed, their own sons and daughters would have a better chance. Rose had many admirers; they might have envied John his happiness: many fathers, on the other side, might have wished their sons to succeed with Rose. Whether I am sinister in this conjecture is more than I can say. I grant, indeed, that a great portion of it is speculation on my part. The wedding-day, however, was arranged; but, unfortunately, the fair day of Knockimdowney occurred, in the rotation of natural time, precisely one week before it. I

know not from what motive it proceeded, but the factions on both sides were never known to make a more light-hearted preparation for battle. Cudgels of all sorts and sizes (and some of them, to my own knowledge, great beauties) were provided.

“ I believe, I may as well take this opportunity of saying, that real Irish cudgels must be root-growing, either oak, blackthorn, or crab-tree—although crab-tree, by the way, is apt to fly. They should not be too long—three feet and a few inches is an accommodating length. They must be naturally top-heavy, and have around the end that is to make acquaintance with the cranium, three or four natural lumps, calculated to divide the flesh in the nastiest manner, and to leave, if possible, the smallest taste in life of pit in the skull. But if a good root-growing *kippeen* be light at the fighting end, or possess not the proper number of knobs, a hole a few inches deep is to be bored in the end, which must be filled with melted lead. This gives it a widow-and-orphan-making quality, a child-bereaving touch, altogether very desirable. If, however, the top splits in the boring, which, in awkward hands, is not uncommon, the defect may be remediated by putting on an iron ferrule, and driving two or three strong nails into it, simply to preserve it from flying off; not that an Irishman is ever at a loss for weapons when in a fight; for so long as a scythe, flail, spade, pitchfork, or stone is at hand, he feels quite contented with the lot of war. No man, as they say of great statesmen, is more fertile in expedients during a row; which, by the way, I take to be a good quality, at all events.

“ I remember the fair day of Knockimdowney well: it has kept me from griddle-bread and tough nutriment ever since. Hard fortune to Jack Roe O’Hallaghan! No man had better teeth than I had, till I met with him that day. He fought stoutly on his own side; but he was *ped* then for the same basting that fell to me, though not by my hands: if to get his jaw dacently divided into three halves could be called a fair liquidation of an old debt—it was equal to twenty shilling in the pound, anyhow.

“ There had not been a larger fair in the town of Knockimdowney for years. The day was dark and sunless, but sultry. On looking through the crowd, I could see no man

without a cudgel; yet, what was strange, there was no certainty of any sport. Several desultory scrimmages had locality; but they were altogether sequestered from the great factions of the O's. Except that it was pleasant, and stirred one's blood to look at them, or occasioned the cudgels to be grasped more firmly, there was no personal interest felt by any of us in them; they therefore began and ended, here and there, through the fair, like mere flashes in the pan, dying in their own smoke.

"The blood of every prolific nation is naturally hot; but when that hot blood is inflamed by ardent spirits, it is not to be supposed that men should be cool; and, God he knows, there is not on the level surface of this habitable globe a nation that has been so thoroughly inflamed by *ardent spirits* as Ireland.

"Up till four o'clock that day, the factions were quiet. Several relations on both sides had been invited to drink by John and Rose's families, for the purpose of establishing a good feeling between them. But this was, after all, hardly to be expected, for they hated one another with an ardency much too good-humored and buoyant; and, between ourselves, to bring Paddy over a bottle is a very equivocal mode of giving him an anti-cudgeling disposition. After the hour of four, several of the factions were getting very friendly, which I knew at the time to be a bad sign. Many of them nodded to each other, which I knew to be a worse one; and some of them shook hands with the greatest cordiality, which I no sooner saw than I slipped the knot of my cravat, and held myself in preparation for the sport.

"I have often had occasion to remark—and few men, let me tell you, had finer opportunities of doing so—the differential symptomatics between a Party Fight, that is, a battle between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, and one between two Roman Catholic Factions. There is something infinitely more anxious, silent, and deadly in the compressed vengeance, and the hope of slaughter, which characterize a *party fight*, than is to be seen in a battle between *factions*. The truth is, the enmity is not so deep and well-grounded in the latter as in the former. The feeling is not political nor religious between the factions; whereas, in the other it is both, which is a mighty great advantage;

for when this is adjuncted to an intense personal hatred, and a sense of wrong, probably arising from a too intimate recollection of the leaded blackthorn, or the awkward death of some relative by the musket or the bayonet, it is apt to produce very purty fighting, and much respectable retribution.

“ In a party fight, a prophetic sense of danger hangs, as it were, over the crowd—the very air is loaded with apprehension; and the vengeance-burst is preceded by a close, thick darkness, almost sulphury, that is more terrifical than the conflict itself, though clearly less dangerous and fatal. The scowl of the opposing parties, the blanched cheeks, the knit brows, and the grinding teeth, not premitting the deadly gleams that shoot from their kindled eyes, are ornaments which a plain battle between factions cannot boast, but which, notwithstanding, are very suitable to the fierce and gloomy silence of that premeditated vengeance, which burns with such intensity on the heart, and scorches up the vitals into such a thirst for blood. Not but they come by different means to the same conclusion; because it is the feeling, and not altogether the manner of operation, that is different.

“ Now a faction fight doesn't resemble this at all at all. Paddy's at home here; all song, dance, good-humor, and affection. His cheek is flushed with delight, which, indeed, may derive assistance from the consciousness of having no bayonets or loaded carabines to contend with; but, anyhow, he's at home—his eye is lit with real glee—he tosses his hat in the air, in the height of mirth—and leaps, like a mountebank, two yards from the ground. Then with what a gracious dexterity he brandishes his cudgel!—what a joyous spirit is heard in his shout at the face of a friend from another faction! His very 'who!' is contagious, and would make a man, that had settled on running away, return and join the sport with an appetite truly Irish. He is, in fact, while under the influence of this heavenly *afflatus*, in love with every one—man, woman, and child. If he meet his sweetheart, he will give her a kiss and a hug, and that with double kindness, because he is on his way to thrash her father or brother. It is the *acumen* of his enjoyment; and woe be to him who will adventure to go between him and his amusements. To be sure, skulls and

bones are broken, and lives lost; but they are lost in pleasant fighting—they are the consequences of the sport, the beauty of which consists in breaking as many heads and necks as you can; and certainly when a man enters into the spirit of any exercise, there is nothing like elevating himself to the point of excellence. Then a man ought never to be disheartened. If you lose this game, or get your head good-humoredly beaten to pieces, why, you may win another, or your friends may mollify two or three skulls as a set-off to yours—but that is nothing.

“When the evening became more advanced, maybe, considering the poor look up there was for anything like dacent sport—maybe, in the early part of the day, wasn’t it the delightful sight to see the boys on each side of the two great factions beginning to get frolicksome! Maybe the songs and the shouting, when they began, hadn’t melody and music in them, anyhow! People may talk about harmony; but what harmony is equal to that in which five or six hundred men sing and shout, and leap and caper at each other, as a prelude to neighborly fighting, where they beat time upon the drums of each other’s ears and heads with oak drumsticks? That’s an Irishman’s music; and hard fortune to the *garran* that wouldn’t have friendship and kindness in him to join and play a *stave* along with them! ‘Whoo! your sowl! Hurroo! Success to our side! Hi for the O’Callaghans! Where’s the blackguard to—’ I beg pardon, dacent reader—I forgot myself for a moment, or rather I got new life in me, for I am nothing at all at all for the last five months—a kind of nonentity, I may say, ever since that vagabond Burgess occasioned me to pay a visit to my distant relations, till my friends get the last matter of the collar-bone settled.

“The impulse which *faction* fighting gives trade and business in Ireland is truly surprising; whereas *party* fighting depreciates both. As soon as it is perceived that a *party* fight is to be expected, all buying and selling are suspended for the day, and those who are not *up*,¹ and even many who are, take themselves and their property home as quickly as may be convenient. But in a *faction* fight, as soon as there is any perspective of a row, depend upon it, there is quick work at all kinds of negotiation;

¹ Initiated into Whiteboyism.

and truly there is nothing like brevity and decision in buying and selling; for which reason faction fighting, at all events, if only for the sake of national prosperity, should be encouraged and kept up.

“Towards five o’clock, if a man was placed on an exalted station, so that he could look at the crowd, *and wasn’t able to fight*, he could have seen much that a man might envy him for. Here a hat went up, or maybe a dozen of them; then followed a general huzza. On the other side, two dozen *caubeens*¹ sought the sky, like so many scaldy crows attempting their own element for the first time, only they were not so black. Then another shout, which was answered by that of their friends on the opposite side; so that you would hardly know which side huzzaed loudest, the blending of both was so truly symphonious. Now there was a shout for the face of an O’Callaghan; this was prosecuted on the very heels by another for the face of an O’Hallaghan. Immediately a man of the O’Hallaghan side doffed his tattered frieze, and catching it by the very extremity of the sleeve, drew it, with a tact known only by an initiation of half a dozen street days, up the pavement after him. On the instant, a blade from the O’Callaghan side *peeled* with equal alacrity, and stretching his *home-made* at full length after him, proceeded triumphantly up the street to meet the other.

“Thundher-an’-ages, what’s this for, at all at all! I wish I hadn’t begun to manuscript an account of it, anyhow; ’t is like a hungry man dreaming of a good dinner at a feast, and afterwards awaking and finding his front ribs and backbone on the point of union. Reader, is that a blackthorn you carry—tut, where is my imagination bound for?—to meet the other, I say?

“‘Where’s the rascally *O’Callaghan* that will place his toe or his shillely on this frieze?’ ‘Is there no blackguard *O’Hallaghan* jist to look *crucked* at the coat of an O’Callaghan, or say black’s the white of his eye?’

“‘Throth and there is, Ned, *avourneen*,² that same on the sod here.’

“‘Is that Barney?’

“‘The same, Ned, *ma bouchal*—and how is your mother’s son, Ned?’

¹ *Caubeen*, a hat. ² *Avourneen*, my darling.

“‘In good health at the present time, thank God; and you, how is yourself, Barney?’

“‘Can’t complain as time goes; only take this, anyhow, to mend your health, *ma bouchal*’—(whack).

“‘Success, Barney, and here’s at your sarvice, avick, not making little of what I got—any way’—(crack).

“About five o’clock on a May evening, in the fair at Knockimdowney, was the ice thus broken, with all possible civility, by Ned and Barney. The next moment a general rush took place towards the scene of action, and ere you could bless yourself, Barney and Ned were both down, weltering in their own and each other’s blood. I scarcely know, indeed, though with a mighty respectable quota of experimentality myself, how to describe what followed. For the first twenty minutes the general harmony of this fine row might be set to music, according to a scale something like this:—Whick whack—crick crack—whick whack—crick crack—etc., etc., etc. ‘Here yer sowl—(crack)—there yer sowl—(whack). Whoo for the O’Hallaghans!’—(crack, crack, crack). ‘Hurroo for the O’Callaghans!’—(whack, whack, whack). The O’Callaghans for ever!’—(whack). ‘The O’Hallaghans for ever!’—(crack). ‘Murther! murther!’—(crick, crack)—foul! foul!—(whick, whack). Blood and turf!—(whack, whick)—thunder-an’ouns!’—(crack, crick). ‘Hurroo! my darlings! handle your *kippeens*—(crack, crack)—the O’Hallaghans are going!’—(whack, whack).

“You are to suppose them here to have been at it for about half an hour.

“Whack, crack—‘Oh—oh—oh! have mercy upon me, boys—(crack—a shriek of murther! murther!—crack, crack, whack)—my life—my life—(crack, crack—whack, whack)—oh! for the sake of the living Father!—for the sake of my wife and childher, Ned Hallaghan, spare my life.’

“‘So we will, but take this, anyhow’—(whack, crack, whack, crack).

“‘Oh! for the love of God, don’t kill—’ (whack, crack, whack). ‘Oh!’—(crack, crack, whack—*dies*).

“‘Huzza! huzza! huzza!’ from the O’Hallaghans, ‘Bravo, boys! there’s one of them done for. Whoo! my darlings—hurroo! the O’Hallaghans for ever!’

“The scene now changes to the O’Callaghan side.

“‘Jack—oh, Jack, *avournecn*—hell to their sowls for murdherers—Paddy’s killed—his skull’s smashed.—Re-venge, boys, Paddy O’Callaghan’s killed! On with you, O’Callaghans—on with you—on with you, Paddy O’Callaghan’s murdhered—take to the stones—that’s it—keep it up—down with him! Success!—he’s the bloody villain that didn’t show him marcy—that’s it. Thundher-an’ouns, is it laving him that way you are afther?—let me at him!’

“‘Here’s a stone, Tom!’

“‘No, no, this stick has the lead in it—it’ll do him, never fear!’

“‘Let him alone, Barney, he got enough.’

“‘By the powdhers, it’s myself that won’t; didn’t he kill Paddy?—(crack, crack). Take that, you murdhering thief!’—(whack, crack).

“‘Oh!—(whack, crack)—my head—I’m killed—I’m’—(crack—*kicks the bucket*).

“‘Now, your sowl, that does you, any way—(crack, whack)—hurroo!—huzza!—huzza! Man for man, boys—an O’Hallaghan’s done for—whoo; for our side—tol-deroll, lol-deroll, tow, row, row—huzza!—huzza!—tol-deroll—lol-deroll, tow, row, row—huzza for the O’Callaghans!’

“From this moment the battle became delightful; it was now pelt and welt on both sides, but many of the *kippeens* were broken—many of the boys had their fighting arms disabled by a dislocation or bit of fracture, and those weren’t equal to more than doing a little upon such as were down.

“In the midst of the din, such a dialogue as this might be heard:

“‘Larry, you’re after being done for, for this day’—(whack, crack).

“‘Only an eye gone—is that Mickey?’—(whick, whack, crick, crack).

“‘That’s it, my darlings!—you may say that, Larry—’t is my mother’s son that’s in it—(crack, crack, a general huzza. Mickey and Larry) huzza! huzza! huzza for the O’Hallaghans!—What have *you* got, Larry?’—(crack, crack).

“‘Only the bone of my arm, God be praised for it, very purtily snapt across!’—(whack, whack).

“‘Is that all? Well, some people have luck!’—(crack, crack, crack).

“‘Why, I’ve no reason to complain, thank God—(whack, crack)—purty play that, any way—Paddy O’Callaghan’s settled—did you hear it?—(whack, whack, another shout)—That’s it, boys—handle the shillelys!—Success, O’Hallaghans—down with the bloody O’Callaghans!’

“‘I did hear it; so is Jem O’Hallaghan—(crack, whack, whack, crack)—you’re not able to get up, I see—tare-an’-ounty, isn’t it a pleasure to hear that play?—What ails you?’

“‘Oh, Larry, I’m in great pain, and getting very weak, entirely’—(*faints*).

“‘Faix, and he’s settled too, I’m thinking.’

“‘Oh, murdher, my arm!’ (One of the O’Callaghans attacks him—crack, crack).

“‘Take that, you bagabone!’—(whack, whack).

“‘Murdher, murdher, is it striking a *down* man you’re after?—foul, foul, and my arm broke!’—(Crack, crack).

“‘Take that, with what you got before, and it’ll ase you, maybe.’

“‘(A party of the O’Hallaghans attack the man who is beating him.)

“‘Murdher, murdher!’—(crack, whack, whack, crack, crack, whack).

“‘Lay on him, your sowls to pirdition—lay on him, hot and heavy—give it to him! He sthruck me, and me down wid my broken arm!’

“‘Foul, ye thieves of the world!—(from the O’Callaghan)—foul!—five against one—give me fair play!—(crack, crack, crack)—Oh!—(whack)—Oh, oh, oh!’—(falls senseless, covered with blood).

“‘Ha, hell’s cure to you, you bloody thief; you didn’t spare me, with my arm broke!—(another general shout).—Bad end to it, isn’t it a poor case entirely, that I can’t even throw up my *caubeen*, let alone join in the divar-sion?’

“Both parties now rallied, and ranged themselves along the street, exhibiting a firm, compact phalanx, wedged

close against each other, almost foot to foot. The mass was thick and dense, and the tug of conflict stiff, wild, and savage. Much natural skill and dexterity were displayed in their mutual efforts to preserve their respective ranks unbroken, and as the sallies and charges were made on both sides; the temporary rush, the indentation of the multitudinous body, and the rebound into its original position gave an undulating appearance to the compact mass—reeking, groaning, dragging, and huzzaing—as it was, that resembled the serpentine motion of a rushing waterspout in the cloud.

“The women now began to take part with their brothers and sweethearts. Those who had no bachelors among the opposite factions fought along with their brothers; others did not scruple even to assist in giving their enamored swains the father of a good beating. Many, however, were more faithful to love than to natural affection, and these sallied out, like heroines, under the banners of their sweethearts, fighting with amazing prowess against their friends and relations; nor was it at all extraordinary to see two sisters engaged on opposite sides—perhaps tearing each other, as, with disheveled hair, they screamed with a fury that was truly exemplary. Indeed, it is no untruth to assert that the women do much valuable execution. Their manner of fighting is this—as soon as the fair one decides upon taking a part in the row, she instantly takes off her apron or her stocking, stoops down, and lifting the first four-pounder she can get, puts it in the corner of her apron, or the foot of her stocking, if it has a foot, and, marching to the scene of action, lays about her right and left. Upon my credibility, they are extremely useful and handy, and can give mighty nate knockdowns—inasmuch as no guard that a man is acquainted with can ward off their blows. Nay, what is more, it often happens, when a son-in-law is in a faction against his father-in-law and his wife’s people generally, that if he and his wife’s brother meet, the wife will clink him with the *pet* in her apron, downing her own husband with great skill, for it is not always that marriage extinguishes the hatred of factions; and very often ’t is the brother that is humiliated.

“Up to the death of these two men, John O’Callaghan and Rose’s father, together with a large party of their

friends on both sides, were drinking in a public-house, determined to take no portion in the fight, at all at all. Poor Rose, when she heard the shouting and terrible strokes, got as pale as death, and sat close to John, whose hand she captured in hers, beseeching him, and looking up in his face with the most imploring sincerity as she spoke, not to go out among them; the tears falling all the time from her fine eyes, the mellow flashes of which, when John's pleasantries in soothing her would seduce a smile, went into his very heart. But when, on looking out of the window where they sat, two of the opposing factions heard that a man on each side was killed; and when, on ascertaining the names of the individuals, and of those who murdered them, it turned out that one of the murdered men was brother to a person in the room, and his murderer uncle to one of those in the window, it was not in the power of man or woman to keep them asunder, particularly as they were all rather advanced in liquor. In an instant the friends of the murdered man made a rush to the window, before any pacifiers had time to get between them, and catching the nephew of him who had committed the murder, hurled him headforemost upon the stone pavement, where his skull was dashed to pieces, and his brains scattered about the flags.

“A general attack instantly took place in the room between the two factions; but the apartment was too low and crowded to permit of proper fighting, so they rushed out to the street, shouting and yelling, as they do when the battle comes to the *real* point of doing business. As soon as it was seen that the heads of the O'Callaghans and O'Hallaghans were at work as well as the rest, the fight was recommenced with retrebled spirit; but when the mutilated body of the man who had been flung from the window was observed lying in a pool of his own proper brains and blood, such a cry arose among his friends as would *cake*¹ the vital fluid in the veins of any one not a party in the quarrel. Now was the work—the moment of interest—men and women groaning, staggering, and lying insensible; others shouting, leaping, and huzzaing; some singing, and not a few able-bodied spalpeens blurting, like overgrown children, on seeing their own blood; many raging and roar-

¹ *Cake*, harden.

ing about like bulls;—all this formed such a group as a faction fight, and nothing else, could represent.

“The battle now blazed out afresh; all kinds of instruments were now pressed into the service. Some got flails, some spades, some shovels, and one man got his hands upon a scythe, with which, unquestionably, he would have taken more lives than one; but very fortunately, as he sallied out to join the crowd, he was politely visited in the back of the head by a brick-bat, which had a mighty convincing way with it of giving him a peaceable disposition, for he instantly lay down, and did not seem at all anxious as to the result of the battle. The O’Hallaghans were now compelled to give way, owing principally to the introvention of John O’Callaghan, who, although he was as good as sworn to take no part in the contest, was compelled to fight merely to protect himself. But, blood-and-turf! when he *did* begin, he was dreadful. As soon as his party saw him engaged, they took fresh courage, and in a short time made the O’Hallaghans retreat up the churchyard. I never saw anything equal to John; he absolutely sent them down in dozens: and when a man would give him any inconvenience with the stick, he would *down* him with the fist, for right and left were all alike to him. Poor Rose’s brother and he met, both roused like two lions; but when John saw who it was, he held back his hand.

“No, Tom,” says he, “I’ll not strike you, for Rose’s sake. I’m not fighting through ill-will to you or your family; so take another direction, for I can’t strike you.”

“The blood, however, was unfortunately up in Tom.

“We’ll decide it now,” said he; “I’m as good a man as you, O’Callaghan; and let me whisper this in your ear—you’ll never warm the one bed with Rose, while God’s in heaven—it’s past that now—there can be nothing but blood between us!”

“At this juncture two of the O’Callaghans ran with their shillelachs up, to beat down Tom on the spot.

“Stop, boys!” said John, “you mustn’t touch him; he had no hand in the quarrel. Go, boys, if you respect me; lave him to myself.”

“The boys withdrew to another part of the fight; and the next instant Tom struck the very man that interfered

to save him across the temple, and cut him severely. John put his hand up, and staggered.

“‘I’m sorry for this,’ he observed; ‘but it’s now self-defense with me,’ and, at the same moment, with one blow, he left Tom O’Hallaghan stretched insensible on the street.

“On the O’Hallaghans being driven to the churchyard, they were at a mighty great inconvenience for weapons. Most of them had lost their sticks, it being a usage in fights of this kind to twist the cudgels from the grasp of the beaten men, to prevent them from rallying. They soon, however, furnished themselves with the best they could find, videlicet, the skull, leg, thigh, and arm bones, which they found lying about the graveyard. This was a new species of weapon, for which the majority of the O’Callaghans were scarcely prepared. Out they sallied in a body—some with these, others with stones, and, making fierce assault upon their enemies, absolutely *druv* them back—not so much by the damage they were doing, as by the alarm and terror which these unexpected species of missiles excited.

“At this moment, notwithstanding the fatality that had taken place, nothing could be more truly comical and facetious than the appearance of the field of battle. Skulls were flying in every direction—so thick, indeed, that it might with truth be asseverated that many who were petrified in the dust had their skulls broken in this great battle between the factions.—God help poor Ireland! when its inhabitants are so pugnacious that even the grave is no security against getting their crowns cracked, and their bones fractured! Well, anyhow, skulls and bones flew in every direction; stones and brickbats were also put in motion; spades, shovels, loaded whips, pot-sticks, churn-staffs, flails, and all kinds of available weapons were in hot employment.

“But, perhaps, there was nothing more truly felicitous or original in its way than the mode of warfare adopted by little Neal Malone, who was tailor for the O’Callaghan side; for every tradesman is obliged to fight on behalf of his own faction. Big Frank Farrell the miller, being on the O’Hallaghan side, had been sent for, and came up from his mill behind the town, quite fresh. He was never what

could be called a *good man*,¹ though it was said that he could lift ten hundredweight. He puffed forward with a great cudgel, determined to commit slaughter out of the face, and the first man he met was the *weeshy*² fraction of a tailor, as nimble as a hare. He immediately attacked him and would probably have taken his measure for life, had not the tailor's activity protected him. Farrell was in a rage; and Neal, taking advantage of his blind fury, slipt round him, and with a short run sprang upon the miller's back, and planted a foot upon the threshold of each coat pocket, holding by the mealy collar of his waistcoat. In this position he belabored the miller's face and eyes with his little hard fist to such purpose that he had him in the course of a few minutes nearly as blind as a mill-horse. The miller roared for assistance, but the pell-mell was going on too warmly for his cries to be available. In fact, he resembled an elephant with a monkey on his back.

“‘How do you like that, Farrell?’ Neal would say—giving him a cuff; ‘and that, and that—but that is best of all. Take it again, gudgeon—(two cuffs more)—here’s grist for you—(half a dozen additional) hard fortune to you—(crack, crack). What! Going to lie down! by all that’s terrible, if you do, I’ll *annigulate*³ you. Here’s a *dhuragh*⁴ (another half dozen)—long measure, you savage—the baker’s dozen, you baste; there’s five-an’-twenty to the score, Sampson, and one or two in’ (crack, whack).

“‘Oh! murther sheery!’ shouted the miller—‘murther-an’-age, I’m kilt—foul play! foul play!’

“‘You lie, big Nebuchodonosor, it’s not—this is all *fair* play, you big baste—*fair* play, Sampson: by the same a-token, here’s to jog your memory that it’s the *Fair* day of Knockimdowney; *Irish Fair* play, you whale—but I’ll whale you!’—(crack, crack, whack).

“‘Oh—oh!’ shouted the miller.

¹ *A good man*, a brave man. ² *Weeshy*, small.

³ *Annigulate*. Many of the jaw-breakers—and this was certainly such in a double sense—used by the hedge schoolmasters are scattered among the people, by whom they are so twisted that it would be extremely difficult to recognize them.

⁴ *Dhuragh*, an additional portion of anything thrown in from a spirit of generosity, after the measure agreed on is given. When the miller, for instance, receives his toll, the country people usually throw in several handfuls of meal as a *dhuragh*.

“‘Oh—oh! is it? Oh, if I had my scissors here, till I’d clip your ears off, wouldn’t I be the happy man, anyhow, you swab, you?’—(whack, whack, crack).

“‘Murther—murther—murther!’ shouted the miller—‘is there no help?’

“‘Help, is it? you may say that—(crack, crack); there’s a trifle—a small taste in the *milling* style, you know; and here goes to dislodge a *grinder*. Did ye ever hear of the tailor on horseback, Sampson? eh?—(whack, whack): did you ever expect to see a tailor o’ horseback of yourself, you baste?—(crack). I tell you, if you offer to lie down, I’ll *annigulate* you out o’ the face.’

“Never, indeed, was a miller, before or since, so well dusted; and I dare say Neal would have rode him long enough, but for an O’Hallaghan, who had gone into one of the houses to procure a weapon. This man was nearly as original in his choice of one as the tailor in the position which he selected for beating the miller. On entering the kitchen, he found that he had been anticipated; there was neither tongs, poker, or churn-staff; nor, in fact, anything wherewith he could assault his enemies: all had been carried off by others. There was, however, a goose in the action of being roasted on a spit at the fire. This was enough: honest O’Hallaghan saw nothing but the spit, which he accordingly seized, goose and all, making the best of his way, so armed, to the scene of battle. He just came out as the miller was once more roaring for assistance, and, to a dead certainty, would have spitted the tailor like a cock-sparrow against the miller’s carcass, had not his activity once more saved him. Unluckily, the unfortunate miller got the thrust behind, which was intended for Neal, and roared like a bull. He was beginning to shout ‘Foul play,’ when, on turning round, he perceived that the thrust was not intended for him, but for the tailor.

“‘Give me that spit,’ said he; ‘by all the mills that ever were turned, I’ll spit the tailor this blessed minute beside the goose, and we’ll roast them both together.’

“The other refused to part with the spit; but the miller, seizing the goose, flung it with all his force after the tailor, who stooped, however, and avoided the blow.

“‘No man has a better right to the goose than the tailor,’ said Neal, as he took it up, and, disappearing

neither he nor the goose could be seen for the remainder of the day.

“The battle was now somewhat abated. Skulls, and bones, and bricks, and stones were, however, still flying; so that it might be truly said the bones of contention were numerous. The streets presented a woful spectacle: men were lying with their bones broken—others, though not so seriously injured, lapped in their blood—some were crawling up, but were instantly knocked down by their enemies—some were leaning against the walls, or groping their way silently along them, endeavoring to escape observation, lest they might be smashed down and altogether murdered. Wives were sitting with the bloody heads of their husbands in their laps, tearing their hair, weeping, and cursing, in all the gall of wrath, those who left them in such a state. Daughters performed the same offices to their fathers, and sisters to their brothers; not pretermittting those who did not neglect their broken-pated bachelors, to whom they paid equal attention. Yet was the scene not without abundance of mirth. Many a hat was thrown up by the O’Callaghan side, who certainly gained the day. Many a song was raised by those who tottered about with trickling sconces, half drunk with whisky and half stupid with beating. Many a ‘whoop,’ and ‘hurroo,’ and ‘huzza,’ was sent forth by the triumphanters; but truth to tell, they were miserably feeble and faint, compared to what they had been in the beginning of the amusements—sufficiently evincing that, although they might boast of the name of victory, they had got a bellyful of beating—still there was hard fighting.

“I mentioned, some time ago, that a man had adopted a scythe. I wish from my heart there had been no such bloody instrument there that day; but truth must be told. John O’Callaghan was now engaged against a set of the other O’s, who had rallied for the third time and attacked him and his party. Another brother of Rose Galh’s was in this engagement, and him did John O’Callaghan not only knock down, but cut desperately across the temple. A man, stripped and covered with blood and dust, at that moment made his appearance, his hand bearing the blade of the aforesaid scythe. His approach was at once furious and rapid—and, I may as well add, fatal; for, before John

O'Callaghan had time to be forewarned of his danger, he was cut down, the artery of his neck laid open, and he died without a groan. It was truly dreadful, even to the oldest fighter present, to see the strong rush of red blood that curvated about his neck, until it gurgled—gurgled—gurgled, and lapped, and bubbled out—ending in small red spouts, blackening and blackening, as they became fainter and more faint. At this criticality every eye was turned from the corpse to the murderer; but he had been instantly struck down, and a female, with a large stone in her apron, stood over him, her arms stretched out, her face horribly distorted with agony, and her eyes turned backwards, as it were, into her head. In a few seconds she fell into strong convulsions, and was immediately taken away. Alas! alas! it was Rose Galh; and when we looked at the man she had struck down, he was found to be her brother! flesh of her flesh, and blood of her blood! On examining him more closely, we discovered that his under jaw hung loose, that his limbs were supple; we tried to make him speak, but in vain—he, too, was a corpse.

“The fact was that, in consequence of his being stripped, and covered by so much blood and dust, she knew him not; and impelled by her feelings to avenge herself on the murderer of her lover, to whom she doubly owed her life, she struck him a deadly blow, without knowing him to be her brother. The shock produced by seeing her lover murdered—and the horror of finding that she herself, in avenging him, had taken her brother's life, was too much for a heart so tender as hers. On recovering from her convulsions, her senses were found to be gone forever! Poor girl! she is still living; but from that moment to this she has never opened her lips to mortal. She is, indeed, a fair ruin, but silent, melancholy, and beautiful as the moon in the summer heaven. Poor Rose Galh! you, and many a mother, and father, and wife, and orphan, have had reason to maledict the *bloody Battles of the Factions!*”

“With regard to my grandfather, he says that he didn't see purtier fighting within his own memory; nor since the fight between himself and Big Mucklemurray took place in the same town. But, to do him justice, he condemns the scythe and every other weapon except the cudgels; because, he says, that if they continue to be resorted to, nate fighting will be altogether forgotten in the country.”

SHANE FADH'S WEDDING.

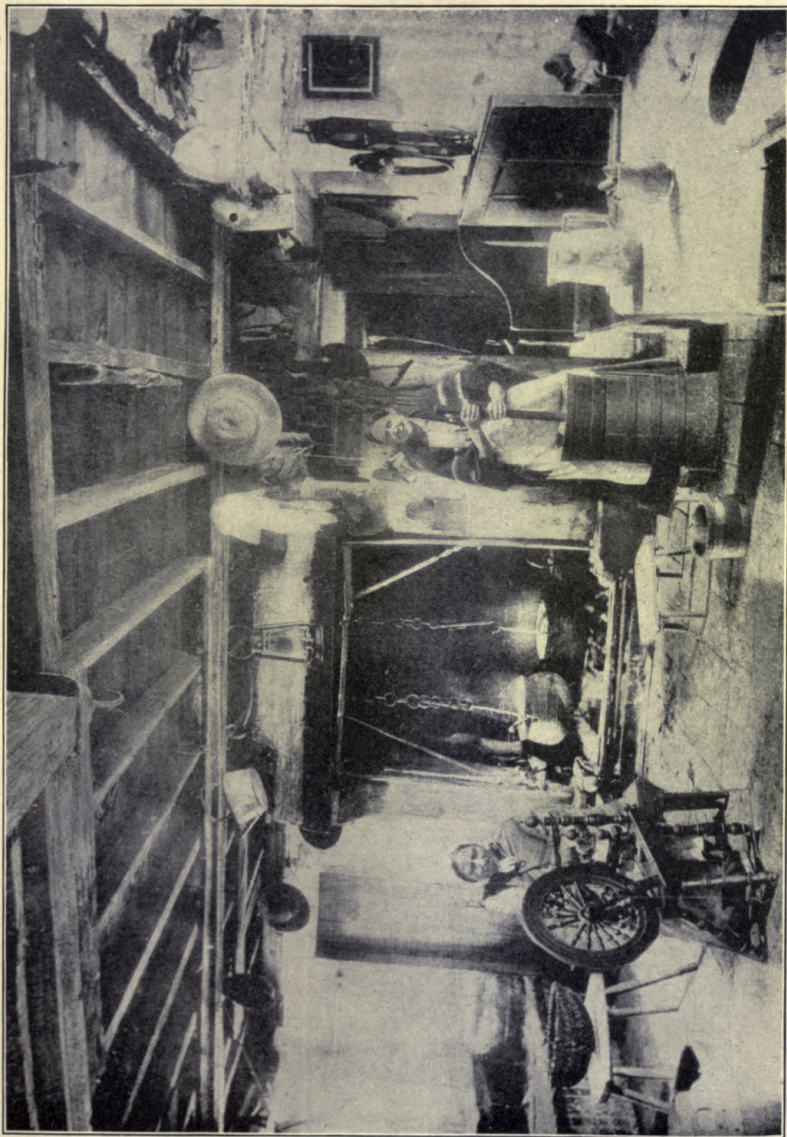
"Well, Shane," said Andy Morrow, addressing Shane Fadh, "will you give us an account of your wedding? I am told it was the greatest let-out that ever was in this country, before or since."

"And you may say that, Mr. Morrow," said Shane. "I was at many a wedding, myself, but never at the likes of my own, barring Tim Lannigan's that married Father Corrigan's niece."

"I believe," said Andy, "that, too, was a dashing one; however, it's your own we want. Come, Nancy, fill these measures again, and let us be comfortable, at all events, and give Shane a double one, for talking's druthy work. I'll pay for this round."

When the liquor was got in, Shane, after taking a draught, laid down his pint, pulled out his steel tobacco-box, and, after twisting off a chew between his teeth, closed the box, and commenced the story of his wedding.

"When I was a young fellow," said Shane, "I was as wild as an unbroken cowlt, no divilment was too hard for me; an' so signs on it, for there wasn't a piece of mischief done in the parish, but was laid at my door, and the dear knows I had enough of my own to answer for, let alone to be set down for that of other people; but anyway, there was many a thing done in my name, when I knew neither act nor part about it. One of them I'll mention. Dick Cuillenán, father to Paddy, that lives at the cross-roads, beyant Gunpowdher Lodge, was over head and ears in love with Jemmy Finigan's eldest daughter, Mary, then, sure enough, as purty a girl as you'd meet in a fair—indeed, I think I'm looking at her, with her fair flaxen ringlets hanging over her shoulders, as she used to pass our house going to mass of a Sunday. God rest her sowl, she's now in glory—that was before she was my wife. Many a happy day we passed together; and I could take it to my death, that an ill word, let alone to rise our hands to one another, never passed between us, only one day that a word or two happened about the dinner, in the middle of Lent, being a little too late, so that the horses were kept nigh-hand half an hour out of the plow; and I wouldn't



have valued that so much, only that it was crooked-mouthed Doherty that joined me in plowing that year, and I was vexed not to take all I could out of him, for he was a raal Turk himself.

“ I disremember now what passed between us as to words, but I know I had a duck-egg in my hand, and when she spoke, I raised my arm, and nailed—poor Larry Tracy, our servant boy, between the two eyes with it, although the craythur was ating his dinner quietly forenent me, not saying a word.

“ Well, as I tould you, Dick was ever after her, although her father and mother would rather see her *under boord* than joined to any of that connection; and as for herself, she couldn't bear the sight of him, he was sich an upsetting, conceited puppy, that thought himself too good for every girl. At any rate, he tried often and often, in fair and market, to get striking up with her; and both coming from and going to Mass 't was the same way, for ever after and about her, till the state he was in spread over the parish like wildfire. Still, all he could do was of no use; except to bid him the time of day, she never entered into discourse with him, at all at all. But there was no putting the likes of him off; so he got a quart of spirits in his pocket one night, and without saying a word to mortal, off he sets, full speed, to her father's, in order to brake the thing to the family.

“ Mary might be about seventeen at this time, and her mother looked almost as young and fresh as if she hadn't been married at all. When Dick came in you may be sure they were all surprised at the sight of him; but they were civil people, and the mother wiped a chair, and put it over near the fire for him to sit down upon, waiting to hear what he 'd say, or what he wanted, although they could give a purty good guess as to that, but they only wished to put him off with as little offinse as possible. When Dick *sot* awhile, talking about what the price of hay and oats would be in the following summer, and other subjects that he thought would show his knowledge of farming and cattle, he pulls out his bottle, encouraged to it by their civil way of talking, and telling the ould couple that as he came over to spend a friendly evening, he had brought a drop in his pocket to sweeten the discourse, axing Susy,

Finigan, the mother, for a glass to send it round with, at the same time drawing over his chair close to Mary, who was knitting her stocken up beside her little brother Michael, and chatting to the *gorsoon*,¹ for fraid that Cuillenan might think she paid *him* any attention. When Dick got alongside of her, he began, of coorse, to pull out her needles and spoil her knitting, as is customary before the young people come to close spaking. Mary, howsoever, had no welcome for him; so says she, 'You ought to know, Dick Cuillenan, who you spake to, before you make the freedom you do.'

"'But you don't know,' says Dick, 'that I am a great hand at spoiling the girls' knitting; it's a fashion I've got,' says he.

"'It's a fashion then,' says Mary, 'that'll be apt to get you a broken mouth sometime.'

"'Then,' says Dick, 'whoever does that must marry me.'

"'And them that gets you will have a prize to brag of,' says she. 'Stop yourself, Cuillenan; single your freedom and double your distance, if you plase; I'll cut my coat off no such cloth.'

"'Well, Mary,' says he, 'maybe, if *you* don't, as good will; but you won't be so cruel as all that comes to; the worst side of you is out, I think.'

"He was now beginning to make greater freedom, but Mary rises from her seat, and whisks away with herself, her cheeks as red as a rose with vexation at the fellow's imperance. 'Very well,' says Dick, 'off you go; but there's as good fish in the *say* as ever was caught. I'm sorry to see, Susy,' says he to her mother, 'that Mary's no friend of mine, and I'd be mighty glad to find it otherwise; for, to tell the truth, I'd wish to become connected with the family. In the manetime, hadn't you better get us a glass, till we drink one bottle on the head of it, anyway?'

"'Why, then, Dick Cuillenan,' says the mother, 'I don't wish you anything else but good luck and happiness; but, as to Mary, she's not *for* you herself, nor would it be a good match between the families at all. Mary is to have her grandfather's sixty guineas, and the two cows that her

¹ *Gorsoon*, a boy.

uncle Jack left her four years ago has brought her a good stock for any farm. Now, if she married you, Dick, where's the farm to bring her to?—surely, it's not upon them seven acres of stone and bent, upon the long Esker, that I'd let my daughter go to live. So, Dick, put up your bottle, and in the name of God go home, boy, and mind your business; but, above all, when you want a wife, go to them that you may have a right to expect, and not to a girl like Mary Finigan, that could lay down guineas where you could hardly find shillings.'

"'Very well, Susy,' says Dick, nettled enough, as he well might, 'I say to you, just as I say to your daughter, if you be proud there's no force.'"

"But what has this to do with you, Shane?" asked Andy Morrow. "Sure we wanted to har an account of *your* wedding, but instead of that, it's Dick Cuillenan's history you're giving us."

"That's just it," said Shane; "sure, only for this same Dick, I'd never get Mary Finigan for a wife. Dick took Susy's advice, bekase, after all, the undacent drop was in him, or he'd never have brought the bottle out of the house at all; but, faith, he riz up, put the whisky in his pocket, and went home with a face on him as black as my hat with venom. Well, things passed on till the Christmas following, when one night, after the Finigans had all gone to bed, there comes a crowd of fellows to the door, thumping at it with great violence, and swearing that if the people within wouldn't open it immediately, it would be smashed into smithereens. The family, of course were all alarmed; but somehow or other, Susy herself got suspicious that it might be something about Mary; so up she gets, and sends the daughter to her own bed, and lies down herself in the daughter's."

"In the manetime Finigan got up, and after lighting a candle, opened the door at once. 'Come, Finigan,' says a strange voice, 'put out the candle, except you wish to make a candlestick of the thatch,' says he, 'or to give you a prod of a bagnet under the ribs,' says he."

"It was a folly for one man to go to bell-the-cat with a whole crowd; so he blew the candle out, and next minute they rushed in, and went as straight as a rule to Mary's bed. The mother all the time lay close, and never said a

word. At any rate, what would be expected, only that, do what she could, at the long run she must go? So, accordingly, after a very hard battle on her side, being a powerful woman, she was obliged to travel, but not until she had left many of them marks to remember her by. Still there was very little spoke, for they didn't wish to betray themselves on any side. The only thing that Finigan could hear was my name repeated several times, as if the whole thing was going on under my direction: for Dick thought that if there was any one in parish likely to be set down for it it was me.

"When Susy found they were putting her behind one of them on a horse she rebelled again, and it took near a dozen of boys to hoist her up. Now, above all nights in the year, who should be dead but my own full cousin, Denis Fadh—God be good to him!—and I, and Jack and Dan, his brothers, while bringing home whisky for the wake and berrin', met them on the road. At first we thought them distant relations coming to the wake, but when I saw only one woman among the set, and she mounted on a horse, I began to suspect that all wasn't right. I accordingly turned back a bit, and walked near enough without their seeing me to hear the discourse, and discover the whole business. In less than no time I was back at the wake-house; so I up and tould them what I saw, and off we set, about forty of us, with good cudgels, scythesneds, and hooks, fully bent to bring her back from them, come or go what would. And throth, sure enough, we did it; and I was the man myself that rode after the mother on the same horse that carried her off.

"From this out, when and wherever I got an opportunity, I whispered the soft nonsense, Nancy, into poor Mary's ear, until I put my *comedher*¹ on her, and she couldn't live at all without me. But I was something for a woman to look at then, anyhow, standing six feet two in my stocking soles, which, you know, made them call me Shane *Fadh*.² At that time I had a dacent farm of fourteen acres in Crocknagooran—the same that my son Ned has at the present time; and though, as to wealth, by no manner of manes fit to compare with the Finigans, yet upon the whole, she might have made a worse match. The

¹ *Comedher*, blarney talk.

² *Fadh*, tall or long.

father, however, wasn't for me; but the mother was: so, after drinking a bottle or two with the mother, Sarah Traynor, her cousin, and Mary, along with Jack Donnellan on my part, in their own barn, unknownst to the father, we agreed to make a runaway match of it; appointing my uncle, Bryan Slevin's, as the house we'd go to. The next Sunday was the day appointed; so I had my uncle's family prepared, and sent two gallons of whisky, to be there before us, knowing that neither the Finigans nor my own friends liked stinginess.

"Well, well, after all, the world is a strange thing—if myself hardly knows what to make of it. It's I that did dote night and day upon that girl; and, indeed, there was them that could have seen me in Jimmaiky for her sake, for she was the beauty of the county, not to say of the parish, for a girl in her station. For my part I could neither ate nor sleep, for thinking that she was so soon to be my own married wife, and to live under my roof. And when I'd think of it, how my heart would bounce to my throat with downright joy and delight. The mother had made us promise not to meet till Sunday, for fraid of the father becoming suspicious; but, if I was to be shot, I couldn't hinder myself from going every night to the great flowering whitethorn that was behind their garden; and although she knew I hadn't promised to come, yet there she still was; something, she said, tould her I *would* come.

"The next Sunday we met at *Althadhawan* wood, and I'll never forget what I felt, when I was going to the green at St. Patrick's Chair, where the boys and girls met on Sunday; but there she was—the bright eyes dancing with joy in her head to see me. We spent the evening in the wood till it was dusk—I bating them all leaping, dancing, and throwing the stone; for, by my song, I thought I had the action of ten men in me; she looking on, and smiling like an angel, when I'd lave them miles behind me. As it grew dusk they all went home, except herself and me, and a few more, who, maybe, had something of the same kind on hand.

"'Well, Mary,' says I, '*acushla machree*,¹ it's dark enough for us to go; and in the name of God let us be off.' The crathur looked into my face, and got pale, for she was

¹ *Acushla machree*, vein of my heart.

very young then. 'Shane,' says she, and she thrimbled like an aspen lafe, 'I'm going to trust myself with you for ever—for ever, Shane, *avourneen*,'—and her sweet voice broke into purty murmurs as she spoke; 'whether for happiness or sorrow, God He only knows. I can bear poverty and distress, sickness and want, with you, but I can't bear to think that you should ever forget to love me as you do now; or that your heart should ever cool to me; but I am sure,' says she, 'you'll never forget this night, and the solemn promises you made me, before God and the blessed skies above us.'

"We were sitting at the time under the shade of a rowan-tree, and I had only one answer to make. I pulled her to my breast, where she laid her head and cried like a child, with her cheek against mine. My own eyes weren't dry although I felt no sorrow, but—but—I never forgot that night—and I never will."

He now paused a few minutes, being too much affected to proceed.

"Poor Shane," said Nancy, in a whisper to Andy Morrow, "night and day he's thinking about that woman. She's now dead going on a year, and you would think by him, although he bears up very well before company, that she died only yestherday; but indeed it's he that was always the kind-hearted, affectionate man; and a better husband never broke bread."

"Well," said Shane, resuming the story, and clearing his voice, "it's a great consolation to me, now that she's gone, to think that I never broke the promise I made her that night. When it was clear dark we set off, and after crossing the country for two miles, reached my uncle's, where a great many of my friends were expecting us. As soon as we came to the door I struck it two or three times, for that was the sign, and my aunt came out, and taking Mary in her arms, kissed her, and, with a thousand welcomes, brought us both in.

"You all know that the best of aiting and dhrinking is provided when a runaway couple is expected; and indeed there was more than enough of both there. My uncle and all that were within welcomed us again; and many a good song and hearty jug of punch was sent round that night. The next morning my uncle went to her father's and broke

the business to him at once: indeed, it wasn't very hard to do, for I believe it reached him before he saw my uncle at all; so she was brought home that day, and, on the Thursday night after, I, my father, uncle, and several other friends, went there, and made the match.

"She had sixty guineas that her grandfather left her, thirteen head of cattle, two feather and two chaff beds, with sheeting, quilts, and blankets; three pieces of bleached linen, and a flock of geese of her own rearing—upon the whole, among ourselves, it wasn't aisy to get such a fortune.

"Well, the match was made, and the wedding-day appointed; but there was one thing still to be managed, and that was how to get over the *standing* at Mass on Sunday, to make satisfaction for the scandal we gave the Church by running away with one another; but that's all stuff, for who cares a pin about standing, when three halves of the parish are married in the same way? The only thing that vexed me was that it would keep back the wedding-day. However, her father and my uncle went to the priest, and spoke to him, trying, of coorse, to get us off of it, but he knew we were fat geese, and was in for giving us a plucking. Hut, tut!—he wouldn't hear of it at all, not he; for although he would ride fifty miles to sarve either of us, he couldn't brake the new orders that he had got only a few days before that from the bishop. No; we must *stand*—for it would be setting a bad example to the parish; and if he would let *us* pass, how could he punish the rest of his flock, when they 'd be guilty of the same thing?

"'Well, well, your reverence,' says my uncle, winking at her father, 'if that's the case it can't be helped, anyhow—they must only stand, as many a dacent father and mother's child has done before them, and will again, plase God—your reverence is right in doing your duty.'

"'True for you Brian,' says his reverence, 'and yet God knows, there's no man in the parish would be sorrier to see such a dacent, comely young couple put upon a level with all the scrubs of the parish; and I know, Jemmy Finigan, it would go hard with your young, bashful daughter to get through with it, having the eyes of the whole congregation staring on her.'

"'Why then, your reverence, as to that,' says my un-

cle, who was just as stiff as the other was stout, 'the bashfullest of them will do more nor that to get a husband.'

"'But you tell me,' says the priest, 'that the wedding-day is fixed upon;—how will you manage there?'

"'Why, put it off for three Sundays longer, to be sure,' says the uncle.

"'But you forget this, Brian,' says the priest, 'that good luck or prosperity never attends the putting off of a wedding.'

"Now here you see is where the priest had them—for they knew that as well as his reverence himself—so they were in a puzzle again.

"'It is a disagreeable business,' says the priest, 'but the truth is, I could get them off with the bishop only for one thing—I owe him five guineas of altar-money, and I'm so far back in dues that I'm not able to pay him. If I could enclose this to him in a letter, I would get them off at once, although it would be bringing myself into trouble with the parish afterwards; but, at all events,' says he, 'to prove that I wish to sarve you, I'll sell the best cow in my byre, and pay him myself, rather than their wedding-day should be put off, poor things, or themselves brought to any bad luck—the Lord keep them from it!'

"While he was speaking, he stamped his foot two or three times on the flure, and the housekeeper came in. 'Katty,' says he, 'bring us in a bottle of whisky; at all events, I can't let you away,' says he, 'without tasting something and drink luck to the young folks.'

"'In throth,' says Jemmy Finigan, 'and begging your reverence's pardon, the sorra cow you'll sell this bout, anyhow, on account of me or my children, bekase I'll lay down on the nail what'll clear you and the bishop; and in the name of goodness, as the day is fixed and all, let the craythurs not be disappointed.'

"'Jemmy,' says my uncle, 'if you go to that you'll pay but your share, for I insist upon laying down one-half, at laste.'

"At any rate, they came down with the cash, and after drinking a bottle between them, went home in choice spirits entirely at their good luck in so aisily getting us off. When they had left the house a bit, the priest sent af-

ther them. 'Jemmy,' says he to Finigan, 'I forgot a circumstance, and that is to tell you that I will go and marry them at your own house, and bring Father James, my curate with me.' 'Oh, wurrah! no,' said both, 'don't mention *that*, your reverence, except you wish to break their hearts, out and out! Why, that would be a thousand times worse nor making them stand to do penance. Doesn't your reverence know that if they hadn't the pleasure of *running for the bottle*, the whole wedding wouldn't be worth three-halfpence?' 'Indeed, I forgot that, Jemmy.' 'But sure,' says my uncle, 'your reverence and Father James must be at it, whether or not; for that we intended from the first.' 'Tell them I'll run for the bottle, too,' says the priest, laughing, 'and will make some of them look sharp, never fear.' Well, by my song, so far all was right; and maybe it's we that weren't glad—maning Mary and myself—that there was nothing more in the way to put off the wedding-day. So, as the bridegroom's share of the expense always is to provide the whisky, I'm sure, for the honor and glory of taking the blooming young crathur from the great lot of bachelors that were all breaking their hearts about her, I couldn't do less nor finish the thing dacently—knowing, besides, the high doings that the Finigans would have of it—for they were always looked upon as a family that never had their heart in a trifle when it would come to the push. So, you see, I and my brother Mickey, my cousin Tom, and Dom'nick Nulty, went up into the mountains to Tim Cassidy's still-house, where we spent a glorious day, and bought fifteen gallons of stuff, that one drop of it would bring the tear, if possible, to a young widdy's eye that had berrid a bad husband. Indeed, this was at my father's bidding, who wasn't a bit behind-hand with any of them in cutting a dash. 'Shane,' says he to me, 'you know the Finigans of ould, that they won't be contint with what would do another, and that except they go beyant the thing entirely, they won't be satisfied. They'll have the whole countryside at the wedding, and we must let them see that we have a spirit and a faction of our own,' says he, 'that we needn't be ashamed of. They've got all kinds of ateables in cartloads, and as we're to get the drinkables, we must see and give as good as they'll bring. I myself, and your mother, will go round and in-

vite all we can think of, and let you and Mickey go up the hills to Tim Cassidy, and get fifteen gallons of whisky, for I don't think less will do us.'

"This we accordingly complied with, as I said, and surely better stuff never went down the *red lane* than the same whisky, for the people knew nothing about watering it then, at all at all. The next thing I did was to get a fine shop cloth coat, a pair of top boots, and buckskin breeches fit for a squire, along with a new Caroline hat that would throw off the wet like a duck. Mat Kavanagh, the school-master from Findramore bridge, lent me his watch for the occasion, after my spending near two days learning from him to know what o'clock it was. At last, somehow, I mastered that point so well, that to a quarter of an hour, at least, I could give a dacent guess at the time upon it.

"Well, at last the day came. The wedding morning, or the bride's part of it, as they say, was beautiful. It was then the month of July. The evening before, my father and my brother went over to Jemmy Finigan's, to make the regulations for the wedding. We, that is, my party, were to be at the bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed, all on horseback, to the priest's, to be married. We were then, after drinking something at Tom Hance's public-house, to come back as far as the Dumbhill, where we were to start and run for the bottle. That morning we were all up at the skriek of day. From six o'clock, my own faction, friends and neighbors, began to come, all mounted; and about eight o'clock there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, and others on asses; and, by my word, I believe little Dick Snudaghan, the tailor's apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, was mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selvages tied to his horns. Anything at all to keep their feet from the ground; for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding that hadn't some animal between him and the earth.

"To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lannigan's that I mentioned just now. It would make you split your face laughing to see the figure they cut; some of them had saddles and bridles, others had saddles and halters; some had *back suggawns*¹ of straw, with

¹ *Suggawn*, a rope of hay or straw.

hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others had sacks filled up as like saddles as they could possibly make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times tied round the horse's body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat strideways, the women had to be put foremost and the men behind them. Some had dacent pillions enough, but most of them had none at all, and the women were obligated to sit where the crupper ought to be—and a hard card they had to play to keep their seats even when the horses walked asy, so what must it be when they came to a gallop? but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

“At eight o'clock we sat down to a rousing breakfast, for we thought it best to eat a trifle at home, lest they might think that what we were to get at the bride's breakfast might be thought any novelty. As for my part, I was in such a state that I couldn't let a morsel cross my throat, nor did I know what end of me was uppermost. After breakfast they all got their cattle, and I my hat and whip, and was ready to mount, when my uncle whispered to me that I must kneel down and ax my father and mother's blessing, and forgiveness for all my disobedience and offinses towards them—and also to requist the blessing of my brothers and sisters. Well, in a short time I was down; and, my goodness! such a hullabaloo of crying as was there in a minute's time!

“Anyhow, it's easy knowing that there wasn't sorrow at the bottom of their grief: for they were all soon laughing at my uncle's jokes, even while their eyes were red with the tears. My mother herself couldn't but be in good humor, and join her smile with the rest.

“My uncle now drove us all out before him; not, however, till my mother had sprinkled a drop of holy water on each of us, and given me and my brother and sisters a small taste of blessed candle to prevent us from sudden death and accidents. My father and she didn't come with us then, but they went over to the bride's while we were all gone to the priest's house. At last we set off in great style and spirits—I well mounted on a good horse of my own, and my brother on one that he had borrowed from Peter Danellon, fully bent on winning the bottle. I

would have borrowed him myself, but I thought it dancier to ride my own horse manfully, even though he never won a side of mutton or a saddle, like Danellon's. But the man that was most likely to come in for the bottle was little Billy Cormick, the tailor, who rode a blood-racer that young John Little had wickedly lent him for the special purpose; he was a tall bay animal, with long, small legs, a switch tail, and didn't know how to trot. Maybe we didn't cut a dash—and might have taken a town before us. Out we set about nine o'clock, and went across the country: but I'll not stop to mention what happened to some of them, even before we got to the bride's house. It's enough to say here, that sometimes one in crossing a stile or ditch would drop into the dike, sometimes another would find himself head foremost on the ground; a woman would be capsized here in crossing a ridgy field, bringing her fore-rider to the ground along with her; another would be hanging like a broken arch, ready to come down, till some one would ride up and fix her on the seat. But as all this happened in going over the fields, we expected that when we'd get out on the road there would be less danger, as we would have no ditches or drains to cross. When we came in sight of the house, there was a general shout of welcome from the bride's party, who were on the watch for us: we couldn't do less nor give them back the chorus; but we had better have let that alone, for some of the young horses got restive and capered about; the asses—the sorra choke them—that were along with us should begin to bray, and a mule of Jack Irwin's took it into his head to stand stock-still. This brought another dozen of them to the ground; so that, between one thing or another, we were near half an hour before we were got on the march again. When the blood-horse that the tailor rode saw the crowd and heard the shouting, he cocked his ears, and set off with himself full speed; but before he got far he was without a rider, and went galloping up to the bride's house, the bridle hanging about his feet. Billy, however, having taken a glass or two, wasn't to be cowed; so he came up in great blood, and swore he would ride him to America, sooner than let the bottle be won from the bridegroom's party.

“ When we arrived, there was nothing but shaking hands

and kissing, and all kinds of *slewesthering*.¹ Another breakfast was ready for us; and here we all sat down, myself and my next relations in the bride's house, and the others in the barn and garden; for one house wouldn't hold the half of us. Eating, however, was all only talk: of course we took some of the poteen again, and in the short time afterwards set off along the paved road to the priest's house to be tied as fast as he could make us, and that was fast enough. Before we went out to mount our horses, though, there was just such a hullabaloo with the bride and her friends as there was with myself: but my uncle soon put a stop to it, and in five minutes had them breaking their hearts laughing.

"Bless my heart, what doings!—what roasting and boiling!—and what tribes of beggars and *shulers*,² and vagabonds of all sorts and sizes, were sunning themselves about the doors—wishing us a thousand times long life and happiness. There was a fiddler and piper; the piper was to stop in my father-in-law's while we were going to be married, to keep the neighbors that were met there shaking their toes while we were at the priest's, and the fiddler was to come with ourselves, in order, you know, to have a dance at the priest's house, and to play for us coming and going; for there's nothing like a taste of music when one's on for sport.

"We were now all in motion once more—the bride riding behind my man, and the bridesmaid behind myself—a fine, bouncing girl she was, but not to be mentioned in the one year with my darlin'—in throth, it wouldn't be aisy getting such a couple as we were the same day, though it's myself that says it. Mary, dressed in a black castor hat, like a man's, a white muslin coat, with a scarlet silk handkercher about her neck, with a silver buckle and a blue ribbon, for luck, round her waist; her fine hair wasn't turned up, at all at all, but hung down in beautiful curls on her shoulders; her eyes you would think were all light; her lips as plump and as ripe as cherries—and maybe it's myself that wasn't to that time of day without tasting them anyhow: and her teeth, so even, and as white as a burned bone. The day bate all for beauty; I don't know whether it was from the lightness of my own spirit it came,

¹ *Slewesthering*, flattering speech.

² *Shulers*, tramps.

but I think that such a day I never saw from that to this: indeed, I thought everything was dancing and smiling about me, and sartainly every one said that such a couple hadn't been married, nor such a wedding seen in the parish, for many a long year before.

“All the time, as we went along, we had the music; but then at first we were mightily puzzled what to do with the fiddler; to put him as a hind rider it would prevent him from playing, bekase how could he keep the fiddle before him, and another so close to him? To put him foremost was as bad, for he couldn't play and hould the bridle together; so at last my uncle proposed that he should get behind himself, turn his face to the horse's tail, and saw away like a Trojan.

“It might be about four miles or so to the priest's house, and, as the day was fine, we got on gloriously. One thing, however, became troublesome; you see there was a cursed set of ups and downs on the road, and as the riding *coutrements* were so bad with a great many of the weddiners, those that had no saddles, going down steep places, would work onward bit by bit, in spite of all they could do, till they'd be fairly on the horse's neck, and the women behind them would be on the animal's shoulders; and it required nice managing to balance themselves, for they might as well sit on the edge of a dale board. Many of them got tosses this way, though it all passed in good humor. But no two among the whole set were more puzzled by this than my uncle and the fiddler—I think I see my uncle this minute with his knees sticking into the horse's shoulders and his two hands upon his neck, keeping himself back, and the fiddler, with his heels away towards the horse's tail, and he stretched back against my uncle, for all the world like two bricks laid against one another, and one of them falling. 'T was the same thing going up a hill; whoever was behind would be hanging over the horse's tail, with one arm about the fore-rider's neck or body, and the other houlding the baste by the mane, to keep them both from sliding off backwards. Many a come-down there was among them, but as I said, it was all in good humor; and accordingly, as regularly as they fell they were sure to get a cheer.

“When we got to the priest's house there was a hearty

welcome for us all. The bride and I with our next kindred and friends went into the parlor; along with these there was a set of young fellows who had been bachelors of the bride's, that got in with the intention of getting the first kiss, and, in coorse, of bating myself out of it. I got a whisper of this; so, by my song, I was determined to cut them all out in that, so well as I did in getting herself; but, you know, I couldn't be angry, even if they had got the foreway of me in it, bekase it's an old custom. While the priest was going over the business, I kept my eye about me, and, sure enough, there were seven or eight fellows all waiting to snap at her. When the ceremony drew near a close, I got up on one leg, so that I could bounce to my feet like lightning, and when it was finished, I got her in my arm before you could say Jack Robinson, and swinging her behind the priest, gave her the husband's first kiss. The next minute there was a rush after her; but, as I had got the first, it was but fair that they should come in according as they could, I thought, bekase, you know, it was all in the coorse of practise; but, hould, there were two words to be said to that, for what does Father Dollard do, but shoves them off—and a fine stout shoulder he had—shoves them off like children, and goin' up to Mary, gives her a fine smack on the cheek—oh, consuming to it, but he did—mine was only a cracker compared to it. The rest, then, all kissed her, one after another, according as they could come in to get one. We then went straight to his reverence's barn, which had been cleared out for us the day before by his own directions, where we danced for an hour or two, and his reverence and his curate along with us.

“When this was over we mounted again, the fiddler taking his ould situation behind my uncle. You know it is usual, after getting the knot tied, to go to a public-house or shebeen, to get some refreshments after the journey; so, accordingly, we went to little lame Larry Spooney's, but the tithe of us couldn't get into it; so we sot on the green before the door, and, by my song, we drank dacently with *him* anyhow; and, only for my uncle, it's odds but we would have been all fuddled.

“It was now that I began to notish a kind of coolness between my party and the bride's, and for some time I

didn't know what to make of it. I wasn't long so, however; for my uncle, who still had his eyes about him, comes over to me and says, 'Shane, I doubt there will be bad work amongst these people, particularly betwixt the Dorans and the Flanagans—the truth is that the old business of the lawshoot will break out, and except they're kept from drink, take my word for it, there will be blood spilled. The running for the bottle will be a good excuse,' says he, 'so I think we had better move home before they go too far in the drink.'

"Well, anyway, there was truth in this; so, accordingly, the reckoning was *ped*, and as this was the thrate of the weddiners to the bride and bridegroom, every one of the men clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls anything. I never laughed so much in one day as I did in that, and I can't help laughing at it yet. When we all got on the top of our horses, and sich other iligant cattle as we had—the crowning of a king was nothing to it. We were now purty well, I thank you, as to liquor; and as the knot was tied, and all safe, there was no end to our good spirits; so, when we took the road, the men were in high blood, particularly Billy Cormick, the tailor, who had a pair of long cavaldry spurs upon him, that he was scarcely able to walk in—and he not more nor four feet high.

"There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint for winning the bottle; and when one horseman would cross another, striving to have the whip hand of him when they'd set off, why, you see, his horse would get a cut of the whip itself for his pains. My uncle and I, however, did all we could to pacify them; and their own bad horsemanship, and the screeching of the women, prevented any strokes at that time. Some of them were ripping up ould sores against one another as they went along; others, particularly the youngsters, with their sweethearts behind them, coorting away for the life of them, and some might be heard miles off, singing and laughing: and you may be sure the fiddler behind my uncle wasn't idle no more nor another. In this way we dashed on gloriously, till we came in sight of the Dumbhill, where we were to start for the bottle. And now you might see the men fixing themselves on their saddles, sacks, and suggawns; and the women tying kerchiefs and shawls about their caps and bon-

nets, to keep them from flying off, and then gripping their fore-riders hard and fast by the bosoms. When we got to the Dumbhill, there were five or six fellows that didn't come with us to the priest's, but met us with cudgels in their hands, to prevent any of them from starting before the others, and to show fair play.

"Well, when they were all in a lump—horses, mules, and asses—some, as I said, with saddles, some with none; and all just as I tould you before—the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest; and devil be off me, if ever I saw such another sight but itself before or since. Off they skelped through thick and thin, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us; but it was a mercy that the life wasn't trampled out of some of us; for before we had gone fifty perches, the one-third of them were sprawling atop of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left—sometimes bringing the horse-men with them; and many of the boys getting black eyes and bloody noses on the stones. Some of them, being half-blind with the motion and the whisky, turned off the wrong way, and galloped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd; and it wasn't till they cooled a bit that they found out their mistake.

"But the best sport of all was when they came to the Lazy Corner, just at Jack Gallagher's pond, where the water came out a good way across the road; being in such a flight, they either forgot or didn't know how to turn the angle properly, and plash went above thirty of them, coming down right on the top of one another, souse in the pool. By this time there was about a dozen of the best horse-men a good distance before the rest, cutting one another up for the bottle: among these were the Dorans and Flanagans, but they, you see, wisely enough, dropped their women at the beginning, and only rode single. I myself didn't mind the bottle, but kept close to Mary, for fraid that, among sich a divil's pack of half-mad fellows, anything might happen her. At any rate, I was next the first batch; but where do you think the tailor was all this time? Why, away off like lightning, miles before them—flying like a swallow: and how he kept his sate so long has puzzled me from that day to this; but, anyhow, truth's best—there he was topping the hill ever so far before them. After all,

the unlucky crathur nearly missed the bottle; for when he turned to the bride's house, instead of pulling up as he ought to do—why, to show his horsemanship to the crowd that was looking at them, he should begin to cut up the horse right and left, until he made him take the garden ditch in full flight, landing him among the cabbages. About four yards or five from the spot where the horse lodged himself was a well, and a purty deep one too, by my word; but not a sowl present could tell what become of the tailor, until Owen Smith chanced to look into the well, and saw his long spurs just above the water; so he was pulled up in a purty pickle, not worth the washing; but what did he care?—although he had a small body, the sorra wan of him but had a sowl big enough for Goliath or Sampson the Great.

“As soon as he got his eyes clear, right or wrong he insisted on getting the bottle; but he was late, poor fellow, for before he got out of the garden, two of them cums up—Paddy Doran and Peter Flanagan, cutting one another to pieces, and not the length of your nail between them. Well, well, that was a terrible day, sure enough. In the twinkling of an eye they were both off the horses, the blood streaming from their bare heads, struggling to take the bottle from my father, who didn't know which of them to give it to. He knew if he'd hand it to one, the other would take offense, and then he was in a great puzzle, striving to reason with them; but long Paddy Doran caught it while he was spaking to Flanagan, and the next instant Flanagan measured him with a heavy loaded whip, and left him stretched upon the stones. And now the work began; for by this time the friends of both parties came up and joined them. Such knocking down, such roaring among the men, and screeching and clapping of hands and wiping of heads among the women, when a brother, or a son, or a husband would get his gruel. Indeed, out of a fair, I never saw anything to come up to it. But during all this work, the busiest man among the whole set was the tailor, and what was worse of all for the poor crathur, he should single himself out against both parties, bekase, you see, he thought they were cutting him out of his right to the bottle.

“They had now broken up the garden gate for weapons, all except one of the posts, and fought into the garden;

when nothing should sarve Billy but to take up the large heavy post, as if he could destroy the whole faction on each side. Accordingly he came up to big Matthew Flanagan, and was rising it just as if he 'd fell him, when Matt, catching him by the nape of the neck and the waistband of the breeches, went over very quietly, and dropped him a second time, heels up, into the well, where he might have been yet, only for my mother-in-law, who dragged him out with a great deal to do: for the well was too narrow to give him room to turn.

“As for myself and all my friends, as it happened to be my own wedding, and at our own place, we couldn't take part with either of them; but we endeavored all in our power to pacify them, and a tough task we had of it, until we saw a pair of whips going hard and fast among them, belonging to Father Corrigan and Father James, his curate. Well, it's wonderful how soon a priest can clear up a quarrel! In five minutes there wasn't a hand up—instead of that they were ready to run into mouse-holes.

“‘What, you ruffianly blackguards and murderers,’ says his reverence; ‘are you bint to have each other's blood upon your heads?—are you going to get yourselves hanged like sheep-stalers? Down with your sticks this very minute, I command you! Do you know—will ye give yourselves time to see who's spaking to you—you bloodthirsty set of vagabonds? I command you, in the name of the Catholic Church and the Blessed Virgin Mary, to stop this instant, if you don't want me,’ says he, ‘to make examples of the whole of you. Doran, if you rise your hand more, I'll strike it dead on your body, and to your mouth you'll never carry it while you have breath in your carcass. Pretty respect you have for the decent couple in whose house you have kicked up such a hubbub! Is this the way people are to be deprived of their dinners on your accounts, you fungaleering thieves!’

“‘Why, then, plase your reverence, by the—hem—I say, Father Corrigan, it wasn't my fault, but that villain Flanagan's, for he knows I fairly won the bottle—and would have distanced him, only that when I was far before him, the vagabone, he galloped acrass me on the way, thinking to thrip up the horse.’

“‘You lying scoundrel,’ says the priest, ‘how dare you

tell me a falsity,' says he, 'to my face? How could he gallop across you if you were far before him? Not a word more, or I'll leave you without a mouth to your face, which will be a double share of provision and bacon saved anyway. And Flanagan, *you* were as much to blame as he, and must be chastised for your raggamuffinly conduct,' says he, 'and so must you both, and all your party, particularly you and he, as the ringleaders. Right well I know it's the grudge upon the lawshoot you had, and not the bottle, that occasioned it; but, by St. Pether, to Loughderg both of you must tramp for this.'

"'Ay, and by St. Pether, they both deserve it as well as a thief does the gallows,' said a little blustering voice belonging to the tailor, who came forward in a terrible passion, looking for all the world like a drowned rat. 'Ho, by St. Pether, they do, the vagabones; for it was myself that won the bottle, your reverence; and by this and by that,' says he, 'the bottle I'll have, or some of their crowns will crack for it.'

"'Why, Billy, are you here?' says Father Corrigan, smiling down upon the figure the fellow cut, with his long spurs and his big whip—'what in the world tempted *you* to get on horseback, Billy?'

"'By the powers, I was miles before them,' says Billy; 'and after this day, your reverence, let no man say that I couldn't ride a steplechase across Crocknagooran.'

"'Why, Billy, how did you stick on, at all at all?' says his reverence.

"'How do I know how I stuck on,' says Billy, 'nor whether I stuck on at all or not? All I know is, that I was on horseback before leaving the Dumbhill, and that I found them pulling me by the heels out of the well in the corner of the garden, and that, your reverence, when the first was only topping the hill there below, as Lanty Magowran tells me, who was looking on.'

"'Well, Billy,' says Father Corrigan, 'you must get the bottle; and as for you, Dorans and Flanagans, I'll make examples of you for this day's work—that you may reckon on. You are a disgrace to the parish, and what's more, a disgrace to your priest. How can luck or grace attend the marriage of any young couple that there's such work at? Before you leave this, you must all shake hands, and

promise never to quarrel with each other while grass grows or water runs; and if you don't, by the blessed St. Dominick, I'll *exkimnicate* ye both, and all belonging to you into the bargain; so that ye 'll be the pitiful examples and shows to all that look upon you.'

" 'Well, well, your reverence,' says my father-in-law, 'let all by-gones be by-gones; and, please God, they will before they go be better friends than ever they were. Go now and clane yourselves, take the blood from about your faces, for the dinner 's ready an hour agone; but if you all respect the place you 're in, you 'll show it, in regard of the young crathurs that 's going, in the name of God, to face the world together, and of coorse wishes that this day at laste should pass in pace and quietness: little did I think there was any friend or neighbor here that would make so little of the place or people, as was done for nothing at all, in the face of the country.'

" 'God he sees,' says my mother-in-law, 'that there 's them here this day we didn't deserve this from, to rise such a *norratio*n, as if the house was a shebeen or a public-house. It 's myself didn't think either me or my poor colleen here, not to mention the dacent people she 's joined to, would be made so little of, as to have our place turned into a play-acthur—for a play-acthur couldn't be worse.'

" 'Well,' says my uncle, 'there 's no help for spilt milk, I tell you, nor for spilt blood either; tare-an'ouny, sure we 're all Irishmen, relations, and Catholics through other, and we oughtn't to be this way. Come away to dinner—by the powers, we 'll duck the first man that says a loud word for the remainder of the day. Come, Father Corri-gan, and carve the goose, or the geese, for us—for, by my sannies, I b'leeve there 's a baker's dozen of them; but we 've plenty of *Latin* for them, and your reverence and Father James here understands that langidge, anyhow—larned enough there, I think, gintlemen.'

" 'That 's right, Brian,' shouts the tailor—'that 's right; there must be no fighting: by the powers, the first man attempts it, I 'll brain him—fell him to the earth, like an ox, if all belonging to him was in my way.'

" This threat from the tailor went farther, I think, in putting them into good humor nor even what the priest said. They then washed and claned themselves, and ac-

cordingly went to their dinners. Billy himself marched with his terrible whip in his hand, and his long cavalry spurs sticking near ten inches behind him, dragged to the tail like a bantling-cock after a shower."

"I suppose," said Andy Morrow, "you had a famous dinner, Shane?"

"'Tis you that may say that, Mr. Morrow," replied Shane; "but the house, you see, wasn't able to hould one half of us; so there was a dozen or two tables borrowed from the neighbors, and laid one after another in two rows, on the green, beside the river that ran along the garden hedge, side by side. At one end Father Corrigan sat, with Mary and myself, and Father James at the other. There were three five-gallon kegs of whisky, and I ordered my brother to take charge of them, and there he sat beside them, and filled the bottles as they were wanted, bekase, if he had left that job to strangers, many a spalpeen there would make away with lots of it. Mavrone, such a sight as the dinner was! I didn't lay my eye on the fellow of it since, sure enough, and I'm now an ould man, though I was then a young one. Why, there was a pudding boiled in the end of a sack; and, troth, it was a thumper, only for the straws; for you see, when they were making it they had to draw long straws acrass in order to keep it from falling asunder: a fine plan it is, too. Jack M'Kenna, the carpenter, carved it with a hand-saw, and if he didn't curse the same straws, I'm not here. 'Draw them out, Jack,' said Father Corrigan, 'draw them out. It's asy known, Jack, you never ate a polite dinner, you poor awkward spalpeen, or you'd have pulled out the straws the first thing you did, man alive.' Such lashins of corned beef, and rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, and bacon—turkeys, and geese, and barn-door fowls, young and fat. They may talk as they will, but commend me to a piece of good ould bacon, ate with crock butther, and phaties, and cabbage. Sure enough they leathered away at everything, but this and the pudding were the favorites. Father Corrigan gave up the carving in less than no time, for it would take him half a day to sarve them all, and he wanted to provide for number one. After helping himself, he set my uncle to it, and maybe he didn't slash away right and left. There was half-a-dozen gorsoons carrying about the beer

in cans, with froth upon it like barm—but that was beer in arnest, Nancy—I ’ll say no more.

“ ‘Well, Matthew Finigan,’ says Father Corrigan, ‘I can’t say but I ’m happy that your *colleen bawn*¹ here has lit upon a husband that ’s no discredit to the family—and it is herself didn’t drive her pigs to a bad market,’ says he. ‘Why, in throth, Father, avourneen,’ says my mother-in-law, ‘they ’d be hard to plase that couldn’t be satisfied with them she got; not saying but she had her pick and choice of many a good offer, and might have got richer matches; but Shane Fadh M’Cawell, although you ’re sitting there beside my daughter, I ’m prouder to see you on my own flure, the husband of my child, nor if she ’d got a man with four times your substance.’

“ ‘Never heed the girls for knowing where to choose,’ says his reverence, sliily enough; ‘but, upon my word, only she gave us all the slip, to tell the truth, I had another husband than Shane in my eye for her, and that was my own nevvyy, Father James’s brother here.’

“ ‘And I ’d be proud of the connection,’ says my father-in-law; ‘but, you see, these girls won’t look much to what you or I ’ll say, in choosing a husband for themselves. How-and-iver, not making little of your nevvyy, Father Michael, I say he ’s not to be compared with that same bouchal sitting beside Mary there.’ ‘No, nor by the powdhers-o’-war, never will,’ says Billy Cormick the tailor, who had come over and slipped in on the other side, betune Father Corrigan and the bride—‘by the powdhers-o’-war, he ’ll never be fit to be compared with me, I tell you, till yesterday comes back again.’

“ ‘Why, Billy,’ says the priest, ‘you ’re in every place.’ ‘But where I ought to be!’ says Billy; ‘and that ’s hard and fast tackled to Mary Bawn, the bride here, instead of that steeple of a fellow she has got,’ says the little cock.

“ ‘Billy, I thought you were married,’ said Father Corrigan.

“ ‘Not I, your reverence,’ says Billy; ‘but I ’ll soon do something, Father Michael;—I have been threatened this long time, but I ’ll do it at last.’

“ ‘He ’s not exactly married, sir,’ says my uncle;

¹ *Colleen bawn*, fair girl.

‘there’s a colleen present’ (looking at the bridesmaid) ‘that will soon have his name upon her.’

“‘Very good, Billy,’ says the priest, ‘I hope you will give us a rousing wedding—equal, at least, to Shane Fadh’s.’

“‘Why, then, your reverence, except I get such a darling as Molly Bawn here—but, upon second thoughts, I don’t like marriage, anyway,’ said Billy, winking against the priest—‘I’ll lade such a life as your reverence; and, by the powdhers, it’s a thousand pities that I wasn’t made into a priest instead of a tailor; for, you see, if I had,’ says he, giving a verse of an old song:—

“‘For, you see, if I had,
It’s I’d be the lad
That would show all the people such larning;
And when they’d go wrong,
Why, instead of a song,
I’d give them a lump of a sarmin.’”

“‘Billy,’ says my father-in-law, ‘why don’t you make a hearty dinner, man alive? Go back to your sate and finish your male—you’re aiting nothing to signify.’ ‘Me!’ says Billy; ‘why, I’d scorn to ate a hearty dinner; and I’d have you to know, Matt Finigan, that it wasn’t for the sake of your dinner I came here, but in regard to your family, and bekase I wished him well that’s sitting beside your daughter; and it ill becomes your father’s son to cast up your dinner in my face, or any one of my family; but a blessed minute longer I’ll not stay among you.’

“‘But, Billy,’ says I, ‘sure it was all out of kindness; he didn’t mane to offind you.’

“‘It’s no matter,’ says Billy beginning to cry; ‘he *did* offind me; and it’s low days with me to bear an affront from him, or the likes of him; but by the powdhers-o’-war,’ says he, getting into a great rage, ‘I *won’t* bear it—only as you’re an old man yourself, I’ll not rise my hand to you; but let any man now that has the heart to take up your quarrel, come out and stand before me on the sod here.’

“Well, you’d tie all that were present with three straws, to see Billy stripping himself, and his two wrists not thicker than drumsticks.

“By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs, and the dancing. The dinner had been

cleared off, and the dacentest of us went into the house for awhile, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest stayed on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the counthry people, so that in a short time there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure, to get unasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folks; so, at last, out we slipped, and a few other dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe along with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the *Humors of Glynn*.

“Well, it’s no matter—it’s all past now, and she lies low; but I may say that it wasn’t very often danced in better style since, I’d wager. Lord bless us!—what a drame the world is! The darling of my heart you war, avourneen machree. I think I see her with the modest smile upon her face, straight and fair and beautiful, and when the dance was over, how she stood leaning upon me, and my heart within melting to her and the look she’d give into my eyes, and my heart, too, as much as to say, this is the happy day with me; and the blush still would fly across her face, when I’d press her, unknownst to the bystanders, against my beating heart. *A swilish machree*,¹ she is now gone from me—lies low, and it all appears like a drame to me; but God’s will be done!—sure she’s happy now!

“In this way we passed the time till the evening came on, except that Mary and the bridesmaids were sent for to dance with the priests, who were within at the punch, in all their glory. I and my man, on seeing this, were for staying with the company; but my mother, who ’t was that came for them, says ‘Never mind the boys, Shane; come in with the girls, I say. You are just wanted at the present time, both of you; follow me for an hour or two, till their reverences within have a bit of a dance with the girls in the back-room—we don’t want to gather a crowd about them.’ Well, we went in, sure enough, for a while; but, I don’t know how it was, I didn’t at all feel comfortable with the priests; for, you see, I’d rather sport my day with the boys and girls upon the green: so I gives Jack the wink, and in we went, when, behold you, there was Father Cor-

¹ *A swilish machree*, light of my heart.

rigan planted upon the side of a *settle*, Mary along with him, both waiting till they'd have a fling of a dance together, whilst the curate was capering on the flure before the bridesmaid, who was a purty dark-haired girl, to the tune of 'Kiss my Lady,' and the friar planted between my mother and mother-in-law, one of his legs stretched out on a chair, he singing some funny song or other that brought the tears to their eyes with laughing.

"Whilst Father James was dancing with the bridesmaid, I gave Mary the wink to come away from Father Corrigan, wishing, as I tould you, to get out amongst the youngsters once more; and Mary herself, to tell the truth, although he was the priest, was very willing to do so. I went over to her, and says, 'Mary, asthore, there's a friend without that wishes to spake to you.'

"'Well,' says Father Corrigan, 'tell that friend that she's better employed, and that they must wait, whoever they are. I'm giving your wife, Shane,' says he, 'a little good advice that she won't be the worse for, and she can't go now.'

"Mary, in the meantime, had got up, and was coming away, when his reverence wanted her to stay till they'd finish their dance. 'Father Corrigan,' says she, 'let me go now, sir, if you plase, for they would think it bad threatment of me not to go out to them.'

"'Throth, and you'll do no such thing, acushla,' says he, spaking so sweet to her; 'let them come in if they want you. Shane,' says his reverence, winking at me, and spaking in a whisper, 'stay here, you and the girls, till we take a hate at the dancing—don't you know that the ould women here and me will have to talk over some things about the fortune? You'll maybe get more nor you expect. Here, Molshy,' says he to my mother-in-law, 'don't let the youngsters out of this.'

"'Musha, Shane, ahagur,' says the ould woman, 'why will yees go and lave the place? Sure you needn't be dashed before them—they'll dance themselves.'

"Accordingly we stayed in the room; but just on the word, Mary gives one spring away, laving his reverence by himself on the settle. 'Come away,' says she, 'lave them there and let's go to where I can have a dance with yourself, Shane.'

“Well, I always loved Mary, but at that minute, if it would save her, I think I could spill my heart’s blood for her. ‘Mary,’ says I, full to the throath, ‘Mary, acushla agus asthore machree,¹ I could lose my life for you.’

“She looked in my face, and the tears came into her eyes. ‘Shane, achora,’ says she, ‘amn’t I *your happy* girl at last?’ She was leaning over against my breast; and what answer do you think I made?—I pressed her to my heart; I did more—I took off my hat, and, looking up to God, I thanked Him with tears in my eyes for giving me such a treasure. ‘Well, come now,’ says she, ‘to the green’; so we went—and it’s she that was the girl, when she did go among them, that threw them all into the dark for beauty and figure: as fair as a lily itself did she look—so tall and iligant that you wouldn’t think she was a farmer’s daughter at all.

“When we had danced an hour or so, them that the family had the greatest regard for were brought in, unknownst to the rest, to drink tay. Mary planted herself beside me, and would sit nowhere else. It was now that the bride’s cake was got. Ould Sonsy Mary marched over, and putting the bride on her feet, got up on a chair, and broke it over her head, giving round a big slice of it to every person in the house. After tay the ould folk got full of talk, and the youngsters danced round them. The tailor had got drunk a little too early, and had to be put to bed, but he was now as fresh as ever, and able to dance a hornpipe, which he did on a door. The Dorans and the Flanagans had got quite thick after drubbing one another—Ned Doran began his coortship with Alley Flanagan on that day, and they were married soon after, so that the two factions joined, and never had another battle.

“The night was falling when my uncle, running in in a great hurry, cries out: ‘Keep yourselves quiet a little; here’s the squire and Master Francis coming over to fulfil their promise; he would have come up airlier, he says, but that he was away all day at the ‘sizes.’

“In a minute or two they came in, and we all rose up of coorse to welcome them. The squire shuck hands with the ould people, and afterwards with Mary and myself, wishing us all happiness—then with the two clergymen, and

¹ *Acushla*, . . . *machree*, pulse and treasure of my heart.

introduced Master Frank to them. He took a sate and looked on, while they were dancing, with a smile of good-humor on his face—while they, all the time, would give new touches and trebles, to show off all their steps before him. He was landlord both to my father and father-in-law; and it's he that was the good man, and the gintleman, every inch of him.

“When he sat awhile, my mother-in-law came over with a glass of nice punch, that she had mixed, and making a low curtsy, begged pardon for using such freedom with his honor, but hoped that he would just taste a little to the happiness of the young couple. He then drank our healths, and shuck hands with us both a second time, saying—although I can't, at all at all, give it in anything like his own words—‘I am glad,’ says he, to Mary's parents, ‘that your daughter has made such a good choice’—throth, he did—the Lord be merciful to his sowl—‘such a prudent choice; and I congr—con—grathulate you,’ says he to my father, ‘on your connection with so industrious and respectable a family. You are now beginning the world for yourselves,’ says he to Mary and me, ‘and I cannot propose a better example to you both than that of your respective parents. From this forrid,’ says he, ‘I'm to considher you my tenants; and I wish to take this opportunity of informing you both that should you act up to the opinion I entertain of you, by an attentive coorse of industry and good management, you will find in me an encouraging and indulgent landlord. I know, Shane,’ says he to me, smiling, a little knowingly enough too, ‘that you have been a little wild or so, but that's past, I trust. You have now serious duties to perform, which you cannot neglect—but you will not neglect them; and be assured, I say again, that I shall feel pleasure in rendhering you every assistance in my power in the cultivation and improvement of your farm.’ ‘Go over, both of you,’ says my father, ‘and thank his honor, and promise to do everything he says.’ Accordingly, we did so; I made my scrape as well as I could, and Mary blushed to the eyes, and dropped her curtsy.

“Father Corrigan now appeared to be getting sleepy. While this was going on, I looked about me, but couldn't see Mary. The tailor was just beginning to get a little

hearty once more. Supper was talked of, but there was no one that could ate anything. The clergy now got their horses, and soon departed.

“After they went, Mary threw the stocking—all the unmarried folks coming in the dark to see who it would hit. Bless my sowl, but she was the droll Mary—for what did she do, only put a big brogue of her father’s into it, that was near two pounds weight; and who should it hit on the bare sponce but Billy Cormick, the tailor—who thought he was fairly shot, for it leveled the crathur at once; though that wasn’t hard to do, anyhow.

“This was the last ceremony: and Billy was well contented to get the knock, for you all know whoever the stocking strikes upon is to be married first. After this, my mother and mother-in-law set them to the dancing—an’ ’t was themselves that kept it up till long after daylight the next morning;—but first they called me into the next room, where Mary was: and—and so ends my wedding.”

CONDY CULLEN AND THE GAUGER.

Young Condy Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and, of course, exhibited in his own person all the practical wit, sagacity, cunning, and fertility of invention, which the natural genius of the family, sharpened by long experience, had created from generation to generation, as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarcely a trick, evasion, plot, scheme, or maneuver that had ever been resorted to by his ancestors, that Condy had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of sixteen at the time we present him to the reader, yet be it observed that he had his mind, even at that age, admirably trained, by four or five years of keen, vigorous practice, in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance and stealthy circumvention of that prowling animal—a gauger. In fact, Condy’s talents did not merely consist of an acquaintance with the hereditary tricks of his family. These, of themselves, would prove but a miserable defense against the ever-varying ingenuity with which the progressive skill of

the still-hunter masks his approaches and conducts his designs. On the contrary, every new plan of the gauger must be met and defeated by a counter-plan equally novel, but with this difference in the character of both, that whereas the exciseman's devices are the result of mature deliberation, Paddy's, from the very nature of the circumstances, must be necessarily extemporaneous and rapid. The hostility between the parties, being, as it is, carried on through such varied stratagem on both sides, and characterized by such adroit and able duplicity, by so many quick and unexpected turns of incident—it would be utter fatuity in either to rely upon obsolete tricks and stale maneuvers. Their relative position and occupation do not, therefore, merely exhibit a contest between Law and that mountain nymph, Liberty, or between the Excise Board and the smuggler—it presents a more interesting point for observation, namely, the struggle between mind and mind, between wit and wit, between roguery and knavery.

It might be very amusing to detail, from time to time, a few of those keen encounters of practical cunning which take place between the poteen distiller and his lynx-eyed foe, the gauger. They are curious, as throwing light upon the national character of our people, and as evidence of the surprising readiness of wit, fertility of invention, and irresistible humor which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character of the peasant in all its fullness rises in proportion to what he is called upon to encounter, and that the laugh at, or the hoax upon, the gauger keeps pace with the difficulty that is overcome. But now to our short story.

Two men, in the garb of gentlemen, were riding along a remote by-road, one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or '28, I am not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing; a hoar frost for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our equestrians had nearly reached a turn in the way, which, we should ob-

serve in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope rather than a declivity; but be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad not more than sixteen jogging on towards them with a keg upon his back. The eye of one of them was immediately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity which marks the practiced gauger among ten thousand. For a single moment he drew up his horse—an action which, however slight in itself, intimated more plainly than he could have wished the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it than he crossed the ditch and disappeared round the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the ditch also, and pursue him, was only the work of a few minutes.

“We have him,” said the gauger, “we have him—one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us.”

“Speak for yourself, Stinton,” replied his companion; “as for me, not being an officer of his majesty’s excise, I decline taking any part in the pursuit; it is a fair battle, so fight it out between you—I am with you now only through curiosity.” He had scarcely concluded, when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension:

“Oh! Jemmy, she sez, you are my true lover,
You are all the riches that I do adore;
I solemnly swear now, I’ll ne’er have anoder,
My heart it is fixed to never love more.”

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with gray frieze, who, on seeing them, exhibited in his features a most ingenuous air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindness and deference:

“God save ye, gintlemen.”

“I say, my lad,” said the gauger, “where is that customer with the keg on his back?—he crossed over there this moment.”

“When?—where, sir?” said the lad, with a stare of surprise.

“Where?—when?—why, this minute, and in this place.”

“And was it a whisky keg, sir?”

“Sir, I am not here to be examined by you,” replied Stinton; “confound me, if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already. I say, redcoat, where is the boy with the keg?”

“As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had—hadn’t he a gray frieze coat, sir?”

“He had.”

“And wasn’t it a *dauny*¹ bit short about the skirts, plase your honor?”

“Again he’s at me. Sirrah, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!”

“The sorra keg I seen, then, sir; the last keg I seen was——”

“Did you see a boy without a keg, answering to the description I gave you?”

“You gave no description of it, sir; but even if you did, when I didn’t see it, how can I tell your honor anything about it?”

“Where is the fellow, you villain,” exclaimed the gauger, in a fury—“where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as for the keg, it cannot be far from us; but where is he?”

“’Dad, I saw a boy, with a short frieze coat upon him, crassing the road there below, and runnin’ down the other side of that ditch.”

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question, which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran down along a lea field, on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub.

The gauger looked at his companion, then turning to the boy—“Come, come, my lad,” said he, “you know that lie is rather cool. Don’t you feel in your soul that a rat

¹ *Dauny*, small.

could not have gone in that direction without our seeing it?"

"Bedad, an' I saw him," returned the lad, "wid a gray coat upon him, that was a little too short in the tail; it's better than half an hour ago."

"The boy I speak of you must have met," said Stinton; "it's not five minutes—no, not more than three—since he came inside the field."

"That my feet may grow to the ground, then, if I seen a boy, in or about this place, widin that time, barrin' myself."

The gauger eyed him closely for a short space, and pulling out half-a-crown, said: "Harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue the worthy exciseman observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him that, in defiance of appearances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was too short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and his keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open, artless character of the boy's song; the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle; the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and, with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed him half-a-crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approached him, as if it had been a bait he could not resist—a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he seized him.

"Come, now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "you will oblige me by stripping."

"And why so?" said the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curiosity, perplexity, and wonder.

"Why so?" replied Stinton; "we shall see—we shall soon see."

"Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me?" said the other, his features now relaxing into an appearance of such utter simplicity as would have made any other man but a gauger give up the examination as hopeless, and exonerate the boy from any participation whatsoever in the transaction.

"No, no," replied the gauger; "by no means, you young rascal. See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion—"the keg, my precious," again turning to the lad. "Oh! no, no, it would be cruel to suspect you of anything but the purest simplicity."

"Look here, Cartwright,"—having stripped the boy of his coat and turned it inside out, "there's a coat—there's thrift—there's economy for you. Come, sir, tuck on, tuck on instantly; here, I shall assist you—up with your arms, straighten your neck; it will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you now, Cartwright? Did you ever see a metamorphosis in your life so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree, on seeing the red coat, when turned, become a comfortable gray frieze; one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognized him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction, arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humor, might be supposed to feel. The gauger in sifting the matter, and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condy (for it was, indeed, himself) furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again, "lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"The sorra bit of it I hid—it fell aff o' me, an' I lost it; sure I'm lookin' afther it myself, so I am;" and he moved over while speaking, as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it.

"Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you ever see any-

thing so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal?—you don't understand him now. Here, you simpleton: harkee, sirrah, there must be no playing the lapwing with me; back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes from this spot is the wrong one; so back here, you, sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces."

The boy walked sheepishly back, and appeared to look about him for the keg, with a kind of earnest stupidity which was altogether inimitable.

"I say, my boy," asked Stinton, ironically, "don't you look rather foolish now? Can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can," replied Condy, holding up his left, "there's my right hand."

"And what do you call the other?" said Cartwright.

"My left, bedad, anyhow, an' that's true enough."

Both gentlemen laughed heartily.

"But it's carrying the thing a little *too far*," said the gauger; "in the meantime let us hear how you prove it."

"Aisy enough, sir," replied Condy, "bekase I am left-handed; this," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me, whatever you may say to the contrary."

Condy's countenance expanded, after he had spoken, into a grin so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm, that Stinton and his companion both found their faces, in spite of them, get rather blank under its influences.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the gauger, "are we to be here all day? Come, sir, bring us at once to the keg."

He was here interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long, and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement. "Hey, dey," he exclaimed, "what's the matter, what's the matter; what new joke is this?"

For some minutes, however, he could not get a word from the other, whose laughter appeared as if never to end; he walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together with a vehemence quite unintelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other; "confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick; perfectly feeble."

“You have it to yourself, at all events,” observed Stinton.

“And shall keep it to myself,” said Cartwright; “for, if your sagacity is overreached, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won’t interfere.”

Now, in this contest between the gauger and Condy, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton. Condy, during the whole dialogue, consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark, barely visible, upon the hoar-frost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a stanch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was, that Condy, having no other resource, trundled it off towards the furze, into which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and, with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such rencounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner, as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they never could have suspected that the whisky lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy’s face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as rueful and mortified as the other’s was joyous and confident.

“Who’s sharpest now, my knowing one?” said he. “Whom is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?”

“The sorra give you good of it,” said Condy, sulkily.

“What is your name?” inquired Stinton.

“Barney Keerigan’s my name,” replied the other, indignantly; “and I’m not ashamed of it, nor afeard to tell it to you or any man.”

“What, of the Keerigans of Killoghan?”

“Ay, jist, of the Keerigans of Killoghan.”

“I know the family,” said Stinton; “they are decent *in their way*;—but, come, my lad, don’t lose your temper, and answer me another question. Where were you bringing this whisky?”

“To a better man than ever stud in your shoes,” replied Condy, in a tone of absolute defiance—“to a gintleman, anyway,” with a peculiar emphasis on the word gintleman.

“But what’s his name?”

“Mr. Stinton’s his name—Gauger Stinton.”

The shrewd exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condy for upwards of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condy, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never winced, but appeared, by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

“Well, my lad,” he continued, “that is very good so far; but who sent the keg to Stinton?”

“Do you think,” said Condy, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger, for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him, “do you think you can make me turn informer? There’s none of *that* blood in me, thank goodness.”

“Do you know Stinton?”

“How could I know the man I never seen?” replied Condy, still out of temper; “but one thing I don’t know, gintlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whisky or not.”

“As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy; I’m Stinton.”

“You, sir!” said Condy, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to. And now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask to see Miss Stinton; take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be as a token that she is to give you your breakfast; say I desire that keg to be placed to the right of the five gallon one I seized on Thursday last, that stands on a little stillion under my blunderbuss."

"Of coorse," said Condy, who appeared to have misgivings on the matter, "I suppose I must; but somehow—"

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condy still eyed him with suspicion. "And, sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for such a weary trudge as I had wid it but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half-a-crown, "take that along with it, and now be off—or stop, Cartwright, will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg? I'll guarantee its excellence, for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter, that's *entre nous*."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, "say to my daughter that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day—that is enough."

They then mounted their horses, and were proceeding as before, when Cartwright addressed the gauger as follows:

"Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to overreach you yet?"

"No," replied the other; "the young rascal spoke the truth after the discovery of the keg; for he lost his temper, and was no longer cool."

"For my part, hang me if I'd trust him."

"I should scruple to do so myself," replied the gauger, "but, as I said, these Keerigans—notorious illicit fellows, by the way—send me a keg or two every year, and almost about this very time. Besides, I read him to the heart and

he never winced. Yes, decidedly, the whisky was for me; of that I have no doubt whatsoever."

"I most positively would not trust him."

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stinton, "on second thought, to place such confidence in a lad who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back and re-examine him at all events."

Now Condry had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

"Bad cess forever attend you, Stinton, agra," he exclaimed, "for there's surely something *over you*—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind. If the ould boy hadn't his *croubs*¹ hard and fast in you, you wouldn't let me walk away wid the whisky, anyhow. Bedad, it's well I thought o' the Keerigans; for sure enough I did hear Barney say that he was to send a keg in to him this week, some day,—and he didn't think I knew him aither. Faix it's many a long day since I knew the sharp *puss* of him wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me and do up all? And way, I'll prevint them from having suspicion on me, before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him still more thoroughly—so that they found him meeting them.

"Gintlemen," said he, "how do I know that aither of you is Mr. Stinton, or that the house you directed me to is his? I know that if the whisky doesn't go to him I may lave the country."

"You are either a deeper rogue or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton; "but what security can you give us that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton I'd be very glad to lave you the whisky where it is, and even do without my breakfast. Gintlemen, tell me the truth, bekase I'd only be murdered out of the face."

"Why, you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicion both together, "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

¹ *Croubs*, clumsy fingers.

“Bedad, thin, throe enough, I never thought of that at all at all; but I beg your pardon, gintlemen, an’ I hope you won’t be angry wid me, in regard that it’s kilt and quartered I’d be if I let myself be made a fool of by anybody.”

“Do what I desire you,” said the exciseman; “inquire for Mr. Stinton’s house, and you may be sure the whisky will reach him.”

“Thank you, sir. Bedad, I might have thought of that myself.”

This last clause, which was spoken in a soliloquy, would have deceived a saint himself.

“Now,” said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, “are you satisfied?”

“I am at length,” said Cartwright; “if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us—a rogue never wantonly puts himself in the way of danger or detection.”

That evening, about five o’clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others arrived at the house of the worthy gauger, to partake of his good cheer. A cold, frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than the generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg.

“That keg, my dear,” he proceeded, “which the country lad, who brought the key of the cellar, left here to-day.”

“A keg!” repeated the daughter, with surprise.

“Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg; I said so, I think.”

“But, papa, there came no keg here to-day!”

The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

“No keg!” said the gauger.

“No keg!” echoed Cartwright.

“No keg! indeed,” re-echoed Miss Stinton;—“but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five-gallon——”

“Oh!” groaned the gauger, “I’m knocked up, outwitted,—oh!”

“Bought and sold,” added Cartwright.

“Go on,” said the gauger, “I must hear it out.”

“As a token,” proceeded Miss Stinton, “that he was to

get the five-gallon keg on the little stillion, under the blunderbuss, for Captain Dalton."

"And he got it?"

"Yes, sir, he got it; for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But, Maggy—hell and fury, hear me, child, surely he brought a keg here and left it; and of course it's in the cellar?"

"No, indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five-gallon one that *was* in the cellar away with him."

"Stinton," said Cartwright, "send round the bottle."

"The rascal," ejaculated the gauger, "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger.

THE FATE OF FRANK M'KENNA.

There lived a man named M'Kenna at the hip of one of the mountainous hills which divide the county of Tyrone from that of Monaghan. This M'Kenna had two sons, one of whom was in the habit of tracing hares of a Sunday whenever there happened to be a fall of snow. His father, it seems, had frequently remonstrated with him upon what he considered to be a violation of the Lord's day, as well as for his general neglect of mass. The young man, however, though otherwise harmless and inoffensive, was in this matter quite insensible to paternal reproof, and continued to trace whenever the avocations of labor would allow him.

It so happened that upon a Christmas morning, I think in the year 1814, there was a deep fall of snow, and young M'Kenna, instead of going to mass, got down his cock-stick—which is a staff much thicker and heavier at one end than at the other—and prepared to set out on his favorite amusement. His father, seeing this, reprov'd him seriously, and insisted that he should attend prayers. His enthusiasm for the sport, however, was stronger than his love of religion, and he refused to be guided by his father's advice.

The old man during the altercation got warm; and on finding that the son obstinately scorned his authority, he knelt down and prayed that if the boy persisted in following his own will, he might never return from the mountains unless as a corpse.

The imprecation, which was certainly as harsh as it was impious and senseless, might have startled many a mind from a purpose that was, to say the least of it, at variance with religion and the respect due to a father. It had no effect, however, upon the son, who is said to have replied, that whether he ever returned or not, he was determined on going; and go accordingly he did. He was not, however, alone, for it appears that three or four of the neighboring young men accompanied him. Whether their sport was good or otherwise, is not to the purpose, neither am I able to say; but the story goes that towards the latter part of the day they started a larger and darker hare than any they had ever seen, and that she kept dodging on before them bit by bit, leading them to suppose that every succeeding cast of the cock-stick would bring her down. It was observed afterwards that she also led them into the recesses of the mountains, and that although they tried to turn her course homewards, they could not succeed in doing so. As evening advanced, the companions of M'Kenna began to feel the folly of pursuing her farther, and to perceive the danger of losing their way in the mountains should night or a snow-storm come upon them. They therefore proposed to give over the chase and return home; but M'Kenna would not hear of it. "If you wish to go home, you may," said he; "as for me, I'll never leave the hills till I have her with me." They begged and entreated of him to desist and return, but all to no purpose: he appeared to be what the Scotch call *fey*—that is, to act as if he were moved by some impulse that leads to death, and from the influence of which a man cannot withdraw himself. At length, on finding him invincibly obstinate, they left him pursuing the hare directly into the heart of the mountains, and returned to their respective homes.

In the meantime one of the most terrible snow-storms ever remembered in that part of the country came on, and the consequence was that the self-willed young man, who had equally trampled on the sanctities of religion and pa-

rental authority, was given over for lost. As soon as the tempest became still, the neighbors assembled in a body and proceeded to look for him. The snow, however, had fallen so heavily that not a single mark of a footstep could be seen. Nothing but one wide waste of white undulating hills met the eye wherever it turned, and of M'Kenna no trace whatever was visible or could be found. His father, now remembering the unnatural character of his imprecation, was nearly distracted; for although the body had not yet been found, still by every one who witnessed the sudden rage of the storm and who knew the mountains, escape or survival was felt to be impossible.

Every day for about a week large parties were out among the hill-ranges seeking him, but to no purpose. At length there came a thaw, and his body was found on a snow-wreath, lying in a supine posture within a circle which he had drawn around him with his cock-stick. His prayer-book lay opened upon his mouth, and his hat was pulled down so as to cover it and his face. It is unnecessary to say that the rumor of his death, and of the circumstances under which he left home, created a most extraordinary sensation in the country—a sensation that was the greater in proportion to the uncertainty occasioned by his not having been found either alive or dead. Some affirmed that he had crossed the mountains, and was seen in Monaghan; others, that he had been seen in Clones, in Emyvale, in Five-mile-town; but despite of all these agreeable reports, the melancholy truth was at length made clear by the appearance of the body as just stated.

Now, it so happened that the house nearest the spot where he lay was inhabited by a man named Daly, I think—but of the name I am not certain—who was a herd or care-taker to Dr. Porter, then Bishop of Clogher. The situation of this house was the most lonely and desolate-looking that could be imagined. It was at least two miles distant from any human habitation, being surrounded by one wide and dreary waste of dark moor. By this house lay the route of those who had found the corpse, and I believe the door of it was borrowed for the purpose of conveying it home. Be this as it may, the family witnessed the melancholy procession as it passed slowly through the mountains, and when the place and circumstances are all

considered, we may admit that to ignorant and superstitious people, whose minds, even upon ordinary occasions, were strongly affected by such matters, it was a sight calculated to leave behind it a deep, if not a terrible impression. Time soon proved that it did so.

An incident is said to have occurred at the funeral in fine keeping with the wild spirit of the whole melancholy event. When the procession had advanced to a place called Mullaghtinny, a large dark-colored hare, which was instantly recognized, by those who had been out with him on the hills, as the identical one that led him to his fate, is said to have crossed the roads about twenty yards or so before the coffin. The story goes, that a man struck it on the side with a stone, and that the blow, which would have killed any ordinary hare, not only did it no injury, but occasioned a sound to proceed from the body resembling the hollow one emitted by an empty barrel when struck.

In the meantime the interment took place and the sensation began, like every other, to die away in the natural progress of time, when, behold, a report ran abroad like wildfire that, to use the language of the people, "Frank M'Kenna was *appearing!*"

One night, about a fortnight after his funeral, the daughter of Daly the herd, a girl about fourteen, while lying in bed saw what appeared to be the likeness of M'Kenna, who had been lost. She screamed out, and covering her head with the bedclothes, told her father and mother that Frank M'Kenna was in the house. This alarming intelligence naturally produced great terror; still, Daly, who, notwithstanding his belief in such matters, possessed a good deal of moral courage, was cool enough to rise and examine the house, which consisted of only one apartment. This gave the daughter some courage, who, on finding that her father could not see him, ventured to look out, and she *then* could see nothing of him herself. She very soon fell asleep, and her father attributed what she saw to fear, or some accidental combination of shadows proceeding from the furniture, for it was a clear moonlight night. The light of the following day dispelled a great deal of their apprehensions, and comparatively little was thought of it until evening again advanced, when the fears of the daughter began to return.

They appeared to be prophetic, for she said when night came that she knew he would appear again; and accordingly at the same hour he did so. This was repeated for several successive nights, until the girl, from the very hardness of terror, began to become so far familiarized to the specter as to venture to address it.

“In the name of God!” she asked, “what is troubling you, or why do you appear to me instead of to some of your own family or relations?”

The ghost’s answer alone might settle the question involved in the authenticity of its appearance, being, as it was, an account of one of the most ludicrous missions that ever a spirit was dispatched upon.

“I’m not allowed,” said he, “to spake to any of my friends, for I parted wid them in anger; but I’ve come to tell you that they are quarrelin’ about my breeches—a new pair that I got made for Christmas day; an’ as I was comin’ up to thrace in the mountains, I thought the ould one ’ud do betther, an’ of coorse I didn’t put the new pair an me. My raison for appearin’,” he added, “is, that you may tell my friends that none of them is to wear them—they must be given in charity.”

This serious and solemn intimation from the ghost was duly communicated to the family, and it was found that the circumstances were exactly as it had represented them. This, of course was considered as sufficient proof of the truth of its mission. Their conversations now became not only frequent, but quite friendly and familiar. The girl became a favorite with the specter, and the specter, on the other hand, soon lost all his terrors in her eyes. He told her that whilst his friends were bearing home his body, the handspikes or poles on which they carried him had cut his back, and *occasioned him great pain!* The cutting of the back also was known to be true, and strengthened, of course, the truth and authenticity of their dialogues. The whole neighborhood was now in a commotion with this story of the apparition, and persons incited by curiosity began to visit the girl in order to satisfy themselves of the truth of what they had heard. Everything, however, was corroborated, and the child herself, without any symptoms of anxiety or terror, artlessly related her conversations with the spirit. Hitherto their interviews

had been all nocturnal, but now that the ghost found his footing made good, he put a hardy face on, and ventured to appear by daylight. The girl also fell into states of syncope, and while the fits lasted, long conversations with him upon the subject of God, the Blessed Virgin, and Heaven, took place between them. He was certainly an excellent moralist, and gave the best advice. Swearing, drunkenness, theft, and every evil propensity of our nature, were declaimed against with a degree of spectral eloquence quite surprising.

Common fame had now a topic dear to her heart, and never was a ghost made more of by his best friends than she made of him. The whole country was in a tumult, and I well remember the crowds which flocked to the lonely little cabin in the mountains, now the scene of matters so interesting and important. Not a single day passed in which I should think from ten to twenty, thirty, or fifty persons, were not present at these singular interviews. Nothing else was talked of, thought of, and, as I can well testify, dreamt of. I would myself have gone to Daly's were it not for a confounded misgiving I had, that perhaps the ghost might take such a fancy of appearing to *me*, as he had taken to cultivate an intimacy with the girl; and it so happens, that when I see the face of an individual nailed down in the coffin—chilling and gloomy operation!—I experience no particular wish to look upon it again.

The spot where the body of M'Kenna was found is now marked by a little heap of stones, which has been collected since the melancholy event of his death. Every person who passes it throws a stone upon the heap; but why this old custom is practiced, or what it means, I do not know, unless it be simply to mark the spot as a visible means of preserving the memory of the occurrence.

Daly's house, the scene of the supposed apparition, is now a shapeless ruin, which could scarcely be seen were it not for the green spot that once was a garden, and which now shines at a distance like an emerald, but with no agreeable or pleasing associations. It is a spot which no solitary schoolboy will ever visit, nor indeed would the unflinching believer in the popular nonsense of ghosts wish to pass it without a companion. It is, under any circumstances, a gloomy and barren place; but when looked upon

in connection with what we have just recited, it is lonely, desolate, and awful.

THE CURSE.

From 'Party Fight and Funeral.'

When he had been *keened* in the street, there being no hearse, the coffin was placed upon two handspikes which were fixed across, but parallel to each other, under it. These were borne by four men, one at the end of each, with the point of it touching his body a little below his stomach; in other parts of Ireland the coffin is borne on the shoulders, but this is more convenient and less distressing.

When we got out upon the road the funeral was of great extent—for Kelly had been highly respected. On arriving at the *merin*¹ which bounded the land he had owned, the coffin was laid down, and a loud and wailing *keena* took place over it. It was again raised, and the funeral proceeded in a direction which I was surprised to see it take, and it was not until an acquaintance of my brother's had explained the matter that I understood the cause of it. In Ireland, when a murder is perpetrated, it is usual, as the funeral proceeds to the graveyard, to bring the corpse to the house of him who committed the crime, and lay it down at his door, while the relations of the deceased kneel down, and, with an appalling solemnity, utter the deepest imprecations, and invoke the justice of Heaven on the head of the murderer. This, however, is usually omitted if the residence of the criminal be completely out of the line of the funeral, but if it be possible, by any circuit, to approach it, this dark ceremony is never omitted. In cases where the crime is doubtful, or unjustly imputed, those who are thus visited come out, and laying their right hand upon the coffin, protest their innocence of the blood of the deceased, calling God to witness the truth of their asseverations; but in cases where the crime is clearly proved against the murderer, the door is either closed, the ceremony repelled by violence, or the house abandoned by the inmates until the funeral passes.

¹ *Merin*, mark.

The death of Kelly, however, could not be actually, or, at least, directly, considered a murder, for it was probable that Grimes did not inflict the stroke with an intention of taking away his life, and besides, Kelly survived it four months. Grimes' house was not more than fifteen perches from the road; and when the corpse was opposite the little bridle-way that led up to it, they laid it down for a moment, and the relations of Kelly surrounded it, offering up a short prayer, with uncovered heads. It was then borne towards the house, whilst the *keen* commenced in a loud wailing cry, accompanied with clapping of hands, and every other symptom of external sorrow. But, independent of their compliance with this ceremony as an old usage, there is little doubt that the appearance of anything connected with the man who certainly occasioned Kelly's death awoke a keener and more intense sorrow for his loss. The wailing was thus continued until the coffin was laid opposite Grimes' door; nor did it cease then, but, on the contrary, was renewed with louder and more bitter lamentations.

As the multitude stood compassionating the affliction of the widow and orphans, it was the most impressive and solemn spectacle that could be witnessed. The very house seemed to have a condemned look; and, as a single wintry breeze waved a tuft of long grass that grew on a seat of turf at the side of the door, it brought the vanity of human enmity before my mind with melancholy force. When the *keen* ceased, Kelly's wife, with her children, knelt, their faces towards the house of their enemy, and invoked, in the strong language of excited passion, the justice of Heaven upon the head of the man who had left her a widow, and her children fatherless. I was anxious to know if Grimes would appear to disclaim the intention of murder; but I understood that he was at market—for it happened to be market day.

"Come out!" said the widow—"come out and look at the sight that's here before you! Come and view *your* own work! Lay but your hand upon the coffin, and the blood of him that your murdered will spout, before God and these Christen people, in your guilty face! But, oh! may the Almighty God bring *this home to you!*"¹—May

¹ Does not this usage illustrate the proverb of the guilt being brought home to a man when there is no doubt of his criminality?

you never lave this life, John Grimes, till worse nor has overtaken me and mine falls upon you and yours! May our curse light upon you this day;—the curse, I say, of the widow and the orphans, and that your bloody hand has made us, may it blast you! May you and all belonging to you wither off the 'arth! Night and day, sleeping and waking,—like snow off the ditch may you melt, until your name and your place will be disremembered, except to be cursed by them that will hear of you and your hand of murder! Amin, we pray God this day!—and the widow and orphan's prayer will not fall to the ground while your guilty head is above. Childher, did you all say it?"

At this moment a deep, terrific murmur, or rather ejaculation, corroborative of assent to this dreadful imprecation, pervaded the crowd in a fearful manner; their countenances darkened, their eyes gleamed, and their scowling visages stiffened into an expression of determined vengeance.

When these awful words were uttered, Grimes' wife and daughters approached the widow in tears, sobbing, at the same time, loudly and bitterly.

"You 're wrong," said the wife—"you 're wrong, Widow Kelly, in saying that my husband *murdered* him! he did *not* murder him; for, when you and yours were far from him, I heard John Grimes declare, before the God who's to judge him, that he had no thought or intention of taking his life; he struck him in anger, and the blow did him an injury that was not intended. Don't curse him, Honor Kelly," said she—"don't curse him so fearfully; but, above all, don't curse me and my innocent childher, for *we* never harmed you, nor wished you ill! *But it was this party work did it!* Oh! my God!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, in utter bitterness of spirit, "when will it be ended between friends and neighbors, that ought to live in love and kindness together, instead of fighting in this blood-thirsty manner!"

She then wept more violently, as did her daughters.

"May God give me mercy in the last day, Mrs. Kelly, as I pity from my heart and soul you and your orphans," she continued; "but don't curse us, for the love of God—for you know we should forgive our enemies, as we ourselves, that are the enemies of God, hope to be forgiven."

“May God forgive me, then, if I have wronged you or your husband,” said the widow, softened by their distress; “but you know that, whether he intended his life or not, the stroke he gave him has left my childher without a father, and myself dissolate. Oh, heavens above me!” she exclaimed, in a scream of distraction and despair, “is it possible—is it throe—that my manly husband, the best father that ever breathed the breath of life, my own Denis, is lying dead—murdered before my eyes! Put your hands on my head, some of you—put your hands on my head, or it will go to pieces. Where are you, Denis, where are you, the strong of hand, and the tender of heart? Come to me, darling, I want you in my distress. I want comfort, Denis; and I’ll take it from none but yourself, for kind was your word to me in all my afflictions!”

All present were affected; and, indeed, it was difficult to say whether Kelly’s wife or Grimes’ was more to be pitied at the moment. The affliction of the latter and of her daughters was really pitiable: their sobs were loud, and the tears streamed down their cheeks like rain. When the widow’s exclamations had ceased, or rather were lost in the loud cry of sorrow which was uttered by the *keeners* and friends of the deceased, they, too, standing somewhat apart from the rest, joined in it bitterly; and the solitary wail of Mrs. Grimes, differing in character from that of those who had been trained to modulate the most profound grief into strains of a melancholy nature, was particularly wild and impressive. At all events, her Christian demeanor, joined to the sincerity of her grief, appeased the enmity of many; so true is it that a soft answer turneth away wrath. I could perceive, however, that the resentment of Kelly’s male relations did not at all appear to be in any degree moderated.

PADDY CORCORAN’S WIFE.

Paddy Corcoran’s wife was for several years afflicted with a kind of complaint which nobody could properly understand. She was sick, and she was not sick; she was well, and she was not well; she was as ladies wish to be who love their lords, and she was not as such ladies

wish to be. In fact nobody could tell what the matter with her was. She had a gnawing at the heart which came heavily upon her husband; for, with the help of God, a keener appetite than the same gnawing amounted to could not be met with of a summer's day. The poor woman was delicate beyond belief, and had no appetite at all, so she hadn't, barring a little relish for a mutton-chop, or a "staik," or a bit o' mait, anyway; for sure, God help her! she hadn't the laist inclination for the dhry pratie, or the dhrop o' sour buttermilk along wid it, especially as she was so poorly; and, indeed, for a woman in her condition—for, sick as she was, poor Paddy always was made to believe her in *that* condition—but God's will be done! she didn't care. A pratie an' a grain o' salt was as welcome to her—glory be to his name!—as the best roast an' boiled that ever was dressed; and why not? There was one comfort: she wouldn't be long wid him—long troublin' him; it matthered little what she got; but sure she knew herself, that from the gnawin' at her heart, she could never do good widout the little bit o' mait now and then; an', sure if her own husband begridged it to her, who else had she a better right to expect it from?

Well, as we have said, she lay a bedridden invalid for long enough, trying doctors and quacks of all sorts, sexes, and sizes, and all without a farthing's benefit, until, at the long run, poor Paddy was nearly brought to the last pass, in striving to keep her in "the bit o' mait." The seventh year was now on the point of closing, when, one harvest day, as she lay bemoaning her hard condition, on her bed beyond the kitchen fire, a little *weeshy* woman, dressed in a neat red cloak, comes in, and, sitting down by the hearth, says:

"Well, Kitty Corcoran, you've had a long lair of it there on the broad o' yer back for seven years, an' you're jist as far from bein' cured as ever."

"Mavrone, ay," said the other; "in throth that's what I was this minnit thinkin' ov, and a sorrowful thought it's to me."

"It's yer own fau't, thin," says the little woman; "an', indeed, for that matter, it's yer fau't that ever you wor there at all."

"Arra, how is that?" asked Kitty; "sure I wouldn't

be here if I could help it? Do you think it's a comfort or a pleasure to me to be sick and bedridden?"

"No," said the other, "I do not; but I'll tell you the truth: for the last seven years you have been annoying us. I am one o' the good people; an' as I have a regard for you, I'm come to let you know the raison why you've been sick so long as you are. For all the time you've been ill, if you'll take the thrubble to remimber, your childhre threwn out yer dirty wather afther dusk an' before sunrise, at the very time we're passin' yer door, which we pass twice a-day. Now, if you avoid this, if you throw it out in a different place, an' at a different time, the complaint you have will lave you: so will the gnawin' at the heart; an' you'll be as well as ever you wor. If you don't follow this advice, why, remain as you are, an' all the art o' man can't cure you." She then bade her good-bye, and disappeared.

Kitty, who was glad to be cured on such easy terms, immediately complied with the injunction of the fairy; and the consequence was, that the next day she found herself in as good health as ever she enjoyed during her life.

MISS CASEY (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE).

(1848—1894.)

ELIZABETH OWENS BLACKBURNE CASEY, generally known as E. Owens Blackburne, was born in 1848, in Slane, County Meath. She lost her sight when eleven years old, and was blind for many years. The late Sir William Wilde, however, happily succeeded in restoring her sight.

In 1873 she went to London, and after a hard struggle succeeded in obtaining for herself a recognized position. For twenty years Miss Casey contributed various articles to newspapers and periodicals, but she was best known as a novelist. Among other books she wrote the following: 'The Love that Loves Alway,' 'Aunt Delia's Heir,' 'The Glen of Silver Birches,' 'In the Vale of Honey,' 'Shadows in the Sunlight,' 'A Modern Parrhasius,' 'A Woman Scorned,' 'The Way Women Love,' 'A Chronicle of Barham,' which appeared in *The Quiver* for 1878; 'Molly Carew,' and others. She was also author of 'Illustrious Irishwomen,' an excellent work, and a collection of her fugitive stories, under the title 'A Bunch of Shamrocks,' was published in 1879.

Her stories are mostly occupied with descriptions of Irish peasant life, in which she was so thoroughly at home that she has been compared to Carleton. They are for the most part dramatic and picturesque; and she understood well the art of weaving a plot which should hold the reader's interest.

In her later days she became very poor and was almost destitute. She received assistance from the Royal Bounty Fund and returned to Dublin, where she was accidentally burned to death in April, 1894.

BIDDY BRADY'S BANSHEE.

From 'A Bunch of Shamrocks.'

"Arrah, thin!—an' did yeh nivir hear tell av 'Biddy Brady's Banshee'? Shure, iviry wan for three parishes roun' was talkin' about it! Bedad, it was th' grandest piece av fun ivir happened in th' place, and only jist t' mintion it t' ould Biddy Brady is like shakin' a red rag at a bull! It's she that gets mad av yeh ask her av she ivir seen a banshee!

"Yis! alannah machree, I'll tell yeh the story. Shure no wan knows it betther nor meself, for wasn't I there th' day Father Connor found out all about it, so here it's for yeh!

"Well—four years ago whin ould Paddy Brady was

dyin'—he died av an indigestion av th' lung, ma'am—at laist, that 's what th' docthor sed, but ould Rosy Finnegan, that 's a very knowledgable ould woman, sez that it wasn't that at all, but a demur in his back,¹ or aither that or a fallin' av his breastbone,² an' sure it 's as like as not that Rosy was right, for sure she 's been raisin' breastbones for th' last thirty years. An' th' sorra much docthors knows afther all! Throth, ma'am, it 's my belief, an' Biddy Brady's too, that poor Paddy—God rest his sowl this blessed day!—'ud be here alive an' hearty now, av th' docthor had only let ould Rosy Finnegan clap a plasther av ivy laves an' goose-grase an th' small av his back! But no! bedad! Docthor Joyce wouldn't, an' so among them poor Paddy Brady was kilt all out!

“Ah! Yis. Th' docthors, wid ther new-fangled ways, don't like people t' be cured so aisy. That 's about th' thruth av it; but, faix! it 's many and many 's th' fine cure I seen done an a sore eye wid th' nine blessed dawks from th' whitethorn be th' Holy Well there beyant pinted at it, in the name av th' Blessed Thrinity! Ay, faix! many 's th' wan; an' many 's th' child bewitched be th' fairies, and wastin' away, that I seen th' charm bruk be feedin' the crathur wid milk from goats that fed an a fairy mountain. But there 's no use in tellin' that t' th' docthors; they're too consaited, an' consait 's a bad thing in any dacint Christian, lettin' alone docthors.

“Och! Here I am now discoorsin' out av me—but, shure! it 's no wondher, for it 's not iviry day I get a lady like yerself t' listen t' me—an' I'm forgettin' all about ould Biddy Brady's banshee! Well, I was tellin' yeh, ma'am, that ould Paddy Brady—the heavens be his bed this blessed day, for th' sorra dacinter nabor ivir dhrew th' breath av life, though I'm his mother's third-cousin that sez it!—yis, ould Paddy Brady died, lavin' Biddy wid a fine big lump av a boy av nineteen. He was six fut high, wid a fine healthy face as roun' an' as red as th' sun in a

¹ “*Demur in the back,*” *i. e.* lumbago.

² “*Falling of the breastbone.*” This imaginary complaint is cured in the following manner: Some oil is burned in a cup, and the air exhausted, and the upturned cup placed over the region of the heart, while the operator mutters some prayers. Not long ago a man died in the north of Ireland who had amassed a considerable sum of money by “raising the breastbone.”

fog an th' top av th' mountain over there, an' a fine thick head av carroty hair an him. I dunno whether yeh know it or not, ma'am, but ould Biddy and Paddy nivir had but th' wan child—boy nor girl, nor any soort—an' shure, what d' ye think but Biddy always kep *gommochin* afther him, an' thratin' him like a child, and he nineteen years av age!

“ I was at poor ould Paddy's wake—his sowl to glory—an' Biddy was sittin' in th' middle av the flure, wid her cloak on, an' a little new shawl pinned over her cap, an' a white pocket-handkercher in her hand, an' she rockin' herself backwards and forwards, an' she takin' up th' keen now an' agin. Now I don't care much for ould Biddy Brady, but I 'll say this much for her, ma'am, that a nicer-behaved woman at a husband's wake I nivir seen. The corpse, too, was laid out beautiful. It was waked in the kitchen, and bekase th' bed was fixed in th' wall av the room Tom Doolan, th' *boccaty*¹ carpenter, lint two nine-foot planks, that wor covered wid sheets, an' did beautiful, an' th' inds av them that stuck out med sates for some av the nabors. Ay, indeed, an' it was on that very sate that Christy Brady, ould Biddy's son, ma'am, was sittin' beside Judy Blake, not that he was givin' her much dis-course; he was too well behaved t' talk much at his ould father's wake; that wouldn't be right behavior.

“ ‘ Biddy, acushla,’ sez I to her, ‘ it 's you that ought t' be th' proud woman, t' have such a fine boy as Christy t' look afther th' bit av land for yeh.’

“ ‘ Yis, Peggy darlint, so I am,’ sez she, fouldin' up her pocket-handerkercher jist like a lady, an' sittin' up very straight, ‘ but I 'm thinkin' it 's not this dirty bit av land that Christy 'll be mindin'!’

“ ‘ Arrah, no?’ sez I, an' we all looked at her.

“ ‘ Bekase,’ sez she, tuckin' her cloak roun' her, as grand as yeh plaze, ‘ Christy 's goin t' be a gintleman, he 's goin' t' be a priest! I can tell yez all we 're not th' common soort av people yez always thought we war.’

“ ‘ Och! poor ould Biddy,’ sez Rosy Finnegan t' me in a whisper, ‘ she was always quare, but she 's goin' aff av her head intirely wid the loss av poor ould Paddy.’

“ ‘ Throth, Biddy,’ sez Tom Doolan, that lint th' planks,

¹ *Boccaty*, lame.

‘no wan in th’ parish cud ivir even anythin’ t’ you or yours but th’ hoighth av dacincy an’ behavior.’

“‘We’ve more nor behavior, I can tell yeh, Tom Doolan,’ sez ould Biddy, wid a shake av her head, ‘it’s grandheur we have. It’s a banshee we have follyin’ th’ family. Take that now!’

“‘It’s as thrue as you ’re sittin’ there, Tom,’ sez Christy, all av a suddint from the corner, ‘me and me mother and me poor father—God rest his sowl—heard it three nights runnin’ afore me father died.’

“‘Bedad he did,’ sez Biddy; ‘the first night I heerd it I thought I heerd somethin’ scrapin’ or tappin’ at th’ windy, so I wint over an’ opened it, an’ there in th’ light av the moon I seen a little ould woman dhressed all in red. Well, th’ minit she seen me she gev a schreech an’ run away down by th’ boreen. “Christy, alannah,” sez I, “it’s a banshee.” “Thru for you, mother,” sez he, “so it is,” an’ wid that he run out afther it, an’ was a good two hours lookin’ about, but th’ sorra bit av it he cud sec.’

“‘An’ did ye see it agin, Biddy?’ sez Tom Doolan.

“‘Yis, agrah, yis,’ sez Biddy Brady, ‘twict it kem an’ gev th’ same schreech. So I med Christy rub his fingers wid a bit av the blessed candle, an’ gev him the holy wather to sprinkle her wid—but not a bit av her cud he find.’

“‘Bedad I’ll ketch her yet,’ sez Christy, ‘av any wan does. I’m detarmined not t’ have her comin’ and disturbin’ me pace a’thout knowin’ th’ raison why.’

“‘Arrah, Christy,’ sez ould Rosy Finnegan, ‘shure it’s aisy seein’ what brought th’ banshee—shure it kem for yer poor father, God be good t’ him. But bedad, Biddy, it’s a great day for yeh t’ have a banshee followin’ th’ family.’

“‘It’s only people whose aunt’s sisthers wor kings and queens, that does have banshees in th’ family,’ sez Tom Doolan; and mind yeh, ma’am, Tom has a power av larnin’, and can say Latin again’ Father Connor, for Tom wanst used to sarve Mass; ‘but I don’t rimimber,’ sez he, ‘any king av the name av Brady, nor a queen nayther. There was a King O’Tool, that was made into a church be raison iv a charm St. Kevin put an him; an’ there was the Queen av Sheeby—but I’m not right shure that she was pure Irish.’

“ ‘Not she,’ sez Pat Gaffney, ‘she cudn’t be more than half Irish. Sure “sheeby” is only th’ half av “shebeen.” ’

“ ‘Throth, yer right there, Pat,’ sez Tom Doolan; ‘but let me think—there was King Solomon.’

“ ‘No, asthore machree, no,’ sez Biddy Brady. ‘It wasn’t King Solomon, for I wanst heerd Father O’Connor tell that he wanted t’ cut a baby in two halves, an’ th’ nerra a dacint Brady id ivir think av doin’ such an onchristian thing. No, agraph, it wasn’t King Solomon that was th’ first av th’ Bradys.’

“ ‘I know who it was,’ sez Pat Gaffney; ‘it was Brian Boru. Shure, Brian Boru and Brady is as like as two pays.’

“ ‘Holy Saint Dennis! look at th’ corpse!’ schreeches out Rosy Finnegan; ‘it’s risin’ up from th’ dead t’ say that it’s thru about Brian Boru!’

“ ‘Faix, ma’am, we all schreeched an’ no wondher, for th’ corpse stood up nearly sthraight, an’ med a dash out at poor ould Biddy that was sittin’, as I tould yeh, ma’am, right in the middle av th’ flure.

“ ‘But, shure, it didn’t come t’ life at all; it was only Christy Brady an’ little Judy Blake that laned too heavy on the ind av th’ plank th’ wor sittin’ on, an’ thin th’ other ind wint up an’ threwn out th’ corpse.

“ ‘Well, ma’am, poor ould Paddy Brady—God rest his sowl—was berried th’ next Sunday—that was th’ next day—an’ poor ould Biddy was near half dead from not gettin’ over th’ fright av the corpse flyin’ at her.

“ ‘Troth, I’m afeard,’ sez she, ‘that it’s wantin’ th’ rites I’ll be meself afore long; an’ maybe it’s a saucer av snuff an me buzzom an’ two mould candles at me head ye’ll see afore th’ year is out. It was a mortal bad sign for th’ corpse t’ make a grab at me.’

“ ‘Well,’ sez I, ‘there is some thruth in that. An’ are ye in airnest, Biddy, about makin’ Christy a priest?’

“ ‘Och, bedad I am, he’s a gintleman born; I know that from the banshee, the Lord betchune uz an’ all harm. So he must be eddicated like wan.’

“ ‘About a fortnight afther ould Paddy was berried, I was doin’ a bit av washin’ wan day, whin who comes in but ould Biddy Brady.

“ ‘God save yeh, kindly,’ sez she, comin’ in.

“ ‘Amin; th’ same t’ you, Biddy,’ sez I; ‘yer welcome, acushla! sit down.’

“ ‘Peggy,’ sez she, an’ she sittin’ an the settle-bed be th’ side av th’ harth, ‘I ’m in desp’rate throuble intirely.’

“ ‘Arrah, what about?’ sez I. ‘Shure it’s not about poor Paddy—God be good t’ him—for he always minded his duty an’ confession, an’ ye have that little red heifer t’ give Father Connor for masses for his sowl.’

“ ‘No, Peggy, it’s not about Paddy—God rest him—I ’m aisy in me mind about him, for a red heifer is as much as cud be expected from a poor widda woman, an’ I ’m thinkin’ maybe they’ll throw in th’ good blood av th’ Bradys. But it’s about the banshee.’

“ ‘Saints above!’ sez I, ‘an’ did it come agin?’

“ ‘Come!’ she sez, ‘och! bedad it did! Nine times it kem, and nine times Christy follied it wid the holy wather, but th’ sorra bit cud he ketch it.’

“ ‘Bedad! it’s quare all out,’ sez I.

“ ‘Begorra, it is!’ sez she; ‘so I jist wint up an’ towld Father Connor about it—it’s he that’s the dacint priest!—an’ t’ night, Peggy, he’s goin’ t’ watch an’ see if he can’t say a charm agin th’ banshee. An’ I ’m not t’ tell Christy,’ he sez; ‘an’ I want yeh t’ come up an’ be there, Peggy, acushla, av it comes.’

“ ‘Troth, I will,’ sez I.

“ ‘An’ what d’ye think,’ sez she, ‘but Christy, that I hardly ivir let out av me sight an’ was rarin’ up t’ be a credit t’ th’ blood av th’ Bradys, he sez now that he won’t be a priest, but that he’ll git married! Troth! me hart’s near bruk between him an’ th’ banshee, only it’s such a dacint thing t’ have in th’ family.’

“ Well, ma’am, I wint up t’ ould Biddy Brady’s that evenin’, and it was a Christmas Eve. Christy was there, an’ he not knowin’ a word about Father Connor. We had some punch, and th’ sorra word we sed about the banshee. Meself was thinkin’ it wasn’t comin’ at all; or that, maybe, th’ nine times was th’ charm; an’ that somewan was t’ die afther that—whin, all av a suddint, me blood run cowlid wid hearin’ a schreech roun’ be th’ boreen! Ould Biddy got all av a thrimble, an’ began sayin’ her bades as fast as she cud, for there was schreech after schreech until th’ kem t’ th’ very doore.

“‘Gi’ me the holy wather, mother!’ sez Christy, takin’ it an’ makin’ a run at the doore. But jist as he opened it, who walks in but Father Connor wi’ little Judy Blake.

“Och! bedad, it’s thru as yer there, ma’am. It nivir was a banshee at all; only little Judy Blake, wid her mother’s ould red cloak roun’ her, an’ her arms all bare an’ white. An’ th’ whole raison av it was that Biddy Brady kep’ such a sharp eye after her big lump av a son that he had no other way av coortin’ Judy Blake. So he tould Father Connor afore us all, an’ Father Connor gave thim a sermon about frightenin’ people.

“‘Och! yer rivirence! an’ isn’t it too bad,’ sez Biddy, ‘an’ he cut out for a priest! He looks that ginteel av a Sunda’ whin he’s shaved an’ has his clane shirt an, that he looks th’ very moral av yerself, yer rivirence!’

“‘No, Biddy,’ sez his rivirence; ‘I don’t think that Christy’s cut out for a priest. Shure a priest ’ud nivir think av runnin’ afther th’ girls.’

“‘Thru, for yer rivirence,’ sez Biddy.

“‘Now, Biddy,’ sez Father Connor, ‘yeh must make it up wid th’ two young people, for at this blessed Christmas time yeh must forgive and forgit.’

“So, ma’am, there was a great laugh at them all in th’ chapel-yard, afther mass on Christmas Day. An’ at last Biddy used t’ get mad whin anythin’ was sed, for shure she didn’t like t’ be chated out av her grandheur. But no wan in th’ parish can help laughin’ whin anywan talks about ‘Biddy Brady’s Banshee.’”

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

(1846—1870.)

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY, the son of a peasant farmer, was born near Mullingar, Westmeath, Aug. 22, 1846. His first poem appeared in *The Nation*, under his afterward well-known *nom-de-plume* of "Leo," when he was sixteen years old. He began life as a merchant's clerk; but later gave up business for literature. In 1866 a first collection of his poems was issued, entitled 'A Wreath of Shamrocks,' and was received with great favor in Ireland and America; some London critics even overlooking its political bias because of its literary qualities.

He was imprisoned as a Fenian in 1867 and died in consequence of his sufferings in 1870. While he was in prison in 1869, a second collection of his poems was published under the title 'The Rising of the Moon.'

His sad fate, as well as the interest in his poetry, which is full of fire and sweetness, attracted to his funeral an enormous concourse of mourners—50,000 it is said. He was one of the few poets produced by the Fenian movement.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

A.D. 1798.

"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush! *ma bouchal*, hush, and listen;"
And his cheeks were all a-glow:
"I bear ordhers from the Captain—
Get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together
At the risin' of the moon."

"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Where the gath'rin' is to be?"
"In the ould spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token
Whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
By the risin' of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching thro' that night;
Many a manly chest was throbbing
For the blessed warning light.

Murmurs passed along the valleys,
 Like the *banshee's* lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the risin' of the moon.

There, beside the singing river,
 That dark mass of men were seen—
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved "Green;"
 "Death to ev'ry foe and traitor!
 Forward! strike the marchin' tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
 'T is the risin' of the moon."

Well they fought for poor Old Ireland,
 And full bitter was their fate;
 (Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
 Fill the name of 'Ninety-Eight!)
 Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
 Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
 Who would follow in their footsteps
 At the risin' of the moon!

GRACIE OG MACHREE.¹

SONG OF THE "WILD GEESE."

I placed the silver in her palm,
 By Inny's smiling tide,
 And vowed, ere summer time came on,
 To claim her as a bride.
 But when the summer time came on,
 I dwelt beyond the sea;
 Yet still my heart is ever true
 To *Gracie Og Machree*.

O bonnie are the woods of Targ,
 And green thy hills, Rathmore,
 And soft the sunlight ever falls
 On Darre's sloping shore;
 And there the eyes I love—in tears
 Shine ever mournfully,
 While I am far, and far away
 From *Gracie Og Machree*.

¹ *Gracie óg mo-chroidhe*, young Gracie of my heart.

When battle-steeds were neighing loud,
 With bright blades in the air,
 Next to my inmost heart I wore
 A bright tress of her hair.
 When stirrup-cups were lifted up
 To lips, with soldier glee,
 One toast I always fondly pledged,
 'T was *Gracie Og Machree*.

O I may never, never clasp
 Again, her lily hand,
 And I may find a soldier's grave
 Upon a foreign strand;
 But when the heart pulse beats the last,
 And death takes hold of me,
 One word shall part my dying lips,
 Thy name, *Astor Machree*.¹

DONAL KENNY.

"Come, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,'
 Or else the 'Lasses on the heather,'
 And, Mary, lay aside your wheel
 Until we dance once more together.
 At fair and pattern² oft before
 Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many;
 But ne'er again this loved old floor
 Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Softly she rose and took his hand,
 And softly glided through the measure,
 While, clustering round, the village band
 Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
 Warm blessings flowed from every lip
 As ceased the dancers' airy motion:
 O Blessed Virgin! guide the ship
 Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean!

"Now God be with you all!" he sighed,
 Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
 "God guard you well, *avic*," they cried,
 "Upon the strange path you are going."

¹ *A-stóir mo-chroidhe*, O treasure of my heart.

² *Pattern*, patron saint, a saint's day.

So full his breast, he scarce could speak,
With burning grasp the stretched hands taking,
He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

“Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
For sake of all the days passed over—
The days you spent on heath and bawn
With *Donal Ruadh*, the rattlin' rover.
Mary, *agra*, your soft brown eye
Has willed my fate” (he whispered lowly);
“Another holds thy heart: good bye!
Heaven grant you both its blessings holy!”

A kiss upon her brow of snow,
A rush across the moonlit meadow,
Whose broom-clad hazels, trembling slow,
The mossy boreen wrapped in shadow;
Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
And far beyond the Inny river;
One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
And Donal Kenny's gone for ever.

.

The breezes whistled through the sails,
O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving,
And smothered groans and bursting wails
Told all the grief and pain of leaving.
One form among that exiled band
Of parting sorrow gave no token,
Still was his breath, and cold his hand:
For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

MRS. EGERTON CASTLE.

AGNES EGERTON CASTLE is a sister of Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis) and of Elinor Sweetman. Like her sisters, she was educated at home and in Brussels. She married Anthony Egerton Castle in 1883 and has collaborated with him in much of his work. Her independent work is 'My Little Lady Anne,' several plays for children, and magazine stories in *Temple Bar*, *Cornhill*, and *Macmillan's*.

In collaboration with her husband, she wrote 'The Pride of Jennico,' 1897, of which over 100,000 copies have been sold in England and America; 'The Bath Comedy,' 1898, a dramatized version of which has been secured by Mr. David Belasco; 'The House of Romance' (collected short stories), 1900; and 'The Secret Orchard,' 1901, a dramatized version of which was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

From 'Temple Bar.'

As he stood turning the seething brew of his dark thoughts, there came a pair of knowing raps upon the street door, and in upon him strode, with cheery step and cry, the friends he was expecting.

"Ah, Jasper, lad," cried Tom Stafford, and struck him upon the shoulder, "lying in wait for us? Gad, you are a bloodthirsty fellow!"

"And quite right," said Colonel Villiers, clinking spurred legs, and flinging off a military cloak. "Zounds, man, would you have him sit down in his dishonor?"

Sir Jasper stretched a hand to each, and, holding him by the elbows, they entered his private apartment, and closed the door with such carefulness that the tall footmen had no choice but to take it in turns to listen and peep through the keyhole.

"Tom," said Sir Jasper, "Colonel Villiers, when I begged you to favor me with this interview, I was anxious for your services because, as I told you, of a strong suspicion of Lady Standish's infidelity to me. Now, gentlemen, doubt is no longer possible; I have the proofs!"

"Come, come, Jasper, never be downhearted," cried jovial Tom Stafford. "Come, sir, you have been too fond of the little dears in your day not to know what tender, yielding creatures they are. 'T is their nature, man; and



Agnes E. Vernon Castle

then, must they not follow the mode? Do you want to be the only husband in Bath whose wife is not in the fashion? Tut, tut, so long as you can measure a sword for it and let a little blood, why, 't is all in the day's fun!"

"Swords?" gurgled Colonel Villiers. "No, no, pistols are the thing, boy. You are never sure with your sword; 't is but a dig in the ribs, a slash in the arm, and your pretty fellow looks all the prettier for his pallor, and is all the more likely to get prompt consolation in the proper quarter. Ha!"

"Consolation!" cried Sir Jasper, as if the word were a blow. "Ay, consolation! damnation!"

"Whereas your bullet," said the Colonel, "in the lungs, or the brain—at your choice—the job is done as neat as can be. Are you a good hand at the barkers, Jasper?"

"Oh, I can hit a haystack!" said Sir Jasper. But he spoke vaguely.

"I am for swords, whenever you can," cried comely Stafford, crossing a pair of neat legs as he spoke, and caressing one rounded calf with a loving hand. "'T is a far more genteel weapon. Oh, for the feel of the blades, the pretty talk, as it were, of one with the other! 'Ha, have I got you now, my friend?'—'Ha, would you step between me and my wife, or my mistress, or my pleasure?'—as the case may be. 'Would you? I will teach you, sa—sa!' Now—now one in the ribs, one under that presuming heart! Let the red blood flow, see it drop from the steel: that is something like! Pistols, what of them? Pooh! Snap! you blow a pill into the air, and 't is like enough you have to swallow it yourself! 'T is for apothecaries, I say, and such as have not been brought up to the noble and gentlemanly art of self-defense."

"Silence, Tom!" growled the Colonel; "here is no matter for jesting. This friend of ours has had a mortal affront, has he not? 'T is established. Shall he not mortally avenge himself upon him who has robbed him of his honor? That is the case, is it not? And, blast me! is not the pistol the deadlier weapon, and therefore the most suited? Hey?"

Sir Jasper made an inarticulate sound that might have passed for assent or dissent, or merely as an expression of excessive discomfort or feeling.

"To business, then," cried Colonel Villiers. "Shall I wait upon Lord Verney, and suggest pistols at seven o'clock to-morrow morning in Hammer's Fields? That is where I generally like to place such affairs: snug enough to be out of disturbers' way, and far enough to warm the blood with a brisk walk. Gad, 't was but ten days ago that I saw poor Ned Waring laid as neatly on his back by Lord Tipstaffe (him they call Topsy Tip, you know) as ever was done. As pretty a fight! Six paces, egad, and Ned, as determined a dog as a fellow could want to second. 'Villiers,' said he, as I handed him his saw-handle, 'if I do not do for him, may he do for me! One of us must kill the other,' said he. 'T was all about Mistress Waring, you know—dashed pretty woman! Poor Ned, he made a discovery something like yours, eh? Faith! ha, ha! And, devil take it, sir, Tip had him in the throat at the first shot, and Ned's bullet took off Tipstaffe's right curl! Jove, it was a shave! Ned never spoke again. Ah, leave it to me; see if I do not turn you out as rare a meeting."

"But stay," cried Stafford, as Sir Jasper writhed in his arm-chair, clenched and unclenched furious hands, and felt the curl of red hair burn him where he had thrust it into his bosom. "Stay," cried Stafford, "we are going too fast, I think. Do I not understand from our friend here, that he called Lord Verney a rat? Sir Jasper is therefore the insulting party, and must wait for Lord Verney's action in the matter."

"I protest!" cried the Colonel. "The first insult was Lord Verney's, in compromising our friend's wife."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Stafford, recrossing his legs to bring the left one into shapely prominence this time, "that is but the insult incidental. But to call a man a rat, that is the insult direct. Jasper is therefore the true challenger—the other has the choice of arms. It is for Lord Verney to send to our friend."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, growing redder about the gills than nature and port wine had already made him, "sir, would you know better than I?"

"Gentlemen," said Sir Jasper, sitting up suddenly, "as I have just told you, since I craved of your kindness that you would help me in this matter, I have made discoveries that alter the complexion of the affair very materially. I

have reason to believe that, if Lord Verney be guilty in this matter, it is in a very minor way. You know what they call in France *un chandelier*. Indeed, it is my conviction—such is female artfulness—that he has merely been made a puppet of to shield another person. It is this person I must find first, and upon him that my vengeance must fall before I can attend to any other business. Lord Verney, indeed, has already sent to me, but his friend, Captain Spicer, a poor fool (somewhat weak in the head, I believe), left suddenly, without our coming to any conclusion. Indeed, I do not regret it—I do not seek to fight with Lord Verney now. Gentlemen,” said Sir Jasper, rising and drawing the letter from his breast, “gentlemen, I shall neither eat nor sleep till I have found out the owner of this curl!”

He shook out the letter as he spoke, and fiercely thrust the tell-tale love-token under the noses of his amazed friends. “It is a red-haired man, you see! There lives no red-haired man in Bath but him I must forthwith spit and plug, lest the villain escape me!”

Colonel Villiers started to his feet with a growl like that of a tiger aroused from slumber.

“Zounds!” he exclaimed, “an insult!”

“How!” cried Jasper, turning upon him and suddenly noticing the sandy hue of his friend’s bushy eyebrows. “You, good God? You? Pooh, pooh, impossible, and yet. . . . Colonel Villiers, sir,” cried Sir Jasper in awful tones, “did you write this letter? Speak—yes or no, man! Speak, or must I drag the words from your throat?”

Purple and apoplectic passion well-nigh stifled Colonel Villiers.

“Stafford, Stafford,” he spluttered, “you are witness. These are gross affronts—affronts which shall be wiped out.”

“Did you write that letter? Yes or no!” screamed Sir Jasper, shaking the offending document in the Colonel’s convulsed countenance.

“I?” cried the Colonel, and struck away Sir Jasper’s hand with a furious blow, “I? I write such brimstone nonsense? No, sir! Now, Sir Jasper, how dare you ask me such a question?”

“No,” said Sir Jasper, “of course not. Ah, I am a fool,

Villiers! Forgive me. There's no quarrel between us. No, of course it could not be you. With that nose, your waistcoat, your sixty years! Gad, I am going mad!"

"Why, man," said Stafford, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "Villiers has not so much hair on his head as you hold in your hand there. Off with your wig, Villiers, off with your wig, and let your bald pate proclaim its shining innocence."

The gallant gentleman thus addressed was by this time black in the face. Panting as to breath, disjointed as to speech, his fury had nevertheless its well-defined purpose.

"I have been insulted, I have been insulted," he gasped; "the matter cannot end here. Sir Jasper, you have insulted me. I am a red-haired man, sir. I shall send a friend to call upon you."

"Nay, then," said Sir Jasper, "since 't is so between us I will even assure myself that Tom has spoken the truth, and give you something to fight for!" He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and plucked the wig from Colonel Villiers' head.

Before him indeed spread so complete an expanse of hairless candor that further evidence was not necessary; yet the few limp hairs that lingered behind the Colonel's ears, if they had once been ruddy, shone now meekly silver in the candlelight.

"I thank you," said Sir Jasper; "that is sufficient. When you send your friend to call upon me, I shall receive him with pleasure." He handed back the Colonel's wig with a bow.

The Colonel stood trembling; his knotted hand instinctively fumbled for his sword. But, remembering perhaps that this was eminently a case for pistols, he bethought himself, seized his wig, clapped it on defiantly, settled it with minute care, glared, wheeled round and left the room, muttering as he went remarks of so sulphurous a nature as to defy recording.

Sir Jasper did not seem to give him another thought. He fell into his chair again and spread out upon his knee the sorely crumpled letter.

"Confusion!" said he. "Who can it be? Tom, you scamp, I know your hair is brown. Thou art not the man,

Tom. Oh, Tom, oh, Tom, if I do not kill him I shall go mad!"

Stafford was weak with laughter, and tears rolled from his eyes as he gasped:

"Let us see, who can the Judas be? (Gad, this is the best joke I have known for years. Oh, Lord, the bald head of him! Oh, Jasper, 't is cruel funny! Stap me, sir, if I have known a better laugh these ten years!) Nay, nay, I will help thee. Come, there 's His Lordship the Bishop of Bath and Wells, he is red, I know, for I have seen him in the water. Gad, he was like a boiled lobster, hair and all. Could it be he, think you? They have a way, these divines, and Lady Standish has a delicate conscience. She would like the approval of the Church upon her deeds. Nay, never glare like that, for I will not fight you! Have you not got your rosary of red polls to tell first? Ha! there is O'Hara, he is Irish enough and rake enough and red enough. Oh, he is red enough!"

"O'Hara!" cried Sir Jasper, struck.

There came a fine rat-tat-tat at the door, a parley in the hall, and the servant announced Mr. Denis O'Hara.

"Talk of the devil," said Stafford.

Sir Jasper rose from his arm-chair with the air of one whose enemy is delivered into his hands.

The Honorable Denis O'Hara, son and heir of Viscount Kileroney in the peerage of Ireland, entered with a swift and easy step, and saluted airily. He had a merry green eye, and the red of his crisp hair shone out through the powder like the winter sunset through a mist.

"Sir Jasper," said he, "your servant, sir. Faith, Tom, me boy, is that you? The top of the evening to ye."

Uninvited he took a chair and flung his careless figure upon it. His joints were loose, his nose aspired, his rich lace ruffles were torn, his handsome coat was buttoned awry; Irishman was stamped upon every line of him, from his hot red head to his slim alert foot; Irishman lurked in every rich accent of his ready tongue.

Sir Jasper made no doubt that now the Lothario who had poached on his preserves, had destroyed his peace, had devastated his home, was before him. He turned to Stafford, and caught him by the wrist.

"Tom," whispered he, "you will stand by me, for by my immortal soul, I will fight it out to-night!"

"For God's sake, be quiet," whispered the other, who began to think that the jealous husband was getting beyond a joke. "Let us hear what the fellow has got to say first. The devil! I will not stand by to see you pink every auburn buck in the town. 'T is stark lunacy."

"But 't is you yourself," returned Sir Jasper, in his fierce undertone—"you yourself who told me it was he. See, but look at this curl and at that head."

"Oh, flummery!" cried Stafford. "Let him speak, I say."

"When you have done your little conversation, gentlemen," said Mr. O'Hara good-naturedly, "perhaps you will let me put in a word edgeways?"

Sir Jasper, under his friend's compelling hand, sank into a chair; his sinews well-nigh creaked with the constraint he was putting upon himself.

"I have come," said Denis O'Hara, "from me friend Captain Spoicer. I met him a while ago, fluttering down Gay Street, leaping like a hare with the hounds after him, by St. Patrick! 'You're running away from some one, Spoicer,' says I. And says he, 'I'm running away from that blithering madman, Sir Jasper Standish.' Excuse me, Sir Jasper, those were his words, ye see."

"And what, sir," interrupted Sir Jasper in an ominous voice—"what, sir, may I ask, was your purpose in walking this way to-night?"

"Eh," cried the Irishman, "what is that ye say?"

"Oh, go on, O'Hara!" cried Stafford impatiently, and under his breath to Standish, "Faith, Jasper," said he, "keep your manners or I'll wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Oh, is that the way with him?" said O'Hara, behind his hand to Stafford, and winking jovially. "Well, I was saying, gentlemen, that to see a man run, unless it be a Frenchman, is a thing that goes against me. 'Why, what did he do to you?' said I (meaning you, Sir Jasper). 'Oh,' says me gallant captain, 'I went to him with a gentlemanly message from a friend, and the fellow insulted me so grossly with remarks about my hair, that sure,' says he, 't is only fit for Bedlam he is.' 'Insulted you,' says I, 'and

where are ye running to? To look for a friend, I hope,' says I. 'Insults are stinking things.' 'Sure,' says he, 'he is mad,' says he. 'Well, what matter of that?' says I. 'Sure, isn't it all mad we are, more or less? Come,' says I, 'Spoicer, this will look bad for you with the ladies, not to speak of the men. Give *me* the message, me boy, and I will take it; and sure we will let Sir Jasper bring his keepers with him to the field, and no one can say fairer than that.'"

Sir Jasper sprang to his feet.

"Now, curse your Irish insolence," he roared, "this is more than I would stand from any man! And, if I mistake not, Mr. O'Hara, *we* have other scores to settle besides."

"Is it we?" cried O'Hara, jumping up likewise. "'T is the first I've heard of them—but, be jabbers, you will never find me behindhand in putting me foot to the front! I will settle as many scores as you like, Sir Jasper—so long as it is me sword and not me purse that pays them."

"Draw then, man, draw!" snarled Sir Jasper, dancing in fury. He bared his silver-hilted sword and threw the scabbard in a corner.

"Heaven defend us!" cried Stafford, in vain endeavoring to come between the two.

"Sure, you must not contradict him," cried O'Hara, unbuckling his belt rapidly, and drawing likewise, with a pretty flourish of shining blade. "'T is the worst way in the world to deal with a cracked man. Sure ye must soothe him and give in to him. Don't I know? Is not me own first cousin a real raw lunatic in Kinsale Asylum this blessed day? Come on, Sir Jasper, I'm yer man. Just pull the chairs out of the way, Tom, me dear boy."

"Now, sir, now, sir!" said Sir Jasper, and felt restored to himself again as steel clinked against steel. And he gripped the ground with his feet, and knew the joy of action.

"Well, what must be, must be," said Stafford philosophically, and sat across a chair; "and a good fight is a good fight all the world over. Ha, that was a lunge! O'Hara wields a pretty blade, but there is danger in Jasper's eye. I vow I won't have the Irish boy killed. Ha!" He sprang to his feet again and brandished the chair, ready to interpose between the two at the critical moment.

O'Hara was buoyant as a cork; he skipped backward and forward, from one side to another, in sheer enjoyment of the contest. But Sir Jasper hardly moved from his first position except for one or two vicious lunges. Stafford had deemed to see danger in his eye; there was more than danger—there was murder! The injured husband was determined to slay, and bided his time for the fatal thrust. The while, O'Hara attacked out of sheer lightness of heart. Now his blade grazed Sir Jasper's thigh; once he gave him a flicking prick on the wrist so that the blood ran down his fingers.

"Stop, stop!" cried Stafford, running in with his chair. "Sir Jasper's hit!"

"No, dash you!" cried Sir Jasper. And click, clank, click, it went again, with the pant of the shortening breath, and the thud of the leaping feet. Sir Jasper lunged a third time, O'Hara waved his sword aimlessly, fell on one knee, and rolled over.

"Halt!" yelled Stafford. It was too late. Sir Jasper stood staring at his red blade.

"You have killed him!" cried Stafford, turning furiously on his friend, and was down on his knees and had caught the wounded man in his arms the next second.

"Devil a bit," said O'Hara, and wriggling in the other's grasp, too vigorously indeed for a moribund, found his feet in a jiffy and stood laughing, with a white face, and looking down at his dripping shirt. "'T is but the sudden cold feel of the steel, man! Sure I'm all right, and ready to begin again! 'T is but a rip in the ribs, for I can breathe as right as ever." He puffed noisily as he spoke, to prove his words, slapped his chest, then turned giddily and fell into a chair. Stafford tore open the shirt. It was as O'Hara had said, the wound was an ugly surface rip, more unpleasant than dangerous.

"Let us have another bout," said O'Hara.

"No, no," said Stafford.

"No, no," said Sir Jasper, advancing and standing before his adversary. "No, Mr. O'Hara, you may have done me the greatest injury that one man can do another, but Gad, sir, you have fought like a gentleman!"

"Ah!" whispered O'Hara to Stafford, who still ex-

amined the wound with a knowing manner, "'t is crazed entoirely he is, the poor fellow."

"Not crazed," said Stafford rising, "or if so, only through jealousy.—Jasper, let us have some wine for Mr. O'Hara, and one of your women with water and bandages. A little sticking-plaister will set this business to rights. Thank God that I have not seen murder to-night!"

"One moment, Stafford," said Jasper, "one moment, sir. Let us clear this matter. Am I not right, Mr. O'Hara, in believing you to have written a letter to my wife?"

"Is it me?" cried O'Hara in the most guileless astonishment.

"He thinks you are her lover," whispered Stafford in his ear. "Zooks, I can laugh again now! He knows she has got a red-haired lover, and says he will kill every red-haired man in Bath!"

"Sure I have never laid eyes on Lady Standish," said O'Hara to Sir Jasper, "if that is all you want. Sure, I'd have been proud to be her lover if I'd only had the honor of her acquaintance!"

"Mr. O'Hara," said Sir Jasper, "will you shake hands with me?"

"With all the pleasure in loife!" cried the genial Irishman. "Faith, 't is great friends we will be, but perhaps ye had better not introjuce me to yer lady, for I'm not to be trusted where the dear creatures are concerned, and so 't is best to tell you at the outset."

The opponents now shook hands on either side. The wound was attended to, and several bottles of wine were thereafter cracked in great good-fellowship.

"There is nothing like Canary," vowed O'Hara, "for the power of healing."

ANDREW CHERRY.

(1762—1812.)

ANDREW CHERRY, was born in Limerick, Jan. 11, 1762. His father wished to make a clergyman of him and began to educate him for that purpose, but the expense was more than he could afford, and the boy was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller in Dublin. He early developed a taste for the stage, and at seventeen abandoned printing and joined a company of strolling players. On his first appearance with them he received as his share of the profits the encouraging sum of tenpence halfpenny (21 cents). His acting of the not very easy character of Feignwell in Mrs. Centlivre's 'Bold Stroke for a Wife' was, however, very successful. But the lack of pence continued; at one time he was without food for four days, and at last he returned to his trade.

At the end of three years he joined the company of a Mr. Knipe, who is said to have been a scholar and a gentleman as well as a player. After many vicissitudes he became a popular favorite, and for six years remained in Dublin and Belfast at the head of his profession in his own particular comic line. During this time he married Miss Knipe, the daughter of his former manager. He and his wife went to England, where they spent some years, and he played at Bath, at Manchester, and in London with much success, reaching the zenith of his fame at Drury Lane Theater. He afterward became the manager of provincial theaters, and died at Monmouth, Feb. 7, 1812.

He also had some success as a dramatic writer. Most of his works were ephemeral in character, but they were all good acting plays—'The Soldier's Daughter' alone keeps the stage. He had a notable reputation as a wit; and Croker, in his 'Popular Songs of Ireland,' quotes a note written by him to one of his former managers after his success at Drury Lane. It runs as follows:

"SIR:—I am not so great a fool as you take me for! I have been bitten once by you, and I will never give you an opportunity of making two bites of
A. CHERRY."

But, after all, the name of Andrew Cherry will last far longer as a song-writer than as an actor, dramatist, or wit. Who is not familiar with 'The Bay of Biscay' and 'Tom Moody'? The first is one of the most stirring sea songs ever written; and the second is perhaps one of the finest sporting songs in existence.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers:

The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day there she lay
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stops the dreadful leak;
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay till next day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
 Broke thro' the hazy sky;
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay on that day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers:
 Now we sail with the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'T was Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the
 mireland;
 And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that they may appear in;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the
 mireland;
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
 And still through the bog, through the brake, through the
 mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

TOM MOODY.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell;
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
 Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
 No hound ever opened with Tom near the wood
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 't were good;
 And all with attention would eagerly mark,
 When he cheered up the pack. "Hark! to Rookwood, hark!
 hark!

High!—wind him! and cross him;
 Now, Rattler, boy!—Hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest;
 His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appeared,
 On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was reared;
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there followed an old straggling hound.
 Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
 Nor the welkin resound to the burst in the chase!

With "High over!—now press him!
 Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath,
"Since I see you 're resolved to be in at the death,
One favor bestow—'t is the last I shall crave,—
Give a rattling view-hollow thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice joined in the tally-ho cry,

Tally-ho! Hark forward!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

MRS. W. H. CHESSON (NORA HOPPER).

(1871 —)

MISS HOPPER was born in 1871 and was educated in London. She began to write very early. Her first verses were published when she was sixteen years old. She married Mr. W. H. Chesson in 1901. She has contributed prose and verse to most of the English magazines and newspapers and has published 'Ballads in Prose,' a book of poetical prose and poetry, besides three volumes of verse. Though she is a most prolific writer, her work maintains its high standard. She saturates herself with Irish studies of all kinds, and few poets are more thoroughly Irish.

Mr. W. B. Yeats says in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' of 'Ballads in Prose': "It haunted me as few new books have ever haunted me, for it spoke in strange wayward stories and birdlike little verses of things and persons I remembered or had dreamed of." . . . "They delight us by their mystery, as ornament full of lines, too deeply interwoven to weary us with discoverable secret, delights us with its mystery; and as ornament is full of strange beasts and trees and flowers, that were once the symbols of great religions, and are now mixing one with another, and changing into new shapes, this book is full of old beliefs and stories, mixing and changing in an enchanted dream."

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

Now all away to Tir na n'Og are many roads that run,
But he has ta'en the longest lane, the King of Ireland's son.

There's roads of hate, and roads of love, and many a middle
way,
And castles keep the valleys deep where happy lovers stray—

Where Aongus goes there's many a rose burns red mid shad-
ows dun,
No rose there is will draw his kiss, the King of Ireland's son.

And yonder, where the sun is high, Love laughs amid the hay,
But smile and sigh have passed him by, and never make delay.

And here (and O! the sun is low!) they're glad for harvest
won,
But naught he cares for wheat or tares, the King of Ireland's
son!

And you have flung love's apple by, and I'm to pluck it yet:
But what are fruits of gramarye with druid dewes beset?

Oh what are magic fruits to him who meets the Lianan-sidhe
Or hears athwart the distance dim Fionn's horn blow drow-
sily!

He follows on for ever when all your chase is done
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son.

THE GRAY FOG.

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
It blinds my eyes, mavrone; and stops my breath,
And I travel slow that once could run the swiftest,
And I fear ere I meet Mauryeen I'll meet Death.

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
And a gray dogs my footsteps as they go,
And it's long and sore to tread, the road to Connaught.
Is it fault of brogues or feet I fare so slow?

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
But the Connaught wind will blow it from my way,
And a Connaught girl will kiss it from my memory
If the Death that walks beside me will delay.

(There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
And no wind comes to break its stillness deep:
And a Connaughtman lies on the road to Connaught
And Mauryeen will not kiss him from his sleep—Ululu!)

THE CUCKOO SINGS IN THE HEART OF WINTER.

The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter,
And all for Mauryeen he tunes his song;
How Mauryeen's hair is the honey's color.
(He sings of her all the winter long!)

Her long loose hair's of the honey's color,
The wild sweet honey that wild bees make.
The sun herself is ashamed before her,
The moon is pale for her gold cool's sake.

She bound her hair, of the honey's color,
 With flowers of yarrow and quicken green:
 And now one binds it with leaves of willow,
 And cypress lies where my head has been.

Now robins sing beside Pastheen's doorway,
 And wrens for bounty that Grania gave:
 The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter;
 He sings all day beside Mauryeen's grave.

THE FAIRY FIDDLER.

'T is I go fiddling, fiddling,
 By weedy ways forlorn:
 I make the blackbird's music
 Ere in his breast 't is born;
 The sleeping larks I waken
 'Twixt the midnight and the morn.

No man alive has seen me,
 But women hear me play
 Sometimes at door or window,
 Fiddling the souls away—
 The child's soul and the colleen's—
 Out of the covering clay.

None of my fairy kinsmen
 Make music with me now:
 Alone the raths I wander,
 Or ride the whitethorn bough;
 But the wild swans they know me,
 And the horse that draws the plow.

THE DARK MAN.

Rose o' the World, she came to my bed
 And changed the dreams of my heart and head;
 For joy of mine she left grief of hers,
 And garlanded me with a crown of furze.

Rose o' the World, they go out and in,
 And watch me dream and my mother spin:
 And they pity the tears on my sleeping face
 While my soul's away in a fairy place.

Rose o' the World, they have words galore,
 And wide 's the swing of my mother's door:
 And soft they speak of my darkened eyes—
 But what do they know, who are all so wise?

Rose o' the World, the pain you give
 Is worth all days that a man may live—
 Worth all shy prayers that the colleens say
 On the night that darkens the wedding-day.

Rose o' the World, what man would wed
 When he might dream of your face instead?—
 Might go to his grave with the blessed pain
 Of hungering after your face again?

Rose o' the World, they may talk their fill,
 For dreams are good, and my life stands still
 While their lives' red ashes the gossips stir;
 But my fiddle knows—and I talk to her.

THE FAERY FOOL.

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—
 Ay me, the Faery fool!
 How do I know what the rushes say,
 Sighing and shuddering all the day
 Over their shadowy pool?
 How do I know what the North Wind cries
 Herding his flocks of snow?
 The menace that lies in the Hunter's eyes
 How do I know?

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—
 Ay me, the Faery fool!
 I cry to them that sent me here
 To laugh and jest, to geck and fleer,
 To scorn at law and rule:—
 "Why did ye also give to me
 Beauty and peace to know,
 The ears to hear and the eyes to see
 And the hands that let all go?"

I cry to them that bade me jest:
 "Why made ye me so slight,

*And put a heart within my breast,
 An evil gift, an evil guest,
 To spoil me for delight?
 Made for mere laughter, answer why
 Must I have eyes for dool?
 Take from me tears, or let me die,
 For I am sick of wisdom, I,
 Dalua, the Faery fool."*

NIAM.

Mouth of the rose and hair like a cloud—
 After my feet the wind grows loud:
 The red East Wind whose rumor has gone
 From Tir-nan-Og¹ to Tir-na-Tonn.²
 Under my feet the windflower grows,
 After my feet the shadows run,
 Over my feet the long grass blows.
 All things hail me and call me on
 Out of the darkness into the sun,
 Love and Beauty and Youth in one.

Under my feet the windflower grows.
 Men called me Niam when first arose
 My splendid star: but what now ye call
 Me, do I heed if I hear at all?
 Look in my eyes—are they gray or blue?
 They are the eyes that the Fenians knew,
 When out of the sunshine, into the shade,
 I called to Oisín, and he obeyed.
 Across Fionn's banner my dark hair flew,
 And safe in its leash my love I drew.

I called to Oisín and he obeyed—
 Out of the sunshine into the shade,
 Though the words were out and the warhorns blew
 And wisdom and pride my voice gainsaid.
 But a hundred years, or a thousand years,
 I kept my lover from hopes and fears—
 In Druid dark on my arm he slept.
 Shall I not keep men even as I kept?
 'T wixt a man and his wisdom let blow my hair,
 The man is beside me, and wisdom's—where?

¹ *Tir-nan-og*, the Country of Youth.

² *Tir-na-tonn*, the Land under the Sea.

The Fenians died and the high Gods die,
But spring's immortal, and so am I.
I am young, I am swift, I am fair to see,
My blood is the sap running new in the tree.
Shall I not keep men even as I kept
Oisin free from his falling sept?
Who shall deny me, or who gainsay,
For the world is beginning anew to-day?
Youth is glad, for the world is wide;
Tarry, O Youth! Love is here at thy side.

The world is beginning anew to-day;
Fire is awake in each clod of clay;
The ragweeds know what has never been told
By the old to the young, or the young to the old.
The hawthorns tell it in broad daylight;
The evening primrose awaits the night,
Her beautiful secret she shuts in close
Till the last late bee goes home from the rose.
And I am the secret, the flower, and the tree;
I am Beauty; O Youth, I have blossomed for thee.

JOSEPH IGNATIUS CONSTANTINE CLARKE.

(1846 —)

JOSEPH IGNATIUS CONSTANTINE CLARKE, editor and playwright, was born at Kingstown, Ireland, July 31, 1846. At the age of twelve years he went to London with his family and in 1863 became a clerk in the Board of Trade. In 1868 from patriotic motives he resigned his position and went to Paris. Thence he came to America, where he has since resided. In 1873 he married Mary Agnes Cahill, and has two sons. He served from 1868 to 1870 as assistant editor of the *Irish Republic*. In the latter year he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*, and continued in its service until 1883, when he became managing editor of the *New York Morning Journal*, which position he held until 1895. He is now (1904) editor of the Sunday edition of the *New York Herald*.

From 1898 to 1900 Mr. Clarke was editor of *The Criterion*. He is the author of 'Robert Emmet,' a tragedy, 1888; 'Malmorda, a Metrical Romance,' 1893, and of various plays. His first poem in print appeared in John O'Leary's *Irish People*. 'The Fighting Race' is said to be one of the best poems of the Spanish-American war.

FORE-SONG TO 'MALMORDA.'¹

I.

To me by early morn
Came mem'ries of Old Ireland by the sea,
The tenderest and sweetest that there be,
Wherein the songs of water and of wind
And joy of loving human kind
Mingled in an ecstasy of harmony.
All was so low-toned and so sweet,
Near voices seeming ever to repeat
Soft syllables of blessing on my head;
And the faces—ah, the faces of the dead
Companions of my youth were there,
And one face fairer than all faces fair,
And one face—oh, my mother—from whose eyes
The well-springs of all tendernesses rise;
And all were shaping
Love and love and love!

II.

But at night again
Came the old, old pain,
And I saw the storm-gods whirling through the air
With Desolation's armies everywhere,

¹ 'Malmorda: A Metrical Romance.' New York, 1893. Copyright. By permission.



The long and lean lines, ragged, reaching back,
Torch-flared and wild-eyed in the wrack,
And the roll, roll, roll of the long thunder,
As the forked flash of the lightning leaped thereunder,
And nowhere any peace or rest—
For the children of the land they called the Blest.
But the surges and the tempest loud were singing,
And the heavens through their wrath were with it ringing,
All shaping
 Love and love and love!

III.

Oh my soul! how can it be
That by still or stormy sea,
By the calm that swoons below, or the fury loose above,
The voice of Erin calls on love and love?
Passionate our hearts be, well I know,
Whether our tears or laughter flow,
Whether our faces gloom or glow.
Yea, through our Irish souls Love's flame
Shoots its red blaze and shakes the frame;
Beats on the heart with wings of fire,
As the wind's sleepless fingers shake a lyre,
Making wild eerie music never stilled.
And be our lives with toil or torment filled,
Ever a crisping, whisp'ring undertone,
Or hot-caught fiery breath makes known
The dominant, deep impulse that the hoar
Old ages stirred with, and that o'er and o'er
Re-born with travail in the hearts of men,
Is shaping on our lips, yea, now as then—
 Love and love and love!

IV.

Then spake a voice to me:
"Beyond the fair days of the Flame-god's time
A fair god looked upon the young land's prime,
And on the mountains and the streams and seas
Set seals of loving. Then in mystic threes
Came many gods to curse or bless,
Each with his portent of the soul's distress
Or rapture—Bravery, Envy, Jealousy,
Reverence, Pity, Faith—all joy that bides,
Or pain that lasts between the ocean's tides,

Or through the heaven-circling of a star.
 All these have there endured to make or mar;
 But under the sea's breast ever stir the dreams
 First waked by love, and in the babbling streams
 Love murmurs all day long,
 And down in the hearts of the mountains strong,
 Love makes its melody of notes so deep
 That the dead gods stir in their stony sleep,
 Their cold lips shaping
 Love and love and love!"

v.

Then full voiced came my song,
 'T wixt day and dark the dead Past called to me.
 A long wave rolled along the Irish sea,
 Its white foam fronted with tossing spears,
 Red with the rust of a thousand years.
 It brake on the sands and the waters ran
 With a blood-red stain, and the song began.
 They were there, the steel-capped Ostman hordes;
 In the dusk they flashed their two-edged swords.
 Their warships tossed on the purpling waves;
 At the rowers' benches toiled the slaves.
 Then the Irish king in his youth and might,
 With sweep of battle and roar of fight
 About him, and circling his Norseland prize,
 The blue of the sea in her wild, sweet eyes,
 The life of a man in each strand of her hair,
 And the glow of a flame on her bosom bare.
 'Mid storm and battle, by moon and mist,
 I saw through their very souls, I wist!
 And the shields that rang, and the sobs that died,
 And the echoing hills and the somber tide
 Ever were shaping
 Love and love and love!

 THE FIGHTING RACE.¹

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
 And Kelly drooped his head.
 While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
 Went down the list of the dead.

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Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 't was in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies;
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees;

Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

AGNES MARY CLERKE.

(1842 —)

AGNES MARY CLERKE, the famous woman astronomer, was born in Ireland in 1842; she is the daughter of the late John William Clerke. From 1870 to 1877 she lived in Italy and at the end of that time she began to write for *The Edinburgh Review*. She has made astronomical observations at the Royal Observatory and the Cape of Good Hope.

She traveled to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg in the yacht *Palatine* in 1890. Among her books are 'A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century,' 'The System of the Stars,' 'Familiar Studies in Homer,' 'The Herschels and Modern Astronomy' (Century Science Series), 'Astronomy,' in Concise Knowledge Series (joint author); 'Problems in Astrophysics.'

She has also contributed articles to *The Edinburgh Review*, 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' and 'The Dictionary of National Biography.' She was awarded, in 1901, the Actonian Prize of one hundred guineas for her works on astronomy. As a close observer and a profound thinker, Agnes M. Clerke takes high rank, while as a clear, careful, and accurate exponent of the abstruser side of science in a popular and attractive style she has few equals.

THE PLANET VENUS, HESPERUS AND PHOSPHOR.

The radiant planet that hangs on the skirts of dusk and dawn,

“like a jewel in an Ethiop's ear,”

has been known and sung by poets in all ages. Its supremacy over the remainder of the starry host is recognized in the name given it by the Arabs, those nomad watchers of the skies, for while they term the moon “El Azhar,” “the Brighter One,” and the sun and moon together “El Ezharan,” “the Brighter Pair,” they call Venus “El Zahra,” the bright or shining one *par excellence*, in which sense the same word is used to describe a flower. This “Flower of Night” is supposed to be no other than the white rose into which Adonis was changed by Venus in the fable which is the basis of all early Asiatic mythology. The morning and evening star is thus the celestial symbol of that union between earth and heaven in the vivifying processes of nature, typified in the love of the goddess for a mortal.

The ancient Greeks, on the other hand, not unnaturally took the star, which they saw alternately emerging from the effulgence of the rising and setting sun, in the east and in the west, for two distinct bodies, and named it differently according to the time of its appearance. The evening star they called Hesperus, and from its place on the western horizon, fabled an earthly hero of that name, the son of Atlas, who from the slopes of that mountain on the verge of the known world used to observe the stars until eventually carried off by a mighty wind, and so translated to the skies. These divine honors were earned by his piety, wisdom, and justice as a ruler of men, and his name long shed a shimmering glory over those Hesperidean regions of the earth, where the real and unreal touched hands in the mystical twilight of the unknown.

But the morning star shone with a different significance as the herald of the day, the torchbearer who lights the way for radiant Aurora on her triumphal progress through the skies. Hence he was called Eosphorus, or Phosphorus, the bearer of the dawn, translated into Latin as Lucifer, the Light-bearer. The son of Eos, or Aurora, and the Titan Astræus, he was of the same parentage as the other multitude of the starry host, to whom a similar origin was ascribed, and from whom in Greek mythology he was evidently believed to differ only in the superior order of his brightness. Homer, who mentions the planet in the following passage:

“ But when the star of Lucifer appeared,
 The harbinger of light, whom following close,
 Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robed morn ”—
 (Lord Derby's *Iliad*.)

recognizes no distinction between those celestial nomads, the planets, “wandering stars,” as the Arabs call them, which visibly change their position relatively to the other stars, and the latter, whose places on the sphere are apparently fixed and immutable. In this he and his compatriots were far behind the ancient Egyptians, who probably derived their knowledge from still earlier speculators in Asia, for they not only observed the movements of some at least of the planets, but believed that Mercury and Venus revolved as satellites round the sun, which in turn circled round our lesser world. Pythagoras is said to

have been the first to identify Hesperus with Phosphor, as the

“ Silver planet both of eve and morn,”

and by Plato the same fact is recognized. The other planets, all of which had, according to him, been originally named in Egypt and Syria, have each its descriptive title in his nomenclature. Thus the innermost, “ the Star of Mercury,” is called Stilbon, “ the Sparkler,” Mars, Pyroeis, “ the Fiery One,” while Jupiter, the planet of the slowest course but one, is designated as Phaeton, and Saturn, the tardiest of all, Phaenon. These names were in later times abandoned in favor of those of the divinities to whom they were respectively dedicated, unalterably associated now with the days of the week, over which they have been selected to preside.

The Copernican theory, which once and forever “ brushed the cobwebs out of the sky,” by clearing away the mists of pre-existing error, first completely explained the varying positions of the Shepherd’s star, irradiating the first or last watch of night, according to her alternate function as the follower or precursor of the sun. As she travels on a path nearer to him by more than twenty-five and a half million miles than that of the earth, she is seen by us on each side of him in turn after passing behind or in front of him.

The points at which her orbit expands most widely to our eyes—an effect of course entirely due to perspective, as her distance from the sun is not then actually increased—are called her eastern and western elongations; that at which she passes by the sun on the hither side her inferior, and on the farther side her superior conjunction. At both conjunctions she is lost to our view, since she accompanies the sun so closely as to be lost in his beams, rising and setting at the same time, and traveling with him in his path through the heavens during the day. When at inferior conjunction, or between us and the sun, she turns her dark hemisphere to us like the new moon, and would consequently be invisible in any case, but when in the opposite position, shows us her illuminated face, and is literally a day star, invisible only because effaced by the solar splendor.

It is as she gradually separates from him, after leaving

this latter position, circling over that half of her orbit which lies to the east of him, that she begins to come into view as an evening star, following him at a greater and greater distance, and consequently setting later, until she attains her greatest eastern elongation, divided from the sun about forty-five degrees of his visible circuit through the heavens, and consequently remaining above the horizon for some four hours after him. From this point she again appears to draw nearer to him until she passes on his hither side in inferior conjunction, from which she emerges on the opposite side to the westward, and begins to shine as a morning star, preceding him on his track, at a gradually increasing distance, until attaining her greatest westward elongation, and finally completing her cycle by returning to superior conjunction once more in a period of about five hundred and eighty-four days.

Venus is thus Hesperus or Vesper, the evening star, when following the sun as she passes from beyond him in superior conjunction to inferior conjunction, where she is nearest to the earth. As she again leaves him behind in her course from this point to the opposite one of superior conjunction, she appears in her second aspect as Phosphorus or Lucifer, "the sun of morning," and herald of the day, shining as

" The fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

(1822—1904.)

FRANCES POWER COBBE, one of the leaders in the fight for the removal of the disabilities of English women, was the daughter of Mr. Charles Cobbe of Newbridge House, County Dublin, and was born in that city, Dec. 4, 1822. She received her education at Brighton. For many years she was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and her essays, republished in volume form, make up a goodly list. She published among other things 'Essays on the Pursuits of Women,' 1863; 'Broken Lives,' 1864; 'Cities of the Past,' reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1864; 'Brief Notes on Politics, People, and Places in Italy'; 'Darwinism in Morals, and other Essays,' 1872; 'The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here,' 1874. 'Re-echoes' appeared in 1876. It is a republication of essays contributed by her to the *Echo*, which formed for many years one of the most attractive features in that journal.

One of the favorite subjects of Miss Cobbe's pen was that which is called "woman's rights." She maintained in many an essay the claims of her sex to have a place in the professions and a share in the political activity of her time. In her own self she was, perhaps, one of the strongest arguments in favor of her view, for she showed in literature an activity that is paralleled by few men, and a grace of style and freshness of thought for which more than one masculine writer might vainly wish.

She also wrote an autobiography—"Woman's Duty to Woman"; 'The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals,' etc. She was the foundress of an Anti-Vivisection Society in London, and of the British Union Anti-Vivisection Society, and published hundreds of articles and pamphlets on this subject and on that of the poor laws in England. She died April 5, 1904.

THE CONTAGION OF LOVE.

From an Essay on 'The Emotions.'

It is impossible to form the faintest estimate of the good—the highest kind of good, which a single devout soul may accomplish in a lifetime by spreading the holy contagion of the love of God in widening circles around it. But just as far as the influence of such men is a cause for thankfulness, so great would be the calamity of a time, if such should ever arrive, when there should be a dearth of saints in the world, and the fire on the altar should die down. A

glacial period of religion would kill many of the sweetest flowers in human nature; and woe to the land where (as it would seem is almost the case in France at this moment) the priceless tradition of prayer is being lost, or only maintained in fatal connection with outworn superstitions.

To resume the subject of this paper. We have seen that the emotions, which are the chief springs of human conduct, many either be produced by their natural stimuli, or conveyed by contagion from other minds, but that they can neither be commanded nor taught. If we desire to convey good and noble emotions to our fellow-creatures, the only means whereby we can effect that end is by filling our own hearts with them till they overflow into the hearts of others. Here lies the great truth which the preachers of Altruism persistently overlook. It is better to be good than to do good. We can benefit our kind in no way so much as by being ourselves pure and upright and noble minded. We can never teach religion to such purpose as we can live it.

It was my privilege to know a woman who for more than twenty years was chained by a cruel malady to what Heine called a "mattress grave." Little or nothing was it possible for her to do for any one in the way of ordinary service. Her many schemes of usefulness and beneficence were all stopped. Yet merely by attaining to the lofty heights of spiritual life and knowledge, that suffering woman helped and lifted up the hearts of all who came around her, and did more real good, and of the highest kind, than half the preachers and philanthropists in the land. Even now, when her beautiful soul has been released at last from its earthly cage, it still moves many who knew her to the love of God and duty to remember what she was; and to the faith in immortality to think what now she must be—within the golden gates.

HENRY BRERETON CODE.

(—1830.)

“Great confusion has arisen about Code, and it is rather difficult to get exact data about him,” says Mr. O’Donoghue in his ‘Poets of Ireland.’ “Some things are beyond doubt, however, such as that he was the author of ‘The Sprig of Shillelah,’ and not Lysaght; that it occurs in his ‘Russian Sacrifice,’ and was written by him some years before the production of that piece on the stage; that he was editor of *The Warder*, a prominent Tory journal in Dublin between 1820–30, and was sometimes referred to in its columns as author of the song mentioned; that he wrote agricultural matter for his paper, and songs also; that he never wrote ‘Donnybrook Fair,’ as some writers have surmised; and that he died about 1830.

“He was a government spy during the ’98 period, and several payments of money were made to him for information in 1802–3. He afterward got a place in the Revenue, it is said. He reported Robert Emmet’s famous speech, and mutilated it for base purposes, according to *The United Irishman*. Sir John A. Stevenson set his dramas to music, and also one or two separate songs which he wrote, as ‘The Fisherman’s Glee,’ Dublin, 1825. The words of a very popular glee by Stevenson, ‘See our oars with feathered spray,’ belong to one of Code’s dramas. Code’s real name was Cody.”

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Oh! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His heart is good-humored, ’t is honest and sound,
No envy or malice is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Who has e’er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?
An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His clothes spick and span new, without e’er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
He meets with his Sheelah,¹ who, frowning a smile,
Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
To the priest soon they go, and a year after that
A baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green!
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon;
United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

¹ *Sheelah*, sweetheart.

PATRICK JAMES COLEMAN.

(1867 —)

PATRICK JAMES COLEMAN was born at Ballaghadereen, County Mayo, in 1867. He matriculated at London University. Later on he came to America and went into journalism. He is a contributor to *The Irish Monthly*, *The Nation*, and other Irish-American papers. His verses are racy of the soil, and accurately and forcibly present certain phases of Irish sentiment.

SEED-TIME.

I.

The top o' the mornin' to you, Mick,
Isn't it fine an' dhry an' still?
Just an elegant day, avic,
To stick the toleys on Tullagh hill.
The field is turned, an' every clod
In ridge an' furrow is fresh an' brown;
So let 's away, with the help o' God,
By the heel o' the evenin' we 'll have them down.

As long as there 's plenty o' milk to churn,
An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter fire we 'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

II.

There 's a time to work, an' a time to talk;
So, Patsy, my boy, your pratin' shtop!
By Midsummer Day, blossom an' stalk,
We 'll feast our eyes on a right good crop.
Oh, the purple blossoms, so full o' joy,
Burstin' up from our Irish loam,
They're betther than gold to the peasant boy;
They crown him king in his Irish home!

As long as the cows have milk to churn,
With plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter hearth we 'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

III.

A year ago we wor full o' hope,
 For the stalks wor green by the First o' May,
 But the brown blight fell over field an' slope,
 An' the poreens¹ rotted by Lady Day.
 You'd dig a ridge for a creel in vain;
 But He left us still our dacint friends;
 If it comes again we won't complain—
 His will be done!—it's the besht He sends!

As long as we've plenty o' milk to churn,
 An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
 By the winter fire we'll laugh to scorn
 The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

IV.

An' whin the turf's in the haggard piled,
 We'll come, plase God! with our spades and loys;
 It's busy ye'll be, then, Brigid, my child,
 Fillin' the baskets behind the boys.
 So shtick thim deep in Ould Ireland's clay—
 It's nearly dusk, an' there's work galore;
 It's time enough in the winter to play,
 When the crop is safe on our cabin floor.

As long as the cows have milk to churn,
 With plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
 By the winter hearth we'll laugh to scorn
 The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.

 BINDIN' THE OATS.

Bindin' the oats in sweet September,
 Don't you remember
 That evening, dear?
 Ah! but you bound my heart completely,
 Fair and nately,
 Snug in the snood of your silken hair!

Swung the sickles, you followed after
 With musical laughter
 And witchin' eye.
 I tried to reap, but each swathe I took, love,

¹ *Poreens*, small potatoes.

Spoiled the stook, love,
For your smile had bothered my head awry!

Such an elegant, graceful binder,
Where could I find her
All Ireland through?
Worn't the stout, young, strappin' fellows
Fairly jealous,
Dyin', *asthore machree*, for you?

Talk o' Persephone pluckin' the posies,
Or the red roses,
In Henna's plain!
You wor sweeter, with cheeks so red, love,
And beautiful head, love,
Gatherin' up the golden grain.

Bindin' the oats in sweet September,
Don't you remember
The stolen *pogue*?¹
How could I help but there deliver
My heart for ever
To such a beautiful little rogue?

Bindin' the oats, 't was there you found me,
There you bound me
That harvest day!
Ah! that I in your blessèd bond, love.
Fair and fond, love,
Happy, for ever and ever, stay!

¹ *Pogue*, kiss.

PADRAIC COLUM.

PADRAIC COLUM is one of the latest of young Irishmen who have made a name for themselves in the literary world. His work has been published in *The United Irishman* and he figures in an interesting anthology entitled 'New Songs, a Lyric Selection,' made by A. George Russell.

THE PLOWER.

Sunset and silence; a man; around him earth savage, earth broken:

Beside him two horses, a plow!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn-man there in the sunset!

And the plow that is twin to the sword, that is founder of cities!

"Brute-tamer, plow-maker, earth-breaker! Canst hear? There are ages between us!

"Is it praying you are as you stand there, alone in the sunset?

"Surely our sky-born gods can be nought to you, Earth-child and Earth-master!

"Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan or Dana!

"Yet why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your brutes where they stumble?

"Has Wotan put hands to your plow or Dana numbed pain of the child-bed?

"What matter your foolish reply, O man standing lone and bowed earthward.

"Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-giving God."

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the savage,

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, by a head's breadth only above them!

A head's breadth, ay, but therein is Hell's depth and the height up to Heaven,

And the thrones of the gods, and their halls and their chariots, purples and splendors.

A DROVER.

To Meath of the Pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing,
I name them the by-ways
They 're to pass without heeding.

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water,
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter!

O farmer, strong farmer,
You can spend at the fair,
But your face you must turn
To your crops and your care!

And soldiers, red soldiers,
You've seen many lands,
But you march two by two,
And by captain's commands.

O the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn,
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn!

And the crowds at the fair,
The herds loosened and blind;
Loud words and dark faces,
And the wild blood behind.

(O strong men, with your best
I would strive breast to breast;
I could quiet your herds
With my words, with my words.)

I will bring you, my kine,
Where there 's grass to the knee,
But you 'll think of scant croppings,
Harsh with salt of the sea.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

(1670—1729.)

WILLIAM CONGREVE was born in 1670. His first comedy, 'The Old Bachelor,' was acted in 1693. In 1694 and 1695 respectively appeared two others, 'The Double Dealer' and 'Love for Love.' These were followed in 1697 by the tragedy of 'The Mourning Bride.' His last and best comedy, 'The Way of the World,' conspicuous for its all-conquering character of 'Millamant,' so admirably interpreted by the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, was produced in 1700. After this he practically retired from literature. His works, which include a volume of miscellaneous poems, were published in 1710. He died in 1729.

"The poetical remains of Congreve," says Mr. Austin Dobson, "especially when considered in connection with those remarkable dramatic works which achieved for him so swift and splendid a reputation, have but a slender claim to vitality. His brilliant and audacious Muse seems to have required the glitter of the footlights and the artificial atmosphere of the stage as conditions of success; in the study he is, as a rule, either trivial or frigidly conventional. Two lines of his—

" 'For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die'—

are a strange, and we think hitherto unnoticed, anticipation of the last lines of Keats' famous 'last sonnet' in the concluding couplet of the whole :—

" 'Wishing forever in that state to lie,
Forever to be dying so, yet never die.' "

"In his songs and minor pieces Congreve is more successful, though he never reaches the level of his contemporary, Prior. 'Amoret' sets a tune which has often since been heard in familiar verse; and the little song 'False though she be to me and love' has almost a note of genuine regret."

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'MOURNING BRIDE.'

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourned;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honor persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

F. NORRYS CONNELL.

F. NORRYS CONNELL is one of the many clever Irish writers of fiction who came to the front toward the close of the nineteenth century. He wrote 'The House of the Strange Woman,' 'In the Green Park,' and 'The Fool and His Heart,' the latter being the plainly told story of Basil Thimm. It is a tale of the "land of Bohemia, where bleach the bones of lost souls," and of at least one happy escape therefrom.

FROM ALMA MATER TO DE PROFUNDIS.

From 'The Fool and His Heart.'

Gray was the predominating color at Bournegate, so Basil thought. He arrived there on a gray, winter morning, and ever after the atmosphere seemed to him to have tinted the place with a palpable pigment; the road was gray, the houses, the trees were gray, the very horse which had drawn the college brougham to meet him was gray too. England was sad indeed; he had come to it through an icy channel fog, which darkened the blackness of the night, and now when day broke it was not light—only gray, gray, gray. He heard the horse's hoofs splashing through the mire as they sped along the somber road to the school; he saw the monotonous fall of mud upon the window pane. Essex is not a pretty county, and that day she wore her ugliest frock; leafless trees dripping with last night's rain, sodden fields, and mud, mud everywhere. Basil's heart was in his boots. The vehicle turned a gatepost and seemed to be rolling on less sloppy ground; he opened the window, and braving the cold rain and the splattering dirt leaned out. They were ascending an avenue bordered by bare but noble elms, and in front of him, still far off, but plainly visible, was a feudal castle. It was Charterborough schoolhouse, the college of the famous monks of St. Michael and St. George. Down that avenue, along which Basil was bowling now, during the last fifty years many a soldier terrible in war, many an embryo bishop, many a wily politician, many a hardy sailor, many a man of law, many an honest country squire, many a merchant prince, and perhaps one or two real live suppositi-

tious kings had come to take their places in the world. Has not Charterborough its honored dead alike in the Abbey, in the African sand, and in the sea? Does she not nurse the two unrecalcitrant descendants of the men of Agincourt and Sluys?

The brougham drew up to the door, which was opened instantly. Basil stepped out, and going up the steps was met by a gray-haired priest of noble mien.

"Welcome to Charterborough, Basil Thimm," said the ecclesiastic, stretching out his hand.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, returning the grasp warmly.

A porter came down the steps, and taking Basil's slight belongings lightly between his arms, disappeared with them down a long passage which led from the top of the hall staircase to the boys' part of the building.

"You will eat some luncheon?" suggested the priest, and accepting Basil's silence as an affirmative, he added, "Come to my room."

Basil followed his mentor up the cold, handsome staircase and down the long passage, richly but chastely decorated. Halfway down the corridor was a window, and at the other side of the window two curtains crossed the way. "We are now in the schoolhouse," said the monk. And glancing around him, Basil noticed that the decorations had ceased; the walls were—he shivered—gray, the ceiling a plain white, the heavy carpeting had given place to a sullen drugget, which only sufficed to deaden the sound of footsteps without fulfilling other purpose. At the far end of the passage the priest opened a door in the wall, he stepped courteously back and motioned the boy to enter before him. Basil found himself in a small apartment crowded with account books, packets of letters, and writing materials of every possible kind; a large mail bag, bulging and double locked, lay on the desk. Basil recognized it as having been handed up to his driver at the station.

The old priest smiled at the interested inquiring glance which Basil shot round him. "I don't know whether you are acquainted with military technicalities," he said, "but you are now in the bureau of the general staff of Charterborough College."

"My eldest brother is in the army, sir," said Basil.

"Ah, yes Frank Thimm; I remember him, of course. You're not at all like him," he added with a relieved air, after a somewhat anxious scrutiny.

Basil deemed it unnecessary to reply.

"Well, you must be hungry; make yourself at home by the fire, while I see what we can get you to eat. We have not a *recherché* larder, but can promise you an excellent chop if you would care for it. By the way, I am what is called the 'minister' here; that is to say, I am responsible for everything to the rector—a sort of adjutant, you know. So whenever you have any trouble or cannot get what you want, you have simply to come upstairs and tell me. You may not get it even then," he said, with a smile, "but at least you will have the satisfaction of knowing the reason why. Now, would you like a chop, or not? A very excellent one, as I have said, is waiting for you."

"Yes, thank you, sir, I should very much," replied Basil, and his host left him, closing the door behind him.

Basil warmed his hands at the cheerful fire while he awaited the promised repast; he felt very lonely, for Ireland seemed very far away, and Fitzwilliam Square, particularly, was in the clouds. A funny little room this of the minister's; dissimilar articles abounded in such profusion that one was inclined to call it untidy, and yet it would have been difficult, considering the limited space, to suggest a better arrangement.

Presently the minister reappeared with a neatly arranged tray, which, notwithstanding his venerable appearance, he carried with apparent ease in one hand. With the other he lifted the heavy mail bag from the desk and laid it softly on the floor, putting the tray in its place. Basil, sitting in his host's revolving writing chair, enjoyed himself silently for the next quarter of an hour, while the priest watched with a pleased smile his obvious appreciation of the chop.

"So you find our meat all right?" he said, at last.

"Very excellent indeed, sir," answered Basil readily.

"I am glad of that, for I may tell you I buy all our cattle myself, and am as responsible for the doings in our farm-yard as I am for what is done here."

"You understand cattle, sir?" Basil said.

"I was brought up in the country," continued the priest, "in Ireland, County Tipperary."

Basil noticed for the first time a Milesian softness in his voice. "You are Irish then, sir?"

The priest shook his head. "No, I am sorry to say I have no true Irish blood in my veins, but I was born in Ireland, where my father was stationed at the time. All my early days were spent in Ireland, and I learned to be very fond of your country."

"Your father was in the army, sir?"

"Yes, in the 4th Dragoon Guards."

"The Royal Irish!" exclaimed Basil. "But you did not care for the army, yourself?" he added, interrogatively.

"I rode with Scarlett at Balaklava."

"What!" cried Basil excitedly, "when the Heavies charged the Russian cavalry? How magnificent that must have been."

The priest put his hand up imperiously. "Silence, Basil," he said vehemently, "it was not magnificent, it was terrible, only terrible. I was with the 4th. I saw my father struck by a fragment of a shell and we left him dead upon the field. Next morning, when we recovered the body, it was a horror and offense against God."

"When did you leave the army?" asked Basil, after a short pause, and still a little abashed by the sharply administered rebuke of the priest.

"At the conclusion of the war. I was attacked by typhoid fever in the trenches before Sevastopol, and when I recovered my hair was as gray as it is now."

An involuntary exclamation of pity escaped the boy, but he silenced himself as the priest added, "I thank God for that illness."

Basil half expected an explanation of this last speech, but the priest changed the subject abruptly. "As I have told you, I am the minister here; my name is Greenwood. Father Clifford, our rector, is away, and only returns to-night in time to welcome our new boys and those come back after the holidays. A few like yourself have arrived somewhat early, but our school term does not actually commence till to-morrow. Most of the boys will arrive to-night and to-morrow morning. Classes commence the day

after to-morrow, but with them I have nothing to do; I simply hand you over to the prefect of studies, Father Eyre, as far as your education is concerned. Come now and I will show you your place in the dormitory and the refectory; you will sleep in the former to-night and breakfast in the latter to-morrow morning."

Basil accordingly was conducted through the great buildings and initiated into the various customs of school life. He could not appear altogether pleased with the somewhat faulty arrangements for his comfort. Amongst our schoolmasters there seems to be a tradition, now, perhaps, at last on the wane, that boys should be herded like the beasts of the field, and even the comparatively refined monks of St. Michael and St. George seemed to be slightly bitten by this theory. To a boy of Basil's fastidious temperament such things took perhaps an exaggerated importance, and the priest was forced to see that his charge was already inclined to feel uncomfortable. He noticed the disappointed look on Basil's face grow more and more grave as they moved from room to room, and he felt he could not blame the boy. He himself had exercised all his power in effecting little changes in what he was not permitted to alter to his satisfaction. He saw clearly the discrepancies in the interior economy of the school, but custom had sanctified these faults, and it was useless for him to seek to alter them materially.

When Basil lay down to sleep in his partition of the dormitory that night he felt profoundly depressed, he almost had it in his heart to write home and beg to be allowed to return; and even yet he only partly realized the discomforts which awaited him. He saw the light turned down, leaving only a little glimmer which played upon the ceiling, and he heard the door of the prefect's room close. Many of the partitions of the dormitory were occupied, and a sort of clandestine intercourse was carried on in stifled whispers. Basil's neighbor on the right had lighted a private candle, inadequately concealed by a suspended boot; his neighbor on the left was winding up a watch with an unconscionably long spring, so long indeed that Basil fell asleep and dreamt about it before the operation was finished. He did not sleep very long though, but awoke in some hours' time shivering with cold. He crawled out of

bed and sought in the dark to find his overcoat and rug. By the time he laid his hands on them his teeth were chattering, and the hard horse-hair mattress, flattened by many generations of schoolboys, scarcely conduced to repose.

He lay in the bed shivering in spite of the extra covering, and a prey to the horrors of night. But at last exhaustion claimed him, and he slept a deep unliving slumber, until, all too soon, the ringing of an electric bell buzzed in his ears. It was morning, and Basil's school life had begun in earnest.

No, Charterborough School was the last place in the world for Basil to come to if he sought rest for his spirit; it was undoubtedly the best school he could have gone to, but a boarding-school was a place which, if Basil had known what it was like, he would have avoided. He imagined that it would have been an improvement on the Dublin day school of the monks of the same order, and so in many ways it was; but Basil had forgotten that the day school had at least the advantage of only claiming a few hours of his time, whereas here he was under constant surveillance, and could not call a moment his own. True, the surveillance was often kind, and always well intentioned; still to Basil that made it only less unbearable. At home, he rose about eight or half-past, surrendered himself to his torturers at half-past nine, was set free at three, and between then and bedtime at eleven he had, with the exception of two hours' work, all his time to himself. Here he rose at six, attended Mass in the cold starved chapel at half-past, sat in the equally miserable study room from seven to eight, ate what to him was a revolting breakfast at half-past, and so on until half-past nine at night, when he escaped to his comfortless bed.

Basil ground his teeth in anguish, but after the first horror of the thing had worn off he wrote home fairly cheerfully and set himself to live down his troubles. It was a lively struggle, for all that was timid in Basil's nature was awakened by the unpleasantness of his existence; he felt, too, absurdly out of place. He took little interest in the sports of the playground; cricket appeared to him a dull game, and he was too light to be a success at football, yet he was compelled to take his share in both by the rules of the school. His schoolmates thought him a muff, and

he did not trouble to undeceive them until it was necessary to thrash two offenders in one hour. After that they were more respectful, but he was too *insouciant* to court popularity. Apart from the question of freedom, however, his most serious annoyance was the dearth of literature. He had had the presence of mind to slip a shilling Shakespeare and a pocket edition of Keats into his trunk when leaving home, and from these two volumes he was driven to imbibe almost his entire flow of literary wealth; for even in the higher line library, English letters were represented for the most part by Dickens and W. H. G. Kingston, while the Continental fiction was exclusively contributed by Erkmann-Chatrain, Jules Verne, and Canon Schmidt.

Basil seized the opportunity to read 'Pickwick' and 'Copperfield' again, works of which he had kindly recollections, but his heart yearned for something more solid than the pleasant fantasies of Dickens. He confided his troubles to Father Greenwood, who always had the air of regarding such confidences as a personal compliment, and who treated Basil's complaint that he had not enough to read as seriously as if he had complained of hunger. He lent him a complete set of *Punch* from the very commencement, and from its pages, studiously scanned, Basil learned almost unconsciously the history of over forty years' politics and manners, which he remembered in after life, and which inspired him with an undying affection for a certain window in Fleet Street.

Punch kept Basil's mind busy for a long time, but at last he was compelled to fall back upon Shakespeare and Keats, the latter very narrowly escaping confiscation at the hands of the prefect of studies.

At last the winter brightened into spring, and the spring lengthened into summer. The holidays came round about the middle of July, and Basil found his way home to Dublin.

How strange everything looked as he drove up from Westland Row early in the morning; Baggot Street seemed narrower than it used to be, and the houses not so high. The car turned into Fitzwilliam Square, and Basil's eye, falling on a certain house, saw that the windows were papered up and that the hall door brasses were tarnished;

the Hunters in fact had left town for the summer. If Basil had reflected beforehand he would have expected to find it so; as it was he was grievously disappointed.

He jumped off at his own door; that, at any rate, was the same as ever. A maid-servant, whom he recognized, opened it. As if seized by spontaneous affection, he flung himself into her arms and kissed her, while the jarvey grinned from ear to ear.

"Indeed, and it's glad I am to see you, Master Basil," said the girl, panting for breath; "sure the house has not been the same without you."

"Where's father, where's mother?" asked Basil excitedly, as he paid the car driver for his preposterously valued services.

"My lady's away at Clonkillock with Lady Rowan, but the master's waiting for you. He's been ailing these last few days, so he didn't get up to meet you, but he left orders you was to see him the minute you came." Before she could finish her speech Basil had flown upstairs and burst into his father's bedroom. Man and boy hugged each other in an almost passionate embrace.

"There, there," said the knight, "I've been looking forward to this for a long time, Basil." His voice trembled slightly as he spoke. "Your mother's away with Alice at Clonkillock. The fact is, by this time you are probably an uncle, and I, Basil, faith, I suppose I must be a grandfather, though it didn't occur to me before." There was the old jovial ring in his voice, but Basil could see, even by the heavy light of the bedroom, that he had aged during the last few months.

"Are you ill, father?" he asked tenderly.

The physician passed his hand across his forehead. "No, not ill;" he replied. "I'm not what I was; I'm growing old, in fact, that's all. Why, I tell you I'm a grandfather, and you can't expect men in my position to go and meet schoolboys at seven in the morning."

A tap came at the door, and the maid, opening it sufficiently to make herself heard, said, "It's some tea you'll be drinking, Master Basil?"

"Yes, and toast," called Sir Francis. "Tell Denis to bring Master Basil's breakfast up here to my room. I want a good chat," continued the knight. "I've had no

one to talk to since you 've been away. Tell me, anything fresh about the Aryan Heresy? Or are polemics taboo at Charterborough?"

"Not precisely taboo, sir," answered Basil, seriously, "but one is only supplied with the documentary evidence pertaining to one side of the question."

"Answered like a true cynical philosopher," exclaimed Sir Francis, delightedly. "Oh, Basil, I wish I were you, and not a grandfather—loth to leave his bed even on such a fine morning as this. You had a fine night crossing, I should think?"

"Very fair, sir, but too quiet to be interesting."

"You were not sea-sick?"

"No, sir."

"You ought to have been. It's very good for the inside, as old Granville observes in his 'Travels to St. Petersburg.' Still, at your age one doesn't want such violent emetics. The place has been very quiet without you. How did you get on at school?"

Basil shrugged his shoulders. "I got the prize for English and a certificate for French."

"Otherwise you tailed the hunt, I suppose?"

Basil nodded.

"You ought to take a little more pains. Still, I'm not dissatisfied. It's a great thing to know one thing well. For myself, I'm Jack-of-all-trades, and master of theology, perhaps, which isn't much use to a struggling doctor. You'll be glad to hear William is doing very well in London; we'll have to find him a practice soon. By the way, what do you want to do when you've finished school? Turn churchman, eh?"

Basil said "No," emphatically. The proposition seemed almost to upset his equanimity.

"So the priesthood doesn't appeal to you?"

"No," said Basil again.

"Haven't they been kind to you at Charterborough?"

Basil hesitated a moment.

"Yes, sir, most kind, almost without exception. The minister, Father Greenwood, is one of the nicest men I ever met."

"Greenwood, Greenwood?" said the knight. "I seem

to know the name. But in spite of their kindness you won't be in a hurry to go back?"

"Not in a hurry, certainly," admitted Basil, "for I'm awfully delighted to be here with you again, but I'm quite prepared for another year at Charterborough. It's very uncomfortable after home, and some things about it are hateful; but it seems to be the right thing to go back. To put everything else aside, I do more work there than I did here; their method of teaching seems to me more reasonable."

"That I well believe," said the physician. "The Irish, no matter how clever they are, or how well they know a thing, seem to be incapable of explaining it to anybody else. But what do you want to do when you leave school? Two things, mark ye, are out of the question. I can't afford the Army, and one is enough in the medical. You say you won't be a priest; well, then, there's the Bar."

Basil did not look enthusiastic.

"You're too old for the Navy. I haven't the money or the influence for the Foreign Office or the Diplomatic Service; the Civil Service is objectionable for many reasons. We come back to the Law—Would you like to be a solicitor?"

"No," said Basil.

"No more would I," continued the knight. "Then there's not much left. You might be an engineer if you knew your multiplication table better, but—no, that's no use. Then what is there? You'd never know anything about agriculture if you lived till a hundred. What on earth are you to do, Basil, boy?"

Basil waited a long time before replying; at last, in answer to his father's inquiring look, he blurted out, "I think I may be able to write a little, sir."

The knight drew a long breath. "Thank God you don't want to go on the stage," he said, with the affectation of great relief. "But seriously, Basil, while I don't in the least wish to influence your choice, don't you think literature is a very doubtful pursuit?"

"All pursuits seem to me equally doubtful," answered Basil.

"Yes, I'm sure you're right there. But you know what—I forget his name, but he's quite well known—says about

literature being an excellent cane but a bad crutch, or words to that effect. Hadn't you at least better take up some regular profession—the Bar for preference—and then you can devote your spare time to literature?"

"Entirely as you please, sir," rejoined Basil.

"No, it isn't as I please," retorted the knight. "You shall follow entirely your own devices. I refuse to accept the responsibility of thrusting you into an unsuitable course of life. But I will ask you to oblige me by giving my opinion the most serious consideration. You are quite at liberty to follow your own plans, but it is my duty to give you the advice of a man who is—is a grandfather, in fact, and feels it, worse luck."

Eight months later a great sorrow came into Basil's life, and it came in the form of a telegram handed to him on a sullen February afternoon as he stood in the minister's room at Charterborough. He had been standing at the window, watching the snowflakes circling through the branches of the elm trees on the great avenue, when he saw the post-boy from Bournegate galloping up the way. Such an arrival is always an exciting episode of school life, and Basil turned to Father Greenwood, who was writing, and said, "A telegram for some one, sir."

The priest looked up. "Yes, I expect one," he replied, and went on writing.

Five minutes passed, then with a rap at the door, the janitor brought in the yellow paper. Basil heard the noise behind but did not turn round, he was interested in the effect of the failing light on the snowflakes. The minister spoke his name twice before he heeded.

"The telegram is not for me," said Father Greenwood, handing it to him, "but for you. Open it, and tell me what it is."

Basil took the paper, cut it open methodically with the minister's paper-knife and looked at it. "Father dying. Come at once. William." That was all. It had been handed in at Westland Row at half-past three, it was now a quarter-past four. "It has been three-quarters of an hour coming," said Basil, solemnly.

"What has?" said the priest, inattentively. "Oh, your telegram. Nothing important, I suppose?"

Basil's answer was unintelligible; it was something between a sob and a groan.

In an instant the priest took in the situation, and, springing to his feet, caught the boy in his arms. "Courage, Basil; courage, dear fellow, but cry—don't be afraid of crying, it's the best thing in the world."

They woke Basil from a ghastly dream at four o'clock the next morning. The minister came himself with a glimmering candle, and in his sleep Basil thought he felt his forehead kissed by rough lips.

"I've ordered some hot tea for you in my room," said Father Greenwood. "Dress quickly and you'll have time to eat and drink a little before you go."

"Thank you, sir," Basil meant to say, but he could do so only by a hand grip. He dressed without feeling the bitter cold of morning, and throwing his toilet things into the bag which he had packed over night, he crept on tip-toe from the dormitory. As he passed a window he saw the glimmer of moonlight on the snow. In the minister's room the tea was simmering by the fire, and some toast with butter which never came out of the college larder. It was with the greatest difficulty that Father Greenwood could persuade the boy to eat, but once he had tasted the food he realized that he was starving, and Nature made him finish the plate.

He gulped down a second cup of tea as the noise of wheels approached from the stable. Father Greenwood helped him on with his coat, then consulted his watch. "Three minutes past the half-hour. You will be at the station in forty minutes, nearly ten minutes before the train starts, which is not due until 5:21. You will be at King's Cross by 6:40, which leaves you over half-an-hour to get up to Euston, take your ticket, and catch the Irish Mail. Have you got your money all right?"

"Yes, sir, thanks, everything."

"Well, push these sandwiches into your overcoat pocket. They're not very nice, but they're fresher than you get them at the railway buffets. Are you ready? Come."

The priest took up Basil's rug and bag in his hand, and, followed by the proprietor, walked along the corridor and descended the stairs. There was no light on the way save a little twinkling lamp, but when the great door was

opened a flood of moonlight bathed the hall. The college brougham stood in front of the door. Basil stepped in.

"Good-bye," said Father Greenwood. "Should you not return, try to think well of us." His voice broke on the last syllable; as the vehicle turned a corner Basil saw him still standing in the moonlight on the steps. The figure of this fine old man was the last impression that he brought away from Charterborough. He sank back on the cushions and listened to the soft rush of the wheels through the snow.

The day came and the day went, and it was dark again by the time the packet-boat steamed into Kingstown harbor: darker still when the car stopped outside the house in Fitzwilliam Square.

They led him upstairs, and softly into the room where his father lay. The nurse granted admittance, and Basil approached the bed. A man almost unrecognizable lay on it; his cheeks were sunken in his head and on his lips was a bristling beard, the hair was white as snow, the eyelids almost fallen.

"Father," said Basil, incontinently.

"Hush," interposed the nurse, hastily. But the invalid had heard, and opening his eyes he looked round with an expectant glance. Then he put out his hand just a little inch towards his son, and saying, "Basil, boy, Basil," in a sing-song voice, relapsed into a state of stupor.

Basil tried to hold back his tears, but they burst from him and he turned away. A few minutes later he found himself kneeling on the floor by the bedside, burning taper in hand, and repeating in a sacred voice the responses of the prayer for the dying. The murmur of the voices suddenly stopped; looking up, he saw the priest leaning over the bed.

Terrified, he started up, but the priest laid his hand on his arm. "May your death, and mine, be as happy," he said.

OWEN CONNELLAN.

(1800—1869.)

OWEN CONNELLAN, whose father claimed to be a descendant of Laoghaire Mac Neill, King of Ireland, was born in County Sligo, in 1800. He made a study of Irish literature, and as a scribe in the Royal Irish Academy he copied much of the Irish writings known as the 'Books of Lecan and Ballymote.' He was Irish historiographer in the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and afterward became professor of Irish at Queen's College, Cork. This position he held until the time of his death in 1869.

He published works on Irish grammar, and a translation of 'The Annals of Ireland from the Irish of the Four Masters,' with full Irish text. His most important work was a text edition, with translation and notes, of 'The Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe,' a tale which relates how the 'Tain bo Cuailogue,' the most famous story of the Irish bards, was recovered in the time of St. Ciaran.

THE HOSPITALITY OF CUANNA'S HOUSE.

Translated from the Irish.

This is a story of the Finn or Ossianic Cycle. Finn, according to the chroniclers, died in the middle of the third century, A. D.—(D. H.)

"Tell me now the meaning of the by-word, 'the Hospitality of Fionn in the house of Cuanna.'"

"I will tell you the truth concerning that, O'Conan," said Fionn. "Oisin, Caoilte, Mac Lughaidh, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and I myself happened one day, above all other days, to be on the summit of Cairn Feargall: we were accompanied by our five hounds, namely, Bran, Sceoluing, Sear Dubh, Luath Luachar, and Anuail. We had not been long there when we perceived a rough, tall, huge giant approaching us. He carried an iron fork upon his back, and a grunting hog was placed between the prongs of the fork; a young girl of mature age followed and forced the giant on his way before her. Let some one go forward and accost these (people) said I. Diarmuid O'Duibhne followed, but did not overtake them. The other three and I started up and followed Diarmuid and the giant. We overtook Diarmuid, but did not come up with the giant or the girl; for a dark, gloomy, druidical mist showered down between us and them, so that we could not discern what road they took.

“When the mist cleared away, we looked around us, and discovered a light-roofed, comfortable-looking house, at the edge of the ford, near at hand. We crossed to the house, before which spread a lawn upon which were two fountains; at the brink of one fountain lay a rude iron vessel, and a vessel of bronze at the brink of the other. Those we met in the house were, an aged hoary-headed man standing by the door jamb to the right hand, and a beautiful maid sitting before him; a rough, rude, huge giant before the fire, busily cooking a hog; and an old man at the other side of the fire, having an iron-gray head of hair, and twelve eyes in his head, while the twelve sons (germs) of discord beamed in each eye: there was also in the house a ram with a white belly, a jet-black head, dark green horns, and green feet; and there was in the end of the house a hag covered with a dark ash-colored garment: there were no persons in the house except these. The man at the door-post welcomed us; and we five, having our five hounds with us, sat on the floor of the *bruighean*.¹

“‘Let submissive homage be done to Fionn Mac Cumhail, and his people,’ said the man at the door-post. ‘My case is that of a man begging a request, but obtaining neither the smaller or the greater part of it,’ said the giant; nevertheless he rose up and did respectful homage to us. After a while, I became suddenly thirsty, and no person present perceived it but Caoilte, who began to complain bitterly on that account. ‘You have no cause to complain, Caoilte,’ said the man of the door-post, ‘but only to step outside and fetch a drink for Fionn, from whichever of the fountains you please.’ Caoilte did so, and fetched the bronze vessel brimful to me, and gave me to drink; I took a drink from it, and the water tasted like honey while I was drinking, but bitter as gall when I put the vessel from my lips; so that darting pains and symptoms of death seized me, and agonizing pangs from the poisonous draught. I could be but with difficulty recognized; and the lamentation of Caoilte, on account of my being in that condition, was greater than that he had before given vent to on account of my thirst. The man of the door-post desired Caoilte to go out and bring me a drink from the other fountain. Caoilte obeyed, and

¹ *Bruighean*, pavilion.

brought me the iron vessel brimful. I never underwent so much hardship in battle or conflict as I then suffered, while drinking, in consequence of the bitterness of the draught; but as soon as I put the vessel from my lips, I recovered my own color and appearance, and that gave joy and happiness to my people.

“The man of the house then asked if the hog which was in the boiler was yet cooked. ‘It is cooked,’ replied the giant, ‘and allow me to divide it.’ ‘How will you divide it?’ said the man of the house. ‘I will give one hind quarter to Fionn and his hounds; the other hind quarter to Fionn’s four men; the fore part to myself; the chine and rump to the old man, who sits at the opposite side of the fire, and to the hag in yonder corner; and the giblets to you, and the young woman who is opposite to you.’ ‘I pledge my word,’ said the man of the house, ‘you have divided it very fairly.’ ‘I pledge my word,’ exclaimed the ram, ‘that the division is very unfair, so far as I am concerned, for I have been altogether forgotten.’ And so saying, he immediately snatched the quarter that lay before my four men, and carried it away into a corner, where he began to devour it. The four men instantly attacked the ram all at once with their swords, but, though they laid on violently, they did not affect him in the least, and the blows fell away as from a stone or rock, so that they were forced to resume their seats. ‘Upon my veracity, he is doomed for evil who owns as companions such four fellows as you are, who tamely suffer one single sheep to carry away their food, and devour it before their faces,’ exclaimed the man with the twelve eyes; and at the same time going up to the ram, he caught him by the feet, and gave him a violent pitch out of the door, so that he fell on his back to the ground; and from that time we saw him no more.

“Soon after this the hag started up, and having thrown her ashy-gray coverlet over my four men, metamorphosed them into four withered drooping-headed old men! When I saw that I was seized with great fear and alarm; and when the man at the door-post perceived this, he desired me to come over to him, place my head on his bosom, and sleep. I did so; and the hag got up and took her coverlet off my four men, and, when I awoke, I found them restored

to their own shape, and that was great happiness to me. 'O Fionn,' asked the man of the door-post, 'do you feel surprised at the appearance and arrangement of this house?' I assured him that I never saw anything which surprised me more. 'Well then I will explain the meaning of all these things to you,' said the man. 'The giant carrying the grunting hog between the prongs of the iron fork, whom you first saw, is he who is yonder, and his name is *Sloth*; she who is close to me is the young woman who had been forcing him along, that is *Energy*; and *Energy* compels *Sloth* forward with her; for *Energy* moves in the twinkling of the eye a greater distance than the foot can travel in a year. The old man of the bright eyes yonder signifies the *World*; and he is more powerful than any one, which has been proved by his rendering the ram powerless. That ram, which you saw, signifies the *Crimes* of the men. That hag there beyond is withering *Old Age*, and her clothing has withered your four men; the two wells, from which you drank the two draughts, mean *Falsehood* and *Truth*; for while telling a lie one finds it sweet, but it becomes bitter at the last.

"Cuanna from Innistuil is my own name; I do not reside here, but having conceived a wonderful love for you, O Fionn, on account of your superiority in wisdom and general celebrity, I therefore put these things into the way before you, in order that I might see you. And this story shall be called, to the end of the world, the Hospitality of Cuanna's House to Fionn."

THE CAPTURE OF HUGH ROE O'DONNELL.

From Connellan's translation of 'The Annals of the Four Masters.'

The capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, or Red Hugh O'Donnell, was effected in A.D. 1587, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was the custom at that time, we are told, to imprison any chieftain, or son of a chieftain, who might in any way contribute to the disturbance of a country already troublesome enough to England. For this purpose all possible stratagems were resorted to, one of which in the following extract is demonstrated.

The fame and renown of Hugh Roe or Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, spread throughout the five provinces of Ire-

land even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, as being distinguished for wisdom, intellect, personal figure, and noble deeds, and all persons in general said that he was truly a prodigy, and that, should he be allowed to arrive at the age of maturity, the disturbance of the whole island of Ireland would arise through him, and through the Earl of Tyrone, should they be engaged on the one side, and that they would carry the sway, being in alliance with each other, as we have before stated; so that it was for these reasons the Lord Justice and the English of Dublin determined in their council what kind of plot they should adopt respecting that circumstance which they dreaded, and the resolution they came to was to fit out in Dublin a ship, with its crew, and a cargo of wine and spirituous liquors, and send it by the left-hand side of Ireland northeastward as if it were they went on traffic, and to take port in some harbor on the coasts of Tirconnell.

The ship afterwards came with a fair wind from the west, without delay or impediment, until it arrived in the old harbor of Sulidh (Lough Swilly, in Donegal), exactly opposite Rath Maolain (Rathmullen), a town which had been formerly founded on the sea-shore by Mac Sweeney of Fauat, the hereditary marshal to the Lord of Tirconnell. This ship having been moored there by her anchors, a party of the crew came to land in a small boat, under the appearance of traffic and a semblance of peace and amity, and they began to spy and observe, and to sell and bargain with the people who were sent to them, and they stated that they had wine and strong drink with them in their ship; and when Mac Sweeney and his people received intelligence of this, they commenced buying and drinking the wine until they were intoxicated. When the people of the adjoining district heard of that ship, they flocked from all quarters to it.

The forementioned Hugh Roe, who was then in his career of careless simplicity, and on his youthful visit and amusement, happened then to be in the neighborhood, and the unthinking playfellows who were along with him prevailed on him to go to that place; his imprudence indeed was excusable at that time, for he had not then completed his fifteenth year, and there was none of his experienced counselors, of his tutors, or of his professors along with him,

to direct him in his proceedings or offer him advice. When the spies heard that he had come to the town they immediately returned back to their ship; this was perceived by Mac Sweeney and the chiefs in general, and they sent servants and attendants for some wine to the ship for the guest who had arrived; the merchants said that they had no more wine with them than what was necessary for the crew, and that they would let no more from them to land for any person; but, however, that if a few chiefs would come to them to their ship, they should get as much wine and strong drink as they required.

When this information was communicated to Mac Sweeney he was ashamed of himself, so that the resolution he came to was to bring Hugh along with him to the ship; and having decided on that resolution, they went into a small boat which was at the verge of the strand, and they rowed it over to the ship; having been welcomed, they were conveyed down to a cabin in the middle of the ship without delay or ceremony, and they were served and administered to until they were cheerful and merry. While they were regaled there, the hatch door was closed behind them, and their arms having been stolen from them, the young son, Hugh Roe, was made a prisoner on that occasion.

The report of that capture having spread throughout the country in general, they flocked from all parts of the harbor to see if they could devise any stratagem against those who had committed that treachery, but that was impossible, for they were in the depth of the harbor, after having weighed their anchor, and they had neither ships nor boats at their command to be revenged of them. Mac Sweeney of the Districts, in common with all others, came to the shore; he was foster-father to that Hugh, and he proffered other hostages and sureties in lieu of him, but it was of no avail to him, for there was not a hostage in the province of Ulster they would take in his stead. With respect to the ship and the crew which were in it, when they had procured the most desirable to them of the inhabitants of the country, they sailed with a full tide until they arrived at the sea, and continued the course of passage by which they had come and landed in the harbor of Dublin.

His arrival after that manner was immediately known

all over the city, and the Lord Justice and the council were delighted at his having come, although indeed it was not for love of him, and they commanded to have him brought before them; having been accordingly brought they discoursed and conversed with him, scrutinizing and eliciting all the knowledge of him they could for a long time; they at length, however, ordered him to be put in a strong stone castle which was in the city, where a great number of the noble sons of the Milesians were in chains and captivity, as well as some of the Fionn Ghaill (Normans or English), whose chief subject of conversation both by day and night was complaining to each other of their injuries and troubles, and treating of persecutions carried on against the noble and high-born sons of Ireland in general.

THE ESCAPE OF HUGH ROE.

From Connellan's translation of 'The Annals of the Four Masters.'

Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, son of Manus O'Donnell, remained in imprisonment and in chains in Dublin, after his former escape, till the winter of this year (1592). He and his fellow-prisoners, Henry and Art, the sons of O'Neill, *i. e.* of John, having been together in the early part of the night, got an opportunity of the guards before they had been brought to the dining room, and having taken off their fetters they afterwards went to the privy, having with them a very long rope, by which the fugitives descended through the privy, until they reached the deep trench which surrounded the castle; they afterwards gained the opposite side, and mounted the side of the trench. There was a trusty servant who was in the habit of visiting them, to whom they disclosed their intention, and he met them at that time to direct them; they then proceeded through the streets of the city indiscriminately with others, and no one took notice of them more than of any other person, for the people of the town did not stop to make their acquaintance that time, and the gates of the city were open.

They afterwards passed through every intricate and difficult place until they arrived on the open plain of

Slieve Piol (the Red Mountain, on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow), by which Hugh in his first escape had passed. The darkness of the night and the swiftness of their flight, through dread of being pursued, separated the oldest of them from the others, namely, Henry O'Neill. Hugh was the youngest of them in age, although he was not so in noble deeds. They were much grieved at Henry's separation from them; but, however, they continued their progress, led on by their own man. The night was dropping snow, so that it was not easy for them to walk, for they were without clothes or outside coats, having left their upper garments in the privy through which they had come. Art (O'Neill) became more exhausted by the hasty journey than Hugh, for it was a long time since he had been incarcerated, and he became very corpulent from the length of his residence in the prison; it was not so with Hugh; he did not exceed the age of boyhood, neither did he cease in growth or become corpulent, and his pace and progress were quick and active. When he perceived that Art became exhausted, and that his pace was slow and tardy, he requested him to put his hand on his own shoulder, and the other hand on the shoulder of the servant, and they proceeded in that manner until they crossed the Red Mountain; after which they were fatigued and wearied, and they could not bring Art farther with them; and since they could not convey him with them they stopped there, and stayed under the shelter of a high projecting rock which stood before them.

Having remained there they sent the servant with word to Glenmalure (in Wicklow), where dwelt Fiacha Mac Hugh (O'Byrne), who was then at war with the English; that glen was an impregnable stronghold, and a great number of the prisoners of Dublin, when they made their escape, were in the habit of proceeding to that glen, for they considered themselves secure there until they returned to their countries. When the servant arrived at the place of Fiacha he related to him his message, and the condition he left the persons in who had fled from the city, and they would not be overtaken alive unless they came to relieve them at once. Fiacha immediately commanded a number of his friends whom he could rely on to go to them, one man bearing food, another ale and mead.

They accordingly proceeded, and arrived at the place where the men were; but, alas! unhappy and uncomfortable were they on their arrival, for the manner in which they were was that their bodies were covered as it were in beds of white hailstone, like blankets; which were frozen about them, and congealed their thin light dresses, and their thin shirts of fine linen to their skins, and their moistened shoes and leathern coverings to their legs and feet, so that they appeared to the people who came as if they were not actually human beings, having been completely covered with the snow, for they found no life in their members, but they were as if dead; they took them up from where they lay, and requested them to take some of the food and ale, but they were not able to do so, for every drink they took they cast it up immediately, so that Art at length died and was buried in that place.

As to Hugh, he afterwards took some of the mead, and his faculties were restored after drinking it, except the use of his feet alone, for they became dead members, without feeling, having been swelled and blistered by the frost and snow. The men then carried him to the glen which we have mentioned, and he remained in a private house, in the hidden recesses of a wood, under cure, until a messenger came privately to inquire after him from his brother-in-law the Earl O'Neill. After the messenger had come to him he prepared to depart, and it was difficult for him to go on that journey, for his feet could not be cured, so that another person should raise him on his horse, and take him between his two hands again when alighting. Fiacha sent a large troop of horse with him by night, until he should cross the river Liffey, to defend him against the guards who were looking out for him; for the English of Dublin received intelligence that Hugh was in Glenmalure, so that it was therefore they placed sentinels at the shallow fords of the river, to prevent Hugh and the prisoners who had fled along with him from crossing thence into the province of Ulster.

The men who were along with Hugh were obliged to cross a difficult deep ford on the river Liffey, near the city of Dublin, which they passed unnoticed by the English, until they arrived on the plain of the fortress. He was accompanied by the persons who had on a former occasion

forsaken him after his first escape, namely, Felim O'Toole and his brother, in conjunction with the troops who were escorting him to that place, and they ratified their good faith and friendship with each other; after bidding him farewell, and giving him their blessing, they then parted with him there. As to Hugh O'Donnell, he had none along with him but the one young man of the people of Hugh O'Neill who went for him to the celebrated glen, and who spoke the language of the foreigners (the English), and who was also in the habit of accompanying the earl, *i. e.* Hugh O'Neill, whenever he went among the English, so that he knew and was familiar with every place through which they passed.

They proceeded on their two very swift steeds along the direct course of the roads of Meath, until they arrived on the banks of the Boyne before morning, a short distance to the west of Drogheda; but they were in dread to go to that city, so that what they did was to go along the bank of the river to a place where a poor fisherman usually waited, and who had a small ferrying curach (cot or small boat). Hugh having gone into the curach, the ferryman left him on the opposite side after he had given him his full payment; Hugh's servant having returned took the horses with him through the city, and brought them to Hugh on the other side of the river. They then mounted their horses, and proceeded until they were two miles from the river, where they saw a thick bushy grove before them on the way in which they went, surrounded by a very great fosse, as if it were a strongly fenced garden; there was a fine residence belonging to an excellent gentleman of the English near the wood, and he was a trusty friend of Hugh O'Neill.

When they had arrived at the ramparts they left their horses and went into the wood within the fosse, for Hugh's faithful guide was well acquainted with that place; having left Hugh there he went into the fortress and was well-received; having obtained a private apartment for Hugh O'Donnell he brought him with him, and he was served and entertained to his satisfaction. They remained there until the night of the following day, and their horses having been got ready for them in the beginning of the night, they proceeded across Sliabh Breagh and through Machaire

Conaill (both in the county of Louth) until they arrived at Traigh-Baile Mic-Buain (Dundalk) before the morning; as the gates of the town were opened in the morning early they resolved to pass through it, and they proceeded through it on their horses until they arrived on the other side, and they were cheerful and rejoiced for having got over all the dangers which lay before them till then.

They then proceeded to the Fiodh (the wood) where lived Torlogh, the son of Henry, son of Felim Piol O'Neill, to rest themselves, and there they were secure, for Torlogh was a friend and connection of his, and he and the Earl O'Neill were born of the same mother; they remained there till the following day and then proceeded across Slieve Fuaid (the Fews Mountains in Armagh), and arrived at Armagh, where they arrived privately that night; they went on the following day to Dungannon, where the earl, Hugh O'Neill, lived, and he was rejoiced at their arrival, and they were led to a retired apartment, without the knowledge of any excepting a few of his trusty people who were attending them, and Hugh remained there for the space of four nights, recovering himself from the fatigue of his journey and troubles, after which he prepared to depart, and took leave of the earl, who sent a troop of horse with him until he arrived at the eastern side of Lough Erne.

The lord of the country was a friend of his and a kinsman by the mother's side, namely, Hugh Maguire, for Nualadh, the daughter of Manus O'Donnell, was his mother. Maguire was rejoiced at his coming, and a boat having been brought to them, into which they went, they then rowed from thence until they arrived at a narrow creek of the lake, where they landed. A number of his faithful people having gone to meet him, they conveyed him to the castle Ath-Seanaigh (Ballyshannon), in which were the guards of O'Donnell his father; he remained there until all those in their neighborhood in the country came thither to pay their respects to him. His faithful people were rejoiced at the arrival of the heir to the chieftaincy, and although they owed him sincere affection on account of his family, they had motives which made him no less welcome to them, for the country up to that time had been plundered a hundred times over between the English and the Irish.

MARY COSTELLO.

"THE author of 'Addie's Husband,'" as Miss Costello prefers to be known, was born at Kilkenny. She has written several novels, the best known of which is the one we have cited. She has contributed to many magazines, including *The Cornhill* and *The Gentleman's*, and she is also a well-known dramatic writer; two of her plays, 'The Plebeian' and 'A Bad Quarter of an Hour,' have attained great popularity. She has collaborated in a dramatization of 'Esmond' with Dr. R. Y. Tyrrell.

The 'Sketch from Dublin Life' is a marvelously true and vivid picture. The "penny numbers" belong to a class of literature for girls which answers to our "dime novel" and "gutter literature" for boys. They are sold by hundreds of thousands in Great Britain, and the type of girl who reads them, and the mental and moral effects of such reading, are here described with rare insight and understanding. Another type of girls who read such literature is admirably portrayed in the never-to-be forgotten "Pomona" of Frank R. Stockton's 'Rudder Grange.'

JANE: A SKETCH FROM DUBLIN LIFE.

Jane Corcoran is her name.

She wishes it was Gladys Carruthers, Evelyn Boscawen, or Doreen Featherstonhaugh.

Now and then among her *intimes* she makes a wistful effort to glide into "Janet," which, as every one knows, is a perennial bloom among romance-mongers; but she is chronically ineffective, so the homely monosyllable by which she was individualized in Westland Row Chapel twenty-six years ago remains hers to the end.

After working-hours Jane is a familiar figure of the city. She is to be met strolling through the streets in a large, loosely stitched hat, generally supported by two or three members of her sex, on whose dress, gait, and general mannerisms she models her own.

The initiative is not her line, but she is a daring follower of fashion and has a generous eye for color. She favors cheap sequin trimmings, large chiffon bows, blouses cut low in the neck, glittering waistbands, and cotton-velvet corselets. She wears a terrible peaked fringe, popular in Whitechapel as the "Princess M'y," and though her arms rattle with bangles, and she has suède gloves that reach to

the elbow, there are generally slits in the sides of her boots, and her stockings. . . .

She is not made in proportion. Her feet are large and flat; yet she takes small sixes in gloves, and is very proud of her pale lady-like hands, damp and boneless to the touch. She walks with a mincing slouch and a little toss of the head.

But what is there characteristic in such a sketch? may be asked. Surely that picture of slovenly fashion and swagger is one now as common as the lamp-posts in every street of the British Empire. Dublin has no monopoly of such baggage; she is the daughter of our democratic day.

The answer is that Dublin has a monopoly of Jane, that her outward view is no index to the character of her mind. It is but the clothes and the street-strolling habits which she has in common with Lizer 'Unt and the coster's 'Arriet.

The eyes that meet yours from under the Whitechapel head-dress are those of a gentle, modest, and timid woman; the face when free of its terrible fringe is refined, delicate, prettyish and incapable.

Jane's intellect is bounded by the novelette, and the keynote of her being is one of enervating expectancy.

She is always waiting for something to happen; with empty heart and straining ears, waiting for the prince who does not come.

Every morning she awakes with the misty hope that before the close of the day she is at last to sample one of those thrilling, romantic, delightful, or even awful experiences, which punctuate the life of the average heroine of cheap fiction.

Yet once or twice, when the breath of adventure had stirred her stagnant air, poor Jane had found herself unequipped for the emergency; for instance, had fled in terror when her acquaintance was insidiously claimed in the streets by a mysterious being with fiery eyes, who in every way answered to the fascinating stock villain of romance, the brilliant Italian count or wicked Colonel of the Guards in pursuit of daisy and lily innocence.

Her conduct on a promising occasion of this kind is so abject as to awake a lifelong contempt in the breast of her cousin, Kate Fagan, a sturdy little dressmaker's apprentice of sixteen.

Kate is short, squat, common-looking, without literary tastes or genteel aspirations; but she has "a way with her," a touch of 'Arriet's robust *gaminerie*, and so gets value out of youth.

She does not belong to Jane's set, and is generally to be seen in the society of low-sized youths, a little above the corner-boy class.

Kate's set start company-keeping at fourteen; they remain attired as growing girls, that is, with short skirts and flowing tresses, until they marry or reach the threshold of middle age.

Jane never walks out with a young man at all.

"Isn't it time you were thinking of getting settled, my dear?" Mrs. Fagan remarks periodically to her niece. "The years is gettin' on, you know; and faith, after thirty women can't pick up husbands on every bush. Why, girl alive, what's the matter with ye, that you haven't a young man?—You that nice-lookin', and with nearly every penny you earns goin' on yer back?"

Jane is an orphan. Her mother died in giving her birth, and during various stages of her early girlhood her father, two sisters, and a brother had been carried off in "cold sweats."

She lives with her aunt, Mrs. Fagan, and works as a skirt hand in a cheap drapery establishment off George's Street.

Her business hours are from nine to seven in the evening, and to half-past eight on Saturday; and her wages are 7s. 6d. (say \$2.00) a week, which does not include board of any kind, not even a cup of tea to relieve the long, dreary day.

The custom of the establishment is that each young lady brings her lunch or dinner, as she may term the repast, and consumes it as neatly and as unobtrusively as she can. Jane, who is gentility personified, nibbles a pulpy slice of bread-and-butter, while her eyes devour the close pages of the novelette, which is always to be seen bulging out of her pocket or peeping from the folds of her work.

She is, no doubt, sloppy minded; how could it be otherwise? Slops are the staple diet of her body and brain. She lives on tea, and what her aunt calls "cheap snacks."

Seven-and-sixpence a week allows no margin for butchers' meat when a girl has to keep herself fit to be

seen in the streets, and has, moreover, an appetite for weekly numbers which must be appeased.

Jane's day is one of long, monotonous toil. She lives in a hideous tenement house in Werburgh Street, sharing a bed with two, sometimes three, of her aunt's children. Mrs. Fagan is a young and healthy woman, and there is a new baby in the cradle every year. The wail of sickly or peevish childhood is never out of the girl's ears; discomfort, dirt, evil smells, harsh sounds, and squalor hem her round; and, knowing there is one road away from them all, she can no more pass the news-shop of a Saturday night than a drunkard with a full pocket can pass a public-house.

The poor little penny dram is potent always. It makes a sweet, pulpy muddle of everything. Drowns the discord in the heroic clash of armor, the music of lovers' vows; brings the breath of hot-house flowers, of orange groves, of brine-washed cliffs into the greasy night. Jane cannot give up her "numbers," or be laughed out of her sentimental gentility.

She is held cheaply in the family circle, and is looked upon generally as a failure, which no doubt she is. For her nature is made up of those fine things which lead to no worldly prosperity.

She is tender-hearted, gentle, patient, unselfish, generous, and her gratitude is always absurdly out of proportion to the benefits received.

JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE.

(1803—1868.)

JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE, the noted wit and popular dramatist, was born at Birr, King's County. He was originally intended for the legal profession, but he abandoned it for the literature of the stage. His first production was 'The Phrenologist,' which was so successful as to ensure an enthusiastic reception for his next plays, 'The Honest Cheats' and 'The Four Lovers.' After devoting some time to journalism he went to London in 1837 with a letter of introduction from W. Carleton to Crofton Croker, and was introduced by him to the editors of *Bentley's Miscellany* and other leading periodicals. In the same year his farce of 'The Queer Subject' was played with success at the Adelphi.

Mr. Coyne now quickly gained both fame and remuneration. Piece after piece came rapidly from his ready pen; 'Presented at Court,' 'A Duel in the Dark,' 'Wanted. One Thousand Milliners,' 'Villikins and his Dinah,' 'Maria Laffarge,' 'The Humors of an Election,' 'Urgent Private Affairs,' 'Married and Settled,' 'Box and Cox,' 'The Pas de Fascination,' 'The Caudle Lectures,' and 'Railway Bubbles' being among the most popular. He also wrote: 'All for Love, or The Lost Pleiad,' 'The Man of Many Friends,' 'The Old Chateau,' 'The Secret Agent,' 'The Hope of the Family,' 'The Signal Valsha,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Queen of the Abruzzi,' 'The Merchant and his Clerks,' 'The Tipperary Legacy,' and 'Helen Oakleigh.' In 1843 his 'World of Dreams,' a spectacular drama, had a run of over eighty nights at the Haymarket, and in the following year it was put upon the stage in Dublin, by Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste.

He occasionally adapted French authors, one of whom returned the compliment by translating his farce 'How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress' into French, and by producing it at the Vaudeville, Paris, under the title of 'Une Femme dans ma Fontaine.' This piece was played also upon the German stage with success.

In his one serious work, 'The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland,' which appeared in 1840, he proved that the land of his birth was not forgotten. He never ceased to be a frequent contributor to the periodicals, and he also wrote some acceptable stories. He was one of the projectors and early proprietors of *Punch*, whose pages often bristled with his wit. In 1856 he was appointed secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society. He died in London, July 18, 1868. Those who knew Mr. Coyne in private life bear testimony to the sterling worth of his character. He was never spoiled by success, always remaining "a modest, retiring, estimable man," seen to best advantage in his own hospitable domestic circle.

His plays number nearly a hundred, and they are for the most part in serio-comic vein, exhibiting much pathos, humor, and dramatic power.

TIM HOGAN'S GHOST.

"What in the world can keep Dermott away from me so long? 'Tis four days since I laid eyes on the scapegrace. I wondher what mischief he's afther now. Fighting or courting somewhere, I'll be bound. Afther all, though he's a quare devil, rollicking and tearing through the country like a wild coult, he has a true and loyal heart to *me*. Isn't there Peggy Mooney would give her new yallow gown for one kind look from his two black eyes; but though she has a couple of pigs, and twenty guineas fortune, she can't coax him from his own poor Norah, that dotes down on the very ground he walks."

Thus soliloquized Norah Connolly, the prettiest *colleen* in the village of Ardrossan. Her spinning-wheel had for several minutes ceased to perform its revolutions, so deeply was she engrossed by her meditations. The object of her solicitude was a young fellow, who, by the proper use of a well-shaped leg, a pair of merry black eyes, and a tongue mellifluous with brogue and blarney, had "played the puck" with half the girls' hearts in the barony.

Dermott O'Rourke, or, to give him his more popular name, "Dermott the Rattler," was the handiest boy at a double-jig or a faction-fight within twenty miles of where he stood. So notorious had he become for his wild pranks, that every act of mischief or frolic that occurred in the parish was laid at his door. Yet, with all this, Dermott's love for Norah Connolly sprang up green and beautiful amidst the errors of an ardent and reckless disposition.

"There's no use fretting," continued Norah, after a long silence. "The Blessed Mother will, I know, watch over and restore my dear Dermott to me."

"To be sure she will, *ma colleen bawn*; and here I am safe and sound, come back to you like a pet pigeon," cried a well-known voice, and at the same time a smacking kiss announced the return of the truant.

"Why, then, Dermott," cried the blushing Norah, "have done now, will you. Sit down and tell me where you have been philandering this week past."

Dermott twirled his stick, looked puzzled and irresolute, and made no reply.

"Ah!" cried Norah, "you have been about some mischief, I know. Tell me, Dermott, what has happened?"

"Why, then, a mighty quare accident has happened to me, sure enough. I 'listed for a sojer at the fair," replied the Rattler.

"'Listed for a soldier, Dermott?" cried Norah, growing deadly pale.

"The divil a doubt of it, Noreen," answered Dermott. "A civil-spoken gentleman, one Sergeant Flint by name, slipt a shillin' into my hand, stuck a cockade in my hat, an tould me that he 'd make me a brigadier or a grenadier, I don't well remember which."

"Oh! Dermott dear, is it going to leave me you are, when you know 't will break my heart?" And the poor girl burst into tears, and threw herself into her lover's arms.

"Whisth, whisth, Noreen *asthore!* I 'll never lave you—I have resigned. I threw up my grenadier's commission, and quitted the army, for your sake; I 'm detarmined never to go to heaven with a red coat on my back."

"But if you 'listed, Dermott—if you took the shilling—"

"Pooh! never mind—that's nothing," he replied, quickly. "I 'm above such considherations. Make your mind aisy on that subject. But in the mane time, I 'd as lieve keep out o' the way of that civil-spoken sergeant, by rason of the shilling, which I forgot to return him, in my hurry coming away."

The fact was, that a recruiting sergeant had fallen in with Dermott at the fair, and, taking a fancy to his light active figure, had endeavored to persuade him that fourpence a day, with the privilege of being shot at in a red coat, was the summit of human glory. Our hero, whose heart was softened by the spirit of the mountain dew, listened to the sergeant's romances of woman, war, and wine with a greedy ear; and when the old crimp, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, whispered to him, "List, list! oh, list!" Dermott's palm closed on the shilling that purchased his liberty for life, and, throwing his *caubeen* into the air, he fancied himself already a victorious general, with a grove of laurel encompassing his brows. The party then repaired to the inn, where a gallon of hot punch was instantaneously ordered to celebrate the introduction of the new recruit to the —th regiment of foot. Several loyal toasts

were proposed by the sergeant, to which Dermott did such ample honor that he soon became oblivious of everything around him.

Consigned by his comrades to bed, our new hero dreamed a troubled dream "of guns, and drums, and wounds," until the first beams of a summer sun, shining through a curtainless window, full upon his face, recalled him to a state of consciousness. Starting up, he rubbed his eyes, and looked around him in indescribable amazement. One of the soldiers, who as well as himself had taken a share of the drink, was reposing in full uniform upon a pallet beside him, with his mouth expanded in a peculiarly favorable manner for catching flies. The gaudy cockade which was fastened in his hat, together with some faint recollection of the events of the preceding night, produced in the Rattler some very uncomfortable sensations; and finding that his military enthusiasm had considerably abated, he resolved to make a hasty retreat, without any unnecessary ceremony. For this purpose he arose softly, and tried to open the door, but discovered, to his mortification, that it was fastened on the outside. He next examined the window, and finding that it was only a single story from the ground, quietly opened it, and dropped from it on the roof of a friendly pig-sty beneath, leaving his friend the sergeant to catch him again when he could.

Norah, being assured by Dermott that there was no chance of his being pursued to Ardrossan by the soldiers, brightened up, and laughed heartily at her lover's adventure.

"Well," said she, "that's the funniest story I ever heard. What a pucker the sojers must have been in when they found you had given them the slip. Ah! Dermott, Dermott, I'm afeard you'll be always the same wild—"

"*Bathershin!*"¹ exclaimed the Rattler, interrupting her, "never mind that. Do you know that this is the evening the cake is to be danced for up at Moll Doran's of the Hill, between the boys and girls of Ardrossan and Kilduff?"

"I heard them say so," answered Norah.

"Well," replied Dermott, "I mean to have a fling there, and you shall be my partner. There will be lashins of company there, and the grandest divarsion ever was seen.

¹ *Bathershin*, it may be so—never mind.

So come along—put on your bonnet and things—come along.”

Norah, who was easily persuaded to appear at the rustic festival, was not long in completing her simple toilette; and with a light-gray cloak hung over her graceful figure, and a smart straw bonnet tied under her chin with a pale-blue ribbon, which contrasted charmingly with her fair neck and fresh complexion, set out, under the protection of her lover, for the village dance.

At the intersection of two remote and rarely frequented roads stood the principal hostelry of the village of Ardrossan, kept by the Widow Doran, who announced to all travelers, by means of a signboard painted black, in large white letters, that she supplied “ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORS,” *with* “GOOD DRY LODGINGS,” to boot.

Adjoining to Mrs. Doran’s hotel, a natural enclosure, presenting a favorable level of about two acres in extent, was the chosen spot where the candidates for dancing fame assembled annually to contend for the cake, which, like the golden apple of old, was often the cause of feuds and heartburnings amongst the rival fair ones of Kilduff and Ardrossan.

At the further end of this plain, a primitive-looking tent was erected, where a plentiful supply of potteen was provided for the spiritually disposed. In front of the tent a churn-dash was fixed, with the handle thrust into the earth, and on the head or flat end the prize cake was placed full in sight of the competitors. A tall, gaunt-looking man, in a rusty wig, and a coat which might once have been termed black, was standing in the midst of a group of attentive auditors, whom he was addressing in a solemn harangue, but with a countenance so full of dry humor, that the effect was irresistibly comic. This was Matt Fogarty, the village schoolmaster, not only venerated as the oracle of wisdom and learning, but also regarded as the unerring arbiter in all matters of etiquette and ceremony by the entire parish.

“And now, boys and girls,” said he, elevating his voice, “as surveyor and directhor of this fantastic and jocular meeting, I direct the demonstrhations to begin. You all know the rules. The best couple of dancers win the cake.

So take to your partners, and commence your flagitious recreations."

A loud hurrah followed this pithy address; the fiddles began to squeak, and the bagpipes to scream in the agonies of being tuned; and Barney Driscoll, a young, good-looking fellow, who divided the attention of the girls with Dermott the Rattler, stepped with a confident air into the circle, leading by the hand Peggy Flynn, the belle of the rival parish of Kilduff. A loud cheer from Barney's friends greeted his appearance; but before it had subsided, Dermott O'Rourke and Norah Connolly stood beside their competitors, and were hailed by a still more deafening cheer. The schoolmaster, seeing that both parties were prepared, thus addressed the musicians, who were elevated on a temporary dais of turf:

"Now, ye vagabone sons of Orpheus, begin. Mike, your sowl, rosin your bow;—Terence, you divil, inflate your musical appendages, and strike up something lively."

Accordingly, the musical pair struck up with an energy that, in the opinion of the hearers, more than counterbalanced any little discord observable in the harmony. The two couples of dancers, fired by a spirit of emulation, exerted themselves to the utmost; and as the mirth and music waxed louder and louder, the spectators, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, encouraged their respective friends by applauding shouts and vociferous support, until at length, after a severe contest, Peggy Flynn was compelled by exhaustion to give in, leaving Dermott and Norah undisputed victors of the field. A lofty caper, and a hearty smack on his partner's lips, testified the delight of the Rattler, who, knocking the cake from the churn-dash, carried it in triumph to Norah.

Matt Fogarty now advanced, and waving his hand to procure a hearing, again addressed the assembly: "Neighbors all, I announce and promulgate that the cake has been fairly won and achieved by Norah Connolly, *vi et armis*—that means by force of legs and arms. So now, boys, give one cheer for our purty little Noreen, and then hands round for a fling of a dance altogether."

The words were hardly spoken when a hearty hurrah rent the air, a circle was formed, and every person who

could shake a leg joined in a merry dance round the successful pair.

In the full tide of their mirth, a small military party was observed on the brow of the hill, approaching the village at a smart pace.

"The sojers are comin'," cried an old woman, the first who had perceived them.

In an instant the hands that were grasped together in friendly union became unlocked, the joyous circle was broken, and the shouts of laughter which had rung so cheerily among the hills died into solemn silence. Looks of suspicion and alarm were exchanged between the men, who conversed in whispers together; while the unmarried girls by their sparkling eyes showed the pleasure they felt at the sight of the soldiers.

Norah, who participated in this feminine predilection for a bit of scarlet, clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"Come, Dermott," cried she, half dragging her reluctant partner towards the road, "come and see the sojers. There—look at them marching down the hill, their swords and bayonets sparkling in the sun. Make haste, or you'll lose the sight."

A single glance was sufficient to convince the Rattler that the party belonged to the regiment which he had so unceremoniously quitted, and, worse still, that his quondam friend, Sergeant Flint, was amongst them. Having no desire to renew his acquaintance with that facetious gentleman, he plucked Norah hastily back, and, whispering in her ear, said:

"By the piper o' war, I'm sowld, Norah! There's that thief of a sergeant that 'listed me amongst the sojers. As sure as the Pope's a gintleman, 't is hunting afther me they are! What in the world am I to do now?"

"Oh! Dermott, dear, run for your life afore he sees you. What a misfortinit girl I was to bring you into this trouble!" replied the now terrified girl.

"Never mind, Norah darling; I'll get out of the way as fast as I can," cried Dermott.

"But if you go home, they'll be sure to find you," said she.

"Divil a doubt of that," replied the Rattler. "I'm too

'cute a fox to be caught that way. Is there not a wake down at Ned Haggerty's?"

"Sure, there is," answered Norah. "Tim Hogan, the ould piper, died last night, and they're waking him in Ned Haggerty's barn."

"Divil a betther," cried Dermott, snapping his fingers. "I'll go down to poor Tim's wake; they'll never think of searching for me there to-night; and I'll be off to my cousin Tom's in the mountain at cockshout in the morning."

This plan appearing the most feasible he could hit on for avoiding his military friends, Dermott, accompanied by his sweetheart, slipped quietly out of the crowd, and hurried down a by-path through the fields to the barn, where the remains of the defunct piper were laid out.

Meanwhile, the officer in command of the little party, having seen his men disposed as comfortably as the limited accommodation of the village would allow, took up his own quarters in the Widow Doran's hotel, where, being ushered into a small, earthen-floored, white-washed room, he threw himself into a chair, and inwardly cursed the irksome duty that had devolved upon him,—which was, in fact, the very unromantic and harassing one of affording assistance to the excise officers in an extensive "still-hunt" through the mountains in the neighborhood. His meditations were, however, shortly interrupted by the entrance of the landlady.

"Mrs. What's-your-name," said the young soldier, "I—a—suppose there's no kind of amusement to be found in this infernally stupid place?"

"Amusement!" cried the widow, bristling up. "Ardrosan beats the whole world for it. 'T is a thousand pities your honor was not here yesterday; we had a bit of the finest divarsion you ever seen."

"Indeed! Pray, what was it?"

"Why, the boys cotch a bailiff, and gave him a steeple-chase, sir," replied Mrs. Doran.

"Gave him a steeple-chase! I don't understand you."

"I'll insense your honor, then. You see, sir, a parcel of the boys cotch one o' them vagabone bailiffs trying to serve a writ on the master of the house below. They said it was about some old account he owed a tailor in Dublin, and that they wanted to make him pay it, which your honor

knows is contrary to all sinse and rayson, anyway. Some of the truants was for tarrin' and featherin' him—more of them was for ducking him in the mill-pond; but others were for giving him a steeple-chase across the country first. Well, they all agreed to that, and they started him from the gable-end of Shawn Ruagh's turf-rick, with his coat turned inside out; the boys giving him a good bit of odds, to make the more fun for themselves; for it was settled that if the bailiff could beat them as far as the ould church of Kilduff, he was to be let go free. Well, as I was saying, away they all started like greyhounds afther the bailiff, and maybe he didn't run like mad, jumping over hedges and drains almost as smart as the best of them. Hows'ever, there was a little fellow among the boys—one Phil Donnelly, a weaver; and though the crathur had legs like a spider, he ran better than any of the others. 'T would have made your honor laugh to see him splashing through the ditches like a fairy, till, bedad, at last he came up with the bailiff, near Tom Delany's haggart, where an ould ancient goose and gandher, with a dozen young ones, wor divartin' themselves in the sun. Well, the weaver grips the bailiff by the neck as bold as brass; but though Phil had a powerful sperrit, he wasn't a match in strength for the bailiff, who cotch him, saving your honor's presence, by the wisband of the breeches, and pitched him like a kiten over the haggart wall into the middle of the goslings.

The ould gandher, of course, wasn't too well plased at Phil dropping in amongst them in such a promiscuous manner, and flew at him in a desperate rage. The poor weaver had no way of escaping but by jumping into a barrel of hogwash that happened to be near him. And there he stood, up to his neck, roaring for the bare life, while the ould thief of a gandher kept walkin' round the barrel, stretching out his long neck, and hissing, as much as to say, 'Come out of that, if you dare, and see what you'll get.' At last, the rest of the boys came up; but when they saw the weaver in the washtub, and the gandher keeping guard upon him, they were ready to drop with the dint of laughing. When they got tired they pulled the weaver out, all dripping with wash, and almost frightened out of his seven sinses. But the delay gave the bailiff time to escape, and so they gave up the chase and returned

home. Wasn't it a murdher, sir, you warn't here to see the fun?"

The officer could not exactly perceive the fun of it, and was beginning to express his distaste for such amusements, when a single tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried the lieutenant.

The door opened, and Sergeant Flint advanced into the room. As soon as the landlady had quitted it, the lieutenant turned to the sergeant to hear his news.

"We have found him, your honor," said Flint, touching his hat.

"Found whom?"

"The deserter, sir—Dermott O'Rourke—the fellow that gave me the slip last week at the fair of Ballintubber," replied the sergeant.

"Well, you have arrested him?" said the lieutenant.

"No, your honor," replied Flint. "I only caught a glimpse of him amongst the crowd a while ago; and then the fellow disappeared as if he had sank into the earth. However, I determined not to lose him so easily, and by a few careless inquiries amongst the villagers, I have discovered that he sneaked off to the wake of an old piper, a short distance from here."

"Well—aw—sergeant," said the officer, yawning, "you had better order out a corporal's guard and take the rascal prisoner. We must make an example of him."

The sergeant brought his hand to his cap with a military sweep, and marched out of the room.

Meantime, Dermott had reached the barn where they were waking the dead piper. It was a low, thatched house, crowded with persons of both sexes, who were seated on low benches and blocks of wood, ranged on either side along the walls. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke curled up to the dark roof, and partially dimmed the light of the candles, which by means of tin sockets were stuck into the mud walls at respectful distances. The potteen circulated freely, tales were told, and songs were sung; the old cronies gossiped, tipped, and smoked, apart from the others; the steady married folks talked of the crops, the markets, and the *Repale*; while the boys and girls carried on several prosperous courting-matches in remote corners.

In the general enjoyment poor Tim Hogan, who lay

stretched as stiff as old Brian Boru, in a small room, only separated from that in which the company were assembled by a thin partition and a slight door, was left "all alone by himself," forgotten by all his friends, except a knot of elderly ladies, who discussed the merits of the deceased and the quality of the whisky by turns.

"Have you seen the *corp* yet, Biddy Mulcahy?" inquired one of the hags of a visitor who had just joined their group and was in the act of conveying the whisky bottle to her face.

"Troth I have, Nelly, and straight and purty it looks. It's poor Tim would be proud, and well he might, if he could see himself lying there in his dacent white shirt, snug and comfortable, with the blessed candles lighted about him. But is it thrue that, when he was dying, he charged them to bury his pipes along with him?" inquired Biddy.

"The sorra word of lie in it," replied Nelly; "and more betoken, he has his pipes laid on one side of him, and a full bottle of whisky on the other, within there, this very minnit."

"Blessed Saver! what'll he want with whisky and music where he's going?"

"Lord knows! maybe the poor crathur was afeard of being lonesome on the road, and there's no better company than—"

The old woman's harangue was here interrupted by the sudden opening of the barn door, outside which the scarlet uniforms and glittering arms of Sergeant Flint and his party were distinctly visible. The sergeant advanced, and, addressing the people, bade them to be under no apprehension, as he was only in search of a deserter, named Dermott O'Rourke.

"Dermott O'Rourke!" repeated twenty voices, and every eye was turned to the place where Dermott had been sitting beside Norah Connolly at the moment when the soldiers' appearance had thrown the assemblage into confusion. Norah was still in the same place, pale as a winding-sheet, but the Rattler had vanished, no one knew whither.

"I'm positive he was here," said the sergeant.

Every one present knew that the sergeant was right, but all remained silent, and anxiously awaited the result

of a rigorous search, which the soldiers were making. Chairs, tables, and benches were overturned; still the runaway was nowhere to be found.

"What have we in here?" said Flint, approaching the door of the inner room.

"Only the *corp* of the piper, your honor," replied one of the old women.

The sergeant pushed the door open, and peeped in curiously. The room, which was small, had no windows, but narrow loop-holes, like the outer apartment. It was perfectly empty, excepting the ghastly corpse of the piper (rendered still more ghastly by the light of three small candles falling on his rigid features), which lay stretched upon a door, supported by a chair at the head and foot, and decently covered by a large winnowing-sheet, that reached the floor in ample drapery on either side.

Sergeant Flint, though a brave man where a living antagonist was opposed to him, had, like many other brave men, a mysterious horror of the dead; he therefore closed the door hastily, convinced that the defunct Tim was the sole occupant of the room. Dermott's friends, who were even more surprised than the sergeant at his sudden disappearance, now imagined that he had slipped off without being observed by the soldiers, and in order to afford him full time to escape, eagerly pressed Flint and his party not to go away until they had warmed their hearts with a drop, just to show that there was no ill-will between them. The sergeant, who never declined a liberal offer, consented; and the privates, following the example of their officer, sat down with little ceremony, and began to make the punch disappear very rapidly. Jug after jug of the steaming beverage was mixed and emptied; and, at every fresh brewing, the sergeant found himself more loth to quit his present quarters. He was in high spirits, and in the fulness of his heart volunteered to sing a favorite song; but hardly had he begun to clear his throat and pitch his voice, when he was interrupted by a discordant tuning of bagpipes. A general scream from the women followed, and the men started up in undisguised alarm. Sergeant Flint, the natural purple of whose nose had faded to a slaty-blue, endeavored to look unconcerned, and inquired, in a faltering voice, what had occurred.

“Don’t you hear,” cried an old woman, who had grappled him firmly round the waist, “Sargint, *avourneen*, ’t is Tim Hogan’s ghost tuning his pipes.”

“Nonsense!—let me go;—there’s no such thing. Who ever heard of a ghost playing the bagpipes? Zounds! I say, loose me, woman,” cried the sergeant, struggling hard to liberate himself. But while he spoke, a figure, enveloped from head to foot in a white sheet, and producing a variety of unmusical sounds from a set of pipes, appeared at the door of the inner room.

“The ghost! the ghost! Tim Hogan’s ghost!” shouted the terrified people, who, without waiting to see more, rushed, pell-mell, screaming, swearing, praying, and tumbling over stools and tables to make their escape.

In the *mêlée* the sergeant contrived to be one of the first out of the barn, and without stopping to muster his men, took to his heels, and never cried “halt” till he reached his quarters, leaving his party to follow him at their own discretion.

The wake-house being now summarily cleared, no one would venture to return to it during the night. The following morning, however, a few of the boldest villagers summoned courage to revisit the scene of the preceding night’s adventure; but great was their surprise on discovering the unruly piper lying quietly with his pipes beside him, precisely as he had been disposed by the persons who had laid him out. Nothing appeared to have been touched except the bottle of whisky, and that had been drained to the bottom, upon hearing which, Biddy Mulcahy was heard to exclaim—

“Ah! then, I wouldn’t doubt poor Tim; dead or alive, he’s not the boy to leave his liquor behind him.”

Notwithstanding the frightful stories that circulated through the parish of the appearance of the piper’s ghost, and the disappearance of the whisky at the wake, poor Tim was put quietly under the sod in the little churchyard of Ardrossan, with his favorite instrument at his feet, and a full bottle of choice *potteen* at his head.

Some days after these occurrences, the military party, with Sergeant Flint, quitted Ardrossan, and then Dermott O’Rourke, who had privately withdrawn from the neighborhood, returned to the village, and explained the mys-

tery of the ghost. He said that, in the confusion which took place on the unexpected entrance of the soldiers, he had, unperceived by any one except Norah Connolly (now gay Mrs. O'Rourke), slipped into the room where the piper was laid; but finding there was no means of escape, and being hard pressed, he crept cautiously under the boards which supported the body; after awhile, he ventured to crawl out, and discovered the bottle of whisky, which he tasted so frequently that he became ready for any devilry. In this humor a droll thought struck him of masquerading in the character of the dead piper. With the help of the winnowing-sheet and the bagpipes, he succeeded, as we have seen, in raising a beautiful ruction amongst the villagers, and in effectually frightening away his now unwelcome friend the sergeant.

The truth of Dermott's story was, however, stoutly denied by the majority of those who had been at the wake. Ashamed of being alarmed so ridiculously, they maintained that they could not be mistaken, and that the appearance they had seen on that memorable night was no other than the genuine ghost of Tim Hogan the piper.

MRS. JULIA CRAWFORD.

(1800?—1885?)

THE biographical details respecting the author of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and 'Dermot Astore' are scanty. She is said to have been a native of the county of Cavan, and she was educated in Wiltshire. She wrote over a hundred songs, and published in 1840 a volume entitled 'Irish Songs,' set to music by F. Nicholls Crouch, a well-known composer, with whom she collaborated in the issue of several books of song. She was one of the most active contributors to Chapman and Hall's *Metropolitan Magazine*, in which appeared, beginning in 1835, a series of autobiographical sketches, which are, however, singularly barren of definite facts about herself.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,—
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

DERMOT ASTORE.

Oh! Dermot Astore! between waking and sleeping
I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.



Oh! tell me, my own love, is this our last meeting?
Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bow'rs,
To watch the bright sun o'er the dim hills retreating,
And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flow'rs?
Oh! Dermot Astore, etc.

Oh! Dermot Astore! how this fond heart would flutter,
When I met thee by night in the shady boreen,¹
And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
Those words of endearment, "Mavourneen colleen!"
I know we must part, but oh! say not for ever,
That it may be for years adds enough to my pain;
But I'll cling to the hope, that though now we must sever,
In some blessèd hour I shall meet thee again.
Oh! Dermot Astore, etc.

¹ *Boreen, a lane.*

MRS. B. M. CROKER.

MRS. CROKER (née Sheppard) is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Croker. She was born at Kilgefin, County Roscommon, and was educated at Rockferry, Cheshire, and at Tours (France). She has spent fourteen years in India and Burmah.

Her novels have attained a very great popularity ; they have all been translated into French and German, and some of them into Norwegian. She has published a score since 'Proper Pride' appeared in 1882. Among the most successful may be named 'Pretty Miss Neville,' 'Diana Barrington,' 'A Bird of Passage,' 'Mrs. Jervis,' 'Village Tales and Jungle Tragedies,' 'The Real Lady Hilda,' 'In the Kingdom of Kerry,' 'Beyond the Pale,' 'Peggy of the Bartons,' 'Terence,' and 'A State Secret.'

OLD LADY ANN.

From 'In the Kingdom of Kerry.'

"So sleeps the pride of former days."—Moore.

There are some localities on the north side of Dublin from which fashion has ebbed many years: rows of forlorn, melancholy mansions, that were formerly the town houses of the Irish aristocracy. Showy coaches-and-four once waited at their now battered, blistered doors, crowds of liveried servants trooped up and down their shallow staircases; their paneled reception-rooms saw many jovial dances, reckless card-parties, and ceremonious balls. These were in the good old days, when the gentry lived at home and spent their money in Ireland—now it is the last country in the world in which they would choose to reside. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the neighborhood, the street, began to, what is called, "go down"; one or two of the festive, red-faced old lords died, and their heirs promptly abandoned what they considered a gloomy barrack in a back slum of Dublin, and advertised it "to be let or sold." Professional people replaced the nobility and landed gentry. After a long pause, these again found the neighborhood too old-fashioned—too far behind the age; the mansions too large to maintain with a small staff of servants—for they were built in the times when the wages and food of retainers were cheap. When those three terrible golden balls appeared over the door of what had once

been the Earl of Mountpatrick's residence—a door accustomed to hatchments—then, in spite of temptingly low rents, the professional tenants became scared, and fled the locality to a man. The next drop was to lodging-houses, then to cheap tenements, lastly to empty rooms and forlorn hearthstones. The poor old houses were now merely so many dilapidated monuments of fallen greatness, with their shuttered windows and grimy, shattered panes, their rusty railings and cavernous areas—choked with piles of canisters, broken bottles, and all the loose paper that the dusty wind had scattered through the street.

Rank grass sprouted underneath the hall doors, the ragged children of the neighborhood held shops and weddings on their sunken steps. In the interior, the painted ceilings—some from the fair hand of Angelica Kauffmann,—the sculptured mantelpieces of Italian marble, the solid mahogany doors and richly carved balustrades, were ruthlessly stripped years ago, and now adorn various upstart modern residences in Saxon England. One end of Dennis Street was almost submerged; the houses stood gloomy, blind, abandoned; their doors, as it were, closed forever by the hand of pitiless decay. There were still a few tenements, notable for crowds of noisy, dirty children, and strings of ill-washed, ragged garments fluttering from their windows; then came a dozen empty houses, flanked by a once palatial residence which concluded that side of the thoroughfare.

I lodge at the opposite corner. I am a young woman, a journalist—poor, single, self-supporting. I occupy what was once a magnificent drawing-room, with fine, stuccoed walls, carved cornices, and two superb white marble chimney-pieces. For this and attendance I pay the modest sum of six shillings a week. I have portioned my residence into a complete suite of apartments; in the middle is my sitting-room, which displays a square of carpet, a round table, and a couple of chairs; my bedroom stands behind a screen. In one of the windows is my office; here I have placed a big writing-table, a chair, a mat, the inevitable waste-paper basket, and here I work undisturbed. My outlook is on the big corner house, and as I pause and meditate, and search for an elusive idea, I often stare interrogatively at the great blank windows opposite, and

occasionally find myself wondering what has been the history of that splendid mansion—a nobleman's, without doubt.

One afternoon in December, as it was beginning to grow dusk, and I sat pondering with the end of my penholder in my mouth, my gaze abstractedly fixed on the opposite hall door, I suddenly sat up and rubbed my eyes briskly. Was I dreaming, or did I behold that door opening? Yes; very gently, very gradually, and a little, wizened old woman, wearing a black poke bonnet and shawl, and carrying a basket, emerged, and tottered hastily down the steps. She appeared bent and infirm, but nevertheless hurried away at a good pace. I actually lost half an hour watching for her return; the street lamps were lit when she arrived and let herself in, as it were by stealth, but no single glimmer of light subsequently illuminated one of those nineteen windows.

The next morning I cross-examined my landlady. I inquired if she "could tell me anything about the house opposite?" and she, only too pleased to gossip, replied as she folded her arms:

"Oh, faix, then, it was a great house wance; the grandest for gayety and squandering in the whole street. It was Lord Kilmorna as owned it; he had miles of estates in the west, and kep' royal style—outriders, no less; but he spent all he had, and died wretchedly poor. The family has dwindled out completely—not a soul, nor a sod, nor a stone belonging to it, unless the old house there, and that is in Chancery this forty year and more."

"But are there not people living in it?" I asked.

"I can't rightly tell you, miss. Some will have it that it is haunted by a little old woman; others say a caretaker lives somewhere in the back; but I'm here this ten year, and I never saw no sign of her. No food nor coal ever goes near the place, so how could she keep body and soul together at all? And forby that, the rats would ate her! The door is never opened from year's end to year's end. Look at the grass, ye could feed a horse on them steps! Sure, there is stories about every old house in the street—terrifying stories!"

"Are there, indeed!—what sort of stories?"

"Of murders, and marriages, and duels, and hangings,

and shootings, and gamblings, and runaway matches—" she rattled off with extraordinary volubility. "They say of number thirteen that a man gambled with the ould wan himself—and for the price of his soul. Oh, you'd lose your life with fright at some of the tragedies they put out regarding the street! I don't believe them myself. Anyway, the houses is chape, and well built, and will stand a thousand years yet."

About a fortnight after this interview I was returning home from a weary and bootless expedition. It was a wet, dark night as I got out of the nearest tram, and passing through a narrow street, I stopped at a baker's to buy a cake for my frugal tea. An old woman stood at the counter, and I instantly recognized the bonnet and shawl from opposite. She was saying in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Bergin, I came out without my purse—!"

"Faix, you are *always* doing that," was the brusque reply.

"And if you would only trust me with a loaf until tomorrow, I would be so much obliged," she pleaded faintly.

"Now, Miss Seager, I dare say you would indeed, and I'd be obliged if you'd pay me the bill that is running on here month in and month out. How do you think us poor people is to live at all—tell me that—if they have to keep supplying paupers for nothing? And look at the poor rates!"

"I am very sorry indeed," stammered a weak, quavering voice—a lady's, "but we have been disappointed in some payments due to us; we have indeed, or you should have had your money long ago; and the very day we receive our remittances you shall be paid."

"An' that will be Tibb's eve,"—scornfully; "live, horse, and you'll get grass! Anyhow, you'll get no more bread here—sorra a crumb."

"Oh, Mrs. Bergin, just trust me—this once!"

"Come, that's enough, and I can't be losing me whole day talking to beggars. Why don't you go into the house?"

Could this be civil Mrs. Bergin, who always had a gay word for me? But, then, I was a cash customer! I caught a glimpse of the little, miserable, white face at the bottom of the black poke. Oh, what an expression of want, despair, famine!

On the impulse of the moment I spoke, and said: "I understand that you have left your purse at home. Will you allow me to be your banker for the present. I think we are neighbors; I live just opposite you—at number seventeen, and you can repay me when you please," and I offered her half a crown.

"I have no change," she faltered, almost in tears. "Oh, it's too much to borrow! I may—" and she paused, struggling with emotion.

"You'll never see it again, miss, and so I tell you," volunteered Mrs. Bergin, as she picked out a yesterday's two-penny loaf.

"I will pay you; indeed I will," resumed the old lady in a firmer voice. "Mrs. Bergin, I will take a stale two-penny, a pound of oatmeal, and three rusks."

As she turned to choose them, I nodded good-night, and stepped out once more into the dark street. Two days later Mrs. Grogan flung open the door of my suite, saying, as she wiped the suds from her bare, red arms:

"A person to see you, miss," and the old lady from opposite shuffled into the room. She was shrunken, small, frail, and, oh, so shabby! How her shawl was held together by darns, her thin shoes patched, her gloves (odd ones)—I refrain from describing these, for they represented the very last gasp of expiring gentility.

"I brought you the money you kindly advanced me," she said, tendering the half-crown, which was neatly wrapped in paper, "and I am vastly obliged to you."

"Won't you sit down?" I said, offering her my one spare seat.

"I am much obliged to you," she reiterated in a formal manner, "but I never pay calls now; we don't visit; I only just stepped across—" She hesitated. I saw her wandering eye fixed on my fat, brown teapot, and instantly—guiltily—withdrawn. That timid glance had told a tale. I was determined to take no denial—accept no excuse.

"You must stay and have a cup of tea with me," I urged. "Indeed, I shall be quite hurt if you decline. I am so lonely—it will be a great favor if you remain and keep me company. See, my teapot is on the hob."

"Well—really—since you are so pressing," she murmured, slowly seating herself, and proceeding to draw off

her gloves—a proceeding which demanded the most cautious manipulation. I noticed her hands—they were beautifully shaped, but emaciated and worn with hard, coarse work, precisely like the hands of a charwoman.

“Let me see,” she said, looking about her with a familiar air. “It is fifty years since I was in this drawing-room—not since the old judge’s time. He was a great wit and a great card-player.”

“There have been changes in the neighborhood since then, have there not?” I remarked.

“Changes! Indeed, you may well say so! and I have seen them. I recollect when six titled people lived in this very street. I am close on ninety—too old, my dear! I hope you may never live to such an inhuman age—and I hope it in all kindness.”

Ninety! Yes, her face was wrinkled beyond anything imaginable—a wrinkle for a year; but the features were refined, not to say aristocratic, and her eyes were bright and animated. I made haste to pour her out a good cup of tea, and handed her some buttered toast (my own especial luxury). How she relished the tea, poor old soul! With what tremulous avidity she put it to her lips and swallowed every drop! Surely it was months since she had tasted the woman’s comforter and friend. A second cup had the effect of loosening her tongue and thawing her heart completely.

“My childie, you are very good to me,” she said with a timid smile. “Have you no one belonging to you, and how long have you lived here?”

“I have lived here more than a year. I have no relations in this country, but I have a brother in Australia, who is married.”

“And why do you live here, dearie, in God-forgotten Dennis Street?”

“Because it suits my purse,” I frankly replied. “I am very poor.”

“Poor?”—with a queer little laugh. “Darling child, I don’t suppose *you* know what poverty means! How do you pass your time?”

“I work for my living; I write for magazines and papers.”

“You write! Well, times are altered! In my young

days people would have been shocked to see a personable young woman living alone and writing for the papers. You have seen better days, dear?"

"No, not much better," I candidly replied. "My father was a poor curate; he had a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and no private means. There was my mother, my brother, and myself. It was not much, when my brother had to be educated and put out in the world."

"No. And where did you live?"

"At Carra, in the West."

"Ah, the West, with its seas and sunsets!"—and her old eyes glowed. "I was reared out there, before your father was born. I have seen better days—carriages and outriders, liveried servants, a pack of hounds; why, we burned wax candles in the kitchen, and kept eleven gardeners. But I'm sure you think me a doddering old idiot to talk like this! Well, *we* have come down in the world sadly—Ann and I—Lady Ann—and I.—Yes," lowering her voice, "she is my first cousin; we were always like sisters; we live in the house opposite. Don't breathe it, dear, but we have been there this five years. We keep as quiet as mice. It is the old family town house, and we may as well be there as anywhere; no one wants it. Hush! and I'll whisper it. Lady Ann's father was the Earl of Kilmorna. My father was his brother—I am his niece, Lucinda Seager. Now," drawing herself up, "who would think it? We two old bodies are the last of the line. The earl, my uncle, kept great state, even when he was a ruined man. His son gambled and drank—and—died abroad—imbecile. Ann was never what you may call bright; she had a moderate fortune, and she and I lived in a small way out West. We had a neat little place too, and nice neighbors, and Ann was made a good deal of. However, troubles came; our small investments were swept away; and whilst we traveled to Dublin, to see about them, our belongings were seized and sold up, and we were ashamed to go back. We had a few pounds left, and some old heirlooms, and we stayed in town until we—we had no money at all, and then we came and crept into the old house; we had the keys, you see, and we pretend that we are dead. Oh, God Almighty knows I wish we were—!" And she broke down and sobbed—hard, chill, tearless sobs.

It is the saddest thing in the world to see an old woman cry! "We have no income at all," she resumed, "only eleven pounds a year—interest in the funds; it dies with me: but with medicine and food, and firing, it does not go far."

"Have you no friends?" I inquired somewhat timidly.

"No one—we have outlived them all: you see, dear, it is not always a blessing to grow old."

"The clergyman," I suggested, almost in a whisper.

"Do you think we would let any one know that Lady Ann, an earl's daughter, was brought so low? Ann is proud—oh, terribly proud! She has a few things that, if she would only part with them, would fetch money, but she says she will have them buried in her coffin."

"Can you not persuade her to dispose of them?"

"I've tried and tried times and again, but it's no use. My things went long ago; but she has an old gold watch and chain, and silver bowl, and spoons and forks, some lace and pearls—but what is the good of thinking of them, dear? She would *give* them to a friend, with a heart and a half, but would never take money for them, never. She would die sooner than sell them."

"And I suppose you have no books, or papers, or flowers, or anything, and rarely go out?"

"Books! papers! My child, I haven't seen one for months. The world is as dead to us as we are to the world; as to flowers, I almost forget the look of them, and, oh! we were so fond of them and had such a lovely little garden! All our time is spent in trying to sleep, to keep ourselves warm, and to obtain a little food; and we go over old days in the dark, by the hour. I think the thought of what we once were keeps life in us still."

"Have no letters ever come to you?"

"One or two, but we always sent them to the dead-letter office. We could not, for shame's sake, let people dream we had fallen so low—and two penniless old women are soon forgotten. Now you know our secret. Your kind face, and your warm hospitality, have opened my lips, and"—rising as she spoke—"I must go, with a thousand thanks."

"If you would like my paper any day," I said, "you are most welcome to it."

“Oh yes, if you would slip it in the letter-box, after dark, what a pleasure it would give us!”

“And here is a *Graphic* you can take and keep, and I am sure I can send you over some books.”

“Oh, you are far too good, too good! I am ashamed to be under such obligations to you. God bless you!” And she tottered downstairs and across the street.

About a week later I received a three-cornered note, written on a half-sheet of yellow paper; it proved to be an invitation—a rare occurrence for me—and ran as follows:—

“Lady Ann and Miss Lucinda Seager request the pleasure of Miss Smith’s company at tea, at six o’clock, at 75 Dennis Street.”

Could I believe my eyes? Of course, I would accept with pleasure. At six o’clock to the second, I went over and rang the bell; how rusty it was, and stiff! I heard it clanging and echoing through the empty house, and then feeble steps coming slowly along a passage.

Presently the door was opened by Miss Lucinda, with a dip-candle in her hand. She beamed upon me as she said:

“I coaxed her to dispose of one or two small things, and we are better off now. She ’s in the library.”

Miss Lucinda ushered me across a hall (out of which rose a ghostly stone staircase), along a corridor, and into an immense back room, extremely lofty. There was a candle, a tiny fire, a sofa, a little furniture, and, in a very imposing chair, an imposing old lady—thin, fragile, dignified, and considerably younger than my acquaintance. She wore a priceless yellow lace scarf over an exceedingly shabby old gown. Tea was laid on a small table, with a newspaper for cloth; I noticed a sixpenny cake and some dry toast.

“My cousin has mentioned you to me,” said Lady Ann, “and I thought I should like to make your acquaintance, and thank you for the papers”—with an air of easy patronage. “You have given us great entertainment. We are two lonely gentlewomen who live quite out of the world. Lucinda”—peremptorily—“you can make the tea.”

Lucinda was evidently her cousin’s slave. She waited on Lady Ann as if she were a queen, and attended to all her

observations with what seemed to me unreasonable deference. Lady Ann did the honors as if presiding at a royal banquet, whilst we sipped our tea and nibbled at our stale sponge-cake. She prattled incessantly, and I feasted my eyes on the massive old snuffers and spoons, also on a superbly embossed jug and sugar-bowl. Why, the silver on the table was probably worth forty shillings an ounce, and these proud people preferred to starve rather than part with the family heirlooms. Then, as we drew round the scanty fire, they began to ply me with eager questions. The two shrill old voices often rose simultaneously on either hand, demanding news of the outer world. What had become of the Roxcrofts? Was her ladyship dead? Had Marion Lascelles married? Who lived in Grandmore Castle? Who won the great Lynch lawsuit, and who had come in for old Sir Corrie's money? I could not answer half of these interrogations. I was, however, able to impart many items of more general news. Royal weddings, deaths, births, wars, new inventions, new literary lights, ay, and new fashions. I discoursed for the best part of an hour, and gradually unfolded the latest intelligence of the present day, whilst they, on their part, recalled many stories of the past. How I longed for a note-book or a good memory! I heard all particulars of the grand ball that had been given in the house on Lady Ann's sixteenth birthday; of the routs and dinners among their own set; of the runaway match from number twenty-two, and the duel fought with small-swords at number five.

This was not my last visit by any means. I went over to see my old ladies about once a week (not to tea). Generally there was a fire—always a dip-candle. I was permitted to explore the house. I shudder now when I recall the ghostly double drawing-room, with an immense mirror, casting weird reflections—a fixture in the wall. I shiver when I think of the vast empty rooms, the dark passages and mysterious powder-closets, the awful underground regions, the dripping damp kitchens, the crumbling stables, and the decaying pear-tree, that in a storm sullenly lashed itself against the library windows, as much as to say, "Let me come in."

Ultimately I became a favorite with Lady Ann. I brought her news, books, and papers—she had marvelous

sight. I also ventured to present her with fruit, a down cushion, knitted mittens, and a shawl. These she accepted with an air of lofty condescension that had a humbling effect on me; however, that she did accept them was satisfactory, even though I was sensible that every additional unworthy offering was an additional liberty.

One afternoon I noticed an air of mysterious importance in Miss Lucinda's manner as she admitted me.

"Ann wants to see you particularly," she said. "This is her birthday—her eighty-fourth,—and she is giving herself a little treat."

This little treat, I was soon made aware, was to take the form of a presentation to *me*.

"My dear Jessie," said Lady Ann, embracing me, "we want to make *you* a trifling present in honor of the day—it is the only pleasure that it is now in our power to enjoy. Here is my birthday gift," handing me a good-sized, untidy paper parcel, containing some hard substance. "It belonged to my grandfather—Louis XVI. gave it to him—and I present it to you."

I opened the package carefully and discovered the silver jug—richly worked, and embossed with lilies and the royal arms of France. Miss Lucinda had evidently given it a polish for the occasion.

My first impulse was to return it on the spot, but second thoughts prevailed, and I kissed Lady Ann, and offered her my warmest thanks. "It was ten thousand times too good of her," I declared, "and I valued it more than I could express."

But Miss Lucinda and I subsequently conferred together on the subject in the cold outer hall. "Of course I don't mean to keep it. I shall get a great price for it, and bring you the money," I whispered eagerly.

"Of course you *will* keep it," cried Miss Lucinda. "It's not as if we had any heirs. I was delighted when she thought of it. She can't bear being under a compliment, and, besides, she is so fond of you. Kilmorna always used it for his punch—for the hot water. It's a handsome jug."

"It is. Nevertheless I intend to dispose of it as I have said."

"And is that how you treat our present? Are we fallen

so low that you'll sell our little gift and give us back the money in charity?" And she burst out crying.

"Now, Miss Lucinda—my dear Miss Lucinda," I pleaded, putting my arm round her neck. "I look to you to be sensible. Lady Ann is simply wickedly generous. You both want, oh! so many things, and you have suffered so much—so much—"

"God Almighty only knows how much!" she sobbed.

"And whilst you have no blankets, no fire, and scarcely food, Lady Ann gives an heirloom to a stranger that is worth fifty pounds. If I may not have my own way, I shall take it back to her this instant. Now, dear Miss Lucinda," I coaxed, "be reasonable; you shall give me some little gift, but I would be a mean, dishonorable, abominable wretch—if I accepted the Louis Seize jug."

It took a long time to convince Miss Lucinda. We stood and argued face to face for twenty minutes in that vault-like hall. In the end I conquered, and she relented; and in the course of a week I brought her by stealth no less a sum than thirty pounds. I had hoped for more, but to Miss Lucinda it seemed a fortune.

"How am I to account for it?" she demanded. "Just think of all the lies I must tell! What am I to say? She knows I have only ninepence in the whole wide world."

"Say it's restitution money!" was my glib reply. "And so it is. I am restoring you your own."

"Well, childie, 't is you that are clever! I'd never have thought of that—and it's no lie. Many and many a twenty pound was clipped from us in the old days, and we never missed it. Ann will easily credit that the priests, or people's own consciences, have worked on them, and they have sent us back our own."

Luckily for me, Lady Ann proved easily deceived, and received the restitution money with sobs of delight. I now learnt that she was a true Kilmorna. If she had had her will, that thirty pounds would have been squandered in three days. She talked of black silk dresses, of papering and painting the house, and a box at the theater!

I really began to fear that the money had turned her poor brain, till Miss Lucinda assured me privately "that Ann had very extravagant ideas, and as long as she was

mistress of one shilling, she was always ready to lay out a thousand."

Miss Seager and I made a joint expedition to the shops on the strength of that same restitution money. We invested in a cheap screen, as a shelter from draughts from the door. We honorably paid the baker. We laid in no less than a whole ton of coals. We also purchased a square of drugget, a lamp, a table-cover, blankets, tinned soups, tea, candles, and various other luxuries. In the course of time—that is to say, within the space of twelve months—I had been affectionately endowed with a lace scarf, a gold repeater, six two-pronged forks, and a set of seals; and my two old ladies—thanks to restitution money—were in comparatively affluent circumstances.

Mrs. Grogan, my landlady, "could not make out what sort of a fancy," as she expressed it, "I had taken to the old beggar of a caretaker, who, it appeared after all, *did* live opposite," but I neither noticed her hints, nor gratified her curiosity.

"Ann loves you," Miss Seager assured me, "but you must never breathe our secret to a soul—the mere idea of such a thing, the hint you gave her of writing to our lawyer, nearly brought on a paralytic stroke. We can do finely now. I have what will carry me on for many months, and in great style. We can afford a bit of meat sometimes—I toast it at the fire on a fork—and eggs, and soups, and port wine, and it's all thanks to you, dear, and your cunning restitutions. The old pearls, and her mother's rings, and miniature, and a rose-diamond brooch, are almost all Ann has left, and she will never give them away, not even to you, whilst the breath is in her; but they are bequeathed to you in her will. There are still the spoons, and we can live on them for a good while, if they fetch the same fine prices, dear. Now that money is off my mind, there is another load on my heart, and it frightens me. If I was to die—and I'm ninety-one, and a wonder for my age—what will happen to Ann? Who is to cook for her, and do for her? Keep her in spirits and company, and care for her? It—will have to be—*you*." And she nodded her head at me with solemn emphasis. "Look now what a burden you have brought on yourself, and all through lending me half a crown! Well, my heart, God in heaven

will have it all in store for you for what you have been—and done, for two poor old women.” . . .

A few days after this conversation I unexpectedly found myself on board one of the Orient liners *en route* for Australia. My brother's wife was dead, and he had telegraphed for me to come to him immediately. That startling little slip of pink paper, how suddenly it had changed my life and my plans!

I remained eighteen months in the Antipodes, nursing my brother through a tedious illness. After his death, I turned my face homewards, with his little orphan girl, to whom I was guardian. I was no longer a poor journalist. I need not work for my daily bread, nor live in such a “low” quarter as “Dennis Street.” I was an heiress now.

I had written to my two old ladies, to a prearranged address, but received no reply. This, however, caused me no uneasiness. I knew that they feared discovery and the postman, and had suffered their art of letter-writing to be lost. The morning I arrived in Dublin my very first visit was to them. I walked from the tram straight to number seventy-five, and knocked and rang—no answer—saving the echoes. Knock, knock, knock—dead silence—an oppressive, expressive silence. Then I repaired to my old quarters and interviewed Mrs. Grogan. After a warm and effusive reception—

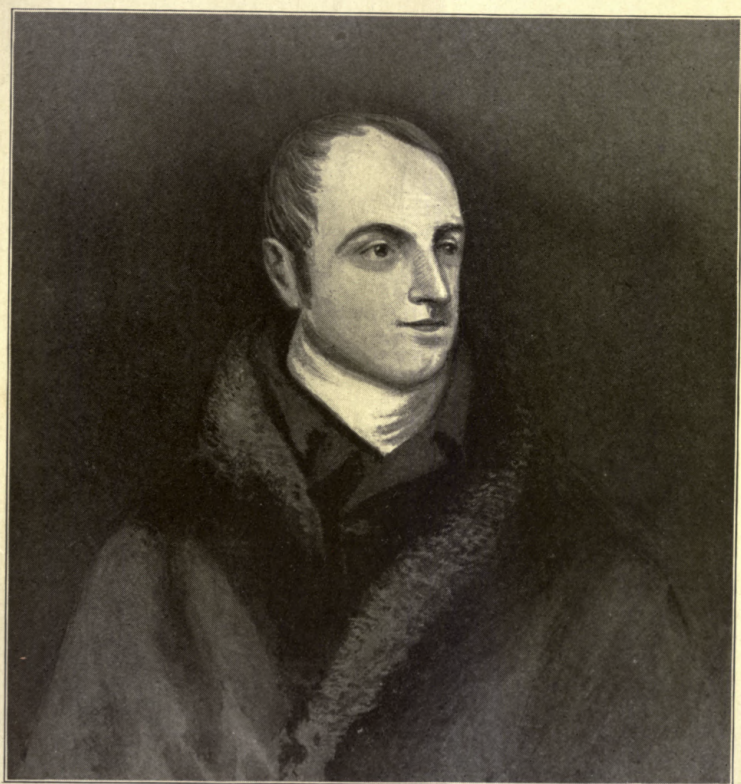
“So you are looking for those old people, are you? Oh!” she said, “sure, they are both dead—the creatures!”

“Both dead!” I repeated incredulously.

“Why, yes; the little old woman was run over by a car, and taken to Jervis Street Hospital. She was terribly anxious about a hand-bag she had with her—she said it was full of valuables—pearls and rings; but the deuce a bit of it was to be found—if she ever had it; and she was in an awful state about her cousin, Lady Ann, who lived over here in this street. They thought the poor old body was raving mad; but anyhow she died, calling with her last breath for Lady Ann!

“Some people suspicioned there might be something in what she said, and looked up the house after a couple of days, and found there, sure enough, an aged woman, starving and crazy. She declared she was Lady Ann—a

queer sort of Lady Ann! There was nothing to eat, nor a sign of a copper in the place, and as she had no one owning her, they just took her off to the union. She was raging; and went screaming through the streets that she was an earl's daughter! but sure no one minded her, the poor, unfortunate, cracked creature! They put her in the infirmary, she was so miserable and feeble, not fit to scrub or to do a hand's turn. They were kind folks, and humored the bothered old beggar, and called her 'your ladyship,' for that was the only thing that seemed to ease her mind at all. She died about six weeks ago, and was buried as a pauper—old *Lady Ann!*”



JOHN WILSON CROKER.

(1780—1857.)

JOHN WILSON CROKER, one of the founders and an editor of *The Quarterly Review*, a son of the Surveyor-General of Ireland, was born in Galway, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish bar in 1802. While still a youth he produced a satirical composition, entitled 'Familiar Epistles to F. E. Jones, Esq.,' and in 1807 he became Member for Downpatrick. He represented in Parliament several constituencies in succession—Dublin, Yarmouth, Athlone, and Bodmin. Meantime his pen was incessantly active, and among his works at that time may be mentioned: 'An Intercepted Letter from Canton,' a vigorous satire on the city of Dublin; 'Songs of Trafalgar,' 'A Sketch of Ireland Past and Present,' and 'Stories from the History of England.'

As Secretary to the Admiralty, during twenty years he kept the affairs of the office in a state of efficiency not very common in olden days. In Parliament he was a frequent and effective debater, though the strong party spirit, the occasional bitterness, and a certain arrogance of tone in his speeches, procured him the strong enmity of his opponents. Croker and Lord Macaulay were constantly at war, and throughout the lives of both passages at arms between them were frequent and usually fierce.

When the Reform bill of 1832, which he bitterly opposed, was passed, he retired from Parliamentary life and never returned to it. From the editorial chair of *The Quarterly Review*, which he then occupied, he continued to exercise a powerful influence upon political as well as upon literary affairs. His articles were like his speeches, full of information, graphic, and powerful, but blemished by exhibitions of blind party spirit, and weakened by violence of epithets. The typical reviews of the two Quarterlies of this period, —and Croker was responsible for many of them—were of the "cut and slash" order, which, while it may have been productive of good in some instances, has had a very malign influence in others.

'The Battle of Talavera,' 'Letters on the Naval War with America,' 'The Suffolk Papers,' 'Harvey's Memoirs of the Court of George the Second,' and 'Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther,' were published during this period, as also his translation of 'Bassompierre's Embassy to England'; while several of his essays in *The Quarterly Review* were reproduced in book form. The publication of his edition of 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' on which he had bestowed the greatest care, provoked the most bitter of many quarrels between him and Macaulay, who published in *The Edinburgh Review* an essay on the book, which was one of the most powerful and the severest that ever appeared from his pen.

Croker in his turn was the critic and Macaulay the author; but his attack on the famous 'History of England' will perhaps be best remembered by Sydney Smith's definition of it as an attempt at murder which ended in suicide. The readiness of Croker to recog-

nize the abilities of his opponent, however, contrasts not unfavorably with the uniform and untiring bitterness of Macaulay toward him. In addition to the works already mentioned, Croker published editions of 'Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford,' 'Lady Hervey's Letters,' and 'The History of the Guillotine,' which is a piece of his best literary work, as well as several poems. He was associated with the Marquis of Hertford, the wealthy and profligate, heartless, and tyrannical nobleman who stood for the "Marquis of Steyne" in 'Vanity Fair' and "Lord Monmouth" in 'Coningsby.' Croker is alluded to cursorily in 'Vanity Fair,' but he was the original of "Rigby" in 'Coningsby,' one of Lord Beaconsfield's most finished and most biting portraits. After the publication of Disraeli's novel in 1844, the nickname never left Croker. He died at Hampton, Aug. 10, 1857, after some years of seclusion and retirement.

THE GUILLOTINE IN FRANCE.

From 'The History of the Guillotine.'

The guillotine remained in the Place de la Révolution till the eighth of June, 1794, when the inhabitants of the streets through which these batches (*fournées*), as they were called, of sufferers used to pass, became at last tired of that agreeable sight, and solicited its removal. This would probably have been not much regarded; but there was a more potent motive. Robespierre seems at this time to have adopted a new policy, and to have formed some design of founding a dictatorial authority in his own person on the basis of religion and morals. On the seventh of June he made his famous report acknowledging "l'Être Suprême," and appointing the twentieth of June for the great fête in the garden of the Tuileries, which was to celebrate this recognition.

Of this fête Robespierre was to be the Pontifex Maximus, and it can hardly be doubted that it was to remove the odious machine from the immediate scene of his glorification that it was—the day after the decree and ten days before the fête—removed to the Place St. Antoine, in front of the ruins of the Bastille; but that a day might not be lost, it was removed on a Decadi, the republican Sabbath. It stood, however, but five days in the Place St. Antoine, for the shopkeepers even of that patriotic quarter did not like their new neighbor; and so, after having in these five days executed ninety-six persons, it was removed still

further to the Barrière du Trône, or, as it was called in the absurd nomenclature of the day, Barrière Renversée.

There it stood from the ninth of June to the fall of Robespierre, 9th Thermidor (July 27, 1794). So say all the authorities; but an incident in the trial of Fouquier-Tinville seems to prove that, in the early part of July at least, the scaffold stood in the Place de la Révolution, and that the instrument was dismantled every evening. A lady, the Marquise de Feuquières, was to be tried on the first of July; the whole evidence against her was a document which had been placed under the seals of the law at her country house near Versailles, and Fouquier sent off the night before a special messenger to bring it up; the messenger was delayed by the local authorities, and could not get back to Paris till half-past four on the evening of the first, when, "on arriving at the Place de la Révolution, he found the executioner dismantling the engine, and was informed that the Marquise de Feuquières had been guillotined an hour before,"—having been tried and condemned without a tittle of any kind of evidence; and this fact, attested by his own messenger, Fouquier could not deny—though we cannot reconcile it with the other evidence as to the locality of the guillotine at that particular period. In all the lists *des Condamnés* Madame de Feuquières and twenty-three other persons are stated to have suffered on the first of July at the Barrière du Trône.

In the forty-nine days in which it is said to have stood at the Barrière du Trône it dispatched one thousand two hundred and seventy persons of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks, and it became necessary to build a kind of sanguiduct to carry off the streams of blood; and on the very last day, when the tyrant had already fallen, and that the smallest interruption would have sufficed to have stopped the fatal procession, forty-nine persons passed almost unguarded through the stupefied streets to the place of execution. And here we have the last occasion to mention Sanson; and it is to his credit, as indeed all the personal details related of him seem to be. On the 9th Thermidor there was, about half-past three in the afternoon, just as the last batch of victims was about to leave the Conciergerie, a considerable commotion in the town, caused by the revolt against Robespierre. At that moment Fou-

quier, on his way to dine with a neighbor, passed through the courts where the prisoners were ascending the fatal carts. Sanson, whose duty it was to conduct the prisoners to execution, ventured to stop the Accusateur Public to represent to him that there were some rumors of a commotion, and to suggest whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution till at least the next morning. Fouquier roughly replied that the law must take its course. He went to dinner, and the forty-nine victims went to the scaffold, whither in due time he followed them!

The next day the guillotine was removed back to the scene of its longest triumphs—the Place de la Révolution—where on the twenty-eighth of July it avenged humanity on Robespierre and twenty-one of his followers; on the next day sixty-nine, and on the day after thirteen more of his associates fell, amongst whom were most of the judges, juries, and officers of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and a majority of the Commune of Paris—greater monsters, if possible, than the members of the Tribunal. . . .

Of the operations of the guillotine in the departments during the Parisian Reign of Terror we have very scanty information. We only know that in most of the great towns it was in permanent activity, and that in some remarkable instances, as at Avignon, Nantes, and Lyons, its operations were found too slow for “the vengeance of the people,” and were assisted by the wholesale massacres of fusillades and noyades. At Nantes, and some other places, the Conventional Proconsuls carried M. de Clermont Tonnerre’s principle to the extreme extent of ostentatiously inviting the Executioner to dinner.

For some months after the fall of Robespierre the Parisian guillotine was, though not permanently, yet actively, employed against his immediate followers; and, subsequently, against the tail (as it was called) of his faction, who attempted to revive the Reign of Terror; but we have no distinct details of these proceedings; the numbers, though great, were insignificant in comparison with the former massacres, and no one, we believe, suffered who did not amply deserve it—Fouquier-Tinville himself and the remainder of his colleagues, the judges and jury of the tribunal, included. His and their trial is the most extraordinary document that the whole revolution has produced,

and develops a series of turpitudes and horrors such as no imagination could conceive. But that does not belong to our present subject, and we must hasten to conclude.

Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, we do not find that any immoderate use was made of the guillotine;—the very name had become intolerably odious, and the ruling powers were reluctant to use it even on legitimate occasions. During the Restoration it was rarely employed, and never, as far as we recollect, for any political crime. When occasion for its use occurred, it was brought forth and erected in the Place de Grève, and removed immediately after the execution; and we ourselves can bear witness—though we could not bring ourselves to see it—that one of these tragedies, which occurred while we happened to be in Paris, appeared to throw a kind of gloom and uneasiness over the whole city, that contrasted very strongly and very favorably with our recollection of the events of twenty years before.

After the accession of Louis Philippe, for whom the guillotine must have been an object of the most painful contemplation, sentences of death were also very rare, and certainly never executed where there was any possible room for mercy. The executions, too, when forced upon him, took place at early hours and in remote and uncertain places; and every humane art was used to cover the operations of the fatal instrument with a modest veil, not only from motives of general decency and humanity, but also, no doubt, from national pride and personal sensibility. What Frenchman would not wish that the name and memory of the guillotine could be blotted from the history of mankind? “The word Guillotine,” says the author of “*Les Fastes de l’Anarchie*,” “should be effaced from the language.” But the revolutionary horrors which France is naturally so anxious to forget, it the more behooves us and the rest of Europe to remember and meditate. Such massacres as we have been describing will probably never be repeated; they will, no doubt, stand unparalleled in the future, as they do in the former annals of the world; but they should never be forgotten as an example of the incalculable excesses of popular insanity.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

(1798—1854.)

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Ireland's pioneer folk-lorist, was born in Cork, Jan. 15, 1798. Though intended for a business career, he early strayed into the paths of literature and art, and his leisure hours were spent in rambles in company with a Quaker gentleman of tastes similar to his own, making sketches as they went. In these excursions he gained that intimate knowledge of the people, their ideas, traditions, and tales, which he afterward turned to such good account. A poem translated from the Irish, which appeared in *The Morning Post*, first brought him into notice, the poet Crabbe, among others, being favorably impressed with it. To Tom Moore, who at this time was collecting airs for his songs, Croker supplied a great number, which service the poet gratefully acknowledged.

Croker exhibited in the Fine Art Exhibition of Cork in 1817. As an artist he had a place in *The Literary Examiner*, a periodical which had a short-lived existence in Cork. In this publication it was Irish antiquities which worthily furnished subjects for his pencil. For his sketch of Sunday's Well, Cork, Father Prout wrote the verses :

“ In yonder well there lurks a spell,
It is a fairy font ;
Croker himself, poetic elf,
Might fitly write upon 't.

“ The summer day of childhood gay
Was spent beside it often ;
I loved its brink, so did, I think,
Maginn, Maclise, and Crofton.

“ There is a trace time can't efface,
Nor years of absence dim ;
It is the thought of yon sweet spot,
Yon fountain's fairy brim.”

In 1818 he went to London, and obtained a post in the Admiralty. Three years afterward he visited Ireland, and the result was the production, in 1824, of his 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' a volume which contains a large quantity of valuable information respecting the manners and superstitions of the Irish peasantry, scenery, architectural remains, etc. 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland' appeared in 1825. It was published in German with the title of 'Irische Elf-Märchen.' In a few days the first edition was disposed of, and Mr. Murray, the publisher, advised the author to depart for Ireland forthwith, "to glean the remainder of the fairy legends and traditions which he suspected were still to be found lurking among its glens . . . making the most

of my time hunting up and bagging all the old 'gray superstitions' I could fall in with."

Mr. Croker was at this time a member of the Society of Antiquaries, and in 1828 he was elected President. 'Barney Mahoney,' 'My Village versus Our Village,' both of which appeared in 1832, though published in Croker's name, were, we are told by his son, written by his wife; she, with wifely affection, insisting that the stories should be put to the credit of her husband.

Mr. Croker took active part in the formation of two literary associations, namely, the Camden Society, founded in 1839, and the Percy Society, in 1840; and 'Historical Songs of Ireland, with an Introduction and Notes by T. Crofton Croker' formed part of the third year's issue by the former of those two learned bodies.

'The Popular Songs of Ireland' appeared in 1839. 'The Memoir of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in '98,' edited from the original MS. in the possession of Sir William Bentham, next appeared. In 1844 the 'Tour of M. Boullaye le Gouz through Ireland' was published. Mr. Croker also contributed sixteen drawings to the first volume of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's 'Ireland.' An 'Autobiography of Mary, Countess of Warwick,' from a manuscript in the possession of Lord Brooke—published as the May issue for 1848 of the Percy Society—and a lost play, supposed to be the production of Massinger, also issued by the same society in 1849, were both edited by Mr. Croker.

Mr. Croker retired in 1850 on a pension of £580 (\$2,900) a year. He died in 1854, and was buried in the Brompton Cemetery.

Croker's reputation rests upon the important pioneer work he did in gathering up the fairy and traditional tales of Ireland. More recent collectors have been more exact in their reproductions of the folk stories and have not attempted, as Croker did, to invest "them with artistic merit," but, as Mr. W. B. Yeats says, Croker has "caught the very voice of the people, the very pulse of life—giving what was most noticed in his day. Croker, full of the ideas of harum-scarum Irish gentility, saw everything humorized. His work is touched everywhere with beauty—a gentle Arcadian beauty."

THE CONFESSIONS OF TOM BOURKE.

Tom Bourke lives in a low, long farmhouse, resembling in outward appearance a large barn, placed at the bottom of the hill, just where the new road strikes off from the old one, leading from the town of Kilworth to that of Lismore. He is of a class of persons who are a sort of black swans in Ireland: he is a wealthy farmer. Tom's father had, in the good old times, when a hundred pounds were no inconsiderable treasure, either to lend or spend, accommodated his landlord with that sum, at interest; and obtained as a return for his civility a long lease, about

half-a-dozen times more valuable than the loan which procured it. The old man died worth several hundred pounds, the greater part of which, with his farm, he bequeathed to his son Tom. But besides all this, Tom received from his father, upon his death-bed, another gift, far more valuable than worldly riches, greatly as he prized and is still known to prize them. He was invested with the privilege, enjoyed by few of the sons of men, of communicating with those mysterious beings called "the good people."

Tom Bourke is a little, stout, healthy, active man, about fifty-five years of age. His hair is perfectly white, short and bushy behind, but rising in front erect and thick above his forehead, like a new clothes-brush. His eyes are of that kind which I have often observed with persons of a quick but limited intellect—they are small, gray, and lively. The large and projecting eyebrows under, or rather within, which they twinkle, give them an expression of shrewdness and intelligence, if not of cunning. And this is very much the character of the man. If you want to make a bargain with Tom Bourke you must act as if you were a general besieging a town, and make your advances a long time before you can hope to obtain possession. If you march up boldly, and tell him at once your object, you are for the most part sure to have the gates closed in your teeth. Tom does not wish to part with what you wish to obtain; or another person has been speaking to him for the whole of the last week. Or, it may be, your proposal seems to meet the most favorable reception. "Very well, sir;" "That's true sir;" "I'm very thankful to your honor," and other expressions of kindness and confidence greet you in reply to every sentence; and you part from him wondering how he can have obtained the character which he universally bears, of being a man whom no one can make anything of in a bargain. But when you next meet him the illusion is dissolved; you find you are a great deal further from your object than you were when you thought you had almost succeeded; his eye and his tongue express a total forgetfulness of what the mind within never lost sight of for an instant; and you have to begin operations afresh, with the disadvantage of having put your adversary completely upon his guard.

Yet, although Tom Bourke, is, whether from supernatural revealings, or (as many will think more probable) from the tell-truth experience, so distrustful of mankind, and so close in his dealings with them, he is no misanthrope. No man loves better the pleasures of the genial board. The love of money, indeed, which is with him (and who will blame him?) a very ruling propensity, and the gratification which it has received from habits of industry, sustained throughout a pretty long and successful life, have taught him the value of sobriety, during those seasons, at least, when a man's business requires him to keep possession of his senses. He has, therefore, a general rule, never to get drunk but on Sundays. But in order that it should be a general one to all intents and purposes, he takes a method which, according to better logicians than he is, always proves the rule. He has many exceptions; among these, of course, are the evenings of all the fair and market-days that happen in his neighborhood; so also all the days in which funerals, marriages, and christenings take place among his friends within many miles of him. As to this last class of exceptions, it may appear at first very singular, that he is much more punctual in his attendance at the funerals than at the baptisms or weddings of his friends.

This may be construed as an instance of disinterested affection for departed worth, very uncommon in this selfish world. But I am afraid that the motives which lead Tom Bourke to pay more court to the dead than the living are precisely those which lead to the opposite conduct in the generality of mankind—a hope of future benefit and a fear of future evil. For the good people, who are a race as powerful as they are capricious, have their favorites among those who inhabit this world; often show their affection by easing the objects of it from the load of this burdensome life; and frequently reward or punish the living according to the degree of reverence paid to the obsequies and the memory of the elected dead.

Some may attribute to the same cause the apparently humane and charitable actions which Tom, and indeed the other members of his family, are known frequently to perform. A beggar has seldom left their farmyard with an empty wallet, or without obtaining a night's lodging, if

required, with a sufficiency of potatoes and milk to satisfy even an Irish beggar's appetite; in appeasing which, account must usually be taken of the auxiliary jaws of a hungry dog, and of two or three still more hungry children, who line themselves well within, to atone for their nakedness without. If one of the neighboring poor be seized with a fever, Tom will often supply the sick wretch with some untenanted hut upon one of his two large farms (for he has added one to his patrimony), or will send his laborers to construct a shed at a hedge-side, and supply straw for a bed while the disorder continues. His wife, remarkable for the largeness of her dairy, and the goodness of everything it contains, will furnish milk for whey; and their good offices are frequently extended to the family of the patient, who are, perhaps, reduced to the extremity of wretchedness, by even the temporary suspension of a father's or a husband's labor.

If much of this arises from the hopes and fears to which I above alluded, I believe much of it flows from a mingled sense of compassion and of duty, which is sometimes seen to break from an Irish peasant's heart, even where it happens to be enveloped in a habitual covering of avarice and fraud; and which I once heard speak in terms not to be misunderstood: "When we get a deal, 't is only fair we should give back a little of it."

It is not easy to prevail on Tom to speak on those good people, with whom he is said to hold frequent and intimate communications. To the faithful, who believe in their power, and their occasional delegation of it to him, he seldom refuses, if properly asked, to exercise his high prerogative when any unfortunate being is *struck* in his neighborhood. Still he will not be won unsued: he is at first difficult of persuasion, and must be overcome by a little gentle violence. On these occasions he is unusually solemn and mysterious, and if one word of reward be mentioned he at once abandons the unhappy patient, such a proposition being a direct insult to his supernatural superiors. It is true that, as the laborer is worthy of his hire, most persons gifted as he is do not scruple to receive a token of gratitude from the patients or their friends *after* their recovery. It is recorded that a very handsome gratuity was once given to a female practitioner in this occult science,

who deserves to be mentioned, not only because she was a neighbor and a rival of Tom's, but from the singularity of a mother deriving her name from her son. Her son's name was Owen, and she was always called *Owen sa vauher* (Owen's mother). This person was, on the occasion to which I have alluded, *persuaded* to give her assistance to a young girl who had lost the use of her right leg; *Owen sa vauher* found the cure a difficult one. A journey of about eighteen miles was essential for the purpose, probably to visit one of the good people who resided at that distance; and this journey could only be performed by *Owen sa vauher* traveling upon the back of a white hen. The visit, however, was accomplished; and at a particular hour, according to the prediction of this extraordinary woman, when the hen and her rider were to reach their journey's end, the patient was seized with an irresistible desire to dance, which she gratified with the most perfect freedom of the diseased leg, much to the joy of her anxious family. The gratuity in this case was, as it surely ought to have been, unusually large, from the difficulty of procuring a hen willing to go so long a journey with such a rider.

To do Tom Bourke justice, he is on these occasions, as I have heard from many competent authorities, perfectly disinterested. Not many months since he recovered a young woman (the sister of a tradesman living near him), who had been struck speechless after returning from a funeral, and had continued so for several days. He steadfastly refused receiving any compensation, saying that even if he had not as much as would buy him his supper, he could take nothing in this case, because the girl had offended at the funeral of one of the good people belonging to his own family, and though he would do her a kindness, he could take none from her.

About the time this last remarkable affair took place, my friend Mr. Martin, who is a neighbor of Tom's, had some business to transact with him, which it was exceedingly difficult to bring to a conclusion. At last Mr. Martin, having tried all quiet means, had recourse to a legal process, which brought Tom to reason, and the matter was arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and with perfect good-humor between the parties. The accommodation took place after dinner at Mr. Martin's house, and he invited

Tom to walk into the parlor and take a glass of punch, made of some excellent *potteen*, which was on the table; he had long wished to draw out his highly endowed neighbor on the subject of his supernatural powers, and as Mrs. Martin, who was in the room, was rather a favorite of Tom's, this seemed a good opportunity.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Martin, "that was a curious business of Molly Dwyer's who recovered her speech so suddenly the other day."

"You may say that, sir," replied Tom Bourke; "but I had to travel far for it: no matter for that now. Your health, ma'am," said he, turning to Mrs. Martin.

"Thank you, Tom. But I am told you had some trouble once in that way in your own family," said Mrs. Martin.

"So I had, ma'am; trouble enough: but you were only a child at that time."

"Come, Tom," said the hospitable Mr. Martin, interrupting him, "take another tumbler"; and he then added: "I wish you would tell us something of the manner in which so many of your children died. I am told they dropped off, one after another, by the same disorder, and that your eldest son was cured in a most extraordinary way, when the physicians had given him over."

"'T is true for you, sir," returned Tom; "your father, the doctor (God be good to him, I won't belie him in his grave), told me, when my fourth boy was a week sick, that himself and Dr. Barry did all that man could do for him; but they could not keep him from going after the rest. No more they could, if the people that took away the rest wished to take him too. But they left him; and sorry to the heart I am I did not know before why they were taking my boys from me; if I did, I would not be left trusting to two of 'em now."

"And how did you find it out, Tom?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"Why, then, I'll tell you, sir," said Bourke. "When your father said what I told you, I did not know very well what to do. I walked down the little *bohereen* you know, sir, that goes to the riverside near Dick Heafy's ground; for 't was a lonesome place, and I wanted to think of myself. I was heavy, sir, and my heart got weak in me, when I thought I was to lose my little boy; and I did not well

know how to face his mother with the news, for she doted down upon him. Besides, she never got the better of all she cried at his brother's *berrin*¹ the week before. As I was going down the *bohereen* I met an old *bocough*, that used to come about the place once or twice a year, and used always to sleep in our barn while he stayed in the neighborhood. So he asked me how I was. 'Bad enough, Shamous,'² says I. 'I'm sorry for your trouble,' says he; 'but you're a foolish man, Mr. Bourke. Your son would be well enough if you would only do what you ought with him.' 'What more can I do with him, Shamous?' says I; 'the doctors give him over.' 'The doctors know no more what ails him than they do what ails a cow when she stops her milk,' says Shamous; 'but go to such a one,' telling me his name, 'and try what he'll say to you.'"

"And who was that, Tom?" asked Mr. Martin.

"I could not tell you that, sir," said Bourke, with a mysterious look; "howsoever, you often saw him, and he does not live far from this. But I had a trial of him before; and if I went to him at first, maybe I'd have now some of them that's gone, and so Shamous often told me. Well, sir, I went to this man, and he came with me to the house. By course, I did everything as he bid me. According to his order, I took the little boy out of the dwelling-house immediately, sick as he was, and made a bed for him and myself in the cow-house. Well, sir, I lay down by his side in the bed, between two of the cows, and he fell asleep. He got into a perspiration, saving your presence, as if he was drawn through the river, and breathed hard, with a great *impression* on his chest, and was very bad—very bad entirely through the night. I thought about twelve o'clock he was going at last, and I was just getting up to go call the man I told you of; but there was no occasion. My friends were getting the better of them that wanted to take him away from me. There was nobody in the cow-house but the child and myself. There was only one half-penny candle lighting it, and that was stuck in the wall at the far end of the house. I had just enough of light where we were lying to see a person walking or standing near us: and there was no more noise than if it was a churchyard, except the cows chewing the fodder in the stalls.

¹ *Berrin*, burying. ² *Shamous*, James.

“Just as I was thinking of getting up, as I told you—I won’t belie my father, sir, he was a good father to me—I saw him standing at the bedside, holding out his right hand to me, and leaning his other on the stick he used to carry when he was alive, and looking pleasant and smiling at me, all as if he was telling me not to be afeared, for I would not lose the child. ‘Is that you, father?’ says I. He said nothing. ‘If that’s you,’ says I again, ‘for the love of them that’s gone, let me catch your hand.’ And so he did, sir; and his hand was as soft as a child’s. He stayed about as long as you’d be going from this to the gate below at the end of the avenue, and then went away. In less than a week the child was as well as if nothing ever ailed him; and there isn’t to-night a healthier boy of nineteen, from this blessed house to the town of Ballyporeen, across the Kilworth mountains.”

“But I think, Tom,” said Mr. Martin, “it appears as if you are more indebted to your father than to the man recommended to you by Shamous; or do you suppose it was he who made favor with your enemies among the good people, and that then your father—”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said Bourke, interrupting him; “but don’t call them my enemies. ’T would not be wishing to me for a good deal to sit by when they are called so. No offense to you, sir. Here’s wishing you a good health and long life.”

“I assure you,” returned Mr. Martin, “I meant no offense, Tom; but was it not as I say?”

“I can’t tell you that, sir,” said Bourke; “I’m bound down, sir. Howsoever, you may be sure the man I spoke of and my father, and those they know, settled it between them.”

There was a pause, of which Mrs. Martin took advantage to inquire of Tom whether something remarkable had not happened about a goat and a pair of pigeons, at the time of his son’s illness—circumstances often mysteriously hinted at by Tom.

“See that, now,” said he, turning to Mr. Martin, “how well she remembers it! True for you, ma’am. The goat I gave the mistress, your mother, when the doctors ordered her goats’ whey?”

Mrs. Martin nodded assent, and Tom Bourke continued:

“Why, then, I’ll tell you how that was. The goat was as well as e’er goat ever was, for a month after she was sent to Killaan to your father’s. The morning after the night I just told you of, before the child woke, his mother was standing at the gap leading out of the barnyard into the road, and she saw two pigeons flying from the town of Kilworth off the church down towards her. Well, they never stopped, you see, till they came to the house on the hill at the other side of the river, facing our farm. They pitched upon the chimney of that house, and after looking about them for a minute or two, they flew straight across the river, and stopped on the ridge of the cow-house where the child and I were lying. Do you think they came there for nothing, sir?”

“Certainly not, Tom,” returned Mr. Martin.

“Well, the woman came in to me, frightened, and told me. She began to cry. ‘Whist, you fool! says I; ‘t is all for the better.’ ’T was true for me. What do you think, ma’am? the goat that I gave your mother, that was seen feeding at sunrise that morning by Jack Cronin, as merry as a bee, dropped down dead without anybody knowing why, before Jack’s face; and at that very moment he saw two pigeons fly from the top of the house out of the town, towards the Lismore road. ’T was at the same time my woman saw them, as I just told you.”

“’T was very strange, indeed, Tom,” said Mr. Martin; “I wish you could give us some explanation of it.”

“I wish I could, sir,” was Tom Bourke’s answer; “but I’m bound down. I can’t tell but what I’m allowed to tell, any more than a sentry is let walk more than his rounds.”

“I think you said something of having had some former knowledge of the man that assisted in the cure of your son,” said Mr. Martin.

“So I had, sir,” returned Bourke. “I had a trial of that man. But that’s neither here nor there. I can’t tell you anything about that, sir. But would you like to know how he got his skill?”

“Oh! very much indeed,” said Mr. Martin.

“But you can tell us his Christian name, that we may know him better through the story,” added Mrs. Martin.

Tom Bourke paused for a minute to consider this proposition.

“Well, I believe that I may tell you that, anyhow; his name is Patrick. He was always a smart, 'cute boy, and would be a great clerk if he stuck to it. The first time I knew him, sir, was at my mother's wake. I was in great trouble, for I did not know where to bury her. Her people and my father's people—I mean their friends, sir, among the good people, had the greatest battle that was known for many a year, at Dunmanwaycross, to see to whose churchyard she'd be taken. They fought for three nights, one after another, without being able to settle it. The neighbors wondered how long I was before I buried my mother; but I had my reasons, though I could not tell them at that time. Well, sir, to make my story short, Patrick came on the fourth morning and told me he settled the business, and that day we buried her in Kilcrumper churchyard, with my father's people.”

“He was a valuable friend, Tom,” said Mrs. Martin, with difficulty suppressing a smile. “But you were about to tell how he became so skillful.”

“So I will and welcome,” replied Bourke. “Your health, ma'am. I'm drinking too much of this punch, sir; but, to tell the truth, I never tasted the like of it; it goes down one's throat like sweet oil. But what was I going to say? Yes—well—yes—Patrick, many a long year ago, was coming home from a *berrin* late in the evening, and walking by the side of a river, opposite the big inch,¹ near Ballyhefaan ford. He had taken a drop, to be sure; but he was only a little merry, as you may say, and knew very well what he was doing. The moon was shining, for it was in the month of August, and the river was as smooth and as bright as a looking-glass. He heard nothing for a long time but the fall of the water at the mill weir about a mile down the river, and now and then the crying of the lambs on the other side of the river. All at once there was a noise of a great number of people laughing as if they'd break their hearts, and of a piper playing among them. It came from the inch at the other side of the ford, and he saw, through the mist that hung over the river, a whole crowd of people dancing on the inch. Patrick was as fond

¹ *Inch*, low meadow ground near a river.

of a dance as he was of a glass, and that 's saying enough for him; so he whipped off his shoes and stockings, and away with him across the ford. After putting on his shoes and stockings at the other side of the river he walked over to the crowd, and mixed with them for some time without being minded. He thought, sir, that he 'd show them better dancing than any of themselves, for he was proud of his feet, sir, and a good right he had, for there was not a boy in the same parish could foot a double or treble with him. But pwah! his dancing was no more to theirs than mine would be to the mistress' there. They did not seem as if they had a bone in their bodies, and they kept it up as if nothing could tire them.

“Patrick was 'shamed within himself, for he thought he had not his fellow in all the country round; and was going away, when a little old man, that was looking at the company bitterly, as if he did not like what was going on, came up to him. ‘Patrick,’ says he. Patrick started, for he did not think anybody there knew him. ‘Patrick,’ says he, ‘you're discouraged, and no wonder for you. But you have a friend near you. I'm your friend, and your father's friend, and I think worse¹ of your little finger than I do of all that are here, though they think no one is as good as themselves. Go into the ring and call for a lilt. Don't be afeared. I tell you the best of them did not do it as well as you shall, if you will do as I bid you.’ Patrick felt something within him as if he ought not to gainsay the old man. He went into the ring, and called the piper to play up the best double he had. And sure enough, all that the others were able for was nothing to him! He bounded like an eel, now here and now there, as light as a feather, although the people could hear the music answered by his steps, that beat time to every turn of it, like the left foot of the piper. He first danced a hornpipe on the ground. Then they got a table, and he danced a treble on it that drew down shouts from the whole company.

“At last he called for a trencher; and when they saw him, all as if he was spinning on it like a top, they did not know what to make of him. Some praised him for the best dancer that ever entered a ring; others hated him because he was better than themselves; although they had good

¹ Worse, more.

right to think themselves better than him or any other man that ever went the long journey."

"And what was the cause of his great success?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"He could not help it, sir," replied Tom Bourke. "They that could make him do more than that made him do it. Howsomever, when he had done, they wanted him to dance again, but he was tired, and they could not persuade him. At last he got angry, and swore a big oath, saving your presences, that he would not dance a step more, and the word was hardly out of his mouth when he found himself all alone, with nothing but a white cow grazing by his side."

"Did he ever discover why he was gifted with these extraordinary powers in the dance, Tom?" said Mr. Martin.

"I'll tell you that too, sir," answered Bourke, "when I come to it. When he went home, sir, he was taken with a shivering, and went to bed; and the next day they found he had got the fever, or something like it, for he raved like as if he was mad. But they couldn't make out what it was he was saying, though he talked constant. The doctors gave him over. But it's little they knew what ailed him. When he was, as you may say, about ten days sick, and everybody thought he was going, one of the neighbors came in to him with a man, a friend of his, from Ballinlacken, that was keeping with him some time before. I can't tell you his name either, only it was Darby. The minute Darby saw Patrick he took a little bottle, with the juice of herbs in it, out of his pocket, and gave Patrick a drink of it. He did the same every day for three weeks, and then Patrick was able to walk about, as stout and as hearty as ever he was in his life. But he was a long time before he came to himself; and he used to walk the whole day sometimes by the ditchside, talking to himself, like as there was some one along with him. And so there was, surely, or he wouldn't be the man he is to-day."

"I suppose it was from some such companion he learned his skill," said Mr. Martin.

"You have it all now, sir," replied Bourke. "Darby told him his friends were satisfied with what he did the night of the dance; and though they couldn't hinder the fever, they'd bring him over it, and teach him more than

many knew beside him. And so they did. For you see all the people he met on the inch that night were friends of a different faction; only the old man that spoke to him, he was a friend of Patrick's family, and it went again his heart, you see, that the others were so light and active, and he was bitter in himself to hear 'em boasting how they 'd dance with any set in the whole country round. So he gave Patrick the gift that night, and afterwards gave him the skill that makes him the wonder of all that know him. And to be sure it was only learning he was at that time when he was wandering in his mind after the fever."

"I have heard many strange stories about that inch near Ballyhefaan ford," said Mr. Martin. "'T is a great place for the good people, isn't it, Tom?"

"You may say that, sir," returned Bourke. "I could tell you a great deal about it. Many a time I sat for as good as two hours by moonlight, at th' other side of the river, looking at 'em playing goal as if they 'd break their hearts over it; with their coats and waistcoats off, and white handkerchiefs on the heads of one party, and red ones on th' other, just as you 'd see on a Sunday in Mr. Simming's big field. I saw 'em one night play till the moon set, without one party being able to take the ball from th' other. I'm sure they were going to fight, only 't was near morning. I'm told your grandfather, ma'am, used to see 'em there too," said Bourke, turning to Mrs. Martin.

"So I have been told, Tom," replied Mrs. Martin. "But don't they say that the churchyard of Kilcrumper is just as favorite a place with the good people as Ballyhefaan inch?"

"Why, then, may be you never heard, ma'am, what happened to Davy Roche in that same churchyard," said Bourke; and turning to Mr. Martin, added: "'T was a long time before he went into your service, sir. He was walking home, of an evening, from the fair of Kilcumber, a little merry, to be sure, after the day, and he came up with a *berrin*. So he walked along with it, and thought it very queer that he did not know a mother's soul in the crowd but one man, and he was sure that man was dead many years afore. Howsomever, he went on with the *ber-rin* till they came to Kilcrumper churchyard, and, faith, he

went in and stayed with the rest, to see the corpse buried. As soon as the grave was covered, what should they do but gather about the pier that *come* along with 'em and fall to dancing as if it was a wedding. Davy longed to be among 'em (for he hadn't a bad foot of his own, that time, whatever he may now); but he was loth to begin, because they all seemed strange to him, only the man I told you that he thought was dead. Well, at last this man saw what Davy wanted, and came up to him. 'Davy,' says he, 'take out a partner, and show what you can do, but take care and don't offer to kiss her.' 'That I won't,' says Davy, 'although her lips were made of honey.' And with that he made his bow to the *purtiest* girl in the ring, and he and she began to dance. 'T was a jig they danced, and they did it to the admiration, do you see, of all that were there. 'T was all very well till the jig was over; but just as they had done, Davy, for he had a drop in, and was warm with the dancing, forgot himself, and kissed his partner, according to custom. The smack was no sooner off his lips, you see, than he was left alone in the churchyard, without a creature near him, and all he could see was the tall tombstones. Davy said they seemed as if they were dancing too, but I suppose that was only the wonder that happened him, and he being a little in drink. Howsomever, he found it was a great many hours later than he thought it; 't was near morning when he came home; but they couldn't get a word out of him till the next day, when he awoke out of a dead sleep about twelve o'clock."

When Tom had finished the account of Davy Roche and the *berrin*, it became quite evident that spirits, of some sort, were working too strong within him to admit of his telling many more tales of "the good people." Tom seemed conscious of this. He muttered for a few minutes broken sentences concerning churchyards, riversides, leprechans, and *dina magh*,¹ which were quite unintelligible, perhaps to himself, certainly to Mr. Martin and his lady. At length he made a slight motion of the head upwards, as if he would say, "I can talk no more;" stretched his arm on the table, upon which he placed the empty tumbler slowly, and with the most knowing and cautious air; and rising from his chair, walked, or rather rolled, to the parlor door.

¹ *Daine maithe*, the good people.

Here he turned round to face his host and hostess; but after various ineffectual attempts to bid them good-night, the words, as they rose, being always choked by a violent hiccup, while the door, which he held by the handle, swung to and fro, carrying his unyielding body along with it, he was obliged to depart in silence. The cow-boy, sent by Tom's wife, who knew well what sort of allurements detained him, when he remained out after a certain hour, was in attendance to conduct his master home. I have no doubt that he returned without meeting any material injury, as I know that within the last month he was, to use his own words, "as stout and hearty a man as any of his age in the County Cork."

THE SOUL CAGES.

From 'Fairy Legends and Traditions.'

Jack Dogherty lived on the coast of the County Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where anybody could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly-laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such-like things, and the pipes of wine, and the puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of hollands that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and

many a time indeed did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessey's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any gannet), to lend a hand towards bringing off the crew from a wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! everybody knows he's rich enough already without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a good-natured, jolly fellow. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Biddy Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks, with the seals and sea-gulls for next-door neighbors. But Biddy knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's houses of the country, with the *God-sends* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Biddy in her own quiet way bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family

that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow that, only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half-hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps towards the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea-gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had only been dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more"; he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day before he got to the point whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's

eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so up he went boldly to the cogitating fishman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

"Your servant, sir," said Jack.

"Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," answered the Merrow.

"To be sure, then, how well your honor knows my name!" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan your grandmother! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you 're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," said Jack; "if my mother had only reared me on brandy, 't is myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing! he had no head at all."

"I'm sure," said Jack, "since your honor lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp *could* place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honor has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here next Monday, just at this time of the day, we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world. On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honor has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be going to give me one of them, to keep for the *curoosity* of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt-sea ocean? Sure, I'd be smothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pinkeen*?¹ Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along, then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow: "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide

¹ *Pinkeen*, a small fish.

open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you 'll see what you 'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they 'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles, as he thought, below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow, turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with traveling so fast through the water. He looked about him and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

"Why don't you speak, man?" said the Merrow: "I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this? Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?"

"Oh! not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his teeth with a good-humored grin; "but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?"

"Well, come along and let's see what they've got for us to eat?"

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with everything. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and eat off. There was, however, a good fire blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know

what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine cellar, well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheads, and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty? Eh! may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never the doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no tablecloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the country on a fast-day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and sturgeons, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds, were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then, taking up a shell of brandy, "Here's to your honor's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd that as long as we've been acquainted I don't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellful: "here's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cries Jack, "*youz* live to a powerful age here under the water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come, Jack, keep the liquor stirring."

Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise he found the drink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung

several songs; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

“ Rum dum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob;
Dumdoo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob!”

It was the chorus to one of them; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song nowadays.

At length said he to Jack, “ Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I’ll show you my *curosities!*” He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster-pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

“ Well, Jack, how do you like my *curosities?*” said old Coo.

“ Upon my *sowkins*,¹ sir,” said Jack, “ they’re mighty well worth the looking at; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster-pots are?”

“ Oh! the Soul Cages, is it?”

“ The what, sir?”

“ These things here that I keep the souls in.”

“ *Arrah!* what souls, sir?” said Jack in amazement; “ sure, the fish have got no souls in them?”

“ Oh! no,” replied Coo, quite coolly, “ that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned sailors.”

“ The Lord preserve us from all harm!” muttered Jack, “ how in the world did you get them?”

“ Easily enough. I’ve only, when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep them here dry and warm; and is it not well for them, poor souls, to get into such good quarters?”

Jack was so thunderstruck he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room,

¹ *Sowkins*, by my soul.

and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then, as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

"Just as you like, Jack," said Coo, "but take a *duc an durrus* before you go; you've a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, "will I be able to make out my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way?"

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, "you'll come up just in the same spot you came down in; and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whiz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. *Feascor*¹ was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home; but when he got there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor souls cooped up in the lobster-pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then

¹ *Feascor*, the evening star.

to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to get Bidy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Bidy that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Bidy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day-dawn, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye to the place. The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good-morrow, Jack," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what's your hour?"

"Any time that's most convenient to you, sir—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the daylight."

"I'll be with you," said Coo, "never fear me."

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready, they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack, thinking of the poor souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy, and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "'T is to no use for me thinking to make that old Rapparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor souls out of the lobster-pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck

him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *poteen*, as old as he is, and that's the *thing* to settle him! Oh! then, is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet? I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at him for having no better head, telling him he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Anything in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last says he, "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any *poteen*?—any real mountain dew?"

"No," said Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 't is not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The *poteen* was the right sort. It was first-rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted: he drank and he sung *Rum bum boodle boo* over and over again; and he laughed and danced, till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was as still as a churchyard at midnight—not a Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priests had often said, that nobody living could see the soul, no more than they could see the wind or air. Having now done all that he could do for them he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning; he put the hat on, as was right,

the wrong way; but when he got out he found the water so high over his head that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than anywhere else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done.

But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Bidy from her soul-saving one to the well. When she entered the house and saw the things lying *thrie-na-helah*¹ on the table before her,—“Here's a pretty job!” said she; “that blackguard of mine—what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they've been drinking all the *poteen* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honor.” Then hearing an outlandish kind of a grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table. “The blessed Virgin help me,” shouted she, “if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well, well, I've often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink! Oh hone, oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast?”

With such-like lamentations Bidy rushed out of the house, and was going she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Bidy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Bidy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls.

¹ *Thrie-na-helah*, mixed up.

Back they both went most lovingly to the house, and Jack wakened up Coomara; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for 't was many a good man's case; said it all came of his not being used to the *poteen*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough: he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best of friends in the world, and no one, perhaps, ever equaled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack's throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another, still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

There are few people who have not heard of the Mac Carthies, one of the real old Irish families, with the true Milesian blood running in their veins as thick as buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family in the south; as the Mac Carthy-more, and the Mac Carthy-rea, and the Mac Carthy of Muskerry; and all of them were noted for their hospitality to strangers, gentle and simple.

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Justin Mac Carthy, of Ballinacorthy, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty

welcome for every one who should share it with him. Many a wine-cellar would be ashamed of the name if that at Ballinacorthy was the proper pattern for one. Large as that cellar was, it was crowded with bins of wine, and long rows of pipes, and hogsheads and casks, that it would take more time to count than any sober man could spare in such a place, with plenty to drink about him, and a hearty welcome to do so.

There are many, no doubt, who will think that the butler would have little to complain of in such a house; and the whole country round would have agreed with them, if a man could be found to remain as Mr. Mac Carthy's butler for any length of time worth speaking of; yet not one who had been in his service gave him a bad word.

"We have no fault," they would say, "to find with the master, and if he could but get any one to fetch his wine from the cellar, we might every one of us have grown gray in the house, and lived quiet and contented enough in his service until the end of our days."

"'T is a queer thing that, surely," thought young Jack Leary, a lad who had been brought up from a mere child in the stables of Ballinacorthy to assist in taking care of the horses, and had occasionally lent a hand in the butler's pantry. "'T is a mighty queer thing, surely, that one man after another cannot content himself with the best place in the house of a good master, but that every one of them must quit, all through the means, as they say, of the wine-cellar. If the master, long life to him, would but make me his butler, I warrant never the word more would be heard of grumbling at his bidding to go to the wine-cellar."

Young Leary accordingly watched for what he conceived to be a favorable opportunity of presenting himself to the notice of his master.

A few mornings after, Mr. Mac Carthy went into his stableyard rather earlier than usual, and called loudly for the groom to saddle his horse, as he intended going out with the hounds. But there was no groom to answer, and young Jack Leary led Rainbow out of the stable.

"Where is William?" inquired Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Sir?" said Jack; and Mr. Mac Carthy repeated the question.

"Is it William, please your honor?" returned Jack; "why, then, to tell the truth, he had just *one* drop too much last night."

"Where did he get it?" said Mr. Mac Carthy; "for since Thomas went away the key of the wine-cellar has been in my pocket, and I have been obliged to fetch what was drunk myself."

"Sorry a know I know," said Leary, "unless the cook might have given him the *laste taste* in life of whisky. But," continued he, performing a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, "may I make so bold as just to ask your honor one question?"

"Speak out, Jack," said Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Why, then, does your honor want a butler?"

"Can you recommend me one," returned his master, with the smile of good-humor upon his countenance, "and one who will not be afraid of going to my wine-cellar?"

"Is the wine-cellar all the matter?" said young Leary; "devil a doubt I have of myself then for that."

"So you mean to offer me your services in the capacity of butler?" said Mr. Mac Carthy, with some surprise.

"Exactly so," answered Leary, now for the first time looking up from the ground.

"Well, I believe you to be a good lad, and have no objection to give you a trial."

"Long may your honor reign over us, and the Lord spare you to us!" ejaculated Leary, with another national bow, as his master rode off; and he continued for some time to gaze after him with a vacant stare, which slowly and gradually assumed a look of importance.

"Jack Leary," said he, at length, "Jack—is it Jack?" in a tone of wonder; "faith, 't is not Jack now, but Mr. John, the butler"; and with an air of becoming consequence he strode out of the stableyard towards the kitchen.

It is of little purport to my story, although it may afford an instructive lesson to the reader, to depict the sudden transition of nobody into somebody. Jack's former stable companion, a poor superannuated hound named Bran, who had been accustomed to receive many an affectionate pat on the head, was spurned from him with a kick and an "Out

of the way, sirrah." Indeed, poor Jack's memory seemed sadly affected by this sudden change of situation. What established the point beyond all doubt was his almost forgetting the pretty face of Peggy, the kitchen wench, whose heart he had assailed but the preceding week by the offer of purchasing a gold ring for the fourth finger of her right hand, and a lusty imprint of good-will upon her lips.

When Mr. Mac Carthy returned from hunting, he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack," said he, "I believe you are a trustworthy lad, and here are the keys of my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted to-day to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied at the way in which you will wait on them at table; but, above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

Mr. John, having a tolerably quick eye for such things, and being naturally a handy lad, spread his cloth accordingly, laid his plates and knives and forks in the same manner he had seen his predecessors in office perform these mysteries, and really, for the first time, got through attendance on dinner very well.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was at the house of an Irish country squire, who was entertaining a company of booted and spurred fox-hunters, not very particular about what are considered matters of infinite importance under other circumstances and in other societies.

For instance, few of Mr. Mac Carthy's guests (though all excellent and worthy men in their way) cared much whether the punch produced after soup was made of Jamaica or Antigua rum; some even would not have been inclined to question the correctness of good old Irish whisky; and, with the exception of their liberal host himself, every one in company preferred the port which Mr. Mac Carthy put on his table to the less ardent flavor of claret, a choice rather at variance with modern sentiment.

It was waxing near midnight when Mr. Mac Carthy rung the bell three times. This was a signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

The luxury of ice was then unknown in the south of Ire-

land; but the superiority of cool wine had been acknowledged by all men of sound judgment and true taste.

The grandfather of Mr. Mac Carthy, who had built the mansion of Ballinacarthu upon the site of an old castle which had belonged to his ancestors, was fully aware of this important fact; and in the construction of his magnificent wine-cellar had availed himself of a deep vault, excavated out of the solid rock in former times as a place of retreat and security. The descent to this vault was by a flight of steep stone stairs, and here and there in the wall were narrow passages—I ought rather to call them crevices; and also certain projections, which cast deep shadows, and looked very frightful when any one went down the cellar-stairs with a single light; indeed, two lights did not much improve the matter, for though the breadth of the shadow became less, the narrow crevices remained as dark and darker than ever.

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar, and in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to contain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening: he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind, for it was before the days of Bramah's patent,—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently that they struck against each other: in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the key, and turned it with all his strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so; and the door flew open with a most tremendous crash, that if the house had not been built upon the solid rock would have shook it from the foundation.

To recount what the poor fellow saw would be impossible, for he seems not to have known very clearly himself: but what he told the cook next morning was, that he heard a roaring and bellowing like a mad bull, and that all the

pipes and hogsheads and casks in the cellar went rocking backwards and forwards with so much force that he thought every one would have been staved in, and that he should have been drowned or smothered in wine.

When Leary recovered he made his way back as well as he could to the dining-room, where he found his master and the company very impatient for his return.

"What kept you?" said Mr. Mac Carthy in an angry voice; "and where is the wine? I rung for it half an hour since."

"The wine is in the cellar, I hope, sir," said Jack, trembling violently; "I hope 't is not all lost."

"What do you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy in a still more angry tone: "why did you not fetch some with you?"

Jack looked wildly about him, and only uttered a deep groan.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Carthy to his guests, "this is too much. When I next see you to dinner I hope it will be in another house, for it is impossible I can remain longer in this, where a man has no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from Ballinacorthy; and I am now determined, with the blessing of God, to leave it to-morrow. But wine you shall have were I to go myself to the cellar for it." So saying, he rose from table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupefied servant, who regarded him with a look of vacancy, and descended the narrow stairs, already described, which led to his cellar.

When he arrived at the door, which he found open, he thought he heard a noise, as if of rats or mice scrambling over the casks, and on advancing perceived a little figure, about six inches in height, seated astride upon a pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder. Raising the lantern, Mr. Mac Carthy contemplated the little fellow with wonder: he wore a red night-cap on his head; before him was a short leather apron, which now, from his attitude, fell rather on one side; and he had stockings of a light blue color, so long as nearly to cover the entire of his leg; with shoes, having huge silver buckles in them, and with high heels (perhaps out of vanity to make him appear taller). His face was like a

withered winter apple; and his nose, which was of a bright crimson color, about the tip wore a delicate purple bloom, like that of a plum; yet his eyes twinkled

—“like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights—”

and his mouth twitched up at one side with an arch grin.

“Ha, scoundrel!” exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy, “have I found you at last? disturber of my cellar—what are you doing there?”

“Sure, and master,” returned the little fellow, looking up at him with one eye, and with the other throwing a sly glance towards the spigot on his shoulder, “ain’t we going to move to-morrow? and sure you would not leave your own little Cluricaune¹ Naggeneen behind you?”

“Oh!” thought Mr. Mac Carthy, “if you are to follow me, Mister Naggeneen, I don’t see much use in quitting Ballinacorthy.” So filling with wine the basket which young Leary in his fright had left behind him, and locking the cellar door, he rejoined his guests.

For some years after Mr. Mac Carthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Cluricaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect towards him. Notwithstanding the labor of these journeys, the worthy lord of Ballinacorthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his wine and the conviviality of his company; but at the time of his death that same conviviality had nearly emptied his wine-cellar; and as it was never so well filled again, nor so often visited, the revels of Master Naggeneen became less celebrated, and are now only spoken of amongst the legendary lore of the country. It is even said that the poor little fellow took the declension of the cellar so to heart that he became negligent and careless of himself, and that he had been sometimes seen going about with hardly a *skreed* (rag) to cover him.

¹ *Cluricaune*. See the article on ‘Fairy and Folk Tales.’

TEIGUE OF THE LEE.

“I can’t stop in the house—I won’t stop in it for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigrohan. If ever there was such a thing in the world!—to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore doing it! and then, if I ’m angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring ho, ho, ho! I won’t stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under.”

This angry soliloquy was pronounced in the hall of the old manor-house of Carrigrohan by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted, and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask; nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. “I ’ll not stop here,” said John; “and that ends the matter.”

“Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you.”

John instantly ran to the hall window, as the words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass when he heard another loud “Ho, ho, ho!” as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his head, but no living thing was to be seen.

“Ho, ho, ho, John!” shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house: “do you think you ’ll see Teigue?—oh, never! as long as you live! so leave alone looking after him, and mind your business; there ’s plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and ’t is time you had the cloth laid.”

“Lord bless us! there ’s more of it!—I ’ll never stay another day here,” repeated John.

“Hold your tongue, and stay where you are quietly, and play no tricks on Mr. Pratt, as you did on Mr. Jervois about the spoons.”

John Sheehan was confounded by this address from his invisible persecutor, but nevertheless he mustered courage enough to say, “Who are you? come here and let me see you, if you are a man;” but he received in reply only a

laugh of unearthly derision, which was followed by a "Good-bye—I'll watch you at dinner, John!"

"Lord between us and harm! this beats all! I'll watch you at dinner! maybe you will! 't is the broad daylight, so 't is no ghost; but this is a terrible place, and this is the last day I'll stay in it. How does he know about the spoons? if he tells it I'm a ruined man! There was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he's far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it? I can't tell for the world! But what's that I see there at the corner of the wall! 't is not a man! oh, what a fool I am! 'T is only the old stump of a tree! But this is a shocking place—I'll never stop in it, for I'll leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one."

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn, which had nothing to break its uniform level save a few tufts of narcissuses and a couple of old trees coeval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road, it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colors, its roof showed various white patches, it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonized well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gayety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gallery which surrounded the hall, or explored the long rambling passages below stairs. The ballroom, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments, were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp, and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when, boy as I was, and full of boyish life and wild and ardent spirits, I descended to the vaults; all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom—their extent, too, terrified me; nor could the merriment of my two schoolfellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel the feelings of a romantic imagination until I once again ascended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-

hour approached, and several guests arrived. They were all seated at the table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repast, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

“Ho, ho, ho! Mr. Pratt, won't you give poor Teigue some dinner? ho, ho! a fine company you have there, and plenty of everything that's good; sure you won't forget poor Teigue?”

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

“Who is that?” said Mr. Pratt's brother, an officer of the artillery.

“That is Teigue,” said Mr. Pratt, laughing, “whom you must often have heard me mention.”

“And pray, Mr. Pratt,” inquired another gentleman, “who is Teigue?”

“That,” he replied, “is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jacket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn, but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of, and once when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it.”

“It is very extraordinary,” exclaimed several of the company.

“But,” remarked a gentleman to young Mr. Pratt, “your father said he broke a plate; how did he get it without your seeing him?”

“When he asks for some dinner we put it outside the window and go away; whilst we watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone.”

“How does he know that you are watching?”

“That's more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers Robert and James with myself were in our back parlor, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, ‘Ho, ho, ho! Master James and Robert and Henry, give poor Teigue a

glass of whisky.' James went out of the room, filled a glass of whisky, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. 'Here, Teigue,' said he, 'come for it now.'—'Well, put it down, then, on the step outside the window.' This was done and we stood looking at it. 'There, now, go away,' he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. 'Ho, ho! you are watching Teigue! go out of the room, now, or I won't take it.' We went outside the door and returned, the glass was gone, and a moment after we heard him roaring and cursing frightfully. He took away the glass, but the next day it was on the stone step under the window, and there were crumbs of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket; from that time he has not been heard till to-day."

"Oh," said the colonel, "I'll get a sight of him; you are not used to these things; an old soldier has the best chance, and as I shall finish my dinner with this wing, I'll be ready for him when he speaks next—Mr. Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell," shouted Teigue. "Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you were a Quaker long ago. Ho, ho; Mr. Bell, you're a pretty boy! a pretty Quaker you were; and now you're no Quaker, nor anything else: ho, ho! Mr. Bell. And there's Mr. Parkes: to be sure, Mr. Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings and his bran new rakish-red waistcoat. And there's Mr. Cole: did you ever see such a fellow? A pretty company you've brought together, Mr. Pratt: kiln-dried Quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow Lane, and a drinking exciseman from the Coal Quay, to meet the great thundering artillery general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the colonel, "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room, he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr. Bell, who with a huge oak stick was close at the colonel's heels; others of the party followed to the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows. "Come on, colonel," said Mr. Bell; "let us catch this impudent rascal."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, here I am—here's Teigue—why don't

you catch him? Ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did anybody harm."

"Let us see your face, you scoundrel," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho!—look at me—look at me: do you see the wind, Colonel Pratt? you'll see Teigue as soon; so go in and finish your dinner."

"If you're upon the earth, I'll find you, you villain!" said the colonel, whilst the same unearthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building. "He's round that corner," said Mr. Bell, "run, run."

They followed the sound, which was continued at intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their ears, sounded the shout—

"Ho, ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now? do you hear him? Ho, ho, ho! you're a fine colonel to follow the wind."

"Not that way, Mr. Bell—not that way; come here," said the colonel.

"Ho, ho, ho! what a fool you are; do you think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But colonel, follow me if you can: you a soldier! ho, ho, ho!" The colonel was enraged: he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit (Mr. Bell, who was heavy, was soon thrown out); until at length, after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee which, from its great depth and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the colonel out of breath, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed, "Now, Colonel Pratt, now, if you're a soldier, here's a leap for you! Now look at Teigue—why don't you look at him? Ho, ho, ho! Come along; you're warm, I'm sure, Colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself; Teigue is going to have a swim!"

The voice seemed as if descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. "Now, colonel,

have you courage to take the leap? Ho, ho, ho! what a pretty solider you are. Good-bye; I'll see you again in ten minutes above, at the house—look at your watch, colonel: there's a dive for you;" and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag.

"Well, did you see Teigue?" said his brother, whilst his nephews, scarcely able to smother their laughter, stood by.

"Give me some wine," said the colonel. "I never was led such a dance in my life; the fellow carried me all round and round till he brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he'd be here in ten minutes; 't is more than that now, but he's not come."

"Ho, ho, ho! colonel, isn't he here? Teigue never told a lie in his life: but, Mr. Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good-night to you all, for I'm tired; and that's the colonel's doing." A plate of food was ordered; it was placed by John, with fear and trembling, on the lawn under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

"Ah! Mr. Pratt, will you starve poor Teigue? Make every one go away from the windows, and Master Henry out of the tree, and Master Richard off the garden wall."

The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall; the two boys' attention was occupied in getting down; the visitors were looking at them; and "Ho, ho, ho!—good luck to you, Mr. Pratt! 't is a good dinner, and there's the plate, ladies and gentlemen. Good-bye to you, colonel!—good-bye, Mr. Bell! good-bye to you all!" brought their attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass; and Teigue's voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue; but never was he seen, nor was any discovery ever made of his person or character.

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES?

John Mulligan was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Carlow spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boon companion over a jug of punch as you would meet from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in nineteen baronies. Maybe he stuck more to it than he ought to have done; but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories, many more did not believe them; but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbors who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at, and said that it was impossible, that it was merely old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most credible sources, nay, that some of them had been told by his own grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

"But," said they, "Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Well, then," they answered, "until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of my grandmother."

Jack was particularly nettled at this, and took up the cudgels for his grandmother; but the youngers were too

sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old crony of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have anything more to do with a pair of jackanape puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were taught by a parcel of wiggy, red-snouted, prating prigs (“not,” added he, “however, that I say a man may not be a good man and have a red nose”), they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

He rode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shaunbuie could powder away over the limestone. “Drat it!” hiccuped he, “Lord pardon me for swearing! the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy! and I would give up five as good acres as ever grew apple-potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?”

He looked and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them, as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which in the oldest title-deeds of the country, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its center, but its massy boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it brightly. If I were a poet, like Mr. Wordsworth, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments, and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough; but as I am not a poet I shall go on with my story. By this light Jack saw a brilliant company of lovely little forms dancing under the oak with an unsteady and rolling motion.

The company was large. Some spread out far beyond

the farthest boundary of the shadow of the oak's branches, some were seen glancing through the flashes of light shining through its leaves, some were barely visible, nestling under the trunk, some no doubt were entirely concealed from his eyes. Never did man see anything more beautiful. They were not three inches in height, but they were white as the driven snow, and beyond number numberless. Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and leaning over it, surveyed with infinite delight their diversified gambols. By looking long at them he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first; in particular that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move.

He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could not help shouting out, "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

"I wish," said Jack, "I had held my tongue; but no matter now. I shall just turn bridle about and go back to Ballybegmullinahone Castle, and beat the young Master Whaleys, fine reasoners as they think themselves, out of the field clean."

No sooner said than done; and Jack was back again as if upon the wings of the wind. He rapped fiercely at the door, and called aloud for the two collegians.

"Halloo!" said he, "young Flatcaps, come down now, if you dare. Come down, if you dare, and I shall give you *oc-oc*-ocular demonstration of the truth of what I was saying."

Old Whaley put his head out of the window, and said, "Jack Mulligan, what brings you back so soon?"

"The fairies," shouted Jack; "the fairies!"

"I am afraid," muttered the Lord of Ballybegmullinahone, "the last glass you took was too little watered: but no matter—come in and cool yourself over a tumbler of punch."

He came in and sat down again at table. In great spirits he told his story; how he had seen thousands and tens of thousands of fairies dancing about the old oak of Ballinghassig; he described their beautiful dresses of shining

silver; their flat-crowned hats, glittering in the moonbeams; and the princely stature and demeanor of the central figure. He added, that he heard them singing and playing the most enchanting music; but this was merely imagination. The young men laughed, but Jack held his ground. "Suppose," said one of the lads, "we join company with you on the road, and ride along to the place where you saw that fine company of fairies?"

"Done!" cried Jack; "but I will not promise that you will find them there; for I saw them scudding up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air." This, you know, was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing.

Off rode the three, and came to the demesne of Oakwood. They arrived at the wall flanking the field where stood the great oak; and the moon, by this time, having again emerged from the clouds, shone bright as when Jack had passed. "Look there," he cried, exultingly; for the same spectacle again caught his eyes, and he pointed to it with his horsewhip; "look, and deny if you can."

"Why," said one of the lads, pausing, "true it is that we do see a company of white creatures; but were they fairies ten times over I shall go among them;" and he dismounted to climb over the wall.

"Ah, Tom! Tom!" cried Jack, "stop, man, stop! what are you doing? The fairies—the good people, I mean—hate to be meddled with. You will be pinched or blinded; or your horse will cast its shoe; or—look! a willful man will have his way. Oh! oh! he is almost at the oak—God help him! for he is past the help of man."

By this time Tom was under the tree, and burst out laughing. "Jack," said he, "keep your prayers to yourself. Your fairies are not bad at all. I believe they will make tolerably good catsup."

"Catsup," said Jack, who when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his brother) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly, "what do you mean by catsup?"

"Nothing," replied Tom, "but that they are mushrooms" (as indeed they were); "and your Oberon is merely this overgrown puff-ball."

Poor Mulligan gave a long whistle of amazement, stag-

gered back to his horse without saying a word and rode home in a hard gallop, never looking behind him. Many a long day was it before he ventured to face the laughers at Ballybegmullinahone; and to the day of his death the people of the parish, ay, and five parishes round, called him nothing but Musharoon Jack, such being their pronunciation of mushroom.

I should be sorry if all my fairy stories ended with so little dignity; but—

—“ These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air—into thin air.”

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

The ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the encroachments which the Atlantic has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the water, as they sailed over the clear green sea of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well-known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea-side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared, being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a County Clare man, was related to the Cantillons by marriage. “ Connor Mac in Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Breintragh,” as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, be it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whisky between breakfast and night, which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferta; and were

I to add Clanderalaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea: so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as rollicking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment, and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Everything was as it should be; all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and, according to the family custom, the coffin was carried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore, with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another, and at last Connor Crowe was left alone. He then pulled out his whisky bottle, his drop of comfort, as he called it, which he required, being in grief; and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by a projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful. He whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head; but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive.

"If 't was near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my own sweet country, I was," said Connor Crowe, with a sigh, "one might well believe that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry off the coffin out of envy, for never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. 'T is often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle; but," continued he, after fondly pressing his lips to the mouth of his companion and silent comforter, the whisky bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough, 't was the dismal sounding waves working

through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam? Oh, then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy-looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well, then, anyhow," said Connor, after a pause, "is it not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks, and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his curiosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of the rocks he imaged forth strange and visionary forms.

As the night advanced, Connor became weary with watching. He caught himself more than once in the act of nodding, when suddenly giving his head a shake, he would look towards the black coffin. But the narrow house of death remained unmoved before him.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was sinking into the sea, when he heard the sound of many voices, which gradually became stronger, above the heavy and monotonous roll of the sea. He listened, and presently could distinguish a Keen of exquisite sweetness, the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain!

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed to approach the beach, and then fell into a low, plaintive wail. As it ended Connor beheld a number of strange and, in the dim light, mysterious-looking figures emerge from the sea, and surround the coffin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures of earth," said one of the figures, in a clear, yet hollow tone.

“True,” replied another, with a voice still more fearful, “our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Durlfulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!”

“But the time will come,” said a third, bending over the coffin,

“When mortal eye—our work shall spy,
And mortal ear—our dirge shall hear.”

“Then,” said a fourth, “our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!”

As this was spoken the coffin was borne from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea people prepared to follow it; but at the moment one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

“The time is come,” cried the unearthly being, “the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human ear has heard their voices. Farewell to the Cantillons; the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!”

One after the other turned slowly round, and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again arose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away, and at length nothing was heard but the rush of waters. The coffin and the train of sea people sank over the old churchyard, and never since the funeral of old Flory Cantillon have any of the family been carried to the strand of Ballyheigh, for conveyance to their rightful burial-place, beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

THE BANSHEE OF THE MAC CARTHYS.¹

The day had nearly arrived on which the prophecy was if at all, to be fulfilled. Charles Mac Carthy's whole ap-

¹ *The Banshee* is an aristocratic specter that attaches itself to great families. It appears, wailing, before the death of any member of the family to which it is attached.

pearance gave such promise of a long and healthy life, that he was persuaded by his friends to ask a large party to an entertainment at Spring House, to celebrate his birthday. But the occasion of this party, and the circumstances which attended it, will be best learned from a perusal of the following letters, which have been carefully preserved by some relations of his family. The first is from Mrs. Mac Carthy, to a lady, a very near connection and valued friend of hers, who lived in the county of Cork, at about fifty miles' distance from Spring House.

“ TO MRS. BARRY, CASTLE BARRY.

“ *Spring House, Tuesday morning,
October 15th, 1752.*

“ MY DEAREST MARY,

“ I am afraid I am going to put your affection for your old friend and kinswoman to a severe trial. A two days' journey at this season, over bad roads and through a troubled country, it will indeed require friendship such as yours to persuade a sober woman to encounter. But the truth is, I have, or fancy I have, more than usual cause for wishing you near me. You know my son's story. I can't tell you how it is, but as next Sunday approaches, when the prediction of his dream, or vision, will be proved false or true, I feel a sickening of the heart, which I cannot suppress, but which your presence, my dear Mary, will soften, as it has done so many of my sorrows. My nephew, James Ryan, is to be married to Jane Osborne (who, you know, is my son's ward), and the bridal entertainment will take place here on Sunday next, though Charles pleaded hard to have it postponed for a day or two longer. Would to God—but no more of this till we meet. Do prevail upon yourself to leave your good man for *one* week, if his farming concerns will not admit of his accompanying you; and come to us, with the girls, as soon before Sunday as you can.

“ Ever my dear Mary's attached cousin and friend,

“ ANN MAC CARTHY.”

Although this letter reached Castle Barry early on Wednesday, the messenger having traveled on foot over

bog and moor, by paths impassable to horse or carriage, Mrs. Barry, who at once determined on going, had so many arrangements to make for the regulation of her domestic affairs (which, in Ireland, among the middle orders of the gentry, fall soon into confusion when the mistress of the family is away), that she and her two young daughters were unable to leave until late on the morning of Friday. The eldest daughter remained to keep her father company, and superintend the concerns of the household. As the travelers were to journey in an open one-horse vehicle, called a jaunting-car (still used in Ireland), and as the roads, bad at all times, were rendered still worse by the heavy rains, it was their design to make two easy stages—to stop about midway the first night, and reach Spring House early on Saturday evening. This arrangement was now altered, as they found that from the lateness of their departure they could proceed, at the utmost, no farther than twenty miles on the first day; and they, therefore, purposed sleeping at the house of a Mr. Bourke, a friend of theirs, who lived at somewhat less than that distance from Castle Barry. They reached Mr. Bourke's in safety after a rather disagreeable ride. What befell them on their journey the next day to Spring House, and after their arrival there, is fully recounted in a letter from the second Miss Barry to her eldest sister.

*“ Spring House, Sunday evening,
20th October, 1752.*

“ DEAR ELLEN,

“ As my mother's letter, which encloses this, will announce to you briefly the sad intelligence which I shall here relate more fully, I think it better to go regularly through the recital of the extraordinary events of the last two days.

“ The Bourkes kept us up so late on Friday night that yesterday was pretty far advanced before we could begin our journey, and the day closed when we were nearly fifteen miles distant from this place. The roads were excessively deep, from the heavy rains of the last week, and we proceeded so slowly that, at last, my mother resolved on passing the night at the house of Mr. Bourke's brother (who lives about a quarter of a mile off the road), and

coming here to breakfast in the morning. The day had been windy and showery, and the sky looked fitful, gloomy, and uncertain. The moon was full, and at times shone clear and bright; at others it was wholly concealed behind the thick, black, and rugged masses of clouds that rolled rapidly along, and were every moment becoming larger, and collecting together as if gathering strength for a coming storm. The wind, which blew in our faces, whistled bleakly along the low hedges of the narrow road, on which we proceeded with difficulty from the number of deep sloughs, and which afforded not the least shelter, no plantation being within some miles of us. My mother, therefore, asked Leary, who drove the jaunting-car, how far we were from Mr. Bourke's? 'T is about ten spades from this to the cross, and we have then only to turn to the left into the avenue, ma'am.' 'Very well, Leary; turn up to Mr. Bourke's as soon as you reach the cross roads.' My mother had scarcely spoken these words, when a shriek, that made us thrill as if our very hearts were pierced by it, burst from the hedge to the right of our way. If it resembled anything earthly it seemed the cry of a female, struck by a sudden and mortal blow, and giving out her life in one long deep pang of expiring agony. 'Heaven defend us!' exclaimed my mother. 'Go you over the hedge, Leary, and save that woman, if she is not yet dead, while we run back to the hut we have just passed, and alarm the village near it.' 'Woman!' said Leary, beating the horse violently, while his voice trembled, 'that's no woman; the sooner we get on, ma'am, the better;' and he continued his efforts to quicken the horse's pace. We saw nothing. The moon was hid. It was quite dark, and we had been for some time expecting a heavy fall of rain. But just as Leary had spoken, and had succeeded in making the horse trot briskly forward, we distinctly heard a loud clapping of hands, followed by a succession of screams, that seemed to denote the last excess of despair and anguish, and to issue from a person running forward inside the hedge, to keep pace with our progress. Still we saw nothing; until, when we were within about ten yards of the place where an avenue branched off to Mr. Bourke's to the left, and the road turned to Spring House on the right, the moon started suddenly from behind a cloud, and enabled us to

see, as plainly as I now see this paper, the figure of a tall, thin woman, with uncovered head, and long hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak or a sheet thrown hastily about her. She stood on the corner hedge, where the road on which we were met that which leads to Spring House, with her face towards us, her left hand pointing to this place, and her right arm waving rapidly and violently as if to draw us on in that direction. The horse had stopped, apparently frightened at the sudden presence of the figure, which stood in the manner I have described, still uttering the same piercing cries, for about half a minute. It then leaped upon the road, disappeared from our view for one instant, and the next was seen standing upon a high wall a little way up the avenue on which we purposed going, still pointing towards the road to Spring House, but in an attitude of defiance and command, as if prepared to oppose our passage up the avenue. The figure was now quite silent, and its garments, which had before flown loosely in the wind, were closely wrapped around it. 'Go on, Leary, to Spring House, in God's name!' said my mother; 'whatever world it belongs to, we will provoke it no longer.' 'T is the Banshee, ma'am,' said Leary; 'and I would not, for what my life is worth, go anywhere this blessed night but to Spring House. But I'm afraid there's something bad going forward, or *she* would not send us there.' So saying, he drove forward; and as we turned on the road to the right, the moon suddenly withdrew its light, and we saw the apparition no more; but we heard plainly a prolonged clapping of hands, gradually dying away, as if it issued from a person rapidly retreating."

THE BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS.

Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been exchanged by "fairies' theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue-eyed boy had become shriveled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all

the neighbors, by way of comforting her, said that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

Mrs. Sullivan of course could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton, it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy. She, therefore, could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red-hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the roadside, notwithstanding these, and several like proceedings, were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day who should Mrs. Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen Leah (or Gray Ellen). She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You 're in grief this morning, Mrs. Sullivan," were the first words of Ellen Leah to her.

"You may say that, Ellen," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as 'by your leave' or 'ask your pardon,' and an ugly bony bit of a shriveled-up fairy put in his place; no wonder, then, that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs. Sullivan," said Ellen Leah, "but are you sure 't is a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Sullivan, "sure enough I am to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said Ellen Leah, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and, after a pause, she added, "but maybe you 'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child, my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs. Sullivan with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you 'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued: "Put down the big pot, full of water, on

the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new-laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red-hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

Home went Mrs. Sullivan, and did as Ellen Leah desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water boiling at such a rate, that if ever water was red-hot, it surely was.

The child was lying, for a wonder, quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing, mammy?"

Mrs. Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer, without making any wonder at the words, "I'm brewing, *a vick*" (my son).

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red," thought Mrs. Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating; so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

"Is it what I'm brewing, *a vick*," said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy: what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Egg-shells, *a vick*," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp, starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of egg-shells before!" The poker was by this time quite red, and Mrs. Sullivan,

seizing it, ran furiously towards the cradle; but somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house. However, she got up without much loss of time and went to the cradle, intending to pitch the wicked thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep; one of his soft round arms rested upon the pillow—his features were as placid as if their repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth, which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BIRD.¹

From 'The Amulet' (1827).

Many years ago there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose-trees of the garden, and there never was anything that he had heard in the world so sweet as the song of that little bird.

And the holy man rose up from his knees where he was kneeling at his prayers to listen to its song; for he thought he never in all his life heard anything so heavenly.

And the little bird, after singing for some time longer on the rose-tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery, and the holy man followed it to listen to its singing, for he felt as if he would never be tired of listening to the sweet song it was singing out of its throat.

And the little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sung there for a while, and then to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever further and further away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther, and farther, and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song.

But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent; and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colors that were ever seen

¹ T. C. Croker wrote this, he says, word for word as he heard it from an old woman at a holy well.

in the world, and when he came into the convent, it was nightfall.

And he was quite surprised at everything he saw, for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery that he had never seen before, and the very place itself, and everything about it, seemed to be strangely altered; and, altogether, it seemed entirely different from what it was when he had left in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotion when he first heard the singing of the little bird.

And while he was wondering at all he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him, "Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?"

And the monk that he spoke to seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the change since morning? for, sure, there was no change; that all was just as before. And then he said, "Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before."

So upon this the holy man told his name, and said that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning before he had wandered away from the garden listening to the song of a little bird that was singing among the rose-trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

And the brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him that there was in the convent a tradition of a brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before, but that what was become of him was never known.

And while he was speaking, the holy man said, "My hour of death is come; blessed be the name of the Lord for all His mercies to me, through the merits of His only-begotten Son."

And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, "Brother, take my confession, for my soul is departing."

And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

The little bird, you see, was an angel, one of the cherubims or seraphims; and that was the way the Almighty

was pleased in His mercy to take to Himself the soul of that holy man.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

From 'Fairy Legends.'

The lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan More,
 Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
 His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
 No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the lord of Dunkerron is known
 On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
 For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 't is said,
 The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hushed to repose,
 That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
 Her hair, full of luster, just floated and fell
 O'er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essayed
 To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
 And long had he wandered and watched by the tide,
 To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
 Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth:
 Then smiled; and abashed as a maiden might be,
 Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
 O'Sullivan felt 't was the dawning of love,
 And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
 As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
 And sought, through the fierce rush of waters, their caves;
 The gloom of whose depths, studded over with spars,
 Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
 Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
 The pearls and the gems, as if valueless thrown
 To lie 'mid the sea-wreck concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain pursued;
 Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
 Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
 The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms!

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
 Whence beauty and verdure stretched over the land.
 'T was an isle of enchantment! and lightly the breeze,
 With a musical murmur, just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly-born isle
 Softly faded away from a magical pile,
 A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
 Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
 Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the storm;
 Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
 It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

“ Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
 Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!
 Yet, loved son of earth! I must from thee away;
 There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey!

“ Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
 His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
 In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath:
 One cause can detain me—one only—'t is death!”

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
 The language of promise had nothing beyond.
 His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns:
 The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
 What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
 What sees he? what change has come over the flood—
 What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?
 That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain!—
 For see all around, in white foam and froth,
 The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there;
And grottoes with vapor and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief:
He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More!

GEORGE CROLY.

(1780—1860.)

GEORGE CROLY was born in Dublin in 1780. He was trained for and entered holy orders, but preferment came slowly and he turned his attention to literature. His first story, 'Colonna the Painter,' appeared in *Blackwood's* and attracted considerable attention. He wrote rapidly a number of other tales, many of which are now forgotten. He also published a volume of verse, 'Paris in 1815, and other Poems,' which was received with favor, 'The Modern Orlando,' 'Poetical Works,' and 'Beauties of English Poets'; then followed a series of works on political subjects, of which 'The Political Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke' and 'Historical Sketches, Speeches, and Characters' are the most ambitious. Of a kindred nature are 'The Character of Curran's Eloquence and Politics' and 'Personal History of King George the Fourth.' With the self-confidence and versatility of which he gave so many proofs, Croly also tried his hand at play-writing, and produced the tragedy of 'Catiline' and the comedy of 'Pride Shall Have a Fall,' both of which met with a fair reception.

In 1835 he was made rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London. His pen continued in active employment, though it now sought other themes. In 1847 he was appointed afternoon preacher at the Foundling-Hospital, and he became one of the most popular pulpit orators of London. In private life he was amiable and charitable; and his conversation, rich in information and pointed anecdote, made his company much sought after. His death, Nov. 24, 1860, was very sudden. His story 'Salathiel' was brought out in 1901 under the title of 'Tarry Thou till I Come,' with a preface by Gen. Lew Wallace, and was very successful in this country.

THE FIRING OF ROME.

From 'Salathiel the Immortal.'

Intelligence in a few days arrived from Brundisium of the Emperor's landing, and of his intention to remain at Antium on the road to Rome, until his triumphal entry should be prepared. My fate now hung in the scale. I was ordered to attend the imperial presence. At the vestibule of the Antian palace my careful centurion deposited me in the hands of a senator. As I followed him through the halls, a young female richly attired, and of the most beautiful face and form, crossed us, light and graceful as a dancing nymph. The senator bowed profoundly. She

beckoned to him, and they exchanged a few words. I was probably the subject; for her countenance, sparkling with the animation of youth and loveliness, grew pale at once; she clasped both her hands upon her eyes, and rushed into an inner chamber. She knew Nero well; and dearly she was yet to pay for her knowledge. The senator, to my inquiring glance, answered in a whisper, "The Empress Poppæa."

A few steps onward, and I stood in the presence of the most formidable being on earth. Yet whatever might have been the natural agitation of the time, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the first sight of Nero. I saw a pale, undersized, light-haired young man sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity. But for the regal furniture of the cabinet, I should have supposed myself led by mistake into an interview with some struggling poet. He shot round one quick glance on the opening of the door, and then proceeded to give lessons to his bird. I had leisure to gaze on the tyrant and parricide.

Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits: it has no stamp for mere cruelty. The features of the human monster before me were mild and almost handsome; a heavy eye and a figure tending to fullness gave the impression of a quiet mind; and but for an occasional restlessness of brow, and a brief glance from under it, in which the leaden eye darted suspicion, I should have pronounced Nero one of the most indolently tranquil of mankind.

He remanded the parrot to his perch, took up his lyre, and throwing a not unskillful hand over the strings, in the intervals of the performance languidly addressed a broken sentence to me. "You have come, I understand, from Judea;—they tell me that you have been, or are to be, a general of the insurrection;—you must be put to death;—your countrymen give us a great deal of trouble, and I always regret to be troubled with them.—But to send you

back would only be encouragement to them, and to keep you here among strangers would only be cruelty to you.—I am charged with cruelty: you see the charge is not true.—I am lampooned every day; I know the scribblers, but they must lampoon or starve. I leave them to do both. Have you brought any news from Judea?—They have not had a true prince there since the first Herod; and he was quite a Greek, a cut-throat, and a man of taste. He understood the arts.—I sent for you to see what sort of animal a Jewish rebel was. Your dress is handsome, but too light for our winters.—You cannot die before sunset, as till then I am engaged with my music master.—We all must die when our time comes.—Farewell—till sunset may Jupiter protect you!”

I retired to execution! and before the door closed, heard this accomplished disposer of life and death preluding upon his lyre with increased energy. I was conducted to a turret until the period in which the Emperor's engagement with his music master should leave him at leisure to see me die. Yet there was kindness even under the roof of Nero, and a liberal hand had covered the table in my cell. The hours passed heavily along, but they passed; and I was watching the last rays of my last sun, when I perceived a cloud rise in the direction of Rome. It grew broader, deeper, darker, as I gazed; its center was suddenly tinged with red; the tinge spread; the whole mass of cloud became crimson: the sun went down, and another sun seemed to have risen in his stead. I heard the clattering of horses' feet in the courtyards below; trumpets sounded; there was confusion in the palace; the troops hurried under arms; and I saw a squadron of cavalry set off at full speed.

As I was gazing on the spectacle before me, which perpetually became more menacing, the door of my cell slowly opened, and a masked figure stood upon the threshold. I had made up my mind; and demanding if he was the executioner, I told him “that I was ready.” The figure paused, listened to the sounds below, and after looking for a while on the troops in the courtyard, signified by signs that I had a chance of saving my life. The love of existence rushed back upon me. I eagerly inquired what was to be done. He drew from under his cloak the dress of a

Roman slave, which I put on, and noiselessly followed his steps through a long succession of small and strangely intricate passages. We found no difficulty from guards or domestics. The whole palace was in a state of extraordinary confusion. Every human being was packing up something or other: rich vases, myrrhine cups, table services, were lying in heaps on the floors; books, costly dresses, instruments of music, all the appendages of luxury, were flung loose in every direction, from the sudden breaking up of the court. I might have plundered the value of a province with impunity. Still we wound our hurried way. In passing along one of the corridors, the voice of complaining struck the ear; the mysterious guide hesitated; I glanced through the slab of crystal that showed the chamber within. It was the one in which I had seen the Emperor, but his place was now filled by the form of youth and beauty that had crossed me on my arrival. She was weeping bitterly, and reading with strong and sorrowful indignation a long list of names, probably one of those rolls in which Nero registered his intended victims, and which in the confusion of departure he had left open. A second glance saw her tear the paper into a thousand fragments, and scatter them in the fountain that gushed upon the floor.

I left this lovely and unhappy creature, this dove in the vulture's talons, with almost a pang. A few steps more brought us into the open air, but among bowers that covered our path with darkness. At the extremity of the gardens my guide struck with his dagger upon a door; it was opened: we found horses outside; he sprang on one; I sprang on its fellow; and palace, guards, and death, were left far behind.

He galloped so furiously that I found it impossible to speak; and it was not till we had reached an eminence a few miles from Rome, where we breathed our horses, that I could ask to whom I had been indebted for my escape. But I could not extract a word from him. He made signs of silence, and pointed with wild anxiety to the scene that spread below. It was of a grandeur and terror indescribable. Rome was an ocean of flame.

Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows

burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

Hostile to Rome as I was, I could not restrain the exclamation:—"There goes the fruit of conquest, the glory of ages, the purchase of the blood of millions! Was vanity made for man?" My guide continued looking forward with intense earnestness, as if he were perplexed by what avenue to enter the burning city. I demanded who he was, and whither he would lead me. He returned no answer. A long spire of flame that shot up from a hitherto untouched quarter engrossed all his senses. He struck in the spur, and making a wild gesture to me to follow, darted down the hill. I pursued; we found the Appian choked with wagons, baggage of every kind, and terrified crowds hurrying into the open country. To force a way through them was impossible. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

We turned back, and attempted an entrance through the gardens of the same villas that skirted the city wall near the Palatine. All were deserted, and after some dangerous leaps over the burning ruins we found ourselves in the streets. The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces: but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on.

We now passed under the shade of an immense range

of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard,—a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheater of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage with its inflammable furniture was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens. Madened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and with their parching jaws bathed in blood, died raging.

I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheater. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous

canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below: a solitary sovereign with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

I was forced away from this absorbing spectacle, and we once more threaded the long and intricate streets of Rome. As we approached the end of one of these bewildering passages, scarcely wide enough for us to ride abreast, I was startled by the sudden illumination of the sky immediately above; and, rendered cautious by the experience of our hazards, called to my companion to return. He pointed behind me, and showed the fire bursting out in the houses by which we had just galloped. I followed on. A crowd that poured from the adjoining streets cut off our retreat. Hundreds rapidly mounted on the houses in front, in the hope by throwing them down to check the conflagration. The obstacle once removed, we saw the source of the light—spectacle of horror! The great prison of Rome was on fire. Never can I forget the sights and sounds—the dismay—the hopeless agony—the fury and frenzy that then overwhelmed the heart. The jailers had been forced to fly before they could loose the fetters or open the cells of the prisoners. We saw those gaunt and woe-begone wretches crowding to their casements, and imploring impossible help; clinging to the heated bars; toiling with their impotent grasp to tear out the massive stones; some wringing their hands; some calling on the terrified spectators by every name of humanity to save them; some venting their despair in execrations and blasphemies that made the blood run cold; others, after many a wild effort to break loose, dashing their heads against the walls, or stabbing themselves. The people gave them outcry for outcry; but the flame forbade approach. Before I could extricate myself from the multitude a whirl of fiery ashes shot upwards from the falling roof; the walls rent into a thousand fragments; and the huge prison with all its miserable inmates was a heap of red embers.

Exhausted as I was by this restless fatigue, and yet more by the melancholy sights that surrounded every step, no fatigue seemed to be felt by the singular being that governed my movements. He sprang through the burning ruins,—he plunged into the sulphurous smoke,—he never

lost the direction that he had first taken; and though baffled and forced to turn back a hundred times, he again rushed on his track with the directness of an arrow. For me to make my way back to the gates would be even more difficult than to push forward. My ultimate safety might be in following, and I followed. To stand still and to move were equally perilous. The streets, even with the improvements of Augustus, were still scarcely wider than the breadth of the little Italian carts that crowded them. They were crooked, long, and obstructed by every impediment of a city built in haste, after the burning by the Gauls, and with no other plan than the caprice of its hurried tenantry. The houses were of immense height, chiefly wood, many roofed with thatch, and all covered or cemented with pitch. The true surprise is that it had not been burned once a year from the time of its building.

The memory of Nero, that hereditary concentration of vice, of whose ancestor's yellow beard the Roman orator said, "No wonder that his beard was brass, when his mouth was iron and his heart lead,"—the parricide and the poisoner—may yet be fairly exonerated of an act which might have been the deed of a drunken mendicant in any of the fifty thousand hovels of this gigantic aggregate of everything that could turn to flame.

We passed along through all the horrid varieties of misery, guilt, and riot that could find their place in a great public calamity: groups gazing in woe on the wreck of their fortunes, rushing off to the winds in vapor and fire; groups plundering in the midst of the flame; groups of rioters, escaped felons, and murderers, exulting in the public ruin, and dancing and drinking with Bacchanalian uproar; gangs of robbers trampling down and stabbing the fugitives to strip them of their last means; revenge, avarice, despair, profligacy, let loose naked; undisguised demons, to swell the wretchedness of this tremendous infliction upon a guilty and blood-covered empire.

Still we spurred on, but our jaded horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot.

SCENE FROM 'CATILINE.'

(In the Senate.)

Cicero. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes!—
Is he condemned to exile?

(CATILINE comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench; all the senators go over to the other side.)

Cicero (turning to CATILINE). Here I repeat the charge,
to gods and men,

Of treasons manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received dispatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard:—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline (rising calmly). Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 't is not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your masters; judges, Romans—*slaves!*
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

Cicero (interrupting him). Deeds shall convince you!
Has the traitor done?

Catiline. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong:
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what? (*looking round*).

To fling your offices to every slave;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cicero. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?

Fathers, you know their lives not one of us,
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscriptions have been handed round,
 In which your general properties are made
 Your murderer's hire.

(*A cry is heard without—"More prisoners!" An officer enters with letters for CICERO; who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate. CATILINE is strongly perturbed.*)

Cicero. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
 By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
 Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
 To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
 Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
 Tried and convicted traitor! go from Rome!

Catiline (haughtily rising). Come, consecrated lictors,
 from your thrones: (*To the Senate.*)

Fling down your scepters:—take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Cicero (interrupting him). Give up the record of his banishment. (*To an officer.*)

(*The officer gives it to the CONSUL.*)

Catiline. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
 Banished—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you: here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.
 Your Consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

(*The Consul reads*):—"Lucius Sergius Catiline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Catiline (*furious*). "Traitor!" I go—but I return.
This—trial!

Here I devote yqur Senate! I've had wrongs

To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows!—this hour's work

Will breed proscriptions:—look to your hearths, my lords!

For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,

And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

(*The Senators rise up in tumult and cry out,*)

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cicero. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!

Catiline (*struggling through them*). I go, but not to leap
the gulf alone.

I go—but when I come, 't will be the burst

Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!

You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood

Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! (*To the lictors.*)—I
will return! (*He rushes out.*)

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

"For at that time the Atlantic Sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth which is called by you Pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Lybya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighboring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the continent which borders on this Atlantic Sea. . . . But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth; and the Atlantic island itself, being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared."—*Plato's Timæus.*

Oh! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,

Thou wilderness of waves,

Where all the tribes of earth might sleep

In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
 Yet never light thy gloom;
 The tempests burst, yet never shake
 Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
 Thy secrets who hath told?—
 The warrior and his sword are there,
 The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,
 Secure from steel and storm;
 And he, the feaster of them all,
 The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
 Once glowed in morning's beam;
 And, like an arrow from the bow,
 Out sprang the stream:

And on its bank the olive grove,
 And the peach's luxury,
 And the damask rose—the night-bird's love—
 Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
 Where are thy bright and brave?
 Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
 Look on that wave.

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
 Long guilty, long forgiven;
 There power upreared the bloody hand,
 There scoffed at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
 The judgment-thunders pealed;
 The fiery earthquake blazed below;
 Its doom was sealed.

Now on his halls of ivory
 Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
 Burying from man's and angel's eye
 The land of crime.

MAY CROMMELIN.

MAY CROMMELIN, whose full name is May de la Cherois Crommelin, is a descendant of Louis Crommelin, the Huguenot founder of the linen trade in Ulster, and was born in Carrowdore Castle, County Down. She was educated at home and spent her early years in Ireland. Later she went to London and has since traveled extensively in South America, the West Indies, Syria, Palestine, etc. She made a hit with her first two novels, 'Queenie' and 'My Love She's but a Lassie.' Since then she has written 'A Jewel of a Girl,' 'Black Abbey,' 'Miss Daisy Dimity,' 'Orange Lily,' 'Joy,' 'In the West Countrie,' 'Brown Eyes,' 'Goblin Gold,' 'Violet Vyvian, M. F. H.,' 'Midge,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Herries,' 'For the Sake of the Family,' 'Love Knots,' 'Dead Men's Dollars,' 'Bay Ronald,' 'Dust Before the Wind,' 'Half Round the World for a Husband,' 'Divil-May-Care,' 'Kinsah, a Daughter of Tangier,' 'Betina,' 'The Luck of a Lowland Laddie,' 'A Woman-Derelict,' and 'Over the Andes,' a volume of travel.

THE AMAZING ENDING OF A CHARADE.

From 'The Luck of a Lowland Laddie.'

The hours flew by till the next evening came. Both lovers pretended to avoid each other meantime, though their eyes met furtively, then shone like stars. With the memory of yesterday evening hot in their hearts, and sweet as new wine on their lips, they could be happy without much speech together. Also it was wiser.

Neither had reasoned their love-affair out. They only felt. Elsie was rosy and utterly happy, seeming to tread on air, to love all the world; while Jock was very pale with the exalted look of one who sees ahead trouble which he means to face and win through to gain the golden paradise beyond.

So the unexpected night darkened down. A crowd of carriages made deep snow-ruts before the door; the foot-lights were lit; and an assembled throng of all the neighbors, magnates, lesser lairds, farmers, and domestics were seated in the large saloon before the miniature stage. At last the curtains drew up.

Elsie was revealed in the neatest of print gowns and muslin kerchief, dusting merrily. She looked so smiling

and bonny over the work that a hearty burst of applause greeted the most popular girl in the country, at which she bridled and lilted two lines of a ballad with gleeful daring. In stumbled Jock, carrying a tray for breakfast. And his real nervousness on the stage seemed excellent acting, as Mary Ann scoffed at Clumsy Thomas. When she leant her pretty chin on the end of her long brush-handle and archly eyed him, asking, "What's the matter with you?" Jock felt his soul drawn through his eyes to her, and stammered in desperation so naturally:

"You!—You are the matter with me!" ending in so audible a catch of his breath, that the room rang with clapping.

"Capital, capital! 'Pon my honor," said old Lady Sneeshin, her head trembling with approbation.

"He, he," tittered MacGab, who was as always the greatest busybody and tattler in the country, both detested and civilly treated, for feeble folk all held, "it was better to have him for a friend than an enemy."

"He, he," repeated the malicious creature, turning round to grin at all the people near him, and whispering loudly behind his hand.

"Young Ramsay acts with all his heart, doesn't he? Charming part for a young man. Shouldn't mind making love to the young lady myself."

"Who is that talking? O—MacGab, excuse me, I didn't know it was you," growled Mr. Stirling. He knew perfectly well whence the interruption came, seeing that MacGab was next to Lady Sneeshin on his right hand.

The first scene over, the principal actors came on, encouraged by the success of Elsie and Jock; yet the interest of the audience cooled at once to politeness. Once or twice Lord Gowan's absurd jokes and capers, young Hay's strenuous efforts to be heroic roused faint enthusiasm. And certainly Moyna was clever—very clever. All agreed in that, thinking in their hearts, "If only she had not such sticks to act with."

Once or twice Moyna in flaming desperation hustled Elsie on the stage.

"Go in, dear—*do!* Save the situation! You must keep them in a good temper. O, say *anything!* That you have lost something, a glove, or your temper, or a lover."

So Elsie tripped forward and Moyna literally pushed shy Thomas after.

“Follow her, Mr. Ramsay,—Go!”

So Jock stumbled on: stood still; stared.

“And what are you doing, pray?” pertly asked Mary Ann.

“Doing—? I am *following you*,” stammered Thomas, gazing at her so hopelessly, being stage-shy, that again the audience roared with mirth and clapped vociferously.

When the climax of the piece came and the heroine accepted Hay after various misunderstandings, while Lord Gowan consoled himself in the background by dancing a breakdown between the hunting damsel and her of the nimble feet and waving skirts, everybody applauded civilly. Then the whole audience called as one voice:

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann! Thomas.”

“*What must I say?*” asked Jock nervously from the background. Then somebody whispered back—(Afterwards each and all denied uttering the words himself, or herself)—Anyhow, some one prompted—

“Say it’s a good example. Ask her to follow it.” The leading ladies and gentlemen drew to one side, in mimic converse, pretending not to notice the shy footman and saucy chambermaid who advanced to the footlights.

“I say,” quoth Thomas, sheepishly enough, it must be owned, “your lady and my governor have set us a good example. Shall we follow it? Like mistress, like maid, eh?”

“What do you want me to do?” So Mary Ann coquetishly dissembled. “Say it out first; then I’ll see.”

“I’ll take you for my wife; that’s it,” cried Thomas, suddenly catching her hands with the desperate boldness of timidity. “Say you’ll have me.”

An uneasy sensation thrilled through the hall, especially among the farmers’ benches. One could have heard a pin drop.

“Well—I don’t mind taking you for my man, Thomas,” faltered Elsie, toying with her apron.

The actors all waited in a group for applause. Not a sound was heard in the saloon but the isolated claps of some four foolish, unenlightened folk, who ceased, unsupported.

A dead silence lasted for a few surprised seconds.

Then every one seemed to draw a breath and murmurs were audible among the servants and tenants. On the front bench old Stirling sat still staring. He was always slow of comprehension. MacGab saw his, or some one's duty, clear.

"Stirling! Hallo! Stirling!—I say!" he eagerly cried, bending forward so close in front of Lady Sneeshin she drew back her aquiline nose.

"*Did you hear?* Bless my soul! Your daughter and young Ramsay have taken each other for man and wife, and before witnesses. They have!" The meddler's clean-shaven wrinkled face was alive with uncharitable joy, his eyes gleamed though he tried to pull down the corners of his mouth.

"Eh, eh? Stop—all of you on the stage there!" roared old Stirling. "Stop this tomfoolery."

The actors stood as if turned to statues in amazement.

"O, man, it's no use stopping them *now*. It's done!—It's a marriage!¹ That's a fact," mourned MacGab louder, the hypocrite, every one hearing him. Old Stirling glared round an awed ring of faces and foamed. He rose in his front place and shook his fist at Jock, who stood close above him.

"How dare you? You d—d impertinent young dog! Out of my house, and never let me set eyes on you again."

"What have I done, sir?" asked Jock, clear and resolute. He had dropped the Thomas and was himself again.

"Done? O Lord! You've played this mean trick to try and marry my girl, to catch an heiress—before witnesses. A beggar like you. That's what you've done."

"I have played no trick, none!"

"I say you *HAVE*. Don't—don't—don't dare to contradict me, you fortune-hunting jackanapes."

The blood rushed to Jock's face, he folded his arms and gazed defiantly down at his stammering, gesticulating enemy, and the hearts of the spectators went out to the lad.

"Stirling, be calm; it's not a real marriage. They only took each other by their play-acting names. In any case it can be undone by private act of Parliament," hastily interposed old Lord Lovall as peacemaker.

¹ This is so, according to Scottish law.—[ED.]

“Yes, yes, Francis. Do be calm,” urged poor Mrs. Stirling, in thin-voiced hysterical accents. “Elsie, like a good child, tell your father that you do not mean to marry Jock, and that you won’t have him. Do you hear, dear?”

Elsie meanwhile stood still with amazed blue eyes that widened each second. But now they gleamed.

“*Jock!*” she uttered. And at the one word all listened with hushed attention, for there was a thrill in Elsie’s voice that is only heard when a woman feels her life or her fate at stake. Every young heart there vibrated in response with instinctive recognition. Aye! and some old ones who remembered days long past.

“*Jock!*” she breathed again, in trembling but clear tones. “I know you never meant this—you could not do a dishonorable act even for my sake, although you do—love me. So, before my father and mother, and all my friends here, I declare that I am ready to abide by this and to take you—John Ramsay—to be my husband before any other in the world.”

“I forbid it! Hush—Stop, girl, I command——” shouted Stirling.

“And I take you, Elsie Stirling, for my wife; Heaven being witness I love yourself, not your fortune,” answered Jock in a voice like a trumpet call.

A smothered burst of hand-clapping and stamping came from the back benches filled with servants, retainers, and tenants, who idolized Elsie as they disliked and dreaded her father. Not a man or woman but was ready on the spot to stand up for the brave lassie they had loved from a toddling bairn. Incoherent with fury, Stirling turned to shake his fist at them.

“Silence; I dismiss the lot of you! I turn you all out—all!” Then forcing his way through the crowded chairs, stumbling over his guests’ dresses and toes, while every one made way for him as if a wild boar were charging through their midst, he prepared to storm the stage by the steps at the side.

Meantime, to the general admiration, Mrs. Stirling in a marvelous way, considering her feebleness, fluttered up before him and withdrew Elsie into the actors’ “green-room,” clasping her daughter’s arm with both hands.

“Don’t make a scene, darling. Not in public—it’s such

bad taste," the little mother falteringly entreated. "Jock, dear, *please go* away quietly like a good boy. Do, for my sake! you know how fond I always was of you."

Jock Ramsay obeyed. As Mr. Stirling mounted the platform on one side of the stage, with old Hay and Lord Lovall holding him back by either arm, young Ramsay bowed to him and said:

"Good-bye, sir, for the present. I leave your house now, but I shall return to claim my bride," and he leapt lightly over the footlights, while Nigel Hay with chivalrous feeling accompanied him as a true comrade.

Gowan hesitated a second or two; he had turned pale. But he also followed Jock. . . .

"A pretty kettle of fish!" sneered MacGab, as the guests murmured like an excited hive of bees round the supper table, to which Howlands, acting as deputy host, authoritatively invited them. Meanwhile their carriages were hastily ordered, while it was understood that Mr. Stirling had been led off to his own room, almost foaming with rage, by Lord Lovall; who had more influence with him than any other man living. Mrs. Stirling and Elsie had disappeared.

"After all, young Ramsay is in the direct male succession to the estate. The Stirlings only came in through the female line," so Howlands expounded, being strong in county-family history.

"And, 'pon my word, he's a fine young fellow, and the girl might do vastly worse," reiterated Lady Sneeshin testily. For she hated two neighbors, and these were her host and the MacGab.

Jock, the hero of the hour, was meantime walking silently down the snow-covered glen with his mother holding tight by his arm, to the minister's manse. On Mr. Stirling's descent from the stage his eye roving round for an object of attack fixed on Jock's mother, midmost of an agitated group.

"Madam," he thundered, "I'll thank you to take yourself and your son out this house, and I wish to God you had never entered it."

"Believe me, Mr. Stirling, we have no wish to stay an hour longer, while you are in your present frame of mind,"

replied Mrs. Ramsay with sweet dignity. "My son and I will endeavor to leave to-night."

"The manse is near at hand. May I, as a minister of the Gospel, offer the shelter of my roof?" interposed the Rev. Dugald Dalgleish, who had grown white-haired in the glen.

"Yes, that will be fitting, and cause no ill blood," approved Lord Lovall in a whisper, as he moved after Mr. Stirling like a noble gray collie herding a quarrelsome ram bent on charging somebody.

Several ladies surrounded Mrs. Ramsay with kindly offers. But Lady MacTaggart it was who accompanied her upstairs, helped to pack her hand-bag and smothered her in wraps. Enthusiastic, sentimental, and gushing over with admiration for Jock, Elsie, and Jock's mother, she yet remembered Mrs. Ramsay's slippers and overcame her fear of Francis Stirling.

JULIA CROTTY.

JULIA CROTTY, whose remarkable books have attracted much attention, was born in Lismore, County Waterford. She received her education from the Presentation Nuns there, and from Miss Lizzie Fitzsimon, now Mrs. Walsh, editress of the *Providence Visitor*, a Rhode Island newspaper. Miss Crotty's girlhood was spent in the lifeless atmosphere of an Irish country town, where she received impressions which are rendered, sometimes with appalling faithfulness, in her books 'Neighbors' and 'The Lost Land.' She has lived for some time in this country.

Her output is small but noteworthy. She is no Irish idealist, and is not afraid of making the black really black and not merely the dimmed white of a dusty angel. She is one of the few writers since Carleton who has shown fearless realism in her portrayal of Irish character, and that does not mean that she does not love her people and deal tenderly with them as well.

A BLAST.

From 'Neighbors.'

In the pleasant July morning it was cheerful to hear the fishwoman's loud call, "Fresh—aloive! Fresh—aloive!" coming down the street. For a month the Innisdoyle people had been living on tea—tea-breakfasts, tea-dinners, tea-suppers—until they felt dyspeptic and withered and nervous. And now, "all of a sudden," the new potatoes had come in, and, to crown the feeling of plenty, here were the fresh herrings and mackerel. Rose Ellen, blowsy, and fresh as a salt-water breeze, drew rein opposite the gooseberry-woman's stand and jumped from the car.

"Yerrah, Peggy Dee, woman dear," she cried, "what in the world ails your poor face? 'T is the size of half a barrel—the Lord save us! And that shiny redness upon it—'t is terrible dangerous-looking someway—"

"Ah, you may well say 't is dangerous-looking, an' the feeling of it is worse. 'T is a face, Rose Ellen, that will be the finishing o' me I'm thinking."

"But how did it come on you at all—sure, you never had the like before—an' what is it?"

"Oh, what would it be, an unnatural thing like it, but"—in a whisper and with a fearful glance around—"a blast!"

Rose Ellen blessed herself and looked at the stricken one with awe.

"'T is nothing else in life," went on Peggy, "an' I got it of an evening three weeks ago. I was out gethering a bit o' dandeline, for I was bothered a good while with a kind of sickly all-overishness, an' the dandeline is great for that, when just at the burying-ground gate I suddenly felt a sting o' pain in the jaw that nearly lifted the head off o' me. An hour's aise hasn't blessed me since."

"She's a torminted cr'ature, that's the Heaven's truth," put in Mick Dee.

His wife glared at him. "Lave the talking to me," she said, "you that could sleep rings round you while your poor misfortunate wife has to be tossing and turning in her misery. Ah, if I couldn't give a sorrowful histhory of myself since this struck me!"

"But didn't you see the doctor about it at all, Peggy?" asked Rose Ellen.

"The doctor! Ah, the blaggard, sure 't was no use! But I went to him through the fair depth o' misery, an' he commenced feeling and examining the lump, till I thought I'd fall out o' my standing.

"'How long is this growing, ma'am?' says he.

"I told him. I said nothing about it being a blast, though, mind you, for 't is to bu'st out laughing in my face he would, maybe.

"'And you did nothing for it—saw nobody about it all the time?' he says. 'You neglected it.'

"That maddened me." ["An' why wouldn't it?" said Mick Dee. "She that saw a nation of people about it, an' took every one o' their advice! Bedad! 't was nothing but concoctions in saucepans——"] "Will you let me go on with my story, you common, ignorant vulgarian? 'Neglected it?' says I. 'I to neglect a jaw like that! I'd be long sorry. There isn't a blisther or a powltice or a stouping that I'm not after applying to it. Fly-blisthers, mustard-l'aves, horse-reddish, ky-in-pepper, ground cloves, hot roasted onions, cowld b'iled turnips, stewed figs, mashed potatoes, linsid-male, rice-an'-flour, soap-an'-sugar, march-malices,¹ ground ivy, camimile flowers, eldher, ellow bark—a hundred things—I'm the remains of 'em all, an' still,

¹ *March-malices*, marsh-mallows.

doctor,' says I, 'look at the jaw I have! Nothing of all that I tried suited it at all; it got worse an' worse.'"

["That's what it did," said Mick. "You could compare it to nothing but a house a-fire. An' her appetite is gone; a fly would ait a bigger brekwist."] "Can't you keep aisy, you talkative disciple, an' l'ave me explain to the woman?"

"'Doctor,' says I, 'can you tell me at all what's the nature o' the ailment? There's a b'ating in it like the hammers-o'-death, an' you see yourself 't is more like a pudden than a Christian f'ature.'

"'What would be the use, ma'am, of telling you the name and title of it?' says the limb. "'T is a bad jaw, an' if you want relief you must submit to an operation——'"

"'But I wouldn't stand that,'" interrupted Mick Dee. "'If ye want carving an' experiminting,' says I, 'thry it on them without well-wishers. I daar ye to touch Peggy!'"

"'Who wanted you to intherfere?'" cried the patient angrily. "Wasn't I able to do my own talking and take my own part?"

"'The allusion to the operation,'" she resumed, "gave me a sort of a sinking in the inside——"

"'An' why not, you poor soul?'" said Rose Ellen. "Sure, every one knows that an operation is the last resource."

"'Oh, dochtor,' says I, when I could ketch my breath, 'what would you be for doing to me at all? Is it to scarify and lance the gums you'd be wanting, or to cut a piece o' the jaw off o' me, an' l'ave me an *object* all the rest o' my days?'"

"'All I have to say, ma'am, for I'm busy and can't waste words, is to repeat that if you want relief—for a time—you must place yourself in my hands.'

"'Rose Ellen, I may look like a fool, but I'm not one.'"

["Faith, you 're not, Peggy," said the fishwoman heartily.]

"'An' I took good notice of what he said about relieving me 'for a time.' 'Well, then,' says I to him, 'if that's all you can do for me, let us part, in the name o' God! I suppose my days are numbered, an' if so, I'll go to my Creator as I came from His hands, without being hacked, or hewed, or dismimbered.'"

"'Bully for you, Peggy! That was the way to talk to

that rogue of a fellow with his knives an' saws for the poor human frame."

"It was Christian talk, at any rate, Rose Ellen Doyle," said Peggy, who prided herself on her theological as well as other knowledge. "'I'll take medical treatment for the jaw, if *you* plaze,' says I, an' by that token he knew that he had no slack customer to deal with.

"'Very well,' says he, pretending to yawn, but p'aceable enough, for 't is aisy to terrify the like o' em if they see you 're knowledgable, 'come in any day when the dispinary is open and you 'll get some drugs.'

"Up with me next day, an' 't was that blaggard of an assistant of his that was there. What did he do but give me a bottle o' stuff as black as my shoe. I'm no hand at all at swallowing boluses, an' so I tould him. 'Give me a few good strong pills,' says I, 'instead of all that hedjus wash.' 'T is the bottle was ordered for you by the doctor,' says the impident jackeen, 'an' that's all you 'll get.'

"Paddy Donnelly, my own second cousin, was there with an impression on his chest, an' he was aafter getting a box o' pills.

"'Bad luck to 'em,' says he; 'sure I can't get the like down at all only by *chewing* 'em, an' the divilish brat wouldn't give me a draught of some kind that would be no trouble at all to me.'

"That was my chance. 'Paddy,' says I, explaining it to him, 'we're both under constitutional thratement, an' therefore our medicines are interchangeable. What's sauce for the goose, you know, is sauce for the gander. Give me the pills an' take the bottle with you.'

"'All right,' says he; 'sure, "exchange is no robbery." We're both suiting ourselves.'

"Well, would you believe it, I took the whole box of 'em, and never a stir did they put in me, although, in addition to 'em, I took the two dozen pills that poor Tom Brown, the car-boy, left when he was took so sudden, God rest him! I swallowed all that two dozen—" ["Except the three or four you gave me the night I had a touch o' the colic," corrected Mick Dee.] "An' notwithstanding, an' nevertheless, the jaw kept gethering an' gethering."

"You didn't take enough of 'em, I suppose, Peggy,"

said a neighbor; "people have to take a regular *course* of constitutional medicine."

"I knew that," said Peggy, "an' so I went to the dispensary to get Paddy's box renewed, but when I made my request you never heard the like o' the language of that onmannerly scamp of an assistant. He was black in the face with timper. 'Bedad,' says he, 'for one farthing I'd hand you over to the peelers for a case of attempted deliberate self-slaughter!'"

"They 're vinimous cats, thim doctors, an' they had it in for me for refusing the operation, so I said to myself I'd avoid 'em for a while. Look, Rose Ellen, at that for a surge o' cowld perspiration all over me!"

"You 're very wake entirely, Peggy. Come over with me to O'Dell's, an' we 'll have a little drop in comfort."

"Oh, no, Rose Ellen, I thank you kindly, but whisky, wine, or porter would be the compleate ruination o' me."

"Yerrah, sure, my mother mentioned that when she was here with the fish lately ye had three or four glasses of punch apiece—"

"But that was when I was taking James Hagarty's advice to drink all the stimilants I could get to build me up against the wasting o' the lump. But Johnny Ryan—an' he 's an expariansed man, for 't was a boil between the shoulders that killed his son—tould me that every drop o' that kind was adding poison to the jaw. I left off the drink on that account."

"Well, you 're a terrible sufferer, there's no doubt about that, Peggy, a terrible sufferer, poor sowl. I have some grand fresh herrings there in the cart, an' you must take a couple home for yer tay."

"I'm obliged to you, Rose Ellen, an' I 'll take one with thanks for Mick Dee, but as for myself I daarn't touch 'em. By Norry Lane's advice I was eating everything that came my way, for she said 't was a great thing to feed a swelling up to the point or seppuration, but Mrs. Goldrick, the pinsioner's wife, that knows a bit of everything, for she 's a thraveled woman, declared to me I was fairly 'digging my grave with my teeth,' an' she said 't was lowness of living suited a lump of any kind. So I gave over the ating too. I'm living now on a cup of tay, an'," with sad resignation, "l'aving everything in the Lord's hands."

The two women looked impressed and sympathetic.

"But there's one comfort in it all," went on Peggy, "there isn't one that passes the way without the kindest inquiries."

"Oh, begor! that's the truth," said Mick Dee. "'T is nothing but axing her all about it. 'T is a great wonder of a face to 'em."

"Well, listen to that! Wouldn't any one think, to hear that mass of ignorance that 't is out of mere curiosity the people queshtion me about my affliction, when 't is through the very height of respect an' goodwill? But that was his way ever an' always, to lessen by his ignorance the dacent, hard-working cr'ature that for thirty years is afther standing between him an' the Poorhouse—"

"But I did my share, Peggy," Mick Dee was beginning with feeble remonstrance.

"Your share? How?" scornfully.

"With the donkey, sure, hauling an' carrying."

"At ninepence a day! Yerrah, go to grass, man! You an' your once-a-week jobs, what a help they were to support you an' your son! Go, you man o' misfortune, an' tackle the donkey so that I can go home an' rest on my bed, an' be out o' the sighth an' hearing of you for a while!"

Mick Dee shuffled off obediently.

"God help him!" said Rose Ellen; "he's feeling purty blue these times."

"Ah, but if you saw an' heard him Tuesday night when I was making my will—"

"Making your will? Were you that bad, Peggy?"

"I was so bad in my head an' mind an' feelings in general, that no one but the Lord an' myself knows it. I had no other prospect before me but that the morning would see me launched into Eternity. 'T is a solemn thought, an' one that a person of a right conscience an' understanding can't forget in a hurry. An' so with death staring me in the face, I called out as well as my weakness would let me. 'Mick Dee!' says I. 'Yes, Peggy,' says he, coming over from the dresser, where he had his head in among the plates, groaning an' sobbing. 'What is it, Peggy?' says he. 'I'm going to make my last will an' testament,' says I. With that you never heard such a cry as they all sot up,

for although I hadn't a blood-relation among that houseful o' neighbors, still they all knew me an' respected me, an' grieved for my sad case. 'That double-shawl o' mine,' says I, 'that Father Mulrenin gave me last Christmas twelve years, give that to my cousin Mary at the Pill. She's the only one o' my father's people left in Ireland now, an' although she's rich an' I'm poor—although she can come here with her three pounds' worth of fish at a time, while I have no better stock than a few gallons o' gooseberries, or a bag o' apples, or a box o' sprats, an' although she never once had the kind heart to say "Peggy, are you in want of a male of vittles or a shilling?" still, I wouldn't like Father Mulrenin's token o' respect to go out o' the family. So give it to Mary Bree,' says I, 'an' long may she wear it! Give my linsey gownd,' says I, 'to the neighbor that'll lay me out, an' if 't is too long or too short I'm willing to have her change it to suit herself. My hooded cloak that I brought from home with me nine-and-twenty year ago when I married Mick Dee, I give and bequathe to Rose Ellen Doyle—'

"To me, Peggy?" cried Rose Ellen with a kind of choke.

"'Give it to Rose Ellen,' says I to Mick, 'as soon as I'm sthretched in my long rest, for I love an' like her, and I'd wish her to remimber me. An', besides, she'll give the cloak the care an' respect that a cloak should have.'"

This triple-barreled compliment made Rose Ellen speechless for some moments, with a mixture of pleasurable and sad surprise.

"I hope 't will be many a long day before I'll be wearing it, Peggy," she said softly then.

"Ah, no, Rose Ellen, as I tould the neighbors last night, I'm a doomed woman. Well, when Mick Dee heard me giving these directions, he began to bawl for dear life. 'An' what'll become o' me, Peggy?' says he."

"No wonder," said Rose Ellen, "you were the good partner for him."

"I was. I stood by him through thick and thin, kept a roof over him, a whole coat to his back, an' he was never without his warm male of vittles when he'd face home of a night. An' if I reminded him now and then of my seven generations an' their dacency, I only did it for the good of

his sowl and to keep down the sthrake of impident defiance that's in Mick Dee by nature. He can't help his natural lowness, an' I'm not finding fault with him for it. Where I'm facing we must forgive an' forget; an', besides, poor Mick has his own good points. 'What'll become o' me, Peggy?' says he. 'I'll tell you what you'll do,' says I. 'Make sale o' the donkey,' says I, 'an' of every thrap in the place; put the money in Mrs. O'Dell's hands for safe keeping for your berryin', an' go up to the Workhouse. *I'll look afther you there,*' says I."

There was a pause after that, during which the woman buying fish took a pinch of snuff and blew her nose vigorously, and Rose Ellen sniffed a little.

"God help the poor!" said the woman.

The telegraph-boy, who had gone into O'Dell's a few minutes before, came out now, and immediately the clerk began to put up the shop-shutters.

"I wonder who's dead belonging to the O'Dells?" said Rose Ellen with concern. "I'd be sorry to the heart for that kind family's trouble."

The servant-girl running across the street was stopped and questioned.

"Oh, don't be delayin' me," she cried. "I'm sent for some vinegar in a hurry for the missis. They're burnin' feathers under her poor nose, for she's in a dead wakeness. Her niece that was taken with a stitch in the side this morning an' left seventeen little orphans after her."

"Seventeen? Murdher, she's a great loss! That's frightful bad news for the kind woman over."

"Don't fret about it; she'll get over it aisy enough, never fear," said Peggy grimly. "They took it mighty calm when O'Dell's brother went so unexpected last June twelvemonths—"

"But he was a wrack from the drink, an' 't was an actual relief to have him at rest. They were half killed from him—"

"Oh, that's all very well, but human beings ought to have some feeling, especially them that's no great shakes at the soberness themselves, an' I didn't hear a single sigh or moan from one of 'em at his funeral."

"Mrs. O'Dell was crying under her veil, an' so were the little girls, an' sure there couldn't be deeper black than

they all wore for a good twelvemonths," said the neighbor.

"What matther is a few tears? Sure, a stranger would shed 'em over a poor fellow taken before his time. An' as for the crape an' bombazine, as my mother used to say, there's no great grief in mourning."

"Well, they have the shutters up an' the blinds all down now. 'T is a sorrowful-looking house—"

"'T is aisy to pull down blinds an' put up shutters, but I'll bet you a pinny that not more than four of 'em will go down to Belfast to the funeral! An' that's the sign that I go by. 'The proof of the pudden is in the aiting.' I believe in the grief that proves itself in a big an' respectable an' feelin' funeral. And the people who'd be-grege to spend a few pounds on their relations' burying are people to be mistrusted an' doubted—"

"Well," said Rose Ellen a little impatiently, "four out of one family won't be a small share to travel so far into the Black North—people with a business that can hardly spare 'em. An', Peggy, they were always kind to you, and in the day o' their trouble it would be dacent and good-hearted to remimber that."

"Oh, 'kind'! Of course they were; but didn't I explain their r'ason for it? It was because they couldn't help having a respect an' a veneration for me, an' when people wish to do a good turn they'll do it for the best-deserving person they know. Ah, there's Mick Dee with the donkey. Here, put in my chair an' the basket of gooseberries while I'm going over for the cowld vittles to O'Dell's. Good-bye, Rose Ellen. Say a few prayers for me, for as sure as I'm talking, we won't have many another shake-hands in this w'ary and sinful world. But we'll meet in a better one, plaze God, for we're a pair o' women that sthriv always to do the very best we could!"

HENRY GRATAN CURRAN.

(1800—1876.)

HENRY G. CURRAN was a son of J. P. Curran, and was born about 1800. He was a barrister, and subsequently a resident magistrate in King's County. He was an intimate friend of his half-brother, W. H. Curran.

He is well known in literature as a translator from the Irish and author of some original pieces. In Hardiman's collection of Irish poetry there are many of his translations, as also in H. R. Montgomery's collection of "native" poetry. To *The Citizen*, Dublin, 1842, he contributed a poem given in Duffy's 'Ballad Poetry.' It was signed "C.," and is entitled 'The Fate of the Forties.' He died in 1876.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

One blessing on my native isle, one curse upon her foes!
While yet her skies above me smile, her breeze around me
blows:

Now, never more my cheek be wet, nor sigh nor altered mien,
Tell the dark tyrant I regret the Wearing of the Green.

Sweet land, my parents loved you well, they sleep within your
breast;

With theirs—for love no words can tell—my bones must
never rest;

And lonely must my true love stray, that was our village
queen,

When I am banished far away for the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear 't would break my heart to see;
And sweetly sleep, my parents dear, that cannot weep for me.
I'll think not of my distant tomb, nor seas rolled wide be-
tween,

But watch the hour that yet will come for the Wearing of
the Green.

O I care not for the thistle and I care not for the rose!

For when the cold winds whistle neither down nor crimson
shows;

But like hope to him that's friendless, where no gaudy
flower is seen,

By our graves, with love that's endless, waves our own true-
hearted Green.

O sure God's world was wide enough and plentiful for all,
 And ruined cabins were no stuff to build a lordly hall!
 They might have let the poor man live, yet all as lordly been,
 But Heaven its own good time will give for the Wearing of
 the Green.

A LAMENT.¹

From the Irish of John O'Neachtan.

Dark source of my anguish! deep wound of a land
 Whose young and defenseless the loss will deplore;
 The munificent spirit, the liberal hand,
 Still stretched the full bounty it prompted to pour.

The stone is laid o'er thee! the fair glossy braid,
 The high brow, the light cheek with its roseate glow;
 The bright form, and the berry that dwelt and could fade
 On these lips, thou sage giver, all, all are laid low.

Like a swan on the billows, she moved in her grace,
 Snow-white were her limbs, and with beauty replete,
 And time on that pure brow had left no more trace
 That if he had sped with her own fairy feet.

Whatever of purity, glory, hath ever
 Been linked with the name, lovely Mary, was thine;
 Woe, woe, that the tomb, ruthless tyrant, should sever
 The tie which our spirits half broken resign.

Than Cæsar of hosts—the true darling of Rome,
 Far prouder was James—where pure spirits are met,
 The virgin, the saint—though heav'n's radiance illumine
 Their brows—Erin's wrongs can o'ershadow them yet.

And rank be the poison, the plagues that distil
 Through the heart of the spoiler that laid them in dust,
 The rapt bard with the glory the nations shall fill,
 With the fame of his patrons, the generous, the just.

Wherever the beam of the morning is shed,
 With its light the full fame of our loved ones hath shone,

¹ This poem is a lament for Mary D'Este, Queen of James II. She died at St. Germain, April 26, 1718. Her son, called James Francis Edward, was the Chevalier De St. George, so much beloved by the Irish.

The deep curse of our sorrow shall burst on his head
That hath hurled them, the pride of our hearts, from their
throne.

The mid-day is dark with unnatural gloom—
And a spectral lament wildly shrieked in the air
Tells all hearts that our princess lies cold in the tomb,
Bids the old and the young bend in agony there!

Faint the lowing of kine o'er the seared yellow lawn!
And tuneless the warbler that droops on the spray!
The bright tenants that flashed through the current are gone,
For the princess we honored is laid in the clay.

Darkly brooding alone o'er his bondage and shame,
By the shore in mute agony wanders the Gael,—
And sad is my spirit, and clouded my dream,
For my king, for the star, my devotion would hail.

What woe beyond this hath dark fortune to wreak?
What wrath o'er the land yet remains to be hurled?
They turn them to Rome! but despairing they shriek,
For Spain's flag in defeat and defection is furled.

Though our sorrows avail not, our hope is not lost—
For the Father is mighty! the highest remains!
The loosed waters rushed down upon Pharaoh's wide host,
But the billows crouch back from the foot He sustains.

Just Power! that for Moses the wave did'st divide,
Look down on the land where thy followers pine;
Look down upon Erin, and crush the dark pride
Of the scourge of thy people, the foes of thy shrine.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

(1750—1817.)

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN is remembered as the greatest forensic orator of a day when eloquent advocates were more plentiful than ever since; and as a great wit, among great wits. He was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, a conspicuous member of the Irish Parliament, the most brilliant ornament in Irish society, the most popular man at the Irish bar, a fearless advocate, and a true patriot.

His last years were overclouded with domestic sorrow; his great genius drooped into melancholy, and, hopeless and depressed, he saw his beloved Ireland, "like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider."

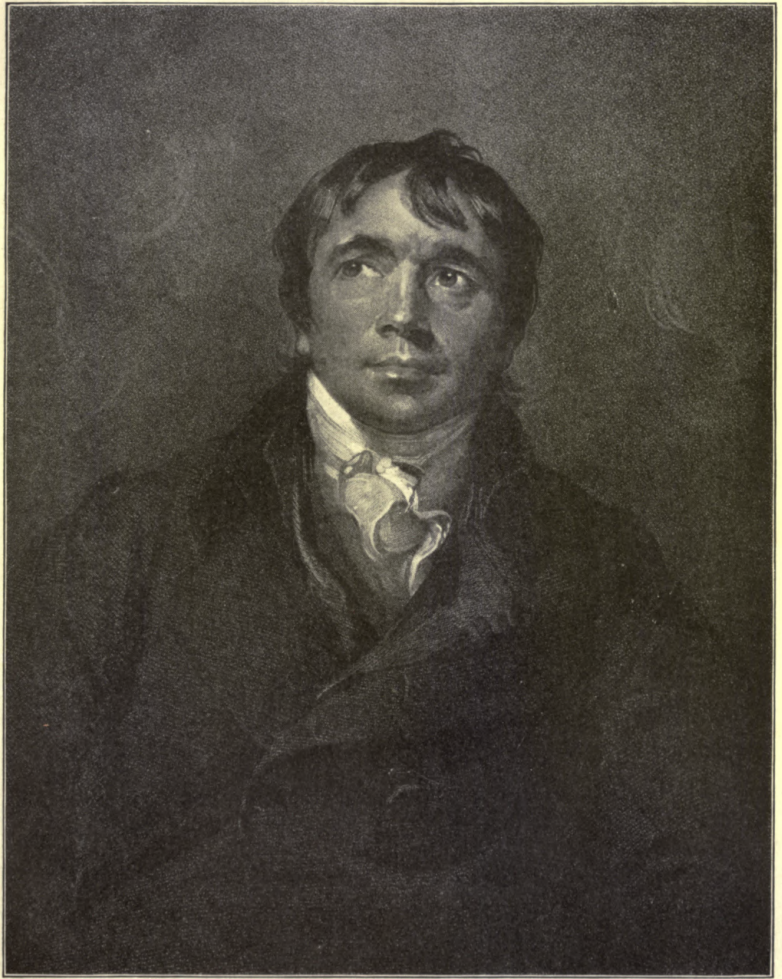
Before he was forty years of age he was offered a judgeship and a peerage if he would take the Government side in the Regency debate in the Irish Parliament, but he resolutely refused to sell himself, his principles, and his honor. "There never was so honest an Irishman," said the great O'Connell. Throughout his life he was uncorruptible among the corrupt and dishonest; his last speech in Parliament, in 1797, was devoted to an endeavor to effect some reform in the administration, and to stay the flood of venality, intrigue, and jobbery that so soon debauched the Irish legislature. His speeches at the bar are familiar to most readers; his jokes and witticisms are daily recounted, as fresh at present as when they were uttered.

Byron's opinion of Curran is superlative in its laudation: "Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination! There never was anything like it that ever I saw or heard of. His published life, his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time. The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I heard him speak more poetry than I have ever seen written. I saw him presented to Madame de Staël, and they were both so ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences."

"His imagination was infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable," says one who had a long and close intimacy with him, "and his person was mean and decrepit, very slight, very shapeless—spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow and furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary; yet," continues the writer, Sir Jonah Barrington, "I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years."

Personal defects amounting to deformity were no depreciation of the meteoric eloquence and marvelous wit. The flat yellow face was redeemed by his wondrous dark lustrous eyes.

But he was not alone a master of eloquence and wit—a great barrister and politician—he was a song-writer as well. His 'The



Deserter's Meditation' was founded on a chance encounter and conversation with a deserting soldier whom he met on a journey. It has been described as a "cry like the wind in a ruined house." He once asked Godwin what he thought of a certain jury-speech, not a brilliant one, he had made at the Carlow assizes, and Godwin said: "I never did hear anything so bad as your prose, Curran, except your poetry," a harsh misjudgment of both.

The Currans, we are told, were, in the semi-legendary history of Ireland, "eminent as poets and men of learning. They filled the positions of bards and historians in Leitrim, and poets in Breffni." His father was "seneschal of the Manor Court" (a species of town-bailiff) of Newmarket, a small village now, of 1,000 inhabitants, in the county of Cork; and here John Philpot Curran was born on July 24, 1750. He was educated out of charity by the rector of the town (who discerned in the lad mental capacity and power beyond those of the ordinary youth), and was subsequently sent to a school in Middleton, a town not far distant. He matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1769, with the intention of entering the Church. His college career was rather distinguished—he obtained his scholarship in 1770—and in 1773, the intention to join the Church having been relinquished, he was admitted at the Middle Temple; and, while a student there, married his cousin, a Miss Creagh.

"Stuttering Jack Curran," "Orator Mum," these were the nicknames bestowed upon him, and they prove that he had many natural difficulties to overcome before he could earn fame. He was called to the Irish bar in 1775, and though in his earlier years at the profession his abilities were unacknowledged and unrecompensed, chiefly because he had had no opportunity of displaying them, once having been heard, he rapidly earned the reputation that grew with each succeeding year of practice. His progress is exhibited by his changes of residence: Redmond's Hill, Fade Street, St. Andrew Street, Ely Place (now No. 4), and 80 Stephen's Green, were his successive dwellings. He rapidly also became popular in society, and a favorite among the members of his own profession. He was one of the "Order of St. Patrick," or "The Monks of the Screw," whose charter-song he wrote. Curran was returned to the Irish Parliament as Member for Kilbeggan in 1783, Flood being his colleague in the representation of that village borough; and he joined the Opposition, his politics being the liberalism of Grattan. He was also (1786-1797) M.P. for Rathcormac, another village borough. He retired from Parliament in May, 1797.

His greatest fame was earned by his defense of those who were charged with complicity in the rebellion of 1798. Of his speech on behalf of Hamilton Rowan, Lord Brougham said it was "the greatest speech of an advocate in ancient or modern times." Among other noteworthy speeches may be mentioned those in defense of the Rev. William Jackson, the brothers Sheares, Finnerty, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Tone, and that against the Marquis of Headfort, who had eloped with a clergyman's daughter. On the arrest of Emmet, who had formed an attachment to his daughter, Curran was himself under suspicion, but nothing could be found against

him. His undaunted advocacy of the rebels led, on one occasion, to Lord Carleton, the Chief Justice, threatening to deprive him of his silk gown. He was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland and made a Privy Councilor by Pitt, in 1806, and from that time he seems to have declined mentally and physically. He contested Newry for a seat in the Imperial Parliament in 1812, and was defeated by two votes; in the following year he resigned the Mastership of the Rolls, and went into retirement on a pension. Most of his time while he held the judicial office, and after his retirement, was spent in traveling, in the endeavor to regain his old vigor of mind and body, and to shake off the melancholy and depression that were overwhelming him. He died in London, Oct. 14, 1817—from the effects of a paralytic stroke with which he had been attacked at Moore's dinner-table—and was buried in the vaults of Paddington Church, whence, in 1837, his remains were removed to Glasnevin. There they repose under a magnificent tomb, a facsimile of that of Scipio Barbatus opposite the Baths of Caracalla in Rome—a fitting and enduring monument. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, there is, surmounted by a life-like bust by C. Moore, also a monument to his memory, which was erected in 1842 by a public subscription.

The kaleidoscopic view of Curran's life is varying and attractive. A rough Irish-speaking poor country lad who rose to be the welcome guest of princes; a wit whose presence charged the atmosphere with gaiety, and in whose train followed laughter loud and hearty, he at last wore out a weary life in peevish, dismal melancholy. He, it is narrated, left the severe paths of respectability on one occasion, disguised as a tinker, and, throwing in his lot with a band of tramps, abandoned himself to the careless freedom of tinker life. Contrast this episode with that in which we see an enthusiastic populace cheering him to the echo, carrying him in triumph to his home, because he was the dauntless champion of freedom, the eloquent advocate of the oppressed. His great intellect overcame great obstacles. He was at the outset without influential friends, and a poor man—the chief furniture of his rooms was his offspring; he was endowed with a contemptible personal appearance, a stuttering tongue, an enfeebling nervousness, yet he was the greatest and most successful and most popular orator at the Irish bar, in the early days of the century in which the Irish bar was renowned for its eloquence.

A feeling of sadness at the decline of a great spirit, somewhat similar to that evoked by a consideration of the final scene of Sheridan's life, is present also in regard to the final days of Curran. How brilliant and celebrated he was in the senate and at the bar, for his wit and eloquence, is well known. Courted and flattered he was, like Sheridan in his heyday, while he could amuse; and yet he died in obscurity, broken down by domestic sorrows, wretched from the depression of settled melancholy; "he burst into tears and hung down his head" upon an allusion to Irish politics a few days before his death; the eloquence was turned to prosiness, the wit to grossness, the ready repartee and flashing sarcasm to the drowsy inanities of hopeless imbecility—forgotten—neg-

lected! Yet his talents and pure patriotism were alike creditable to Ireland, and he is fully deserving of Byron's eulogistic sentence—"the best intellect of Ireland" of his time.

ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, February, 1792.

I would have yielded to the lateness of the hour, my own indisposition, and the fatigue of the house, and have let the motion pass without a word from me on the subject, if I had not heard some principles advanced which could not pass without animadversion. I know that a trivial subject of the day would naturally engage you more deeply than any more distant object of however greater importance; but I beg you will recollect that the petty interest of party must expire with yourselves, and that your heirs must be, not statesmen, nor placemen, nor pensioners, but the future people of the country at large. I know of no so awful call upon the justice and wisdom of an assembly as the reflection that they are deliberating on the interests of posterity. On this subject I cannot but lament that the conduct of the administration is so unhappily calculated to disturb and divide the public mind, to prevent the nation from receiving so great a question with the coolness it requires.

At Cork the present viceroy was pleased to reject a most moderate and modest petition from the Catholics of that city. The next step was to create a division among the Catholics themselves; the next was to hold them up as a body formidable to the English government and to their Protestant fellow-subjects; for how else could any man account for the scandalous publication which was hawked about this city, in which his majesty was made to give his royal thanks to an individual of this kingdom, for his protection of the state? But I conjure the house to be upon their guard against those despicable attempts to traduce the people, to alarm their fears, or to inflame their resentment.

Gentlemen have talked as if the question was, whether we may with safety to ourselves relax or repeal the laws which have so long coerced our Catholic fellow-subjects? The real question is whether you can with safety to the

Irish constitution refuse such a measure. It is not a question merely of their sufferings or their relief—it is a question of your own preservation. There are some maxims which an honest Irishman will never abandon, and by which every public measure may be fairly tried. These are, the preservation of the constitution upon the principles established at the Revolution, in church and state; and next the independency of Ireland, connected with Britain as a confederated people, and united indissolubly under a common and inseparable crown.

If you wish to know how these great objects may be affected by a repeal of those laws, see how they were affected by their enactment. Here you have the infallible test of fact and experience; and wretched indeed must you be if false shame, false pride, false fear, or false spirit can prevent you from reading that lesson of wisdom which is written in the blood and the calamities of your country. [Here Mr. Curran went into a detail of the Popery laws, as they affected the Catholics of Ireland.] These laws were destructive of arts, of industry, of private morals and public order. They were fitted to extirpate even the Christian religion from amongst the people, and reduce them to the condition of savages and rebels, disgraceful to humanity and formidable to the state.

[He then traced the progress and effects of those laws from the revolution in 1779.] Let me now ask you, How have those laws affected the Protestant subject and the Protestant constitution? In that interval were they free? Did they possess that liberty which they denied to their brethren? No, sir; where there are inhabitants, but no people, there can be no freedom; unless there be a spirit, and what may be called a pull, in the people, a free government cannot be kept steady or fixed in its seat. You had indeed a government, but it was planted in civil dissension and watered in civil blood, and whilst the virtuous luxuriance of its branches aspired to heaven, its infernal roots shot downward to their congenial regions, and were intertwined in hell. Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects, but they were only their jailers, and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the punishment of their vice and their folly.

But are these facts for which we must appeal to history? You all remember the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. What were you then? Your constitution, without resistance, in the hands of the British parliament; your trade in many parts extinguished, in every part coerced. So low were you reduced to beggary and servitude as to declare, that unless the mercy of England was extended to your trade you could not subsist. Here you have an infallible test of the ruinous influence of those laws in the experience of a century: of a constitution surrendered, and commerce utterly extinct. But can you learn nothing on this subject from the events that followed?

In 1778 you somewhat relaxed the severity of those laws, and improved, in some degree, the condition of the Catholics. What was the consequence even of a partial union with your countrymen? The united efforts of the two bodies restored that constitution which had been lost by their separation.

In 1782 you became free. Your Catholic brethren shared the danger of the conflict, but you had not justice or gratitude to let them share the fruits of the victory. You suffered them to relapse into their former insignificance and depression. And, let me ask you, has it not fared with you according to your deserts? Let me ask you if the parliament of Ireland can boast of being now less at the feet of the British minister, than at that period it was of the British parliament? [Here he observed on the conduct of the administration for some years past, in the accumulation of public burdens and parliamentary influence.] But it is not the mere increase of debt; it is not the creation of one hundred and ten placemen and pensioners that forms the real cause of the public malady. The real cause is the exclusion of your people from all influence upon the representative. The question, therefore, is whether you will seek your own safety in the restoration of your fellow-subjects, or whether you will choose rather to perish than to be just?

I now proceed to examine the objections to a general incorporation of the Catholics. On general principles no man can justify the deprivation of civil rights on any ground but that of forfeiture for some offense. The Papist of the last century might forfeit his property for

ever, for that was his own, but he could not forfeit the rights and capacities of his unborn posterity. And let me observe that even those laws against the offender himself were enacted while injuries were recent, and while men were, not unnaturally, alarmed by the consideration of a French monarchy, a pretender, and a pope; things that we now read of but can see no more. But are they disaffected to liberty? On what ground can such an imputation be supported? Do you see any instance of any man's religious theory governing his civil or political conduct? Is Popery an enemy to freedom? Look to France, and be answered. Is Protestantism necessarily its friend? You are Protestants; look to yourselves, and be refuted. But look further; do you find even the religious sentiments of sectaries marked by the supposed characteristics of their sects?

Do you not find that a Protestant Briton can be a bigot, with only two sacraments, and a Catholic Frenchman a Deist, admitting seven? But you affect to think your property in danger by admitting them into the state. That has been already refuted; but you have yourselves refuted your own objection. Thirteen years ago you expressed the same fear, yet you made the experiment; you opened the door to landed property, and the fact has shown the fear to be without foundation.

But another curious topic has been stated again: the Protestant ascendancy is in danger. What do you mean by that word? Do you mean the rights, and property, and dignities of the Church? If you do, you must feel they are safe. They are secured by the law, by the coronation oath, by a Protestant parliament, a Protestant king, a Protestant confederated nation. Do you mean the free and protected exercise of the Protestant religion? You know it has the same security to support it. Or do you mean the just and honorable support of the numerous and meritorious clergy of your own country, who really discharge the labors and duties of the ministry? As to that, let me say that if we felt on that subject as we ought we should not have so many men of talent and virtue struggling under the difficulties of their scanty pittance, and feeling the melancholy conviction that no virtues or talents can give them any hope of advancement.

If you really mean the preservation of every right and every honor that can dignify a Christian priest and give authority to his function, I will protect them as zealously as you. I will ever respect and revere the man who employs himself in diffusing light, hope, and consolation. But if you mean by ascendancy the power of persecution, I detest and abhor it. If you mean the ascendancy of an English school over an Irish university, I cannot look upon it without aversion. An ascendancy of that form raises to my mind a little greasy emblem of stall-fed theology imported from some foreign land, with the graces of a lady's-maid, the dignity of a side-table, the temperance of a larder, its sobriety the dregs of a patron's bottle, and its wisdom the dregs of a patron's understanding, brought hither to devour, to degrade, and to defame. Is it to such a thing you would have it thought that you affixed the idea of the Protestant ascendancy? But it is said, Admit them by degrees, and do not run the risk of too precipitate an incorporation. I conceive both the argument and the fact unfounded. In a mixed government like ours an increase of the democratic power can scarcely ever be dangerous. None of the three powers of our constitution acts singly in the line of its natural direction; each is necessarily tempered and diverted by the action of the other two; and hence it is, that though the power of the crown has, perhaps, far transcended the degree to which theory might confine it, the liberty of the British constitution may not be in much danger.

An increase of power to any of the three acts finally upon the state with a very diminished influence, and therefore great indeed must be that increase in any one of them which can endanger the practical balance of the constitution. Still, however, I contend not against the caution of a general admission. Let me ask you, Can you admit them any otherwise than gradually? The striking and melancholy symptom of the public disease is, that if it recovers at all it can be only through a feeble and lingering convalescence. Yet even this gradual admission your Catholic brethren do not ask, save under every pledge and every restriction which your justice and wisdom can recommend to your adoption.

I call on the house to consider the necessity of acting

with a social and conciliatory mind. Contrary conduct may perhaps protract the unhappy depression of our country, but a partial liberty cannot long subsist. A disunited people cannot long subsist. With infinite regret must any man look forward to the alienation of three millions of our people, and to a degree of subserviency and corruption in a fourth. I am sorry to think it is so very easy to conceive, that in case of such an event the inevitable consequence would be an union with Great Britain.

And if any one desires to know what that would be, I will tell him. It would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation of British taxes without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excisemen, unless possibly you may add fifteen or twenty couple of Irish members, who may be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

From the Speech in Defense of A. H. Rowan in the Court of King's Bench, January, 1794.

What then remains? The liberty of the press *only*—that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing, but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from; I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud and walks abroad; the demagogue goes forth—the public eye is upon him—he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment bears him

down or drives him off and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch. If you doubt of the horrid consequence of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave have any slumber—the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning—by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries—one cannot read it without horror—there are officers whose province it is to have the water which is to be drunk by their rulers sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution. You have it at that memorable period when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom, like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate

of society, therefore—of peace—of domestic liberty—and the lasting union of the two countries—I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the crown.

THE DISARMING OF ULSTER.

Speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, March, 1797.

[The Lord Lieutenant desired Parliament to assent to his order for the attainder of Ulster, and to put the province under military execution forthwith. Mr. Grattan moved an amendment, which Mr. Curran supported.]

The weakness of my health has kept me silent in the early stage of the debate. As it advanced I felt less inclination to rise, because I saw clearly, whatever a majority might think, how it was resolved to vote. The speech, however, of the last speaker made it impossible for me to sit silent, or to withhold my reprobation of the doctrines which the right honorable gentleman (Mr. Pelham) has advanced. That gentleman has stated that the prerogative was wisely left undefined and unlimited and warranted the disarming the North if such an act was expedient. Before the honorable member becomes a teacher in constitution he would do well to begin by becoming a learner, and he will easily learn that his idea is an utter mistake. A prerogative without limit is a dispensing power; he will learn that for having assumed such a power James II. lost his crown. It is the great merit of the British constitution that no such power exists. It is, on the contrary, the limitation of the prerogative by law that distinguishes a lawful magistrate from a tyrant, and a subject from a slave. Every prerogative is defined in its nature and extent, though the exercise of it, so defined and limited, is very properly left to the discretion of the crown. The king, for example, has the prerogative of making peace or war—or calling or dissolving a parliament. This prerogative rests merely on the authority of law, but the

time or manner of doing any of these things is wisely left to the discretion of the crown; nor is that discretion wild and arbitrary, for the minister is responsible with his head.

The honorable gentleman has made two assertions: first, that the crown has the power of disarming the people by its prerogative; and, next, that in the present instance the act was just and necessary. In fact, the second position of the honorable member is a complete abandonment of his first; for if the people are disarmed by virtue of the prerogative, why come to this house? The truth is, the gentleman's conduct shows he does not know the constitution on this subject. The right honorable attorney-general has done right in declaring that the viceroy has broken the law in the order to disarm the people. The order, as to any man acting under it, was a perfect nullity, and any man was answerable for what he might commit under such an order, as a mere common offender. But examine the second position itself, that at this time it is just and necessary. Why? Because the North is in a state of rebellion, and rebellion may be resisted by an armed force. Are they in open arrayed rebellion? Not so; but they are in secret and organized rebellion, and the prevention is necessary. See the horrors that result when governments are suffered to desert the known laws, and to wander into their own stupid and fantastic analogies. We find the same exactness of knowledge which the minister has shown in the doctrine of prerogative displayed in his curious distinction in the law of treason; he thinks a secret system of treason, unattended by any act, the same with treason arrayed in arms.

Having assumed so monstrous a position in defiance of the known law, that calls nothing treason that is not provable by overt act, see whither his own reasoning must lead him. If open rebellion and this mere treason in intention be the same, then the same remedies must be lawful in both cases. You may assist and resist open rebellion by armed force; you may mow it down in the field—you may burn it in its camp. By the gentleman's own doctrine—having first assumed this intentional treason—he would be justified in covering the North with massacre and conflagration. [On this part of the subject Mr. Curran

went into a variety of observations. He next examined the evidence on which we were to publish to the world, to the enemy, that the most valuable and enlightened part of the nation was in rebellion, without inquiry, without even the assertion of any specific fact.] How can we look the public in the face if we surrender ourselves so meanly to a British agent, or surrender our country to military law, without evidence or inquiry? I will put a serious question:—If the government think fit to supersede all law, and to substitute the bayonet, what must be the consequence? It freezes my blood to think of it; I cannot bring myself to state it in a public assembly. But the government are loud in their invectives on the North.

Is it possible that the detection of their folly can drive ministers, not into self-conviction or amendment, but into fury? The North I am sure, is deeply discontented; but owing to what cause? To your own laws; to your convention act, to your gunpowder act, to your insurrection act. The first denies the natural right of sufferers—the right of petition or complaint; the second, the power of self-defense by arms against brutal force; and the third, the defense of a jury against the attempts of power. What else could you expect? You were in vain warned that you would at last bring the nation to the state in which it is said to be. Such laws can only deprave and infect the people. Put a spaniel in the chain and you corrupt the gentleness of his nature, and make him fierce and ferocious; put a people in the chain and you do the same. And what is the remedy? Only one. Set them both at large, and liberty will infallibly effect a cure. Repeal your cruel and foolish laws, restore the constitution to its natural mildness, and you will soon find the natural effects.

Gentlemen have condemned the idea of an appeal to the sister nation for assistance, and condemned the interference of Lord Moira and Mr. Fox, as trenching on our independence. I commend their conduct as that of the most generous sympathy to our sinking situation, and the most patriotic to their own country. It was not an interference with the freedom of our legislation, but with the ruinous corruption of our own government, in which,

as subjects of the empire, they have an interest, and therefore a right of saying to their sovereign—"Sir, your ministers are degrading the common constitution of Ireland—they are enslaving the people, debauching its parliament, and driving the country to madness."

To censure such a conduct strikes my mind as the last and lowest extreme of degeneracy and shame. To bark at those who had virtue to make a struggle for our safety, which we had not virtue to make for ourselves.—Rare pride! Oh, rare and proud spirit of independence! Oh, pure and jealous representatives of your country! Oh, dignified assertion of a right of suicide! Oh, glorious assertion of your sacred right of abandoning your country, and selling its representation! Oh, high-souled declaration, worthy to be recorded, and worthy of those that make it! We *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* save us.

FAREWELL TO THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Delivered in the Irish House of Commons, 1797.

I consider this as a measure of justice with respect to the Catholics and the people at large. The Catholics in former times groaned under the malignant folly of penal laws—wandered like herds upon the earth, or gathered under some threadbare grandee who came to Dublin, danced attendance at the Castle, was smiled on by the secretary, and carried back to his miserable countrymen the gracious promise of favor and protection. They are no longer mean dependents, but owners of their country, and claiming simply and boldly, as Irishmen, the natural privileges of men and natives of their country. . . .

I now proceed to answer the objections to the measure. I was extremely shocked to see the agent of a foreign cabinet rise up in the assembly that ought to represent the Irish nation and oppose a motion that was made on the acknowledged and deplored corruption which has been imported from his country. Such an opposition is a proof of the charge, which I am astonished he could venture upon at so awful a crisis. I doubt whether the charge, or this

proof of it, would appear most odious. However, I will examine the objections. It is said—"It is not the time." This argument has become a jest in Ireland, for it has been used in all times: in war, in peace, in quiet, and in disturbance. It is the miserable, dilatory plea of persevering and stupid corruption, that wishes to postpone its fate by a promise of amendment, which it is resolved never to perform. Reform has become an exception to the proverb that says there is a time for all things; but for reform there is no time, because at all times corruption is more profitable to its authors than public virtue and propriety, which they know must be fatal to their views. As to the present time, the objections to it are a compound of the most unblushing impudence and folly. Forsooth, it would seem as if the house had yielded through fear. Personal bravery or fear are inapplicable to a public assembly. I know no cowardice so despicable as the fear of seeming to be afraid. To be afraid of danger is not an unnatural sensation; but to be brave in absurdity and injustice, merely from fear of having your sense of honesty imputed to your own apprehension, is a stretch of folly which I have never heard of before. But the time is pregnant with arguments very different indeed from those I have heard; I mean the report of the Secret Committee and the dreadful state of the country. The allegation is that the people are not to have justice, because a rebellion exists within, and because we have an enemy at our gate; because, forsooth, reform is only a pretext, and separation is the object of the leaders. If a rebellion exist, every good subject ought to be detached from it. But if an enemy threaten to invade us, it is only common sense to detach every subject from the hostile standard and bring him back to his duty and his country.

The present miserable state of Ireland—its distractions, its distresses, its bankruptcy—are the effects of the war, and it is the duty of the authors of that war to reconcile the people by the most timely and liberal justice; the utmost physical strength should be called forth, and that can be done only by union. This is a subject so tremendous I do not wish to dwell on it; I will therefore leave it. I will support a reform on its own merits, and as a measure of internal peace, at this momentous juncture. Its merits

are admitted by the objection to the time, because the objection admits that at any other time it would be proper. For twenty years past there was no man of any note in England or Ireland who did not consider the necessity of it as a maxim; they all saw and confessed that the people are not represented, and that they have not the benefit of a mixed monarchy. They have a monarchy which absorbs the two other estates, and, therefore, they have the insupportable expense of a monarchy, an aristocracy, and a democracy, without the simplicity or energy of any one of those forms of government. In Ireland this is peculiarly fatal, because the honest representation of the people is swallowed in the corruption and intrigue of a cabinet of another country. From this may be deduced the low estate of the Irish people; their honest labor is wasted in pampering their betrayers, instead of being employed, as it ought to be, in accommodating themselves and their children. On these miserable consequences of corruption, which are all the fatal effects of inadequate representation, I do not wish to dwell. To expatiate too much on them might be unfair, but to suppress them might be treason to the public. It is said that reform is only a pretense, and that separation is the real object of leaders; if this be so, confound the leaders by destroying the pretext, and take the followers to yourselves. You say there are one hundred thousand; I firmly believe there are three times the number. So much the better for you; if these seducers can attach so many followers to rebellion by the hope of reform through blood, how much more readily will you engage them, not by the promise, but the possession, and without blood? You allude to the British fleet; learn from it to avoid the fatal consequence that may follow even a few days' delay of justice.

It is said to be only a pretext; I am convinced of the contrary. I am convinced the people are sincere, and would be satisfied by it. I think so from the perseverance in petitioning for it for a number of years; I think so, because I think a monarchy, properly balanced by a fair representation of the people, gives as perfect liberty as the most celebrated republics of old. But of the real attraction of this object of reform you have a proof almost miraculous; the desire of reform has annihilated religious antipathy

and united the country. In the history of mankind it is the only instance of so fatal a religious fanaticism being discarded by the good sense of mankind, instead of dying slowly by the development of its folly. And I am persuaded the hints thrown out this night to make the different sects jealous of each other will be a detected trick and will only unite them still more closely. The Catholics have given a pledge to their countrymen of their sincerity and their zeal, which cannot fail of producing the most firm reliance; they have solemnly disclaimed all idea of what is called emancipation, except as a part of that reform without which their Presbyterian brethren could not be free. Reform is a necessary change of mildness for coercion. The latter has been tried; what is its success?

The convention bill was passed to punish the meetings at Dungannon and those of the Catholics; the government considered the Catholic concessions as defeats that called for vengeance, and cruelly have they avenged them. But did that act, or those which followed it, put down those meetings? The contrary was the fact. It concealed them most foolishly. When popular discontents are abroad, a wise government should put them into a hive of glass. You hid them. The association at first was small; the earth seemed to drink it as a rivulet, but it only disappeared for a season. A thousand streams, through the secret windings of the earth, found their way to one course, and swelled its waters, until at last, too mighty to be contained, it burst out a great river, fertilizing by its exudations or terrifying by its cataracts. This is the effect of our penal code; it swells sedition into rebellion. What else could be hoped from a system of terrorism? Fear is the most transient of all the passions; it is the warning that nature gives for self-preservation. But when safety is unattainable the warning must be useless, and nature does not, therefore, give it. Administration, therefore, mistook the quality of penal laws; they were sent out to abolish conventions, but they did not pass the threshold; they stood sentinels at the gates. You think that penal laws, like great dogs, will wag their tails to their masters and bark only at their enemies. You are mistaken; they turn and devour those they are meant to protect and are harmless where they are intended to destroy.

I see gentlemen laugh; I see they are still very ignorant of the nature of fear; it cannot last; neither while it does can it be concealed. The feeble glimmering of a forced smile is a light that makes the cheek look paler. Trust me, the times are too humanized for such systems of government. Humanity will not execute them, but humanity will abhor them and those who wish to rule by such means. This is not theory; the experiment has been tried and proved. You hoped much, and, I doubt not, meant well by those laws; but they have miserably failed you; it is time to try milder methods. You have tried to force the people; the rage of your penal laws was a storm that only drove them in groups to shelter. Your convention law gave them that organization which is justly an object of such alarm; and the very proclamation seems to have given them arms. Before it is too late, therefore, try the better force of reason, and conciliate them by justice and humanity. The period of coercion in Ireland is gone, nor can it ever return until the people shall return to the folly and to the natural weakness of disunion. Neither let us talk of innovation; the progress of nature is no innovation. The increase of people, with the growth of the mind, is no innovation; it is no way alarming unless the growth of our minds lag behind. If we think otherwise, and think it an innovation to depart from the folly of our infancy, we should come here in our swaddling-clothes; we should not innovate upon the dress, more than the understanding of the cradle.

As to the system of peace now proposed, we must take it on principles; they are simply two—the abolition of religious disabilities and the representation of the people. I am confident the effects would be everything to be wished. The present alarming discontent will vanish, the good will be separated from the evil-intentioned; the friends of mixed government in Ireland are many; every sensible man must see that it gives all the enjoyment of rational liberty if the people have their due place in the state. This system would make us invincible against a foreign or domestic enemy; it would make the empire strong at this important crisis; it would restore us to liberty, industry, and peace, which I am satisfied can never, by any other means, be restored. Instead, therefore, of abusing the

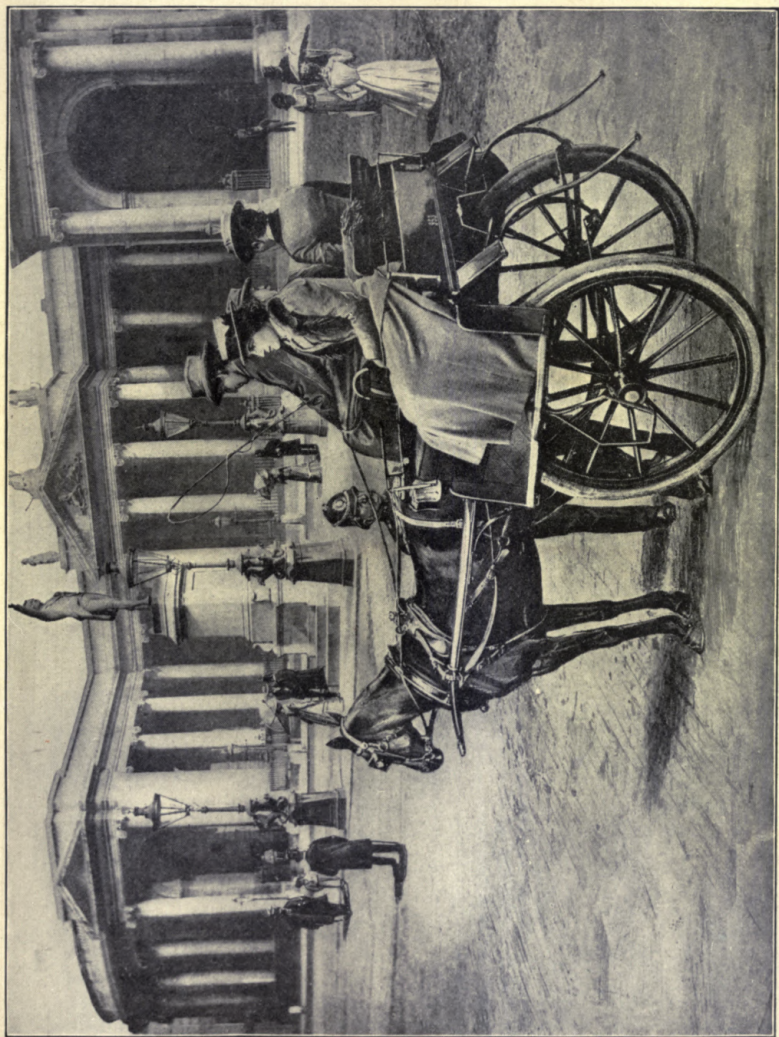
people, let us remember that there is no physical strength but theirs, and conciliate them by justice and reason.

I am censured heavily for having acted for them in the late prosecutions. I feel no shame at such a charge, except that, at such a time as this, to defend the people should be held out as an imputation upon a king's counsel, when the people are prosecuted by the state. I think every counsel is the property of his fellow subjects. If, indeed, because I wore his majesty's gown, I had declined my duty or done it weakly or treacherously; if I had made that gown a mantle of hypocrisy, and betrayed my client or sacrificed him to any personal view, I might, perhaps, have been thought wiser by those who have blamed me; but I should have thought myself the basest villain upon earth. The plan of peace, proposed by a reform, is the only means that I and my friends can see left to save us. It is certainly a time for decision, and not for half measures. I agree that unanimity is indispensable. The house seems pretty nearly unanimous for force; I am sorry for it, for I bode the worst from it. I will retire from a scene where I can do no good—where I certainly would interrupt that unanimity. I cannot, however, go without a parting entreaty that gentlemen will reflect on the awful responsibility in which they stand to their country and to their conscience, before they set the example to the people of abandoning the constitution and the law, and resorting to the terrible expedient of force.

SPEECH AT NEWRY ELECTION.

[At the general election in 1812 Curran contested the borough of Newry against General Needham, but on the sixth day of the election he saw that the borough was lost and withdrew from the contest. We give the principal part of the speech he then addressed to the electors, which Mr. Phillips says is the only one extant which he ever addressed to a purely popular assembly.]

. . . Let me rapidly sketch the first dawn of dissension in Ireland, and the relations of the conqueror and the conquered. That conquest was obtained, like all the victories over Ireland, by the triumph of guilt over innocence.



This dissension was followed up by the natural hatred of the spoiler and the despoiled; followed up further by the absurd antipathies of religious sects; and still further followed by the rivalries of trade, the cruel tyrants of Ireland dreading that if Irish industry had not her hands tied behind her back she might become impatient of servitude, and those hands might work her deliverance.

To this growing accumulation of Irish dissension the miserable James II., his heart rotted by the depravity of that France which had given him an interested shelter from the just indignation of his betrayed subjects, put the last hand; and an additional dissension, calling itself political as well as religious, was superadded.

Under this sad coalition of confederating dissensions, nursed and fomented by the policy of England, this devoted country has continued to languish with small fluctuations of national destiny, from the invasion of the Second Henry to the present time.

And here let me be just while I am indignant. Let me candidly own that to the noble examples of British virtue—to the splendid exertions of British courage—to their splendid sacrifices am I probably indebted for my feelings as an Irishman and my devotion to my country. They thought it madness to trust themselves to the influence of any foreign country; they thought the circulation of the political blood could be carried on only by the action of the heart within the body, and could not be maintained from without. Events have shown you that what they thought was just, and that what they did was indispensable. They thought they ought to govern themselves—they thought that at every hazard they ought to make the effort—they thought it more eligible to perish than to fail—and to the God of heaven I pray that the authority of so splendid an example may not be lost upon Ireland.

At length, in 1782, a noble effort was made—and deathless ought to be the name of him¹ that made it, and deathless ought to be the gratitude of the country for which it was made—the independence of Ireland was acknowledged.

Under this system of asserted independence our pro-

¹ Henry Grattan.

gress in prosperity was much more rapid than could have been expected, when we remember the conduct of a very leading noble person¹ upon that occasion. Never was a more generous mind or a purer heart; but his mind had more purity than strength. He had all that belonged to taste, and courtesy, and refinement; but the grand and the sublime of national reform were composed of colors too strong for his eye, and comprised a horizon too outstretched for his vision. The Catholics of Ireland were, in fact, excluded from the asserted independence of their country. Thus far the result comes to this—that wherever perfect union is not found, complete redress must be sought in vain.

The union was the last and mortal blow to the existence of Ireland as a nation—a consummation of our destruction achieved by that perpetual instrument of our ruin, our own dissensions.

The whole history of mankind records no instance of any hostile cabinet, perhaps of any even internal cabinet, so destitute of all principles of honor or of shame. The Irish Catholic was taught to believe that if he surrendered his country he would cease to be a slave. The Irish Protestant was cajoled into the belief that if he concurred in the surrender he would be placed upon the neck of a hostile faction. Wretched dupe! You might as well persuade the jailer that he is less a prisoner than the captives he locks up, merely because he carries the key of the prison in his pocket.

By that reciprocal animosity, however, Ireland was surrendered; the guilt of the surrender was most atrocious—the consequences of the crime most tremendous and exemplary. We put ourselves into a condition of the most unqualified servitude; we sold our country, and we levied upon ourselves the price of the purchase; we gave up the right of disposing of our properties; we yielded to a foreign legislature to decide whether the funds necessary to their projects or their profligacy should be extracted from us or be furnished by themselves. The consequence has been, our scanty means have been squandered in her internal corruption as profusely as our best blood has been wasted in the madness of her aggressions, or the feeble

¹ Lord Charlemont.

folly of her resistance—our debt has accordingly been increased more than tenfold—the common comforts of life have been vanishing—we are sinking into beggary—our poor people have been worried by cruel and unprincipled prosecutions—and the instruments of our government have been almost simplified into the tax-gatherer and the hangman.

At length, after this long night of suffering, the morning-star of our redemption cast its light upon us—the mist was dissolved—and all men perceived that those whom they had been blindly attacking in the dark were in reality their fellow-sufferers and their friends. We have made a discovery of the grand principle in politics, that the tyrant is in every instance the creature of the slave—that he is a cowardly and a computing animal—and that, in every instance, he calculates between the expenditure to be made and the advantage to be acquired.

I, therefore, do not hesitate to say that if the wretched Island of Man, that *refugium peccatorum* (refuge of sinners) had sense and spirit to see the force of this truth she could not be enslaved by the whole power of England. The oppressor would see that the necessary expenditure in whips, and chains, and gibbets would infinitely counter-vail the ultimate value of the acquisition; and it is owing to the ignorance of this unquestionable truth that so much of this agitated globe has, in all ages, been crawled over by a Manx population. This discovery, at last, Ireland has made; the Catholic claimed his rights; the Protestant generously and nobly felt as he ought, and seconded the claim. A silly government was driven to the despicable courage of cowardice, and resorted to the odious artillery of prosecutions; the expedient failed; the question made its way to the discussion of the senate. I will not tire you with a detail. A House of Commons, who, at least, represented themselves—perhaps afraid, perhaps ashamed, of their employers—became unmanageable tools in the hands of such awkward artists, and were dissolved; just as a beaten gamester throws the cards into the fire, in hopes in a new pack to find better fortune.

Gentlemen, I was well aware at my rising that you expected nothing like amusement from what I had to say; that my duty was to tell you plain and important truths;

to lay before you, without exaggeration or reserve, a fair statement of the causes that have acted upon the national fortune—of the causes that have put you down, and that may raise you up; to possess you with a fair idea of your present position—of what you have to fear, of what you have to hope, and how you ought to act. When I speak of your present position I would not have you suppose that I mean the actual situation of the borough of Newry, or that I think it much worth while to dwell upon the foolish insolence with which a besotted cabinet has thought fit to insult you by sending a stranger to your country and your interests, to obtain a momentary victory over your integrity by means of which none of you are ignorant. [Here Mr. Curran was interrupted, and then resumed.]

I do not wonder at having provoked interruption when I spoke of your borough. I told you that from this moment it is free. Never in my life have I so felt the spirit of the people as among you; never have I so felt the throbs of returning life. I almost forgot my own habitual estimate of my own small importance; I almost thought it was owing to some energy within myself when I was lifted and borne on upon the buoyant surge of popular sympathy and enthusiasm. I, therefore, again repeat it, it is the moment of your new birth unto righteousness. Your proved friends are high among you—your developed enemies are expunged for ever—your liberty has been taken from the grave, and if she is put back into the tomb, it can be only by your own parricide, and she must be buried alive.

I have to add, for your satisfaction, a statement has been laid before me of the grossest bribery, which will be proved beyond all doubt, and make the return a nullity. I have also received a statement of evidence to show that more than one-third of those who voted against us had been trained by bribe and terror into perjury when they swore to the value of their qualifications. Some of those houses had actually no existence whatsoever. They might as well have voted from their pasture to give their suffrage; and Nebuchadnezzar, in the last year of his feeding on grass, would have been as competent as they were to vote in Ireland. But I enlarge not upon this topic.

To touch upon it is enough for the present; the detail must be reserved for a future occasion and another place.

It belongs only to the hopeless to be angry. Do not you, therefore, be angry where you cannot be surprised. You have been insulted, and oppressed, and betrayed; but what better could you hope from such a ministry as their own nation is cursed withal? They hear the voice of suffering England now thundering in their ears; they feel they cannot retain—they are anxious to destroy—they are acting upon the principle of Russian retreat. . . .

Shall I, my friends, say one serious word to you upon this serious subject? Patriotism is of no one religion; Christianity belongs exclusively to no sect; and moral virtue and social duty are taught with equal exactness by every sect, and practiced with equal imperfection by all; and therefore, wherever you find a little interested bustling bigot, do not hate him, do not imitate him, pity him if you can. I scarcely wish you not to laugh when you look at one of these pearl-divers in theology, his head barely under water, his eyes shut, and an index floating behind him, displaying the precise degree of his purity and his depth.

A word or two upon your actual position; and what upon that subject but a word of sadness, the monumental inscription upon the headstone of our grave? all semblance of national independence buried in that grave in which our legislature is interred, our property and our persons are disposed of by laws made in another clime, and made like boots and shoes for exportation, to fit the wearers as they may. If you were now to consult my learned friend here, and ask him how much of your property belongs to yourself, or for what crime you may be whipped, or hanged, or transported, his answer would be, "It is impossible, sir, to tell you now, but I am told that the packet is in the bay." It was, in fact, the real design of a rash, and arbitrary, and short-sighted projector at once to deprive you of all power as to your own taxation, and of another power of not very inferior importance, and which, indeed, is inseparably connected with taxation, to rob you of all influence upon the vital question of peace or war; and to bring all within the control of an English minister. This very power, thus acquired by that detested union,

has been a millstone about the neck of England. From that hour to this she has been flaring away in her ruinous and wasteful war: her allies no more—her enemies multiplied—her finances reduced to rags—her people depressed and discontented—her artisans reduced to the last ebb, and her discontents methodized into the most terrific combinations; her laborers without employment—her manufactures without a market, the last entrance in the North to which they could have looked being now shut against them, and fastened by a bar that has been reddened in the flames of Moscow. But this, gentlemen, is a picture too heart-rending to dilate upon; you cannot but know it already; and I do not wish to anticipate the direful consequences by which you are too probably destined to feel it further to the quick. I find it a sort of refuge to pass to the next topic which I mentioned as calling for your attention, namely, what foundation, what ground we had for hope.

Nothing but the noblest and most disinterested patriotism led the Protestants of Ireland to ally themselves, offensively and defensively, with their afflicted, oppressed Catholic countrymen.

Without the aid of its rank, its intellect, and its property, Ireland could do no more for herself now than she has done for centuries heretofore, when she lay a helpless hulk upon the water; but now, for the first time, we are indebted to a Protestant spirit for the delicious spectacle of seeing her at length equipped with masts, and sails, and compass, and helm—at length she is seaworthy.

Whether she is to escape the tempest or gain the port is an event to be disposed of by the Great Ruler of the waters and the winds. If our voyage be prosperous our success will be doubled by our unanimity; but even if we are doomed to sink, we shall sink with honor. But am I over-sanguine in counting our Protestant allies? Your own country gives you a cheering instance in a noble marquis¹ retiring from the dissipation of an English court, making his country his residence, and giving his first entrance into manhood to the cause of Ireland. It is not from any association of place that my mind is turned to the name of Moira; to name him is to recognize what your idolatry has given to him for so many years. . . .

¹ The Marquis of Downshire.

Let me pass to another splendid accession to our force in the noble conduct of our rising youth in the election of our university. With what tenderness and admiration must the eye dwell upon the exalted band of young men, the rosy blush of opening life glowing upon their cheeks, advancing in patriotic procession, bringing the first-fruits of unfolding virtue a sacred offering on the altar of their country, and conducted by a priest in every point worthy of the votaries and of the offering. The choice which they have made of a man of such tried public virtue and such transcendent talents as Mr. Plunket is a proof of their early proficiency in sense and virtue.

If Mr. Plunket had been sent alone as the representative of his country, and was not accompanied by the illustrious Henry Grattan, I should hesitate to say of him what the historian said of Gylippus when he was sent alone as a military reinforcement to a distressed ally who had applied for aid to Sparta: Gylippus alone (says the writer) was sent, in whom was concentrated all the energies and all the talents of his country. . . . It is only due to justice that upon this subject I add, with whatsoever regret, another word; it would not be candid if I left it possibly for you to suspect that my attestation could have been dictated by mere private attachment, instead of being measured by the most impartial judgment. Little remains for me to add to what I have already said. I said you should consider how you ought to act, I will give you my humble idea upon that point: do not exhaust the resources of your spirit by idle anger or idle disgust; forgive those that have voted against you here, they will not forgive themselves. I understand they are to be packed up in tumbrils, with layers of salt between them, and carted to the election for the county, to appear again in patriotic support of the noble projector of the glories of Walcheren.

Do not envy him the precious cargo of the raw materials of virtuous legislation; be assured all this is of use. Let me remind you before I go of that precept, equally profound and beneficent, which the meek and modest Author of our blessed religion left to the world: "And one commandment I give you, that you love one another." Be assured that of this love the true spirit can be no other than probity and honor. The great analogies of the moral

and the physical world are surprisingly coincident: you cannot glue two pieces of board together unless the joint be clean—you cannot unite two men together unless the cement be virtue, for vice can give no sanction to compact, she can form no bond of affection.

And now, my friends, I bid you adieu, with a feeling at my heart that can never leave it, and which my tongue cannot attempt the abortive effort of expressing. If my death do not prevent it we shall meet again in this place. If you feel as kindly to me as I do to you, relinquish the attestations which I know you had reserved for my departure. Our enemy has, I think, received the mortal blow, but though he reels he has not fallen, and we have seen too much, on a greater scale, of the wretchedness of anticipated triumph. Let me, therefore, retire from among you in the way that becomes me and becomes you, uncheered by a single voice, and unaccompanied by a single man. May the blessing of God preserve you in the affection of one another!

THE DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
 Could more than drinking my cares compose,
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
 And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
 But as in wailing there's nought availing,
 And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go!

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,
 In every danger my course I've run;
 Now hope all ending, and death befriending,
 His last aid lending, my cares are done;
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over—my glass runs low;
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go!

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.¹

When Saint Patrick this order established,
 He called us the "Monks of the Screw;"
 Good rules he revealed to our Abbot
 To guide us in what we should do;
 But first he replenished our fountain
 With liquor the best in the sky;
 And he said, on the word of a saint,
 That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
 In full chapter convened let me find you;
 And when to the Convent you come,
 Leave your favorite temptation behind you.
 And be not a glass in your Convent,
 Unless on a festival found;
 And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
 One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you 're tempted;
 While sober, be grave and discreet;
 And humble your bodies with fasting,
 As oft as you 've nothing to eat.
 Yet, in honor of fasting, one lean face
 Among you I 'd always require;
 If the Abbot should please, he may wear it,
 If not, let it come to the Prior.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
 And with due devotion prepare,
 With hands and with voices uplifted,
 Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.

¹The "Order of St. Patrick," or "Monks of the Screw," was a society partly convivial, but intended also to discover and encourage the wit, humor, and intellectual power of its members. The Convent, as it was called, or place of meeting, was in St. Kevin Street, Dublin, and it was the custom for the members to assemble every Saturday evening during the law term. They had also another meeting-place near Rathfarnham, Curran's country seat, which he appropriately called The Priory, he being elected Prior. The furniture of the festive apartment in Dublin was completely monkish, and at the meetings all the members appeared in the habit of the order, a black tabinet domino. The members of the club were nearly all distinguished men, including Lord Mornington (composer of the celebrated glee "Here in Cool Grot"), the Marquis of Townshend (when Viceroy), Yelverton (afterward Lord Avonmore), Dr. O'Leary, Grattan, Flood, George Ogle, Judge Johnson, Hussey Burgh, Lord Kilwarden, and the Earl of Arran. The society lasted till 1795.

See, also, the story with this title by Charles J. Lever.

May this chapter oft joyously meet,
 And this gladsome libation renew,
 To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
 And Prior, and Monks of the Screw!

SOME OF CURRAN'S WITTICISMS.

Reference has been made to the jokes and witticisms of the great orator, who would not be adequately represented without some examples of them. The following are only a very small part of the great number which are accredited to him:—

A tall and portly Irish barrister remarked to him:

“If you go on so I'll put you in my pocket.”

“Egad! if you do, you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head,” was the neat retort.

He often raised a laugh at Lord Norbury's expense. The laws, at that period, made capital punishment so general that nearly all crimes were punishable with death by the rope. It was remarked that Lord Norbury never hesitated to condemn the convicted prisoner to the gallows. Dining in company with Curran, who was carving some corned beef, Lord Norbury inquired, “Is that hung beef, Mr. Curran?” “Not yet, my lord,” was the reply, “you have not tried it.”

One day, when out riding with Lord Norbury, they came to a gallows, and pointing to it the judge said, “Where would you be, Curran, if that scaffold had its due?” “Riding alone, my lord,” was Curran's prompt reply.

Declaiming against the spies brought up from prisons after the rebellion of '98, Curran finally spoke of “Those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till the heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up an informer.”

A Limerick banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an iron leg. “His leg,” said Curran, “is the *softest* part about him.”

Retorting upon a speaker who had given utterance to a piece of empty self-glorification, Curran said: “The honorable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honor—I wish him joy of *his sinecure*.”

Of a learned sergeant who gave a confused explanation of some point of law, Curran remarked that "Whenever that grave counselor endeavored to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw trying to open an oyster with a rolling-pin."

Asked for a definition of "Nothing," Curran said: "Nothing defines it better than a footless boot without a leg, or a bodiless shirt without neck or sleeves."

A barrister, having entered the court with his wig awry and having endured chaff from a number of persons he met, at length addressed himself to Curran, saying—

"Do *you* see anything ridiculous in this wig?"

"Nothing but *the head*," was the reply.

Curran, having made a statement in support of one of his cases, Lord Clare curtly exclaimed—

"Oh! if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law-books!"

"Better *read* them, my lord," was the sly rejoinder.

Hearing that a stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, Curran promptly observed, "He'll not *change* either till he comes back."

At the assizes at Cork, Curran had once just entered upon his case, and stated the facts to the jury. He then, with his usual impressiveness and pathos, appealed to their feelings, and was concluding the whole with this sentence: "Thus, gentlemen, I trust I have made the innocence of that persecuted man as clear to you as"—at that instant the sun, which had hitherto been overclouded, shot its rays into the courthouse—"as clear to you," continued he, "as yonder sunbeam, which now bursts in upon us, and supplies me with its splendid illustration."

Curran, having quarreled with another barrister, ended by calling him out. Now Curran was a very small man, and his opponent, who was a very stout one, objected, saying: "You are so little that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting, whereas the chance is that you may shoot me at the first fire."

"To convince you that I don't wish to take any advantage," said Curran, "you shall *chalk* my size on *your* body and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing."

During Curran's last illness his physician observed one morning that he coughed with more difficulty.

"That is rather surprising," said he, "as I have been *practicing* all night."

Curran was at Cheltenham when his friends drew attention to a fashionable Irish gentleman who had the ugly habit of keeping his tongue exposed as he went along. On being asked what his countryman's motive could be, Curran readily hazarded the reply: "Oh! he 's evidently trying to catch the English accent."

Curran's hatred of the Union is shown in his answer to a peer who got his title for supporting the Government measure.

Meeting the orator near the Parliament House on College Green, his lordship said to him—

"What do they mean to do with this useless building? For my part I hate the very sight of it."

"I do not wonder at it, my lord," said Curran; "I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost*."

A rich barrister who had no overplus of brains once said sententiously that "No one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property."

"And pray, sir," said Curran, "may I ask how many acres make a *wise-acre*?"

Having had a violent discussion with a schoolmaster, Curran worsted him, and the pedagogue, loth to admit his defeat, said, with an evident show of temper, that he would lose no more time, but must return to his scholars.

"Do, my dear doctor," said the witty barrister, "*but don't indorse my sins upon their backs*."

When Lundy Foot, the tobacconist, set up his coach, he asked Curran to suggest a motto for it.

"I have just hit on it," said the wit; "it is only two words, and it will explain your profession, your elevation, and contempt for the people's ridicule; and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin and English, just as the reader chooses. Put up '*Quid rides*' upon your carriage."

During a case in which Curran was concerned, and while he was addressing the jury, an ass brayed, whereupon the judge interposed—

"One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please."

Later on, when the judge was summing up, the donkey was again heard braying outside, whereupon Curran seized the opportunity of a retort, and inquired of the judge—

“Does not your lordship hear a remarkable *echo in the court?*”

A certain actor, known for his meanness, billeted himself during a professional visit to Dublin upon all his acquaintances in the town.

Later on in the year he encountered Curran in London, and referring to *his great expenses*, asked the wit what he supposed he had spent during his visit to the Irish capital.

“I’m sure I don’t know,” said Curran, “but probably a *fortnight.*”

A person with whom Curran was conversing, and who was very precise in his pronunciation, cried out on one of the company, who had just cut down *curiosity* into *curoosity*. “Oh,” said he in a low voice to Curran, “how that man murders the language!” “Not exactly so bad,” was the reply, “he has only knocked an *I* out of it.”

Curran once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen-eyed son of Erin, who was up as a witness in a case of dispute in the matter of a horse deal. Curran much desired to break down the credibility of his witness, and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself—by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions—but to no avail.

The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense, and his equanimity and good nature, were not to be overturned. By-and-by Curran, in a towering wrath, belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court:—

“Sirrah, you are incorrigible! The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face!”

“Faith, yer honor,” said the witness, with the utmost simplicity of truth and honesty, “my face must be moity clane and shinin’, indade, if it can reflect like that.”

For once in his life the great barrister was floored by a simple witness. He could not recover from that repartee, and the case went against him.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Next day he applied for the money, but the host affected to know nothing

of the business. In this dilemma, the farmer consulted Curran. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred, and then come to me." The dupe doubted the advice; but, moved by the authority or rhetoric of the learned counsel, he at length followed it. "And now, sir," said he to Curran, "I don't see as I am to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'ze afraid, without my witness, at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said Curran: "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer did so, and came back with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. "Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I am much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." It need not be added that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, whilst the farmer returned exultingly to thank his counsel, with both hundreds in his pocket.

JOHN D'ALTON.

(1792—1867.)

JOHN D'ALTON was born at Bessville, Westmeath, in 1792; was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1813, and was afterward called to the bar. He had a strong literary turn, and was familiar with the Irish language. A number of his translations from the works of the old Celtic bards are preserved in Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy.' In 1814 he published 'Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Boroimhe'—a metrical romance in twelve cantos, in which the manners and customs of the period are poetically portrayed.

In 1835 Mr. D'Alton was appointed Commissioner of the Loan Fund Board in Dublin; he was then able to devote himself more closely than ever to the study of Irish antiquities and archæology, and the following books resulted: 'Annals of Boyle,' 'History of County Dublin,' 'King James the Second's Army List,' and 'The Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin.' For years he was a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and his essay on 'The Social and Political State of Ireland from the First to the Twelfth Century' obtained the highest prize of the Royal Irish Academy and the Cunningham gold medal. 'The History of Drogheda' next appeared, and in 1861 'The History of Dundalk,' written in conjunction with Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan, M. R. I. A.

Mr. D'Alton passed his life in Dublin, only leaving it for an occasional tour in England and Wales. He died in Dublin, Jan. 20, 1867. As poet, historian, and antiquarian, he made noteworthy additions to Irish literature.

CLARAGH'S LAMENT.

Translated from the Irish of John MacDonnell.

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed, and my thoughts are sad;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

Chorus.—My heart it danced when he was near,
My hero! my Cæsar! my Chevalier!
But while he wanders o'er the sea
Joy can never be joy to me.

Silent and sad pines the lone cuckoo,
Our chieftains hang o'er the grave of joy;
Their tears fall heavy as the summer's dew
For the lord of their hearts—the banished boy.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him,
 The harp forgets its thrilling tone;
 The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
 For the pride of their aching sight is gone.

The sun refused to lend his light,
 And clouds obscured the face of day;
 The tiger's whelps preyed day and night,
 For the lion of the forest was far away.

The gallant, graceful, young Chevalier,
 Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay;
 His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
 While he hews through falling foes his way.

O'er his blushing cheeks his blue eyes shine
 Like dewdrops glitt'ring on the rose's leaf;
 Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
 The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

His curling locks in wavy grace,
 Like beams on youthful Phæbus' brow,
 Flit wild and golden o'er his speaking face,
 And down his ivory shoulders flow.

Like Engus is he in his youthful days,
 Or Mac Cein, whose deeds all Erin knows,
 Mac Dary's chiefs, of deathless praise,
 Who hung like fate on their routed foes.

Like Connall the besieger, pride of his race,
 Or Fergus, son of a glorious sire,
 Or blameless Connor, son of courteous Nais,
 The chief of the Red Branch—Lord of the Lyre.

The cuckoo's voice is not heard on the gale,
 Nor the cry of the hounds in the nutty grove,
 Nor the hunter's cheering through the dewy vale,
 Since far—far away is the youth of our love.

The name of my darling none must declare,
 Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore;
 But, oh, may Heaven—Heaven hear my prayer!
 And waft the hero to my arms once more.

Chorus.—My heart—it danced when he was near,
 Ah! now my woe is the young Chevalier;
 'T is a pang that solace ne'er can know,
 That he should be banished by a rightless foe.

WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE?

From the Irish of Turlough O'Carolan.

The Bard addresses whisky—

Why, liquor of life! do I love you so;
 When in all our encounters you lay me low?
 More stupid and senseless I every day grow,
 What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning!
 Tattered and torn you've left my coat,
 I've not a cravat—to save my throat,
 Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat,
 If you'd cheer me again in the morning!

Whisky replies—

When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,
 With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,
 Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,
 And though thousands of cares assault you,
 You'll find tipping there—till morals mend,
 A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
 The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,
 And give you a "*Kead mille faulté.*"¹

The Bard resumes his address—

You're my soul and my treasure, without and within,
 My sister and cousin and all my kin;
 'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—
 But all other enjoyment is vain, love!
 My barley ricks all turn to you—
 My tillage—my plow—and my horses too—
 My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu,
 I care not while you remain, love!

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste,
 You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
 My forefathers all had the very same taste—
 For the genuine dew of the mountain.
 Oh! Usquebaugh! I love its kiss!—
 My guardian spirit, I think it is.
 Had my christening bowl been filled with this,
 I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
 And many a time you made me mad,

¹ *Kead mille faulté*, a thousand welcomes.

But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,
When you smile at me full on the table;
Surely you are my wife and brother—
My only child—my father and mother—
My outside coat—I have no other!
Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,
I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—
Brandy and Usquebaugh, and Ale!
But Claret untasted may pass us;
To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,
So, for righteousness' sake, I leave them this,
For Claret the gownsman's comfort is,
When they've saved us with matins and masses.

GEORGE DARLEY.

(1785—1846.)

GEORGE DARLEY, poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin in 1785. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1815, and was graduated in 1820. In 1822 he settled in London and in the same year produced his 'Errors of Ecstacie' (a dialogue with the moon). Then followed 'The Labors of Idleness' (prose and verse) by 'Guy Penseval,' 1826; 'Sylvia' (a fairy drama) in 1827; and 'Nepenthe' in 1839. Two dramas, 'Thomas à Becket' and 'Ethelstan,' were published in 1840 and 1841. He died in London in 1846.

A memorial volume of his poems containing several till then unprinted pieces has been published for private circulation. This comprises the chief of his poetical works. In the domain of science he wrote 'Familiar Astronomy,' first published in 1830, followed by 'Popular Algebra,' 'Geometrical Companion,' 'Geometry,' and 'Trigonometry,' which all ran through several editions.

"He was," says Mr. T. W. Rolleston, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "misanthropic, wayward, and afflicted with an exceptionally painful impediment in his speech, which drove him from society in morbid isolation." He "seems never to have met his peers in wholesome human contact, and lived alone, burying himself in the study of mathematics, of Gaelic, and what not, weaving his rich and strange fancies, apparently indifferent to public approval or criticism, which indeed the public spared him by entirely ignoring him. . . . The Celtic intoxication of sounding rhythm and glittering phrase," he continues, "was never better illustrated than by George Darley. Frequently it happens that his verse, though always preserving in some curious way the outward characteristics of fine poetry, becomes a sort of *caput mortuum*; the glow of life fades out of it. Or, again, it gives us only 'splendors that perplex' and leaves the spirit faint and bewildered. But when, as sometimes happens, spirit and sound, light and life, come together in their miraculous accord and form a living creation of spiritual ecstasy, then indeed we can yield ourselves wholly to the spell of the Celtic enchantment."

George Darley's work won cordial recognition from his brother poets of the day. Tennyson offered to pay the expenses of publishing his verse; Browning was inspired by 'Sylvia'; and Carey, the translator of Dante, thought that drama the finest poem of the day.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
 Your lips that seem on roses fed,
 Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
 A breath that softer music speaks
 Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds. Nay, what are lips?
 Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
 Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
 Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
 That wave hot youths to fields of blood?
 Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
 Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
 Poison can breath, that erst perfumed;
 There's many a white hand holds an urn
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's nought within,
 They are but empty cells for pride;
 He who the Siren's hair would win
 Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
 A tender heart, a loyal mind,
 Which with temptation I would trust,
 Yet never linked with error find—

One in whose gentle bosom I
 Could pour my secret heart of woes,
 Like the care-burthened honey-fly
 That hides his murmurs in the rose.

My earthly comforter! whose love
 So indefeasible might be,
 That when my spirit wonned above,
 Hers could not stay for sympathy.

SONG.

From 'Ethelstan.'

O'er the wild gannet's bath
 Come the Norse coursers!
 O'er the whale's heritage
 Gloriously steering!
 With beaked heads peering,
 Deep-plunging, high-rearing,
 Tossing their foam abroad,
 Shaking white manes aloft,
 Creamy-necked, pitchy-ribbed,
 Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the sun's mirror green
 Come the Norse coursers!
 Trampling its glassy breadth
 Into bright fragments!
 Hollow-backed, huge-bosomed,
 Fraught with mailed riders,
 Clanging with hauberks,
 Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
 Canvas-winged, cable-reined
 Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the wind's plowing-field
 Come the Norse coursers!
 By a hundred each ridden,
 To the bloody feast bidden,
 They rush in their fierceness
 And ravin all round them!
 Their shoulders enriching
 With fleecy light plunder,
 Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,
 Steeds of the ocean!

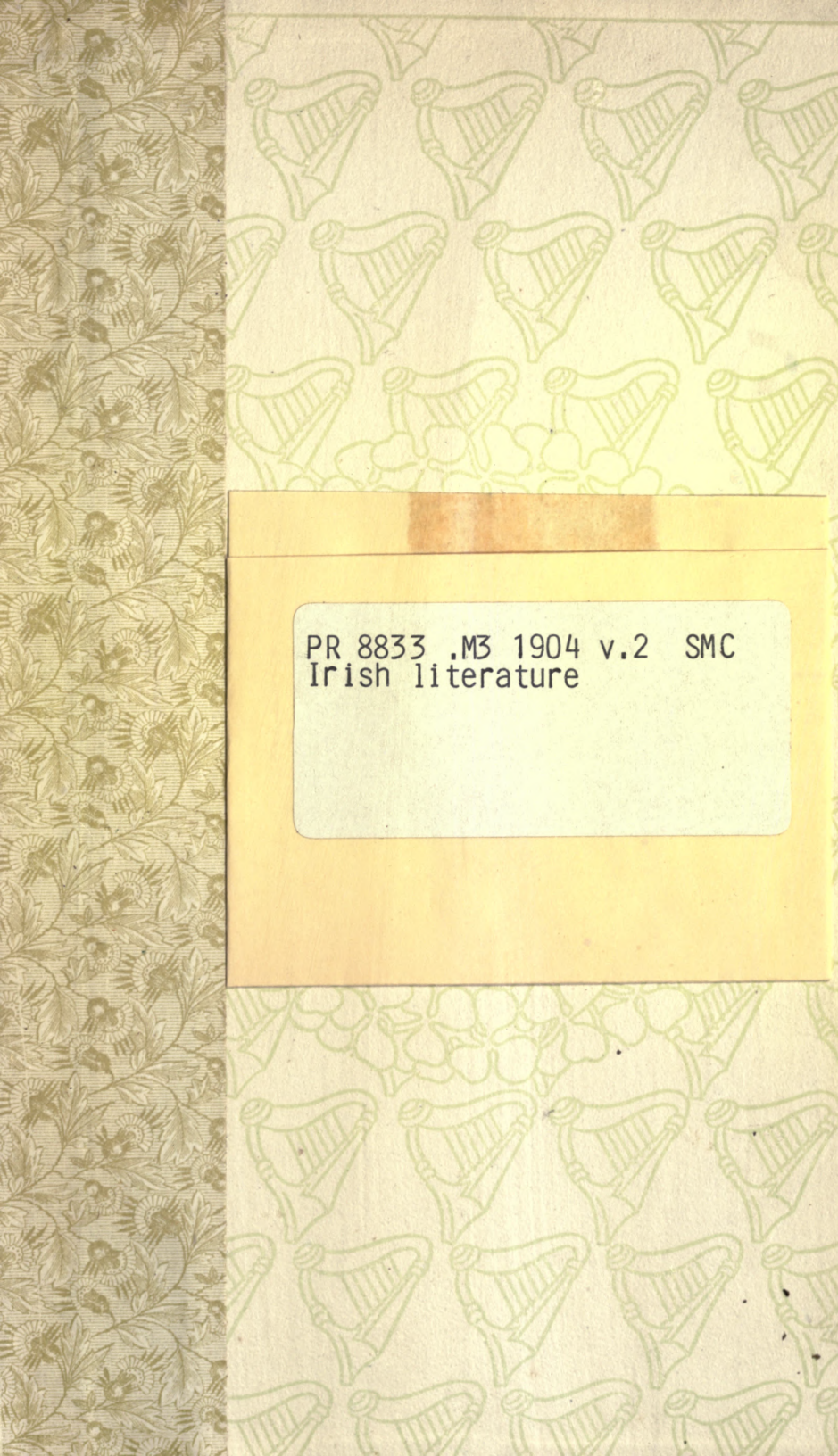
THE FAIRY COURT.

Song from 'Sylvia.'

Gently!—gently!—down!—down
 From the starry courts on high,
 Gently step adown, down
 The ladder of the sky.

Sunbeam steps are strong enough
For such airy feet!—
Spirits blow your trumpets rough,
So as they be sweet!

Breathe them loud the queen descending,
Yet a lowly welcome breathe
Like so many flowerets bending
Zephyr's breezy foot beneath!

The background of the image is a light-colored paper with a repeating pattern of harps and floral motifs. The harps are arranged in a grid, and the floral motifs are interspersed between them. The overall color scheme is a warm, yellowish-tan.

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Irish literature

