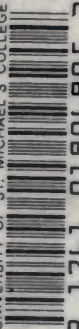


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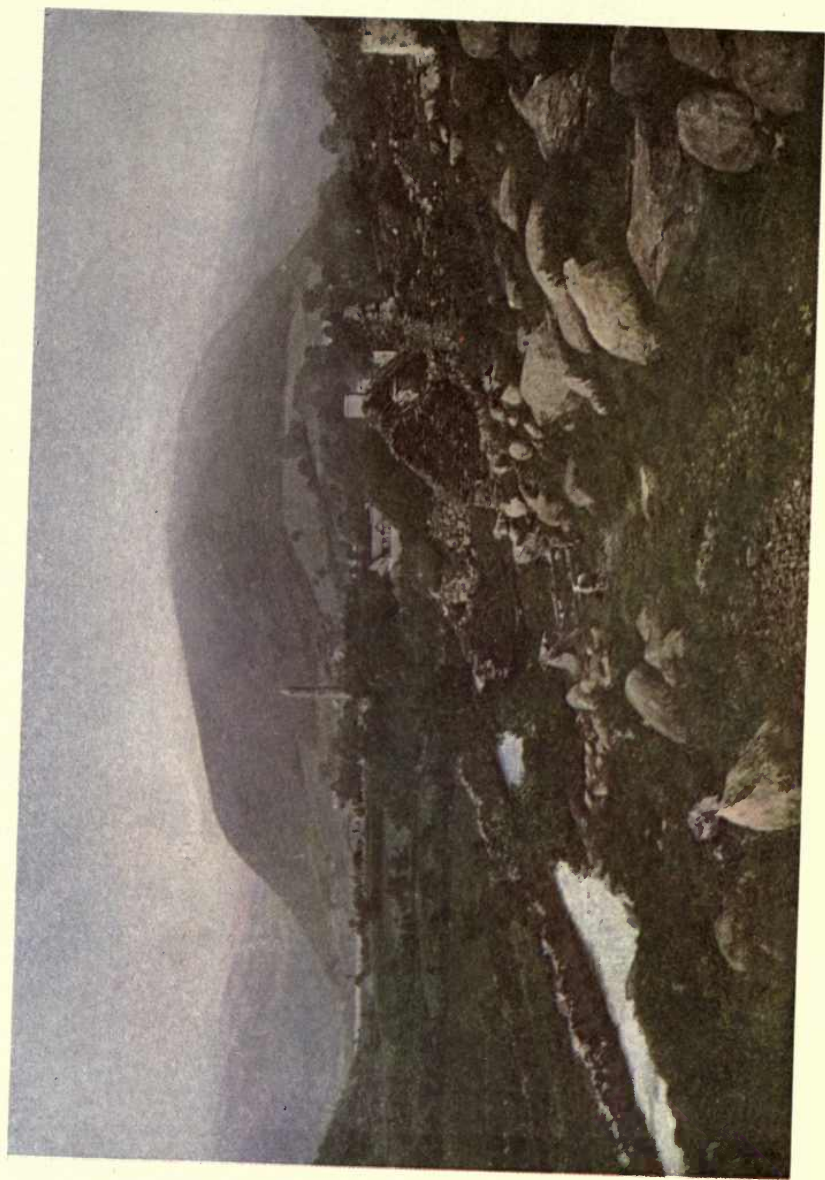
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IRISH LITERATURE

THE VALLEY OF GLENDALOUGH

Of the "Valley of the Lakes," is wild, gloomy, and desolate. Here St. Kevin founded his abbey in the sixth century, and it soon became a crowded city and a famous seat of learning. Around the round tower clustered seven churches, in one of which were buried for generations the members of the royal line of the O'Tooles. All is now in ruins, but the "Irish Baalbec," as it is called, is a shrine for countless pilgrims.

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IRISH NOVELS.

THE new movement which is expressing itself in Irish literature to-day is not akin to that movement which influenced the Irish novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the first place (and this is one of its chief values in many eyes) it is not a movement of reaction. In the second, it is not purely social. There is not an Irish novelist worthy to be mentioned in this paper whose work can be judged by an exclusively literary or artistic standard. The most noted of them all, William Carleton, was a novelist because he put character, alive and palpitating, on paper and fixed it there for all time, preserving the varying shades of life. Hé likewise gave the atmosphere of certain conditions of his time so accurately that his novels, whatever may be the literary judgment of the future, must have an enormous sociological influence on the work of the future historian of Ireland.

The influences that have touched on such diverse personalities as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Laffan, Samuel Lover and Charles Kickham, Gerald Griffin, Lady Morgan, Maturin, and Charles Lever, are not the influences that move Lady Gregory, Mr. William Butler Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, or Katherine Tynan-Hinkson when she does not write novels. Canon Sheehan belongs also to the oldest sociological school, while Dr. Barry, at least in one novel, has shown that he is willing to be receptive to the influences lately developed and recognized. In the new movement art counts for much,—and there is the old yearning for the mysticism of the past. In the older movement mysticism counted for little and conscious art for less. All the Irish novelists, except Miss Laffan and Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, whose importance, after all, does not lie in her novels, seem to regard the laws of literary proportion,—in another phrase, the art of construction,—as if they had no relation to the gift of story-telling.

There is another very distinct difference between the writers in the new Irish movement and the older novelists. Carleton and Griffin, Lover and Lever, even the Banims, cannot somehow prevent themselves from seeing their own

people from the outside. When Griffin sings of his childhood, one feels that there is a note of regret in the song for the separation which the alien language, claiming and holding him, has made for him from the essences of the Irish past. And when Carleton makes some of his very snobbish notes, for the benefit of a prejudiced and ignorant public, one knows that he is trying to look at his own race from an alien standpoint.

The Hon. Miss Lawless, Miss Laffan, Miss Jane Barlow, and even the exquisite Moira O'Neill, who has the point of view of a novelist, though she is not one, all have sympathy and understanding, but it is a sympathy and understanding not unconscious. Thackeray's Irish characters are no more evidently painted from the outside than many of Lever's and Lover's. The dash, the sparkle, the irresponsibility of Lever's soldiers are only the glints of sunlight on the surface of rippling waters; and the imitators of Lever, Nugent Robinson, in his short story 'The Little Chapel Monamullin,' and Myles O'Reilly, have done no more than reproduce their effects. Lover's 'Handy Andy,' of all his works, has a coarseness of touch, a lack of art, and a habit of patronizing the Irish, which are amusing now; it is easy to imagine how irritating it must have been when the people thus patronized and arranged for foreign inspection were powerless to resent it. It used to be a very common remark among visitors to Ireland that "the Irish did not know their own literature." "Their own literature," in the estimation of the tourist, was principally 'Father Tom and the Pope' and the uproarious novels of Lever. The defect in both of Samuel Lover's novels 'Rory O'More' (by all odds the best) and 'Handy Andy' is that they were written with an eye on what the English reader would expect the Irish characters to do; but of all except the outer characteristics of a wonderfully complex people they give only hints. We get near to the heart of the people in Carleton's 'Poor Scholar,' in Banim's 'Crohoore of the Bill-hook,' in Griffin's 'The Collegians,'—above all, it seems to me, in spite of the demands of a sectarian market, in Carleton.

Miss Edgeworth was a novelist with a purpose. The Ireland of 'Castle Rackrent' (1800) was not the Ireland of fifty-nine years later. Miss Edgeworth, unlike Miss Aus-

ten, but like Miss Burney and Marian Evans (George Eliot), had the misfortune to fall under masculine influence. Miss Burney, who saw her world with keen, interested, and observant eyes in 'Evelina,' became mannered and verbose in 'Cecilia'; George Eliot, who was delightfully humorous and finely receptive to the values of social relations in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'The Mill on the Floss,' became more and more didactic and less truly artistic as Mr. George Lewes' influence over her increased. Dr. Johnson's habit of making little fishes talk like whales, caught by Miss Burney, destroyed the promise of her youth, and Dr. Edgeworth's comfortable method of settling everything by rule and measure interfered with the free development of Miss Edgeworth's talent as a novelist. In 'Castle Rackrent,' in 'Ennui,' in 'The Absentee,' we see traces of those economic theories, those constant appeals to the processes of natural philosophy which had begun to take the place of spirituality in the bosom of many self-complacent persons in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was in this atmosphere of self-satisfaction that Madame de Genlis brought up the Orleans Princes; it permeated all the literature for youth, and the very essentials of it are found in the maxims of Benjamin Franklin.

'Castle Rackrent' is the best remembered of Miss Edgeworth's novels. It interpreted certain picturesque phases of Irish life to a public that was ignorant of them. All her novels are free from sectarian prejudice, and, in spite of the lack of vitality in some of the characters drawn by her from fashionable life, she deserved the admiration that Sir Walter Scott unreservedly expressed for her. Her sympathy is always on the side of the angels and the Irish. With the terrible or the deeply pathetic, she is not at close quarters, she prefers to see them at a distance. She had limitations,—the limitations of her creed and time. A clear head, a good heart, a well-balanced mind, a moral point of view, a keen sense of humor and as keen an appreciation of wit gave her the qualities that caused her Irish novels to be appreciated by the only public that could afford to buy them—the English. She saw the evils of absenteeism; and these evils she depicted as degrading the character of the landlord as well as ruining both the mental and the physi-

cal life of the tenant. 'The Absentee' and 'Ennui' are good examples of her work, in trying to correct the prevalent absenteeism. 'The Absentee' opens with a picture, unhappily, if one may judge from contemporary records, only too faithful.

"Are you to be at Lady Clonbrony's gala next week?" said Lady Langdale to Mrs. Dareville, while they were waiting for their carriages in the crush-room of the opera-house.

"O yes! everybody's to be there, I hear," replied Mrs. Dareville. "Your ladyship, of course?"

"Why, I don't know: if I possibly can. Lady Clonbrony makes it such a point with me, that I believe I must look in upon her for a few minutes. They are going to a prodigious expense on this occasion. She tells me the reception rooms are all to be new furnished, and in the most magnificent style."

"At what a famous rate these Clonbronzs are rushing on," said Colonel Heathcock. "Up to anything."

"Who are they?—these Clonbronzs, that one hears of so much of late?" said her Grace of Torcaster. "Irish absentees, I know. But how do they support all this enormous expense?"

"The son *will* have a prodigiously fine estate when some Mr. Quin dies," said Mrs. Dareville.

"Yes, everybody who comes from Ireland *will* have a fine estate when somebody dies," said her Grace. "But what have they at present?"

"Twenty thousand a year, they say," replied Mrs. Dareville."

Later, Lady Langdale says of the Irish peeress:

"If you knew all she endures to look, speak, move, breathe like an Englishwoman, you would pity her."

"Yes, and you *caun't* conceive the *peens* she *teeks* to talk of the *teebles* and *cheers*, and to thank Q, and with so much *teeste* to speak pure English," said Mrs. Dareville.

"Pure cockney, you mean," said Lady Langdale.

"But does Lady Clonbrony expect to pass for English?" said the duchess.

"Oh, yes! because she is not quite Irish *bred and born*—only bred, not born," said Mrs. Dareville. "And she could not be five minutes in your Grace's company before she would tell you that she was *Henglish*, born in *Hoxfordshire*."

To a healthy-minded woman like Miss Edgeworth, who valued among other things not English her relationship to the Abbé Edgeworth, the snobbishness of certain compatriots was unendurable; she liked and admired the Irishman; even his faults were to her not real faults,—for, at worst, they were faults of her family circle, to be condoned, if possible; if not, to be accepted so long as they did not simply imply meanness. 'Castle Rackrent' led Sir

Walter Scott to use his wide experience with Scottish characters in a similar way.¹ "If I could," he wrote to James Ballantyne, "but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them live as *beings* in your mind, I should not be afraid."

The time came when he was not afraid, for the world had given its verdict, and it justly put Sir Walter far beyond Miss Edgeworth in the portrayal of national characteristics. Still, when Sir Walter attempted the novel of fashionable society, he felt the limitations much more than Miss Edgeworth. 'Belinda,' Miss Edgeworth's worst novel, because that philosophical doctor, her father, *would* meddle with it, is incomparably better than 'St. Ronan's Well.' Thady, the teller of the story of the family of 'Castle Rackrent,' was not, as a creation, surpassed by Scott;—one may yawn over the talk and the tribulations of Miss Edgeworth's fine ladies and gentlemen, but her common people are always very much alive and racy of the land which alone could give such beings birth. 'Ormond,' as far as the story of Irish life goes, is of more importance than either 'Ennui' or 'The Absentee.' The real Miss Edgeworth, the lover of the manifestations of character, the sincere, the unaffected, the graphic, is here. The novel of manners is one of the most useful documents for the historian, as we know; and, in English literature, it is of very recent growth. The historian of Ireland in the eighteenth century could as fairly neglect 'Castle Rackrent' and 'Ormond' in his sociological chapters as the historian of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, dealing with France, could afford to neglect the psychological studies, expressed in fiction, of Paul Bourget.

The novel and the short story have very much in common, as the short story is understood to-day. The narrative, the mere string of episodes into which characteristics rather than character enter, has not the qualities of the form of literature which for almost two centuries we have called the novel. The novel proper differs principally from the romance in its accent on character and atmosphere. The short story of to-day is not the tale made so famous in English letters by *Blackwood's Magazine*. It depends, like the novel, on atmosphere,—the color of the society it in-

¹ 'Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth,' p. 72. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

terprets,—and on the development of psychology. Most of the Irish short-story writers approach more to the novel, as we understand it to-day, and, as a rule, the writers of short stories, like Miss Jane Barlow, are included among the novelists.

Lover and Lever, however, are romancers rather than story writers. Smollet, or Dickens at his worst,—when best interpreted by Cruikshank,—was no more of a caricaturist than Lover. Those who read Smollet now look on his caricatures as bad art, and those of Dickens, though deserving a similar censure, do not offend as Lover's offend. There is the effect, in some of Lover's most comic pages, of heartlessness. Poverty and wit, starvation and humor exist together, but the result, in the eyes of a writer who did not write merely to make his public laugh, ought to be pathetic, heart-stirring, and tear-stirring, rather than amusing: if the test as to whether a work of fiction is a novel or a romance is the question whether one remembers character or incident, Lover must be both a novelist and a romancer, for in 'Rory O'More' and 'Handy Andy' it is the incidents as well as the principal characters that are etched on our minds. In Lever's books the characters do not stand out as characters: From 'Harry Lorrequer' to 'Lord Kilgobbin,' there is hardly one character except Mickey Free that holds fast to the memory. There is no person who seems so real as Carleton's Poor Scholar, Griffin's Hardress Cregan, or the hero of William Banim's 'Crohoore of the Bill-hook.'

Lever is the first of all the romancers of military life, as Maxwell is of the sporting life of the Irish gentry. Maxwell's best work is in 'The Wild Sports of the West.' It has all the sparkle, all the recklessness of Lever in his Leveresque moods. It is evident, in this book, that congenial tastes bound Lever and Maxwell together. No succeeding writer in any language has given to the life of the camp and barrack more successfully the glamour which governments endeavor to give it by means of gold lace, flags, and music; but the brilliance of Lever is a surface brilliance. It seems almost a pity that Lever should have chosen Ireland and Irish influences as his themes, for no writer has given the Irish a more widespread reputation for that irresponsibility and volatility—so agreeably con-

templated by a dominant race—than this very clever romancer. He stands alone in literature; in light-heartedness, in that gayety of heart which leads to anything but gayety of head in the morning, who can come near him! He apotheosizes wine, women, and song, and makes the primrose path of dalliance as agreeable as the Moore-Anacreon pictures of heaven, where rosy cupids float on bubbles of rosier champagne. He saves himself always from mere coarseness or vulgarity, and he is so light-hearted that few seriously ask whether his point of view is moral or not. His pictures of Dublin society in its bloom will live, and his fun no doubt continues to smoothe the wrinkles of care, in spite of the fact that Jack Hinton and Harry Lorrequer and Tom Burke, all chips of the same block, seem rather more puppet-like than they did twenty years ago. The improvement in taste and the higher demands made on the constructive power of the romancer of to-day are shown by the modern criticisms of his 'Maurice Tierney' and 'Gerald Fitzgerald.' They seem thin and tired at times; but, even as they are, there has been so far no story of Irish chivalry that at all approaches Lever's romances, even taking 'Gerald Fitzgerald,' which he evidently regarded as his weakest, as a standard.

And yet few periods in which Irishmen held a conspicuous place offer more alluring opportunities to the man of imagination than the years following the flight of the wild geese. With James II., or Louis XVI., Sarsfield or the Duke of Berwick and all the glittering groups of fighting exiles, from the period of the Sun Monarch to that of the Sea-Green Marat—what vistas of romance there are! 'Gerald Fitzgerald' brings us down to the time of Louis XVI. Mirabeau and the figures that move about him appear; this romance has not the *verve* and the swing of the earlier books, yet, from the point of view of the literary critic, it is constructively and in style much better than are those which are more read to-day; but he did not like it, and, in spite of the unusual pains he took in writing it, he did not wish to include it in the collected edition of his works. Mr. William McLennan in 'Spanish John,' Mr. S. R. Keightley in 'The Last Recruit of Clare's,' and Mr. L. McManus in 'Lally of the Brigade'

have tried their hands: so far they have made only promises to transfigure epochs which will always appeal to the lover of the heroic.

There are two romances (one written by an Irishman but not an Irish romance, 'The Epicurean'; the other Irish of the Irish, Gerald Griffin's 'Invasion') which have been lost sight of by the general reader. 'The Epicurean' is very remarkable and well-written; in spite of its erudition it is vital. 'The Invasion' is worthy of a much higher place than 'The Epicurean'; it ought to have done for the later Danish period of Irish history what 'Ivanhoe' did for the early Norman period of English history. For some reason or other, not apparent, 'The Invasion' is almost forgotten, though it abounds in stirring scenes and vivid pictures of that old life of Druid and gallowglass and Prince and sept of which most of us know so little. No one who has read it can forget it. It might be said that Gerald Griffin sometimes tints when he should lay on his colors heavily, and this may have a shade of truth in it; but who could color more heavily than Sir Samuel Ferguson in that wonderful 'Hibernian Nights' of his, and who has been more unhappily forgotten? The reason for the neglect of 'The Invasion' would seem more intangible if it should be revived and read.

The melodrama of 'The Collegians' has, by comparison, put the other novels of Gerald Griffin into the background. When Dion Boucicault dramatized this novel, he did its author a bad turn. He made the worst qualities of this fine work of fiction permanent in the public mind. Nothing can be said against 'The Colleen Bawn' as a well-constructed play for the stage; but it is stagy of the stage, and Dion Boucicault found the points for this theatricalism in the novel itself. It is not, however, the pervasive quality of the story. Griffin had more art, more refinement, more sense of the perspective of life than the Banims or Carleton; his studies in the life around him resulted in the expression of truths which all his contemporaries disdained. He knew the heart of Munster as only a man who was a poet could know it; there are pages in 'Tales of the Munster Festivals' that cannot be rivaled in artistic effect,—an effect so convincing that the means by which it is obtained are lost to the reader in the terror or the pathos

of the moment. 'The Half Sir' is one of the most careful presentations of certain phases of Irish life which Lover, Lever, and Miss Laffan would have caricatured, the Bannins seen as through a glass darkly, and which Carleton would have coarsened. The strain of pessimism which neutralized the Christian energy of Griffin at times weakens his effort just as he touches a fine psychological climax. Take him as he is, and without giving 'The Collegians' the exaggerated praise it has received at the expense of his other works, he ranks very near the first of all the Irish novelists. Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) in 'The Wild Birds of Killeevy' shows some of the delicate insight into character which distinguishes him from his rivals. She has fine art, she is more healthy in her conception of life, more cheerful; but her work to his is as a pastel of the Lakes of Killarney on a sunny day to a Turner picture of a winter's wreck on the southwest coast. 'The Aylmers of Bally Aylmer' and 'The Birds of Killeevy' should be read together as a contrast in Irish fiction;—and both are works by careful artists. Contemporary with Lady Gilbert, we have such different types of novelists as M. E. Francis, who has touched on Irish life very widely, and George Moore, who, no matter what his subject, illumines it with the peculiar genius of the Celt.

Maginn and Mrs. Hall and Croker are names each of importance to the student of comparative literature, and there are times when Mrs. S. C. Hall strikes fire out of the worn pathway of perfunctory writing.

Who reads Lady Morgan's 'St. Clare' now? It has gone out of fashion with the turban and flowing ringlet, and the 'Annuals' with desperate verses in them and sugar-and-water stories and 'I never loved a dear gazelle' and other sentimental mush and slush. Lady Morgan is, above all, sentimental, but 'The Wild Irish Girl' and 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys' deserve respect; they opened vistas of the past to people who seemed in their despair to have neither past nor future. Say what we will, to give a man a pedigree is to give him self-respect. Lady Morgan's taste is not always correct; she is often as untrammelled in her sarcastic epithets as the first Lady Bulwer-Lytton; but she did well, according to her light, and she loved a nation that then had few to love it. You may smile at her Glorvina

and the swelling harp, and yet, to a sound heart, that smile ought to be very near a tear.

The critics place William Carleton very high. Prejudices have passed;—they were founded on principles, but let them go. Carleton has his vagaries, but when one reads his stories one cannot help saying with Ophelia, “God ha’ mercy on his soul! and of all Christian souls!” To read when one is young Carleton’s series of novels ‘Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry’ is to go into a strange land of bright sunshine and deep shadow, where there are great sorrows and great joys but very little happiness. One feels that one is looking at this new life in the grasp of a giant, and a giant who is strong and coarse and sometimes mean. Youth is intolerant. Carleton, with his glaring faults, is not the writer for youth. When a man has reached middle age he can turn to these works of genius, who never took pains, for instruction and delight. Let us allow for all the faults of construction, the vulgarity that prejudices all readers of ‘Paddy Go-Easy’ against Carleton, the occasional humble apologies to the English lords and gentlemen, and you find one of the most moving writers that ever dipped a pen in his experience and wrote in English. To read ‘The Poor Scholar’ well is to become a better man. When Carleton lets his peasants speak for themselves, they are perfect; when he speaks for them himself, he is at times what the French call *banal*; when he becomes one of them and speaks and acts with them, you see with their hearts and souls, you know their country as they know it. Then he is master of the pathetic, of the terrible, of the simple, of the fair hope, of the dark sorrow, because he understands, and, forgetting his understanding, he fires you with sympathy. For truth and horror, read ‘The Llanhan Shee’; for humor and grief, ‘The Geography of an Irish Oath’; for simple faith—to feel all pure impulses stir within, ‘The Poor Scholar.’ Its Gaelic is incorrect, we have been told—so incorrect that the philologists cannot put it right. When Ophelia calls for her coach and Queen Gertrude weeps, who cares whether coaches were used or invented? And so with Carleton’s Gaelic. Verbal infelicities are forgotten in a scene like that in ‘The Poor Scholar,’ where the father and mother look at the sleeping boy who, they hope, will be a priest.

There are strong and tender passages in 'Valentine McClutchy,' 'The Black Prophet,' and even in that popular romance 'Willy Reilly,'—in 'Art Maguire,' in 'The Emigrants of Ahadarra'; but in 'The Traits and Stories' we may look for the manifestations of Carleton's genius at its highest point. There was a lesser man who had glimpses of the fire that led Carleton onward, Charles Kickham. 'Sally Cavanagh' and 'Knock-na-gow' cannot be forgotten by those who lived in the charmed atmosphere which Kickham's wizard wand created. Carleton had led the way, yet it was not easy to be followed by a man of more imagination but of less feeling and experience.

Carleton stands alone. He is ruthless at times; he revels in horrors, as in 'The Black Prophet,' where the descriptions of the famine are as heart-rending as the plague scenes in Manzoni, or the yellow fever episode in Charles Brockden Brown. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, in his admirable sketch of Carleton, says that Kickham is the only Irish novelist who approached Carleton's "power over the emotions." "Outbursts of occasional misrepresentation," Mr. O'Donoghue says, returning to Carleton, "cannot, however, obliterate his great services to Ireland, and, in the main, there is no picture so true as that presented in his 'Traits and Stories.'

It would be unfair to an author who has some of the best qualities of both Carleton and Kickham,—with more art, but not less matter,—not to mention Seumas Macmanus. His work has more than kept its promise, and it gives promise still of even higher development.

A careful study of the Irish novelists is necessary to understand the history of Ireland for the last hundred and fifty years, and the material is plentiful and easy of access.

Seumas Macmanus



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JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

(1823 —)

DR. INGRAM, the distinguished scholar and political economist, was born in 1823, in County Donegal, and was educated at Newry School and in Trinity College, Dublin. He became a Fellow of Trinity in 1846, and is an Honorary LL.D. of Glasgow University. He has held in Trinity College the offices of professor of Greek, professor of English literature, Senior Lecturer and Vice-Provost, and he has been President of the Royal Irish Academy and a Commissioner for the Publication of the Ancient Laws and Institutions of Ireland. He has written 'Work and the Workman'—an address to the Trades Union Congress in 1880—and the articles on 'Political Economy' and 'Slavery' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' ninth edition.

'The Memory of the Dead' was written in his student days and was for the first time formally acknowledged when Dr. Ingram published a volume of poems in 1900.

In 1899, owing to the burden of years, he laid down most of his public responsibilities and retired into private life.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus:
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
And true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;

But though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell, and passed away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite!
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs, your fate;
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

SOCIAL HEREDITY.

Man is no mushroom growth of yesterday.
 His roots strike deep into the hallow'd mold
 Of the dead centuries; ordinances old
 Govern us, whether gladly we obey
 Or vainly struggle to resist their sway:
 Our thoughts by ancient thinkers are controlled,
 And many a word in which our thoughts are told
 Was coined long since in regions far away.
 The strong-souled nations, destined to be great,
 Honor their sires and reverence the Past;

They cherish and improve their heritage.
The weak, in blind self-trust or headlong rage,
The olden times' transmitted treasure cast
Behind them, and bemoan their loss too late.

NATIONALITY.

Each nation master at its own fireside—
The claim is just, and so one day 't will be;
But a wise race the time of fruit will bide,
Nor pluck th' unripened apple from the tree.

JOHN IRELAND,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

(1838 —)

JOHN IRELAND was born in Ireland, Sept. 11, 1838. He came to the United States in his boyhood, and was educated at the Cathedral School in St. Paul, afterward studying theology in France. He was ordained priest in 1861, and was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment in the civil war. He was afterward rector of St. Paul, then secretary and coadjutor to Bishop Doane of St. Paul. He was consecrated in 1875 and became Archbishop in 1888.

He takes an active part in establishing Roman Catholic colonies and in organizing total abstinence societies. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Yale in 1901. He has written 'The Church and Modern Society.'

THE NATIVE LAND OF LIBERTY.

From 'The Church and Modern Society.'

Patriotism is love of country and loyalty to its life and weal; love tender as the affection of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through the ages humanity has burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which count in deeds. Fireside tales, outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they echo its whisperings; orators most potent when they attune their speech to its inspirations.

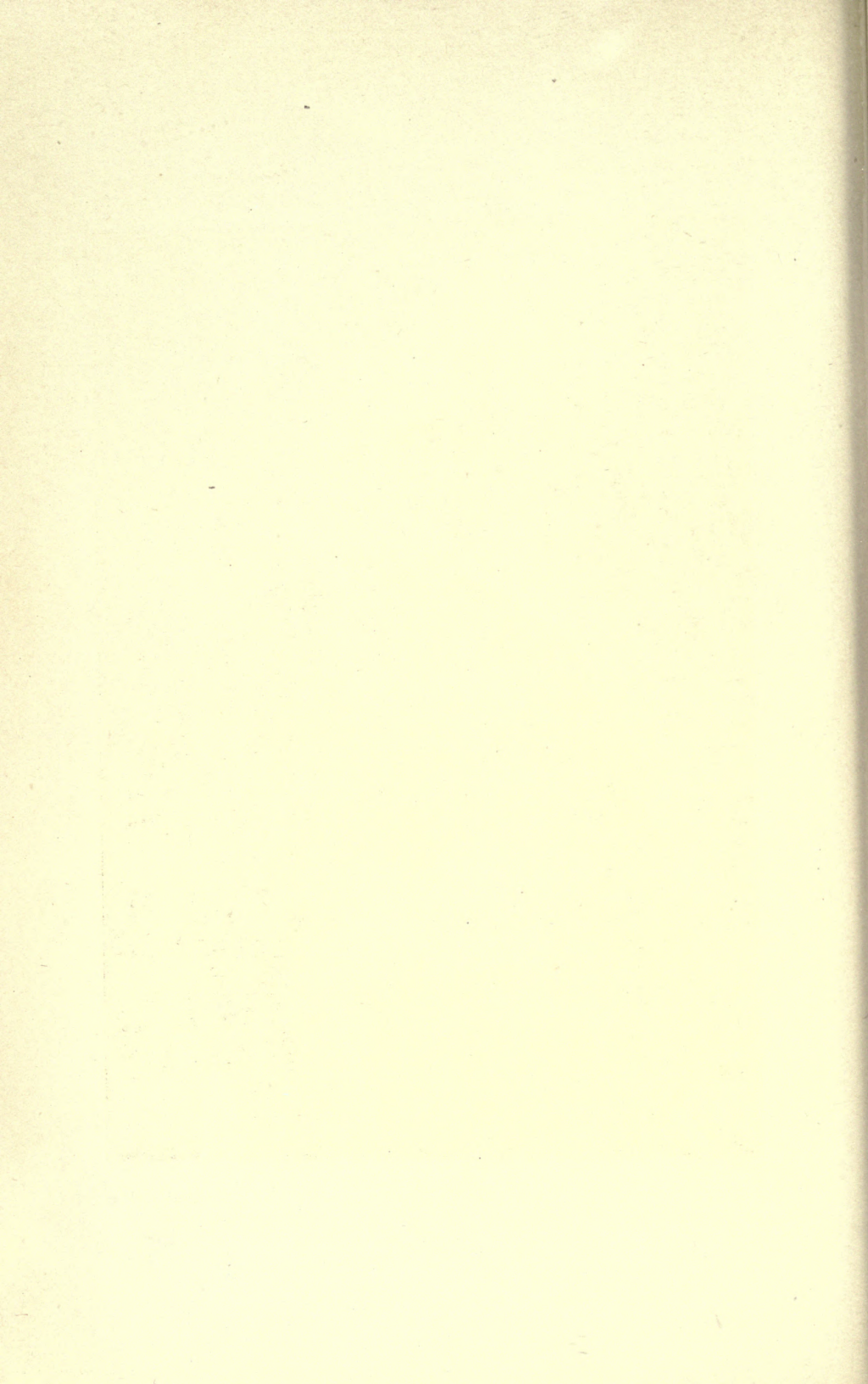
Pagan nations were wrong in making gods of their noblest patriots. But their error was the excess of the great truth; that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism, that patriotism is one of earth's most exalted virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

The patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in
1662



ARCHBISHOP IRELAND
from a photograph by Gurnoni and Bossi, Milan, Italy





a canticle of religion which Jehovah inspired, and which has been transmitted as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian Church:

"Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion. . . . If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The human race pays homage to patriotism, because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and war-ships. Patriotism is the vital spark of the nation's honor, the living fount of the nation's prosperity, the strong shield of the nation's safety.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is, among earth's possessions, the most precious, the first, and best and dearest—country; and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in man—the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it attains its full force and beauty only where minds are elevated and hearts generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond the deserts of patriotism. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon a field of battle. "Oh, glorious is he who for his country falls!" exclaims the Trojan warrior, Hector. It is sublime in the oft repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable, none more estimable, than to deserve well of the commonwealth."

Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral needs of God's creatures are revelations of His will and laws. Man is born a social being. The family is a condition of his existence and of his growth to maturity. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A larger social organism is needed, into which families are gath-

ered in order to obtain from one another security for life and property, and to aid in the development of the powers and faculties with which nature has endowed the children of men.

This large organism is the country. Countries have their providential limits—the waters of a sea, a mountain range, the lines of similarity of requirements or modes of life. The limits are widened according to the measures of the destinies which the great Ruler allots to peoples and the importance of their part in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the ever-advancing tide of humanity's evolution. The Lord is the God of nations because He is the God of men. Without His bidding no nation springs into life or vanishes back into nothingness. I believe in the providence of God over countries even as I believe in His wisdom and His love, and my allegiance to my country rises before my soul encircled with the halo of my loyalty to my God.

A century ago a transatlantic poet and philosopher, reading the signs of the times, wrote:

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
 The four first acts are already past ;
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and fealty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, her boundless riches of soil and of mountain, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, prosperous in peace, valorous in war, gifted in mind and heart, skilled in commerce and industry. Be this my theme of praise in America: She is, as none other, the land of human dignity and of human liberty!

America, rising into the family of nations in these latter times, is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we view her in this altitude we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature, and hide from ourselves the singular design of Providence in creating her.

When the fathers of the Republic declared: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a principle was enunciated which, in its truth, was as old as the race, but in practical realization was almost unknown.

Slowly and laboriously, amid suffering and revolution, humanity had been reaching out towards a reign of the rights of man. Paganism utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; man was what wealth, or place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that nature intended some men to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions into accord with its spiritual faith. During all that time the Christian Church was leavening human society, and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defense and of conquest—the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is exemption from all restraint, save that of the laws of justice and order, exemption from submission to other men, except so far as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty is God's recognition of man's greatness and man's dignity. In liberty lie the sweetness of life and the power of growth. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Under the spell of heavenly memories, humanity never had ceased to dream of liberty, and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the star-spangled banner rose towards the skies,

was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation. In America there are no masters who govern in their own right, for their own interest, or at their own will. We have over us no Bourbon saying: "*L'état c'est moi*;" no Hohenzollern proclaiming that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God. Ours is the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our government is our own organized will.

In America, rights begin with, and go upward from the people. In other countries, even in those which are apparently the most free, rights begin with, and come downward from the state; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been wrested from the governing powers.

In America, whenever the government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen remains intact. Elsewhere there are governments called republics; there, too, universal suffrage establishes the state; but once established, the state is tyrannous and arbitrary; it invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic only is liberty's native home—America.

The God-given mission of the Republic of America is not confined to its own people—it extends to all the peoples of the earth, to whom it is the symbol of human rights and of human liberty, and towards whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness.

Is there not for Americans meaning to the word, Country? Is there not for Americans reasons to live for country, and, if need be, to die for country? Is there not joy in the recollection that you have been the saviors of your country? Is there not glory in the name of America's "Loyal Legion"? In every country, patriotism is a duty: in America, it is a duty thrice sacred.

The prisoner Paul rose at once into proud distinction, and commanded the respect of the Roman soldiers and Palestinian Jews, when, to the question of the tribune at Jerusalem: "Art thou a Roman? *Dic mihi si tu es*

Romanus?” he replied, “I am.” The title of honor, among the peoples of antiquity, was, “*Civis Romanus*—a Roman citizen.” More significant to-day, throughout the world, is the title: “*Civis Americanus*—an American citizen.”

The duty of patriotism is a duty of justice and of gratitude. The country fosters our dearest interests; it protects our hearths and altars. Without it there is no safety for life and property, no opportunity for development and progress. We are wise of our country’s wisdom, rich of its opulence, strong of its fortitude, resplendent of its glory.

Duty to country is a duty of conscience, a duty to God. Country exists by divine right. It receives from God the authority needful for its life and work; its right to command is divine: “There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God.” The religion of patriotism is not sufficiently understood, and yet it is this religion that gives to country its majesty, and to patriotism its sacredness and force.

What the part is to the whole, that the citizen is to the country; and this relation is the due measure of patriotism. The country and its interests are above the citizen and his interests. A king of France, St. Louis, set to his device this motto: “*Dieu, la France et Marguerite.*” The motto told the order of allegiances: God first, next to God, country, next to country, family, one’s self the last—the chevalier, even unto death, of family, country and God.

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

(1823—1892.)

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN was born May 4, 1823, at Warren Point, County Down. He was educated by private tutors, and acquired a thorough acquaintance with classics and modern languages. He was intended for the medical profession, but he lost all his private means in 1848 and lived a desultory and unhappy life. He began his literary career at an early age. By 1853 he was already so favorably known that he was employed by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to write for his journal. In 1854 he began to contribute to *The Dublin University Magazine*, and he continued to write frequently for that periodical for a long time. Several collections of his poems have been published, among them 'Versicles,' 1856; 'Poems,' 1866; 'Irish Historical and Legendary Poems,' 1868; 'Songs and Romances,' 1878; 'Summer and Winter Stories,' 1878; 'Pictures and Songs,' 1880; 'Sonnets, etc.,' 1881; 'Poems, Sketches, and Songs,' 1889.

He wrote one hundred and thirty tales of various length, and essays on a large number of subjects. He was the author of a romance of ancient life, 'From Cæsar to Christ,' in which there is a striking representation of Roman and British civilization in the reign of Nero. He was also the author of a poetic drama, 'Ortus and Ermia,' a versified translation of 'Catullus,' and translations from several classical and Continental poets. Mr. Irwin had true poetic inspiration. Picturesqueness and rich color, a pure style, and a mastery of measure characterized all that he wrote. Some of his prose is remarkable for its picturesqueness and stately diction. He died in Dublin in 1892.

"In his later days," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "as he used to be seen in the Dublin streets, he presented a weird and uncouth but venerable figure. The gentle mania which had then descended upon him had, however, occasionally made its appearance much earlier. The great Irish antiquary, O'Donovan, has left a picture of him and his ways in a note to Sir Samuel Ferguson:

"I understand that the mad poet who is my next-door neighbor claims acquaintance with you. He says I am his enemy, and watch him through the thickness of the wall which divides our houses. He threatens in consequence to shoot me. One of us must leave. I have a houseful of books and children; he has an umbrella and a revolver. If, under the circumstances, you could influence and persuade *him* to remove to other quarters, you would confer a great favor on yours sincerely,
JOHN O'DONOVAN."

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

We read of many curious things in the world, from the fish of the Amazon which pass part of their lives in the branches of trees, thus realizing Virgil's fancy of matters impossible, to the echo in the south of Ireland which returns a courteous answer to its interlocutor. On the other hand, there are places without any echo. For instance, persons have been known to call many times demanding payment of an account without meeting with any response whatever, and a diligent examination will elicit facts of this character in other parts of Ireland besides the south. That in the latter region other phenomena equally remarkable once engaged the attention of its philosophers, and at the same time illustrated the inquiring though simple intellect of the peasantry, ever ready to lend their aid in the elucidation of Nature, and for the advantage of acoustic science, and their own, may we think be rendered manifest by the following narrative:—

A number of years since, in the time before railways or telegraphs, when something of the simplicity of the *prisca gens mortalium* still lingered among a little group of "savants" resident in a certain southern city, a peasant one day called at the residence of a gentleman (whom we shall call Mr. B.) well known for his love of science, and his ardor as an amateur investigator of natural phenomena. On the peasant being shown into his study, the following colloquy occurred:—

"Well, my man," inquired Mr. B., "what do you want of me?"

"Why, yer honor, I've heard that you are a very learned gentleman, and—but there's no one within hearing, yer honor?"

"No, no—go on."

"The fact is, sir, that I've made a very curious discovery, and thought I'd just call and acquaint yer honor iv it."

"Well, and what is the nature of this discovery, my man," said Mr. B., all impatience.

"Troth, and that's jist the thing that puzzles me, sir.

It's one of the most curious things that is of a subjunctive, and I may say every day parenthetical way that ever conjugated itself with my experience."

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, yer honor, of course I'm only a poor peasant, and don't understand the philosophy of it. But if yer honor would only let me tell you—"

"Why it—man—don't you see I'm most anxiously waiting to hear you."

"Are you, sir, and troth and it's myself's glad to hear you say so. Well, yer honor, what I'm going to tell you is, without further circumlocution, just this. I've a little holding a few miles away from the town—I'm not beholding just at present to say exactly where it is—and there's a little stream runs through it which, if I was on my Bible oath, is not more than two foot broad."

"Well, well?"

"Now, the curious thing is, that if you stud on one side of it and I on the other, devil a won iv us could hear the other speaking."

"Oh, come," said Mr. B., "you don't expect me to believe that?"

"I do, by my sowl, as much as I believe it, sir."

"What! that you could not hear me speak across a stream two foot broad?"

"Not if you had the lungs of Nebuchadnazar. I've tried it myself, and might just as well think to make myself heard across the Atlantic."

The savant paused awhile, puzzled and slightly interested. Some local peculiarity, or, who could say, perhaps some novel acoustic phenomenon.

"But how did you find this out?" he inquired.

"Troth, easy enough, yer honor. One day, about noon, after I had been digging a bit of a potato trench, and feeling a little tired, I called out to my wife, Judy, who was weeding in a field a few perches off, 'Judy, light the pipe.'"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, devil a more notice she tuck of me than if I was out of sight. 'Judy,' I says to her a second time, 'light the pipe, and be quick about it, for I'm dying for a draw.' Judy, however, to my astonishment, kept on never

mind—not even a turn iv her head, to let me see she heard me. This nettled me. ‘Judy,’ I says, the third time, ‘if you don’t bring me my pipe simultaneously, by the — I’ll give you such a whopping.’

“I spoke quite angry, as was natrhal, as your honor can understand, if it is a thing that you smoke, as I’m towld by the annals of history many learned gentlemen have done to ease their mind when they were tired wid pursuing their lubrications, and in troth a whiff is a comfort, even to a simple-minded peasant like myself, after he has been at work wid his spade, from after breakfast, and when Mac-Cormack (the sun) is in his noonday strength and glory. Well, sir, when I minded that Judy went on plucking up the chickenweed and groundsel, quite promiscuous, and not seeming to hear what I said, I saw that something was wrong, jumped across the stream, and when I landed on the opposite side, called out to her to bring me my pipe, or, by the mortal, I’d inaugurate her!

“On this she at once heard me, and came over to me, smiling innocent and kindly as ever; and taking the du-deen from a handful of things she had in her pocket—a bone for cutting the teeth iv the last, her thimble, bits of griddle bread, a cork of the bottle we shared on my birthday, and a key of the door—gave it to me. ‘Why didn’t you answer?’ I says to her. ‘Answer what?’ says she. ‘Why, haven’t I been calling to you this half hour from the other side of the stream there for the pipe?’ says I. ‘As heaven’s betune me and harm,’ says Judy, ‘a word iv yours never reached me, though I saw you looking at me, and thought you were joking to yourself.’ On this I saw there was something wrong in earnest. ‘Stand there,’ I says; and leaping back across the stream began putting interrogatories and equivocations to her as an experiment. Oh, if you had seen her face when she found she couldn’t hear me; and when she discovered I could only make faces at her, and she at me, she began crying and saying the Rosary as fast as she could. And, faix, yer honor, I was so frightened myself I could scarce stand. ‘Paddy, it’s the devil,’ says Judy, after she’d recovered her composure and looking serious; ‘and sure I never thought—the saints be about us—that he’d occupy himself about such a little stream as this.’ ‘Judy,’ I says, ‘recollect where he comes

from. Sorra much iv water he has when he is at home!' 'True for ye,' says Judy, 'but I doubt if he'd care for anything in the way iv water, that wasn't half whisky,' says she, looking slyly at me."

Here the savant interrupted the peasant, and reflecting a moment, said:

"What you tell me, my man, of this local peculiarity is very interesting—a very singular natural phenomenon, indeed."

"Natural phenomena, yer honor! Troth, you may say that. The like iv it's not to be found in Ireland, and that's a big word."

"Well," said Mr. B., "I must get you to bring me to this stream, until I examine the place myself."

"Of course, yer honor. But you see there's a little difficulty first—"

"And what may that be?"

"Why, yer honor, of course I'm only a poor peasant, and know nothing of larning; but of course a larned gentleman like yourself couldn't expect me to part wid this very curious secret without getting a little something for showing it to yer honor—for sure you may take out a patent for it."

"And how much do you want?" asked Mr. B.

"Well, it's luck that this curiosity is on my bit of land," said the peasant, "and, of course, many another would ask more than I have the conscience to charge. But—and so I honestly tell you—under a pound the secret won't leave me."

Mr. B. put his hand in his pocket, gave the man a pound and told him to call the next day, when he should visit the place in his company.

Next day they set out, and arrived at the little stream. Mr. B. rubbed his hands with philosophical delight.

"Now, you just jump across the stream," said Mr. B. to the peasant. He did so.

"A fine day! Well, don't you hear me?" roared Mr. B. at the top of his voice.

[Dumb show.]

On this he beckoned the man to his side of the stream, and said:

"This is curious, certainly; but stay, I will now go to

the other side, and do you call out to me as loud as you can."

All he saw, however—for he heard nothing—was the man making faces and violent gestures at him a couple of yards off. . . .

Convinced by this experiment, Mr. B., highly gratified at having become acquainted with such an astonishing acoustic phenomenon at so small a cost, retraced his steps to the city, made up a party of friends, and returned shortly after with them to the remarkable locality in question.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am at length in a position to dissipate your skepticism. You can test the truth of my statement yourselves. I will now address you from the opposite side of this stream, while you remain on this," and, springing across, he roared out with stentorian energy, "Well, do you hear me now?"

"To be sure we do," cried his friends, in a laughing chorus.

TO A SKULL.

Silent as thou, whose inner life is gone,
 Let me essay thy meaning if I can,
 Thou ghostly, ghastly moral carved in bone,
 Old Nature's quiet mockery of man.

I place thee in the light; the orient gold
 Falls on thy crown, and strikes each uncouth line;
 Strange shape! the earth has ruins manifold,
 But none with meaning terrible as thine.

For here beneath this bleak and sterile dome
 Did hatred rage, and silent sorrow mourn—
 A little world, an infinite spirit's home,
 A heaven or hell abandoned and forlorn.

Here thought on thought arose, like star on star,
 And love, deemed deathless, habited; and now
 An empty mausoleum, vainer far
 Than Cheops' mountain pyramid, art thou.

Once on that forehead, radiant as the day,
 Imagination flamed in tranced mood:

Once on thy fleshy mask, now fallen away,
Rippled the pulses of a bride-groom's blood;

And laughter wrinkled up those orbs with fun,
And sorrow furrowed channels as you prayed—
Well, now no mark is left on thee but one,
The careless stroke of some old sexton's spade.

Lost are thy footprints; changeful as the air
Is the brown disk of earth whereon we move;
The bright sun looks for them in vain. Ah, where
Is now thy life of action, thought, and love?

Where are thy hopes, affections, toil, and gain?
Lost in the void of all surrounding death.
And does this pound of lime alone remain
To tell of all thy passion, pride, and faith?

"Where is the soul?" we cry—and swift the sound
Dies in the morning depth of voiceless light;
"The structure where?" Oh, bend unto the ground,
And ask the worm that crawls the mold at night.

The brown leaf rots upon the Autumn breeze,
The empty shell is washed upon the shore,
The bubble glitters on the morning seas,
And bursting in the vast is seen no more.

Like mist thy life has melted on the air,
And what thy nature, history, or name,
No sorcery now of science or of prayer
Can make the voiceless infinite proclaim.

Dumb are the heavens; sphere controlling sphere
Chariot the void through their allotted span;
And man acts out his little drama here
As though the only Deity were man.

Cold Fate, who sways creation's boundless tides,
Instinct with masterdom's eternal breath,
Sits in the void invisible, and guides
The huge machinery of life and death,

Now strewing seeds of fresh immortal bands
Through drifts of universes deepening down;
Now molding forth with giant spectral hands
The fire of suns colossal for his crown;

Too prescient for feeling, still enfolds
 The stars in death and life, in night and day,
 And, clothed in equanimity, beholds
 A blossom wither or a world decay;

Sleepless, eternal, laboring without pause,
 Still girds with life his infinite abode,
 And molds from matter by developed laws
 With equal ease the insect or the God!

Poor human skull, perchance some mighty race,
 The giant birth of never ceasing change,
 Winging the world, may pause awhile to trace
 Thy shell in some re-orient Alpine range;

Perchance the fire of some angelic brow
 May glow above thy ruin in the sun,
 And higher shapes reflect, as we do now
 Upon the structure of the Mastodon.

A CHARACTER.

As from the sultry town, oppressed,
 At eve we pace the suburb green,
 There, at his window looking west,
 Our good old friend will sure be seen:
 Upon the table, full in light,
 Backgammon box and Bible lie:
 Behind the curtain, hid from sight,
 A wine-glass no less certainly;
 A finger beckons—nothing loath
 We enter—ah! his heart is low,
 His flask is brimming high, but both
 Shall change their level ere we go.

We sit, and hour on hour prolong,
 For memory loves on wine to float;
 He tells old tales, chirps scraps of song,
 And cracks the nut of anecdote;
 Tells his best story with a smile—
 'T is his by fifty years of right;
 And slowly rounds his joke, the while,
 With eye half closed, he trims the light:

The clock hand marks the midnight's date,
 But blithe is he as matin wren ;
 His grasp is firm, his form dilate
 With wine, and wit of vanished men.

He reads each morn the news that shook
 The days of Pitt and Nelson, too,
 But little cares for speech or book,
 Or battle after Waterloo ;
 The present time is lost in haze,
 The past alone delights his eye ;
 He deems the men of these poor days
 As worthless all of history ;
 Who dares to scorn that love of thine,
 Old friend, for vanished men and years ?
 'T is youth that charms thee—pass the wine—
 The wine alone is good as theirs.

Each morn he basks away the hours
 In garden nooks, and quaffs the air ;
 Chats with his plants, and holds with flowers
 A tender-toned communion there ;
 Each year the pleasant prospect shrinks,
 And houses close the olden view ;
 The world is changing fast ; he thinks
 The sun himself is failing too.
 Ah ! well-a-day, the mists of age
 May make these summer seasons dim ;
 No matter—still in Chaucer's page
 The olden summers shine for him.

A WINDOW SONG.

Within the window of this white,
 Low, ivy-roofed, retired abode,
 We look through sunset's sinking light
 Along the lone and dusty road
 That leads unto the river's bridge,
 Where stand two sycamores broad and green,
 Whence from their rising grassy ridge
 The low rays lengthen shade and sheen.
 The village panes reflect the glow,
 And all about the scene is still,
 Save, by the foamy dam below,
 The drumming wheel of the whitewashed mill :

A radiant quiet fills the air,
 And gleam the dews along the turf:
 While the great wheel, bound
 On its drowsy round,
 Goes snoring through the gusts of surf.

A-south, beyond the hamlet, lie
 The low, blue hills in mingling mist,
 With furl of cloud along the sky,
 And ravines rich as amethyst,
 And mellow edges golden-ored
 As sinks the round sun in the flood,
 And high up wings the crow line toward
 Old turrets in the distant wood;
 Awhile from some twilighted roof
 The blue smoke rises o'er the thatch;
 By cots along the green aloof
 Some home-come laborer lifts the latch;

Or housewife sings her child to sleep,
 Or calls her fowl-flock from the turf,
 While the mill-wheel, bound
 On its drowsy round,
 Goes snoring through the gusts of surf.

Still at our open window, where
 Gleams on the leaves the lamp new lit,
 For hours we read old books, and share
 Their thoughts and pictures, love and wit:
 As midnight nears, its quiet ray
 Thrown on the garden's hedges faint,
 Pales, as the moon, from clouds of gray,
 Looks down serenely as a saint.
 We hear a few drops of a shower,
 Laying the dust for morning feet,
 Patter upon the corner bower,
 Then, ceasing, send an air as sweet.

And as we close the window down,
 And close the volumes read so long,
 Even the wheel's snore
 Is heard no more,
 And scarce the runnel's swirling song.

MRS. JAMESON.

(1794—1860.)

ANNA JAMESON was born in Dublin in 1794. Her father, Mr. Brownell Murphy, was miniature painter-in-ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. While she was still a child her parents went to live in the north of England.

At sixteen she became governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester, in which position she remained for some years. During this time she made the acquaintance of her future husband, Robert Jameson, a young barrister, and was engaged to him. For some reason the engagement was broken off. In 1821 she became governess in the family of Lord Hatherton. During this period 'The Diary of an Ennuyée' was written. A second meeting with Mr. Jameson was followed by a renewal of the engagement, and in 1824 they were married. In 1826 'The Diary of an Ennuyée' was published, and at once it was a popular favorite. During the four years following her marriage she wrote 'The Loves of the Poets' (1829) and 'Celebrated Female Sovereigns' (1831).

About this time the husband and wife began to live apart; this was the first of many separations, which were made by mutual arrangement and due to no worse cause than incompatibility of temperament, for Mr. Jameson, as is proved by his letters, always retained for his wife deep respect. In the mean time Mrs. Jameson resided with her father, and shortly afterward accompanied him on a European tour. On her return to England she resumed her pen, and in 1832 her 'Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical,' appeared. In 1833 appeared 'Beauties of the Court of Charles II.,' enriched by copies of the portraits by Sir Peter Lely. A second European tour partially supplied the materials for 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,' which appeared in 1834.

In 1836 Mrs. Jameson joined her husband in Canada. Here she wrote her delightfully fresh and fanciful 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada,' published in 1838. Before quite a year had elapsed, Mrs. Jameson returned to England and settled down quietly to a life of literary labor. 'Tales and Miscellanies' appeared in 1838, being a collection in one volume of short stories and articles contributed to various periodicals. She next undertook her translations from the dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony, which were produced in 1840 as 'Pictures of Social Life in Germany.' To each drama were added an introduction and notes. Another translation, from the German of Dr. Waagen, followed, entitled 'Rubens, his Life and Genius.'

Her industry was untiring, and as a kind of relaxation from her labor she wrote Handbooks of all the principal public and private art-galleries in and near London. 'Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters and of the Progress of Painting in Italy' appeared in 1845, followed by the useful work entitled 'Memoirs and Essays on Art,

Literature, and Social Morals.' 'Sacred and Legendary Art' was published in 1848. With admirable taste and judgment, both of pen and pencil, she opened in this book a curious branch of well-nigh forgotten learning. 'A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected,' appeared in 1854, followed by 'Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, at Home and Abroad,' 1855.

The later years of her life were devoted to the amelioration and improvement of the position of women, and in her 'Lectures on the Social Employments of Women' and 'The Communion of Labor' she evinces clear and deep thought, draws logical conclusions, and sympathizes with woman's labor as only an earnest worker could do. For some years before her death Mrs. Jameson was in receipt of a pension from the civil list. Her latest work was 'The History of Our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art; with that of his Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testaments.' It was finished by Lady Eastlake after her death, which took place in London, March 17, 1860.

STORY OF GENEVIEVE.

From 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.'

Genevieve de Sorbigny was the last of a noble family: young, beautiful, and a rich heiress, she seemed born to command all this world could yield of happiness. When left an orphan, at an early age, instead of being sent to a convent, as was then the universal custom, she was brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, who devoted herself to her education, and doated on her with an almost exclusive affection.

Genevieve resided in the country with her aunt till she was about sixteen; she was then brought to Paris to be united to the marquis of —; it was a mere marriage *de convenance*, a family arrangement entered into when she was quite a child, according to the *ancien régime*; and, unfortunately for Genevieve, her affianced bridegroom was neither young nor amiable; yet more unfortunately it happened that the marquis' cousin, the Baron de Villay, who generally accompanied him in his visits of ceremony, possessed all the qualities in which *he* was deficient; being young and singularly handsome, "amiable," "spirituel."

While the marquis, with the good breeding of that day, was bowing and paying his devoirs to the aunt of his intended (*sa future*), the young baron, with equal success

but in a very different style, was captivating the heart of the niece. Her extreme beauty had charmed him at the first glance, and her partiality, delicately and involuntarily betrayed, subdued every scruple, if he ever entertained any; and so, in the usual course of things, they were soon irretrievably and *éperdument* in love with each other.

Genevieve, to much gentleness of character, united firmness. The preparations for the marriage went on; the trousseau was bought; the jewels set; but the moment she was aware of her own sentiments, she had courage enough to declare to her aunt, that, rather than give her hand to the marquis, whom she detested past all her terms of detestation, she would throw herself into a nunnery, and endow it with her fortune. The poor aunt was thrown, by this unexpected declaration, into the utmost amazement and perplexity; she was *au désespoir*; such a thing had never been heard of or contemplated: but the tears of Genevieve prevailed; the marriage, after a long negotiation, was broken off, and the baron appeared publicly as the suitor of Genevieve. The marquis politely challenged his cousin, and owed his life to his forbearance; and the duel, and the cause of it, and the gallantry and generosity of De Villay, rendered him irresistible in the eyes of all the women in Paris, while to the heart of Genevieve he became dearer than ever.

To gain the favor of the aunt was now the only difficulty; she had ever regarded him with ill-concealed aversion and suspicion. Some mystery hung over his character; there were certain reports whispered relative to his former life and conduct which it was equally difficult to discredit and to disprove. Besides, though of a distinguished family, he was poor, most of his ancestral possessions being confiscated or dissipated; and his father was notoriously a *mauvais sujet*. All these reports and representations appeared to the impassioned Genevieve mere barbarous calumnies, invented to injure her lover; and regarding herself as the primal cause of these slanders, they rather added to the strength of her attachment. A reluctant consent was at last wrung from her aunt, and Genevieve was united to her lover.

The chateau of the baron was situated in one of the wildest districts of the wild and desolate coast of Bretagne.

The people who inhabited the country round were a ferocious, half-civilized race, and, in general, desperate smugglers and pirates. They had been driven to this mode of life by a dreadful famine and the oppressions of the provincial tax-gatherers, and had pursued it partly from choice, partly from necessity. They had carried on for near half a century a constant and systematic warfare against the legal authorities of the province, in which they were generally victorious.

No revenue officer or *exempt* dare set his foot within a certain district; and when the tempestuous season, or any other accident, prevented them from following their lawless trade on the sea, they dispersed themselves through the country in regularly organized bands, and committed the most formidable depredations, extending their outrages even as far as St. Pol. Such was their desperate courage, the incredible celerity of their movements, and the skill of their leaders, that though a few stragglers had been occasionally shot, all attempts to take any of them alive, or to penetrate into their secret fastnesses, proved unavailing.

The baron had come to Paris for the purpose of representing the disturbed state of his district to the government, and procuring an order from the minister of the interior to embody his own tenantry and dependants into a sort of militia for the defense of his property, and for the purpose of bringing these marauders to justice, if possible. He was at first refused, but after a few months' delay, money and the interest of Genevieve's family prevailed; the order was granted, and he prepared to return to his chateau. The aunt and all her friends remonstrated against the idea of exposing his young wife to such revolting scenes, and insisted that she should be left behind at Paris; to which he agreed with seeming readiness, only referring the decision to Genevieve's own election. She did not hesitate one moment; she adored her husband, and the thought of being separated from him in this early stage of their union, was worse than any apprehended danger: she declared her resolution to accompany him. At length the matter was thus compromised: they consented that Genevieve should spend four months of every year in Bretagne, and the other eight at Paris, or at her uncle's

chateau in Auvergne; in fact, so little was known then in the capital of what was passing in the distant provinces, that Genevieve only, being prepared by her husband, could form some idea of what she was about to encounter.

On their arrival the peasantry were immediately armed, and the chateau converted into a kind of garrison, regularly fortified. A continual panic seemed to prevail through the whole household, and she heard of nothing from morning till night but the desperate deeds of the marauders, and the exploits of their captain, to whom they attributed more marvelous atrocities than were ever related of Barbone, or Blue Beard himself. Genevieve was at first in constant terror; finding, however, that week after week passed and the danger, though continually talked of, never appeared, she was rather excited and *désennuyée*, by the continual recurrence of these alarms. She would have been perfectly happy in her husband's increasing and devoted tenderness, but for his frequent absences in pursuit of the smugglers either on sea or on shore, and the dangers to which she fancied him exposed: but even these absences and these dangers endeared him to her, and kept alive all the romantic fervor of her attachment. He was not only the lord of her affections, but the hero of her imagination. The time allotted for her stay insensibly passed away; the four months were under different pretenses prolonged to six, and then her confinement drawing near, it was judged safest to defer her journey to Paris till after her recovery.

Genevieve, in due time, became the mother of a son; an event which filled her heart with a thousand delicious emotions of gratitude, pride, and delight. It seemed to have a very different and most inexplicable effect on her husband the baron's behavior. He became gloomy, anxious, abstracted; and his absences, on various pretexts, more frequent than ever: but what appeared most painful and incomprehensible to Genevieve's maternal feelings, was his indifference to his child. He would hardly be persuaded even to look at it, and if he met it smiling in its nurse's arms, would perhaps gaze for a moment, then turn away as from an object which struck him with a secret horror.

One day as Genevieve was sitting alone in her dressing-

room, fondling her infant, and thinking mournfully on this change in her husband's conduct, her *femme-de-chambre*, a faithful creature, who had been brought up with her, and accompanied her from Paris, came into the room, pale as ashes; and throwing herself at her feet, told her, that though regard for her health had hitherto kept her silent, she could no longer conceal the dreadful secret which weighed upon her spirits. She then proceeded to inform the shuddering and horror-struck Genevieve, that the robbers who had excited so much terror, and were now supposed to be at a distance, were then actually in the chateau: that they consisted of the very servants and immediate dependants, with the baron himself at their head. She supposed they had been less on their guard during Genevieve's confinement; and many minute circumstances had at first awaked, and then confirmed her suspicions. Then embracing her mistress' knees, she besought her, for the love of Heaven, to return to Paris instantly, with those of her own attendants on whom she could securely depend, before they were all murdered in their beds.

Genevieve, as soon as she had recovered from her first dizzy horror and astonishment, would have rejected the whole as a dream, an impossible fiction. She thought upon her husband, on all that her fond heart had admired in him, and all that till lately she had found him—his noble form, his manly beauty, his high and honorable bearing, and all his love, his truth, his tenderness for her—and could *he* be a robber, a ruffian, an assassin? No; though her woman's attachment and truth were beyond suspicion, her tale too horribly consistent for disbelief, Genevieve would trust to her own senses alone to confirm or disprove the hideous imputation. She commanded her maid to maintain an absolute silence on the subject, and leave the rest to her.

The same evening the baron informed his wife that he was obliged to set off before light next morning, in pursuit of a party of smugglers who had landed at St. Pol; and that she must not be surprised if she missed him at an early hour. His absence he assured her would not be long: he should certainly return before the evening. They retired to rest earlier than usual. Genevieve, as it may be

imagined, did not sleep, but she lay perfectly still as if in a profound slumber. About the middle of the night she heard her husband softly rise from his bed and dress himself; and taking his pistols he left the room. Genevieve rushed to the window which overlooked the courtyard, but there neither horses nor attendants were waiting; she flew to another window which commanded the back of the chateau—there too all was still; nothing was to be seen but the moonlight shadows on the pavement. She hastily threw round her a dark cloak or wrapper, and followed her husband, whose footsteps were still within hearing. It was not difficult, for he walked slowly, stopping every now and then, listening, and apparently irresolute; he crossed the court and several outbuildings, and part of the ruins of a former chateau, till he came to an old well, which, being dry, had long been disused and shut up, and moving aside the trap-door which covered the mouth of it, he disappeared in an instant. Genevieve with difficulty suppressed a shriek of terror. She followed, however, with a desperate courage, groped her way down the well by means of some broken stairs, and pursued her husband's steps, guided only by the sound on the hollow damp earth.

Suddenly a distant light and voices broke upon her eye and ear; and stealing along the wall, she hid herself behind one of the huge buttresses which supported the vault above; she beheld what she was half-prepared to see—a party of ruffians, who were assembled round a board drinking. They received the baron with respect as their chief, but with sullen suspicious looks, and an ominous silence. Genevieve could distinguish among the faces many familiar to her, which she was accustomed to see daily around her, working in the gardens or attending in the chateau; among the rest the concierge, or house-steward, who appeared to have some authority over the rest. The wife of this man was the nurse of Genevieve's child. The baron took his seat without speaking. After some boisterous conversation among the rest, carried on in an unintelligible dialect, a quarrel arose between the concierge and another villain, both apparently intoxicated; the baron attempted to part them, and the uproar became general. The whole was probably a preconcerted plan, for from reproaching each other they proceeded to attack the baron

himself with the most injurious epithets; they accused him of a design to betray them; they compared him to his father, the old baron, who had never flinched from their cause, and had at last died in it; they said they knew well that a large party of regular troops had lately arrived at Saint Brieu, and they insisted it was with his knowledge, that he was about to give them up to justice, to make his own peace with government, etc.

The concierge, who was by far the most insolent and violent of these mutineers, at length silenced the others, and affecting a tone of moderation he proposed, and his proposal was received with an approving shout, that the baron should give up his infant son into the hands of the band; that they should take him to the island Guernsey, and keep him there as a pledge of his father's fidelity, till the regular troops were withdrawn from the province. How must the mother's heart have trembled and died away within her! She listened breathless for her husband's reply. The baron had hitherto with difficulty restrained himself, and attempted to prove how absurd and unfounded was their accusation, since his safety was involved in theirs, and he would, as their leader, be considered as the greatest criminal of all. His eyes now flashed with fury; he sprung upon the concierge like a roused tiger, and dragged him by the collar from amid the mutinous group. A struggle ensued, and the wretch fell, stabbed to the heart by his master's hand; a crowd of ferocious faces then closed around the baron—Genevieve heard—saw no more—her senses left her.

When she recovered she was in perfect silence and darkness, and felt like one awakening from a terrible dream; the first image which clearly presented itself to her mind was that of her child in the power of these ruffians, and their daggers at her husband's throat. The maddening thought swallowed up every other feeling, and lent her for the moment strength and wings; she rushed back through the darkness, fearless for herself; crossed the court, the galleries;—all was still: it seemed to her affrighted imagination that the chateau was forsaken by its inhabitants. She reached her child's room, she flew to his cradle and drew aside the curtain with a desperate hand, expecting to find it empty; he was quietly sleeping in his beauty and

innocence: Genevieve uttered a cry of joy and thankfulness, and fell on the bed in strong convulsions.

Many hours elapsed before she was restored to herself. The first object she beheld was her husband watching tenderly over her, her first emotion was joy for his safety—she dared not ask him to account for it. She then called for her son; he was brought to her, and from that moment she would never suffer him to leave her. With the quick wit of a woman, or rather with the prompt resolution of a mother trembling for her child, Genevieve was no sooner sufficiently recovered to think than she had formed her decision and acted upon it; she accounted for her sudden illness and terrors under pretense that she had been disturbed by a frightful dream: she believed, she said, that the dullness and solitude of the chateau affected her spirits, that the air disagreed with her child, and that it was necessary that she should instantly return to Paris. The baron attempted first to rally and then to reason with her: he consented—then retracted his consent; seemed irresolute—but his affections finally prevailed over his suspicions, and preparations were instantly made for their departure, as if he intended to accompany her.

Putting her with her maid and child into a traveling carriage, he armed a few of his most confidential servants, and rode by her side till they came to Saint Brieu: he then turned back in spite of all her entreaties, promising to rejoin her at Paris within a few days. He had never during the journey uttered a word which could betray his knowledge that she had any motive for her journey but that which she avowed; only at parting he laid his finger expressively on his lip, and gave her one look full of meaning: it could not be mistaken; it said, "Genevieve! your husband's life depends on your discretion, and he trusts you." She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he gently replaced her in the carriage, and remounting his horse, rode back alone to the chateau.

Genevieve arrived safely at Paris, and commanded her maid, as she valued both their lives, and on pain of her eternal displeasure, not to breathe a syllable of what had passed; firmly resolved that nothing should tear the terrible secret from her own breast: but the profound melancholy which had settled on her heart, and her pining and

altered looks, could not escape the eyes of her affectionate aunt; and her maid, either through indiscretion, timidity, or a sense of duty, on being questioned, revealed all she knew, and more than she knew. The aunt, in a transport of terror and indignation, sent information to the governor of the police, and Le Noir instantly summoned the unfortunate wife of the baron to a private interview.

Genevieve though taken by surprise, did not lose her presence of mind, and at first she steadily denied every word of her maid's deposition; but her courage and her affection were no match for the minister's art: when he assured her he had already sufficient proof of her husband's guilt, and promised, with jesuitical equivocation, that if she would confess all she knew, his life should not be touched, that due regard should be had for the honor of his family and hers, and that he (Le Noir) would exert the power which he alone possessed to detach him from his present courses, and his present associates, without the least publicity or scandal—she yielded, and on this promise being most solemnly reiterated and confirmed by an oath, revealed all she knew.

In a short time afterwards, the baron disappeared, and was never heard of more. In vain did his wretched wife appeal to Le Noir, and recall the promise he had given: he swore to her that her husband still *lived*, but more than this he would not discover. In vain she supplicated, wept, offered all her fortune for permission to share his exile if he were banished, his dungeon if he were a prisoner—Le Noir was inexorable.

Genevieve, left in absolute ignorance of her husband's fate, tortured by a suspense more dreadful than the most dreadful certainty, by remorse, and grief, which refused all comfort, died broken-hearted: what became of the baron was never known.

I could not learn exactly the fate of his son: it is said that he lived to man's estate, that he took the name of his mother's family, and died a violent death during the Revolution.

May not this singular anecdote be the foundation of all the tales of mysterious freebooters and sentimental bravoos, which have been written since the date of its occurrence? Not unlikely at least.

GEORGE H. JESSOP.

(1852 —)

GEORGE H. JESSOP was born in Ireland in 1852, and was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was a contributor to *Kottabos*.

In 1873 he came to this country and wrote abundantly while here. He edited *Judge* in 1884 and contributed freely to *Puck* and *The Century*. Some of his plays have been very successful, especially his first, 'Sam'l of Posen.' He collaborated with Mr. Brander Matthews in 'A Gold Mine' and in 'On Probation.' He is the librettist of 'My Lady Molly,' which in 1903-4 had a run of three hundred nights in London after it had failed in New York.

He has published a novel entitled 'Judge Lynch,' and a volume of short stories entitled 'Gerald French's Friends,' and in collaboration with Mr. Brander Matthews 'A Tale of 25 Hours.'

BOYCOTTED.

From 'The Emergency Men.'

The party was breaking up; some had retired; others were standing, bedroom candlesticks in their hands, exchanging a last word, when suddenly, out of the silence of the night, the melodious notes of a huntsman's horn echoed through the room. Harold recalled the legend, and paused at the door, mute and wondering.

Jack and his father exchanged glances.

"Now which of you 's tryin' to humbug us this year?" asked the old man, laughing, while Jack looked round and proceeded, as he said, to "count noses."

This was a useless attempt, for half the party that had sat up to wait for the New Year had already disappeared.

Dick sprang to the window and threw it open, but the night was cloudy and dark.

Again came the notes of the horn, floating in through the open window, and almost at the same moment there was a sound of hoofs crunching the gravel of the drive as a dozen or more animals swept past at wild gallop.

"This is past a joke," cried Jack. "I never heard of the old hunt materializing in any such way as this."

They rushed to the front door—Jack, Mr. Connolly, all of them. Harold reached it first. Wrenching it open, he

stood on the step, while the others crowded about him and peered out into the night. Only darkness, rendered murkier by the lights in the hall; and from the distance, fainter now, came the measured beat of the galloping hoofs.

No other sound? Yes, a long-drawn, quivering, piteous sigh; and as their eyes grew more accustomed to the night, out of the darkness something white shaped itself—something prone and helpless, lying on the gravel beneath the lowest step. They did not stop to speculate as to what it might be. With a single impulse, Jack and Harold sprang down, and between them they carried back into the hall the inanimate body of Polly Connolly.

Her eyes were closed and her face was as white as the muslin dress she wore. Clutched in her right hand was a hunting-horn belonging to Dick. It was evident that the girl had stolen out unobserved to reproduce—perhaps for the visitor's benefit—the legendary notes of the phantom huntsman. This was a favorite joke among the young Connollys, and scarcely a New-Year's night passed that it was not practiced by one or other of the large family; but what had occurred to-night? Whence came those galloping hoofs, and what was the explanation of Polly's condition?

The swoon quickly yielded to the usual remedies, but even when she revived it was some time before the girl could speak intelligibly. Her voice was broken by hysterical sobs; she trembled in every limb. It was evident that her nerves had received a severe shock.

While the others were occupied with Polly, Dick had stepped out on the gravel sweep, where he was endeavoring, by close examination, to discover some clue to the puzzle. Suddenly he ran back into the house.

"Something's on fire," he cried. "I believe it's the yard."

They all pressed to the open door—all except Mrs. Connolly, who still busied herself with her daughter, and Harold, whose sole interest was centered in the girl he loved.

Above a fringe of shrubbery which masked the farmyard, a red glow lit up the sky. It was evident the buildings were on fire. And even while they looked a man, half dressed, panting, smoke-stained, dashed up the steps. It was Tom Neil, one of the Emergency men.

These men slept in the yard, in the quarters vacated by the deserting coachman. In a few breathless words the big, raw-boned Ulsterman told the story of the last half-hour.

He and his comrade Fergus had been awakened by suspicious sounds in the yard. Descending, they had found the cattle-shed in flames. Neil had forced his way in and had liberated and driven out the terrified bullocks. The poor animals, wild with terror, had burst from the yard and galloped off in the direction of the house. This accounted for the trampling hoofs that had swept across the lawn, but scarcely for Polly's terrified condition. A country-bred girl like Miss Connolly would not lose her wits over the spectacle of a dozen fat oxen broken loose from their stalls. Had the barn been purposely burned, and had the girl fallen in with the retreating incendiaries?

It seemed likely. No one there doubted the origin of the fire, and Mr. Connolly expressed the general feeling as he shook his head and muttered:

"I mistrusted that they wouldn't let us get them cattle out o' the country without some trouble."

"But where is Fergus?" demanded Jack, suddenly.

"Isn't he here?" asked the Ulsterman. "When we seen the fire he started up to the big house to give the alarm, while I turned to to save the bullocks."

"No, he never came to the house," answered Jack, and there was an added gravity in his manner as he turned to his brother.

"Get a lantern, Dick. This thing must be looked into at once."

While the boy went in search of a light, Mr. Connolly attempted to obtain from his daughter a connected statement of what had happened and how much she had seen; but she was in no condition to answer questions. The poor girl could only sob and moan and cover her face with her hands, while convulsive tremblings shook her slight figure.

"Oh, don't ask me, papa; don't speak to me about it. It was dreadful—dreadful. I saw it all."

This was all they could gain from her.

"Don't thrubble the poor young lady," interposed old Peter, compassionately. "Sure, the heart's put across in her wid the fright. Lave her be till mornin'."

There seemed nothing else to be done, so Polly was left in charge of her mother and sister, while the men, headed by Dick, who carried a lantern, set out to examine the grounds.

There was no trace of Fergus between the house and the farm-yard. The lawn was much cut up by the cattle, for the frost had turned to rain early in the evening, and a rapid thaw was in progress. The ground was quite soft on the surface, and it was carefully scrutinized for traces of footsteps, but nothing could be distinguished among the hoof-prints of the bullocks.

In the yard all was quiet. The fire had died down; the roof of the cattle-shed had fallen in and smothered the last embers. The barn was a ruin, but no other damage had been done, and there were no signs of the missing man.

They turned back, this time making a wider circle. Almost under the kitchen window grew a dense thicket of laurel and other evergreen shrubs. Dick stooped and let the light of the lantern penetrate beneath the overhanging branches.

There, within three steps of the house, lay Fergus, pale and blood-stained, with a sickening dent in his temple—a murdered man.

Old Peter Dwyer was the first to break the silence: "The Lord be good to him! They've done for him this time, an' no mistake."

The lifeless body was lifted gently and borne toward the house. Harold hastened in advance to make sure that none of the ladies were astir to be shocked by the grisly sight. The hall was deserted. Doubtless Polly's condition demanded all their attention.

"The girl saw him murdered," muttered Mr. Connolly. "I thought it must have been something out of the common to upset her so."

"D'ye think did she, sir?" asked old Peter, eagerly.

"I haven't a doubt of it," replied the old gentleman, shortly. "Thank goodness, her evidence will hang the villain, whoever he may be."

"Ah, the poor thing, the poor thing!" murmured the servant, and then the sad procession entered the house.

The body was laid on a table. It would have been useless to send for a surgeon. There was not one to be found with-

in several miles, and it was but too evident that life was extinct. The top of the man's head was beaten to a pulp. He had been clubbed to death.

"If it costs me every shilling I have in the world, an' my life to the boot of it," said Mr. Connolly, "I'll see the ruffians that did the deed swing for their night's work."

"Amin," assented Peter, solemnly; and Jack's handsome face darkened as he mentally recorded an oath of vengeance.

"There'll be little sleep for this house to-night," resumed the old gentleman after a pause. "I'm goin' to look round and see if the doors are locked, an' then take a look at Polly. An' Peter."

"Sir!"

"The first light in the mornin'—it's only a few hours off," he added, with a glance at his watch—"you run over to the police station, and give notice of what's happened."

"I will, yer honor."

"Come upstairs with me, boys. I want to talk with you. Good-night, Mr. Hayes. This has been a blackguard business, but there's no reason you should lose your rest for it."

Mr. Connolly left the room, resting his arms on the shoulders of his two sons. Harold glanced at the motionless figure of the murdered man, and followed. He did not seek his bedroom, however; he knew it would be idle to think of sleep. He entered the smoking-room, lit a cigar, and threw himself into a chair to wait for morning.

All his ideas as to the Irish question had been changing insensibly during his visit to Lisnahoe. This night's work had revolutionized them. He saw the agrarian feud—not as he had been wont to read of it, glozed over by the New York papers. He saw it as it was—in all its naked, brutal horror.

He had observed that there had been no attempt on the part of the Connollys to appeal to neighbors for help or sympathy in this time of trouble, and he had asked Jack the reason. Jack's answer had been brief and pregnant.

"Where's the good? We're boycotted."

And that dead man lying on the table outside was only an example of boycotting carried to its logical conclusion.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

(1867—1902.)

THE full story of Lionel Johnson's inner life would be an extraordinary addition to the world's spiritual and intellectual biographies. His slight, delicate frame and boyish face gave little hint of his deep and fascinating personality, though they suggested the gentleness, reticence, and dignity that always distinguished him. Most of the years of his literary labor were spent in London; he was in it but scarcely of it; his ideas were centered in Ireland, in the Fathers of the Church and the masters of literature.

He saw the light of day in 1867, and it came to pass that while still young he broke with family traditions in more ways than one. He chose literature, instead of a military career, like the long line of the Johnsons before him, and he became a Catholic. He was educated at Winchester and at Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. at the age of twenty-three. He was worthy of that small company of rare spirits, of whom Newman was one, who have given Oxford a grave and spiritual dignity in the imagination. Early in the nineties he made his home in London, and soon became known to inner spheres of its literary world for his brilliant critical articles in a couple of high-class weekly reviews and in a daily paper that devoted much attention to literature. As a critic he showed then as ever great breadth and fine poise, as well as abundant culture. The general reader had, so far as he knew, the first taste of his intellectual—and lyrical—quality in 'The Book of the Rhymers' Club.'

The "Rhymers" were a little band of poets, some of them Irishmen (W. B. Yeats, Dr. Todhunter, G. A. Greene, and T. W. Rolleston as well as Johnson), who met periodically to recite and discuss their new poems at "The Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, London, a haunt of famous earlier literary associations. The gatherings had a social as well as an intellectual zest: social in a kindly and mellow way as befitted such a fraternity.

Soon afterward Johnson and his fellow Irishmen found a wider and still more congenial haunt in the Irish Literary Society. Johnson took his place at an early stage on a literary subcommittee and proved a practical worker, full of hope and enthusiasm. Already his learning might literally be described as colossal. He had a profound knowledge of religious writers, while in early English and Elizabethan literature, in the classics, in highways and byways of Irish lore, and with the great figures of the Middle Ages, he was equally at home. His own original poetry had a gravity and stately grace, as of one whose life was passed ever between a university and a cathedral. A breath from hills and seas and dreams of Ireland came into it later. Indeed his Irish enthusiasm seemed to grow with the years. The Gaelic League, whose great objects were (and are) the preservation and extension of Irish as a spoken and literary language, was founded in 1893, and for an early *Oireachtos* (the annual literary and musical festival of all Ireland) Johnson offered

a prize for the best essay in Irish on the subject of what Wales had taught Ireland in the way of national language revival. The prize was won by an Ulster writer, Mr. P. T. MacGinley, and duly published. In those days Johnson reviewed many books of high interest in the London *Daily Chronicle*, and the reviews had fine flashes of insight, enthusiasm, and faith. He published a study of 'The Art of Thomas Hardy,' a work that showed his amazing learning in its wealth of literary allusion, and that also proved his high critical quality, too high perhaps for the London of the period. In succeeding years two volumes of his poems were published, both illustrating his grave austerity and dignity of spirit and his profound religious character. The second especially showed his deep and glowing attachment to Ireland.

Meanwhile, and to the last, in the social and personal sense his life was aloof and retiring. Only a few friends knew the heights, enthusiasms, and exaltations of his nature. By them he was more than esteemed; he was beloved. In an age of "cheap" criticism and cheaper literature, he was never "cheap." The fine soul in the frail, boyish body shrank from the vulgarities of the world, or peopled it with Dantes, Augustines, and Deirdres. On the whole, his fine-tempered and cultured criticism, his grave and stately poetry, did not receive their due in London or in England. Illness tried and darkened his closing years. The last chapter of all was pathetic. He met with a serious accident in Fleet Street and died from the effects of it in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in October, 1902. An Irish-speaking priest was with him in his last moments. With his great gifts and his rare spirit, his life darkening and narrowing down to a melancholy chapter in Fleet Street was a literary tragedy. To the many his poetry, to a favored few the memories of delightful converse and companionship, remain to show the noble soul he was.

"Mr. Lionel Johnson," says Mr. W. B. Yeats in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "has in his poetry completed the trinity of the spiritual virtues by adding Stoicism to Ecstasy and Asceticism. He has renounced the world and built up a twilight world instead, where all the colors are like the colors in the rainbow that is cast by the moon, and all the people as far from modern tumults as the people upon fading and dropping tapestries. He has so little interest in our pains and pleasures, and is so wrapped up in his own world, that one comes from his books wearied and exalted, as though one had posed for some noble action in a strange *tableau vivant* that cast its painful stillness upon the mind instead of the body."

COUNTRY FOLK.

From 'The Art of Thomas Hardy.'

"John Hewet was a well set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be called rather comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed

thro' the various labors of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, 't was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair day that he brought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighborhood; for scandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths and John was suiting several sorts of poppys and field flowers to her complection, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day.

“While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July between three and four in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the laborers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sate down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; everyone was solicitous for the safety of his neighbor, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoak, and then spy'd the faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning.

“They were both struck dead in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was sing'd, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard.”

This letter by Gay, which Thackeray has immortalized in another version, enshrines with so great a grace one view of country life, that I have set it down here; innocent,

comely laborers; pretty serious ways of love in the fields; glimpses of the fair, that last fair at the busy, homely town; the kindly concern of the neighbors; then, the angry storm bursting over that hot hayfield, the storm so grand a visitation; all this makes of John Hewet and Sarah Drew, typical figures, whom we can see now in the fields, with no harsh presentiment of poverty or of coarseness to come: they lie dead, those English country lovers, in all the significant beauty of Cleobis and Bito. It is a story, of which one loves to think, when challenged to think well of country life, in face of certain horrors and brutalities undeniably there: as in Madam Darmesteter's 'The New Arcadia,' or Mrs. Woods' 'A Village Tragedy.' It helps us, this true idyll of the last century, to believe that much vaunted sentiment about the country is born from more than love of a pretty insincerity; Strephon sighing to Chloe in the shade, Damon piping to Phyllis among the flocks; those nymphs and swains, whom French and English art made so delightful an hundred years ago; giving them, for all their coats and gowns of another mode, something of Apollo's glory and something of the Muse's grace.

The apparent monotony of rural ways, viewed by spectators used to streets, crowded with strange faces, inclines a writer to people his fields and villages with primitive virtues, or with primitive vices, but hardly with both. "To make men moral something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass," wrote George Eliot, in protest against the superstition about blameless Arcadians. But from George Eliot's protest to M. Zola's practice, the descent is long and difficult: *la bête humaine* is no more real than the Arcadian, nor Hodge than Strephon. No long acquaintance with country folk is wanted, to persuade us that every Sabine laborer is not hardy, not every Breton poetical, not every Russian patient. Though "rustics" be to some men as undistinguishable as "silly sheep," the shepherd can distinguish a world of difference between silly face and face. Mr. Hardy has given us some ten groups of country folk; the farm hands, woodlanders, shepherds, dairy-maids, furze cutters, carriers, nondescript laborers, servants, cottagers, who form the main populace of his Wessex scenes. Unessential, in many cases, to the conduct

of the mere narrative, they and the landscape around them yet serve to emphasize the force of that narrative: far from being picturesque accessories, they form the chorus, whose office is to insist upon stable moralities, the tried wisdom and experience, with which the fortunes of the chief actors are in contrast.

Young and old, prudent and foolish, consciously or unconsciously, they come to represent a body of sentiment and opinion, the growth of rustic times: their proverbs, witticisms, anecdotes, comments, are all sententious. Thus as a Greek chorus, with its leisurely, appropriate utterances, sometimes full of an exasperating sobriety, stands round about the two or three passionate souls in travail; so these aged patriarchs, half-witted clowns, shrewd workmen, village butts and wits and characters, move through the Wessex scenes, where Henchard or Eustacia or Tess is acting and suffering, with grotesque, stolid, or pathetic commentaries. But they never lose their reality, their hold upon life and truth, in the creator's hands: not one of them is set up, a puppet of the stage, to draw bucolic commonplaces in a dialect, or to pass the bounds of nature, in savagery, and whimsicality, and uncouthness. As we read it is borne in upon us, that in this pleasant talk we have the spiritual history of a country side: feudalism and Catholicism and Protestantism, law and education and tradition, changed in agriculture and commerce and tenure, in traffic and society and living, all these have worked and wrought upon the people, and here is the issue: *this* and *this* is their view of life; *thus* and *thus* they think and act; *here* is a survival, and *there* a desire; *here* a spirit of conversation, and *there* a sign of decay, and *there* again a look of progress. Poor laws and school boards, the Established Church and the Dissenting Mission, the extension of the franchise, and the condition of the laborer, matters for grave inquiry and debate among men of social studies, though you may read Mr. Hardy's books without noticing them there, are there none the less: not discussed in set form, often not so much as mentioned, admirably kept back from intrusion, they are yet to be recognized and felt.

Not only what the peasants are, but also the causes of their being that, are implied in Mr. Hardy's artistic treat-

ment of them: he deals with men, hard to understand and to portray; but mere ghosts and caricatures of men unless portrayed with understanding. In literature, no less than in life, they resent patronage: the rustic, whose office in a book is that of a gargoyle upon a tower, to look quaint and to spout, takes revenge by becoming very wearisome.

TO MORFYDD.

A voice of the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:

*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes.*

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:

*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes.*

Cold, cold grow the winds,
And dark grow the waters,
Where the sun dies:

*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes.*

And down the night winds
And down the night waters,
The music flies:

*Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Cold be the winds,
And wild be the waters,
So mine be your eyes.*

WAYS OF WAR.

A terrible and splendid trust
 Heartens the host of Innisfail:
 Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,
 A lightning glory of the Gael.

Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,
 And Tara the assembling-place:
 But each sweet wind of Ireland bears
 The trump of battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donegal,
 From Howth to Achill, the glad noise
 Rings: and the heirs of glory fall,
 Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
 Yet, ere peace come to Innisfail,
 Some weapons on some field must gleam,
 Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,
 Fair for the treading of an host:
 That field in realms of thought be won,
 And armed minds do their uttermost:

Some way to faithful Innisfail
 Shall come the majesty and awe
 Of martial truth, that must prevail
 To lay on all the eternal law.

 THE AGE OF A DREAM.

Imageries of dreams reveal a gracious age;
 Black armor, falling lace, and altar lights at morn.
 The courtesy of Saints, their gentleness and scorn,
 Lights on an earth more fair than shone from Plato's page;
 The courtesy of knights, fair calm and sacred rage;
 The courtesy of love, sorrow for love's sake born.
 Vanished, those high conceits! Desolate and forlorn,
 We hunger against hope for that lost heritage.

Gone now, the carven work! Ruined, the golden shrine!
 No more the glorious organs pour their voice divine;
 No more rich frankincense drifts through the Holy Place;
 Now from the broken tower, what solemn bell still tolls,
 Mourning what piteous death? Answer, O saddened souls!
 Who mourn the death of beauty and the death of grace.

THE LAST MUSIC.

Calmly, breathe calmly all your music, maids!
 Breathe a calm music over my dead queen.
 All your lives long, you have not heard nor seen
 Fairer than she, whose hair in somber braids
 With beauty overshades
 Her brow broad and serene.

Surely she hath lain so an hundred years:
 Peace is upon her, old as the world's heart.
 Breathe gently, music! Music done, depart:
 And leave me in her presence to my tears,
 With music in mine ears;
 For sorrow hath its art.

Music, more music, sad and slow! She lies
 Dead: and more beautiful than early morn.
 Discrowned am I, and of her looks forlorn:
 Alone vain memories immortalize
 The way of her soft eyes,
 Her virginal voice low borne.

The balm of gracious death now laps her round
 As once life gave her grace beyond her peers.
 Strange! that I loved this lady of the spheres,
 To sleep by her at last in common ground:
 When kindly death hath bound
 Mine eyes, and sealed mine ears.

Maidens! make a low music: merely make
 Silence a melody, no more. This day,
 She travels down a pale and lonely way:
 Now for a gentle comfort, let her take
 Such music for her sake,
 As mourning love can play.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death:
 Music moves over her still face, and I
 Lean breathing love over her. She will lie
 In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath—
 The twilight wind that saith:
 Rest! worthy found to die.

TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS.

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!
 White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of
 God!

They for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
 All, save the sweetness of treading where He first trod!
 These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
 Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:
 They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
 They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:
 White Horsemen, who ride on white horses—oh, fair to see!
 They ride where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
 White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(1867 —)

CHARLES JOHNSTON was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, Feb. 17, 1867. He is the son of William Johnston, M.P. for Belfast, Ireland, and of Georgina, the daughter of Sir John Hay, Bart., of Park, Scotland. He was educated in Derby, England, and at Dublin University. He entered the course for the Indian Civil Service in 1886, and passed his final examination in August, 1888, reaching India in November. He was assistant and Deputy Magistrate at Murshedabad in Lower Bengal and afterward at Cuttack in the district of Orissa. He visited Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Allahabad, and was invalided two years later.

He afterward traveled for four years on the Continent, visiting Holland, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Austria, and France, and came to the United States in October, 1896. He is a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and President of the Irish Literary Society of New York (1904).

He has translated 'From the Upanishads,' archaic Sanskrit, 1896; 'What is Art?' from the Russian of Count L. N. Tolstoi; 'Julian, the Apostate,' from the Russian of 'Mereshkovski,' and 'The System of Vedanta,' from the German of Professor Paul Deussen.

He is the author of 'The Memory of Past Births,' 1900; 'Kela Bai,' 1900; 'Ireland, Historic and Picturesque,' 1901, and he has contributed articles on Oriental, historical, and literary subjects to the leading magazines.

IRELAND, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

From 'Ireland Historic and Picturesque.'

Finally, encircling all, is the perpetual presence of the sea, with its foaming, thunderous life or its days of dreamy peace; round the silver sands or furrowed cliffs that gird the island our white waves rush forever, murmuring the music of eternity.

Such is the land of Eire, very old, yet full of perpetual youth; a thousand times darkened by sorrow, yet with a heart of living gladness; too often visited by evil and pale death, yet welling ever up in unconquerable life,—the youth and life and gladness that thrill through earth and air and sky, when the whole world grows beautiful in the front of Spring.

For with us Spring is like the making of a new world

IRELAND IN SUMMER

A scene on the Irish Blackwater from a photograph

Through the whole land between the four seas benediction is everywhere. . . . Down the hillsides into every valley pours gladness and freshness and song.—C. Johnston

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He subsequently resided for four years on the Continent, visiting England, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Austria, and France, and returning to Ireland in October, 1896. He is a member of the Literary Society

IRELAND IN SUMMER

A scene on the River Blackwater, from a photograph.

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For with us Spring is like the making of a new world



in the dawn of time. Under the warm wind's caressing breath the grass comes forth upon the meadows and the hills, chasing dun Winter away. Every field is newly vested in young corn or the olive greenness of wheat; the smell of the earth is full of sweetness. White daisies and yellow dandelions star all our pastures; and on the green ruggedness of every hillside, or along the shadowed banks of every river and every silver stream, amid velvet mosses and fringes of newborn ferns, in a million nooks and crannies throughout all the land, are strewn dark violets; and wreaths of yellow primroses with crimped green leaves pour forth a remote and divine fragrance; above them, the larches are dainty with new greenery and rosy tassels, and the young leaves of beech and oak quiver with fresh life.

Still the benigance of Spring pours down upon us from the sky, till the darkening fields are hemmed in between barriers of white hawthorn, heavy with nectar, and twined with creamy honeysuckle, the fingertips of every blossom coral-red. The living blue above throbs with the tremulous song of innumerable larks; the measured chant of cuckoos awakens the woods; and through the thickets a whole world's gladness sings itself forth from the throat of thrush and blackbird. Through the whole land between the four seas benediction is everywhere; blue-bells and the rosy fingers of heath deck the mountain-tops, where the grouse are crooning to each other among the whins; down the hillsides into every valley pour gladness and greenness and song; there are flowers everywhere, even to the very verge of the whispering sea. There, among the gray bent-spikes and brackens on the sandhills, primroses weave their yellow wreaths; and little pansies, golden and blue and purple, marshal their weird eyes against the spears of dark blue hyacinths, till the rich tribute of wild thyme makes peace between them.

The blue sky overhead, with its flocks of sunlit clouds, softly bends over the gentle bosom of the earth. A living spirit throbs everywhere, palpable, audible, full of sweetness and sadness immeasurable—sadness that is only a more secret joy.

Then the day grows weary, making way for the magic of evening and the oncoming dark with its mystery. The

tree-stems reddened with the sunset; there is a chill sigh in the wind; the leaves turn before it, burnished against the purple sky. As the gloom rises up out of the earth, bands of dark red gather on the horizon, seaming the clear bronze of the sky, that passes upward into olive-color, merging in dark blue overhead. The sun swings down behind the hills, and purple darkness comes down out of the sky; the red fades from the tree-stems, the cloud-colors die away; the whole world glimmers with the fading whiteness of twilight. Silence gathers itself together out of the dark, deepened, not broken, by the hushing of the wind among the beech-leaves, or the startled cluck of a blackbird, or a wood-pigeon's soft murmur, as it dreams in the silver fir.

Under the brown wings of the dark, the night throbs with mystic presence; the hills glimmer with an inward life; whispering voices hurry through the air. Another and magical land awakes in the dark, full of a living restlessness; sleepless as the ever-moving sea. Everywhere through the night-shrouded woods, the shadowy trees seem to interrupt their secret whispers till you are gone past. There is no sense of loneliness anywhere, but rather a host of teeming lives on every hand, palpable though hidden, remote from us though touching our lives, calling to us through the gloom with wordless voices, inviting us to enter and share with them the mystical life of this miraculous earth, great mother of us all. The dark is full of watching eyes.

Summer with us is but a brighter Spring, as our Winter only prolongs the sadness of Autumn. So our year has but two moods, a gay one and a sad one. Yet each tinges the other—the mists of Autumn veiling the gleam of Spring—Spring smiling through the grief of Autumn. When the sad mood comes, stripping the trees of their leaves and the fields of their greenness, white mists veil the hills and brood among the fading valleys. A shiver runs through the air, and the cold branches are starred with tears. A poignant grief is over the land, an almost desolation—full of unspoken sorrow, tongue-tied with unuttered complaint. All the world is lost and forlorn, without hope or respite. Everything is given up to the dirges of the moaning seas, the white shrouds of weeping mist. Wander forth upon the uplands and among the lonely hills and rock-seamed

sides of the mountains, and you will find the same sadness everywhere: a grieving world under a grieving sky. Quiet desolation hides among the hills, tears tremble on every brown grass-blade, white mists of melancholy shut out the lower world.

Who ever has not felt the poignant sadness of the leafless days has never known the real Ireland; the sadness that is present, though veiled, in the green bravery of Spring, and under the songs of Summer. Nor have they ever known the real Ireland who have not divined beneath that poignant sadness a heart of joy, deep and perpetual, made only keener by that sad outward show.

Here in our visible life is a whisper and hint of our life invisible; of the secret that runs through and interprets so much of our history. For very much of our nation's life has been like the sadness of those autumn days,—a tale of torn leaves, of broken branches, of tears everywhere. Tragedy upon tragedy has filled our land with woe and sorrow and, as men count success, we have failed of it, and received only misery and deprivation. He has never known the true Ireland who does not feel that woe. Yet, more, he knows not the real Ireland who cannot feel within that woe the heart of power and joy,—the strong life outlasting darkest night,—the soul that throbs incessantly under all the calamities of the visible world, throughout the long tragedy of our history.

This is our secret: the life that is in sorrow as in joy: the power that is not more in success than in failure—the one soul whose moods these are, who uses equally life and death. . . .

Therefore, for the whole world and for our land there was needed another epoch, a far more difficult lesson,—one so remote from what had been of old, that even now we only begin to understand it. To the Ireland that had seen the valor of Cuculain, that had watched the wars of Fergus—to the Ireland that listened to the deeds of Find and the songs of Ossin,—came the Evangel of Galilee, the darkest yet the brightest message ever brought to the children of earth. If we rightly read that Evangel, it brought the doom of the natural man, and his supersession by the man immortal; it brought the death of our personal perfecting and pride, and the rising from the dead of the common

soul, whereby a man sees another self in his neighbor; sees all alike in the one Divine.

Of this one Divine, wherein we all live and live forever, pain is no less the minister than pleasure; nay, pain is more its minister, since pleasure has already given its message to the natural man. Of that one Divine, sorrow and desolation are the messengers, alike with joy and gladness; even more than joy and gladness, for the natural man has tasted these. Of that one Divine, black and mysterious death is the servant, not less than bright life; and life we had learned of old in the sunshine.

There came, therefore, to Ireland, as to a land cherished for enduring purposes, first the gentler side, and then the sterner, of the Galilean message. First, the epoch almost idyllic which followed after the mission of Patrick; the epoch of learning and teaching the simpler phrases of the Word. Churches and schools rose everywhere, taking the place of fort and embattled camp. Chants went up at morning and evening, with the incense of prayer, and heaven seemed descended upon earth. Our land, which had stood so high in the ranks of valor and romance, now rose not less eminent for piety and fervid zeal, sending forth messengers and ministers of the glad news to the heathen lands of northern and central Europe, and planting refuges of religion within their savage bounds. Beauty came forth in stone and missal, answering to the beauty of life it was inspired by; and here, if anywhere upon earth through a score of centuries, was realized the ideal of that prayer for the kingdom, as in heaven, so on earth. Here, again, we have most ample memorials scattered all abroad throughout the land; we can call up the whole epoch, and make it stand visible before us, visiting every shrine and sacred place of that saintly time, seeing, with inner eyes, the footsteps of those who followed that path, first traced out by the shores of Gennesaret.

Once more, if the kingdom come upon earth were all of the message, we might halt here; for here forgiveness and gentle charity performed their perfect work, and learning was present with wise counsel to guide willing feet in the way. Yet this is not all; nor, if we rightly understand that darkest yet brightest message, are we or is mankind destined for such an earthly paradise; our king-

dom is not of this world. Here was another happiness, another success; yet not in that happiness nor in that success was hid the secret; it lay far deeper. Therefore we find that morning with its sunshine rudely clouded over, its promise swept away in the black darkness of storms. Something more than holy living remained to be learned; there remained the mystery of failure and death—that death which is the doorway to our real life. Therefore upon the shores broke wave after wave of invasion, storm after storm of cruelest oppression and degradation. In the very dust was our race ground down, destitute, afflicted, tormented, according to prophecy and promise. Nor was that the end. Every bitterness that the heart of man can conceive, that the heart of man can inflict, that the heart of man can endure, was poured into our cup, and we drained it to the dregs. Of that saddest yet most potent time we shall record enough to show not only what befell through our ages of darkness, but also, so far as may be, what miraculous intent underlay it, what promise the darkness covered, of our future light; what golden rays of dawn were hidden in our gloom.

Finally, from all our fiery trials we shall see the genius of our land emerge, tried indeed by fire, yet having gained fire's purity; we shall see that genius beginning, as yet with halting speech, to utter its most marvelous secret of the soul of man. We shall try at least to gain a clear sight of our great destiny, and thereby of the like destiny of universal man.

For we cannot doubt that what we have passed through, all men and all nations either have passed through already, or are to pass through in the time to come. There is but one divine law, one everlasting purpose and destiny for us all. And if we see other nations now entering that time of triumph which passed for us long ago, that perfecting of the natural man, with his valor and his song, we shall with fear and reverence remember that before them also lie the dark centuries of fiery trial; the long night of affliction, the vigils of humiliation and suffering. The one Divine has not yet laid aside the cup that holds the bitter draft,—the drinking of which comes ever before the final gift of the waters of life. What we passed through, they shall pass through also; what we suffered,

they too shall suffer. Well will it be with them if, like us, they survive the fierce trial, and rise from the fire immortal, born again through sacrifice.

Therefore I see in Ireland a miraculous and divine history, a life and destiny invisible, lying hid within her visible life. Like that throbbing presence of the night which whispers along the hills, this diviner whisper, this more miraculous and occult power, lurks in our apparent life. From the very gray of her morning, the children of Ireland were preoccupied with the invisible world; it was so in the darkest hours of our oppression and desolation; driven from this world, we took refuge in that; it was not the kingdom of heaven upon earth, but the children of earth seeking a refuge in heaven. So the same note rings and echoes through all our history; we live in the invisible world. If I rightly understand our mission and our destiny, it is this: To restore to other men the sense of that invisible; that world of our immortality; as of old our race went forth carrying the Galilean Evangel. We shall first learn, and then teach, that not with wealth can the soul of man be satisfied; that our enduring interest is not here but there, in the unseen, the hidden, the immortal, for whose purposes exist all the visible beauties of the world. If this be our mission and our purpose, well may our fair mysterious land deserve her name: *Inis Fail*, the Isle of Destiny.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

(1719—1800.)

CHARLES JOHNSTONE was born in Limerick County in 1719. He had the benefit of a classical education, studied for the bar, and on being called he chose to practice in England. Being slightly deaf, he was principally engaged as a chamber counsel, and was comparatively successful. Notwithstanding his defect of hearing, he was welcomed in general society as lively and companionable.

In 1760 'Chrysal; or, The Adventures of a Guinea' appeared. It is a political romance not unlike 'Le Diable Boiteux.' As it set forth the secret history of some political intrigues on the Continent, and contained piquant sketches of celebrated living characters, it became at once a success.

In 1762 Johnstone published another satire entitled 'The Reverie, or a Flight to the Paradise of Fools.' This was followed in 1774 by 'The History of Arsaces, Prince of Betlis,' a sort of political romance. In 1775 appeared 'The Pilgrim, or a Picture of Life'; and in 1781 'The History of John Juniper, Esquire, alias Juniper Jack,' a romance of low life.

Johnstone started for India in 1782. On his way thither he was shipwrecked, but his life was saved and he finally reached Bengal. In India he continued to write, but there his work was chiefly for newspapers, and appeared over the signature of "Onciropolos." In a short time he became one of the joint proprietors of a Bengal paper, and acquired a considerable fortune before his death, which occurred in 1800.

Sir Walter Scott called him "a prose Juvenal," and, comparing him with Le Sage, says: "As Le Sage renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable, as well as ludicrous."

POET AND PUBLISHER.

From 'Chrysal.'

My new master was one of those aspiring geniuses whom desperate circumstances drive to push at everything, and court consequences the bare apprehension of which terrifies men who have some character and fortune to lose out of their senses. He was that evening to meet at a tavern an author the boldness and beauty of whose writings had for some time engaged the public attention in a particular manner, and made his numerous admirers tremble for his safety.

As he happened to outstay his time, my master's impor-

ance took offense at a freedom which he thought so much out of character.

"This is very pretty, truly!" (said he, walking back and forward in a chafe), "that I should wait an hour for an author. It was his business to have been here first and waited for me, but he is so puffed up of late that he has quite forgot himself. Booksellers seldom meet with such insolence from authors. I should serve him right to go away and disappoint him. But would not that disappoint myself more? He is come into such vogue lately that the best man in the trade would be glad to get him. Well, if he does not do what I want, I know not who can! Fools may be frightened at the thoughts of a cart's tail or a pillory, I know better things. Where they come in a popular cause nothing sets a man's name up to such advantage, and that's the first step towards making a fortune; as for the danger, it is only a mere bugbear while the mob is on my side. And therefore I will go on without fear, if I am not bought off. A pension or a pillory is the word."

These heroic meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the author, who, throwing himself carelessly into a chair, "I believe I have made you wait," said he, "but I could not help it. I was obliged to stay to kick a puppy of a printer who had been impertinent; as I am to meet company directly, so let me hear what you have to say."

"I thought, sir," answered my master with an air of offended importance, "you had appointed me to meet you here on business, and business, you know, cannot be hurried over so soon."

"Don't mention business to me, I hate the very name of it, and as to any that can possibly be between you and me, it may be done in five minutes as well as five years; so speak directly, and without further preamble, for all your finesse could have no effect upon me, even if I would submit to let you try it."

"Finesse, sir! I do not know what you mean! I defy the world to charge me with ever having been guilty of any. The business I desired to meet you upon was about a poem I was informed you had ready for the press, and which I should be glad to treat with you for."

"Well, sir, and what will you give me for it? Be quick, for I cannot wait to make many words."

“What! before I have seen it? It is impossible for me to say till I have looked it over and can judge what it is, and how much it will make.”

“As to your judging what it is, that must depend upon inspiration, which I imagine you will scarcely make pretense to till you turn Methodist at least; but for what it will make here it is, and you may judge of that while I go downstairs for a few minutes.”

Saying which he gave him a handful of loose papers and left the room.

The first thing my master did when left thus to form his judgment of a work of genius was to number the pages, and then the lines in a page or two, by the time he had done which the author returned, and, taking the papers out of his hand, “Well, sir,” said he, “and what is the result of your judgment?”

“Why, really, sir,” answered my master after some pause, “I hardly know what to say; I have cast off the copy, and do not think that it will make more than a shilling, however pompously printed.”

“What you think it will make is not the matter, but what you will give me for it. I sell my work by the quality, not the quantity.”

“I do not doubt the quality of them in the least; but considering how much the trade is overstocked at present, and what a mere drug poetry has long been, I am a good deal at a loss what to offer, as I should be unwilling to give you or any gentleman offense by seeming to undervalue your works. What do you think of five guineas? I do not imagine that more can be given for so little, nor, indeed, should I be fond of giving even that but in compliment to you; I have had full twice as much for two many a time.”

“Much good may your bargain do you, sir; but I will not take less than fifty for mine in compliment to you, or any bookseller alive; and so, sir, I desire to know without more words (for I told you before that your eloquence would be thrown away upon me!) whether you will give that, as I am in haste to go to company much more agreeable to me than yours.”—

“What, sir! fifty guineas for scarce five hundred lines! Such a thing was never heard of in the trade.”—

“Confound your trade, and you together! Here, waiter! what is to pay?”—

“But, dear sir! why will you be in such a hurry? can you not give yourself and me time to consider a little? Perhaps we might come nearer to each other!”—

“I have told you before, and I repeat it again, that I will have so much, and that without more words.”—

“You are very peremptory, sir, but you know your own value, and therefore in hopes you will let me have more for my money next time, I will venture to give you your price now, though really if it was not for your name I could not possibly do it, but to be sure that is worth a shilling extraordinary, I own.”

“Which is twelve pence more than yours ever will be, unless to the ordinary of Newgate.—But come! give me the money, I want to go to my company.”—

“Well, sir, this is a hasty bargain, but I take it upon your word, and don’t doubt that there is merit in it, to answer such a price. Satire, sir! keen satire, and so plain that he who runs may read, as the saying is, is the thing now o’ days. Where there is any doubt or difficulty in the application it takes off the pleasure from the generality of readers. That, sir, is your great merit. Satire must be personal, or it will never do.”—

“Personal! that mine never shall be. Vices, not persons, are the objects of my satire; though where I find the former, I never spare the latter, be the rank and character in life what it will.”

My master had by this time counted out his money (among which I was), which the author took without telling over, and then went to his company, leaving the bookseller scarcely more pleased with his bargain than mortified at the cavalier treatment he had met in making it.

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE.

(1827 —)

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE, the well-known educator and collector of Irish music, is a brother of R. D. Joyce (*q.v.*). He was born in 1827 in the village of Ballyorgan, County Limerick. He was educated at private schools. In 1845 he entered the service of the Commissioners of National Education, under whom he held several successive posts till 1860, when he was placed at the head of the Central National Model Schools, Dublin. He was next raised to the position of a professor in the Commissioners' training department for teachers—a post he still holds. While he was thus climbing the ladder of promotion in his department he found time to enter Trinity College, of which he became B.A. in 1861, M.A. in 1865, and LL.D. in 1870.

Dr. Joyce's first book, 'A Handbook of School Management and Methods of Teaching,' was published in 1863, has passed through many editions, and continues to be universally used by teachers of Irish National Schools. He was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy in 1863, and two years afterward he put at the disposition of that body the results of his investigations into the laws by which the Irish names of places were formed. The series of papers in which he developed his ideas was received with favor by Petrie, Todd, and other leading Irish scholars. Thus encouraged, Dr. Joyce continued his investigations, and in 1869 published his work on the 'Origin and History of Irish Names of Places,' a fascinating volume, full of quaint stories, curious information, and most interesting analysis of the superstitions and history hidden in the names by which localities are known. The success of the book was immediate, a second edition being called for within a few months. In 1875 came a "Second Series," and the book, now consisting of two volumes, is unique of its kind; for in no other country in Europe have place-names been subjected to the same detailed scientific analysis, and the results given in more readable form.

'Ancient Irish Music,' a collection of one hundred Irish airs theretofore unpublished, with historical and illustrative text, appeared in 1872. The work contained, besides, several songs, some of them by Dr. Joyce himself, others by his brother, Robert Dwyer Joyce. In 1879 appeared 'Old Celtic Romances,' a series of eleven of the ancient bardic tales of Ireland, translated into plain homely English from the Gaelic manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, Dublin—a work which, like the 'Irish Names of Places,' has been very favorably reviewed and is an established success. Tennyson was indebted to the story of 'The Voyage of Maeldune' in this book for his exquisite attempt to reproduce the Irish form of verse. Of his poem bearing this title Tennyson says, "I read the legend in 'Joyce's Celtic Legends,' but most of the details are mine."

"By this story" (his son continues) "he intended to represent in his own original way the Celtic genius, and he wrote the poem with

a genuine love of the peculiar exuberance of the Irish imagination." (See 'Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir,' by his son, vol. ii. p. 255.)

Dr. Joyce is, besides, author of 'A History of Ireland' and 'A School Irish Grammar.' Among his best-known works are 'A Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608,' 'A Concise History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1837,' and his especially popular and latest books, 'Child's History of Ireland' and 'A Reading Book of Irish History,' etc.

'A Reading Book of Irish History' contains a mixture of Irish history, biography, and romance. A knowledge of the history of the country is conveyed partly in special historical sketches, partly in notes under the illustrations, and partly through the biography of important personages who flourished at various periods from St. Bridget down to the great Earl of Kildare.

OISIN IN TIRNANOGE;¹ OR, THE LAST OF THE FENA.

According to an ancient legend, Finn's son Oisín, the hero-poet, survived to the time of St. Patrick, two hundred years (the legend makes it three hundred) after the other Fena. On a certain occasion, when the saint asked him how he had lived to such a great age, the old hero related the following story.

A short time after the fatal battle of Gavra,² where so many of our heroes fell, we were hunting on a dewy morning near the brink of Lough Lein,³ where the trees and hedges around us were all fragrant with blossoms, and the little birds sang melodious music on the branches. We

¹ *Tirnanoge*, the Land of Youth. The ancient Irish had a sort of dim, vague belief that there was a land where people were always youthful, and free from care and trouble, suffered no disease, and lived for ever. This country they called by various names: *Tir-na-mbeo*, the land of the [ever-]living; *Tir-na-nóg*, the land of the [ever-] youthful; *Moy-Mell*, the plain of pleasure, etc. It had its own inhabitants—fairies; but mortals were sometimes brought there, and while they lived in it were gifted with the everlasting youth and beauty of the fairy people themselves, and partook of their pleasures. As to the exact place where Tirnanoge was situated, the references are shadowy and variable; but they often place it far out in the Atlantic Ocean, as far as the eye can reach from the high cliffs of the western coast. And here it is identical with O'Brasil.

The fairies were also supposed to live in palaces in the interior of pleasant green hills, and that they were hence called Aes-shee or Deena-shee, *i. e.* people of the *shee* or fairy hills; and hence also the word "banshee," *i. e.* a woman (*bean*) of the fairy hills. Tirnanoge was often regarded as identical with these bright, subterranean palaces. In my boyhood days, the peasantry believed that the great limestone cavern near Michelstown, in the County Cork, was one of the entrances to Tirnanoge.

² Gavra, now Garristown, in the northwest of the County Dublin.

³ Lough Lein, the Lakes of Killarney.

soon roused the deer from the thickets, and as they bounded over the plain, our hounds followed after them in full cry.

We were not long so engaged, when we saw a rider coming swiftly towards us from the west; and we soon perceived that it was a maiden on a white steed. We all ceased from the chase on seeing the lady, who reined in as she approached. And Finn and the Fena were greatly surprised, for they had never before seen so lovely a maiden. A slender golden diadem encircled her head; and she wore a brown robe of silk, spangled with stars of red gold, which was fastened in front by a golden brooch, and fell from her shoulders till it swept the ground. Her yellow hair flowed far down over her robe in bright, golden ringlets. Her blue eyes were as clear as the drops of dew on the grass; and while her small, white hand held the bridle and curbed her steed with a golden bit, she sat more gracefully than the swan on Lough Lein. The white steed was covered with a smooth, flowing mantle. He was shod with four shoes of pure yellow gold, and in all Erin a better or more beautiful steed could not be found.

As she came slowly to the presence of Finn, he addressed her courteously in these words—

“Who art thou, O lovely youthful princess? Tell us thy name and the name of thy country, and relate to us the cause of thy coming.”

She answered in a sweet and gentle voice, “Noble king of the Fena, I have had a long journey this day, for my country lies far off in the Western Sea. I am the daughter of the king of Tirnanoge, and my name is Niam of the Golden Hair.”

“And what is it that has caused thee to come so far across the sea? Has thy husband forsaken thee; or what other evil has befallen thee?”

“My husband has not forsaken me, for I have never been married or betrothed to any man. But I love thy noble son, Oisin; and this is what has brought me to Erin. It is not without reason that I have given him my love, and that I have undertaken this long journey; for I have often heard of his bravery, his gentleness, and the nobleness of his person. Many princes and high chiefs have sought me in marriage; but I was quite indifferent to all

men, and never consented to wed, till my heart was moved with love for thy gentle son, Oisín."

When I heard these words, and when I looked on the lovely maiden with her glossy, golden hair, I was all over in love with her. I came near, and, taking her small hand in mine, I told her she was a mild star of brightness and beauty, and that I preferred her to all the princesses in the world for my wife.

"Then," said she, "I place you under *gesa*, which true heroes never break through, to come with me on my white steed to Tirnanoge, the land of never-ending youth. It is the most delightful and the most renowned country under the sun. There is abundance of gold and silver and jewels, of honey and wine; and the trees bear fruit and blossoms and green leaves together all the year round. You will get a hundred swords and a hundred robes of silk and satin, a hundred swift steeds, and a hundred slender, keen-scented hounds. You will get herds of cows without number, and flocks of sheep with fleeces of gold; a coat of mail that cannot be pierced, and a sword that never missed a stroke and from which no one ever escaped alive. There are feasting and harmless pastimes each day. A hundred warriors fully armed shall always await you at call, and harpers shall delight you with their sweet music. You will wear the diadem of the king of Tirnanoge, which he never yet gave to any one under the sun, and which will guard you day and night, in tumult and battle and danger of every kind. Lapse of time shall bring neither decay nor death, and you shall be for ever young and gifted with unfading beauty and strength. All these delights you shall enjoy, and many others that I do not mention; and I myself will be your wife if you come with me to Tirnanoge."

I replied that she was my choice above all the maidens in the world, and that I would willingly go with her to the Land of Youth.

When my father, Finn, and Fena heard me say this, and knew that I was going from them, they raised three shouts of grief and lamentation. And Finn came up to me and took my hand in his, saying sadly—

"Woe is me, my son, that you are going away from me, for I do not expect that you will ever return to me!"

The manly beauty of his countenance became quite dimmed with sorrow; and though I promised to return after a little time, and fully believed that I should see him again, I could not check my tears, as I gently kissed my father's cheek.

I then bade farewell to my dear companions, and mounted the white steed, while the lady kept her seat before me. She gave the signal, and the steed galloped swiftly and smoothly towards the west, till he reached the strand; and when his gold-shod hoofs touched the waves, he shook himself and neighed three times. He made no delay but plunged forward at once, moving over the face of the sea with the speed of a cloud-shadow on a March day. The wind overtook the waves and we overtook the wind, so that we straightway lost sight of land; and we saw nothing but billows tumbling before us and billows tumbling behind us.

Other shores came into view, and we saw many wonderful things on our journey—islands and cities, lime-white mansions, bright greenans¹ and lofty palaces. A hornless fawn once crossed our course, bounding nimbly along from the crest of one wave to the crest of another; and close after, in full chase, a white hound with red ears. We saw also a lovely young maiden on a brown steed with a golden apple in her hand; and as she passed swiftly by a young warrior on a white steed plunged after her, wearing a long, flowing mantle of yellow silk, and holding a gold-hilted sword in his hand.

I knew naught of these things, and, marveling much, I asked the princess what they meant; but she answered—

“Heed not what you see here, Oisín; for all these wonders are as nothing compared with what you shall see in Tirnanoge.”

At last we saw at a great distance, rising over the waves on the very verge of the sea, a palace more splendid than all the others; and, as we drew near, its front glittered like the morning sun. I asked the lady what royal house this was and who was the prince that ruled over it.

“This country is the Land of Virtues,” she replied. “Its king is the giant, Fomor of the Blows, and its queen the daughter of the king of the Land of Life. This Fomor

¹ *Greenan*, a summer house; a house in a bright airy spot.

brought the lady away by force from her own country, and keeps her in his palace; but she has put him under a gesa that he cannot break through, never to ask her to marry him till she can find a champion to fight him in single combat. But she still remains in bondage; for no hero has yet come hither who has the courage to meet the giant."

"A blessing on you, golden-haired Niam," I replied; "I have never heard music sweeter than your voice; and although I feel pity for this princess, yet your story is pleasant to me to hear; for of a certainty I will go to the palace, and try whether I cannot kill this Fomor, and free the lady."

So we came to land; and as we drew nigh to the palace, the lovely young queen met us and bade us welcome. She led us in and placed us on chairs of gold; after which choice food was placed before us, and drinking-horns filled with mead, and golden goblets of sweet wine.

When we had eaten and drunk, the mild young princess told us her story, while tears streamed from her soft blue eyes; and she ended by saying—

"I shall never return to my own country and to my father's house, so long as this great cruel giant is alive!"

When I heard her sad words, and saw her tears falling, I was moved with pity, and telling her to cease from her grief, I gave her my hand as a pledge that I would meet the giant, and either slay him or fall myself in her defense.

While we were yet speaking, we saw the giant coming towards the palace, large of body, and ugly and hateful in appearance, carrying a load of deerskins on his back, and holding a great iron club in his hand. He threw down his load when he saw us, turned a surly look on the princess, and, without greeting us or showing the least mark of courtesy, he forthwith challenged me to battle in a loud, rough voice.

It was not my wont to be dismayed by a call to battle, or to be terrified at the sight of an enemy; and I went forth at once without the least fear in my heart. But though I had fought many battles in Erin against wild boars and enchanters and foreign invaders, never before did I find it so hard to preserve my life. We fought for three days and

three nights without food or drink or sleep; for the giant did not give me a moment for rest, and neither did I give him. At length, when I looked at the two princesses weeping in great fear, and when I called to mind my father's deeds in battle, the fury of my valor arose; and with a sudden onset I felled the giant to the earth; and instantly, before he could recover himself, I cut off his head.

When the maidens saw the monster lying on the ground dead, they uttered three cries of joy; and they came to me, and led me in the palace. For I was indeed bruised all over, and covered with gory wounds; and a sudden dizziness of brain and feebleness of body seized me. But the daughter of the king of the Land of Life applied precious balsam and healing herbs to my wounds; and in a short time I was healed, and my cheerfulness of mind returned.

Then I buried the giant in a deep and wide grave; and I raised a great cairn over him, and placed on it a stone with his name graved in Ogam.

We rested that night, and at the dawn of next morning Niam said to me that it was time for us to resume our journey to Tirnanoge. So we took leave of the daughter of the king of the Land of Life; and though her heart was joyful after her release, she wept at our departure, and we were not less sorry at parting from her. When we had mounted the white steed, he galloped towards the strand; and as soon as his hoofs touched the wave, he shook himself and neighed three times. We plunged forward over the clear, green sea, with the speed of a March wind on a hillside; and soon we saw nothing but billows tumbling before us and billows tumbling behind us. We saw again the fawn chased by the white hound with red ears; and the maiden with the golden apple passed swiftly by, followed by the young warrior in yellow silk on his white steed. And again we passed many strange islands and cities and white palaces.

The sky now darkened, so that the sun was hidden from our view. A storm arose, and the sea was lighted up with constant flashes. But though the wind blew from every point of the heavens, and the waves rose up and roared around us, the white steed kept his course straight on, moving as calmly and swiftly as before, through the foam

and blinding spray, without being delayed or disturbed in the least, and without turning either to the right or to the left.

At length the storm abated, and after a time the sun again shone brightly; and when I looked up, I saw a country near at hand all green and full of flowers, with beautiful smooth plains, blue hills, and bright lakes and waterfalls. Not far from the shore stood a palace of surpassing beauty and splendor. It was covered all over with gold and with gems of every color—blue, green, crimson, and yellow; and on each side were greenans shining with precious stones, built by artists the most skilled that could be found. I asked Niam the name of that delightful country, and she replied—

“This is my native country, Tirnanoge; and there is nothing I have promised you that you will not find in it.”

As soon as we reached the shore, we dismounted; and now we saw advancing from the palace a troop of noble looking warriors, all clad in bright garments, who came forward to meet and welcome us. Following these we saw a stately glittering host, with the king at their head wearing a robe of bright yellow satin covered with gems, and a crown that sparkled with gold and diamonds. The queen came after, attended by a hundred lovely young maidens; and as they advanced towards us, it seemed to me that this king and queen exceeded all the kings and queens of the world in beauty and gracefulness and majesty.

After they had kissed their daughter, the king took my hand, and said aloud in the hearing of the host—

“This is Oisin, the son of Finn, for whom my daughter, Niam, traveled over the sea to Erin. This is Oisin, who is to be the husband of Niam of the Golden Hair. We give you a hundred thousand welcomes, brave Oisin. You will be for ever young in this land. All kinds of delights and innocent pleasures are awaiting you, and my daughter, the gentle, golden-haired Niam, shall be your wife; for I am the king of Tirnanoge.”

I gave thanks to the king, and I bowed low to the queen; after which we went into the palace, where we found a banquet prepared. The feasting and rejoicing lasted for

ten days, and on the last day I was wedded to gentle Niam of the Golden Hair.

I lived in the Land of Youth more than three hundred years; but it appeared to me that only three years had passed since the day I parted from my friends. At the end of that time, I began to have a longing desire to see my father, Finn, and all my old companions, and I asked leave of Niam and of the king to visit Erin. The king gave permission, and Niam said—

“I will give consent, though I feel sorrow in my heart, for I fear much you will never return to me.”

I replied that I would surely return, and that she need not feel any doubt or dread, for that the white steed knew the way, and would bring me back in safety. Then she addressed me in these words, which seemed very strange to me—

“I will not refuse this request, though your journey afflicts me with great grief and fear. Erin is not now as it was when you left it. The great king Finn and his Fena are all gone; and you will find instead of them, a holy father and hosts of priests and saints. Now, think well on what I say to you and keep my words in your mind. If once you alight from the white steed, you will never come back to me. Again I warn you, if you place your feet on the green sod in Erin, you will never return to this lovely land. A third time, O Oisín, my beloved husband, a third time I say to you, if you alight from the white steed, you will never see me again.”

I promised that I would faithfully attend to her words, and that I would not alight from the white steed. Then, as I looked into her gentle face and marked her grief, my heart was weighed down with sadness, and my tears flowed plentifully; but even so, my mind was bent on coming back to Erin.

When I had mounted the white steed, he galloped straight towards the shore. We moved as swiftly as before over the clear sea. The wind overtook the waves and we overtook the wind, so that we straightway left the Land of Youth behind; and we passed by many islands and cities, till at length we landed on the green shores of Erin.

As I traveled on through the country, I looked closely

around me; but I scarcely knew the old places, for everything seemed strangely altered. I saw no sign of Finn and his host, and I began to dread that Niam's saying was coming true. At length, I espied at a distance a company of little men and women,¹ all mounted on horses as small as themselves; and when I came near, they greeted me kindly and courteously. They looked at me with wonder and curiosity, and they marveled much at my great size, and at the beauty and majesty of my person.

I asked them about Finn and the Fena; whether they were still living, or if any sudden disaster had swept them away. And one replied—

“We have heard of the hero Finn, who ruled the Fena of Erin in times of old, and who never had an equal for bravery and wisdom. The poets of the Gaels have written many books concerning his deeds and the deeds of the Fena, which we cannot now relate; but they are all gone long since, for they lived many ages ago. We have heard also, and we have seen it written in very old books, that Finn had a son named Oisin. Now this Oisin went with a young fairy maiden to Tirnanoge, and his father and his friends sorrowed greatly after him, and sought him long; but he was never seen again.”

When I heard all this, I was filled with amazement, and my heart grew heavy with great sorrow. I silently turned my steed away from the wondering people, and set forward straightway for Allen of the mighty deeds, on the broad, green plains of Leinster. It was a miserable journey to me; and though my mind, being full of sadness at all I saw and heard, forecasted further sorrows, I was grieved more than ever when I reached Allen. For there, indeed, I found the hill deserted and lonely, and my father's palace all in ruins and overgrown with grass and weeds.

I turned slowly away, and afterwards fared through the land in every direction in search of my friends. But I met only crowds of little people, all strangers, who gazed on me with wonder; and none knew me. I visited every place throughout the country where I knew the Fena had lived; but I found their houses all like Allen, solitary and in ruins.

¹ The gigantic race of the Fena had all passed away, and Erin was now inhabited by people who looked very small in Oisin's eyes.

At length I came to Glenasmole,¹ where many a time I had hunted in days of old with the Fena, and there I saw a crowd of people in the glen. As soon as they saw me, one of them came forward and said—

“Come to us, thou mighty hero, and help us out of our strait; for thou art a man of vast strength.”

I went to them, and found a number of men trying in vain to raise a large, flat stone. It was half lifted from the ground; but those who were under it were not strong enough either to raise it further or to free themselves from its weight. And they were in great distress, and on the point of being crushed to death.

I thought it a shameful thing that so many men should be unable to lift this stone, which Oscar, if he were alive, would take in his right hand and fling over the heads of the feeble crowd. After I had looked a little while, I stooped forward and seized the flag with one hand; and, putting forth my strength, I flung it seven perches from its place, and relieved the little men. But with the great strain the golden saddle-girth broke, and, bounding forward to keep myself from falling, I suddenly came to the ground on my two feet.

The moment the white steed felt himself free, he shook himself and neighed. Then, starting off with the speed of a cloud-shadow on a March day, he left me standing helpless and sorrowful. Instantly a woeful change came over me: the sight of my eyes began to fade, the ruddy beauty of my face fled, I lost all my strength, and I fell to the earth, a poor, withered old man, blind and wrinkled and feeble.

The white steed was never seen again. I never recovered my sight, my youth, or my strength; and I have lived in this manner, sorrowing without ceasing for my gentle, golden-haired wife, Niam, and thinking ever of my father, Finn, and of the lost companions of my youth.

¹ Glenasmole, a fine valley about seven miles south of Dublin, through which the river Dodder flows.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SONS OF O'CORRA.¹

From 'Old Celtic Romances.'

A princely upright hundred-herd brugaid² was born one time in the lovely province of Connaught, namely, Conall derg O'Corra the fair-haired. And thus was this brugaid (circumstanced):—he was a fortunate, rich, prosperous man; and his house was never found without three shouts in it—the shout of the brewers brewing ale, and the shout of the servants over the caldrons distributing (meat) to the hosts, and the shout of the youths over the chessboards³ winning games from one another.

The same house was never without three measures:—a measure of malt for making yeast, a measure of wheat for providing bread for the guests, and a measure of salt for savoring each kind of food.

His wife was Cairderga⁴ the daughter of the erenach⁵ of Clogher.⁶ They felt no want of any kind except being without children; and it was not that they were without children (being born to them), but that the infants always died the moment after birth.

Then this brugaid said (one day) to his wife as she reclined near him on the couch:—"It is a sad thing for us," said he, "that we have no children who would take our place and fill it worthily when we are gone."

"What desire is in your mind in regard to that?" says the wife.

"It is my desire," says the brugaid, "to make a bond with the demon to try if he would give us a son or a daughter who would take our place after us (since God has not done so)."

¹ I translated this tale from two Royal Irish Academy MSS., 23. N. 1 and 23. M. 50; and I subsequently made some modifications after I had an opportunity of consulting the more correct text of the Book of Fermoy. This last text has since been published, with literal translation, by Dr. Whitley Stokes, in the *Revue Celtique* (January, 1893). After comparing my somewhat free version with Dr. Stokes' close translation, I have not thought it necessary to make any changes.

² *Brugaid*, a sort of local officer who maintained a large establishment as keeper of a house of public hospitality. See my 'Short History of Ireland,' p. 57.

³ Chess-playing was a favorite amusement among the ancient Irish.

⁴ *Cairderga*, original *Caer-derg*, red berry.

⁵ *Erenach*, the holder or *impropriator* of a church and its lands: usually a layman.

⁶ *Clogher* in Tyrone, where there was a monastery.

“Let us do that,” said the woman.

They accordingly fasted (and prayed) to the demon; (and the demon hearkened unto them. And in due time) . . . she bore three sons at that great birth, namely, a son at the beginning of the night, and a son at the middle of the night, and a son at the end of the night.

And they were baptized according to the baptism of the pagans (by which they were dedicated not to God but to the demon); and their names were Lochan, Enna, and Silvester. And after that, they were reared and carefully trained up till they were swift and active on sea and land; so that they were an overmatch for all the young people of their own age in every game and in every accomplishment. And they were in the mouths and on the tongues of all who saw or heard of them in their day.

One day when they were resting at the railings of the house of their father and mother, wearied after their hurling and their martial games, the housefolk said that they saw no fault or defect in these handsome much-renowned youths, except only their being baptized in the service of the devil. (And the youths hearing this said):—“If it be so,” said they, “that the devil is our lord and master, it is very wrong of us not to bring ruin and wrath and woe on his enemies, that is to say (we ought), to slaughter the clergy, and burn and spoil their churches.”

Then did these three youths arise (and collecting a band), and taking unto them their arms, they came to Tuam-da-Gualann,¹ and spoiled and burned the town. And (after that) they plundered and made dreadful havoc on the churches and clergy throughout the province of Connaught, until their wicked and bloodthirsty ravages were noised over the four quarters of Erin. Thus did they run their evil course without ceasing for a whole year, during which time they destroyed more than half the churches of Connaught.

At the end of the year Lochan said to his brothers: “We have made one great mistake through forgetfulness,” says he, “and our lord the devil will not be thankful to us on account of it.” “What is that?” said the other two youths. “Our grandfather,” says he, “that is our moth-

¹ *Tuam-da-Gualann*, where was formerly a celebrated ecclesiastical establishment: now Tuam in Galway.

er's father—not to have killed him and burned his church.”

So they set out straightway, journeying without sparing or respite (to Clogher), and this was how they found the erenach, namely, on the green of the church with a great company of his folk around him (waiting for the O'Corras), in order to attend on them and to deal out to them the choice of every food and the best of every ale. And the intention that the elder had towards them, that indeed was not the intention they had towards him, but to murder him and to burn and spoil his church.

Then the O'Corras came to the spot where the elder was standing, and they made up their minds not to kill him or burn the houses till night, when the cows and the (other) cattle of the homestead would be housed, all in their own proper places.

The elder welcomed them and led them to the homestead; and he now became aware of their intention. Nevertheless he put them in a goodly pleasant *Greenan*, and they were served with food and ale till they became exhilarated and cheerful: after which couches were made ready for them on lofty bedsteads.

And now deep slumber and heavy sleep fell on them, and a wonderful vision was revealed in a dream to Lochan, the eldest of the sons of O'Corra, in which he was carried to see heaven and hell. And after this he awoke. The other two awoke at the same time, and they said:—“Let us now arise, for it is time to plunder and destroy the homestead.”

“Seems to me,” said Lochan, “that this is not the right thing for us to do: for evil is the lord we have served until now, and good is the Lord we have plundered and outraged.

“And last night I had,” said he, “a fearful dream, in which I saw a vision of heaven and hell. And first I was taken to see hell, where were countless souls of men and vast crowds of demons suffering divers tortures, and plagues unexampled. And I saw the four rivers of hell, that is to say, a river of toads, a river of serpents, a river of fire, and a river of snow. I saw also a monstrous serpent with many heads and legs, at sight whereof, even though it were only a single glance, all the men in the world would drop dead with loathing and horror.

“After this methought I was taken to see heaven; where

I beheld the Lord Himself seated on His kingly throne, and angels in the shapes of white birds singing for Him. And among them was one great snow-white bird of dazzling brightness that excelled all the others in size and beauty and voice, chanting strains of surpassing sweetness. Women in travail and men sore wounded and sick people racked with pain would fall asleep if they heard the delightful harmony of his voice. And it was made known to me that this great bird who chanted such heavenly music to his mild Lord was Michael the Archangel.

"And now, my brothers," said Lochan, "it is my counsel to you that you follow God henceforward."

"But," said the others, "will the Lord accept repentance from us for the dreadful evils we have already done?"

They go to the father of their mother, namely, the erenach, and they ask this thing of him. "He will accept your repentance without doubt," says the erenach.

"Well then," said Lochan, "let Mass be celebrated for us, and put us under instruction, and let us offer our confession to God. After that we will make staffs of the handles of our spears; and we will go to Finnen of Clonard, the tutor of the saints and of the just men of all Erin. He is a very holy man, and he will advise us in regard to what we ought to do."

To this counsel they agreed; and on the morrow they set out for the place where Finnen was; whom they found on the green of Clonard with a number of his clerics.

"Who are these coming towards us?" said the clerics. And one said, "They are the O'Corras the robbers." Hearing this they fled, like lightning, in a body from their master, for they felt quite sure that the O'Corras were coming to slay them; so that Finnen was left quite alone before the three brothers.

"It is from us the clerics are fleeing," says Lochan. "Of a certainty it is," said his brothers. "Let us," said Lochan, "cast from us our staffs, the only little remnant of our arms left with us; and let us throw ourselves on our knees before the cleric."

And this they did. "What is your desire?" says the cleric (Finnen). "Our desire," said they, "is faith and piety, and to serve God, and to abandon the lord whom we have hitherto served, namely, the devil."

“That is a good resolution,” says the cleric; “and let us go now to the homestead yonder, the place where live our brotherhood.”

They go accordingly with him to the brotherhood; and after the matter had been considered, it was arranged to set apart a young cleric to teach them; and it was decreed that they should not speak to any one except their own master till the end of a year.

So they continued for a whole year till they had read the Canons through, and by the time they had come to be able to read them, the whole brotherhood felt grateful (to God) for their piety and their gentleness.

At the end of the year they came to Finnen; and they knelt before him, and said to him:—“It is time now that we should be judged and sentence passed on us for the great crimes we have committed.”

“What,” said Finnen, “do ye not think it enough—the penance you have done already for a whole year among the brotherhood?” “It is not enough,” said they. “What then are the greatest crimes ye have committed?” says Finnen. “We have burned more than half the churches of Connaught; and neither priest nor bishop got quarter or protection from us.”

“You cannot,” replied Finnen, “give back life to the people you have killed; but do ye that which will be in your power, namely, to build up the churches ye have burned, and to repair every other damage ye have committed in them. And I will give to each man of you,” says he, “the swiftness and strength of a hundred; and I will take from you all weariness of feet, of hands, and of body; and I will give you light and understanding which will have neither decay nor end.”

So the O’Corras departed, and went first to Tuam-da-Gualann; and after that, they fared through the province, obedient to rule and working hard each day, until it came to pass that they had restored everything they had previously destroyed.

After that they came at the end of the year to speak with Finnen. “Have you been able,” asks Finnen, “to repair everything ye destroyed belonging to the Church?” “We have,” said they, “except one place alone, namely

Kenn-Mara.”¹ “Alas for that,” says Finnen; “that is the very first place you should have repaired; for it is the homestead of the oldest of all the saints of Ireland, namely, the aged Camann of Kenn-Mara. And now go and carefully restore everything ye have destroyed in that homestead. And the sentence that holy man passes on you, fulfill it patiently.”

So they went gladly to Kenn-Mara; and they repaired everything they had ruined there.

One day when they had come forth from the homestead, they sat on the margin of the litle bay, watching the sun as it went westward. And as they gazed and reflected on the course of the sun, they began to marvel greatly, pondering whither it went after it had gone down beneath the verge of the sea. “What more wonderful thing is there in the whole world,” said they, “than that the sea does not freeze into ice, while ice is formed in every other water!”

Thereupon they formed the resolution on the spot to bring unto them a certain artificer who was a fast friend of theirs, and to (get him) to make a three-hide curragh for them. Accordingly the curragh was made, and a strong-sided one it was. And the reward the artificer asked for building it was to be let go with them.

When the time had come, and they were about to embark, they saw a large crowd passing close by; and this crowd was a company of *crossans*.² When the *crossans* saw the curragh putting forth on the sea, they inquired:—“Who are yonder people that are launching this curragh on the sea?” said they.

The *furshore* (juggler) of the *crossans* said:—“I know them well; they are the sons of Conall derg O’Corra the fair-haired of Connaught, the destroyers and robbers, going on their pilgrimage on the sea and on the great ocean, to make search for their Lord.” “And indeed,” added the *furshore*, “my word for it, they do not stand more in need of seeking for heaven than we do.”

¹ *Kenn-Mara*, now Kinvarra on Galway Bay.

² *Crossans*, traveling gleemen: the clothes, musical instruments, etc., were the property of the company. This word is the origin of the Scotch and Irish family name Mac Crossan, now often changed to Crosbie. A company of *crossans* had always among them a *fuirseoir*, i.e. a juggler or buffoon.

“It is a long day I fancy till you go on your pilgrimage,” said the leader of the band. “Say not so,” answered the *furshore*: “for I will certainly go with these people on my pilgrimage now without delay.”

“Upon our word,” said the *crossans*, “you will not take away our clothes with you; for not a single article of the garments you wear belongs to you.” “It is not so small a matter that would keep me with you,” says he.

So they stripped off all his clothes, and sent him away mother naked to the curragh.

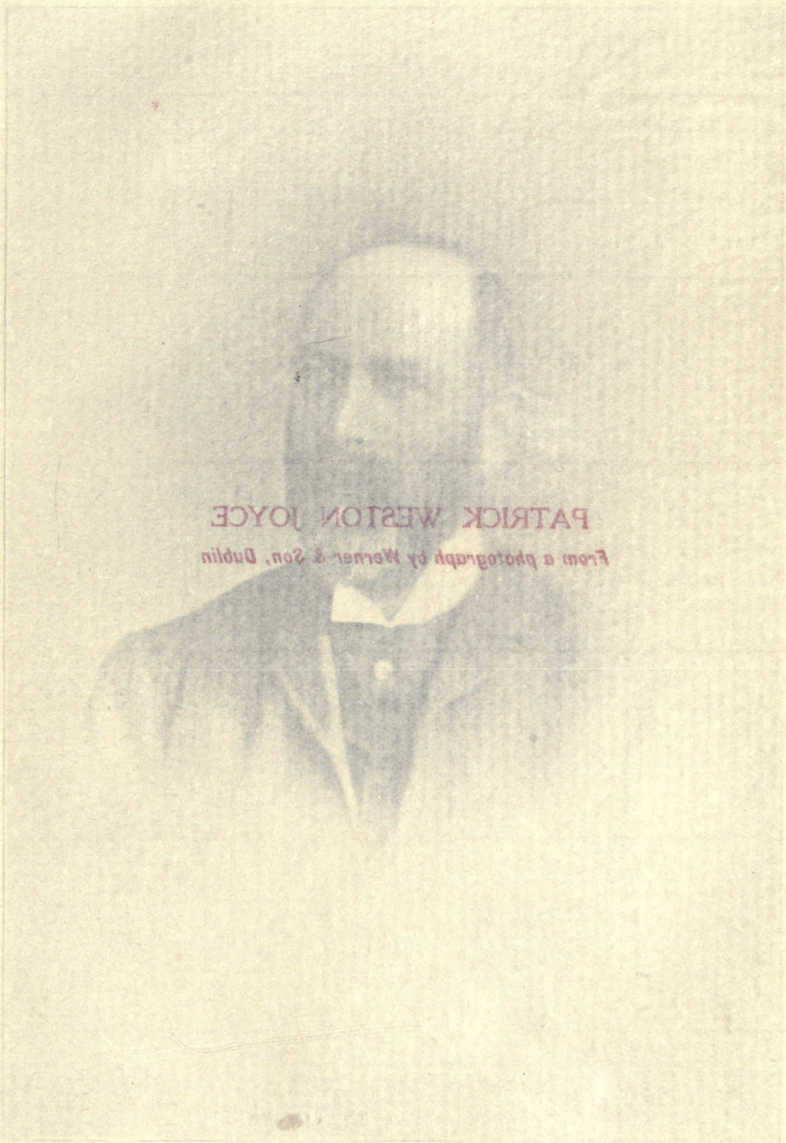
“Who and what in the world are you, good man?” asked the crew. “A poor wretch who wishes to go with you on pilgrimage,” said he. “Indeed,” said they, “you shall not by any means come with us, seeing that you are stark naked.” “Say not so, young men,” said he; “for the sake of God do not refuse me; for I will amuse you and keep your hearts cheerful (with my music and singing); and your piety will not be a whit the worse for it.”

And (inasmuch as he had asked) for the sake of God they consented to let him go.

Now this is how it was with the crew:—each man of them had built a church and raised an altar to the Lord in his own district. Their number was nine; among whom was a bishop, and a priest, and a deacon; and they had one *gilla* (attendant) who was the ninth man.

“Let us go aboard our curragh now,” says Lochan, “as we have finished our task of restoring the churches, and as we have, besides, each of us built a church to the Lord in our own district.”

It was then they put up their prayers fervently to God in the hope that they might have fine weather; and that the Lord would quell the fury of the billows, and the might of the ocean, and the rage of the terrible sea monsters. So they embarked in their curragh, bringing their oars; and they began to question among themselves what direction they should take. “The direction in which this wind will bring us,” says the bishop. And having commended themselves to God, one and all, they betook them to their oars. A great wind now arose, which drove them out on the waste of waters straight to the west; and they were forty days and forty nights on the ocean. And God revealed to them great and unheard of wonders.



PATRICK WESTON JOYCE
From a photograph by Werner & Son, Dublin

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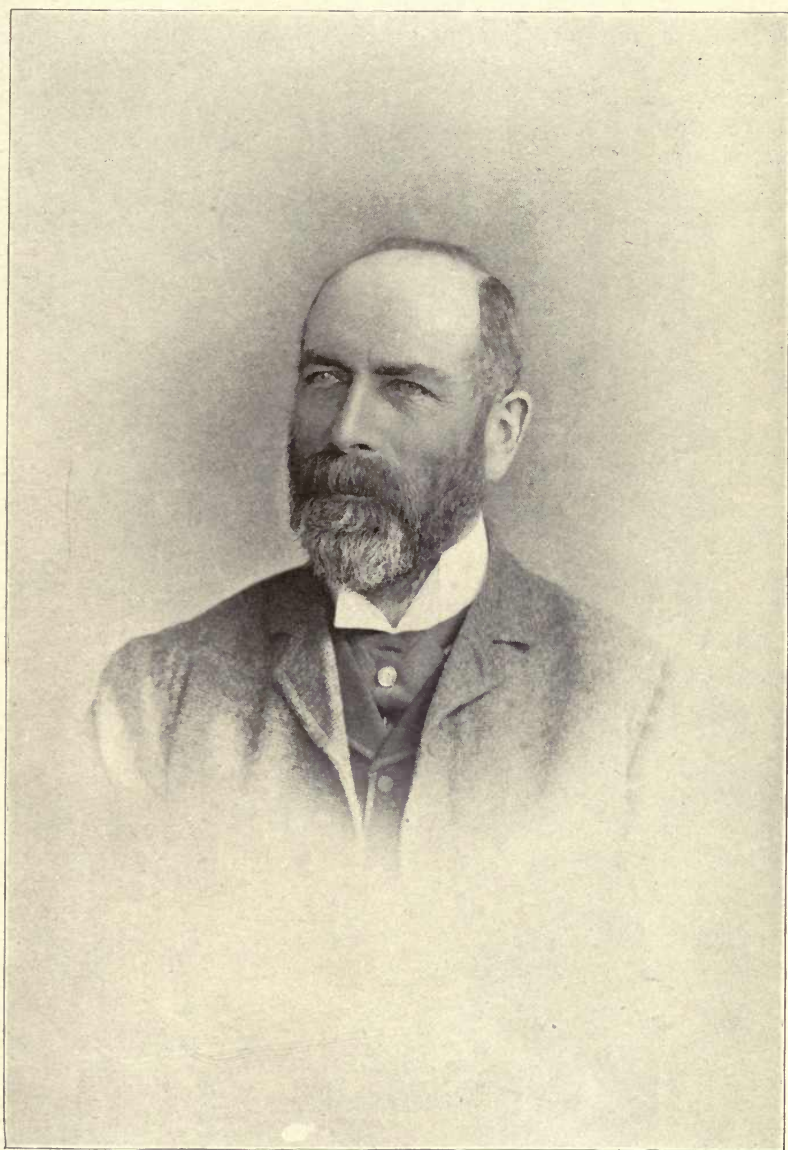
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They had not been long rowing when the *crossan* died; and sad and sorrowful were they for his loss, and wept much. While they were still mourning, they saw a little bird alight on the deck of the curragh. And the little bird spoke and said to them:—"Good people, tell me now in God's name what is the cause of your sorrow."

"A *crossan* that we had playing music for us; and he died a little while ago in this curragh; and that is the cause of our sorrow."

And the bird said:—"Lo, I am your little *crossan*: and now be not sorrowful any longer, for I am going straight-way to heaven." So saying he bade them farewell and flew away.

CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN.¹

From 'Old Celtic Romances.'

Connla of the Golden Hair was the son of Conn the Hundred-fighter.² One day as he stood with his father on the royal Hill of Usna,³ he saw a lady a little way off, very beautiful, and dressed in strange attire. She approached the spot where he stood; and when she was near, he spoke to her, and asked who she was, and from what place she had come.

The lady replied, "I have come from the Land of the Living—a land where there is neither death nor old age, nor any breach of law. The inhabitants of earth call us Aes-shee, for we have our dwellings within large, pleasant, green hills. We pass our time very pleasantly in feasting and harmless amusements, never growing old; and we have no quarrels or contentions."

The king and his company marveled very much; for

¹ This has been translated from the Book of the Dun Cow, a manuscript which was transcribed A.D. 1100, now in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The story is one of the most ancient illustrations to be found of the widespread Irish superstition that fairies sometimes take away mortals to their enchanted palaces.

² *Conn Ced-cathach*, or Conn the Fighter of a Hundred (not Conn of the Hundred Battles, as the name is generally translated), was King of Ireland from A.D. 123 to 158.

³ The Hill of Usna, in the parish of Conry, in Westmeath, one of the royal residences of Ireland.

though they heard this conversation, no one saw the lady except Connla alone.

“Who is this thou art talking to, my son?” said the king.

And anon she answered for the youth, “Connla is speaking with a lovely, noble-born young lady, who will never die, and who will never grow old. I love Connla of the Golden Hair, and I have come to bring him with me to Moy-mell, the plain of never-ending pleasure. On the day that he comes with me he shall be made king, and he shall reign for ever in Fairyland, without weeping and without sorrow. Come with me, O gentle Connla of the ruddy cheek, the fair, freckled neck, and the golden hair! Come with me, beloved Connla, and thou shalt retain the comeliness and dignity of thy form, free from the wrinkles of old age, till the awful day of judgment.”

“Thy flowing golden hair, thy comely face,
Thy tall majestic form of peerless grace,
That show thee sprung from Conn’s exalted race.”

King Conn the Hundred-fighter being much troubled, called then on his druid¹ Coran, to put forth his power against the witchery of the banshee:—“O Coran of the mystic arts and of the mighty incantations, here is a contest such as I have never been engaged in since I was made king at Tara—a contest with an invisible lady, who is be-guiling my son to Fairyland by her baleful charms. Her cunning is beyond my skill, and I am not able to withstand her power; and if thou, Coran, help not, my son will be taken away from me by the wiles and witchery of a woman from the fairy hills.”

Coran the druid then came forward, and began to chant against the voice of the lady. And his power was greater than hers for that time, so that she was forced to retire.

As she was going away she threw an apple to Connla, who straightway lost sight of her; and the king and his people no longer heard her voice.

¹The ancient Irish druids do not appear to have been *priests* in any sense of the word. They were, in popular estimation, men of knowledge and power—“men of science,” as they were often designated; they knew the arts of healing and divination, and they were skilled above all in magic. In fact, the Irish Druids were magicians, neither more nor less; and hence the Gaelic word for “druidical” is almost always applied where we should use the word “magical”—to spells, incantations, metamorphoses, etc.

The king and the prince returned with their company to the palace; and Connla remained for a whole month without tasting food or drink except the apple. And though he ate of it each day, it was never lessened, but was as whole and perfect in the end as at the beginning. Moreover, when they offered him aught else to eat or drink he refused it; for while he had his apple he did not deem any other food worthy to be tasted. And he began to be very moody and sorrowful, thinking of the lovely fairy maiden.

At the end of the month, as Connla stood by his father's side among the nobles, on the Plain of Arcomin, he saw the lady approaching him from the west. And when she had come near, she addressed him in this manner:—"A glorious seat, indeed, has Connla among wretched, short-lived mortals, awaiting the dreadful stroke of death! But now, the ever-youthful people of Moy-mell, who never feel age, and who fear not death, seeing thee day by day among thy friends, in the assemblies of thy fatherland, love thee with a strange love, and they will make thee king over them if thou wilt come with me."

When the king heard the words of the lady, he commanded his people to call the druid again to him, saying,—“Bring my druid Coran to me; for I see that the fairy lady has this day regained the power of her voice.”

At this the lady said, “Valiant Conn, fighter of a hundred, the faith of the druids has come to little honor among the upright, mighty, numberless people of this land. When the righteous law shall be restored, it will seal up the lips of the false black demon; and his druids shall no longer have power to work their guileful spells.”

Now the king observed, and marveled greatly, that whenever the lady was present his son never spoke one word to any one, even though they addressed him many times. And when the lady had ceased to speak, the king said, “Connla, my son, has thy mind been moved by the words of the lady?”

Connla spake then, and replied, “Father, I am very unhappy; for though I love my people beyond all, I am filled with sadness on account of this lady!”

When Connla had said this, the maiden again addressed him, and chanted these words in a very sweet voice:—

" A land of youth, a land of rest,
 A land from sorrow free ;
 It lies far off in the golden west,
 On the verge of the azure sea.
 A swift canoe of crystal bright,
 That never met mortal view—
 We shall reach the land ere fall of night,
 In that strong and swift canoe ;
 We shall reach the strand
 Of that sunny land,
 From druids and demons free ;
 The land of rest
 In the golden west,
 On the verge of the azure sea !

" A pleasant land of winding vales, bright streams, and verdurous
 plains,
 Where summer all the live-long year in changeless splendor reigns ;
 A peaceful land of calm delight, of everlasting bloom ;
 Old age and death we never know, no sickness, care, or gloom ;
 The land of youth,
 Of love and truth,
 From pain and sorrow free,
 The land of rest,
 In the golden west,
 On the verge of the azure sea !

" There are strange delights for mortal men in that island of the
 west ;
 The sun comes down each evening in its lovely vales to rest ;
 And though far and dim
 On the ocean's rim
 It seems to mortal view,
 We shall reach its halls
 Ere the evening falls,
 In my strong and swift canoe ;
 And evermore
 That verdant shore
 Our happy home shall be ;
 The land of rest,
 In the golden west,
 On the verge of the azure sea !

" It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair,
 It will guard thee from the druids, from the demons of the air,
 My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that western shore,
 When thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore :
 From the druid's incantation,
 From his black and deadly snare,
 From the withering imprecation
 Of the demon of the air,



CONJURA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

Drawn by John D. Batten

IRISH LITERATURE.

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CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

Drawn by John D. Batten,
On the verge of the azure sea !

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When thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore :
 From the druid's incantation,
 From his black and deadly snare,
 From the withering imprecation
 Of the demon of the air,



“ It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair;
My crystal boat shall guard thee, till we reach that silver strand
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the king of the Fairyland! ”¹

When the maiden had ended her chant, Connla suddenly walked away from his father's side, and sprang into the curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding, strong, crystal canoe. The king and his people saw them afar off, and dimly moving away over the bright sea towards the sunset. They gazed sadly after them, till they lost sight of the canoe over the utmost verge; and no one can tell whither they went, for Connla was never again seen in his native land.

FOOD, DRESS, AND DAILY LIFE IN ANCIENT IRELAND.

From 'A Child's History of Ireland.'

At the regular meals the whole household sat in one large room, the chief and his family and distinguished guests at the head, and the rest of the company ranged downwards in order of rank.

For food, the higher classes used the flesh of wild and domestic animals, boiled or roast, much as at the present day, with wheaten bread. The main food of the general body of the people consisted of various kinds of bread baked on a griddle; milk, curds, cheese, butter; fish and fruit; and, for those who could afford it, pork and bacon. Pork was a favorite food among all classes. Oatmeal porridge, or stirabout, as it is called in Ireland, was in very general use, especially for children, and was eaten with milk, butter, or honey. The Irish rivers abounded then as now in salmon, a food which was in great request.

There was then no sugar, and honey was greatly valued: beehives were kept everywhere; and the management of bees was considered such an important industry that a special section of the Brehon laws is devoted to it. The people used honey in a great many different ways: they basted roasting meat with it; it was used on salmon while

¹ This is an expansion rather than a translation of the original, which is very short, and in some places very obscure.

cooking, and as a seasoning with all sorts of dishes. Often at meals each person had a little dish, sometimes of silver, filled with honey, beside his plate, and each morsel, whether meat, fish, or bread, was dipped into it before being conveyed to the mouth. For drink, they had—besides plain water and milk—ale, mead, and frequently wine brought from the Continent: for in those early days there was frequent communication, as well as considerable trade, with France and other Continental countries. The people often mixed honey with milk, either sweet or sour, for drinking. From honey also was made a kind of liquor called mead, very sweet and slightly intoxicating. This was considered a delicacy; and a visitor was often treated to a drink of mead immediately on arrival. People of the higher classes often drank from a beautiful horn of elaborate and costly workmanship. A much more common drinking-vessel was what was called a *meth* (from *mead*), made of wood, with one, two, or four handles, which circulated from hand to hand, each passing it to his neighbor after taking a drink.

In every great house there was at least one large-sized caldron which was kept in continual use boiling food, so that guests might be hospitably entertained whenever they happened to arrive.

At intervals through the country there were houses of public hospitality—open *brudins* or hostels—where all travelers who called, and also certain important persons, such as kings, chiefs, bishops, brehons, etc., when on their circuits, were entertained free of expense. The keeper of one of these houses was called a *brugaid* [broo-ee], *i. e.* a public hostel-keeper: and sometimes a *beetagh*. He was held in great honor; and he had a tract of land, besides other large allowances, to enable him to maintain his expensive establishment.

Small corn mills driven by water were used in Ireland from very remote ages. In early Christian times almost every monastery had a mill attached to it for the use of the community. In most houses there was a quern or hand-mill, which was commonly worked by women, who each evening ground corn enough for next day. Querns continued in use down to our time in remote parts of Ireland.

For light they had dipped candles, which were held in

candlesticks, sometimes with branches. The poorer classes used peeled rushes soaked in grease, as we sometimes see at the present day. As bees were so abundant, beeswax, as might be expected, was turned to account. In some of our old records we find wax candles mentioned as being used in the houses of the richer classes (in Dinnree for instance) long before the fifth century. For a king, it was customary to make an immense candle, sometimes as thick as a man's body, with a great bushy wick, which was always kept burning in his presence at night:—in the palace it was placed high over his head; during war it blazed outside his tent door; and on night marches it was borne before him. As there were forests and thickets everywhere, wood was the most usual fuel; but dried peat cut from bogs was also burned; and coal and charcoal were used by smiths and other metal-workers.

In ordinary out-door life, the men wore a large loose frieze mantle or overall, which was often so long as to cover them down to the ankles: among the rich it was usually of fine cloth, often variegated with scarlet and other brilliant colors, and fastened at the throat with a beautiful brooch.

Well-dressed people wore inside this a shorter tight-fitting garment, generally reaching to the middle of the thigh, but often below the knee, plaited up and down and fastened at the waist by a belt. This was sometimes dyed in color. In active life the outer mantle was thrown off. A single short mantle, always dyed in color, and sometimes furnished with a hood, was also much worn. It should be remarked here that the Irish were very fond of bright colors, and well understood the art of dyeing. The trousers were tight fitting; the cap was usually cone-shaped and without a leaf. But the common people generally went bareheaded, wearing the hair long, hanging down behind, and clipped in front just above the eyes. Perhaps the oldest extant representations of Irish costume are in the Book of Kells—seventh century. The shoes or sandals were mostly of untanned hide stitched with thongs, but sometimes of tanned leather curiously stamped or engraved. Occasionally the ladies of high families wore sandals of whitish bronze highly ornamented. In early times gloves were common among the higher classes.

The women generally wore variously colored tunics down to the very feet, with many folds and much material—twenty or thirty yards—under which was a long gown or kirtle. Linen, whether used by men or women, was dyed saffron. The married women had a kerchief on the head: the unmarried girls went bareheaded, with the hair either folded up neatly or hanging down on the back. They took much care of the hair, and used combs, some of them very ornamental. The higher classes were fond of gold ornaments; such as brooches, bracelets for the arms, rings, necklaces, twisted torques or collars to be worn round the neck, or bright rich-looking clasps to confine the hair. Other ornamental articles were made of silver or white bronze, enameled in various colors and set with gems. A great number of these, many of most beautiful workmanship, are preserved in the National Museum in Dublin. One torque of pure gold found near Tara measures five and a half feet in length, and weighs twenty-seven and a half ounces.

It was the custom to hold fair-meetings in various places for the transaction of important business, sometimes once a year, sometimes once in three years. The most important of all was the Fes of Tara. Very important yearly meetings were held at the Hill of Ward (*Tlachtga*) near Athboy in Meath; at the Hill of Ushnagh in Westmeath; and at Tailltenn, now Teltown, on the Blackwater between Navan and Kells in Meath. This last was the great national assembly for horse races and all kinds of athletic games and exercises. A triennial meeting was held at Wexford; and there were fair-meetings in numberless other places. At these assemblies laws were proclaimed to keep them before the minds of the people, taxes were arranged, pastimes and athletic sports were carried on, as well as buying and selling as we see at fairs of the present day.

In those times so very few were able to read, that for all information and amusement to be derived from books the people had to depend on professional story-tellers and poets, who had great numbers of tales and poems by heart, the very tales and poems contained in the Book of Leinster and other volumes. There were many such men, who often traveled from place to place and earned a good livelihood

by their profession. At every festive gathering, among the lowest as well as the highest, one of these story-tellers was sure to be present, who was now and then called upon to repeat a tale or a poem for the amusement of the company. And as soon as he stood up, these rough men ceased their noisy revels, and listened with rapt delight to some tale of the heroes of old. A harper was also present, who charmed the company with his beautiful Irish airs: or if it was a gathering of the lower classes, more likely a piper.

Chess-playing was a favorite pastime of kings and chiefs; and in every great house there were sure to be a chessboard and a set of chessmen for the amusement of the family and their guests. The chessmen were kept in a bag often of woven brass wire. Chess is mentioned in the very oldest of the Irish romantic tales; and it was considered a necessary accomplishment of every hero to be a good player.

Fosterage prevailed from the remotest period, and was practiced by persons of all classes, but more especially by those of the higher ranks. A man sent his child to be reared and educated in the home and with the family of another member of the tribe, who then became foster-father, and his sons and daughters the foster-brothers and foster-sisters of the child. Fosterage, which was the closest tie between families, was subject to strict regulations, which were carefully set forth in the Brehon Law.

When a man stood sponsor for a child at baptism, he became the child's godfather, and gossip to the parents: this was called gossipred. It was regarded as a sort of religious relationship between families, and created mutual obligations of regard and friendship.

There were five great highways leading in five different directions through Ireland from Tara: and besides these there were numerous others; so that the country seems to have been very fairly provided with roads. The Brehon Law laid down arrangements for keeping them in repair; and every man whose land lay for any distance next a road had to help in cleaning and repairing that part of it. But the roads then were not near so smooth and good as those we have at the present time. When the road came to a bog or marsh, a causeway of bushes and clay was constructed across. Stone bridges were not then used in Ireland; but

there were many constructed of timber planks or rough tree-trunks. Rivers however were very generally crossed by wading through fords where the stream spread out broad and shallow, and often by swimming; for most young persons were taught to swim as a regular part of their education.

Chariots were used both in private life and in war. The early Irish saints commonly traveled in chariots when on their long missionary journeys. Chariots were often covered in; and those used by persons of high rank were luxuriously furnished with cushions and furs. It was usual to yoke two horses; but sometimes there were four. The battle chariots were open, and were furnished with spikes and scythe-blades for driving through the ranks of the enemy.

Horses were used a good deal by the higher classes. The men rode without saddle or stirrup; and were trained to vault into their seat from either side, right or left. Mac Murrough Kavanagh rode down hill in this manner when coming to confer with the Earl of Gloucester. Low benches were common on the roadsides to enable old or infirm persons to mount.

The Irish had three kinds of boats:—small sailing vessels, with which oars were employed when the wind failed; canoes of one piece hollowed out from the trunks of trees, which were chiefly used on lakes; and *currachs*, that is, wickerwork boats covered with hides. The single-piece canoes are now often found deep down in bogs, where there were or are lakes or crannoges. Currachs are still used on the western coast, as for instance at Kilkee in County Clare; but instead of hides, they are now covered with a cheaper material, tarred canvas.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

(1830—1883.)

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE was born in 1830, in the village of Glensheen, County Limerick. He was the brother of Patrick Weston Joyce. After entering the service of the Commissioners of National Education, he became a student at Queen's College, Cork, was graduated with science honors, and took the degree of M.D. in 1865.

In 1866 he came to this country and settled in Boston, practicing medicine there. While in Cork he had been a frequent contributor to the poetical columns of *The Nation*, and he had also written a number of articles on Irish literature in several other periodicals.

His first book was a volume of 'Ballads, Romances, and Songs,' published in Dublin in 1861. In 1868 appeared his 'Legends of the Wars in Ireland,' a number of prose stories, founded on traditions preserved by the peasantry of the northern counties of Ireland. This was followed in 1871 by another volume of the same kind, 'Irish Fireside Tales.' His next work was 'Ballads of Irish Chivalry' (1872). In 1876 appeared the most successful of his poems, 'Deirdre,' a free poetical version of one of the old romances of Ireland, 'The Fate of the Children of Usna.' The story is told in heroic rhyming verse, and the character of Deirdre, the heroine, is one of the most beautiful and attractive in the poetic literature of Ireland. The poem was at once received here with enthusiasm, and the judgment of critical periodicals in England and Ireland has fully confirmed the favorable verdict.

Dr. Joyce's latest work, 'Blanid,' published in 1879, was fully equal in merit to 'Deirdre.' The author pursued the same plan of weaving into poetic story a tragedy of real life in the old days. The period described is the first century of the Christian era, when the Red Branch Knights flourished, and the basis of the tale is an ancient Irish tragedy, the death of the great champion Curol, King of South Munster, and of his captive, the "bloom-bright Blanid." The poem bears some resemblance in its construction to Tennyson's 'Princess.' He died in October, 1883.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

He grasped his ponderous hammer; he could not stand it more,
To hear the bombshells bursting and the thundering battle's
roar.

He said: "The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what *that* can do!

“ Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well ;
 ’T is Sarsfield’s horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or
 shell.”

“ Ah, sure,” cried both, “ the horse can wait—for Sarfield’s on
 the wall,
 And where you go we’ll follow, with you to stand or fall !”

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
 His ’prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
 High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they
 stood

Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran
 the blood.

“ Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy
 Ned ;

This day we’ll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman’s head !
 Hurrah ! upon their bloody path they’re mounting gallantly ;
 And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and
 me !”

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave !
 A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive ;
 He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
 For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain !

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
 Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
 “ Gold is no match for iron !” the doughty blacksmith said,
 As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman’s head !

“ Hurrah for gallant Limerick !” black Ned and Moran cried,
 As on the Dutchmen’s leaden heads their hammers well they
 plied ;

A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
 One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown !

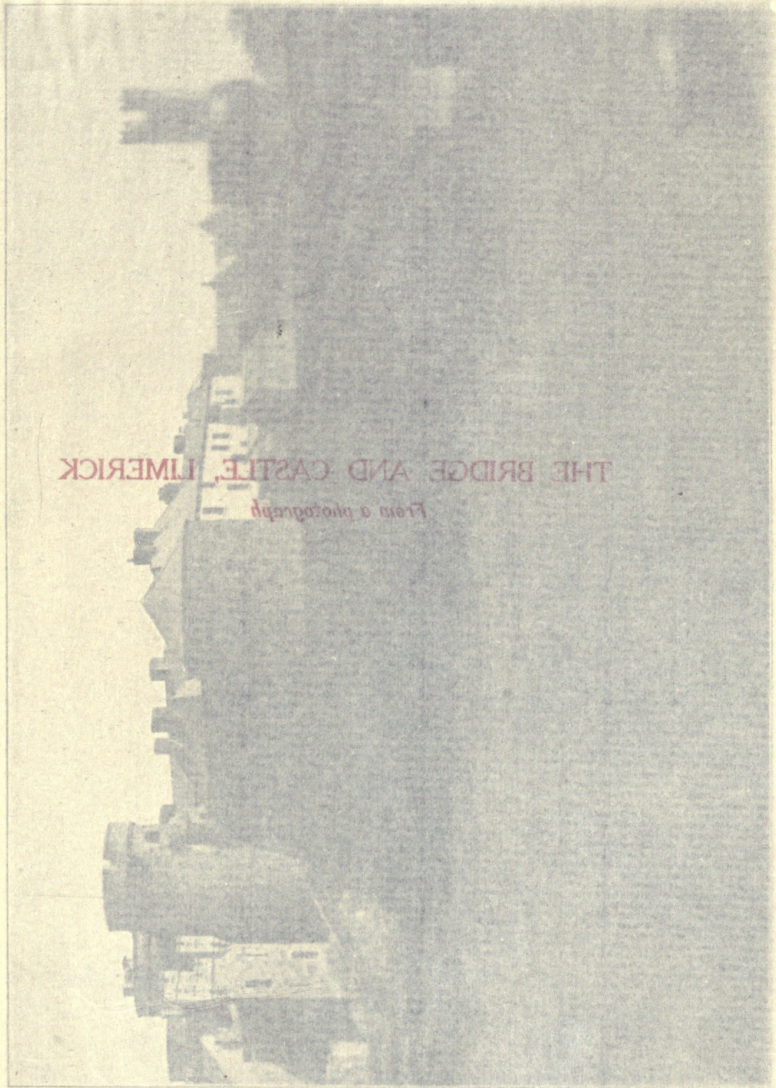
“ Brave smith ! brave smith !” cried Sarsfield, “ beware the
 treacherous mine—

Brave smith ! brave smith ! fall backward, or surely death is
 thine !”

The smith sprang up the rampart and leaped the blood-stained
 wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foemen, breach and all !

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
 Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the
 sky ;



THE BRIDGE AND CASTLE, LIMERICK

From a photograph

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;
 'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or
 shell."

"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse may wait—for Sarfield's on
 the wall,

And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
 His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
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Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran
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 Ned;

This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head!
 Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly;
 And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and
 me!"

The first that gained the summit, he was a captain brave!
 A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive;
 He pointed and he parried, *From a photograph* in vain,
 For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
 Bright through the mark of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
 "Gold is no match for iron!" the doughty blacksmith said,
 As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head!

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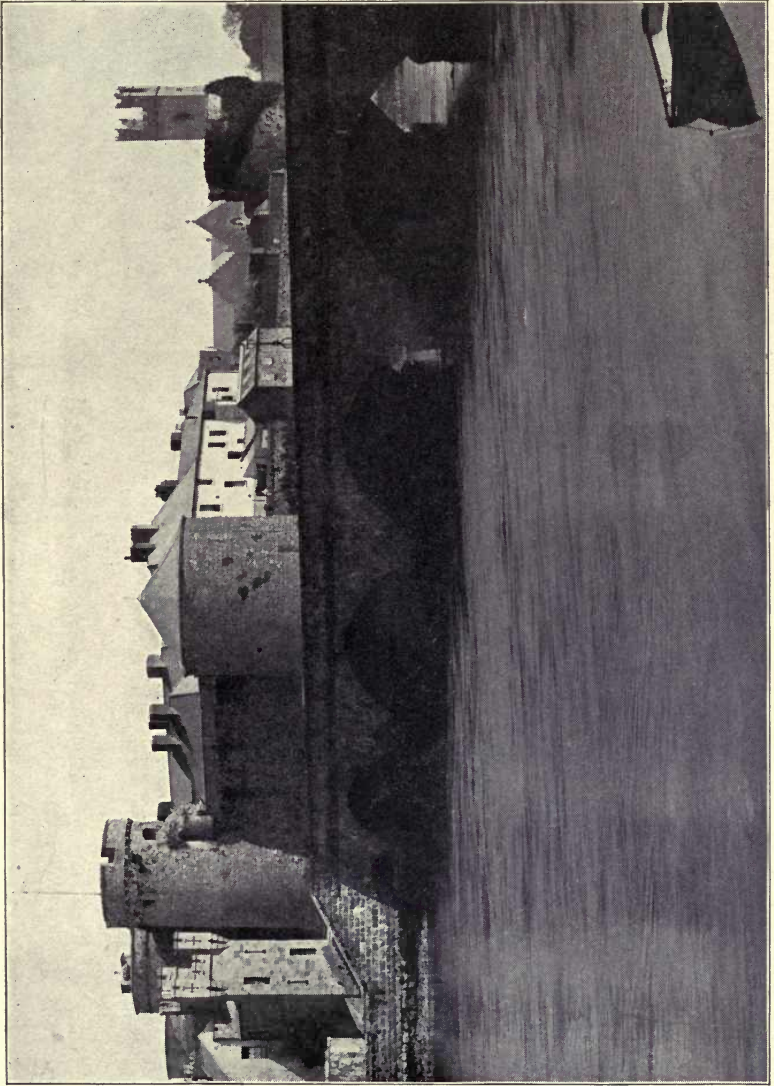
"Brave south! brave south!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the
 headstrong mine—

Brave south! brave south! fall backward, or surely death is
 thine!"

The south sprang up the rampart and leaped the blood-stained
 wall.

As high into the shuddering air went foemen, breach and all!

Up like a red dragon they thundered wild and high,
 Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the
 sky;



And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith
fell—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avengèd well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'T was broken by a triumph-shout that shook the ancient town;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can
do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foes' pontoons, to sink it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—
"Mavrone, 't won't break," the blacksmith roared; "I'll try
their heads again!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song:
"Ochon! my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss I'll long de-
plore,
But comfort 's in my heart—their graves are red with foreign
gore!"

FINEEN THE ROVER.

An old castle towers o'er the billow
That thunders by Cleena's green land,
And there dwelt as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt by the hand.
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty score sailors,
Oh! who but the Rover holds sway?
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as the wave of the sea!

The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
They harried his lands with their powers;
He gave them a taste of his cannon,
And drove them like wolves from his towers.
The men of Clan London brought over
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;
They met him by Mizen's wild highland,
And the sharks crunched their bones 'neath the wave!

Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
 With step like the red stag of Beara,
 And voice like the bold sounding sea.

Long time in that old battered castle,
 Or out on the waves with his clan,
 He feasted and ventured and conquered,
 But ne'er struck his colors to man.
 In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country
 He died as a brave man should die;
 And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
 Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky.
 Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free;
 With eye like the osprey's at morning,
 And smile like the sun on the sea.

CROSSING THE BLACKWATER.

A. D. 1603.

We stood so steady,
 All under fire,
 We stood so steady,
 Our long spears ready
 To vent our ire:
 To dash on the Saxon,
 Our mortal foe,
 And lay him low
 In the bloody mire.

'T was by Blackwater,
 When snows were white,
 'T was by Blackwater,
 Our foes for the slaughter
 Stood full in sight;
 But we were ready
 With our long spears,
 And we had no fears
 But we 'd win the fight.

Their bullets came whistling
 Upon our rank,
 Their bullets came whistling,

Their spears were bristling
 On th' other bank :
 Yet we stood steady,
 And each good blade,
 Ere the morn did fade,
 At their life-blood drank.

“ Hurrah ! for Freedom ! ”
 Came from our van,
 “ Hurrah ! for Freedom ! ”
 Our swords—we ’ll feed ’em
 As best we can—
 With vengeance we ’ll feed ’em ! ”
 Then down we crashed,
 Through the wild ford dashed,
 And the fray began.

Horses to horses,
 And man to man :
 O'er dying horses,
 And blood and corses,
 O'Sullivan,
 Our general, thundered,
 And we were not slack
 To slay at his back
 Till the flight began.

O, how we scattered
 The foemen then,—
 Slaughtered and scattered,
 And chased and shattered,
 By shore and glen !
 To the wall of Moyallo
 Few fled that day :
 Will they bar our way
 When we come again ?

Our dead frères we buried,
 They were but few,
 Our dead frères we buried
 Where the dark waves hurried,
 And flashed and flew :
 O sweet be their slumber
 Who thus have died
 In the battle's tide,
 Inisfail, for you !

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY.

I sat within the valley green,
 I sat me with my true love;
 My sad heart strove the two between,
 The old love and the new love;
 The old for her, the new that made
 Me think on Ireland dearly,
 While soft the wind blew down the glade,
 And shook the golden barley.

'T was hard the woeful words to frame
 To break the ties that bound us;
 But harder still to bear the shame
 Of foreign chains around us.
 And so I said, "The mountain glen
 I'll seek at morning early,
 And join the brave United Men,"
 While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,
 My fond arms around her flinging,
 The foeman's shot burst on our ears,
 From out the wildwood ringing;
 The bullet pierced my true love's side,
 In life's young spring so early,
 And on my breast in blood she died,
 When soft winds shook the barley.

But blood for blood without remorse
 I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow;
 I've placed my true love's clay-cold corse
 Where I full soon will follow;
 And round her grave I wander drear,
 Noon, night, and morning early,
 With breaking heart where'er I hear
 The wind that shakes the barley!

 NAISI RECEIVES HIS SWORD.

From 'Deirdre.'

Naisi the Usnianian prince, while waiting to attack the Fomorian pirates, receives a mighty sword from the sea-god Mananan. The pirates with their King Talc are defeated and slain, their galleys

are captured, and in them Naisi with Deirdre and their companions sail for Alba or Scotland.

Now in the lonely hour when with her ray
The moon o'er ocean trailed a shimmering way
That the bright Spirit-folk to heaven might take,
A voice struck Naisi's ear and bade him wake.
Sudden he woke and wondering, to behold,
Beneath the couch's furs and cloth of gold,
His wife beside him wrapped in sleep serene,
And 'mid the pillows, in the moony sheen,
His little boy with wild eyes weird and bright
Laughing and crowing loud in huge delight,
With dimpled arms outstretched all silvered o'er
By moonbeams from the calm tent's open door,
As if some godlike Presence none could see
With kindly wiles there woke his infant glee!
There Naisi looked, and filled with sudden awe
A mighty sword beside its scabbard saw
Stuck two good span-lengths in the grassy earth,
And bright as though the moon had given it lirth
And cast it flashing down to where it stood
Within the tent-door, glorying in her flood
Of silver light. Then back in calm repose
The strong babe sank, and, wildered, Naisi rose
And bent above the weapon, marveling
If mortal hand ere forged so fair a thing.
And as with curious eyes the hero gazed
On the gold hilt that bright with diamonds blazed,
A spirit voice through his whole being ran
That seemed to say, "The gift of Mananan!
Take it, and fear not!" Then with eager hand
He grasped the hilt, and plucked the dazzling brand
From the soft earth, and from the tent withdrew
Into the light, and looked with wonder new
On the great blade whereon was pictured
All shapes that live and move in Ocean's bed.
Long time he gazed upon its mimic sea,
Then whirled the weapon round full joyously
O'er his proud head in circles of bright flame
That made the night breeze whistle as it came.

He stood and paused; stole softly to the tent;
Donned his strong garb of war, and musing went
Down the smooth hill-side to the glassy sound,
And halted on the shore and gazed around
On rugged isle and smooth white-tented hill,

And moonlit shore, that lay all cold and still,
 Sleeping as though they ne'er would wake again
 To life and morning and the sea-lark's strain.
 And, as he looked, a breeze blew on his face,
 Perfumed with scents from all the lovely race
 Of flowers that blossom by the windy sea,—
 The fragrant pink, the wild anemone,
 The armèd thistle ere its head grows old
 And the winds blow its beard across the wold,
 The foxglove, heather, and sweet-smelling thyme,—
 Yea, all the flowers, from north to southland clime
 That meet the morn with smiles, their odors sent,
 With the fresh salty smell of ocean blent,
 On that strange breeze that, waxing momentarily,
 Fulfilled the hero with wild ecstasy
 Of heart and brain, as though his footsteps fell
 In heaven 'mid meadows of sweet asphodel!
 And now, as stronger still the breeze blew by,
 The sound's clear water caught the hero's eye:
 Moveless it gleamed, with not one wave to show
 That o'er its surface that weird breeze could blow.
 Whereat great wonder filled him. To a tree,
 That grew behind on the declivity
 Of the green height, he turned: no motion there
 Of branch or leaf;—not even his own dark hair
 Was lifted by the marvelous wind. Around
 Again the hero turned, and with a bound
 Of his strong heart, and tingling cheeks all warm
 From the fresh blood, beheld the giant form
 Of a huge warrior, clad in sea-green mail,
 Standing upon the shore. The flowing sail
 Of a great bark appeared his cloak; the spray
 That dances with the morning winds at play,
 Topmost o'er all the woods on Scraba's elm,
 Seemed the tall plume that waved above his helm,
 While like a spire he stood, upon the sand
 His long spear resting, towering from his hand
 As a great larch's shaft in Ara's dell.
 Silent he stood, the while his glances fell
 On the Fomorian gate. A shadow vast
 Betimes he seemed, wherethro' the moonbeams passed
 With shimmering glow, or in his mantle caught,
 Or linkèd mail, to Naisi's vision brought
 Strange shifting shapes of all the things that be,
 Living or dead, within the crystal sea!

THE EXPLOITS OF CUROI.

From 'Blanid.'

The princes form a league to attack the stronghold of the King of Mana and carry off his beautiful daughter Blanid. The place is defended by a mighty wheel "set in ages long gone by by Mananan the ruler of the sea," which stirred the waters of the fosse into a torrent no "living wight could pass." By the help of his magic spear Curoi destroys the terrible monsters, and strikes the "magic engine still as a frozen mill-wheel." Mana is captured, and Blanid carried off.

There many a man's dim closing eye was cast
In wonder at the strange Knight's glittering form,
His spear-staff sloped, like a tall galley's mast
Bent slantwise by the buffets of the storm,
As with grim frowning brows and footsteps fast
Along the breach with heroes' heart-blood warm,
'Mid showers of bolts and darts, like Crom the God
Of Thunder, toward the magic wheel he trod.

Now paused he for a space and looked, when, lo!
Between him and the fosse erstwhile so near,
There spread a stricken war-field, where the glow
Fell lurid upon broken sword and spear;
And from a reedy marsh a javelin's throw
Upon his right crept forth a thing of fear,
A serpent vast, with crested head, and coils
Would crush ten battle chargers. Like the spoils

Of a great city gleamed his spotted back
As from the trembling reeds his volumes rolled,
Wide spread, approaching o'er the tangled wrack
Of battle, his bright head now flashing gold,
Now red, now green, now sapphire. On his track
The hero stood in wrath, and with firm hold
Raised high the spear that from his right hand sped
Down crashing through the monster's burnished head.

As he plucked forth his spear and still strode on,
Out from behind a heap of slain there rose
A dreadful beast with eyes that gleamed and shone
In fury, like the eyes of one of those
Twin Dragons of the strife that ever run
Beside the feet of Bava when she goes
From the bright Mount of Monad with the brand
Of war far flaring in her armèd hand.

So flashed the beast's wild eyes, while o'er the dead
 He rushed to meet his foe; as he drew nigh
 Uprose the glittering shaft and spear-point dread
 And then shot forth, and 'mid the fire-bright eye
 Pierced him through brain and body, on the bed
 Of war transfixing him; then rising high
 The hero loosed his spear, and 'mid the slain
 Left him still writhing, and strode forth again.

And, as he went, there rose at every rood
 Some monster dire his onward course to stay
 To the dread wheel, but through the demon brood
 He fearless broke, until before him lay
 A river whirling by of streaming blood.
 Shouting he plunged therein, and made his way
 Up the far bank, and raising high his spear
 Strode onward still across that field of fear.

Then rose from off the blood-stained fern a shape
 Tall, threatening, with a crown upon his head,
 Bright clad in gold and brass from heel to nape
 Of sturdy neck, and with a mantle red
 Wind-blown, that let the dazzling flashes 'scape
 Of the strong mail, as now with onward tread
 He strode, and raised his giant arm in wrath,
 To the great wheel to stop the hero's path;—

The hero who, now pausing, looked, and there
 Under the crown saw his dead father's face
 Approaching with fell frowning, ghastly stare
 Against him: yet no whit the hero's pace
 Was checked thereat;—on high his spear he bare
 And pierced the Phantom's breast, and all the place
 Was empty now, and by the fosse's marge
 He felt the mortal arrows smite his targe.

Then stood he like a tower and poised his spear;
 And lightning-like the fatal weapon flung,
 And lodged it in the wheel's loud-roaring gear,
 Firm fixed in the huge plank whereon 't was hung;—
 No more the fosse whirled round with tide of fear,
 No more the magic engine thundering rung:
 Still as a frozen mill-wheel now it lay,
 And through the last breach open was the way.

No minstrel's tongue, or taught in heaven or hell,
Whate'er of pearls of price his harp adorn,
Howe'er his fingers touch the strings, could tell
The great deeds done upon that far-famed morn;
How amid heaps of slain the old King fell,
How to the wood the Bloom-bright One forlorn
And her fair maids were brought forth from the hold,
With all the treasures of bright gems and gold.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

(1860—1891.)

ROSE KAVANAGH was born at Killadroy, County Tyrone, June 24, 1860. She was educated at Omagh Convent and afterward went to Dublin to study art. While so studying she wrote stories, poems, and articles, which are hidden away for the most part in the pages of obscure Dublin journals. She was greatly beloved, and made friends of all who knew her. With intervals of ill-health she worked in Dublin for some years.

She was for several years the head of the Children's Department in the Dublin *Weekly Freeman*; she loved the work, and no doubt much of her beautiful personality revealed itself to the children from behind her masquerade of "Uncle Remus." Consumption had always threatened her; going home to see her mother one chill Christmas, she took a cold on the journey, from which she died Feb. 26, 1891.

THE NORTHERN BLACKWATER.

O the broom banks of the river are fair,
Now the wild brier is blossoming there—
Now when the green banks so calmly repose,
Lulled by the river's strange chant as it goes,
Laughing beneath the gold eyes of the broom,
Flashing so free where the heather's in bloom,
Blushing all o'er at the kiss of the sun,
Tranquil again at the gaze of a nun.
Is it, my river, a sob or a song
Beats from that heart as you hurry along?
Once in the twilight I thought it farewell,
Just a good-bye to both mountain and dell.

Here the first daisies break free from the sod,
Stars looking up with their first glance to God!
Here, ere the first days of April are done,
Stand the swart cherry trees robed with the sun;
In the deep woodland the windflowers blow;
Where young grass is springing, the crocuses glow,
Down the green glen is the primrose's light,
Soft shines the hawthorn's raiment of white;
Round the rough knees of the crabtree a ring
Of daffodils dance for joy of the spring;
And then my bright river, so full and so free,
Sings as it wanders through woodland and lea.

Fed with a thousand invisible rills,
 Girdled around with the awe of the hills,
 High in the mountains you spring to the light,
 Pure as the dawn from the dark ring of night.
 Well may the fairies keep revelry round,
 There where you cleave the thin air at a bound,
 And rush on the crag with your arms outspread—
 Only a fairy could step where you tread
 'Mid the deep echoes you pause to arouse,
 'Mid the grim rocks with the frown on their brows,
 Type of young Freedom, bold river, to me;
 Leaping the crags, sweeping down to Lough Neagh.

Many a ruin, both abbey and cot,
 Sees in your mirror a desolate lot.
 Many an ear lying shut far away
 Harkened the tune that your dark ripples play.
 One—I remember her better than all—
 She knew every legend of cabin and hall;
 Wept when the Law and the Famine-time met,
 Sang how the Red Hand was radiantly set
 Over the victors who fought at the Ford¹
 Over the sweep of O'Neill's Spanish sword—
 O our own river! where is she to-night?
 Where are the exiles whose homes are in sight?

Once in the Maytime your carol so sweet
 Found out my heart in the midst of the street.
 Ah! how I listened, and you murmured low
 Hope, wide as earth and as white as the snow;
 Hope that, alas! like the foam on your breast,
 Broke and was drifted away from its rest.
 Peace did not pass from your bonny broom shore,
 Lost though the hope unto me evermore,
 Lost, like your song—for I think it a sigh
 Stirs that deep heart when I listen anigh.
 Only at dusk does it sound like farewell,
 Just a good-bye to myself and the dell.

LOUGH BRAY.

A little lonely moorland lake,
 Its waters brown and cool and deep—
 The cliff, the hills behind it make
 A picture for my heart to keep.

¹ *The Ford*, Beal-an-atha-Buidhe. See Dr. Drennan's poem with this title.

For rock and heather, wave and strand,
Wore tints I never saw them wear;
The June sunshine was o'er the land,
Before, 't was never half so fair!

The amber ripples sang all day,
And singing spilled their crowns of white
Upon the beach, in thin pale spray
That streaked the sober sand with light.

The amber ripples sang their song,
When suddenly from far o'erhead
A lark's pure voice mixed with the throng
Of lovely things about us spread.

Some flowers were there, so near the brink
Their shadows in the wave were thrown;
While mosses, green and gray and pink,
Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.

And over all, the summer sky,
Shut out the town we left behind;
'T was joy to stand in silence by,
One bright chain linking mind to mind.

Oh, little lonely mountain spot!
Your place within my heart will be
Apart from all Life's busy lot
A true, sweet, solemn memory.

ANNIE KEARY.

(1825—1879.)

ANNIE KEARY was the daughter of an Irish clergyman, who had obtained a living in Bath, in which town she was born about 1825. She published in 1861 'Early Egyptian History'; in 1863 appeared 'Janet's Home'; in 1866 'Clemency Franklyn'; in 1869 'Oldbury'; in 1870 'Nations Around,' which she contributed to the *Sunday Library*; and in 1875 'Castle Daly.' 'A Doubting Heart' has been published in volume form since her death. She was also the authoress of 'A York and a Lancaster Rose,' and, in collaboration with her sister, of a Scandinavian story entitled 'The Heroes of Asgard.' She died March 3, 1879. She will be remembered chiefly perhaps for her 'Castle Daly,' which is one of the best of Irish stories, and sets forth very clearly and faithfully the contrast of English and Irish character and of English and Irish ideas.

A SCENE IN THE FAMINE.

From 'Castle Daly.'

When Ellen had climbed the steep head of the ravine, and rounded the jutting-out ledge of rock that partly concealed Malachy's rude shieling, she paused to rest for an instant, and looking across the craggy wall into the hollow beneath was relieved to find that her companion had not attempted to follow her, even with his eyes. He was standing sentinel at the foot of the rock stairs she had clambered, with his face towards the opening of the ravine.

His figure was diminished in size by the distance, but Ellen wished him still further away, when she remembered the sight that would meet her eyes as soon as she pushed open the rough door at the end of the path she had entered on. From some dark corner of the rude shed the gaunt shape of a man would start up at the sound of her footstep, and lift eyes full of a terrible hunger to her face.

It was now nearly a year since these two—the man she had left below and him she was about to visit—had been hunting each other, one with the hope and purpose in his mind of bringing the actors in a great crime to just punishment, the other with a deadly hunger for vengeance in his heart that the pangs of bodily hunger had scarcely had

power to tame. Ellen's heart sank in fear at the thought of their discovering each other's neighborhood, even now; but she thought it better to run this risk than to leave her errand unaccomplished. Malachy's wife and children and old mother shared the shelter of the shieling with him, and had become, since the famine, objects of almost equal dislike to the neighbors, who believed that a curse rested on the family, and who were capable of leaving them to starve unthought of—though they would not on any temptation have delivered up the man to justice.

The cabin door stood open, and there was no smoke issuing from the aperture; but Ellen was not surprised. The weather was warm, and as it was three days since any member of the household had been to Eagle's Edge to beg for food, it was only too probable that there was nothing in the cabin to cook. She pushed the door a little; it seemed to resist the pressure, as if something lay across the threshold, and it was not without considerable effort, and with a dull thud as of some heavy body thrust aside, that it yielded so far as to allow her to squeeze herself inside.

It was almost dark in the inclosure, for though the loosely fitted stones let air and light through, the upper end of the ravine lay in deep shadow just then, and the eye had to grow accustomed to the dim light for anything to be seen distinctly.

"Molly," Ellen said, softly, "it is I come to bring you food at last. Are you all asleep? Molly! Dennis!" She called twice, and then her eyes beginning to see what was around her, grew large with horror, and a fit of cold shuddering seized her. The place was not empty, but it was very still. Just opposite to her was a figure half-seated on the ground with its back to the wall. A child's form lay motionless across its knees, the head rested on a stone in the wall, and there was light enough through a crevice above to show Ellen that the death-pale, hollow face, with dropped jaw and half-closed eyes that looked so strangely without seeing, were those of Malachy's young wife. "Nora," she tried to say, but the word would not come, only a hoarse sob in her throat; then she turned and looked into the dense darkness at the end of the shed where it sloped up towards the mountain side. A heap of dead fern-leaves and moss lay along the floor there, and on it

were stretched two other motionless bodies, of an old woman and a child.

Ellen forced herself to stoop over them, and in desperation dragged away the tattered shawl that half hid the old woman's face, and putting her hand on her shoulder, shook her gently. "Molly, Molly, wake! I have brought you help." The figure fell back into its settled position again as soon as her hand left it, and Ellen started up horror-struck again. Her hand had come in contact with the withered cheek, and its touch stung her with cold. She felt she must struggle out into the open air before she fainted, and then, preparing to move, she perceived what the object was that had impeded the opening of the door. It lay almost over her feet; she had stepped on it in entering; the prostrate body of Dennis Malachy, who seemed to have fallen down beside the threshold as he was attempting to leave the shieling, perhaps to seek help in the last extremity of his wife and children, perhaps to escape from the chamber of death. There was something in his attitude less lifeless than in that of the others. Sick and trembling as she was, Ellen could not step over him again without ascertaining whether there might not be a spark of life left. She turned the face, which was towards the floor, upwards, drew it to the opening, and rested the head on the door-sill where the air could blow upon it; then, hardly knowing whether she most dreaded to see the eyes remain shut, or that they should open on her with some look of unspeakable pain, such as she could never forget afterwards, she rushed out of the cabin and tottered down the rocky path, stumbling and dragging herself up again, but never pausing till she had reached the spot where John Thornley stood, and seized him by the arm.

"Come! come! there are people dying up there. There are dead people up there."

Her voice sounded strange and hoarse to herself, and greatly startled him, as did her pale face and horror-stricken looks.

"You must not go there again. I will go," he said, "I will see what is wanted, and fetch help."

"To stay here alone would be worse, much worse," Ellen answered, recovering her voice and calmness in a degree, now that a living fellow-creature's face was near to be

looked at. "Let me go back; there is a man in the cabin up there who has some life in him still, I think; if I go back to him with you, and we can do anything for him, I shall not always have such a great horror of what I have seen."

"How near is help to be had?" John asked, as they were climbing the path, "for I cannot let you stay here if the man you speak of recovers and lingers a while. Some one else must be fetched to watch him."

"It would not be so hard as another watch we had," Ellen said, the scene of her father's death flashing on her memory as she spoke, and with it a shuddering wonder that she should be going to minister to the last moments of the man to whose thirst for revenge he had fallen a victim, and with John Thornley to aid her. She had been forgetting who it was that was dying during the last moment or two.

John could have knelt down and kissed the stone on which her foot rested at the moment, in gratitude for that *we*; but she was not thinking of him except as a strange coadjutor in the strange task. He would not let her enter the cabin till he had gone in first. When he beckoned her to follow, Dennis Malachy had been lifted from the threshold of the door, and placed on a heap of straw near the wall, with a log of wood under his head. John had opened Ellen's basket, and was attempting to put some drops of brandy between the parched lips. "He is not dead," he said, "but I don't think there is a possibility of saving him; he is so terribly wasted, he must die."

Ellen knelt down on the floor and began to bathe the temples with water. "He breathes still. I wish you would go down into the village and find a priest, and bring him here. The old woman who is lying dead there did that for papa."

"This is Dennis Malachy then, your father's murderer? I did not know him."

"The cause of his death, but not his murderer," said Ellen, quickly, withdrawing her hand instinctively at the word from the brow she was bathing. "He told me solemnly it was not his hand that sent the bullet."

"You have known where he was ever since?"

"No, only since hunger drove him to betray himself to

me. I remembered then that papa forgave. Only he forgave—no one else could; the others hunted Dennis to his death. But he was not always a bad man; I remember him when he was good and gentle, and used to meet us on our walks, and carry us home on his shoulder when we were tired. I don't know whose fault it was that he came to this, but I don't believe that it was all his own."

With the last words she slipped her arm under his head, and raised it a little. The lids that drooped over the half-closed eyes quivered, the breast heaved, and with a sudden spasm of parting strength the dying man sat half-upright, and stared wildly round him. John Thornley involuntarily put up his hand to shade his eyes from the stare fixed on him.

"An orphan's curse might drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But, oh, more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye."

The lines came into John's mind, and stayed there, and could not be exorcised for long afterwards. Then the dying man's eyes were turned on Ellen, and the hands that had clutched convulsively were spread out imploringly towards her.

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, save me! don't let me do it or I'll lose me soul. Why did ye bring *him* here, that I might curse him wid me last breath, and lose me soul?"

"You shall not, Dennis," Ellen said, bending over him so as to hide Mr. Thornley's face from his sight. "Look at me, and remember the words I said to you that night, when I told you my father forgave you, and that the Father in heaven forgives us when we forgive our enemies."

"Shure you bade me spare him, and I did your bidding, and I'm glad. It's all over wid us now, Miss Eileen. Praise be to God and His blessed Mother! the starving's over, and the pain wid all of us, and I'm going. Why would we any of us live any longer?—dying's a dale aisier—in peace." The head sank back again, the last words were murmured between lips that quivered, and then became convulsed in a strong spasm. There was a long, shuddering gasp, then Mr. Thornley came round and drew Ellen's arm from under the head.

"It is over," he said. "Come away with me; you must

not stay here a moment longer; there is nothing more for you to do; I will take care that all is done that is right by these." He glanced round at the corpses. "We shall surely be able to persuade some one from the next village to come up and do what is necessary."

"But are you sure there is nothing more we can do? The children," said Ellen; "the little girl lying by the grandmother in the bed—little Nora—I hardly looked at her."

"But I have looked. Those two must have been dead many hours; it is a terrible sight; you must come away." Almost by force he raised her from her kneeling position on the floor, and lifted her over the threshold into the open air. Then she sat down on a stone by the wayside, and burying her face in her hands, gave way to the tears that had been choking her for so long. He stood by watching the bright drops that trickled through her fingers on to the ground, longing for the right and the power to comfort her, and almost hating himself for the excess of feeling that made it impossible to say a word that would not betray too much; and then again for not having courage even in that moment to say all.

She lifted up her head after a long time, and turned to him with one of the appealing, confiding looks, free from all self-consciousness, that always touched him so deeply—so much more deeply than any consciousness would have done, even if it had given him more hope.

"Do you think," she said humbly, "that this was at all my fault?"

"Your fault! how could it be? I was thinking that there was no one on earth but yourself who, under the circumstances, would have acted towards that man as you have acted."

"But I went away last week to stay with cousin Anne, trusting that Father Peter would look after the Malachys, and you see he was not able."

"In times like these, when there is so much misery around, it will not do to waste strength in regretting what was unavoidable. It must have been a miserable death-in-life they lived up here, shunned by every one."

"Cousin Anne offered to take the children, but Nora

and Molly would not give them up. They said they would all hold together till the end, and so they have done."

By this time Ellen had risen from the stone, and they proceeded to descend the hill. When they reached the head of the ravine John Thornley said,

"Which way shall we turn? Shall I take you home and get help from Eagle's Edge, or will you persevere in going to the Hollow?"

"To the Hollow, I think. We are more than half-way there, and about half a mile from this place there is a hamlet where I know a great many people are congregated to-day."

The walk was almost a silent one, for it was impossible to talk on any common topic; and the horror of the scene they had left seemed to grow instead of lessen in John's mind as they walked through the smiling green valley in the glorious autumn afternoon; the air, fragrant with the thymy scent of the thousand minute flowers that bordered the road, musical with placid country sounds—sheep-bleatings and cattle-lowings from the hillsides, and with the plover's shrill cry as the bird skimmed across their path and darted away, rising high in the air and dipping again in search of food on the boggy surface of the valley.

JOHN KEEGAN.

(1809—1849.)

JOHN KEEGAN was born in Queen's County in 1809. All the education he ever had was that afforded by the hedge-school, which, however, has done more for the cultivation of Irish intellect than is generally supposed. He also educated himself by close observation of the habits and feelings of the people among whom he lived. Very early in life he began to write tales, poems, and sketches illustrative of the life of the people. These he contributed to Irish periodicals, particularly to one called *Dolman's Magazine*.

Keegan produced a number of ballads, many of which were printed in *The Nation*, and among the minor poets of Ireland none has been more successful in depicting the feelings and affections of the people. Keegan died in 1849, before he had completed the work of assembling his scattered poems.

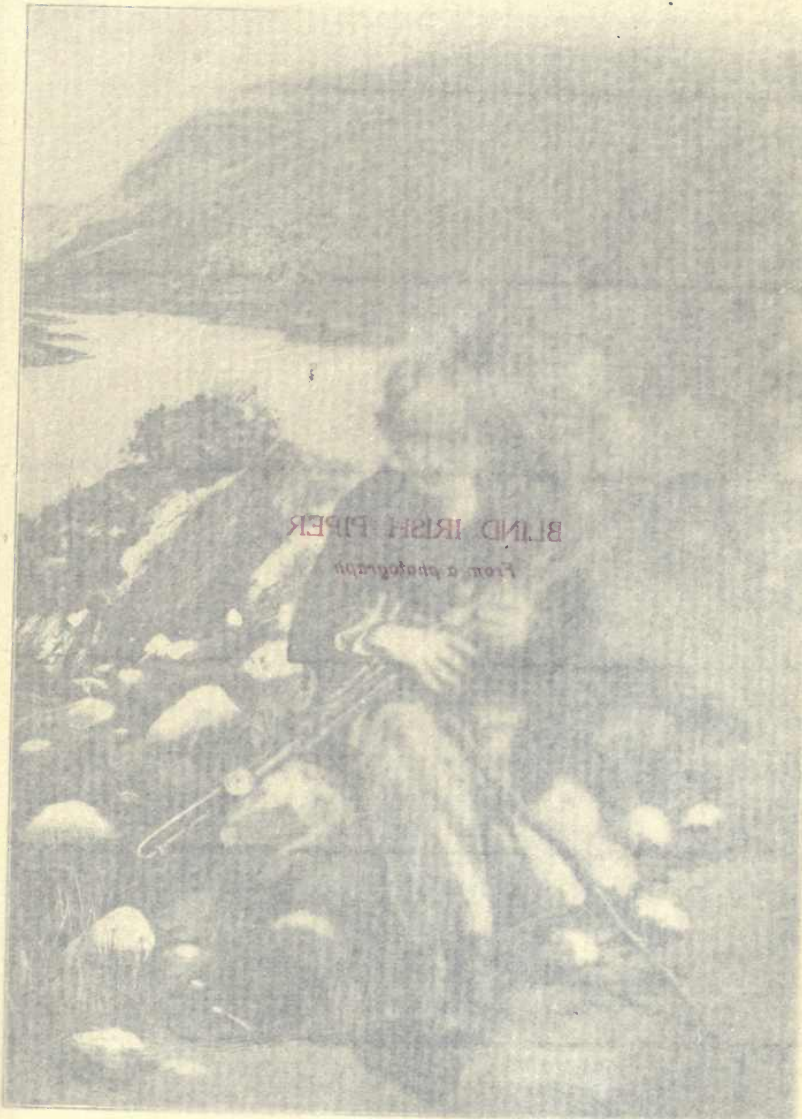
CAOCH¹ THE PIPER.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow:
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Crossed-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with panting haste, to "see"
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times!
Oh! God be with my childhood!
When I, bareheaded, roamed all day—
Bird-nesting in the wildwood.

¹ *Caoch*, blind.



BLIND IRISH PIPER
From a photograph

JOHN KEEGAN.

(1809—1849.)

JOHN KEEGAN was born in Queen's County in 1809. All the education he ever had was that afforded by the hedge-school, which, however, has done more for the cultivation of Irish intellect than is generally supposed. He also educated himself by close observation of the habits and feelings of the people among whom he lived. Very early in life he began to write tales, poems, and sketches illustrative of the life of the people. These he contributed to Irish periodicals, particularly to one called *Dobman's Magazine*.

Keegan produced a number of ballads, many of which were printed in *The Nation*, and among the minor poets of Ireland none has been more successful in depicting the feelings and affections of the people. Keegan died in 1849, before he had completed the work of assembling his scattered poems.

CAOCH¹ THE PIPER.

BLIND IRISH PIPER

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow:
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Crossed-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with panting haste, to "see"
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times!
Oh! God be with my childhood!
When I, bareheaded, roamed all day—
Bird-nesting in the wildwood.

¹ Caoch, blind.



I'll not forget those sunny hours,
 However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,
 And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
 "The wind that shakes the barley;"
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried, "God mark my deary!"
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
 And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although we thought him dead and gone,
 And in the cold grave rotten;
And often, when I walked and talked
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
 'T was "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woebegone!
 His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—time is even blending
The colors on his threadbare "bag"—
 And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
 "Far, far be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper?"

With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
 The old man murmured, "Deary,
 Are you the silky-headed child
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking—
 "And where, *a vic machree*," he sobbed,
 "Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago?"
 "My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
 Enough to say—there's none but me
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 "Pray let me in, *astore machree*,
 And I'll *go home* to-morrow.
 My 'peace is made;' I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary;
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that night;
 Next day his wish was granted:
 He died; and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
 The neighbors came; we dug his grave
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
 God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"Oh God, it is a dreadful night,—how fierce the dark winds
 blow,
 It howls like mourning *banshee*, its breathings speak of woe;
 'T will rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild
 blast,
 My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

"And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the
 skies,
 Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's
 eyes:—

Oh God of heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

"But, ah! my prayers are worthless—oh! louder roars the
blast,
And darker frowns the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more
fast;
Oh God, *if* you be merciful, have mercy *now*, I pray—
Oh God, forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

"To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their
lair:
Like wild beasts! No! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder hill
Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their
fill.

"O blessèd Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
Oh watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be
blest!"

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain!—in vain her mournful
cry;
God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark
sky:
But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed,
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and
dead!

THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST HYMN.

All hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy!
Smile down, blessèd Queen! on the poor Irish boy
Who wanders away from his dear beloved home;
O Mary! be with me wherever I roam.
 Be with me, O Mary!
 Forsake me not, Mary!
O Mary! be with me wherever I roam.

From the home of my fathers in anguish I go,
To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe,
Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave,
An alien, a savage—all names but a knave.

But, blessèd be Mary!
 My sweet, holy Mary!
 The *bodach*, he never dare call me a knave.

From my mother's mud sheeling an outcast I fly,
 With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye;
 Oh! I burn as I think that if *Some One* would say
 "Revenge on your tyrants!"—but Mary! I pray,
 From my soul's depth, O Mary!
 And hear me, sweet Mary!
 For union and peace to Old Ireland I pray.

The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
 And more than I ask or I wish for is there,
 But *I* must not taste the good things that I see—
 "There 's nothing but rags and green rushes for me."
 O mild Virgin Mary!
 O sweet Mother Mary!

Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee?

But, sure, in the end our dear freedom we 'll gain,
 And wipe from the green flag each Sassanach stain.
 And oh! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave!
 Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the brave;
 And then, Mother Mary!
 Our own blessèd Mary!

Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave!

THE "DARK GIRL" BY THE "HOLY WELL."

I think it was in the midsummer of 1832 that I joined a party of the peasantry of my native village, who were *en route* to a "pilgrimage" at St. John's Well near the town of Kilkenny. The journey (about twenty-five Irish miles) was commenced early in the afternoon, and it was considerably after sunset when we reached our destination. My companions immediately set about the fulfillment of their vows, while I, who was but a mere boy, sat down on the green grass, tired and in ill-humor, after my long and painful tramp over a hundred stony hills and a thousand rugged fields, under the burning sun of a midsummer afternoon. I was utterly unable to perform any act of devotion, nor, I must confess, was I very much disposed to do so, even were I able; so I seated myself quietly amid the groups of beggars, cripples, "dark people," and the other various classes of pilgrims who thronged around the sacred fountain. Among the crowd I had marked two pilgrims, who, from the moment I saw them, arrested my particular attention. One of these was an aged female, decently clad—the other was a very fine young girl, dressed in a gown, shawl, and bonnet of faded black satin. The girl was of

a tall and noble figure—strikingly beautiful, but *stone blind*. I learned that they were natives of the county of Wexford : that the girl had lost her sight in brain fever, in her childhood ; that all human means had been tried for her cure, but in vain ; and that now, as a last resource, they had traveled all the way to pray at the shrine of St. John, and bathe her sightless orbs in the healing waters of his well. It is believed that when Heaven wills the performance of cures, the sky opens above the well, at the hour of midnight, and Christ, the Virgin Mother, and St. John descend in the form of three snow-whites, and descend with the rapidity of lightning into the depths of the fountain. No person but those destined to be cured can see this miraculous phenomenon, but everybody can hear the musical sound of their wings as they rush into the well and agitate the waters ! I cannot describe how sad I felt myself, too, at the poor girl's anguish, for I had almost arrived at the hope that, though another "miracle" was never wrought at St. John's Well, Heaven would relent on this occasion, and restore that sweet Wexford girl to her long lost sight. She returned, however, as she came—a "dark girl"—and I heard afterward that she took ill and died before she reached home.—*Author's note.*

"Mother! is that the passing bell?
Or, yet, the midnight chime?
Or, rush of Angel's golden wings?
Or is it near *the Time*—
The time when God, *they say*, comes down
This weary world upon,
With Holy Mary at His right
And, at His left, St. John!

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb;
My blood forgets to run;
But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell,
For holy priest or nun;
On earth, God's face I'll never see!
Nor Mary! nor St. John!

"Mother! my hopes are gone again;
My heart is black as ever;—
Mother! I say, look forth *once more*,
And see can you discover
God's glory in the crimson clouds—
See does he ride upon
That perfumed breeze—or do you see
The Virgin, or St. John?

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of Peace,
Grant me thy blessing still;

Oh, make me patient with my doom
And happy at Thy will ;
And guide my footsteps so on earth,
That, when I 'm dead and gone,
My eyes may catch Thy shining light,
With Mary! and St. John?

“ Yet, mother, could I see *thy* smile,
Before we part, below—
Or watch the silver moon and stars
Where Slaney's ripples flow ;
Oh! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I 'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

“ But no, ah no! it cannot be!
Yet, mother! do not mourn—
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace, let us return ;
The Dark Girl's doom must aye be mine—
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John!”

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, novelist, essayist, reviewer, and lecturer, was born in Dublin and educated in Germany. She was a High School mistress from 1884 to 1890 at Oxford and in Kensington.

In 1880 she had already published at Hamburg her English translation of Bordenstedt's 'Mirza Schaffy.' This was followed by a four-act play in verse entitled 'How the Queen of England was Wooed and Won,' and 'The True Story of Catherine Parr,' a one-act play in verse. 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland' brought her more prominently into public notice, and her novels have been most successful. She has contributed much to the literary journals and the leading magazines in England. Her work has a note which is quite original, and she has been almost as successful with her verse as with her prose.

She is translator to the British Legation, Stuttgart, and to the British Consulate-General, Frankfort-on-Maine.

In addition to the books already mentioned, the following may be named as the best known and most popular: 'Three Sisters,' 'Bib and Tucker,' 'The Professor's Wooing,' 'Orchardscroft,' 'Appassionata,' 'Old Maids and Young,' 'A Return to Nature,' 'The Queen's Serf,' and 'Sir Joshua Reynolds.'

A QUIET IRISH TALK.

AN UNHAPPY ISLAND IN THE WEST.

From 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland.'

Yes; an unhappy island. But things are looking brighter. I believe all will be right indeed in the long run, or, rather, I should say, mayhap, in the long crawl. There is much that makes things very hard for us, and much that makes things very hard for them. I do not think they always know us when they meet us. A rose, you see, is known the wide world over, and so is a thistle; but there is great danger of a man's mistaking a clover for a shamrock. They have all manner of wrong ideas about us. Take only one. There is absolutely no difference between a bog and a marsh. Both words mean "watery land," and our word—this should be made clear once for all—simply repels them more, because they have a very general notion that water in our land is wetter than in theirs. This is a mistake.

Let me mention yet another thing.

They once had two big party-names—Tory, Whig. Now we gave them that name, Tory; the name Whig they were given by a people living to the north of them. Would they but remember this, it might help to make things clearer. Talking of words, we once had a language of our own. That language has all but died out; only some words of endearment belonging to it still live in all our hearts, on all our lips, words of which these are some—*ma gra, ma store, gra ma chree*,—"my love," "my darling," "love of my heart."

These were not to be lost, said we, though all else went.

They gave us their language, and we molded it to our use. They had some pretty words which we took gladly and say often—that little word "Ah!" for one. Hear how our women use it, how they put laughter and tears into it, how full of surprise they can make it. Who can resist their "Ah, do!" "Ah, don't!" their "Ah, will ye?" "Ah, won't ye?" Who has not smiled at their "Ah, then!" run into one word? They of the island beyond prefer to say "O!" We try in vain to say that "O!" as they do, contracting the corners of the mouth, and protruding the nether lip. It is very, very funny; and they do it wondrous cleverly. We who treat the letter as a round one, cannot at all give the sound to it that they do.

They have in their language a sweet word, "darling." We took it and made it sweeter, turning it into "darlint." Compare these two words but a minute. "Darling" goes down your throat like bread and butter; "darlint" leaves your lips like a kiss.

They call us idle, but indeed we are not. They are workers—we are *drudges*. We gave them that word, "to drudge."

Enough of words. Let them look into some of our sayings. We have all manner of these. Know they what we whisper to our little babies when we want them to walk alone?

"Loney proudy!"

There are no two words they use among them so pretty, so pathological. I could tell them much more about us, both pretty and pathological—things they don't know, and that

I dream about. I would do it, speaking gently. There is too little gentleness, 't is said, in my unhappy island. Ah, sirs, knew you but all!

AN IRISH THING IN PROSE.

“ WAS SHE COMPLAININ' ? ”

From 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland.'

A short tilted nose, a small forehead, and receding chin; the brows contracted over gleaming eyes, the lips parted and showing gleaming teeth.

“ Well, Bridget, what's the matter now? ” The Saxon mistress is it seems in some alarm.

“ Plaise ma'am, I 'm wishin' to give notice.”

The voice is deep and sullen. There is a quiver in the strong, large lips.

“ Notice? ”

A sigh from the Saxon.

“ Notice? Why, Bridget? ”

A curious gurgling sound. The lady looks away.

“ I 'm afther hearin', ma'am, that the childer are go-in' to be sint to boardin' school.”

“ Yes.” The fair Saxon head is raised, and blue eyes look into gray eyes. “ They are growing very wild.”

“ Woild! ”

No words can describe the Irish voice, at once satirical and vehement. “ ‘Woild' doesn't describe thim at all. The Lord knows what a dale o' thrubble I've had with thim, in an' out o' the kitchen oncessantly, makin' it impossible to kape it dacent, let alone the racket of it, fit to moidor a body! ”

She pauses. Her eyes all agleam with a sense of indignation.

“ Well, Bridget ”—the lady smiles, and folds up her work—“ you will have peace now.”

“ Peace! ”

In the ordinary state of affairs Bridget would have said “ pace,” but anger had got altogether the better of her.

She forgot the Irishman's most vaunted possession—"me manners"—and imitated "the mistress."

"Peace!"

She hurled a contemptuous look at this obtusest of Saxons.

"Am I complainin', ma'am? Is it me stay on an' the childer sint to school? No, ma'am. *You* may be able to stan' the house an' they out of it. I couldn't stay a day longer in the place. I—"

O, *infra dignitas*; and what was St. Pat about that he did not help her? Here a great lump rose in Bridget's throat, and she could not get out another word.

Four days later "the childer" were sent to school; and, having given to each a big scolding, a big bag of sweets, and more than one big kiss, Bridget, indignant and in tears, left their mother's house.

The innycent darlints! What would the world come to next? Just be good enough to think of it for a minute. She who had been loved and plagued by those "childer" for three years past to go back to a lonesome kitchen! Why, she couldn't *live* without them, and yet, if you please, she, Bridget, was thought to have been "complainin'."

"Och, the amadhauns!"

A red hand was drawn across red eyes, the furious apostrophe being hurled at the whole Saxon race.

AN IRISH THING IN RHYME.

LOVE MAKING IN PADDY LAND.

From 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland.'

I. *Under Kitty's Window.*

"Ah, then; who is that there talkin'?"

"Sure it's only me, ye know.

I was thinkin' we'd go walkin'—"

"Wor ye raly *thinkin'* so?"

"Och, ye needn' be so cruel

An' me thrudged this siven mile—"

“ Is it cruel, Michael, jewel?
Sure I 'm dressin' all the while!”

II. *Before Michael's Cottage.*

“ There, now, that 's me cottage, Kitty.

“ Is it, Mike?”

“ Yis; an' isn't it pretty?”

“ Hm!—lonesome like.”

“ Lonesome!” (Now 's y'r minute!

Michael, strike!)

“ Sure, if *you* wor in it—”

“ Arrah, Mike!”

SAMUEL ROBERT KEIGHTLEY.

(1859 —)

SAMUEL ROBERT KEIGHTLEY, barrister and novelist, was born in Belfast in 1859. He was educated privately and at Queen's College, Belfast. In 1883 he was called to the Irish bar. He has published: 'Poems,' 'A King's Daughter,' 1881; 'The Crimson Sign,' 1895; 'The Cavaliers,' 1896; 'The Last Recruit of Clare's,' 1897; 'The Silver Cross,' 1898; 'Heronford,' 1899; 'The Return of the Prodigal,' 1900.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

From 'The Silver Cross.'

Of a noble, even a princely birth, Eugene O'Brien, Vicomte de Barrymore in the Kingdom of Ireland, had been unfortunate like myself, but even in a greater degree. In one of the revolutions, common in that unfortunate country, he had lost everything, and from a state of opulence and magnificence had, at one stroke, been reduced to poverty. I have myself frequently heard him describe the extent of his former possessions, which undoubtedly must have been as large as Poitou and Aquitaine, and I know that, at one time, he was the master of five chateaux and at least four hundred servants. Even that had represented only a small portion of what had formerly belonged to his ancestors, of which nothing now remained but the barren title and the splendid memory. But his misfortunes had neither affected his spirits nor impressed his character. It is true he was not averse to talk of the past, though in no spirit of boastfulness. His wit was charming; his gaiety beyond words; his liberality—when he had the means, which was seldom—boundless to prodigality. I have frequently marveled at his resource, and sometimes profited by it, and certainly it was impossible to be dull in his company. Of his courage I had abundant proofs, and though one might occasionally doubt his wisdom, it never occurred to me to question his honor and veracity—at least to no great degree. M. le Vicomte was a man in ten thousand, and had certainly proved himself my very excellent friend.

At this period in my good fortune I had already made up my mind that he should have an opportunity of profiting by the circumstances, and though I did not think it advisable to lay all the facts before him, I had determined to enlist him in my new undertaking. Within certain limits, I knew that I could rely on him implicitly, and though prone to carry a jest to the extremity of prudence, he could be serious enough when it came to action. For the rest there was no one else whom I could trust; nor was there any one of all my acquaintances so capable of appreciating the delicate humor of the situation I was about to create.

I had already breakfasted when M. le Vicomte came into my room, humming a little air in a curious manner that he had, which was at once irritating and impressive. Though a man of handsome presence he had never learned to dress, but was always in extremes. When fortune smiled he delighted in lavish display and a magnificence peculiarly his own; when his purse ran low he ceased to consider his person at all and seemed to take a delight in the extravagant negligence of his attire. But it was then that he was most fully master of himself. His temper was imperturbable; his invention was inexhaustible; his schemes daring to a degree, and though for the most part impracticable, only the means were needed to achieve a great and brilliant success.

It required only one glance at my friend now to assure myself that luck was against him and that the fifty crowns I had repaid him at the beginning of the week had not been fortunately invested. He no longer wore on his finger the fine ring which he had possessed for some months, but had resumed the ancient heirloom of which he had never been able to dispose, and which I had now come invariably to associate with days of blackness. His old rapier had replaced the splendid weapon he had lately won from M. de la Ramée, and the cloak he carried over his arm was one which I myself had long since discarded as unserviceable.

"Ah! Alphonse, *mon cher*," he cried, flinging his hat upon the table and pouring himself out a glass of wine, "upon my honor as a nobleman you will never grow rich. We must rise early to catch sight of the skirts of the golden Goddess as she sets her twinkling feet a moment on

the earth. Behold! I drink to her tender eyes, her rosy lips, her sweet, inconstant smile."

"Again the Goddess has not been propitious," I said with gravity.

"The Goddess is only a woman and has other lovers than myself. I woo her boldly and await my turn with constant heart. It is coming; I have already a noble scheme."

"Oh! Another?"

"Another—fifty, but this is certain, and I only need a friend's assistance to become as rich as Pluto."¹

"I am delighted to hear it. In what way can I be of service?"

"M. de Fontanges, I had looked for more warmth. It is only a little matter—"

"As for instance?"

"Why, a matter of fifty crowns—a trifle."

"But you had fifty crowns from me early in the week and now—"

"I want fifty more. Unfortunately fifty crowns do not last forever and I cannot open the campaign without the noble, golden, fighting men. Now fifty crowns—"

"You have, then, lost everything?"

"It was magnificent, but it was ruin. I, Eugene O'Brien, Vicomte de Barrymore, am as naked and bare as the day I was born. But I never enjoyed myself more in my life."

"It is a consolation at least to hear that you were happy. How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, I thought I would look in at Fratelli's to drink one flask before I returned home like a good Christian, and there I found the Sieur de Frontac—"

"You know he cheats like the *dévil*," I interposed with some heat.

"Exactly, I know he does not play fairly, but I wished to expose him for the benefit of some young fellows he was anxious to pluck, and who were anxious to become his victims. I therefore challenged him, feeling confident he could not overreach me."

"And you paid for your confidence."

¹ M. le Vicomte sometimes indulged in classical allusions, like many of his countrymen.

“Wait until you hear. De Fontanges, that man is the Evil One. I could not discover how it was done. He had only to speak to the cards and, presto, they walked smiling into his hand. First went my crowns, my shy, coy, shining beauties, rolling with a sigh from my pocket into his; then my rings, my cloak, my sword, and after all ten crowns more that I borrowed. I do not yet know how it was done, though I never withdrew my eyes.”

“You had at least the satisfaction of knowing that you sacrificed yourself for your company.”

“Not the least in the world. They became infatuated by my example and de Frontac left them all in exactly the same condition as myself. It was truly magnificent.”

“For de Frontac certainly. And now your scheme?”

“Ah! yes, my scheme. You see, I intend to challenge him again.”

His gravity was colossal; he never smiled; he was so much in earnest that I could not avoid laughing very uproariously at this novel method of investing fifty crowns, and I only stopped when I saw that he took my hilarity very seriously.

“M. de Fontanges is easily moved to merriment by his friend’s misfortunes,” he said stiffly, pouring out the last glass of wine in the bottle.

“Pardon me, my dear Vicomte,” I said, “I regret the fifty crowns as much as you do, but the scheme—”

“Is excellent. I intend that you should be present and I am certain he is master of no trick that you cannot inevitably discover.”

“I accept the compliment in the spirit in which you offer it. But there is one objection. I cannot afford to play at cards with gentlemen like M. de Frontac. Now the fifty crowns are gone and I am afraid you cannot recover them in the way you suggest. But I also have a scheme.”

His momentary gloom disappeared in an instant and he immediately recovered his natural serenity.

“Ah!” he cried, “at least that is good news. I hope it is large enough for a magnificent *coup*.”

“It may be large enough for anything,” I said vaguely, “but we shall see, and in the meantime I am in need of your assistance. Now, there is a lady—”

“Ah!” he said with an apparent loss of hopefulness,

"I might have known that. There is a lady in all your schemes and I do not like that! I adore woman; I do not make use of her."

"But here there is a lawyer also."

"That is better. There I have no conscience: there is one of them now—the Saints reward him—sitting in my house at Barrymore in the glorious Kingdom of Ireland."

"The lady of whom I speak is beautiful, rich, and generous."

"I am glad to hear it. They are all angels."

"But she is unfortunate and is at present in distress."

"Fontanges, my dear friend, I am in your scheme up to the neck."

"There is at present pending a lawsuit in which more than half her fortune is involved; this lawsuit she will certainly lose if the gentleman of whom I speak is not removed."

"I begin to regret the new sword de Frontac won from me, but this old friend has proved trusty in its time. The sooner we start to work the better."

"But you do not yet quite understand. This lawyer was at one time a friend of the lady, and remembering her former friendship, she will not permit him to be injured."

"She may live to regret that. A lawyer is more vindictive than the devil."

"We are in perfect agreement, but it is necessary that we should observe her wishes. I have arranged everything," I continued airily, feeling myself master of the situation, "and it is only necessary for us to carry out the details at our convenience. I am to meet M.—I have forgotten the rogue's name—at the Silver Cross this evening, and I think, together we can put him out of the way of doing mischief for a fortnight."

"It is not a scheme," cried the Vicomte enthusiastically: "it is a crusade. Count on me, my dear Fontanges, to the last spurt of ink, for there is no blood in an attorney."

"Madam—you will pardon my not mentioning names—" I went on, "imagines that the gentleman is dangerous and may show some resistance, but it is only natural that a woman should exaggerate the risk in such a case."

"It is like a woman's tender heart," said the Vicomte piously: "I honor her gentle thoughts. A beautiful wo-

man is the noblest work of the good God, M. de Fontanges!"

"Assuredly. But we are talking of the lawyer."

"Ah! that is a very different matter."

"There is no one knows better than yourself that when we make a campaign we incur expenses. Some men need a new horse, some a new sword, some a new cloak. I think you will find twenty louis in this little purse."

He pushed back the chair on which he sat with great indignation, and rising to his feet looked at me under his gathered brows.

"By the shining firmament, M. de Fontanges," he cried, "I do not think my ears have heard aright. I understood from you that a lady needed help such as you and I could give her—two honorable gentlemen, who have not met their deserts at the hands of Providence. The lady is in distress, pursued by a villain who threatens her with ruin; she invokes our aid and we make haste to proffer her our assistance. And now it is suggested that I, Eugene O'Brien, Vicomte de Barrymore, should take payment like a hireling. Oh! no, M. de Fontanges, I will live and die like a gentleman."

"You entirely misunderstand me," I said, smiling at his heat and the quixotic impulse that moved him; "there is no question of payment. It is merely a provision for the unexpected."

"Then I do not come under that head. I cast no imputation on the honor of my friend, but he views these matters in a different light from me. I am poor, but I have the pride of the devil."

"I will not press the point farther," I said, "but you really require a new cloak. Will you permit me to offer you a loan?"

"I have never yet had a friend from whom I was ashamed to borrow till I was ashamed of his friendship," answered the Vicomte gravely. "If you offer me the money in that way I accept it cheerfully, and will repay you when my luck changes. You are an excellent friend, M. de Fontanges, and I appreciate your friendship. Now let us have a fresh flask of this superlative Burgundy, for it is not every day I meet such fortune."

This was always his way, carrying things with a high

hand, but in the long run arriving safely at the essential fact. However, I felt that the money was very well invested and that I had secured the co-operation of a faithful friend who would willingly aid me in my plans. As you will have seen, I had not thought it necessary to tell him everything, but only so much as would enlist his sympathy; and indeed, the little story had grown up so naturally that I almost came myself to look upon it as the truth. But though I was quite easy in my mind, I could not help entertaining the suspicion that everything was not so simple as it seemed, and I felt that there might be surprises in store for M. le Vicomte and myself which might possibly lead to unpleasant complications. But we were both now in a way bound to fulfill our obligations, and whatever our faults may have been, and perhaps we were not altogether free from them, neither of us was the man to refuse to play the game for which a friend had furnished us with the stakes.

HUGH KELLY.

(1739—1777.)

HUGH KELLY was born in 1739, either in Killarney or in Dublin. His father, who was a tavern keeper in Dublin, apprenticed his son to a stay-maker. While serving his time he cultivated the acquaintance of the actors who frequented his father's establishment, and shortly after the completion of his service he was induced to leave Dublin for London. Arrived there, he wisely continued to work at his trade, but, this beginning to fail him, he engaged himself as a copying clerk to an attorney. While working at the lawyer's desk he wrote occasional articles and paragraphs for the newspapers, and after a while obtained engagements on *The Ladies' Museum* and *The Court Magazine*, besides writing several pamphlets for the publisher Pottinger. About this time, being only two-and-twenty, he married, "merely for love," and found that he had done wisely. Spurred on by his new responsibilities, he continued to extend his labors, and, while he read and studied busily to improve himself, he wrote a series of essays for *Owen's Weekly Chronicle*, afterward reprinted as 'The Babblers.' He also produced about this time 'Louisa Mildmay, or the History of a Magdalen,' a novel which had a very considerable success.

In 1767 he published his theatrical poem 'Thespis.' The power it displayed attracted the attention of Garrick, and led to the production, a year later, of Kelly's first comedy, 'False Delicacy,' at Drury Lane. This play had more than the usual success. It was translated into several languages and produced him a profit of about £700 (\$3,500).

In 1769 he became a member of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, but was at first refused admittance to the bar. In 1770 he brought out his comedy 'A Word to the Wise'; but, as some persons believed (wrongly) that he was writing in Government pay, a cabal was formed and the play attacked each night until withdrawn. However, out of evil came good, for on publishing the play Kelly received, besides the profits of the general sale, over £800 (about \$4,000) in subscriptions.

In 1771, when his next play, 'Clementina,' a tragedy, was produced, his name was withheld to avoid the opposition likely to arise. In 1774 he still thought it wise to withhold his name from his new comedy, 'A School for Wives.' Soon after this he produced an afterpiece, entitled 'The Romance of an Hour,' which attained a fair measure of success. In 1776 appeared his comedy of 'The Man of Reason,' which was in most respects a failure. This so affected Kelly that, having received his call to the bar, he resolved to write no more for the stage. In this there is no doubt he made a mistake. His writings for the stage were producing him about a thousand pounds (\$5,000) a year, while as a barrister he would most likely have to wait long and work hard for half the sum. Besides, having reached a certain scale of expenditure, it was hard for him to reduce

it, and the result was that though fairly successful as a beginner he fell into debt, and his peace of mind left him never to return. The mental worry soon began to undermine his health, and he died on Feb. 3, 1777.

He was well known to Goldsmith and other literary Irishmen in London, and is frequently mentioned in the memoirs of his time.

CRITICS OF THE STAGE.

From 'Thespis.'

Bold is the talk in this discerning age,
 When every witling prates about the stage,
 And some pert title arrogantly brings
 To trace up nature through her noblest springs;
 Bold in such times his talk must be allowed,
 Who seeks to form a judgment for the crowd;
 Presumes the public sentiment to guide,
 And speaks at once to prejudice and pride.
 Of all the studies in these happier days,
 By which we soar ambitiously to praise,
 Of all the fine performances of art,
 Which charm the eye or captivate the heart,
 None like the stage our admiration draws,
 Or gains such high and merited applause;
 Yet has this art unhappily no rules;
 To check the vain impertinence of fools,
 To point out rude deformity from grace,
 And strike a line 'twixt acting and grimace.

High as the town with reverence we may name,
 And stamp its general sentiments to fame;
 Loud perhaps we echo to its voice,
 And pay a boundless homage to its choice;
 Still, if we look minutely we shall find
 Each single judge so impotent or blind,
 That even the actor whom we most admire
 For ease or humor, dignity or fire,
 Shall often blush to meet the ill-earned bays,
 And pine beneath an infamy of praise.

LORD KELVIN (SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON).

(1824 —)

BARON KELVIN (created Baron in 1892), Sir William Thompson, the famous mathematician, engineer, and inventor, was born in Belfast, June 26, 1824. He is the son of James Thompson, LL.D., professor of mathematics, Glasgow University. He married, first, Margaret, daughter of Walter Crum of Thornliebank, in 1852 (who died in 1870), and second, Frances, daughter of Charles R. Blandy of Madeira, in 1874. He was educated at Glasgow University and St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He was second Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1845, a fellow of St. Peter's College from 1846 to 1852, and was re-elected in 1872. His most remarkable achievements have been in connection with submarine telegraphy. It is to him, more perhaps than to any other scientist of our time, that we owe the system of cables that now join together all the countries of the world.

He acted as electrician for the Atlantic cables in 1857 and 1858, and in 1865 and 1866. He invented the mirror galvanometer and siphon recorder in connection with submarine telegraphy, and acted as electrical engineer for the French Atlantic cable in 1869; the Brazilian and River Plate, 1873; the West Indian cables, 1875; and the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic cable in 1879. He invented several navigation appliances, and many electrical measuring instruments, from 1876 to 1897. His discoveries as to the nature of heat display a power of scientific investigation and generalization which places him among the highest scientific intellects of our time.

He was President of the British Association in 1871, at Edinburgh; and President of the Royal Society, from 1890 to 1895. He was also professor of natural philosophy at Glasgow University from 1846 to 1899; President of the Royal Society, Edinburgh (fourth time); member of the Prussian Order Pour le Mérite; Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor of France; Commander of the Order of King Leopold of Belgium; member of the Order of the First Class of the Sacred Treasure of Japan; Foreign Associate of the French Academy; Foreign Member of the Berlin Academy of Science, etc.

His publications are 'Original Papers on Mathematical and Physical Subjects,' contributed (1840-1896) to the *Cambridge* and *Dublin Mathematical Journal*, and the *Philosophical Magazine*; 'The Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' reprinted in three series, viz: 'Electrostatics and Magnetism,' 1 vol.; 'Mathematical and Physical Papers,' 3 vols.; 'Popular Lectures and Addresses,' 3 vols.; 'A Treatise on Natural Philosophy' in conjunction with Professor P. G. Tait; 'Tables for Facilitating the Use of Sumner's Methods at Sea.'

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

From 'Address to the British Association.'

The essence of science, as is well illustrated by astronomy and cosmical physics, consists in inferring antecedent conditions, and anticipating future evolutions from phenomena which have actually come under observation. In biology the difficulties of successfully acting up to this ideal are prodigious. The earnest naturalists of the present day are, however, not appalled or paralyzed by them, and are struggling boldly and laboriously to pass out of the mere "natural history stage" of their study, and bring zoölogy within the range of natural philosophy. A very ancient speculation, still clung to by many naturalists (so much so that I have a choice of modern terms to quote in expressing it), supposes that under meteorological conditions very different from the present, dead matter may have run together or crystalized or fermented into "germs of life," or "organic cells," or "protoplasm."

But science brings a vast mass of inductive evidence against this hypothesis of spontaneous generation, as you have heard from my predecessor in the presidential chair. Careful enough scrutiny has, in every case up to the present day, discovered life as antecedent to life. Dead matter cannot become living without coming under the influence of matter previously alive. This seems to me as sure a teaching of science as the law of gravitation. I utterly repudiate, as opposed to all philosophical uniformitarianism, the assumption of "different meteorological conditions"—that is to say, somewhat different vicissitudes of temperature, pressure, moisture, gaseous atmosphere—to produce or to permit that to take place by force or motion of dead matter alone, which is a direct contravention of what seems to us biological law.

I am prepared for the answer, "Our code of biological law is an expression of our ignorance as well as of our knowledge." And I say yes: search for spontaneous generation out of inorganic materials; let any one not satisfied with the purely negative testimony, of which we have now so much against it, throw himself into the inquiry. Such investigations as those of Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bas-

tian are among the most interesting and momentous in the whole range of natural history, and their results, whether positive or negative, must richly reward the most careful and laborious experimenting. I confess to being deeply impressed by the evidence put before us by Professor Huxley, and I am ready to adopt, as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life.

How, then, did life originate on the earth? Tracing the physical history of the earth backwards, on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence when the earth was first fit for life there was no living thing on it. There were rocks solid and disintegrated, water, air all round, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass and trees and flowers spring into existence, in all the fullness of ripe beauty, by a fiat of Creative Power? or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honor, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative Power.

When a lava stream flows down the sides of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and becomes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life, which for it originated by the transport of seed and ova and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts. Is it not possible, and if possible, is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth is to be similarly explained?

Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth—whence came these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, and it is certain that some, meteoric stones are frag-

ments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space as it is that ships, steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that in many cases a large quantity of *débris* must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a land-slip or in blasting by gunpowder.

Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments carrying seed and living plants and animals would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present instant no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call *natural* causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. I am fully conscious of the many scientific objections which may be urged against this hypothesis; but I believe them to be all answerable. I have already taxed your patience too severely to allow me to think of discussing any of them on the present occasion. The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is that it is not unscientific.

From the earth stocked with such vegetation as it could receive meteorically, to the earth teeming with all the endless variety of plants and animals which now inhabit it, the step is prodigious; yet, according to the doctrine of continuity, most ably laid before the Association by a predecessor in this chair (Mr. Grove), all creatures now living on earth have proceeded by orderly evolution from some such origin. Darwin concludes his great work on 'The Origin of Species' with the following words: "It is

interesting to contemplate an entangled bank clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us." . . . "There is grandeur in this view of life with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved." With the feeling expressed in these two sentences I most cordially sympathize. I have omitted two sentences which come between them, describing briefly the hypothesis of "the origin of species by natural selection," because I have always felt that this hypothesis does not contain the true theory of evolution, if evolution there has been, in biology.

Sir John Herschel, in expressing a favorable judgment on the hypothesis of zoölogical evolution (with, however, some reservation in respect to the origin of man), objected to the doctrine of natural selection, that it was too like the Laputan method of making books, and that it did not sufficiently take into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. This seems to me a most valuable and instructive criticism. I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoölogical speculations. Reaction against the frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found, not rarely, in the notes of the learned commentators on Paley's 'Natural Theology,' has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all round us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free-will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler.

WILLIAM KENEALY.

(1828—1876.)

WILLIAM KENEALY, a poet of *The Nation*, who wrote over the pseudonym of "William of Munster" in the middle of the nineteenth century, was born at Cloyne, Cork, July 1, 1828. His well-known song, 'The Moon Behind the Hill,' appeared in the paper mentioned Dec. 20, 1856. He also wrote over the same pseudonym in Duffy's *Fireside Magazine*, 1851-52. "He was," says Mr. O'Donoghue in his 'Poets of Ireland,' "the author of the lengthy introduction to Hayes' 'Ballads of Ireland,' in which collection are a couple of his poems." He became editor first of *The Lamp* (Leeds), then of *The Tipperary Leader*, and lastly of *The Kilkenny Journal*. He served as Mayor of Kilkenny, which accounts for his having been always considered a Kilkenny man. He died in that town Sept. 5, 1876.

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

THE KILKENNY EXILE'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

I watched last night the rising moon
Upon a foreign strand,
Till memories came, like flowers of June,
Of home and fatherland;
I dreamt I was a child once more
Beside the rippling rill,
Where first I saw in days of yore
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand
That purpled boyhood's dreams;
Its youthful loves, its happy land,
As bright as morning's beams.
It brought me back my own sweet Nore,
The castle and the mill,
Until my eyes could see no more
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
Until, in accents wild,
I prayed her from her home above
To guard her lonely child;
It brought me *one* across the wave,
To live in memory still—
It brought me back my Kathleen's grave,
The moon behind the hill.

PATRICK KENNEDY.

(1801—1873.)

PATRICK KENNEDY, another of the earlier collectors of Irish folk lore, was born in County Wexford in 1801. In 1823 he removed to Dublin to act as assistant in a training-school in Kildare Place. In the course of a few years he started a lending-library and bookstore in Anglesea Street, where he spent the remainder of his life, and where he was always ready to gossip with any passer-by interested in Irish folk lore. He found time while attending to business to write much and read more. He contributed several articles to *The University Magazine*, some of which—'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts,' 'Tales of the Duffrey,' and 'The Bank of the Boro'—were afterward published separately. He was also the author of 'The Bardic Stories of Ireland,' 'The Book of Modern Irish Anecdotes, Wit, and Wisdom,' and 'The Fireside Stories of Ireland.'

His sketches of Irish rural life, as observed by himself when a boy in his native county, are characteristic, well drawn, and singularly pure. He was known to lessen his prospects of a profitable business by declining to deal in books which he considered objectionable in tendency. He was a staunch devotee of Father Mathew, and for many years the committees of the Hibernian Temperance Association and kindred bodies held their meetings at his house. In the literary circles of Dublin he was well known and widely respected. He died March 28, 1873.

Mr. Douglas Hyde, speaking of his collection of folk lore, says that "many of the stories appear to be the detritus of genuine Gaelic folk stories filtered through an English idiom—and much impaired and stunted in the process. He appears, however, not to have adulterated them very much."

THE LAZY BEAUTY AND HER AUNTS.

From 'The Fireside Stories of Ireland.'

There was once a poor widow woman, who had a daughter that was as handsome as the day, and as lazy as a pig, saving your presence. The poor mother was the most industrious person in the townland, and was a particularly good hand at the spinning-wheel. It was the wish of her heart that her daughter should be as handy as herself; but she'd get up late, eat her breakfast before she'd finish her prayers, and then go about dawdling, and anything she handled seemed to be burning her fingers. She drawled her words as if it was a great trouble to her to speak, or

as if her tongue was as lazy as her body. Many a heart-scald her poor mother got with her, and still she was only improving like dead fowl in August.

Well, one morning that things were as bad as they could be, and the poor woman was giving tongue at the rate of a mill-clapper, who should be riding by but the king's son. "Oh dear, oh dear, good woman!" said he, "you must have a very bad child to make you scold so terribly. Sure it can't be this handsome girl that vexed you!" "Oh, please your Majesty, not at all," says the old dissembler. "I was only checking her for working herself too much. Would your majesty believe it? She spins three pounds of flax in a day, weaves it into linen the next, and makes it all into shirts the day after." "My gracious," says the prince, "she's the very lady that will just fill my mother's eye, and herself's the greatest spinner in the kingdom. Will you put on your daughter's bonnet and cloak, if you please, ma'am and set her behind me? Why, my mother will be so delighted with her, that perhaps she'll make her her daughter-in-law in a week, that is, if the young woman herself is agreeable."

Well, between the confusion, and the joy, and the fear of being found out, the women didn't know what to do; and before they could make up their minds, young Anty (Anastasia) was set behind the prince, and away he and his attendants went, and a good heavy purse was left behind with the mother. She *pullillued* a long time after all was gone, in dread of something bad happening to the poor girl.

The prince couldn't judge of the girl's breeding or wit from the few answers he pulled out of her. The queen was struck in a heap when she saw a young country girl sitting behind her son, but when she saw her handsome face, and heard all she could do, she didn't think she could make too much of her. The prince took an opportunity of whispering her that if she didn't object to be his wife, she must strive to please his mother. Well, the evening went by and the prince and Anty were getting fonder and fonder of one another, but the thought of the spinning used to send the cold to her heart every moment. When bedtime came, the old queen went along with her to a beautiful bedroom, and when she was bidding her good-night she pointed to a heap of fine flax, and said, "You may begin as

soon as you like to-morrow morning, and I 'll expect to see these three pounds in nice thread the morning after." Little did the poor girl sleep that night. She kept crying and lamenting that she didn't mind her mother's advice better. When she was left alone next morning, she began with a heavy heart; and though she had a nice mahogany wheel and the finest flax you ever saw, the thread was breaking every moment. One while it was as fine as a cobweb, and the next as coarse as a little boy's whipcord. At last she pushed her chair back, let her hands fall in her lap, and burst out a-crying.

A small, old woman with surprising big feet appeared before her at the same moment, and said, "What ails you, you handsome colleen?" "An' haven't I all that flax to spin before to-morrow morning, and I 'll never be able to have even five yards of fine thread of it put together." "An' would you think bad to ask poor *Colliagh Cushmōr*¹ to your wedding with the young prince? If you promise me that, all your three pounds will be made into the finest of thread while you 're taking your sleep to-night." "Indeed, you must be there and welcome, and I 'll honor you all the days of your life." "Very well; stay in your room till tea-time, and tell the queen she may come in for her thread as early as she likes to-morrow morning." It was all as she said; and the thread was finer and evenner than the gut you see with fly-fishers. "My brave girl you were!" says the queen. "I 'll get my own mahogany loom brought in to you, but you needn't do anything more to-day. Work and rest, work and rest, is my motto. To-morrow you 'll weave all this thread, and who knows what may happen?"

The poor girl was more frightened this time than the last, and she was so afraid to lose the prince. She didn't even know how to put the warp in the gears, nor how to use the shuttle, and she was sitting in the greatest grief, when a little woman, who was mighty well-shouldered about the hips, all at once appeared to her, told her her name was *Colliagh Cromanmōr*, and made the same bargain with her as *Colliagh Cushmōr*. Great was the queen's pleasure when she found early in the morning a web as fine and white as the finest paper you ever saw. "The darling

¹ *Colliagh Cushmōr*, Old Woman Big-foot.

you were!" says she. "Take your ease with the ladies and gentlemen to-day, and if you have all this made into nice shirts to-morrow you may present one of them to my son, and be married to him out of hand."

Oh, wouldn't you pity poor Anty the next day, she was now so near the prince, and, maybe, would be soon so far from him. But she waited as patiently as she could with scissors, needle, and thread in hand, till a minute after noon. Then she was rejoiced to see the third old woman appear. She had a big red nose, and informed Anty that people called her *Shron Mor Rua* on that account. She was up to her as good as the others, for a dozen fine shirts were lying on the table when the queen paid her an early visit.

Now there was nothing talked of but the wedding, and I needn't tell you it was grand. The poor mother was there along with the rest, and at the dinner the old queen could talk of nothing but the lovely shirts, and how happy herself and the bride would be after the honeymoon, spinning, and weaving, and sewing shirts and shifts without end. The bridegroom didn't like the discourse, and the bride liked it less, and he was going to say something, when the footman came up to the head of the table and said to the bride, "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliagh Cushmōr, bade me ask might she come in." The bride blushed and wished she was seven miles under the floor, but well became the prince. "Tell Mrs. Cushmōr," said he, "that any relation of my bride's will be always heartily welcome wherever she and I are." In came the woman with the big foot, and got a seat near the prince. The old queen didn't like it much, and after a few words she asked rather spitefully, "Dear ma'am, what 's the reason your foot is so big?" "*Musha*, faith, your majesty, I was standing almost all my life at the spinning-wheel, and that 's the reason." "I declare to you, my darling," said the prince, "I'll never allow you to spend one hour at the same spinning-wheel." The same footman said again, "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliagh Cromanmōr, wishes to come in, if the genteels and yourself have no objection." Very *sharoose*¹ was the Princess Anty, but the prince sent her welcome, and she took her seat, and drank healths apiece to the company. "May I ask,

¹ *Sharoose*, displeased.

ma'am," says the old queen, "why you're so wide half-way between the head and the feet?" "That, your majesty, is owing to sitting all my life at the loom." "By my scepter," says the prince, "my wife shall never sit there an hour." The footman again came up. "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliagh Shron Mor Rua, is asking leave to come in to the banquet." More blushing on the bride's face, but the bridegroom spoke out cordially, "Tell Mrs. Shron Mor Rua she's doing us an honor." In came the old woman, and great respect she got near the top of the table, but the people down low put up their tumblers and glasses to their noses to hide the grin. "Ma'am," says the old queen, "will you tell us, if you please, why your nose is so big and red?" "Throth, your majesty, my head was bent down over the stitching all my life, and all the blood in my body ran into my nose." "My darling," said the Prince to Anty, "if ever I see a needle in your hand, I'll run a hundred miles from you."

"And in troth, girls and boys, though it's a diverting story, I don't think the moral is good; and if any of you *thuckeens*¹ go about imitating Anty in her laziness, you'll find it won't thrive with you as it did with her. She was beautiful beyond compare, which none of you are, and she had three powerful fairies to help her besides. There's no fairies now, and no prince or lord to ride by, and catch you idling or working; and maybe, after all, the prince and herself were not so very happy when the cares of the world or old age came on them."

Thus was the tale ended by poor old *Shebale*,² Father Murphy's housekeeper, in Coolbawn, Barony of Bantry, about half a century since.

THE HAUGHTY PRINCESS.

From 'Fireside Stories of Ireland.'

There was once a very worthy king, whose daughter was the greatest beauty that could be seen far or near, but she was as proud as Lucifer, and no king or prince would she

¹ *Thuckeens*, small girls. ² *Shebale*, Sybil.

agree to marry. Her father was tired out at last, and invited every king and prince, and duke, and earl that he knew or didn't know to come to his court to give her one trial more. They all came, and next day after breakfast they stood in a row in the lawn, and the princess walked along in the front of them to make her choice. One was fat, and says she, "I won't have you, Beer-barrel!" One was tall and thin, and to him she said, "I won't have you, Ramrod!" To a white-faced man she said, "I won't have you, Pale Death!" and to a red-cheeked man she said, "I won't have you, Cockscomb!" She stopped a little before the last of all, for he was a fine man in face and form. She wanted to find some defect in him, but he had nothing remarkable but a ring of brown curling hair under his chin. She admired him a little, and then carried it off with, "I won't have you, Whiskers!"

So all went away, and the king was so vexed he said to her, "Now to punish your *impedence*, I'll give you to the first beggarman or singing *sthronshuch*¹ that calls;" and, as sure as the hearth-money, a fellow all over rags, and hair that came to his shoulders, and a bushy red beard all over his face, came next morning, and began to sing before the parlor window.

When the song was over, the hall-door was opened, the singer asked in, the priest brought, and the princess married to Beardy. She roared and she bawled, but her father didn't mind her. "There," says he to the bridegroom, "is five guineas for you. Take your wife out of my sight, and never let me lay eyes on you or her again."

Off he led her, and dismal enough she was. The only thing that gave her relief was the tones of her husband's voice and his genteel manners. "Whose wood is this?" said she, as they were going through one. "It belongs to the king you called Whiskers yesterday." He gave her the same answer about meadows and corn-fields, and at last a fine city. "Ah, what a fool I was!" said she to herself. "He was a fine man, and I might have him for a husband." At last they were coming up to a poor cabin. "Why are you bringing me here?" says the poor lady. "This was my house," said he, "and now it's yours." She began to cry, but she was tired and hungry, and went in with him.

¹ *Sthronshuch*, lazy thing.

Ovoch! there was neither a table laid out, nor a fire burning, and she was obliged to help her husband to light it, and boil their dinner, and clean up the place after; and next day he made her put on a stuff gown and a cotton handkerchief. When she had her house redded up, and no business to keep her employed, he brought home *sallies*,¹ peeled them, and showed her how to make baskets. But the hard twigs bruised her delicate fingers, and she began to cry. Well, then he asked her to mend their clothes, but the needle drew blood from her fingers, and she cried again. He couldn't bear to see her tears, so he bought a creel of earthenware, and sent her to the market to sell them. This was the hardest trial of all, but she looked so handsome and sorrowful, and had such a nice air about her, that all her pans, and jugs, and plates, and dishes were gone before noon, and the only mark of her old pride she showed was a slap she gave a buckeen across the face when he *axed* her to go in an' take share of a quart.

Well, her husband was so glad, he sent her with another creel the next day; but faith! her luck was after deserting her. A drunken huntsman came up riding, and his beast got in among her ware, and made *brishe*² of every mother's son of 'em. She went home cryin', and her husband wasn't at all pleased. "I see," said he, "you're not fit for business. Come along, I'll get you a kitchen-maid's place in the palace. I know the cook."

So the poor thing was obliged to stifle her pride once more. She was kept very busy, and the footman and the butler would be very impudent about looking for a kiss, but she let a screech out of her the first attempt was made, and the cook gave the fellow such a lambasting with the besom that he made no second offer. She went home to her husband every night, and she carried broken victuals wrapped in papers in her side pockets.

A week after she got service there was great bustle in the kitchen. The king was going to be married, but no one knew who the bride was to be. Well, in the evening the cook filled the princess' pockets with cold meat and puddings, and, says she, "Before you go, let us have a look at the great doings in the big parlor." So they came near the door to get a peep, and who should come out but the

¹ *Sallies*, willows. ² *Brishe*, broken pieces.

king himself, as handsome as you please, and no other but King Whiskers himself. "Your handsome helper must pay for her peeping," said he to the cook, "and dance a jig with me." Whether she would or no, he held her hand and brought her into the parlor. The fiddlers struck up, and away went *him* with *her*. But they hadn't danced two steps when the meat and the *puddens* flew out of her pockets. Every one roared out, and she flew to the door, crying piteously. But she was soon caught by the king, and taken into the back parlor. "Don't you know me, my darling?" said he. "I'm both King Whiskers, your husband the ballad-singer, and the drunken huntsman. Your father knew me well enough when he gave you to me, and all was to drive your pride out of you." Well, she didn't know how she was with fright, and shame, and joy. Love was uppermost anyhow, for she laid her head on her husband's breast and cried like a child. The maids-of-honor soon had her away and dressed her as fine as hands and pins could do it; and there were her mother and father, too; and while the company were wondering what end of the handsome girl and the king, he and his queen, *who* they didn't know in her fine clothes, and the other king and queen, came in, and such rejoicings and fine doings as there was, none of us will ever see, any way.

THE KILDARE POOKA.

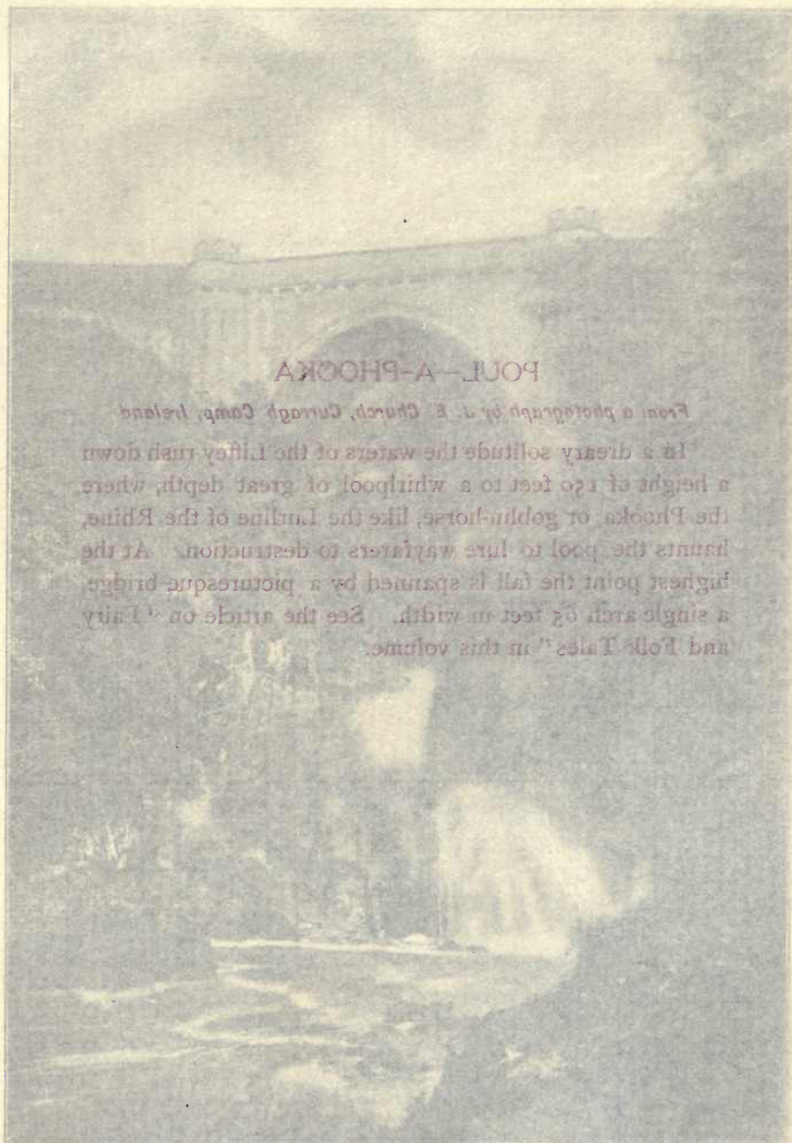
From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

Mr. H—— R——, when he was alive, used to live a good deal in Dublin, and he was once a great while out of the country on account of the "ninety-eight" business. But the servants kept on in the big house at Rath—— all the same as if the family was at home. Well, they used to be frightened out of their lives after going to their beds with the banging of the kitchen door, and the clattering of fire-irons, and the pots and plates and dishes. One evening they sat up ever so long, keeping one another in heart with telling stories about ghosts and fetches, and that when—what would you have of it?—the little scullery boy that

POUL-A-PHOOKA

From a photograph by A. E. Church, Curragh Camp, Ireland.

In a dreary solitude the waters of the Liffey rush down a height of 150 feet to a whirlpool of great depth, where the Phooka or goblin-horse, like the Lamiae of the Rhine, haunts the pool to lure wayfarers to destruction. At the highest point the fall is spanned by a picturesque bridge, a single arch 65 feet in width. See the article on "Laffy and Foll Tales" in this volume.



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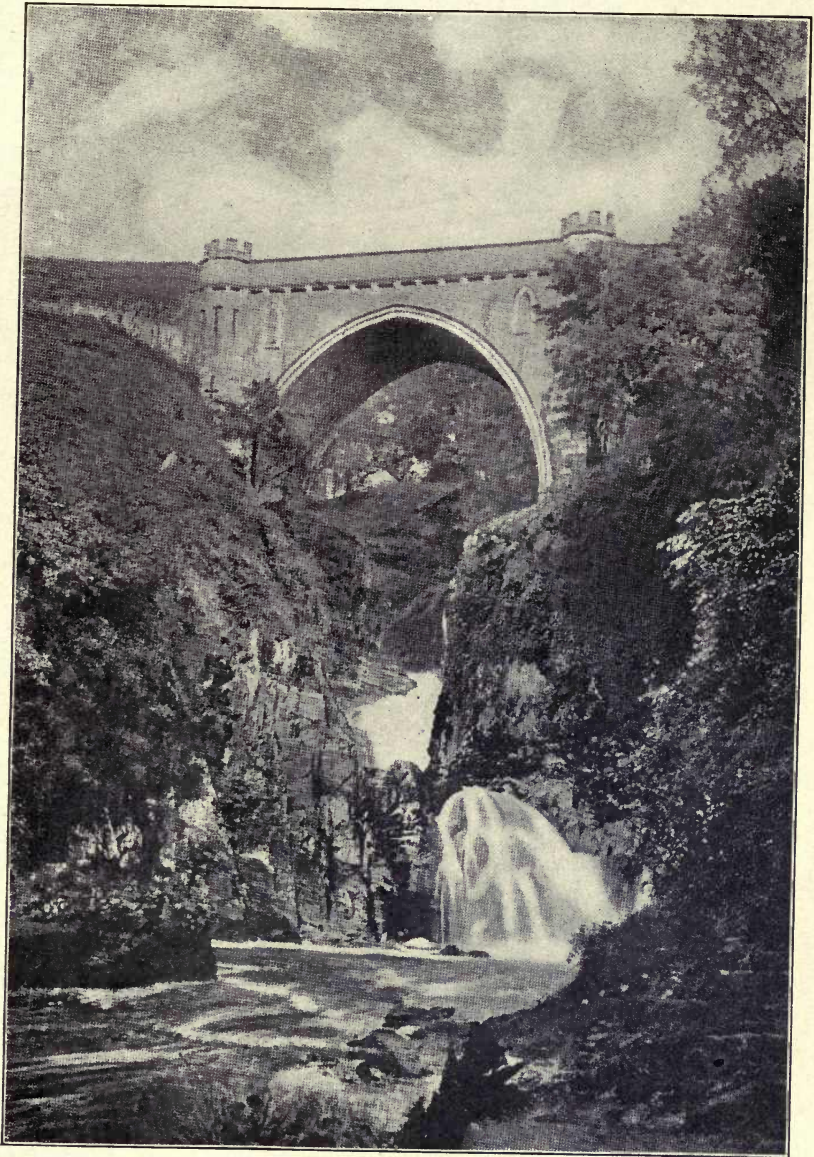
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used to be sleeping over the horses, and could not get room at the fire, crept into the hot hearth, and when he got tired listening to the stories, sorra fear him, but he fell dead asleep.

Well and good, after they were all gone and the kitchen fire raked up, he was woke with the noise of the kitchen door opening, and the trampling of an ass on the kitchen floor. He peeped out, and what should he see but a big ass, sure enough, sitting and yawning before the fire. After a little he looked about him, and began scratching his ears as if he was quite tired, and says he, "I may as well begin first as last." The poor boy's teeth began to chatter in his head, for says he, "Now he's goin' to ate me;" but the fellow with the long ears and tail on him had something else to do. He stirred the fire, and then he brought in a pail of water from the pump, and filled a big pot that he put on the fire before he went out. He then put in his hand—foot, I mean—into the hot hearth, and pulled out the little boy. He let a roar out of him with the fright, but the pooka only looked at him, and thrust out his lower lip to show how little he valued him, and then he pitched him into his pew again.

Well, he then lay down before the fire till he heard the boil coming on the water, and maybe there wasn't a plate, or a dish, or a spoon on the dresser that he didn't fetch and put into the pot, and wash and dry the whole bilin' of 'em as well as e'er a kitchen-maid from that to Dublin town. He then put all of them up on their places on the shelves; and if he didn't give a good sweepin' to the kitchen, leave it till again. Then he comes and sits forment the boy, let down one of his ears, and cocked up the other, and gave a grin. The poor fellow strove to roar out, but not a dheeg 'ud come out of his throat. The last thing the pooka done was to rake up the fire, and walk out, giving such a slap o' the door, that the boy thought the house couldn't help tumbling down.

Well, to be sure if there wasn't a hullabullo next mornin' when the poor fellow told his story! They could talk of nothing else the whole day. One said one thing, another said another, but a fat, lazy scullery girl said the wittiest thing of all. "Musha!" says she, "if the pooka does be

cleaning up everything that way when we are asleep, what should we be slaying ourselves for doing his work?" "*Shu gu dheine*,"¹ says another; "them's the wisest words you ever said, Kauth; it's meeself won't contradict you."

So said, so done. Not a bit of a plate or dish saw a drop of water that evening, and not a besom was laid on the floor, and every one went to bed soon after sundown. Next morning everything was as fine as fine in the kitchen, and the lord mayor might eat his dinner off the flags. It was great ease to the lazy servants, you may depend, and everything went on well till a foolhardy gag of a boy said he would stay up one night and have a chat with the pooka.

He was a little daunted when the door was thrown open and the ass marched up to the fire.

"An' then, sir," says he, at last, picking up courage, "if it isn't taking a liberty, might I ax who you are, and why you are so kind as to do half of the day's work for the girls every night?" "No liberty at all," says the pooka, says he: "I'll tell you, and welcome. I was a servant in the time of Squire R.'s father, and was the laziest rogue that ever was clothed and fed, and done nothing for it. When my time came for the other world, this is the punishment was laid on me—to come here and do all this labor every night, and then go out in the cold. It isn't so bad in the fine weather; but if you only knew what it is to stand with your head between your legs, facing the storm, from midnight to sunrise, on a bleak winter night." "And could we do anything for your comfort, my poor fellow?" says the boy. "Musha, I don't know," says the pooka; "but I think a good quilted frieze coat would help to keep the life in me them long nights." "Why then, in troth, we'd be the ungratefulest of people if we didn't feel for you."

To make a long story short, the next night but two the boy was there again; and if he didn't delight the poor pooka, holding up a fine warm coat before him, it's no mather! Betune the pooka and the man, his legs was got into the four arms of it, and it was buttoned down the breast and the belly, and he was so pleased he walked up to the glass to see how he looked. "Well," says he, "it's a long lane that has no turning. I am much obliged to

¹ *Shu gu dheine* (*seadh go deimehin*), yes, indeed.

you and your fellow-servants. You have made me happy at last. Good-night to you."

So he was walking out, but the other cried, "Och! sure you're going too soon. What about the washing and sweeping?" "Ah, you may tell the girls that they must now get their turn. My punishment was to last till I was thought worthy of a reward for the way I done my duty. You 'll see me no more." And no more they did, and right sorry they were for having been in such a hurry to reward the ungrateful pooka.

THE WITCHES' EXCURSION.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

Shemus Rua¹ was awakened from his sleep one night by noises in his kitchen. Stealing to the door, he saw half-a-dozen old women sitting round the fire, jesting and laughing, his old housekeeper, Madge, quite frisky and gay, helping her sister crones to cheering glasses of punch. He began to admire the impudence and imprudence of Madge, displayed in the invitation and the riot, but recollected on the instant her officiousness in urging him to take a comfortable posset, which she had brought to his bedside just before he fell asleep. Had he drunk it, he would have been just now deaf to the witches' glee. He heard and saw them drink his health in such a mocking style as nearly to tempt him to charge them, besom in hand, but he restrained himself.

The jug being emptied, one of them cried out, "Is it time to be gone?" and at the same moment, putting on a red cap, she added—

"By yarrow and rue,
And my red cap too,
Hie over to England."

Making use of a twig which she held in her hand as a steed, she gracefully soared up the chimney, and was rapidly followed by the rest. But when it came to the housekeeper, Shemus interposed. "By your leave, ma'am," said he, snatching twig and cap. "Ah, you desateful ould

¹ *Shemus Rua (Séumus Ruadh)*, Red James.

crocodile! If I find you here on my return, there 'll be wigs on the green—

“ ‘ By yarrow and rue,
And my red cap too,
Hie over to England.’ ”

The words were not out of his mouth when he was soaring above the ridge pole, and swiftly plowing the air. He was careful to speak no word (being somewhat conversant with witch lore), as the result would be a tumble, and the immediate return of the expedition.

In a very short time they had crossed the Wicklow hills, the Irish Sea, and the Welsh mountains, and were charging, at whirlwind speed, the hall door of a castle. Shemus, only for the company in which he found himself, would have cried out for pardon, expecting to be *mummy* against the hard oak door in a moment; but, all bewildered, he found himself passing through the keyhole, along a passage, down a flight of steps, and through a cellar-door keyhole before he could form any clear idea of his situation.

Waking to the full consciousness of his position, he found himself sitting on a stillion, plenty of lights glimmering round, and he and his companions, with full tumblers of frothing wine in hand, hob-nobbing and drinking healths as jovially and recklessly as if the liquor was honestly come by, and they were sitting in Shemus' own kitchen. The red birredh¹ had assimilated Shemus' nature for the time being to that of his unholy companions. The heady liquors soon got into their brains, and a period of unconsciousness succeeded the ecstasy, the headache, the turning round of the barrels, and the "scattered sight" of poor Shemus. He woke up under the impression of being roughly seized, and shaken, and dragged upstairs, and subjected to a disagreeable examination by the lord of the castle, in his state parlor. There was much derision among the whole company, gentle and simple, on hearing Shemus' explanation, and, as the thing occurred in the dark ages, the unlucky Leinster man was sentenced to be hung as soon as the gallows could be prepared for the occasion.

The poor Hibernian was in the cart proceeding on his last journey, with a label on his back and another on his

¹ *Birredh* (*birreud*), a cap.

breast, announcing him as the remorseless villain who for the last month had been draining the casks in my lord's vault every night. He was surprised to hear himself addressed by his name, and in his native tongue, by an old woman in the crowd. "Ach, Shemus, *alanna!* is it going to die you are in a strange place without your *cappeen d'yarrag?*"¹ These words infused hope and courage into the poor victim's heart. He turned to the lord and humbly asked leave to die in his red cap, which he supposed had dropped from his head in the vault. A servant was sent for the head-piece, and Shemus felt lively hope warming his heart while placing it on his head. On the platform he was graciously allowed to address the spectators, which he proceeded to do in the usual formula composed for the benefit of flying stationers—"Good people all, a warning take by me;" but when he had finished the line, "My parents reared me tenderly," he unexpectedly added—"By yarrow and rue," etc., and the disappointed spectators saw him shoot up obliquely through the air in the style of a sky-rocket that had missed its aim. It is said that the lord took the circumstance much to heart, and never afterwards hung a man for twenty-four hours after his offense.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF GEAROIDH IARLA.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

In old times in Ireland there was a great man of the Fitzgeralds. The name on him was Gerald, but the Irish, that always had a great liking for the family, called him *Gearoidh Iarla* (Earl Gerald). He had a great castle or rath at *Mullymast* (Mullaghmast); and whenever the English Government were striving to put some wrong on the country, he was always the man that stood up for it. Along with being a great leader in a fight, and very skillful at all weapons, he was deep in the *black art*, and could change himself into whatever shape he pleased. His lady knew that he had this power, and often asked him to let her into some of his secrets, but he never would gratify her.

¹ *Cappeen d'yarrag* (*caipin dearg*), red cap.

She wanted particularly to see him in some strange shape, but he put her off and off on one pretense or other. But she wouldn't be a woman if she hadn't perseverance; and so at last he let her know that if she took the least fright while he'd be out of his natural form, he would never recover it till many generations of men would be under the mold. "Oh! she wouldn't be a fit wife for Gearoidh Iarla if she could be easily frightened. Let him but gratify her in this whim, and he'd see what a hero she was!" So one beautiful summer evening, as they were sitting in their grand drawing-room, he turned his face away from her and muttered some words, and while you'd wink he was clever and clean out of sight, and a lovely *goldfinch* was flying about the room.

The lady, as courageous as she thought herself, was a little startled, but she held her own pretty well, especially when he came and perched on her shoulder, and shook his wings, and put his little beak to her lips, and whistled the delightfulest tune you ever heard. Well, he flew in circles round the room, and played *hide and go seek* with his lady, and flew out into the garden, and flew back again, and lay down in her lap as if he was asleep, and jumped up again.

Well, when the thing had lasted long enough to satisfy both, he took one flight more into the open air; but by my word he was soon on his return. He flew right into his lady's bosom, and the next moment a fierce hawk was after him. The wife gave one loud scream, though there was no need, for the wild bird came in like an arrow, and struck against a table with such force that the life was dashed out of him. She turned her eyes from his quivering body to where she saw the goldfinch an instant before, but neither goldfinch nor Earl Gerald did she ever lay eyes on again.

Once every seven years the Earl rides round the Curragh of Kildare on a steed, whose silver shoes were half an inch thick the time he disappeared; and when these shoes are worn as thin as a cat's ear, he will be restored to the society of living men, fight a great battle with the English, and reign king of Ireland for two-score years.¹

Himself and his warriors are now sleeping in a long cavern under the Rath of Mullaghmast. There is a table

¹ The last time *Gearoidh Iarla* appeared the horseshoes were as thin as a sixpence.

running along through the middle of the cave. The Earl is sitting at the head, and his troopers down along in complete armor both sides of the table, and their heads resting on it. Their horses, saddled and bridled, are standing behind their masters in their stalls at each side; and when the day comes, the miller's son that's to be born with six fingers on each hand will blow his trumpet, and the horses will stamp and whinny, and the knights awake and mount their steeds, and go forth to battle.

Some night that happens once in every seven years, while the Earl is riding round the Curragh, the entrance may be seen by any one chancing to pass by. About a hundred years ago, a horse-dealer that was late abroad and a little drunk, saw the lighted cavern, and went in. The lights, and the stillness, and the sight of the men in armor, cowed him a good deal, and he became sober. His hands began to tremble, and he let a bridle fall on the pavement. The sound of the bit echoed through the long cave, and one of the warriors that was next him lifted his head a little, and said, in a deep hoarse voice, "Is it time yet?" He had the wit to say, "Not yet, but soon will," and the heavy helmet sunk down on the table. The horse-dealer made the best of his way out, and I never heard of any other one having got the same opportunity.

THE LONG SPOON.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

The devil and the hearth-money collector for Bantry set out one summer morning to decide a bet they made the night before over a jug of punch. They wanted to see which would have the best load at sunset, and neither was to pick up anything that wasn't offered with the good-will of the giver.

They passed by a house, and they heard the poor ban-a-t'ye¹ cry out to her lazy daughter, "Oh, musha,—take you for a lazy sthronsuch of a girl! do you intend to get up to-day?" "Oh, oh," says the taxman, "there's a job for you, Nick." "Ovock," says the other, "it wasn't

¹ *Ban-a-t'ye*, woman of the house.

from her heart she said it; we must pass on." The next cabin they were passing, the woman was on the bawn-ditch¹ crying out to her husband that was mending one of his brogues inside: "Oh, tatteration to you, Nick! you never rung them pigs, and there they are in the potato drills rootin' away; the — run to Lusk with them." "Another windfall for you," says the man of the ink-horn, but the old thief only shook his horns and wagged his tail.

So they went on, and ever so many prizes were offered to the black fellow without him taking one. Here it was a gorsoon playing *marvels* when he should be using his clappers in the corn-field; and then it was a lazy drone of a servant asleep with his face to the sod when he ought to be weeding. No one thought of offering the hearth-money man even a drink of buttermilk, and at last the sun was within half a foot of the edge of Cooliaugh.

They were just then passing Monamolin, and a poor woman that was straining her supper in a skeegee outside her cabin-door, seeing the two standing at the bawn gate, bawled out, "Oh, here 's the hearth-money man — run away wid him." "Got a bite at last," says Nick. "Oh, no, no! it wasn't from her heart," says the collector. "Indeed, an' it was from the very foundation-stones it came. No help for misfortunes; in with you," says he, opening the mouth of his big black bag; and whether the devil was ever after seen taking the same walk or not, nobody ever laid eyes on his fellow-traveler again.

¹ *Bawn ditch*, Ir. *bádhun*—i.e. inclosure, or wall round a house. From *ba*, cows, and *dún*, a fortress. Properly, cattle-fortress.

JAMES KENNEY.

(1780—1849.)

JAMES KENNEY, the dramatist, was born in Ireland in 1780. His father was manager and part proprietor of Boodle's Club, St. James Street, London, for many years, and Kenney was intended for a mercantile career, but on becoming known as a dramatist he left the banking-house of Herries, Farquhar & Co. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft, author of 'The Road to Ruin.'

His first farce, entitled 'Raising the Wind,' is still a favorite for its character of Jeremy Diddler, who never fails to amuse. It was followed by 'Love, Law, and Physic,' which was also successful. Then came in rapid succession 'The Boy,' a melodrama; 'Matrimony,' a comedy; 'The World'; the well-known 'Illustrious Stranger'; 'Sweethearts and Wives'; and his second melodrama, 'Ella Rosenberg,' which is still frequently played.

Kenney also wrote several poems, one of which, entitled 'Society,' in two parts, created quite a stir in the fashionable world of the period. Of his miscellaneous poems, 'The Merchant and the Philosopher' is a really wise piece of reasoning clothed in pure and simple words.

In old age Kenney fell into poverty, and July 25, 1849, a benefit was given for him at Drury Lane Theater. But the testimonial came too late, for on the morning of that very day he died, after a short illness. During his lifetime he had suffered from a nervous affection which gave him a somewhat eccentric appearance.

MR. DIDDLEL'S WAYS.

From 'Raising the Wind.'

[The public room of an inn frequented by Jeremy Diddler. Old waiter warns Sam, the new waiter from Yorkshire, against the wiles of Mr. Diddler.]

[*A laugh without.*]

Sam. What's all that about?

Waiter. (*Looking out.*) Oh, it's Mr. Diddler trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well.—By the by, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

Sam. What, him with that spy-glass?

Waiter. Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

Sam. Why, what for not?

Waiter. Why, because he'll never pay you.—The fellow lives by sponging—gets into people's houses by his songs and his bon-mots.

Sam. Bon-mots, what be they?

Waiter. Why, saying smart witty things. At some of the squires' tables he's as constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

Sam. Come, that's an odd line to go into, however.

Waiter. Then he borrows money of everybody he meets.

Sam. Nay, but will anybody lend it him?

Waiter. Why, he asks for so little at a time that people are ashamed to refuse him; and then he generally asks for an odd sum to give it the appearance of immediate necessity.

Sam. Damma, he must be a droll chap, however.

Waiter. Here he comes! mind you take care of him.

Sam. Never you fear that, mun. I wasn't born two hundred miles north of Lunnun to be done by Mr. Diddler.

Enter DIDDLER.

Diddler. Tol lol de riddle lol:—Eh! (*Looking through a glass at Sam.*) The new waiter, a very clod, by my hopes! an untutored clod.—My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer.—Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you?—A novice, I perceive.—And how d'ye like your new line of life?

Sam. Why, very well, thank ye. How do you like your old one?

Diddler. (*Aside.*) Disastrous accents! a Yorkshireman! (*To him.*) What is your name, my fine fellow?

Sam. Sam.—You needn't tell me yours, I know you, my—fine fellow.

Diddler. (*Aside.*) Oh Fame! Fame! you incorrigible gossip!—but *nil desperandum*—at him again. (*To him.*) A prepossessing physiognomy, open and ruddy, importing health and liberally. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

Sam. Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

Diddler. (*Turning away.*) Well, I'll thank ye to—O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

Sam. Yes. (*They look at each other—Diddler expecting to receive it.*) And I mean to keep it about me, you see.

Diddler. Oh—ay—certainly. I only asked for information.

Sam. Hark! there 's the stage-coach com'd in. I must go and wait upon the passengers—You 'd better ax some of them—mayhap, they mun gie you a little better information.

Diddler. Stop! Hark-ye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast, first. I 'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come a long walk from over the hills and—

Sam. Ay, and you see I come fra—Yorkshire.

Diddler. You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honor you for it, for I 'm sure you 'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

Sam. Ay; well; what will you have?

Diddler. Anything!—tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

Sam. Well, now, one of us, you understand, in this transaction, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t' money, or you mun trust me for t' breakfast.—Now, as you 're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and, as I am not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you 'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for t' breakfast—he! he! he!

Diddler. What d' ye mean by that, Sam?

Sam. Or, mayhap, you 'll say me a bon-mot.

Diddler. Sir, you 're getting impertinent.

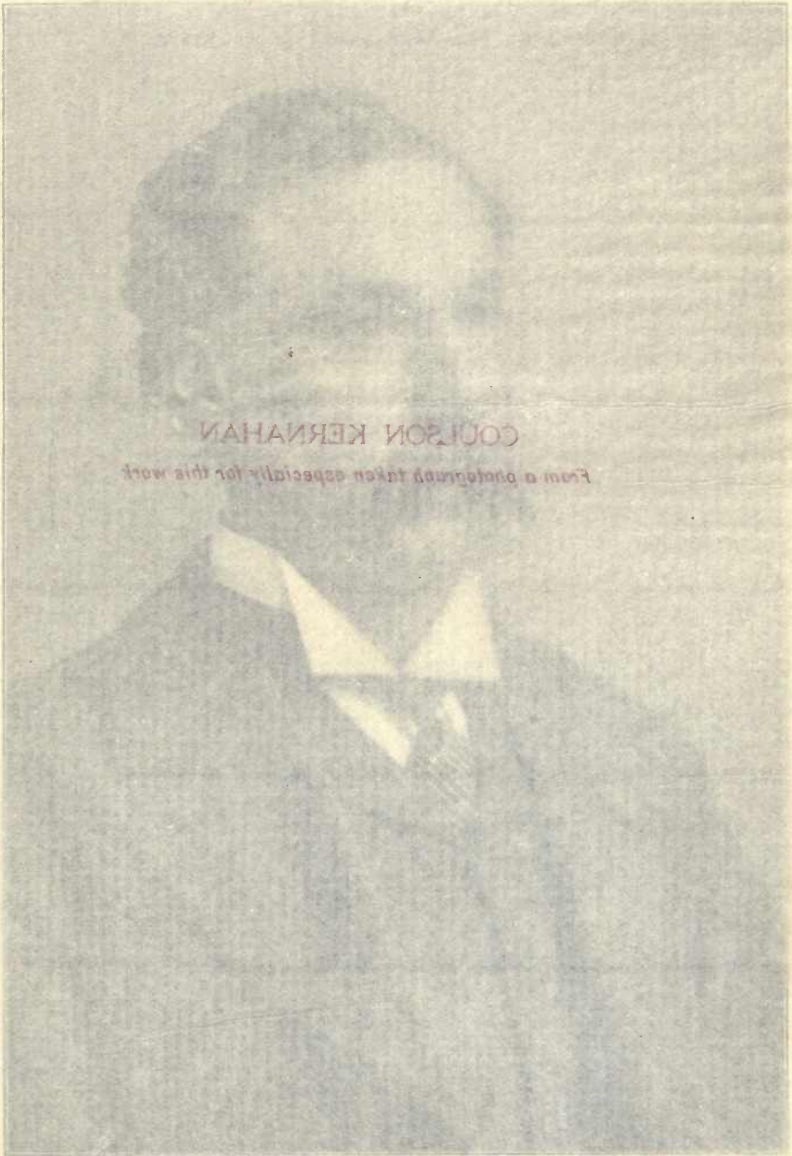
Sam. Oh, what—you don't like the terms.—Why, then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast, you see; he! he! he! [*Exit.*]

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE?

Why are you wandering here, I pray?
 An old man asked a maid one day.
 Looking for poppies, so bright and red,
 Father, said she, I 'm hither led.
 Fie! fie! she heard him cry,
 Poppies, 't is known to all who rove,
 Grow in the field, and not in the grove—
 Grow in the field and not in the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,
Why are you loitering here, fair maid?
The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father, said she, I come to hear.
Fie! fie! she heard him cry,
Nightingales all, so people say,
Warble by night, and not by day—
Warble by night and not by day.

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by;
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,
Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.
Fie! fie! the old man's cry;
Poppies like these, I own, are rare,
And of such nightingales' songs beware—
And of such nightingales' songs beware.



COLLSON KERNANAN

From a photograph taken especially for this work

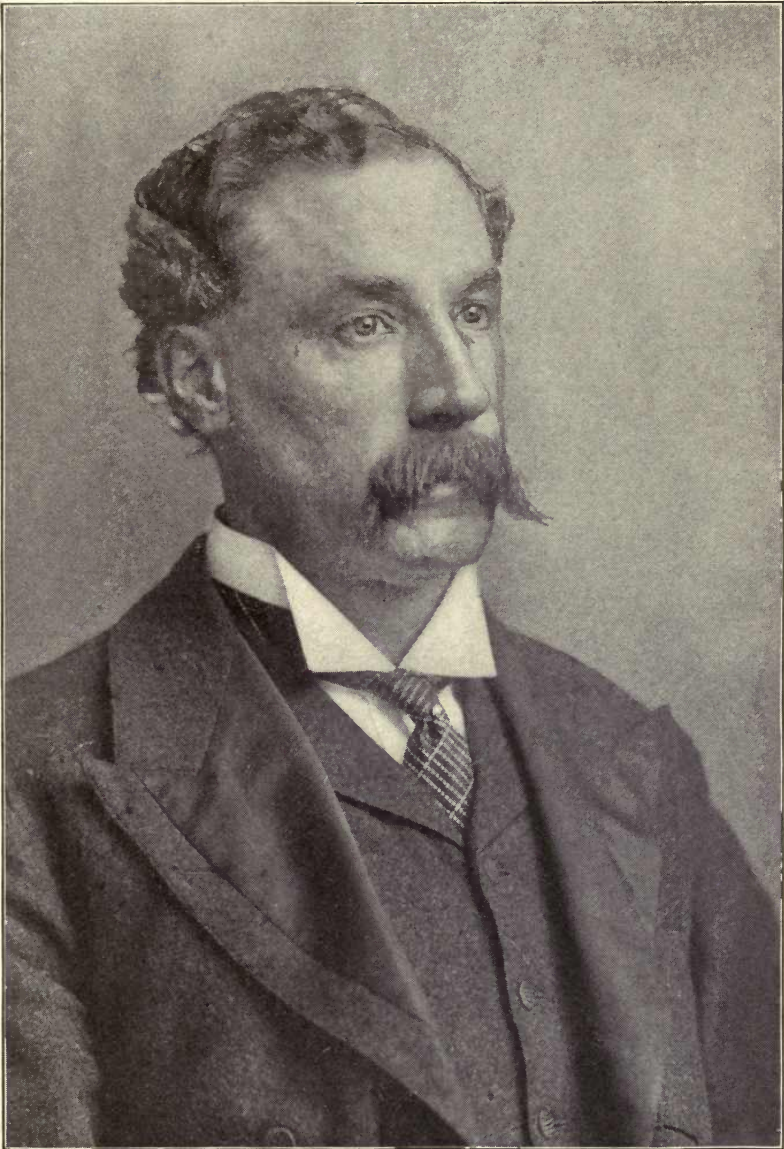
IRISH LITERATURE.

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COULSON KERNAHAN

From a photograph taken especially for this work



COULSON KERNAHAN.

(1858 —)

COULSON KERNAHAN is the son of an Irish father, Dr. James Kernahan, scientist, biblical scholar, and commentator. He was born on the 1st of August, 1858. He is well known as novelist, critic, essayist, etc.; and has been and is literary adviser to more than one firm of publishers. His stories have had an extraordinary vogue. In 1891 he collaborated with the late Frederick Locker-Lampson in editing the new edition of 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' He has published 'A Dead Man's Diary,' 'A Book of Strange Sins,' 'Sorrow and Song,' 'God and the Ant,' 'The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil,' etc.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.¹

From 'A Book of Strange Sins.'

It was broad noonday in the garden, and so hot that one could see the air palpitating and quivering above the gravel paths in undulant haze of heat. Even the butterfly gasped for breath, and grumbled because the swaying of the grasses set stirring a warm puff, which was like the opening of an oven. The sun seemed so near, and was trying so hard to be hot, that the daisies said they could see him spinning and panting as he stood above them; but that, I think, was only their fancy, although it is true that he was shining so exactly overhead that there was not a streak of shadow where one could creep for shelter from the sweltering heat. All the flowers were parched and drooping, and except for the passing *buzz* where a bee went drowsily by, or buried himself with a contented *burr* in the heart of a pansy, not a sound stirred the sultry silence.

All at once there was a sudden scurry among the birds. A cat which had been basking and purring in the sunshine, opening and shutting an eye, every now and then, to make believe that she was not sleepy, had dropped off into a doze, and now she awakened yawning. This was the signal for a general stir.

"Phew! but it is hot, to be sure!" exclaimed the butter-

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114 1809

fly, as he darted up for a stretch from the poppy-head on which he had been sitting, and went waltzing, angle-wise, down the graveled path of the garden, lacing the long, green lines of the boxwood with loops of crimson and gold.

"I hope my weight won't inconvenience you," he said with airy politeness to the lily, dropping himself lazily, and without waiting for an answer, upon her delicate head, which drooped so feebly beneath this new burden that several scented petals fluttered fainting to the ground. "I am grieved to see you looking so sadly," he continued, after he had settled himself to his liking; "but what on earth, my good soul, makes you lean forward in that uncomfortable attitude? There is a charmingly shady spot under the shelter of the wall behind you. Why don't you lean in that direction? As it is, you are going out of your way to make yourself uncomfortable, besides which I should very much prefer to be out of the heat."

"I should be glad to move into the shade," said the lily gently, "but my sweetheart, the rose, has fallen asleep by the border, and I am leaning over her to keep the sun from her buds."

"How very charming you are!" lisped the butterfly languidly, and in a tone of polite contempt which seemed to imply, "and what a fool!"

"But your ideas are a little crude, don't you know?" he went on, "though, of course, interesting. It is easy to see you are not a person of the world. When you have traveled about, and learnt as much as I have, you will come to look at such things in a different way."

"Yes, you have traveled, and lived in the world, and seen a great deal," said the lily; "but I have *loved*; and it is by loving, as well as by living, that one learns."

"Don't presume to lecture me!" was the impatient answer. "Fancy a flower finding fault with a butterfly! Don't you know that I am your superior in the scale of being! But tell me, does this love of which you speak bring happiness?"

"The greatest of all happiness," whispered the lily, almost to herself, and with infinite tenderness—her white bells seeming to light up and overflow, like human eyes, as she spoke. "To love truly, and to be loved, is indeed to be favored of heaven. All the good things which this

world contains are not worthy to be offered in exchange for the love of one faithful heart."

"Then I must learn to love," said the butterfly decisively, "for happiness has always been my aim. Tell me how to begin."

"You 'll have to begin by unlearning," put in a big double-dahlia, that was standing by like a sentinel, and looking as stiff and stuck-up as if he had just been appointed flower-policeman to the garden.

"Don't you be afraid that any one's going to fall in love with you," was the spiteful rejoinder of the butterfly, edging himself round and round on a lily-bell as he spoke. "Your place, my good creature, is in the vegetable garden, along with the cauliflowers and the artichokes. There is something distinguished about a white chrysanthemum, and the single-dahlias are shapely, although they do stare so; but the double-dahlias!"—and the butterfly affected a pretty shudder of horror which made the double-dahlia stiffen on his stem with rage.

"How dare you speak slightly of my family!" he said indignantly. "And as for those big chrysanthemums! why, they're just like tumbled heaps of worsted, or that shaggy-eyed skye-terrier dog that we see sometimes in the garden—untidy, shapeless, lumpy things I call them!"

The butterfly, who had been alternately opening and shutting his wings, as if he thought the sight of such splendor was too dazzling to be borne continuously, but really because he knew that the somber tinting which they displayed when closed heightened, by contrast, their gorgeous coloring when open, was nothing if not well-bred, so he simply pretended to stifle a yawn in the dahlia's face, and to make believe that he had not heard what was said.

"After all," he said, turning his back pointedly upon the dahlia, and shutting up his wings with a final snap—just as a fine lady closes a fan—"after all, my dear lily, I don't know whether it's worth my while to learn to love; for, by this time next year, you and I will be dead, and it will be all the same then to us as if we had never loved, or even lived at all."

"I know nothing about death," replied the lily, "but no one who loves can doubt immortality, and if the rose

and I are not already immortal, I believe that our love will make us so."

"What is this immortality?" said the butterfly. "I have heard the word used a great deal in my wanderings, but I never quite knew the meaning of it."

"It is the finding again after death of those we have loved and lost; and the loving and living with them for ever, I think," answered his companion.

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said the butterfly decisively. "All the men and women I've met—and they ought to know—used ever so much longer words."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the lily quietly, bending forward to shield a stray rose-bud from the burning sun, "but to be for ever with those I love would be immortality enough for me. And I heard the maiden who walks in the garden speaking yesterday, and I remember that she said it was more godlike to love one little child purely and unselfishly than to have a heart filled with a thousand vast vague aspirations after things we cannot understand."

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How strangely still it was in the garden! Summer had gone, and October was nearly over, but the day had been so bright and warm that every one said the winter must be a very long way off. But since sunset, the air had been getting more and more chilly, and the stars were glittering like cold steel, and the moon looked so bright and large, that the flowers, which had awakened with an icy pain at their heart, could scarcely believe that it was night and not day, for every tiny grass-blade and buttercup stood out with startling distinctness on the grass. A strange, sharp scent was in the air, and a singular stillness was abroad.

There was no "going" in the trees, nor bough-swing among the branches, but all stood rigid and motionless as if intently listening.

"Perhaps they are listening for the first footfall of the winter—the winter which is coming to kill us," said the lily sadly, bending down, as she spoke, to twine herself protectingly around the rose.

"Perhaps we are dead already," said the rose, with a shudder, "and are but ghost-flowers in a ghostly garden."

How cold and wan my rosy petals look in this pallid light! And is this gray place—blanched and silent and still as death—our sweet-scented and sunny garden, that glowed with warm color and was astir with life? ”

Just then, and before the lily could answer, they heard a sudden cry of pain.

It was the butterfly which had fallen, half dead with cold, from a sycamore bough, and now lay shelterless and shivering on the frozen path. “Creep up upon my leaves, dear butterfly,” said the lily tenderly, as she bent towards him, “and I will try and find a warm place for you near my heart.”

“Oh, I’m so frightened! I’m so frightened!” he sobbed. “The world is dying; even now the trees seem still and dead. Soon the stars will fall out of the sky into the garden. Shall we be left in darkness when the moon is dead? Already her face is deadly pale, although she shines so brightly. And what has come to the trees? On every bough there sparkle a thousand lights. Are they stars which have dropped from the sky?”

“They are not stars at all,” said the lily, bending over him and hushing him to her heart as a mother hushes a frightened child, “but diamonds for the Frost King’s crown. I think we shall die to-night. Are you asleep, dear rose? The end is coming. Let us meet it waking, and in each other’s arms.”

“It is coming, dear heart, and coming soon,” said the rose with a cry. “Already I can scarce speak for pain. The night grows ever colder and more cold. And how strangely bright the moon is! What was that streak of silver across the sky? A star which has fallen from its place?”

“I think ’t was the shining angel God sends to fetch us,” answered the lily. “Dear love, the end will soon be here. Already the pain has reached my heart; already I begin to die.”

“And I, too,” said the rose. “I sink—I faint—the sharp pain stings and bites! Hold me fast, darling! I scarce can see you now.”

“Nor I you, sweetheart!”

“Hold me closer—closer. Everything seems to fall away.”

“Everything but love, dearest, and where love is, all is. At least we shall die together.”

Icier and more icy grew the air; brighter and whiter shone the moonlight on the garden, until the sunflower's shadow lay like ebony upon silver along the grass; colder and more steely glittered the stars, and closer crept the pain to the heart of the dying flowers. All the long night through the silent trees stood rigid and motionless, but now they listened no longer, for winter was come indeed, and on every branch the frost-crystals glinted and sparkled.

And when morning dawned, the butterfly lay dead for ever, but the lily and the rose were the fairest flowers a-bloom in the Garden of God.

CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM.

(1830—1882.)

CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM was born at Mullinahone, County Tipperary, in 1830. At the age of thirteen he lost his hearing through an accident, and in later years lost his eyesight while in prison. In about his eighteenth year he began to contribute poems and tales to Irish journals and magazines; and when *The Irish People*, the organ of the Fenian movement, was started, he became one of its chief leader-writers. Involved thus in the Fenian movement, he was arrested with others and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. His comment on the conclusion of the trial was terse: "I have endeavored," he said, "to serve Ireland, and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland." He was released after four years, but remained a guiding spirit of the Fenian movement.

He published two complete stories, 'Sally Cavanagh, or the Untenanted Graves,' and 'Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary.' Those stories have been read wherever there is an Irish home, and have made sad or joyous thousands of Irish hearts. His books, indeed, deserve alike their popularity with the peasant and the approval of the critic. His pictures of life—especially of peasant life—are true to nature, full of keen observation, humor, and faithful detail, with which however they are somewhat overladen for present-day tastes.

Kickham's ballads are equally popular, and are just what ballads for the people should be—simple in language, direct in purpose, and in an easy and common measure.

Mr. John O'Leary in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' says of him: "Kickham was above all things 'kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian'—a patriot first and a poet after. Still, a true poet he was, whether in verse or in prose, with a note both simple and strong, if not deep or varied; a keen lover and observer of Nature, in deep and tender sympathy with the men and women about him, and with a knowledge of the manners, customs, feelings, and moods of the Irish peasant greater, I think, than was possessed by any other man I ever met."

He died in 1882, and a fine statue has been erected to him in Tipperary.

"JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING."

From 'Knocknagow.'

"An' could you tell me where she is?" he asked.

"She's gone to America," was the reply.

"To America!" he repeated, in so despairing a tone that the young woman raised her eyes to his face, and said:

"You are Mat Donovan?"

"Well, that is my name," he replied absently.

"She was thinking of writing to you," returned the young woman.

"Was Bessy thinkin' of writin' to me?"

"Yes; but she changed her mind. She was thinking, too, of writing to Mrs. Dr. O'Connor, somewhere in the County Clare, I think, but she didn't know the address."

"I thought I told her we had Docthor O'Connor in Kiltubber since Father Carroll got the parish," rejoined Mat. "But how long is she gone?"

"She only left for Liverpool on Monday. The name of the ship she was to go by was the 'Ohio.' I was with her getting her passage ticket at the agent's."

"Where was that?" he asked eagerly.

"Eden-quay," she replied, "but I forget the number."

The agent told him that unless some delay occurred, he would have no chance of catching the "Ohio" in Liverpool, as she was to have sailed that same day. But there *was* a chance, and next morning, in the gray dawn, Mat Donovan was hurrying along the docks of Liverpool, staring at the forest of masts, and looking round for some one who could tell him whether the "Ohio" had yet sailed for America.

"The 'Ohio'?" replied a sailor who was returning to his vessel, evidently after being up all night. "Yes, she sailed for New York at four o'clock last evening."

Bessy Morris was gone!

"But sure 't is long ago she was gone from me," he thought, as he rested his elbows on a pile of timber, and gazed at a vessel in the offing. "When is it that she wasn't gone from me? An' for all that, I feel as if she was never out uv my sight till now, that she is gone for ever." He stood there like a man in a dream, he did not know how long, till the noise around him, as the lading and unlading of the vessels commenced, roused him, and turning from the busy scene he strolled listlessly into an unfrequented street, and wandered on, on, merely wishing to pass away the time, and to be alone, till one o'clock, when the steamer was to leave for Dublin.

"Lend me a hand, if you plaze," said a man, with a heavy trunk on his shoulder, in an accent which placed it beyond all doubt that the speaker was a Munsterman. The

trunk was laid upon the pavement, and the man dived into an arched doorway, pulling off his hat and making the sign of the cross. Mat looked up at the building, and saw that it was a Catholic church. He entered, and kneeling in front of the altar, offered up a short prayer. As he rose from his knees, his attention was attracted by a young girl coming out of one of the confessionals. She knelt, or rather flung herself, down upon the stone floor, and with hands clasped almost convulsively, raised her streaming eyes to the picture of the Crucifixion, over the altar. Her pale face told a tale of suffering, and misery, and sore temptation, which there was no mistaking.

"My God!" thought Mat Donovan, "maybe that's the way Bessy will be, afther landin' in a sthrange counthry, wudout a friend, an' maybe sick an' penniless. Oh, if I could on'y do somethin' for her; if I could know that she was well an' happy, I'd be satisfied." Acting on the impulse of the moment, he walked towards the priest, who, after looking up and down the church, and seeing no other penitent requiring his ministry, was on his way to the sacristy. On seeing Mat approaching, he went back to the confessional.

"'Tis to ax your advice I want, sir," said Mat. "Bein' an Irishman an' a sthranger in this place, I'd like to get your advice about somethin' that's throublin' my mind very much." And he told his story from beginning to end; and how "she was always in his mind," and how he never thought of any one else as he used to think of her—though he never expected she'd be anything to him more than a friend—they being neighbors and neighbors' children. And now what ought he do? He wouldn't mind crossing over to America for her sake no more than he'd mind crossing the street. And did his reverence think he ought to go?

"I don't like to give an opinion in such a case," replied the priest. "You should not forget your mother and your sister, and it may be the young woman would not respond to your feelings, and might not require your assistance. But on the other hand she may, and probably will have to encounter severe trials, alone and friendless among strangers, and you might be the means of saving her."

"That's id," Mat interrupted, fairly sobbing aloud, as

he glanced at the poor girl on her knees. "'T would break my heart."

"In the name of God, then," continued the priest, "do as your heart prompts you. You seem to be a sensible man, not likely to act rashly or from a light motive. And at the worst it will be a consolation to you to think that you did your best for her. And it might be a source of much pain to you, if any misfortune happened to the young woman, to think that you might have saved her and neglected to do so."

"Thank you, sir," replied Mat. "Your advice is good."

He left the church a happier man than he had been for many a day before. On passing a small print-shop within a few doors of the church the well-known portrait of Daniel O'Connell, "the man of the people," caught his eye, and Mat stopped short, feeling as if he had met an old friend. And while looking into the "Liberator's" face with a smile almost as full of humor and pathos as his own, the writing materials displayed for sale in the window reminded him of the necessity of communicating his intention of going to America to his mother.

"Miss Grace is the best," said he, after pondering over the matter for some time. "I'll tell her as well as I can, an' lave id to herse'f to tell my mother, and there's no danger but she'll manage id all right." So he wrote to Grace that he would start by the first ship leaving Liverpool for the United States—which the man in the print-shop informed him was the "Erin" for Boston—in pursuit of Bessy Morris.

Mat Donovan counted the hours as the good ship sped upon her way across the great ocean. Never before did he think the days and the nights so long—not even when he lay a prisoner in the jail of Clonmel. The vessel was crowded with Irish emigrants, and many an "o'er-true tale" of suffering and wrong did he listen to during the voyage. But as they neared the free shores of America every face brightened, and the outcasts felt as if they had seen the end of their trials and sorrows. Alas! too many of them had the worst of their trials and sorrows yet before them. But it was only now Mat Donovan began to see how difficult, how almost hopeless, was the enterprise he had embarked in. He had no clue whatever by which he could

hope to trace Bessy Morris. And his heart died within him at the thought that he might spend a lifetime wandering through the cities of the great Republic, sailing up and down its mighty rivers, or traveling over its wild and lonely prairies, without finding her.

"Where am I to go or what am I to do?" he said to himself as he stood alone in one of the principal streets of Boston. Suddenly he remembered Tommy Lahy, and it was like a ray of hope to think that he had at least a friend at hand to consult with. He had no difficulty in finding the extensive concern in which Tommy was now junior partner. But when in answer to his inquiries he was told Mr. Lahy had sailed for Europe only two weeks before, Mat felt more disheartened than ever.

"Can I see his uncle?" he asked, recovering from his disappointment.

"Yes, come this way," replied the clerk.

The merchant received him civilly, and when Mat told him he was from Knocknagow, and asked, as Mr. Lahy was gone to Europe, could he see his father and mother, they being old friends and neighbors, the merchant replied of course he could, and very glad, he was sure, they would be to see him. "As for Mrs. Lahy—who, I suppose you know, is my sister—we can't make her feel at home in this country at all," he continued. "But she is more contented since Tom has got a house in the country, where she can keep a cow and fowl, and grow potatoes and cabbages. It is only about a mile outside the city, and you will have no trouble in finding it."

Following the directions given him by the merchant, Mat soon found himself at the door of a handsome house in the suburbs. He knocked, and the door was opened by a smart-looking young woman, who looked inquiringly into his face. . . .

They all looked at him in surprise; and, after some hesitation, he told them the object of his voyage, adding that he feared he'd have his journey for nothing.

Judy Connell mentioned some twenty or thirty different places to which, for one reason or another, Bessy Morris would be likely to go. But, after reflecting for a minute or two, Phil Lahy said:

"Lave it all to me, Mat, an' I'll manage it. Don't think

of a wild-goose chase all over the States. It would be madness. Stop here for a few days with us and rest yourself. An' I'll get a few lines in the papers that'll be sure to come under her notice wherever she is. I needn't give her name in full if you like. But a few lines under the head of 'Information Wanted' will be sure to make all right. So make your mind aisy, an' let us have a walk while supper is gettin' ready, an' we'll drop in to the editor, who is a particular friend of mine."

"That's a good advice, Mat," Honor observed, eagerly. "You'd be only losin' your time an' your money for nothin' if you went huntin' about the country. An' 't will do us all good to have a long talk about ould times. So make up your mind and stay for a week or two wud us, an' you may depend on Phil that he'll find Bessy even if he was to go to the bishop himse'f."

It was so agreed; and Judy Connell and her mistress—if we may use the word—set about the supper, and so astonished Mat Donovan by the display he found spread out before him on his return from the city, that he was afterwards heard to declare that he "didn't know what he was aitin'."

About ten days after, Mat Donovan found himself in the sitting-room of a private house on the shore of one of the great lakes "out West." He had inquired for Bessy Morris, and was shown into this room.

"This is a grand house," said he to himself. "I never see such a lot of big lookin'-glasses. I wondher is id in service she is? I thought she'd be more likely to go on as she was in Dublin. But sure she might be employed that way here too, I suppose."

The door opened, and Bessy Morris stood before him! She looked surprised, quite startled, indeed, on seeing him. Then her eyes sparkled, and the blood mounted up to her forehead; and, with the old winning smile, she advanced and gave him her hand.

"My goodness, Mat!" said she, "what a surprise it is to see you so soon. When did you come to America?"

"I on'y landed in Boston the week before last," he replied.

"Well, will wonders never cease?" returned Bessy.

A pretty little girl here came into the room, and Bessy

desired her go and shake hands with an old friend of hers from Ireland. And as she glanced up into his face, Mat said to himself that she was the "dead image" of the little girl to whom he used to toss the cherries over the hedge, once upon a time.

"I will be back to dinner at the usual hour," said a gentleman, who advanced a step or two into the room. "I'm in a hurry, as I ought to be at the store before now."

"This is Mat Donovan," said Bessy.

"I'm glad to see you," returned the gentleman, shaking hands with him. "You have done well to come out west. Irish emigrants make a mistake by remaining in the towns and cities, when they ought to try at once and fix themselves in permanent homes in the country. Of course you will keep him for dinner, Bessy. We'll have a long talk, and I'll be glad to give you all the assistance I can. Good-bye for the present."

He hurried away, and Mat looked inquiringly at Bessy.

"Don't you know he is my father?" she asked. "He was unsuccessful for a long time after coming to America. Then he was told that I had died when a mere child, and he put off writing to his father from year to year, till he thought the old man must be dead too; and having married again, he never wrote to Ireland till, reading the account of the loss of the vessel in which my aunt's son was a sailor, he learned her address from a letter found upon my cousin's body when it was washed ashore. And this prompted him to write to my aunt. The letter only arrived the day before her death; and in my impatience to meet my long-lost father, I lost no time in coming to him. He is very well off, quite rich indeed, and I have every reason to be satisfied with his reception of me. The little girl is his youngest child."

"God knows, I'm glad uv id!" exclaimed Mat Donovan drawing a long breath. "I was afearred you might be wudout a friend, an' maybe in bad health; for you didn't look sthrong at all that day I called to see you."

"I suffered a good deal while my aunt was sick," replied Bessy. "No one knows all I have gone through since poor grandfather's death. But, thank God, it is over. And so far as my father is concerned, my most sanguine hopes have been more then realized. I am the mistress of his

house, and he says he must make up in the future for his neglect in the past. I am very glad to think that he can be of service to you, Mat, if you settle down in this part of the country."

"I'm not goin' to stay," returned Mat. "'T wouldn't do to lave my poor mother. An', as Phil Lahy says, no man ought to lave Ireland but the man that can't help it."

She looked at him in unfeigned astonishment; and Mat became quite confused, and regretted that he had said so much.

"You did not come to America with the intention of remaining?" she asked.

"No, I never had any notion of stayin' in America," he answered absently. "God be wud you," he added rising, and holding out his hand.

She placed both her hands in his, and continuing to look earnestly into his face, said:

"But you will come back and see my father again?"

"Well, maybe I would," he replied with a sorrowful smile, as he clasped her hands tenderly between his. "An' whenever you think uv ould times, an' the ould neighbors, I hope you 'll remember that Mat Donovan uv Knocknagow was your friend, ever an' always, Bessy. Ay," he added, gulping down his emotion, "a friend that 'd shed the last dhrop uv his blood for you."

He rushed out of the house, leaving Bessy standing in the middle of the room, as if she were spell-bound.

"Call him back, Fanny," she said hurriedly to her little sister. "Tell him I want to speak one word to him."

The child overtook Mat Donovan before he had gone many yards from the house, and brought him back.

"Mat," said Bessy Morris, speaking calmly and thoughtfully, "was it you got the advertisement in the paper? I thought it might be a girl I knew in Dublin, who came out last summer."

"Well, id was," he answered.

"And you came to America for nothing else but to find me?"

"I thought you might want a friend," he stammered.

"And you are going back again?" she continued, coming close to him, and laying her hand on his arm, just as she

laid the same hand on the sleeve of the blue body-coat in Ned Brophy's barn.

"What else would I do?" he answered, sadly.

"And have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked, dropping her eyes.

"O Bessy, don't talk to me that way," returned Mat, reproachfully. "Where would be the use of sayin' more?"

She moved closer to him, and leant her head against his broad chest, which heaved almost convulsively as she did so.

"Mat," she murmured, "I will go with you."

"Go wud me!" he repeated, with a start.

"And be your wife," she added, in a whisper that thrilled through his whole frame, making him feel faint and dizzy.

"Do you know what you're sayin'?" he asked, recovering himself.

"I do, well," Bessy replied.

"Look around you," he continued. "An' then think uv the poor thatched cabin on the hill uv Knocknagow."

"I *have* thought of it," she replied. "I have often thought of that poor cabin, as you call it, and felt that if ever it was my lot to know happiness in this world, it is in that poor cabin I would find it."

Both his arms were around her now, and he held her to his breast.

"God bless Miss Grace," said he; "'t was she advised me to tell you all."

"What did she say?" Bessy asked.

"She said that you couldn't be indifferent to such love as mine," Mat answered, with his old smile.

"And she was right," returned Bessy.

"But are you sure, Bessy, this is no sudden notion that you might be sorry for?" he asked anxiously.

"As sure as that I am alive," she answered.

"Oh, you must let me go out to have a walk in the open air," Mat exclaimed. "My heart is too full; I'm smotherin'." He hurried out to wander by the shore of the lake, and think over his great happiness, and thank God for it.

"And so, Bessy," exclaimed her little sister, who had been a wondering spectator of the foregoing scene, "you're going to marry a greenhorn. Though Colonel Shiel ad-

mires you so much, and wants you to go to the hop with him."

"Yes, I am going to marry a greenhorn," returned Bessy, catching the child up in her arms and kissing her. "And who knows but you will come to see me to dear old Ireland yet; and find me in a pretty thatched cottage, with a fine old cherry-tree in the garden, and lots of beehives; and such a dear, kind old mother to take care of them."

"Yes, that will be nice. I shall go to Ireland to see you," returned the child, placing a hand on each of Bessy's cheeks and looking into her eyes. "I shall like the thatched cottage and the beehives very much."

"And you will like the greenhorn, too, I am sure."

"Yes, I think so. But it was so foolish for such a big fellow to be crying like a child."

"Was he crying, Fanny?"

"Indeed yes. When I overtook him at the end of the block he was crying. I'm sure he felt real bad. And now you are crying, too," added the child.

"It is because I am so happy, Fanny," Bessy replied. "I am so happy that I will go now and kneel down and pray to God to make me worthy of the love of that big, foolish greenhorn."

"I guess you Irish must be always praying."

"It is good to pray, Fanny."

"Yes, of course, once in a while. But have you got two cents? Thank you. I'll go right away to the candy-store; and if I meet the greenhorn I'll give him some, and tell him to be a good boy and stop crying, and sister Bessy will marry him."

"Well, there he is under the trees," returned Bessy, laughing. "And remind him that twelve o'clock is our dinner hour."

THE THRUSH AND THE BLACKBIRD.

From 'Sally Cavanagh.'

A stranger meeting Sally Cavanagh as she tripped along the mountain road would consider her a contented and happy young matron, and might be inclined to set her down

as a proud one; for Sally Cavanagh held her head rather high, and occasionally elevated it still higher with a toss which had something decidedly haughty about it. She turned up a short boreen for the purpose of calling upon the gruff blacksmith's wife, who had been very useful to her for some time before. The smith's habits were so irregular that his wife was often obliged to visit the pawn office in the next town, and poor Sally Cavanagh availed herself of Nancy Ryan's experience in pledging almost everything pledgeable she possessed. The new cloak, of which even a rich farmer's wife might feel proud, was the last thing left. It was a present from Connor, and was only worn on rare occasions, and to part with it was a sore trial.

Loud screams and cries for help made Sally Cavanagh start. She stopped for a moment, and then ran forward and rushed breathless into the smith's house. The first sight that met her eyes was our friend Shawn Gow choking his wife. A heavy three-legged stool came down with such force upon the part of Shawn Gow's person which happened to be most elevated as he bent over the prostrate woman, that, uttering an exclamation between a grunt and a growl, he bounded into the air, and striking his shins against a chair, tumbled head over heels into the corner.

When Shawn found that he was more frightened than hurt, and saw Sally with the three-legged stool in her hand, a sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and turning his face to the wall, he relieved his feelings by giving way to a fit of laughter. It was of the silent, inward sort, however, and neither his wife nor Sally Cavanagh had any notion of the pleasant mood he was in. The bright idea of pretending to be "kilt" occurred to the overthrown son of Vulcan, and with a fearful groan he stretched out his huge limbs and remained motionless on the broad of his back. Sally's sympathy for the ill-used woman prevented her from giving a thought to her husband. Great was her astonishment then when Nancy flew at her like a wild cat. "You kilt my husband," she screamed. Sally retreated backwards, defending herself as best she could with the stool. "For God's sake, Nancy, be quiet. Wouldn't he have destroyed you on'y for me?" But Nancy followed up

the attack like a fury. "There 's nothing the matter with him," Sally cried out, on finding herself literally driven to the wall. "What harm could a little touch of a stool on the back do the big brute?"

Nancy's feelings appeared to rush suddenly into another channel, for she turned round quickly, and kneeling down by her husband, lifted up his head. "Och! Shawn, *avourneen machree,*" she exclaimed, "won't you spake to me?" Shawn condescended to open his eyes. "Sally," she continued, "he's comin' to—glory be to God! Hurry over and hould up his head while I 'm runnin' for somethin' to rewive him. Or stay, bring me the boulder."

The bolster was brought, and Nancy placed it under the patient's head; then snatching her shawl from the peg where it hung, she disappeared. She was back again in five minutes, without the shawl, but with a half pint of whisky in a bottle.

"Take a taste av this, Shawn, an' 't will warm your heart."

Shawn Gow sat up and took the bottle in his hand.

"Nancy," says he, "I believe afther all you 're fond o' me."

"Wisha, Shawn, achora, what else 'd I be but fond av you?"

"I thought, Nancy, you couldn't care for a divil that thrated you so bad."

"Och, Shawn, Shawn, don't talk that way to me. Sure I thought my heart was broke when I see you sthretched there 'idout a stir in you."

"An' you left your shawl in pledge agin to get this for me?"

"To be sure I did; an' a good right I had; an' sorry I 'd be to see you in want of a dhrop of nourishment."

"I was a baste, Nancy. But if I was, this is what made a baste av me."

And Shawn Gow fixed his eyes upon the bottle with a look in which hatred and fascination were strangely blended. He turned quickly to his wife.

"Will you give in it was a blackbird?" he asked.

"A blackbird," she repeated, irresolutely.

"Yes, a blackbird. Will you give in it was a blackbird?"

Shawn Gow was evidently relapsing into his savage mood.

"Well," said his wife, after some hesitation, "'t was a blackbird. Will that plase you?"

"An' you 'll never say 't was a thrish agin?"

"Never. An' sure on'y for the speckles on the breast, I 'd never say 't was a thrish; but sure you ought to know betther than me—an'an—'t was a blackbird," she exclaimed, with a desperate effort.

Shawn Gow swung the bottle round his head and flung it with all his strength against the hob. The whole fireplace was for a moment one blaze of light.

"The Divil was in it," says the smith, smiling grimly; "an' there he 's off in a flash of fire. I 'm done wid him, any way."

"Well, I wish you a happy Christmas, Nancy," said Sally.

"I wish you the same, Sally, an' a great many av 'em. I suppose you 're goin' to first Mass? Shawn and me 'll wait for second."

Sally took her leave of this remarkable couple, and proceeded on her way to the village. She met Tim Croak and his wife, Betty, who were also going to Mass. After the usual interchange of greetings, Betty surveyed Sally from head to foot with a look of delighted wonder.

"Look at her, Tim," she exclaimed, "an' isn't she as young an' as hearty as ever? Bad 'cess to me but you 're the same Sally that danced wid the master at my weddin', next Thursday fortnight 'll be eleven years."

"Begob, you 're a great woman," says Tim.

Sally Cavanagh changed the subject by describing the scene she had witnessed at the blacksmith's.

"But, Tim," said she, after finishing the story, "how did the dispute about the blackbird come first? I heard something about it, but I forget it."

"I 'll tell you that, then," said Tim. "Begob, ay," he exclaimed abruptly, after thinking for a moment; "'t was this day seven years for all the world—the year o' the hard frost. Shawn Gow set a crib in his haggart the evenin' afore, and when he went out in the mornin' he had a hen blackbird. He put the *goulogue*¹ on her nick, and

¹ *Goulogue*, a forked stick.

tuck her in his hand; an' wud one *smulluck*¹ av his finger knocked the life out av her; he walked in an' threw the blackbird on the table.

“‘Oh, Shawn,’ siz Nancy, ‘you ’re afther ketchin’ a fine thrish.’ Nancy tuck the bird in her hand an’ began rubbin’ the feathers on her breast. ‘A fine thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘T isn’t a thrish, but a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Wisha, in throth, Shawn,’ siz Nancy, ‘’t is a thrish; do you want to take the sight o’ my eyes from me?’

“‘I tell you ’t is a blackbird,’ siz he.

“‘Indeed, then, it isn’t, but a thrish,’ siz she.

“‘Anyway one word borrowed another, an’ the end av it was, Shawn flailed at her an’ gev her the father av a batin’.

“‘The Christmas Day afther, Nancy opened the door an’ looked out.

“‘God be wud this day twelve months,’ siz she; ‘do you remimber the fine thrish you caught in the crib?’

“‘’T was a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Wisht, now Shawn, ’t was a thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘I tell you again ’t was a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Och,’ siz Nancy, begynnen to laugh, ‘that was the quare blackbird.’

“‘Wud that, one word borrowed another, an’ Shawn stood up an’ gev her the father av a batin’.

“‘The third Christmas Day kem, an’ they wor in the best o’ good humor afther the tay, an’ Shawn puttin’ on his ridin’-coat to go to Mass.

“‘Well, Shawn,’ siz Nancy, ‘I’m thinkin’ av what an unhappy Christmas mornin’ we had this day twelve months, all on account of the thrish you caught in the crib, bad ’cess to her.’

“‘’T was a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘Wisha, good luck to you, an’ don’t be talkin’ foolish,’ siz Nancy; ‘an’ you ’re betther not get into a passion agin, account av an ould thrish. My heavy curse on the same thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘I tell you ’t was a blackbird,’ siz Shawn.

“‘An’ I tell you ’t was a thrish,’ siz Nancy.

“‘Wud that, Shawn took a *bunnaun*² he had seasonin’ in the chimley, and whaled at Nancy, an’ gev her the father

¹ *Smulluck*, fillip. ² *Bunnaun*, cudgel.

av a batin'. An' every Christmas morning from that day to this 't was the same story, for as sure as the sun Nancy 'd draw down the thrish. But do you tell me, Sally, she's afther givin' in it was a blackbird?"

"She is," replied Sally.

"Begob," said Tim Croak, after a minute's serious reflection, "it ought to be put in the papers. I never h'ard afore av a wrong notion bein' got out av a woman's head. But Shawn Gow is no joke to dale wud, and it took him seven years to do id."

RORY OF THE HILL.

"That rake up near the rafters,
 Why leave it there so long?
 The handle, of the best ash,
 Is smooth and straight and strong;
 And, mother, will you tell me,
 Why did my father frown
 When to make the hay, in summer-time
 I climbed to take it down?"
 She looked into her husband's eyes,
 While her own with light did fill,
 "You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lightning up
 The slopes of Sliav-na-man,—
 Whose foot affrights the startled hares
 So long before the dawn?
 He stopped just where the Anner's stream
 Winds up the woods anear,
 Then whistled low and looked around
 To see the coast was clear.
 The sheeling door flew open—
 In he stepped with right good-will—
 "God save all here and bless your work,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
 That greeted him, I ween,
 For years gone by he fully proved
 How well he loved the Green;

And there was one amongst them
 Who grasped him by the hand—
 One who through all that weary time
 Roamed on a foreign strand;
 He brought them news from gallant friends
 That made their heart-strings thrill—
 “*My sowl!* I never doubted them!”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet not song nor shout I heard—
 No revellers were they:
 Some brows flushed red with gladness,
 While some were grimly pale;
 But pale or red, from out those eyes
 Flashed souls that never quail!
 “And sing us now about the vow,
 They swore for to fulfill—”
 “You’ll read it yet in history,”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle
 He took down from where it hung,
 The toothed rake, full scornfully,
 Into the fire he flung;
 And in its stead a shining blade
 Is gleaming once again—
 (Oh! for a hundred thousand of
 Such weapons and such men!)
 Right soldierly he wielded it,
 And—going through his drill—
 “Attention”—“charge”—“front, point”—“advance”
 Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman’s pride,
 With pride and woman’s fears;
 She flew to him, she clung to him,
 And dried away her tears;
 He feels her pulse beat truly,
 While her arms around him twine—
 “Now God be praised for your stout heart,
 Brave little wife of mine.”
 He swung his first-born in the air,
 While joy his heart did fill—
 “You’ll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,
 And stronger than the wind;
 And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,
 Before the might of mind;
 The poet and the orator
 The heart of man can sway,
 And would to the kind heavens
 That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!
 Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength—
 Her truest strength—is still
 The rough-and-ready roving boys,
 Like Rory of the Hill.

 PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
 My years are thirty-four;
 Tipperary is my native place,
 Not far from Galtymore:
 I came of honest parents,
 But now they're lying low;
 And many a pleasant day I spent
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died; I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door;
 The landlord and the sheriff too
 Were there the day before!
 And then my loving mother,
 And sisters three also,
 Were forced to go with broken hearts
 From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,
 I wandered far and near;
 I went then to the poor-house,
 For to see my mother dear;
 The news I heard nigh broke my heart;
 But still, in all my woe,
 I bless the friends who made their graves
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,
 With plenty all around,
 I starved within my cabin,
 And slept upon the ground;

But cruel as my lot was,
 I ne'er did hardship know
 'Till I joined the English army,
 Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the corporal,
 "You lazy Hirish hound;
 Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
 The call 'to arms' sound?"
 Alas, I had been dreaming
 Of days long, long ago;
 I woke before Sebastopol,
 And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
 How dark I thought the night!
 O blessèd God, it was not dark,
 It was broad daylight!
 And when I found that I was *blind*,
 My tears began to flow;
 I longed for even a pauper's grave
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessèd Virgin Mary,
 Mine is a mournful tale;
 A poor blind prisoner here I am,
 In Dublin's dreary jail;
 Struck blind within the trenches,
 Where I never feared the foe;
 And now I'll never see again
 My own sweet Aherlow!

RICHARD ASHE KING.

RICHARD ASHE KING, son of the late Dr. King, headmaster of Ennis College, was educated at his father's school and at Trinity College, Dublin. He entered the Church, and became vicar of Low Moor, Bradford. About 1878 he retired from active work in the Church, and turned his attention to literary matters. His first novel, 'Love, the Debt,' was published in *The Cornhill Magazine* under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. That was a story of English life; but his next, 'The Wearing of the Green,' which appeared serially in *Belgravia* before being published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, sufficiently showed his national leanings. These were followed by 'A Drawn Game,' 'A Coquette's Conquest,' 'A Geraldine,' and many others. His 'Life of Swift' is a wonderfully fresh and picturesque piece of biography. Mr. King is also much appreciated as a lecturer on various subjects.

POLITICS AT DINNER.

From 'The Wearing of the Green.'

In general the nobility, citizens, and country people of Portugal are rude blockheads, incapable of good manners, and ignorant. And this in spite of their pretension to be the wisest; like the English, who admire no other people so much as their own. The Portuguese, except the nobility, are much more loyal to each other and to their king than are the English; they are not so cruel and brutal as the latter; they are more moderate in eating and drinking, but more ugly in face.—*Travels of Nicolas de Popielovo* (1484).

The way in which his host put himself out to entertain him excited in Mr. Summers another feeling beside that of gratitude—a mixed feeling, which we cannot express precisely in one word. The hospitality was not English; no English host would put himself out as much for his dearest friend as Miles Wyndham had for a casual stranger. Yet the English were the most hospitable people in the world. Therefore, there must have been something beside a mere impulse of hospitality to account for Miles Wyndham's generous reception of him. This something Mr. Summers was at no loss to discover, though he might have been at a loss to define it. It was certainly not that his host thought him a good match for his daughter, since the father plainly regarded his daughter as the merest child. Putting aside this motive altogether, and that of hospitality in part, there remained the eagerness to win the good

opinion of one of a higher civilization and race which Englishmen met with in every quarter of the world, in France even, even in Germany; and, *à fortiori*, in Ireland. Now, deference of this kind often defeats itself—provokes the contempt it was designed to disarm. And, perhaps, it had in some measure this effect upon Mr. Summers.

Not even his love for Norah could blind him to the fact that his host's ideas and ideals, mode of life and thought, were not English. His very eagerness to please and oblige were un-English. At least, no English *gentleman* could be so civil. No doubt there were Englishmen whose respect for themselves was not high enough to prevent their showing an excess of respect for others; but they were not gentlemen. Now, Miles Wyndham was beyond all question a gentleman; but—not an *English* gentleman. This Mr. Summers had to admit in spite of—or rather because of—his host's devotion of himself to his service. In fact, as we have already said, this very bribe, offered to avert Mr. Summers's adverse decision, really provoked it.

But if Mr. Summers was compelled to feel something akin to contempt for his host's excess of civility, it was a very kindly contempt. Miles Wyndham was a good fellow, if ever there was one, and Norah's father to boot; and, therefore, Mr. Summers might well condone a cordiality which, though un-English and undignified, was very engaging.

Now his guest might have stayed a year in his house before it could have occurred to Miles that his hospitality was construed in this manner. He really was not laying himself out to win the approval of the representative of a supreme race and civilization; for he would have shown the same hospitality to a belated and benighted Frenchman or German, or even Irishman. He couldn't help being hospitable; nor, if he showed in his hospitality an undignified and un-English disregard of himself, could he help that either. But his hospitality—though it fell far below the ideal standard with which Mr. Summers compared it—was at least disinterested. It was not aimed to propitiate English approval.

But if Miles didn't understand Mr. Summers's point of view, Father Mac did. He had been educated abroad, had lived for a few years in England, and had had alto-

gether a very wide and varied experience of men and manners. Of his experience he had made the most. Shrewd by nature, and by fortune forced to be a mere looker-on at the game of life, he saw things with the proverbial clearness of mere on-lookers. Notwithstanding, however, these advantages of nature, experience, and position, Father Mac, from national prejudice, perhaps, though he understood, did not altogether accept, Mr. Summers's ideas. He did not think that in the Darwinian race, from the starting-post of the brutes to the goal of the angels, the English were the first and the Irish the last, of all civilized races. He had known both races in the rough—the English agricultural laborer and the Irish—and on the whole he considered that the English peasant, notwithstanding centuries of fair and fostering treatment, was more akin to the brute than the Irish peasant after centuries of such ferocious ill-usage as no other nation had ever suffered from a civilized conqueror.

The English agricultural laborer in Father Mac's experience was almost without a spark of intelligence, religion, morality, or imagination; dull, sullen, selfish, sensual; accurately represented by the Caliban which *Punch*, with a curious infelicity, considers the most appropriate personification of the Irish peasantry. For the Irish peasantry, in Father Mac's experience, was the very reverse of brutal either in intelligence, morality, imagination, or appetite; was, in truth, less like what Caliban was than what Ariel would become after some centuries of subjection to Caliban. Irish savagery, horrible as it was—and no one held it in deeper horror than Father Mac—seemed to him less like the savagery of a wild beast broke loose, than the savagery induced in a generous dog by "dark keeping," by log and chain, and by cruel and continued ill-usage.

On the other hand, Father Mac admitted that though the raw material of the Irish race might be finer than that of the English, the latter, with the advantage of centuries of manufacture, had been brought to resemble a silk purse as nearly as the staple would allow. . . .

We wish merely to convey an idea of Father Mac's eccentricity to our readers. Eccentric characters grow so rare that novelists have now to look for them in such out-

of-the-way corners as this in which we find the worthy priest. Besides, a truth which has become a truism needs to be questioned absurdly now and then for us to realize it. A good many people were helped to realize that the earth was round, when some one years since backed by a bet of £500 (\$2,500) his opinion that it was flat.

Moreover, this statement of Father Mac's preposterous opinions is pertinent to Miles's dinner-party, where, of course, the Irish question came up. Why, then, not let him express them himself at Miles's table? Because he wouldn't express them there. It is recorded of Addison that, when he found a man so prejudiced as to be impenetrable by argument, he turned round and confirmed his prejudice by affecting to be converted thereto. Father Mac wouldn't go quite to this disingenuous extent with a hopelessly prejudiced disputant; but he would draw him out with a dry irony, and, if possible, after the Socratic method, allow him to expose himself.

Mr. Summers was so haunted by the scene in the ruined castle that he could speak during dinner only of Irish outrages, forgetting altogether that the topic was not appetizing to Norah. To Maurice, in his present mood, it was like a red rag flourished in the face of a bull. No one, as we have said, loathed these outrages more intensely than he; but, of course, when Mr. Summers denounced them as diabolical, Maurice must needs defend them.

"I don't know that they're more diabolical than English trade union outrages, Sheffield outrages, for instance; rather less diabolical, I should say, as there is more provocation."

"More provocation! To murder an utter stranger because he takes an unoccupied farm!"

"What was the provocation to the Broadhead murders? That a starving stranger took work which no one else would take."

"Two blacks don't make a white, my boy," interposed Miles, uneasy more at the manner than the matter of Maurice's retort.

"When the two blacks are a pot and a kettle, the less said about the blacks at all, the better," growled Maurice.

"I believe the Sheffield version of the proverb is, 'La

pelle se moque du fourgon,"¹ as there they both made pokers and teach the English use of them—for domestic discipline," said Father Mac, who, also very uneasy at the aggressive tone of Maurice, sought to draw the English fire upon his imperturbable self.

"Of course there are ruffians in every country; but in every country except Ireland they are considered ruffians, not heroes," said Mr. Summers, his mind being too full of the dastardly attack upon Norah to be turned easily aside from this subject.

"Trade union assassins are considered heroes by their trades in every country; and in Ireland you have left us only one trade—the land. An evicted tenant has nothing else to turn to; and if an Irish trade union is more savage than an English, it is because it's more desperate; that's all. It isn't a question with them of a shilling a week more or less, but of life and death; and the struggle, beside, is embittered by differences of race and religion and by a slave-driving oppression of which English trades unions know nothing."

The sudden moderation in Maurice's manner was due to his quick perception of the uneasiness of his host and of its cause. He was eager enough for a quarrel with Mr. Summers for other than political reasons; but his sense of what was due to his host, Norah, and Father Mac was stronger even than the strength of his personal and patriotic prejudices against his successful English rival.

"It's the race difference you speak of that's at the root of the whole matter," said Mr. Summers with the positiveness of absolute conviction. "The Irish have always been as lawless and turbulent as the English have been law-abiding."

"The English abide by the laws they have made for themselves, and so do the Irish. The outrages you denounce are sentences of Irish courts carried out and connived at by people who, at the risk of their lives, obey the laws they have made for themselves. The sentences are terrible, but as the secret societies can't imprison or impose fines, they can award nothing short of death. What you call Irish lawlessness is really loyalty to Irish law."

¹ *La . . . fourgon*, the shovel jeers at the poker, *i.e.* the pot calls the kettle black.

Mr. Summers for a moment was dumb with amazement at the perversity of this view. At last he said:

“Highwaymen are law-abiding in that sense, and this kind of honor is compulsory among thieves, because they couldn't hold together for a day without it. I think it's Sir Thomas Browne who says that hell itself couldn't hold together without mutual loyalty of this kind. But it seems to me to be turning things altogether topsy-turvy to compare this one-sided robbers' loyalty with the English respect for law, even when it makes against them.”

“Would the English have been loyal to the Penal Laws, if they had been imposed upon them after a French conquest?”

“The Penal Laws are things of the past. English Catholics and Dissenters suffered once from Penal Laws; but no English Catholic or Dissenter to-day would think of resisting just laws, because unjust laws had been imposed upon his communion in the past.”

“Of course not. You mistake my drift. I took the Penal Laws merely as an example of legislation imposed by one people upon another. If such laws were imposed upon English people would they be law-abiding? What I mean is, the English people are not so stupid as to worship mere law, *as law*, like a fetish. What they worship is self-imposed laws, of whose general justice centuries of experience have assured them. If the Irish had such laws and such experience they would be at least as law-abiding as the English. On the other hand, if England had been for centuries governed as Ireland has been, the English of to-day would be at least as lawless as you consider us.”

“But you are under the same precise laws that we are ourselves!” exclaimed Mr. Summers, almost confounded by such perversity. It was not only that he knew laws good enough for Englishmen must be good enough, if not too good, for any one else; but also that he felt the surest way to assimilate any people to the English people was to clap them under the mold of the English system, of which they would at once take the shape, as the Chinese foot is made to fit the shoe. Nor was he absolutely singular in supposing that you have but to clothe an Ethiopian as a European to change the color of his skin. Not so long since there was a meeting at the Mansion House convoked

to consider the best means of making the 200,000,000 Indian subjects of the Queen loyal; at which it was decided unanimously that the translation of "God save the Queen" into all the Indian tongues would secure that object.

It was an analogous prescription to that of *Le Médecin malgré Lui* for the dumbness of his patient. Give her hempseed; for, as parrots eat hempseed and parrots talk, it stands to reason that if she eats hempseed she will talk also. Those who sing "God save the Queen" are loyal; therefore to make people loyal, you have but to teach them "God save the Queen."

But to return to Mr. Summers and Maurice. When Mr. Summers exclaimed in amazement, "But you are under the same precise laws that we are ourselves!" Maurice of course answered, "Coercion laws!"

"They are exceptional for an exceptional state of things, and, you must pardon me for saying, for an exceptional race. No race capable of committing such atrocities as, for instance, the massacre of the Joyce family, is fit for freedom."

"Then the English are the least fit for freedom of any people in the world," exclaimed Maurice hotly. "Whenever they can commit outrages with the same impunity that the Irish can, in Australia, for instance, or New Zealand, or on the high seas, no savages are so savage. Here's a newspaper I got yesterday in Limerick—the ablest and the fairest, I think, of all the English papers—*The Pall Mall Gazette*. And here, among its Occasional Notes, is an item of Australian News," handing Mr. Summers the paper, who, with an apology to Miles and Norah, read this paragraph to himself:

"A young police officer was out with his colored 'boys' a few years ago in one of the northern districts of the colony inhabited by the Myall tribe of 'blacks.' Some flour had been stolen, and, to vindicate the honor of the British flag, it behooved the policemen to make reprisals. The rest of the story is best given in the words of the Sydney journalist: 'They came upon a camp of Myalls; surprised, surrounded them, and forced them to be hospitable. They ate their kangaroo, drank their water, and made them corroboree.'

“ ‘After all was ended, that the blacks might not get away in the night and steal more sheep, the officer said to his “boys,” “Just you pull out your revolvers and shoot them.” The “boys” did not like it at first, but the officer was peremptory, and was obeyed. When the Myalls were killed there were three old women wailing, who did not seem worth keeping. “Kill them too,” said the officer, and they were killed. Three young gins (wives) were not killed; one of them was handcuffed about the ankles and tied to a sapling. The “boys” rode on in the morning, leaving the officer and the young gin thus secured. Presently a stranger came along (and it is he who tells the story) and the two ate and drank together. When it became time to move it was remembered that the young gin was tied up. “We must loose her first,” said the chief, and felt for the keys. He had no keys; the “boys” had taken them away. What was to be done? “I cannot lose my handcuffs,” he said; and, before there was time for remonstrance, he had drawn a pistol and shot the gin through the brain, and then hacked off her feet at the ankles, and so saved his irons.’ ”

“It’s very old news,” said Mr. Summers contemptuously, handing back the paper.

“Yes, it’s an old story; it’s the history of Ireland. The history of Ireland is but a sickening succession of such stories. And the history of Ireland is the history also of every weaker race on whose lands you have settled. There are no such atrocities as English atrocities, where they can be committed on a weaker race without the fear of punishment or reprisal.”

Mr. Summers quietly turned to address his neighbor, Father Mac, not in the least because he had no answer to such an onslaught, but because he considered a contemptuous silence the fittest rebuke to so ill-bred an outburst of folly and fury. And, indeed, Maurice’s temper began again to get the better of him on being told that the Irish were so exceptionally barbarous a race as to be unfit for freedom. Mr. Summers, in saying what was simply so true as to be a truism, had no offensive intention, and was, therefore, wholly unprepared for Maurice’s senseless and even insane charge of barbarity against the nation that led the world in every humane movement.

Therefore he turned in some disgust to address Father Mac, of whom he made inquiries, which were unintentionally and unconsciously condescending, about his parish, people, etc. He couldn't help a tone and manner of condescension even when he addressed a Frenchman, German, or American, still less when he addressed an Irishman, a Catholic, a priest. Father Mac's manner in response was the precise and polite complement of this condescension. With the most perfect gravity he replied to all these kind questions in the manner of a schoolboy undergoing a *vivâ voce* examination, who looks anxiously up at each answer for the master's approval. Plainly he passed with credit, for Mr. Summers said at length, "I shouldn't have known you to be an Irishman."

"Really?" replied the good father, with upraised eyebrows and a light in his eyes that looked to Mr. Summers like an expression of surprise and gratification.

"No, I shouldn't, indeed."

"Yes, I'm Irish," regretfully. "But if I'm not the rose, I've been near the rose, for I lived in England for some years. Perhaps I might have lived it down if I had stayed. But after all, you know, Mr. Summers, being an Irishman doesn't matter so much in Ireland for the same reason that Hamlet's madness wouldn't have mattered in England."

"Oh, I don't think it matters much what country a man belongs to," in a tone that suggested the addition "once he isn't English."

"After all it's your misfortune, not your fault, dear," said Father Mac, "so don't worry about it," addressing Norah as she rose to leave the room.

WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN.

(1754—1805.)

WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN was born in the County Galway in the year 1754. He was destined for the priesthood and sent to the College of St. Omer until he was seventeen, when he went to the West Indies. But the climate proved pernicious to his delicate constitution, and he returned to Europe after a few years. He then entered the University of Louvain, and was appointed professor of natural and moral philosophy.

Having already received priest's orders, he was appointed chaplain to the Neapolitan embassy in London in 1778. On leaving the embassy he went over to visit his friends in Ireland, and while there, after living two years in retirement, became a member of the Church of England.

His first appearance in a Protestant pulpit was in June, 1787, at St. Peter's Church, Aungier Street, Dublin. Great numbers went to hear him, but, instead of "pulling down the altar at which he had sacrificed," as many expected he would do, he chose a subject utterly unconnected with controversy.

Kirwan is said to have been second only to Grattan among Irish speakers. He had a wide unoccupied field before him, and the manner in which he took possession of it was, it seems, highly effective. Adopting the arguments of the fervid enthusiastic school of Massillon, which he had studied deeply, and setting these before his audience in his own vivid language and gesture, he swayed the minds of his congregations with a power which has never been excelled. His popularity as a preacher became very high; but few of his sermons remain. As a preacher of charity sermons, he was unrivaled, while the collections made after them were unequalled by anything before known. Those who had not money enough left rings and watches in pledge, and valuable diamonds were frequently found among the gold and silver. It is reported that in response to his charity sermons alone upward of sixty thousand pounds were bestowed.

In 1788 he received from the Archbishop of Dublin the prebend of Howth and the parish of St. Nicholas Without, together producing about £400 (\$2,000) a year. In 1800 Lord Cornwallis conferred on him the deanery of Killala, when he resigned the prebend he held. This last honor he did not long enjoy, for, exhausted by his labors, he died in 1805.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

From a sermon on Proverbs xxxi. 30: "A woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of society, they

are still more so in their domestic relations. What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a virtuous Christian mother! It would require a far other pen than mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps, who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect at this moment some saint in heaven that brought them into light, to labor for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue.

Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase and familiar story—the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity; and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence!

When I look to its consequences, direct and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit; I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race; I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove and to hail her worth; and I adore that God who can destine a single human creature to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world.

THE BLESSING OF AFFLICTION.

From a sermon preached from the text, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job v. 7).

Wherever, therefore, I see affliction supported with heavenly patience, I see the blessed reproduction of our divine Master's example. Nor do I hesitate to say that, after God, there is nothing so sacred on earth as a just man rising superior to affliction. Though Job, in the season of his prosperity, was celebrated through his nation for justice and probity; though he was eminently, as we read, the father of the orphan and the indigent, it was not this that so much proved the greatness of his character, as the divinity of his patience in that horrible extremity where deception was impossible. It is not when the ocean is calm and the heavens serene that we pronounce on the ability of the pilot.

Behold the majestic oak, whose towering and pompous head is tormented by the storm; though the earth be strewed around with the wreck of its branches, the mighty trunk remains firm and unshaken amidst the fury of the elements. Such is the grand and immovable position of the Christian amidst the blasts of tribulation. Some degree of fortitude has in such cases been inspired by philosophy, but more than fortitude, more than submission—yes, peace and joy can belong only to the disciple of Jesus Christ.

This it was that confounded the Cæsars, abashed their bloody instruments, and gave to Christianity the empire of the world. Paul astonishing the proudest sages of Athens and of Rome by his sublime and sacred eloquence; Paul adored at Ephesus as a god; Paul healing the diseased and enlightening nations, did not think himself as worthy of his divine Master by all his labors and prodigies as by the chains he wore. Yet, my brethren, how few of us receive affliction as we ought! What sallies of impatience when it is anything like extreme! What efforts to extract the salutary dart from our bosoms! Where is the Christian sublime enough even to invoke it as the only real test of virtue, which too nearly resembles those precious plants that require to be pressed and bruised in order to extract their

perfume? Alas! my brethren, we do not even generously and gratefully recollect how peculiarly Heaven has favored us under the ills we know: that we possess various resources denied to thousands of our fellow-creatures; that in many extremities our abundance supplies multiplied aids and attentions; that in all, and perhaps the severest of all, when the tomb has devoured the person dearest to our hearts, our tears have a wider refuge in the sympathy of friends. In a word, that if we place, in a balance, on the one hand our afflictions, and on the other our consolations, we should find yet more to nurse our corruption than to promote our salvation.

Great God! did we rightly consider the condition of those beings who are born to the extreme of all calamity, who in the bed of disease, or amidst the horrors of intolerable poverty, scarce know one gleam of comfort; to whom the slenderest relief or casual accent of pity is sudden happiness and joy! It is then we should learn what to think of our own afflictions, which borrow their bitterness only from habits of too much felicity; it is then that our want of submission would be changed into ardent thanksgiving; and that, less occupied by the few trials that fall to our lot than by the affecting conviction of those we have been spared, we should rather tremble at the indulgence of Heaven than complain of its severity.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

(1784—1862.)

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was born in Anne Street, Cork, May 12, 1784. He was a second cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and his father, James Knowles, a schoolmaster, was author of the 'New Expositor,' and edited 'Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary.' The family went to London in 1793, where Sheridan went to school. While there he wrote some successful plays which were acted by his schoolfellows, and at fourteen he published an opera entitled 'The Chevalier de Grillon'; 'The Welsh Harper,' a ballad; 'The Spanish Story,' a tragedy; and 'Hersila,' a drama. This precocious genius soon gained recognition from men of talent, and Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt became his intimate friends. The latter he styled his "mental father," and the knowledge he gained of literary matters from this clever critic well justified the name.

In 1808 he visited Ireland, where he became an actor, playing in various cities with moderate success. About this time he published a volume of poems entitled 'Fugitive Pieces.' He also wrote a play called 'Leo, or the Gypsy,' in which Edmund Kean played the principal part with great success. And now he bade good-bye for a while to the stage, went to Belfast, where his father had a school, and became his assistant as a teacher of grammar and elocution.

He brought out a play at the Belfast Theater in 1815, under the title of 'Brian Boroihme'—a name well calculated to warm every Irish heart. It met with an enthusiastic reception. Encouraged by this, he soon after produced 'Caius Gracchus,' which also proved successful. Acting under encouraging suggestion from Edmund Kean, he set to work on a third drama, and the result was his great tragedy 'Virgilius.' This was first produced in Glasgow, where it ran for fifteen nights, and in 1820 it was performed at Covent Garden. The same subject has been dealt with by Lord Macaulay in his 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and the reader will be interested in comparing the two versions of the sad story of Virgilius.

At thirty-six Knowles found all his most ambitious dreams realized. He worked on, however, and did not relax in the slightest his care in composition. His 'William Tell,' which appeared at Drury Lane in 1825, was a sample of this. In 1823 'Caius Gracchus,' first presented to the public in Belfast, appeared at the same theater. In both these dramas Macready took the principal parts. In 1828 appeared 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,' followed by 'Alfred the Great,' played at Drury Lane in 1831, and 'The Hunchback,' played at Covent Garden in 1832. In 1833 at the latter theater was produced 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua,' and at the former 'The Daughter,' in 1836. In 'The Hunchback' and 'The Wife' Sheridan Knowles himself took the principal parts. About this

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From an engraving from a photograph

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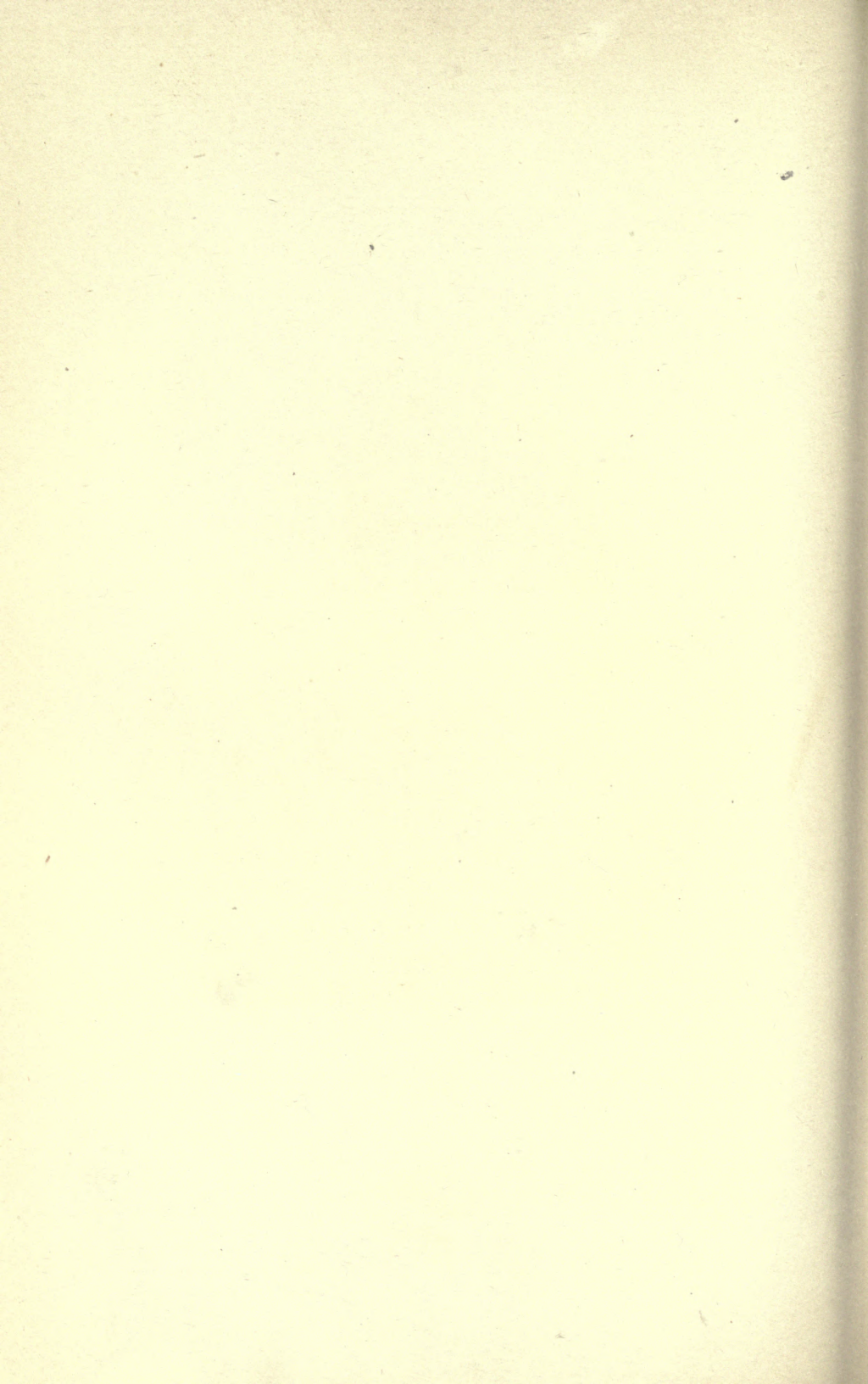
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1846





time he made a tour through the United Kingdom, visiting the principal theaters and everywhere adding to his laurels.

In 1836 he visited this country, where, acting in his own plays, he everywhere met with the most flattering welcome, especially from the Irish, who were proud of a countryman whose genius acted as a spell upon entranced thousands. The great excitement and fatigue consequent upon this journey told heavily upon his health, and on his return home he was forced to give up the stage.

His dramatic works, besides those already mentioned, were: 'The Love Chase,' 1837; 'Woman's Wit,' 1838; 'The Maid of Mariendorpt,' 1838; 'Love,' 1839; 'John of Procida,' 1840; 'Old Maids,' 1841; 'The Rose of Aragon,' 1842, and 'The Secretary,' 1843. In the last year a collected edition of his dramatic works was published, which appeared in revised form in two volumes in 1856. Mr. Knowles in his retirement produced two novels, 'Fortescue' and 'George Lovell,' which were published in 1847. From 1847 to 1849 Mr. Knowles did good work as a lecturer on the drama and oratory; and his long literary services were rewarded by a pension of £200 (\$1,000) a year from the civil list. In the later part of his life he resided in Scotland, and ultimately became a Baptist preacher, in which calling he continued till his death. That event took place in Torquay (where he had gone for his health), on Dec. 1, 1862.

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

From 'Virginius.'

Appius is a Roman Decemvir, Claudius his friend. They plot to get Virginia in their power while her father Virginius and her betrothed husband Icilius are absent. Their plot almost succeeds, when her uncle Numitorius demands that she shall be given into his safe-keeping till her father, whom he has sent for, arrives. A time is fixed for this, and should her father fail to appear Virginia is to be given into the hands of the tyrant. They arrive and go to the Forum, in the hope of unmasking the plot.

The Forum.

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, MARCUS, and *Lictors.*

APPIUS. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?

CLAUDIUS. They are, and timely, too! The people
Are in unwonted ferment.

APPIUS. Marcus says
That news has come of old Dentatus' death;
Which, as I hear, and wonder not to hear it,
The mutinous citizens lay to our account!

CLAUDIUS. That 's bad enough; yet—

APPIUS. Ha! what 's worse?

CLAUDIUS. 'T is best

At once to speak what you must learn at last,
Yet last of all would learn.

APPIUS. Virginius!

CLAUDIUS. Yes!

He has arrived in Rome.

MARCUS. They are coming, Appius!

CLAUDIUS. Fly, Marcus, hurry down the forces!

(*Marcus goes out.*)

Appius,

Be not overwhelmed!

APPIUS. There 's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!

CLAUDIUS. Look

Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!

APPIUS *ascends the Tribunal.*—*Enter* NUMITORIUS, VIRGINIUS
leading his Daughter, SERVIA her nurse, and CITIZENS.—
A dead silence prevails.

VIRGINIUS. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow,
In blank defiance both of gods and men,
Is bold enough to back the knave, whose tongue
Advanced the forgèd claim that stirs this suit
To compass the dishonor of my child—
For that 's the game!—and now the trial 's come,
Through shame or fear, has lost the power to wage
And ope the villain pleadings!

APPIUS. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage:
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

VIRGINIUS. The fashion, Appius! Appius, Claudius, **tell**
me

The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I 'll speak so, Appius, Claudius;
I 'll speak so.—Pray you tutor me!

APPIUS. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

CLAUDIUS. Most noble Appius—

VIRGINIUS. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.

CLAUDIUS. She is mine then:
Do I not look at you?

VIRGINIUS. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul.—I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius, Claudius.

CLAUDIUS. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!

APPIUS. You shall have it.

VIRGINIUS. Doubtless!

APPIUS. Keep back the people, lictors! What 's
Your plea? You say the girl 's your slave—Produce
Your proofs.

CLAUDIUS. My proof is here, which, if they can
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

*(Virginius, stepping forward to speak, is withheld by
Numitorius.)*

NUMITORIUS. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.

VIRGINIUS. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? Were 't not better, brother, think you,
To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
And then to speak? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I 'll try, and if I can
Be silent.

(Retires.)

NUMITORIUS. Will she swear she is her child?

VIRGINIUS. *(Starting forward.)* To be sure she will—
a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand

Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
 To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run,
 Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
 That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
 What mockery it is to have one's life
 In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
 Is it to be endured? I do protest
 Against her oath!

APPIUS. No law in Rome, Virginius,
 Seconds you. If she swears the girl's her child,
 The evidence is good, unless confronted
 By better evidence. Look you to that,
 Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.

VIRGINIA. Icilius!

ICILIUS. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
 Will answer her.

APPIUS. (*To the slave.*) You swear the girl's your child,
 And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
 Who passed her for her own? Is that your oath?

SLAVE. It is my oath.

APPIUS. Your answer now, Virginius?

VIRGINIUS. Here it is! (*Bring Virginia forward.*)
 Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
 'T is not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
 The shoot you know the rank and order of
 The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
 For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—
 The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
 Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
 The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
 The weight, with longing for the sight of it!
 Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
 In nature's hour of labor, which subsides
 In the embrace of joy!—the hands that, when
 The day first looked upon the infant's face,
 And never looked so pleased, helped her up to it,
 And thanked the gods for her, and prayed them send
 Blessing on blessing on her.—Here, the eyes
 That saw her lying at the generous
 And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
 Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
 To cherish her enameled veins. The lie
 Is most abortive then, that takes the flower—
 The very flower our bed connubial grew—
 To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
 Have I not spoke the truth?

WOMEN AND CITIZENS. You have, Virginius.

APPIUS. Silence!—keep silence there! No more of that!
You're ever ready for a tumult, citizens.

(Troops appear behind.)

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance.
We've had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another!

VIRGINIUS. Troops in the Forum!

APPIUS. Virginius, have you spoken?

VIRGINIUS. If you have heard me,
I have: if not, I'll speak again.

APPIUS. You need not,
Virginius; I have evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleadings vain!

VIRGINIUS. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me.

APPIUS. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'T is notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

VIRGINIUS. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. *(Aside.)*

APPIUS. The justice
I should have done my client, unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

VIRGINIUS. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble.
(Aside.)

APPIUS. Nay, Virginius,
I feel for you; but, though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him.

VIRGINIUS. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation, which his eyes
Already have begun.

Friends! Fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client! his purveyor! that caters for
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,

And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
 His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
 In the open, common street, before your eyes—
 Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
 With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
 To the honor of a Roman maid!—my child!
 Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
 This second Tarquin had already coiled
 His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
 Befriend her! Succor her! See her not polluted
 Before her father's eyes!—He is but one!
 Tear her from Appius and his lictors, while
 She is unstained. Your hands! your hands! your hands!

CITIZENS. They're yours, Virginius.

APPIUS. Keep the people back!
 Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
 And drive the people back.

ICILIUS. Down with slaves!

*(The people make a show of resistance but upon the
 advancing of the soldiers, retreat, and leave Icilius,
 Virginius, and his daughter, etc., in the hands of Ap-
 pius and his party.)*

Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free
 But for a moment! I relied on you!
 Had I relied upon myself alone,
 I had kept them all at bay! I kneel to you—
 Let me but loose a moment, if 't is only
 To rush upon your swords!

VIRGINIUS. Icilius, peace!

You see how 't is! we are deserted, left
 Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
 Nerveless and helpless.

APPIUS. Take Icilius hence; away with him!

ICILIUS. Tyrant!—Virginia!

APPIUS. *(Icilius is forced off.)* Separate Virginius and
 the girl!—Delay not, slaves.

VIRGINIUS. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
 It is not very easy. Though her arms
 Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
 She grasps me, Appius. Forcing them will hurt them.
 They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little:
 You know you're sure of her!

APPIUS. I have not time
 To idle with thee; give her to my lictors.

VIRGINIUS. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
 My child, she hath been like a child to me

For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For ev'n so long a time. They that have lived
For such a space together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting! Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, to confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined
And knotted round my heart, that if you break it
So suddenly, my heart breaks with it!

APPIUS. Well, look to them, lictors!

VIRGINIA. Do you go from me!

Do you leave me! Father! father!

VIRGINIUS. No, my child;

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

VIRGINIA. Will you leave me? Will you not take me with
you?

Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless you!

My father, my dear father! Art thou not

My father?

(Virginius, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall with a knife upon it.)

VIRGINIUS. This way, my Virginia! This way!

VIRGINIA. Go we home?

VIRGINIUS. Don't fear! Don't fear, I am not going to
leave thee, my Virginia!

I'll not leave thee.

APPIUS. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!

(Virginius secures the knife.)

Well, have you done?

VIRGINIUS. Short time for converse, Appius;

But I have.

APPIUS. I hope you are satisfied.

VIRGINIUS. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

APPIUS. Take her, lictors!

(Virginia shrieks, and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.)

VIRGINIUS. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'T won't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it
Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!

(Kissing her.)

There is one only way to save thine honor—

'T is this—

*(Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks
from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.)*

Lo, Appius! with this innocent blood

I do devote thee to the infernal gods!

Make way there!

APPIUS. Stop him! Seize him!

VIRGINIUS. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened

With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them: Thus

It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

(Goes out through the soldiers.)

JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

(1810—1849.)

JAMES FINTAN LALOR was born at Tinakil, near Dublin, about the year 1810. He was educated at home under private tutors and at Carlow College. He was hunchbacked, diminutive, purblind, half deaf, obstinate and proud, shy and suspicious, but a most vigorous and original political writer. He was a true patriot, a hater of tyranny in every form, and a most fearless advocate of republicanism. He was a contributor to the press until after Mitchel's arrest, when he threw himself recklessly into the breach, writing and speaking in a style singularly logical, eloquent, terse, and savage. After the suppression of *The United Irishman* Lalor went to Dublin to edit *The Irish Felon*. He was incarcerated for his bold opinions, and, his health becoming shattered by the treatment he received, he died, Dec. 27, 1849. He was buried at Glasnevin. The writings of James Fintan Lalor were collected and published after his death, with an introduction embodying personal recollections and a brief memoir by John O'Leary.

THE FAITH OF A FELON.

From 'The Irish Felon,' July 8, 1848.

Here, then, is the confession and faith of a *Felon*.

Years ago I perceived that the English conquest consisted of two parts combined into one whole,—the conquest of our liberties, the conquest of our lands.

I saw clearly that the re-conquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the re-conquest of our lands,—would not, necessarily, involve or produce that of our lands, and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved; while the re-conquest of our lands would involve the other—would at least, be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes; and could *possibly*, if not easily, be achieved.

The lands were owned by the conquering race, or by traitors to the conquered race. They were *occupied* by the native people, or by settlers who had mingled and merged.

I selected, as the *mode* of re-conquest,—to refuse payment of rent, and resist process of ejection.

In that mode I determined to effect the re-conquest, and staked on it all my hopes, here and hereafter—my hopes of an effective life and an eternal epitaph.

It almost seemed to me as if the Young Ireland party, the quarrel, the secession, the Confederation, had all been specially preordained and produced in order to aid me. My faith in the men who formed the Council of that body was then unbounded. My faith in them still is as firm as ever, though somewhat more measured. In the paper I published last week, and in a private correspondence that ensued with some of its members, I proposed that they should merge the Repeal question in a mightier project—that of wresting this island from English rule altogether, in the only mode in which it could possibly be achieved. I endeavored to show them they were only keeping up a feeble and ineffectual fire from a foolish distance, upon the *English Government*, which stands out of reach and beyond our power; and urged them to wheel their batteries round and bend them on the *English Garrison* of landlords, who stand there within our hands, scattered, isolated, and helpless, girdled round by the might of a people. Except two or three of them, all refused at the time, and have persisted in refusing until now. They want an alliance with the landowners. They chose to consider them as Irishmen, and imagined they could induce them to hoist the green flag. They wished to preserve an Aristocracy. They desired, not a democratic, but merely a national revolution. Who imputes blame to them for this? Whoever does so will not have me to join him. I have no feeling but one of respect for the motives that caused reluctance and delay. That delay, however, I consider as a matter of deep regret. Had the Confederation, in the May or June of '47, thrown heart and mind and means and might into the movement I pointed out, they would have made it successful, and settled for once and for ever all quarrels and questions between us and England.

The opinions I then stated, and which I yet stand firm to, are these:—

I. That, in order to save their own lives, the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, next autumn, to refuse all rent and arrears of rent then due, beyond and except the value of the overplus of harvest produce remaining in their hands after having deducted and reserved a due and full provision for their own subsistence during the next ensuing twelve months.

II. That they ought to refuse and resist being made beggars, landless and houseless, under the English law of ejectionment.

III. That they ought further, *on principle*, to refuse all rent to the present usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors (or lords paramount, in legal parlance) have, in a national congress, or convention, decided *what* rents they are to pay, and *to whom* they are to pay them.

IV. And that the people, on grounds of *policy* and *economy*, ought to decide (as a general rule, admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid *to themselves*, the people, for public purposes, and for behoof and benefit of them, the entire general people.

These are the principles, as clearly and fully stated as limit of time will allow, which I advise Ireland to adopt at once, and at once to arm for. Should the people accept and adhere to them, the English government will then have to choose whether to surrender the Irish landlords, or to support them with the armed power of the empire.

If it refuse to incur the odium and expense, and to peril the safety of England in a social war of extermination, then the landlords are nobodies, the people are lords of the land, a mighty social revolution is accomplished, and the foundations of a national revolution surely laid. If it should, on the other hand, determine to come to the rescue and relief of its garrison—elect to force their rents and enforce their rights by infantry, cavalry, and cannon, and attempt to lift and carry the whole harvest of Ireland—a somewhat *heavy* undertaking, which might become a *hot* one, too—then I, at least, for one, am prepared to bow with humble resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Welcome be the will of God. We must only try to keep our harvest, to offer a peaceful, passive resistance, to barricade the island, to break up the roads, to break down the bridges—and, should need be, and favorable occasions offer, surely we may venture to try the steel. Other approved modes of moral resistance might gradually be added to these, according as we should become trained to the system: and all combined, I imagine, and well worked, might possibly task the strength and break the heart of the empire.

Into *artistic* details, however, I need not, and do not choose, to enter for the present.

It has been said to me that such a war, on the principles I propose, would be looked on with detestation by Europe. I assert the contrary: I say such a war could propagate itself throughout Europe. Mark the words of this prophecy;—the principle I propound goes to the foundations of Europe, and sooner or later, will cause Europe to outrise. Mankind will yet be masters of the earth. The right of the people to make the laws—this produced the first great modern earthquake, whose latest shocks, even now, are heaving in the heart of the world. The right of the people to own the land—this will produce the next. Train your hands, and your sons' hands, gentlemen of earth, for you and they will yet have to use them. I want to put Ireland foremost, in the van of the world, at the head of the nations—to set her aloft in the blaze of the sun, and to make her for ages the lodestar of history, Will she take the path I point out—the path to be free, of the sun, and to make her for ages the lodestar of history, and famed, and feared and followed—the path that goes sunward? Or, onward to the end of time, will wretched Ireland ever come limping and lagging hindmost? Events must answer that. It is a question I almost fear to look full in the face. The soul of this island seems to sink where that of another country would soar. The people sank and surrendered to the famine instead of growing savage, as any other people would have done.

I am reminded that there are few persons now who trouble themselves about the "conquest," and there may be many—I know there are some—who assent to the two first of the four principles I have stated, and are willing to accept them as the grounds of an armed movement; but who object to the last two of them. I am advised to summon the land tenants of Ireland up in battle-array for an armed struggle in defense of rights of life and subsistence, without asserting any greater or more comprehensive right. I distinctly refuse to do so. I refuse to narrow the case and claim of this island into any such petty dimensions, or to found it on the rogue's or the beggar's plea, the plea of necessity. Not as a starving bandit or desperate beggar who demands, to save life, what does not belong to him,

do I wish Ireland to stand up, but as a decrowned Queen, who claims back her own with an armed hand! I attest and urge the plea of utter and desperate necessity to fortify her claim, but not to found it. I rest it on no temporary and passing conditions, but on principles that are permanent, and imperishable, and universal;—available to all times and to all countries, as well as to our own,—I pierce through the upper stratum of occasional and shifting circumstance to bottom and base on the rock below. I put the question in its eternal form—the form in which how often soever suppressed for a season, it can never be finally subdued, but will remain and return, outliving and outlasting the corruption and cowardice of generations. I view it as ages will view it—not through the mists of a famine, but by the living lights of the firmament. You may possibly be induced to reject it in the form I propose, and accept it in the other. If so, you will accept the question, and employ it as a weapon against England, in a shape and under conditions which deprive it of half its strength. You will take and work it fettered and handcuffed—not otherwise.

I trouble myself as little as any one does about the “conquest” as taken abstractedly—as an affair that took place long ages ago. But that “conquest” is still in existence, with all its rights, claims, laws, relations, and results. The landlord holds his land by right and title of conquest, and uses his power as only a conqueror may. The tenant holds under the law of conquest—*væ victis*.

What forms the right of property in land? I have never read in the direction of that question. I have all my life been destitute of books. But from the first chapter of Blackstone’s second book, the only page I ever read on the subject, I know that jurists are unanimously agreed in considering “first occupancy” to be the only true original foundation of the right of property and possession of land.

Now, I am prepared to prove that “occupancy” wants every character and quality that could give it more efficacy as a foundation of right. I am prepared to prove this, when “occupancy” has first been *defined*. If no definition can be given, I am relieved from the necessity of showing any claim founded on occupancy to be weak and worthless.

To any plain understanding the right of private property is very simple. It is the right of man to possess, enjoy and transfer the substance and use of whatever *he has himself created*. This title is good against the world; and it is the *sole* and *only* title by which a valid right of absolute private property can possibly vest.

But no man can plead any such title to a right of property in the substance of the soil.

The earth, together with all it *spontaneously* produces, is the free and common property of all mankind, of natural right, and by the grant of God:—and all men being equal, no man, therefore, has a right to appropriate exclusively to himself any part or portion thereof, except with and by the *common consent* and *agreement* of all other men.

The sole original right of property in land which I acknowledge to be *morally* valid, is this right of common consent and agreement. Every other I hold to be fabricated and fictitious, null, void, and of no effect.

In the original and natural state of mankind, existing in independent families, each man must, in respect of actual fact, either *take* and *hold* (*assume occupancy* as well as *maintain possession of*) his land by right and virtue of such consent and agreement as aforesaid, with all those who might be in a position to dispute and oppose his doing so; or he must take and maintain possession *by force*. The fictitious right of occupancy—invented by jurists to cover and account for a state of settlement otherwise unaccountable and indefensible on moral principle—this right would be utterly worthless, and could seldom accrue; for except in such a case as that of a single individual thrown on a desert island, the *question of right* would generally arise, and require to be settled *before* any colorable “title by occupancy” could be established, or even actual occupation be effected. And then—*what constitutes* occupancy? What length of possession gives “title by occupancy”?

When independent families have united into separate tribes, and tribes swelled into nations, the same law obtains;—each tribe or nation has but either one or other of two available rights to stand upon—they must take and maintain territorial possession by consent and agreement with all other tribes and nations; or they must take and hold by the *tenure of chivalry* in the right of their might.

Putting together and proceeding on the principles now stated, it will appear that, if those principles be sound, no man can legitimately claim possession or occupation of any portion of land or any right of property there, except by grant from the people, at the will of the people, as tenant to the people, and on terms and conditions made or sanctioned by the people;—and that every right, except the right so created and vesting by grant from the people, is nothing more or better than the right of the robber who holds forcible possession of what does not lawfully belong to him.

The present proprietors of Ireland do not hold or claim by grant from the people, nor even—except in Ulster—by any species of imperfect agreement or assent of the people. They got and keep their lands in the robber's right—the right of conquest—in despite, defiance, and contempt of the people. Eight thousand men are owners of this entire island,—claiming the right of enslaving, starving, and exterminating eight millions. We talk of asserting free government, and of ridding ourselves of foreign domination—while, lo! eight thousand men are lords of our lives—of us and ours, blood and breath, happiness or misery, body and soul. Such is the state of things in every country where the settlement of the lands has been effected by *conquest*. In Ulster the case is somewhat different, *much* to the advantage of the people, but not so much as it ought to have been. Ulster was not merely *conquered* but *colonized*—the native race being expelled, as in the United States of America:—and the settlement that prevails was made by a sort of consent and agreement among the conquering race.

No length of time or possession can sanction claims acquired by robbery, or convert them into valid rights. The people are still rightful owners, though not in possession. “Nullum tempus occurrit Deo,—nullum tempus occurrit populo.”

In many countries besides this, the lands were acquired, and long held, by right of force or conquest. But in most of them the settlement and laws of conquest have been abrogated, amended, or modified, to a greater or lesser extent. In some, an outrise of the people has trampled them down,—in some, a despotic monarch or minister has

abolished or altered them. In Ireland alone they remain unchanged, unmitigated, unmollified, in all their original ferocity and cruelty, and the people of Ireland must now abolish them, or be themselves abolished, and this is *now* the *more urgent* business.

Of the foregoing confession of faith the author wrote:

“When Mr. Duffy expected arrest, he drew up his profession of principles, ‘The Creed of *The Nation*.’ Under influences of similar feelings and considerations, though not exactly the same, nor excited by circumstances altogether alike, I hasten to put my own principles upon record. The statement or confession of faith is ill-framed, ill-connected, and wants completeness. But, even such as it stands, I do firmly believe that it carries the fortunes of Ireland; and even such as it stands, I now send it forth to its fate, to conquer or be conquered. It may be master of Ireland and make her a Queen;—it may lie in the dust and perish with her people.”

DENNY LANE.

(1818—1896.)

DENNY LANE was born in Cork in 1818. He was a successful merchant in that city. He wrote few poems, but they have earned for him a wide popularity.

The two best known appeared in *The Nation* in 1844 and 1845 over the signature of "Donall-na-Glanna." He took a prominent part in the literary movement in Cork, and his 'Recollections' were printed in *The Irish Monthly*. He died in 1896.

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

When first I saw thee, Kate,
That summer ev'ning late,
Down at the orchard gate
 Of Arraglen,
I felt I'd ne'er before
Seen one so fair, asthore,
I feared I'd never more
 See thee again—
I stopped and gazed at thee,
My footfall luckily
Reached not thy ear, though we
 Stood there so near;
While from thy lips a strain,
Soft as the summer rain,
Sad as a lover's pain
 Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
The harp's wild plaintive tune,
The thrush, that aye too soon
 Gives o'er his strain—
I've heard in hushed delight,
The mellow horn at night,
Waking the echoes light
 Of old Loch Lene;
But neither echoing horn,
Nor thrush upon the thorn,
Nor lark at early morn,
 Hymning in air,
Nor harper's lay divine,
E'er witched this heart of mine,
Like that sweet voice of thine,
 That ev'ning there.

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And when some rustling, dear,
 Fell on thy listening ear,
 You thought your brother near,
 And named his name,
 I could not answer, though,
 As luck would have it so,
 His name and mine, you know,
 Were both the same—
 Hearing no answering sound,
 You glanced in doubt around,
 With timid look, and found
 It was not he;
 Turning away your head,
 And blushing rosy red,
 Like a wild fawn you fled
 Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
 The wild rose in the brake,
 The golden clouds that make
 The west their throne,
 The wild ash by the stream,
 The full moon's silver beam,
 The ev'ning star's soft gleam,
 Shining alone;
 The lily robed in white,
 All, all are fair and bright;
 But ne'er on earth was sight
 So bright, so fair,
 As that one glimpse of thee,
 That I caught then, machree,
 It stole my heart from me
 That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,
 That heart is all my own—
 That heart that ne'er hath known
 A flame before.
 That form of mold divine,
 That snowy hand of thine—
 Those locks of gold are mine
 For evermore.
 Was lover ever seen
 As blest as thine, Kathleen?
 Hath lover ever been
 More fond, more true?

Thine is my ev'ry vow!
 For ever dear as now!
 Queen of my heart be thou!
 Mo cailin ruadh!¹

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

On Carrighoun the heath is brown,
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalee,
 And many a stream comes rushing down
 To swell the angry Ownabwee.
 The moaning blast is sweeping past
 Through many a leafless tree,
 And I'm alone—for he is gone—
 My hawk is flown—*Ochone machree!*

The heath was brown on Carrighoun,
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalee,
 The dark green trees bent, trembling, down
 To kiss the slumbering Ownabwee.
 That happy day, 't was but last May—
 'T is like a dream to me—
 When Donnell swore—aye, o'er and o'er—
 We'd part no more—*astor machree!*

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
 Will bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back the hours
 I spent with my brave Donnell then?
 'T is but a chance, for he's gone to France,
 To wear the *fleur-de-lis*,
 But I'll follow you, my Donnell Dhu,
 For still I'm true to you, *machree!*

¹ *Mo . . . ruadh*, my golden-haired girl.

WILLIAM LARMINIE.

(1850—1900.)

WILLIAM LARMINIE was born in Castlebar, County Mayo, in 1850, and was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. After taking his degree he obtained by open competition an appointment in the India Office, London, where he remained for some years. Retiring in 1887, he took up his residence in Ireland.

He published 'Glanlua and other Poems' in 1889, 'Fand and Moytura' in 1892, and 'West-Irish Folk Tales' in 1894. He says in his preface: "The tales form a part of a large collection, which I began to make as far back as the year 1884. All have been taken down in the same way—that is to say, word for word from the dictation of the peasant narrators, all by myself, with the exception of two taken by Mr. Lecky in precisely similar fashion; difficult and doubtful parts being gone over again and again. Sometimes the narrators can explain difficulties. Sometimes other natives of the place can help you. But after every resource of this kind has been exhausted, a certain number of doubtful words and phrases remain, with regard to which—well, one can only do one's best."

Among his review articles on Irish subjects may be mentioned 'The Development of English Metres,' advocating the use of Gaelic assonance in English verse, 'Irish and Norse Literature,' and 'Joannes Scotus Erigena,' all of which appeared in *The Contemporary Review*. Mr. Larminie died at Bray in January, 1900, and in his person passed away one of the gentlest of scholars and men. Modest and retiring, he was the finest type of student, working for the love of his work and asking no recognition for doing it.

Of his poetry Mr. G. W. Russell says in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry': "It holds my imagination almost as much as that of any contemporary writer. It is not always beautiful in expression, though it is full of dignity. The poet certainly does not 'look upon fine phrases like a lover,' he is much more concerned with the substance of his thought than with the expression. He leads us into his own spirit by ways that are often rugged; but at the end, as we close the pages, we are on a mountain top and the stars are very near. He is a mystic, but his mysticism is never incoherent, and is always profoundly philosophical. . . . I might describe him as a poet by saying that the spirit is indeed kingly, but without the purple robe which would be the outer token of his lofty rank."

THE RED PONY.

From 'West Irish Folk Tales' (Narrator, P. Minahan, Malinmore, County Donegal).

There was a poor man there. He had a great family of sons. He had no means to put them forward. He had

them at school. One day, when they were coming from school, he thought that whichever of them was last at the door he would keep him out. It was the youngest of the family was last at the door. The father shut the door. He would not let him in. The boy went weeping. He would not let him in till night came. The father said he would never let him in; that he had boys enough.

The lad went away. He was walking till night. He came to a house on the rugged side of a hill on a height, one feather giving it shelter and support. He went in. He got a place till morning. When he made his breakfast in the morning, he was going. The man of the house made him a present of a red pony, a saddle, and bridle. He went riding on the pony. He went away with himself.

"Now," said the pony, "whatever thing you may see before you, don't touch it."

They went on with themselves. He saw a light before him on the high-road. When he came as far as the light, there was an open box on the road, and a light coming up out of it. He took up the box. There was a lock of hair in it.

"Are you going to take up the box?" said the pony.

"I am. I cannot go past it."

"It's better for you to leave it," said the pony.

He took up the box. He put it in his pocket. He was going with himself. A gentleman met him.

"Pretty is your little beast. Where are you going?"

"I am looking for service."

"I am in want of one like you, among the stable boys."

He hired the lad. The lad said he must get room for the little beast in the stable. The gentleman said he would get it. They went home then. He had eleven boys. When they were going out into the stable at ten o'clock each of them took a light but he. He took no candle at all with him.

Each of them went to his own stable. When he went into his stable he opened the box. He left it in a hole in the wall. The light was great. It was twice as much as in the other stables. There was wonder on the boys what was the reason of the light being so great, and he without a candle with him at all. They told the master they did not know what was the cause of the light with the last boy.

They had given him no candle, and he had twice as much light as they had.

"Watch to-morrow night what kind of light he has," said the master.

They watched the night of the morrow. They saw the box in the hole that was in the wall, and the light coming out of the box. They told the master. When the boys came to the house, the king asked him what was the reason why he did not take a candle to the stable, as well as the other boys. The lad said he had a candle. The king said he had not. He asked him how he got the box from which the light came. He said he had no box. The king said he had, and that he must give it to him; that he would not keep him unless he gave him the box. The boy gave it to him. The king opened it. He drew out the lock of hair, in which was the light.

"You must go," said the king, "and bring me the woman, to whom the hair belongs."

The lad was troubled. He went out. He told the red pony.

"I told you not to take up the box. You will get more than that on account of the box. When you have made your breakfast to-morrow, put the saddle and bridle on me."

When he made his breakfast on the morning of the morrow, he put saddle and bridle on the pony. He went till they came to three miles of sea.

"Keep a good hold now. I am going to give a jump over the sea. When I arrive yonder there is a fair on the strand. Every one will be coming up to you to ask for a ride, because I am such a pretty little beast. Give no one a ride. You will see a beautiful woman drawing near you, her in whose hair was the wonderful light. She will come up to you. She will ask you to let her ride for a while. Say you will and welcome. When she comes riding, I will be off."

When she came to the sea, she cleared the three miles at a jump. She came upon the land opposite, and every one was asking for a ride upon the beast, she was that pretty. He was giving a ride to no one. He saw that woman in the midst of the people. She was drawing near. She asked him would he give her a little riding. He said he

would give it, and a hundred welcomes. She went riding. She went quietly till she got out of the crowd. When the pony came to the sea she made the three-mile jump again, the beautiful woman along with her. She took her home to the king. There was great joy on the king to see her. He took her into the parlor. She said to him, she would not marry any one until he would get the bottle of healing water that was in the eastern world. The king said to the lad he must go and bring the bottle of healing water that was in the eastern world to the lady. The lad was troubled. He went to the pony. He told the pony he must go to the eastern world for the bottle of healing water that was in it, and bring it to the lady.

“My advice was good,” said the pony, “on the day you took the box up. Put saddle and bridle on me.”

He went riding on her. They were going till they came to the sea. She stood then.

“You must kill me,” said the pony; “that, or I must kill you.”

“It is hard to me to kill you,” said the boy. “If I kill you there will be no way to myself.”

He cut her belly down. He opened it up. She was not long opened when there came two black ravens and one small one. The two ravens went into the body. They drank their fill of the blood. When they came out the little raven went in. He closed the belly of the pony. He would not let the little bird come out till he got the bottle of healing water was in the eastern world. The ravens were very troubled. They were begging him to let the little bird out. He said he would not let it out till they brought him the bottle. They went to seek the bottle. They came back and there was no bottle with them. They were entreating him to let the bird out to them. He would not let the bird out till he got the bottle. They went away again for the bottle. They came at evening. They were tossed and scorched, and they had the bottle. They came to the place where the pony was. They gave the bottle to the boy. He rubbed the healing water to every place where they were burned. Then he let out the little bird. There was great joy on them to see him. He rubbed some of the healing water to the place where he cut the pony. He spilt a drop into her ear. She arose as well as she ever was.

He had a little bottle in his pocket. He put some of the healing water into it. They went home.

When the king perceived the pony coming he rose out. He took hold of her with his two hands. He took her in. He smothered her with kisses and drowned her with tears; he dried her with finest cloths of silk and satin.

This is what the lady was doing while they were away. She boiled pitch and filled a barrel, and that boiling. Now she went beside it and stripped herself. She rubbed the healing water to herself. She came out; she went to the barrel, naked. She gave a jump in and out of the barrel. Three times she went in and out. She said she would never marry any one who could not do the same. The young king came. He stripped himself. He went to the barrel. He fell half in, half out.

He was all boiled and burned. Another gentleman came. He stripped himself. He gave a jump into the barrel. He was burned. He came not out till he died. After that there was no one going in or out. The barrel was there, and no one at all was going near it. The lad went up to it and stripped himself. He rubbed the healing water on himself. He came to the barrel. He jumped in and out three times. He was watching her. She came out. She said she would never marry any one but him.

Came the priest of the patterns, and the clerk of the bells. The pair were married. The wedding lasted three nights and three days. When it was over, the lad went to look at the place where the pony was. He never remembered to go and see the pony during the wedding. He found nothing but a heap of bones. There were two champions and two young girls playing cards. The lad went crying when he saw the bones of the pony. One of the girls asked what was the matter with him. He said it was all one to her; that she cared nothing for his troubles.

“I would like to get knowledge of the cause why you are crying.”

“It is my pony who was here. I never remembered to see her during the wedding. I have nothing now but her bones. I don't know what I shall do after her. It was she who did all that I accomplished.”

The girl went laughing. “Would you know your pony if you saw her?”

“ I would know,” said he.

She laid aside the cards. She stood up.

“ Isn’t that your pony?” said she.

“ It is,” he said.

“ I was the pony,” said the girl, “ and the two ravens who went in to drink my blood my two brothers. When the ravens came out, a little bird went in. You closed the pony. You would not let the little bird out till they brought the bottle of healing water that was in the eastern world. They brought the bottle to you. The little bird was my sister. It was my brothers were the ravens. We were all under enchantments. It is my sister who is married to you. The enchantments are gone from us since she was married.”

THE NAMELESS STORY.

There was a king in Erin and a queen, and they had one daughter, and death came on the queen and she died, and the king did not marry then till his daughter was a young girl, and then he married another wife. Then one day, when the queen was walking in the garden, the corner of her apron got under her foot and she fell.

“ May neither God nor Mary be with you!” said the henwife.

“ Why so?” said the queen; “ what is it I have done to you?”

“ It is because you have done evil to me. The woman who was here before was better than you.”

“ Was there a woman here before me?”

“ There was. That is her daughter, the young girl who is in the house; and it is she will get everything her father has.”

She brought the henwife into the house, and she gave her as much as she could eat and drink, and they made up a friendship.

Then at night, when the king and the queen went to sleep, the queen got up and she killed the little dog, the hound’s pup; and she went to bed again, and she screamed and she cried, and the king asked her what was the matter,

and she said she dreamt the girl had killed the hound's little pup. And she got out to see if it was killed; and the king bade her sleep till morning, and she said she could not, and she got up and found the pup dead. And the king came, and she told him the pup was dead. And they went to sleep till morning, and then, when the king got up, he beat his daughter, and she did not know why.

The next night the king and his wife went into deep sleep, and she got up from him, and went out to the stable and killed a stallion he had; and she went to bed after that, and she cried and she screamed, and she roused the king, and he asked her, "What is the matter with you?"

"I dreamt the girl killed the stallion in the stable." And she got up to make sure of the knowledge she had, and she found the stallion dead; and she came and told the king the stallion was dead. And in the morning, when the king rose, he beat his daughter greatly, and she did not know why he was beating her. But that did not satisfy the queen, when he was not killing her; and on the third night she killed her own child, and she put some of the child's blood on the girl's hand, and she went to bed and cried "A thousand murders!" and the king asked her what was the matter with her, and she said she dreamt the girl killed the child. And she rose out and she found the child dead; and she came and told the king the child was dead.

The king rose in the morning, and when he ate his breakfast he took his daughter with him to the wood, and a handsaw and a rope. He tied her to a tree, and he cut off her two arms from her shoulders, and her two paps from her breast, and left her there and went home. And when he was going home he got a thorn in his foot.

There was a herd with his dog, and the dog got the scent of the blood and came to her, and the herd followed the dog: and he found the beautiful girl, as was God's will. He stopped the blood and he put his greatcoat on her, and took her home to his father's house, and she was there till she healed. He kept her there as his wife, and she had a child. Then one day there came a boy of the king's to the house, and he saw the woman, and the fine child she had; and when he went home, he told the queen he saw a woman in the herd's house without arms or breasts, and a fine

child with her. The queen knew who it was, and she sent word to the herd to send her away or she would send him away. And the girl understood that there was grief on them, and she said it was on her account they were grieved. "I will go," said she, "and take my child with me; and in every house in which I spend the night they will put the child on my back in the morning."

She got herself ready, and the child, and he gave her plenty of money when she was going; and they fastened the child up on her back, and fixed a pin in her breast. She went, and she was not far from the house when she met a man asking alms; and he asked alms of her for the honor of God and Mary. And she said, "I have no hand to give you alms, but put your hand in my pocket and take the alms out."

He put his hand in and took out alms. And she went not far when she met a second man, who asked alms for the honor of God and Mary. And to him she said as she did to the first; and she went on and met a third man who asked alms, and she said the same to him. And he asked her, "Do you know who I am?"

She said she did not know. "I am a messenger from God," said he, "who am come to you because you were so good. You are on the way to your father's house. On the day when he did that to you a thorn went into his foot, and is in it since, and the doctors have failed to cure him, and he has spent much money getting cured; but he will never be cured till you do it with the milk of your breast."

"That is hard for me when I have no breast."

"When you come to a place where there is a clump of rushes, lay down the child and loose the cloth, and the child will go pulling the rushes; and when he pulls up three of them there will come a well of water up. Bend your shoulders down into the well, and your two arms will come to you as they were ever. Then take up the water with your hands and put it on your breast, and the paps will come as they were before. Take the child and knock at your father's door and say you are a doctor, and ask the doorkeeper to let you in. And the doorkeeper will say that there are plenty of doctors there as good as you, and that they are not curing him. Tell the man you will ask no money for curing him, and the doorkeeper will say there

is a person there will cure him without money. Go in then, and bid him stretch out his foot, and milk three streams of the milk of your breast on his foot, and the thorn will come out; and then he will cry to the child to come and tell his grandfather a story, and the child will, and begin to tell him everything the old woman did to his mother."

She went then, and did all the beggar told her. She got her arms and her paps again. Then she went to her father's house, and she cured his foot with the milk of her breast. And he stood out on the floor and began dancing with great delight. Then he sat on a chair and called to the child to come to him, and he put him on his knee and said, "Tell your grandfather your story." And the child began and told him how the woman killed the pup, and told him she dreamt that it was his mother killed it, and how he got up in the morning and beat his mother. Said the old woman, "Stop the child. He is tired talking." "Don't stop him," said his mother, "till he tells the story to his grandfather." The child told him all the rest, and when he heard the story he hung the woman for what she did; and he brought the son of the herd into the house, and gave his daughter to him in marriage.

CONSOLATION

Yes, let us speak, with lips confirming
 The inner pledge that eyes reveal—
 Bright eyes that death shall dim forever,
 And lips that silence soon shall seal.

Yes, let us make our claim recorded
 Against the powers of earth and sky,
 And that cold boon their laws award us—
 Just once to live and once to die.

Thou sayest that fate is frosty nothing,
 But love the flame of souls that are:
 "Two spirits approach, and at their touching,
 Behold! an everlasting star."

High thoughts, O love: well, let us speak them!
 Yet bravely face at least this fate:

To know the dreams of us that dream them
On blind, unknowing things await.

If years from winter's chill recover,
If fields are green and rivers run,
If thou and I behold each other,
Hangs it not all on yonder sun?

So while that mighty lord is gracious
With prodigal beams to flood the skies,
Let us be glad that he can spare us
The light to kindle lover's eyes.

And die assured, should life's new wonder
In any world our slumbers break,
These the first words that each will utter:
"Beloved, art thou too awake?"

EPILOGUE TO FAND.

Is there one desires to hear
If within the shores of Eirè
Eyes may still behold the scene
Fair from Fand's enticements?

Let him seek the southern hills
And those lakes of loveliest water
Where the richest blooms of spring
Burn to reddest autumn:
And the clearest echo sings
Notes a goddess taught her.

Ah! 't was very long ago,
And the words are now denied her:
But the purple hillsides know
Still the tones delightful,
And their breasts, impassioned, glow
As were Fand beside them.

And though many an isle be fair,
Fairer still is Inisfallen,
Since the hour Cuhoolin lay
In the bower enchanted.
See! the ash that waves to-day,
Fand its grandsire planted.

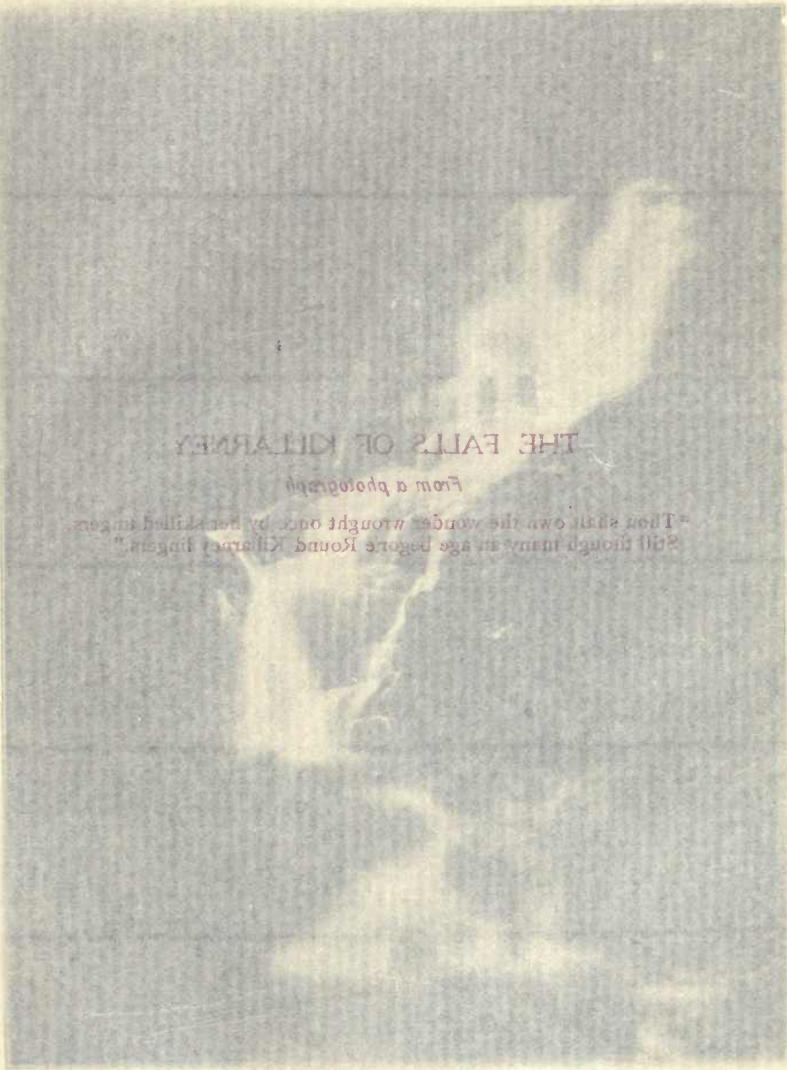
When from wave to mountain-top
 All delight thy sense bewilders,
 Thou shalt own the wonder wrought
 Once by her skilled fingers,
 Still, though many an age be gone,
 Round Killarney lingers.

THE SWORD OF TETHRA.¹

From 'Moytura.'

Do you seek to bind me, ye gods,
 And the deeds of me only beginning?
 Shall I gloat over triumphs achieved
 When the greatest remains for the winning?
 Ye boast of this world ye have made,
 This corpse-built world?
 Show me an atom thereof
 That hath not suffered and struggled,
 And yielded its life to Tethra?
 The rocks they are built of the mold,
 And the mold of the herb that was green,
 And the beast from the herb,
 And man from the beast,
 And downward in hurried confusion,
 Through shapes that are loathsome,
 Beast, man, worm, pellmell,
 What does it matter to me?
 All that have lived go back to the mold,
 To stiffen through ages of pain
 In the rock-rigid realms of death.

¹ The sword of Tethra, one of the Kings of the Fohmors, is captured by the sun-god Lu. This sword is Death.



THE FALLS OF KILARNEY

From a photograph

"Then shall own the wonder wrought once by her skilled fingers
Still though many an eye before Round Kilarney fingers"

When from wave to mountain-top
 All delight thy sense bewilders,
 Thou shalt own the wonder wrought
 Once by her skilled fingers,
 Still, though many an age be gone,
 Round Killarney lingers.

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 Ye boast of this world ye have made,
 This corpse built world?

THE FALLS OF KILLARNEY

Show me an *From a photograph*

"Thou shalt own the wonder wrought once by her skilled fingers,
 Still though many an age begone Round Killarney lingers."

That hath not suffered and struggled
 The sword of the sun-god of the sword,
 And the heart of the herb that was green,
 And the beast from the herb,
 And man from the beast,
 And downward in hurried confusion,
 Through shapes that are loathsome,
 Beast, man, worm, pellimell,
 What does it matter to me?
 All that have lived go back to the mold,
 To stiffen through ages of pain
 In the rock-rigid realms of death.

¹ The sword of Tethra, one of the Kings of the Fohmors, is captured by the sun-god Lu. This sword is Death.



EMILY LAWLESS.

THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS, daughter of the third Lord Cloncurry and sister of the present peer, was born in Ireland. Her books are: 'Hurrish,' 'Major Lawrence, F.L.S.,' 'The Story of Ireland,' 'With Essex in Ireland,' 'Plain Frances Mowbray,' 'Grania,' 'Traits and Confidences,' and 'Maelcho.'

Miss Lawless must rank among the first of Irish novelists. Miss Edgeworth, Carleton, John Banim, Miss Lawless, Miss Barlow—in some such way the bead-roll must begin. In Miss Lawless' work strength and sweetness are happily united. Terror and pity meet in her pages; and the story of Maelcho and the Desmond rebellion wrings the heart as intolerably as those few poignant words of Spenser in which he, an alien and an enemy, describes the sufferings of the hunger-stricken in the Desmond country. 'Grania' is a sad story of what are probably the lowest conditions under which human beings live in Ireland, written with powerful and attention-compelling vividness. It is a gloomy picture, but little relieved, and yet it is intensely human. She has also published 'A Garden Diary' and a volume entitled 'With the Wild Geese.'

THE CHANGELING.

From 'Grania.'

"Did I ever tell you, women both, about Katty O'Callaghan, that lived over near Aillyhaloo when I was a girl? From the time she was the height of that turf kish there she would not be bid by any one, no not by the priest himself. The first time ever I saw her she was close upon eighteen years old, for she was not born on the island, but came from Cashla way to help an uncle of hers that had a small farm up near Aillyhaloo. A fine big girl she was, just the moral of that Grania there, with a straight back, and a wide chest, and the two eyes of her staring up big and bold at you—the very same. But, Man Above, the impudence of her! She had no proper respect not for anything, so she had not. She would laugh when you talked of the good people, and she would say that she would as soon go up at night to the Phooka's hole as not, which every one knows is all but the same as death. As for the cohullen druith,¹ with my two ears I heard her say she did not believe that there was such a thing, though my grand-

¹ *Cohullen druith*, magic cap.

father, God save his soul, saw one once on the head of a merrow hard by the Glassen rock.

“But, faith! I haven’t the time nor the strength to be telling you the half of her for folly and nonsense, nor couldn’t if I took the night to do it! Anyhow, there she was, straight and strong, a fine handsome girl just like that Grania there; and her uncle was to give her two cows when she married, and her father at Cashla, I heard too there was talk of his giving something, I don’t know whether it was pigs or what. In any case there was nothing to hinder her settling, only you may guess if any decent quiet-reared boy would like to go marrying a wife with such ways and such talk in her mouth as that same Katty O’Callaghan!

“However she was bid for at last by a harmless easy-going young fellow of the name of Phil Mulcahy, and married him, and went up to live a quarter of a mile or so beyond Aillyhaloo, at the edge of the big west cliff yonder, and a year after she had a child, as fine a boy at the start as you ’d see in a day’s walk. Well, you may think she was going to get off clean and clever, after her goings on, but not a bit of it—so just wait till you hear. One day she went down the rocks by Mweeleenareeava for the sea wrack, and I dare say she was carrying on as usual with her nonsense and folly, anyway, when she got back the first thing she noticed was that the child looked mighty queer, and seemed shrunk half its size, and its face all wizened up like a little old man’s, and the eyes of it as sharp and wicked as you please. Well, women both of you, from that hour that creature grew smaller and smaller, and queerer and queerer, and its eyes wickeder and wickeder, and the bawl never out of its mouth, and it wanting the breast night and day, and never easy when it got it either, but kicking and fighting and playing the devil’s own bad work.

“Of course the neighbors saw right enough what had happened, and told Katty plainly the child was changed, and why not? Sure who could wonder at it after her goings on, which were just as if she ’d laid them out for that very purpose! But she wouldn’t hear a word of it, so she wouldn’t, and said it was the teeth, or the wind in its stomach, and God only knows what nonsense besides. But

one day a woman was coming along from Aillinera to Aillyhaloo, a real right-knowing woman she was by the name of Nora Cronohan, and as she was going she stopped to ask for a potato and a sup of milk, for she was stragvoking the country at the time. So she looked up and down the cabin, and presently she cast eyes on the creature, which was laid in a basket by the fire, that being the place it stayed easiest in, and—

“ ‘Arrah, what’s that you’ve got at all in there?’ says she, staring at it, and it staring back at her with its two eyes as wicked as wicked.

“ ‘My child, what else?’ says Katty, speaking quite angrily.

“ With that the woman gave a screech of laughter so that you could have heard her across the Foul Sound with the wind blowing west, and ‘Your child!’ says she. ‘Your child! Sure, God save you, woman, you might as well call a black *arth-looghra*¹ a salmon any day in the week as that thing there a child!’

“ Well, Katty was going to throw her into the sea, she was so mad! But first she looked at the basket, and with that she began to shake and tremble all over, for the creature was winking up so knowing at her, and opening and shutting its mouth as no Christian child in this world or any other ever would or could.

“ ‘Why, what ails it now at all at all?’ says she, turning to the other, and her face growing as white as the inside of a potato.

“ ‘Listen to me, woman,’ says Nora Cronohan, holding up her hand at her. ‘That’s not your child at all, you ignorant creature, as any one can see, and there’s but two ways for you to get your own right child back again. You must either take that up the next time there’s a south wind blowing and set it to roast on the gridiron with the door open, or if you won’t do that you must gather a handful of the *boliaun bwee*² and another handful of the *boliaun dhas*,³ and put them down to boil, and boil them both in the pot for an hour, and then throw the whole potful right over it, and if you’ll do either of those things I’ll be your warrant but it will be glad to be quit of you, and you’ll get your own fine child again!’

¹ *Arth-looghra*, lizard.

² *Boliaun bwee*, yellow rag-wort.

³ *Boliaun dhas*, ox-eye daisy.

“Well, you’d think that would be enough for any reasonable woman! But no. Katty wouldn’t do either the one thing nor the other, but held to it that it was her own child, not changed at all, only sick; such fool’s talk! as if any one with half an eye, and that one blind, couldn’t have told the difference! She had ne’er another child, you see, nor the sign of one, and that perhaps was what made her so set on it. Anyhow the neighbors tried to get her to see reason, and her husband, too, though he was but a poor shadow of a man, did what he could. At last her mother-in-law, that was a decent well-reared woman, and knew what was right, tried to get at the creature one day when Katty was out on the rocks, so as to serve it the right way, and have her own fine grandchild back. But if she did Katty was in on her before she could do a thing, and set upon the decent woman, and tore the good clothes off her back, and scratched her face with her nails so that there was blood running along her two cheeks when the neighbors came up, and but for their getting between them in time, God knows but she’d have had her life.

“After that no one, you may believe, would have hand, act, or part with Katty Mulcahy! Indeed, it soon came to this, that her husband durstn’t stop with her in the cabin, what between her goings on and the screeches of the creature, which got worse and worse till you could hear them upon the road to Ballintemple, a good half-mile away. Yarra! the whole of that side of the island got a bad name through her, and there’s many doesn’t care even now to walk from Aillinera to Aillyhaloo, specially towards evening, not knowing what they might hear!

“Well, one day——” here the narrator paused, looked first at one and then at the other of her listeners, coughed, spat, twitched the big cloak higher round her shoulders, and settled herself down again in her chair with an air of intense satisfaction. “One day, it was a desperate wild afternoon just beginning December, and the wind up at Aillyhaloo enough to blow the head of you off your two shoulders. Most of the people were at home and the houses shut, but there were a few of us colleens colloguing together outside the doors talking of one thing and another, when all of a sudden who should come running up the road

but Katty Mulcahy, with the bawl in her mouth, and a look on her face would frighten the life out of an Inish-boffin pig.

“‘Och! och! och!’ says she, screeching. ‘Och! och! och! my child’s dying! It’s got the fits. It’s turning blue. Where’s Phil? Where’s its father? Run, some of you, for God’s sake, and see if he’s in yet from the fishing.’”

“Well, at first we all stared, wondering like, and one or two of the little girshas ran off home to their mothers, being scared at her looks. But at last some of us began laughing—I was one that did myself, and so I tell you women both—you see we knew of course all the time that it wasn’t her own child at all, only a changeling, and that as for Phil he had never been near the fishing, but was just keeping out of the way, not wishing, honest man, to be mixed up with any such doings. Well, when she heard us laughing she stopped in the middle of her screeching, and she just gave us one look, and before any one knew what was coming there she was in the very thick of us, and her arms going up and down like two flails beating the corn!

“Och, Mary Queen of Heaven, but that was a hubbuboo! We turned and we run, and our blood was like sea-water down our backs, for we made sure we’d carry the marks of her to our graves, for she had a bitter hard hand, and God knows I’m speaking the truth, had Katty Mulcahy when you roused her! Well, at the screams of us a heap more people came running out of the houses, and amongst them who should put his head out of one of the doors but Phil Mulcahy himself, with no hat to his head and a pipe to his mouth, for he had no time to take it out, and she thinking, you know, he was away at the fishing!

“At that Katty stood still like one struck, and the eyes of her growing that round you’d think they must fall out of her head, so big were they, and her mouth working like a sea pool in the wind. And presently she let out another bawl, and she made for him! I was the nearest to him, and there was some three or four more between the two, but you may believe me, we didn’t stop long! It was something awful, women both, and so I tell you, to see her coming up the road with that rage on her face, and it as white as the foam on the sea. Phil stood shaking and shaking, staring

at her and his knees knocking, thinking his hour was come, till just as she was within touch of him, when he turned and he ran for his life. He ran and he ran, and she ran after him. Now there's no place at all, as every one knows, to run on that side of Aillyhaloo only along by the cliff, for the rest is all torn and destroyed, with great cracks running down God knows where to the heart of the earth. So he kept along by the edge, and she after him, and we after the two of them presently to see the end of it. Phil ran as a man runs for his life, but Katty she ran like a woman possessed! Holy Bridget! you could hardly see the feet of her as she raced over the ground! The boys cried out that she'd have him for sure, and if she had caught him and this rage still on her God knows she'd have thrown him over the cliff, and you know 't is hundreds of feet deep there, and never an inch of landing.

“Poor Phil thought himself done for, and kept turning and turning, and far away as he was now we could see the terror on the face of him, and we all screeched to him to turn away from the edge, but he did not know where he was going, he was that dazed. Well, she was just within grip of him when she stopped all at once as if she was shot, and lifted her head in the air like that! Whether she heard something, or what ailed her I can't tell, but she gathered herself up and began running in the opposite way, not along by the sea but over the rocks, the nearest way back to her own house. How she got across nobody knows, for the cracks there are something awful, but you'd think it was wings she had to see the leaps she threw in the air, for all the world like a bird! Anyhow she got over them at last, and into her house with her, and the door shut with a bang you might have heard across the Sound at Killeany.

“Nobody, you may believe me, troubled to go after her or near her that night, and the wind being so cold, after a bit we all went home, and Phil, too, by-and-by come creeping back looking like a pullet that had had its neck wrung, and the boys all laughing at him for being 'fraid of a woman—as if it was only a woman Katty was, with that black look on her face and she leaping and going on as no woman in this world ever could, if she was left to herself! That night there was no more about it one way or

another, nor the next morning either, but by the middle of the afternoon a man that was passing brought us word that he heard a noise of hammering inside of the house. Well, at that we all wondered what was doing now, and some said one thing and some another. But a boy—a young devil's imp he was by the name of Mick Carroll—peeped in at the end window and came running up to say he had seen something like a coffin standing on the floor, only no bigger he said than the top of a keg of butter.

“Well, that was the queerest start of all! For who, I ask you both, could have made that coffin for her, and what could she have wanted with a coffin either? For you're not so ignorant, women, either of you, as need to be told there wouldn't be anything to put into it! 'T wasn't likely that thing she had in the house with her would stop to be put into any coffin! 'T is out of the window or up the chimney it would have been long before it came to that, as every one knows that knows anything. Anyhow 't was the truth it seems he told, for the very next day out she came from the house herself, and the coffin or the box or whatever it was under her arm, and carried it down did she sure enough to the shore, and paid a man handsome to let her put it in a curragh—as well she'd need, and him losing his soul on her!—and away with her to Cashla over the Old sea! And whether she found a priest to bury it for her is more than I can tell you, but they *do* say out there on the Continent they're none so particular, so long as they get their dues. As for Phil he went over only the very next week to her father's house, the poor foolish innocent creature, but all he got for his pains was a pailful of pig's wash over his head, and back he came to Inishmaan complaining bitterly, though it was thankful on his two knees to Almighty God he ought to have been it was no worse, and so we all told him. However, there was no putting sense into his head, and not a word would he say good or bad, only cried and talked of his Katty!

“Lucky for him his troubles didn't last very long, for the next thing we heard of her was that she was dead, and about a year after that or maybe two years, he married a decent little girl, a cousin of my own, and took her to live with him up at the house at Aillyhaloo. And, but that he was killed through having his head broke one dark

night by Larry Connel in mistake for the youngest of the Lynches, 't is likely he 'd be in it still! Anyway he had a grand wake, the finest money could buy, for Larry Connel, that had always a good heart, paid for it himself, and got upon a stool, so he did, and spoke very handsomely of poor Phil, so that Molly Mulcahy the widow didn't know whether it was crying she should be or laughing, the creature, with glory! And for eating and drinking and fiddling and jig dancing it was like nothing of *you* ever saw in your lives, and a pride and satisfaction to all concerned. But,"—here Peggy Dowd hitched her cloak once more about her shoulders and spat straight in front of her with an air of reprobation—"but—there was never a man nor yet a woman either, living upon Inishmaan at the time, that would have danced one foot, and so I tell you, women both—not if you 'd have *paid* them for doing it—at *Katty* Mulcahy's wake."

A RETORT.

From 'With the Wild Geese.'

Not hers your vast imperial mart,
 Where myriad hopes on fears are hurled,
 Where furious rivals meet and part
 To woo a world.

Not hers your vast imperial town,
 Your mighty mammoth piles of gain,
 Your loaded vessels sweeping down
 To glut the main.

Unused, unseen, *her* rivers flow,
 From mountain tarn to ocean tide;
 Wide vacant leagues the sunbeams show,
 The rain-clouds hide.

You swept them vacant! Your decree
 Bid all her budding commerce cease;
You drove her from your subject sea,
 To starve in peace!

Well, be it peace! Resigned they flow,
 No laden fleet adown them glides,

But wheeling salmon sometimes show
Their silvered sides.

And sometimes through the long still day
The breeding herons slowly rise,
Lifting gray tranquil wings away,
To tranquil skies.

Stud all your shores with prosperous towns!
Blacken your hill-sides, mile on mile!
Redden with bricks your patient downs!
And proudly smile!

A day will come before you guess,
A day when men, with clearer light,
Will rue that deed beyond redress,
Will loathe that sight.

And, loathing, fly the hateful place,
And, shuddering, quit the hideous thing,
For where unblackened rivers race,
And skylarks sing.

For where, remote from smoke and noise,
Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass;
Where simple days bring simple joys,
And lovers pass.

I see her in those coming days,
Still young, still gay; her unbound hair
Crowned with a crown of starlike rays,
Serenely fair.

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched; remote from roar,
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease
On a still shore.

MARY LEADBEATER.

(1758—1826.)

MRS. LEADBEATER was the daughter of Richard Shackleton, a member of the Society of Friends and a friend of Edmund Burke. Mary was born in 1758; while still young she showed poetic talent, but none of her early productions have been published. In 1791 she married William Leadbeater, a farmer and landowner, and a descendant of a Huguenot family. In 1794 she published her first work, entitled 'Extracts and Original Anecdotes for the Improvement of Youth.' This was one of the earliest attempts to introduce a more entertaining class of literature among the youth of the Society of Friends, and the book was well received. Her 'Book of Poems,' published in 1808, was much admired for its true pictures of the purity and beauty of rural and domestic life. 'Cottage Dialogues of the Irish Peasantry' appeared in 1811, and a second series of the same work followed in 1813. The character of the poorer Irish, their virtues and sufferings, with the best mode of improving their condition, formed the subject of these 'Dialogues.' Miss Edgeworth lent her aid to extend its circulation and became the friend of the authoress. 'Landlord's Friends' and 'Cottage Biography' followed, both written in the style of 'Cottage Dialogues' and both equally successful. 'Notices of Irish Friends' and 'Memoirs of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton' next appeared.

The most interesting of all Mrs. Leadbeater's productions is, perhaps, 'The Annals of Ballitore.' Life in the Quaker village, with its peculiar droll and pathetic incidents, anecdotes of individuals, and scenes of the rebellion in 1798, which she had witnessed, are graphically described. This work appeared in 1862, with a memoir of the authoress and a great portion of her extensive correspondence, under the title of 'The Leadbeater Papers,' edited by her niece, Elizabeth Shackleton. The last work from the pen of Mrs. Leadbeater was written for the Kildare Street Society. It was entitled 'The Pedlars,' and described the natural and artificial curiosities of different parts of Ireland, in the form of a dialogue.

She died June 27, 1826, and was buried at Ballitore.

SCENES IN THE INSURRECTION OF 1798.

From 'The Leadbeater Papers.'

To the Tyrone militia were now added the Suffolk fencibles; and the Ancient Britons, dressed in blue with much silver lace—a very pretty dress—came from Athy, seized the smiths' tools to prevent them from making pikes, and made prisoners of the smiths themselves. I could not see

without emotion poor Owen Finn and his brother, handcuffed and weeping, as they walked after the car containing those implements of industry which had enabled them to provide comfortably for the family. Several of these were whipped publicly to extort confessions about the pikes. The torture was excessive, and the victims were long in recovering; and in almost every case it was applied fruitlessly. Guards were placed at every entrance into the village, to prevent people from entering or leaving it. The village once so peaceful exhibited a scene of tumult and dismay, and the air rang with the shrieks of the sufferers and the lamentations of those who beheld them suffer. These violent measures caused a great many pikes to be brought in: the street was lined with those who came to deliver up the instruments of death.

A party of military from Naas entered Ballitore, and took prisoners twelve of our neighbors, whom they removed to Naas jail. Most of the villagers stood outside their doors to see them depart. They looked composed for the most part, though followed by their weeping wives and children. One child, with cries of, "O father! father!" excited great compassion. Six yeomen were taken prisoners at Dunlavin. I was walking in our garden when they passed on a car, with their coats turned inside out, and one of the guards, a mere boy, cried out to me in a tone of insulting jocularitv. We, who did not understand this case, were only qualified to see one side, and, though we forbore audibly expressing our disapprobation, our looks betrayed the depression of our minds. This excited jealousy of us. How ill-founded! for who could expect us to rejoice at the misery and degradation of our fellow-creatures and neighbors, or even to behold them unmoved? These unfortunate yeomen were shot! There was too much exultation in the military; they were not aware, perhaps, how deeply an insult is felt and resented, and that an injury is sometimes more easily pardoned.

The morning of the 24th of the Fifth-month (May) orders came for the soldiers quartered here to march to Naas. A report was circulated that Naas jail had been broken open,—that Dublin was in arms, and so forth. All was uncertainty, except that something had happened, as the mail-coach had been stopped. The insurrection was to

begin in Dublin, and the mail-coach not being suffered to leave the city was the signal for general revolt. This purpose was defeated by the vigilance of Government; the mail-coach had got to Naas before it was stopped, yet its detention here persuaded the people that the day was their own. They threw off the appearance of loyalty, and rose in avowed rebellion.

In the morning the Suffolk fencibles first marched out, nine men remaining to guard their baggage at the Mill, which was their barrack. The Tyrone militia followed, taking their baggage with them. All was hurry and confusion in the village. Several who had kept out of sight now appeared dressed in green, that color so dear to United Irishmen, and proportionably abhorred by the loyal. The Suffolks went by the high road, the Tyrones through Narraghmore. As they marched out, a young woman privately and with tears told their lieutenant her apprehensions that their enemies lay in ambush in Narraghmore wood. He was therefore prepared to meet them, and sad havoc ensued; many on both sides fell, particularly among the undisciplined multitude. The courthouse at Narraghmore was attacked, and many met their death there. We heard the report of firearms, and every hour the alarm increased.

Dr. Johnson had been sent for to Narraghmore to dress wounds; the rabble despoiled him of his horse and case of instruments, and sent him back jaded and worn out. About three o'clock in the afternoon John Dunne and many others came as far as the bridge with pikes, and Dr. Johnson turned them back; but not long after two or three hundred men, armed with pikes, knives, and pitchforks, and bearing sticks with green rags fluttering from them, came in at the western side, headed by Malachi Delany on a white horse, and took possession of the town; Dr. Johnson, as representative of the yeomanry-guard, having capitulated on condition of persons and property being safe. I saw from an upper window a crowd coming towards our kitchen-door; I went down and found many armed men, who desired to have refreshments, especially drink. I brought them milk, and was cutting a loaf of bread, when a little elderly man, called "the Canny," took it kindly out of my hand and divided it himself, saying, "Be decent,

boys, be decent." Encouraged by having found a friend, I ventured to tell them that so many armed men in the room frightened me. The warriors condescended to my fears. "We'll be out in a shot," they replied, and in a minute the kitchen was empty.

Daniel Horan, a young farmer from the Long Avenue, was standing in our yard—a fine looking fellow. I had observed a dark cloud upon his countenance, when, a few days before, he was requesting a protection from the officers; that cloud was now gone, and joy and animation played on every feature, unaccompanied by any expression of malignity. A party of insurgents, as they went to the Mill, met some of the wives of the soldiers stationed there, whom they sent back to tell their husbands that if they surrendered they should not be injured. But the women, instead of delivering the message, ran shrieking to announce the approach of the rebels, and the soldiers prepared to stand on the defensive; but, when they saw such a multitude, fled.

In the pursuit over Max's-hill a soldier turned, fired, and shot Paddy Dempsey dead. They were soon overpowered, and their lives were spared only on condition that he who had killed the insurgent should be pointed out; with this hard alternative his comrades reluctantly complied, and the soldier soon lay dead beside his victim. Another of the soldiers was killed by a shot from the Mill-field, which reached him about the middle of the avenue, and his remains were buried in the ditch just by the spot where he fell. Most of the others were wounded, but I believe none mortally.

Malachi Delany exerted himself to prevent bloodshed, and showed as much humanity as courage. He had thrown off no mask, for he never wore one, and he proved himself to be a generous enemy. A great number of strange faces surrounded us, and a message was brought to me to request anything of a green color. I told them we could not join any party. "What! not the strongest?" inquired one of the strangers. "None at all;"—and though our parlor tables were covered with green cloth, they urged their request no further.

Richard Yeates, son to Squire Yeates of Moone, was brought in a prisoner, his yeomanry coat turned. A pri-

vate of the yeomanry corps to which he belonged was also brought into our parlor, where my husband and I sat at tea. He was an old man; we made him sit down to tea, and invited also his captors, but they declined; one of them went to the table and helped himself to bread and butter, looked at himself in the mirror, and remarked it was "war time." The prisoner, with tears trickling down his cheeks, spoke sadly of his seven children; his guards strove to console him by telling him that "he was an honest Roman, and should not be hurt." Presently we heard a shot, and those strangers said they "supposed Richard Yeates was shot." This was really the case. He was taken into a house, and in despite of his own entreaties, the endeavors of many others to save him, and even the efforts of Priest Cullen, who begged the life of the young man on his knees,—he was murdered, being piked and shot! That day his father had been requested, I suppose by one who knew what was intended, not to let his son leave the house; but he could not prevent him—he would join the corps. His brother-in-law, Norcott D'Esterre, narrowly escaped being taken a prisoner at the same time.

The insurgents at length left, first placing cars on the bridge as a barricade against the army. They took two of our horses. We saw several houses on fire northwards and while standing gazing on them outside our door, bullets whizzed by our ears, and warned us to go in for safety. There had been an engagement on the Bog-road between the army and the insurgents; the latter were worsted, and Malachi Delany, finding his efforts to rally them were in vain, fled along with them. The soldiers retreating to Athy, had fired at random those shots which we had heard, and almost felt, and by which a poor woman was killed and her daughter's arm broken. They had also set the houses on fire; and one sergeant, one might think impelled by his fate, came into the village with a baggage car. It was thought he must have been in liquor, for had he his reason, he could not have thus exposed himself to his enemies in the height of their rage. He had just gone to bed in his lodgings when those enemies rushed in, and quickly put an end to his life.

The insurgents now returned from the Bog-road, and,

having increased to an immense multitude, went to Castledermot late in the evening. Laying our beds on the floor, lest bullets should enter the windows to our destruction, we got some disturbed sleep. All became quiet, and in the morning messages came to us from our neighbors to tell us they were living. This was indeed good news, for we dreaded that many would never have seen the light of morning. The party who attacked Castledermot were repulsed by yeomanry who fired at them from the windows. The crowd dispersed, and did not assemble here in such numbers again.

As my friend and I walked out to see a sick neighbor, we looked with fearful curiosity over a wall, inside of which we saw lying the youthful form of the murdered Richard Yeates. There he had been thrown after his death, his clothes undisturbed, but his bosom all bloody. For many days after I thought my food tasted of blood, and at night I frequently awakened by my feelings of horror, and stretched forth my hand to feel if my husband was safe at my side.

All the horses which could be got were taken by the insurgents. A man came to me with a drawn sword in his hand, demanding my own mare. I told him that one of the Tyrone officers had borrowed her, and fortunately another man who knew me bore testimony to my veracity, so that I was left unharmed. When I saw how the fine horses were abused and galloped without mercy by the insurgents, I rejoiced that my Nell was not in their hands.

A man afterwards came, with a horse-pistol in his hand, to take my husband. My brother had been previously taken, together with some of his guests. They were all to be brought to the camp in the hollow side of the hill at the east, and when the soldiers came, the insurgents said they would be placed in front of the battle, to stop a bullet if they would not fire one. This man, not finding my husband below, and thinking he was concealed, ran upstairs where our little children were in bed, with the huge pistol in his hand, swearing horribly that he would send the contents of it through his head if he did not go with him. I stood at the door, less terrified than I could have expected, and asked a young man who had accompanied the other if they meant to kill us. "To kill you?" he repeated, in a

tone expressive of surprise and sorrow at such a supposition.

At length he prevailed on his angry companion to go away, threatening as he went, that if the Quakers did not take up arms their houses should be in flames, "as Mr. Bayly's was." I was sorry for the destruction of the Hall, but soon found that, though it had been attempted, the fire had been put out before much damage had been done. My husband, having gone to visit my mother, was not found, and did not know he had been sought for. Many came to us weeping and trembling for their friends; and to the doctor, who, having much influence with the people, exerted it to do them good. We could do nothing.

The cars laden with goods from Dublin, which the carriers were bringing to our shopkeepers, were plundered, and a barricade made of them across the road leading down to the village. The insurgents talked boldly of forming a camp on the Curragh. All who were missing were reported to have fallen in the ambush in the wood, or in the encounter at the Bog-road. At both places many did fall. The wife of one of my brother's laborers was told that he lay dead in the wood; she hastened thither; but when she reached the spot, she found the face so disfigured with wounds that she could not recognize it. She examined the linen—it was not his; even this melancholy satisfaction was denied her. But what a satisfaction was in store for her! She met her husband alive and well, and brought him in triumph to the house of their master, whose young daughter Betsy had participated in the anguish of the supposed widow, and now shared her joy with all the vivid warmth of her ardent nature. Though not more than fifteen years old, she was endued with uncommon courage and prudence in this time of trial. Her bodily powers were exerted in paying attention to her father's numerous guests; for over a hundred people sought refuge under his roof; and the strength of her mind seemed to invigorate all around her. A soldier lay ill of a fever in the garden. It would have been death to him if his asylum were known to the insurgents; so she carefully attended to all his wants herself. Such was Betsy Shackleton.

Every one seemed to think that safety and security were to be found in my brother's house. Thither the in-

surgents brought their prisoners, and thither, also, their own wounded and suffering comrades. It was an awful sight to behold in that large parlor such a mingled assembly of throbbing, anxious hearts—my brother's own family, silent tears rolling down their faces, the wives of loyal officers, the wives of the soldiers, the wives and daughters of the insurgents, the numerous guests, the prisoners, the trembling women—all dreading to see the door open, lest some new distress, some fresh announcement of horrors should enter. It was awful; but every scene was now awful, and we knew not what a day might bring forth.

All our houses were thronged with people seeking refreshment and repose, and threatening to take possession for the purpose of firing upon the soldiery when they should come. Ours seemed peculiarly adapted for such a purpose, being a corner house, and in a central situation; so, believing its destruction was inevitable, I packed up in a small trunk such portable articles as I esteemed of most value, amongst which were some of my dear friends' letters, and I made packages of clothes for my husband, myself, and the little ones. I wore two pairs of pockets, wishing to preserve as much as I could; though in my heart I had not much fear of an engagement, believing that the spirit which had animated the insurgents had evaporated.

Young girls dressed in white, with green ribbons, and carrying pikes, accompanied the insurgents. They had patrols and a countersign, but it was long before they could decide upon the password. At length they fixed upon the word "Scourges." Sentinels were placed in various parts of the village. One day, as I went to my brother's, a sentinel called to a man who walked with me not to advance on pain of being shot. The sentinel was my former friend, "the Canny." I approached him and asked would he shoot me if I proceeded. "Shoot you!" exclaimed he, taking my hand and kissing it, adding a eulogium on the Quakers. I told him it would be well if they were all of our way of thinking, for then there would be no such work as the present. I thought I could comprehend "Canny's" incoherent answer, "Aye, but you know our Saviour—scourges, oh! the scourges!" With little exception, we were kindly treated, and

the females amongst us were frequently encouraged to dismiss our fears, with hearty shakes of the hand, and assurances that they would "burn those who would burn us." We began to be familiarized with these dangers; and added our entreaties to the representations of our men that they should give up their arms, and resign the project which threatened them with destruction.

They had been mistaken as to their prospect of success. Dublin was safe, and at Naas and Kilcullen great slaughter of the insurgents had been made, though on Kilcullengreen many of the military had also fallen. An attack in the night had been made on Carlow, which was repulsed with slaughter, amounting almost to massacre. A row of cabins in which numbers of the defeated insurgents had taken shelter were set on fire, and the inmates burned to death. No quarter was given,—no mercy shown; and most of those who had escaped, burning with disappointment, rage, and revenge, joined the Wexford party.

John Bewley, a man endued with wisdom, courage, and benevolence, exerted them all in behalf of the deluded people, along with my husband and brother; and as he was not exposed to the suspicion which attached to an inhabitant, he treated with Colonel Campbell on their behalf. The Colonel was willing to make favorable terms with the insurgents, most of whom were willing to come in to him, but a few still held out, and amongst these was a priest. John Bewley proposed to take another message to Colonel Campbell; the people at length consented; but so much time had been lost meanwhile that Colonel Campbell's terms were now less favorable. Six hostages were demanded to be sent before an appointed time, to guarantee the surrender of the arms before the noon of the next day. They could not decide upon the hostages, the hour passed by, and the fate of Ballitore was sealed!

We believed the hostages had been sent, for we perceived the people had begun to weary of ill-doing; and a stranger, who begged some refreshment wistfully, asked me when there would be peace. We got our beds replaced upon their steads, and sank into that quiet repose which for some nights we had not known, little imagining what the morrow was to bring forth. This eventful morrow was the 27th of Fifth-month (May). At three o'clock in the morn-

ing the intelligence that the army was near roused us from our beds. We saw the glitter of arms through the dust which the horses of the 9th Dragoons made, galloping along the high road from Carlow. We heard the shots repeatedly fired. We saw the military descend the hill, cross the bridge, and halt before our house, where some dismounted and entered, and asked for milk and water.

As I handed it, I trembled; my spirits, which had risen superior to the danger till now, fell; the dragoon perceived my emotion, and kindly told me I need not fear, that they came to protect us, adding, "It is well you were not all murdered!" Thus assured, I recovered my composure. I should not have recovered it so easily had I known that my brother and his friends had walked forth to meet the troops, who were commanded by Major Dennis. John Bewley, holding up a paper from Colonel Campbell, said, "We are prisoners!" "It is well for you," said the Major, "that you are prisoners, else I should have shot you, every man." Then raising himself in his stirrups, he revoked the orders given to his men, to fire upon every man in colored clothes. Oh, rash and cruel orders, which exposed to such danger lives of such value, which if thus sacrificed no regrets could have restored! Nothing could justify such commands.

I thought the bitterness of death was passed, but the work was not yet begun. Colonel Campbell's men, who had impatiently rested on their arms several hours, marched out of Athy. They took Narraghmore in their way, and directed their mistaken rage against the newly erected house of Colonel Keatinge, planting cannon to destroy the dwelling which so much worth had inhabited. They mortally wounded John Carroll, cousin to the Colonel. This party of soldiers entered Ballitore exhausted by rage and fatigue; they brought cannon. Cannon in Ballitore! The horse and foot had now met. Colonel Campbell was here in person and many other officers. The insurgents had fled on the first alarm—the peaceable inhabitants remained. The trumpet was sounded, and the peaceable inhabitants were delivered up for two hours to the unbridled license of a furious soldiery! How shall I continue the fearful narrative!

My mind could never arrange the transactions which

were crowded into those two hours. Every house in the Burrow was in flames; a row of houses opposite to the School was also set on fire; none others were burnt immediately in the village, but a great many windows were broken, and when I heard this crash I thought it was cannon. We saw soldiers bending under loads of plunder. Captain Palmer came in to see me, and was truly solicitous about us, and insisted on giving us "a protection." Soldiers came in for milk; some of their countenances were pale with anger, and they grinned at me, calling me names which I had never heard before. They said I had poisoned the milk which I gave them, and desired me to drink some, which I did with much indignation. Others were civil, and one inquired if we had had any United Irishmen in the house. I told them we had. In that fearful time the least equivocation, the least deception appeared to me to be fraught with danger. The soldier continued his inquiry—"Had they plundered us?" "No, except of eating and drinking." "On free quarters," he replied, smiling, and went away.

A fine-looking man, a soldier, came in, in an extravagant passion; neither his rage nor my terror could prevent me from observing that this man was strikingly handsome; he asked me the same question in the same terms—and I made the same answer. He cursed me with great bitterness, and, raising his musket, presented it to my breast. I desired him not to shoot me. It seemed as if he had the will, but not the power to do so. He turned from me, dashed pans and jugs off the kitchen table with his musket, and shattered the kitchen window. Terrified almost out of my wits, I ran out of the house, followed by several women almost as much frightened as myself. When I fled, my fears gained strength, and I believed my enemy was pursuing; I thought of throwing myself into the river at the foot of the garden, thinking the bullet could not hurt me in the water. One of our servants ran into the street to call for help. William Richardson and Charles Coote, who kindly sat on their horses outside our windows, came in and turned the ruffian out of the house.

That danger passed, I beheld from the back window of our parlor the dark red flames of Gavin's house and others rising above the green of the trees. At the same time a fat

tobacconist from Carlow lolled upon one of our chairs, and talked boastingly of the exploits performed by the military whom he had accompanied; how they had shot several, adding, "We burned one fellow in a barrel." I never in my life felt disgust so strongly; it even overpowered the horror due to the deed, which had been actually committed. The stupid cruelty of a man in civil life, which urged him voluntarily and without necessity to leave his home and bear a part in such scenes, was far more revolting than the fiery wrath of a soldier.

While Captain Palmer was with me, a soldier who had been previously quartered at my mother's came to him, to beg leave to go see "the old mistress." My dear mother, who was now in the stage of second childhood, in her unconsciousness of what was passing had lost the timidity of her nature, mingled and conversed freely in her simplicity with all parties, and was treated by all with the greatest respect and tenderness; for, amid the darkness of the tumult, some rays of light gleamed forth, some countenances expressed humanity and a weariness of the work of death.

I must be an egotist in these relations, for I can scarcely describe anything but what I saw and heard. I scarce had the guidance even of my own movements. Sometimes I found myself with my children, whom I had shut up in a back room; again I was below, inquiring for my husband. Our old gardener was discovered lying in the shrubbery, and the instrument of death which was aimed at his defenseless breast was arrested by his daughter, who, rushing forward, begged that her life might be taken instead. The soldier spared both, but poor Polly was ever after subject to fits, which reduced her to a deplorable situation, and by which she eventually lost her life, being seized with one as she crossed a stream. A carpenter in the village took his goods into the graveyard, and hid himself and his family there. But in vain—this solemn retreat was violated, their goods were plundered, and the poor old man was murdered in wanton cruelty.

Owen Finn, the smith, who had been imprisoned and liberated, felt himself secure because of his late acquittal, and could not be prevailed upon to conceal himself or leave his house. Alas! he was mistaken in expecting that rage

reeking with blood would stop to discriminate. Owen was dragged out of his cottage; his pleadings were not listened to; his cottage, where industry had assembled many comforts, was pillaged and then set on fire. His wife ran through the crowd, to assure herself of her husband's safety. She beheld his bleeding and dead body. She threw herself with her infant upon the corpse, while those who had wrought her misery assaulted her with abusive language, and threatened to kill her also. "And I wished," said she, "that they would kill me!"

Tom Duffy, called "the Fairy," had come from Dublin that morning to the house of his sister, whose husband was a yeoman, and had fallen in the battle of Kilcullen. The widow, though agonized with sorrow, found some little comfort in assuring herself and her children of protection by reason of her husband having suffered on the side of government. Her grief was mingled with astonishment heightened to frenzy when she found she had deceived herself. Her brother, poor Fairy Tom, was murdered; her son was murdered; her servant-boy was murdered; her house was plundered; her little daughter, on seeing her brother's corpse, fell into fits which caused her death; and her own reason gave way. Such are the horrors of civil war.

EDMUND LEAMY.

(1848 —)

EDMUND LEAMY, M.P., was born in Waterford, on Christmas day, 1848. He was educated at the University High School in that city and at Tullabeg College. He studied for the law, entered the profession as a solicitor, and was called to the Irish bar in 1885. In 1880 he entered Parliament as one of the representatives of the city of Waterford, and became an adherent of Parnell, whom he continued to support to the close of that statesman's political career. He contested Galway unsuccessfully in 1900, but was returned for North Kildare later in the same year. As an orator he is simple, passionate, direct. He has written 'Irish Fairy Tales' and 'The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure,' besides many uncollected stories in Irish newspapers and magazines.

THE GOLDEN SPEARS.

From 'Irish Fairy Tales.'

Once upon a time there lived in a little house under a hill a little old woman and her two children, whose names were Connla and Nora. Right in front of the door of the little house lay a pleasant meadow, and beyond the meadow rose up to the skies a mountain whose top was sharp-pointed like a spear. For more than half-way up it was clad with heather, and when the heather was in bloom it looked like a purple robe falling from the shoulders of the mountain down to its feet. Above the heather it was bare and gray, but when the sun was sinking in the sea, its last rays rested on the bare mountain top, and made it gleam like a spear of gold, and so the children always called it the "Golden Spear."

In summer days they gamboled in the meadow, plucking the sweet wild grasses—and often and often they clambered up the mountain side, knee-deep in the heather, sarching for *frechans*¹ and wild honey; and sometimes they found a bird's nest—but they only peeped into it, they never touched the eggs or allowed their breath to fall upon them, for next to their little mother they loved the moun-

¹ *Frechans*, huckleberries.

tain, and next to the mountain they loved the wild birds who made the spring and summer weather musical with their songs.

Sometimes the soft white mist would steal through the glen, and creeping up the mountain would cover it with a veil, so dense that the children could not see it, and then they would say to each other: "Our mountain is gone away from us." But when the mist would lift and float off into the skies, the children would clap their hands and say: "Oh, there 's our mountain back again!"

In the long nights of winter they babbled of the spring and summer time to come, when the birds would once more sing for them, and never a day passed that they didn't fling crumbs outside their door, and on the borders of the wood that stretched away towards the glen.

When the spring days came they awoke with the first light of the morning, and they knew the very minute when the lark would begin to sing, and when the thrush and the blackbird would pour out their liquid notes, and when the robin would make the soft, green, tender leaves tremulous at his song.

It chanced one day that when they were resting in the noontide heat, under the perfumed shade of a hawthorn in bloom, they saw on the edge of the meadow, spread out before them, a speckled thrush cowering in the grass.

"Oh, Connla! Connla! Look at the thrush—and look, look up in the sky, there is a hawk!" cried Nora.

Connla looked up, and he saw the hawk with quivering wings, and he knew that in a second it would pounce down on the frightened thrush. He jumped to his feet, fixed a stone in his sling, and before the whirr of the stone shooting through the air was silent, the stricken hawk tumbled headlong in the grass.

The thrush, shaking its wings, rose joyously in the air, and perching upon an elm-tree in sight of the children, he sang a song so sweet that they left the hawthorn shade, and walked along together until they stood under the branches of the elm; and they listened and listened to the thrush's song, and at last Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever hear a song so sweet as this?"

"No," said Connla, "and I do believe sweeter music was never heard before."

"Ah," said the thrush, "that 's because you never heard the nine little pipers playing. And now, Connla and Nora, you saved my life to-day."

"It was Nora saved it," said Connla, "for she pointed you out to me, and also pointed out the hawk which was about to pounce on you."

"It was Connla saved you," said Nora, "for he slew the hawk with his sling."

"I owe my life to both of you," said the thrush. "You like my song, and you say you have never heard anything so sweet; but wait till you hear the nine little pipers playing."

"And when shall we hear them?" said the children.

"Well," said the thrush, "sit outside your door to-morrow evening, and wait and watch until the shadows have crept up the heather, and then, when the mountain top is gleaming like a golden spear, look at the line where the shadow on the heather meets the sunshine, and you shall see what you shall see."

And having said this, the thrush sang another song sweeter than the first, and then saying "Good-bye!" he flew away into the woods.

The children went home, and all night long they were dreaming of the thrush and the nine little pipers; and when the birds sang in the morning, they got up and went out into the meadow to watch the mountain.

The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and no shadows lay on the mountain, and all day long they watched and waited; and at last, when the birds were singing their farewell song to the evening star, the children saw the shadows marching from the glen, trooping up the mountain side, and dimming the purple of the heather.

And when the mountain top gleamed like a golden spear, they fixed their eyes on the line between the shadow and the sunshine.

"Now," said Connla, "the time has come."

"Oh, look look!" said Nora; and as she spoke, just above the line of shadow a door opened out, and through its portals came a little piper dressed in green and gold. He stepped down, followed by another and another, until they were nine in all, and then the door swung back again. Down through the heather marched the pipers in single

file, and all the time they played a music so sweet that the birds, who had gone to sleep in their nests, came out upon the branches to listen to them. And then they crossed the meadow, and they went on and on until they disappeared in the leafy woods.

While they were passing the children were spellbound, and couldn't speak, but when the music had died away in the woods, they said:

"The thrush is right; that is the sweetest music that was ever heard in all the world!"

And when the children went to bed that night the fairy music came to them in their dreams. But when the morning broke, and they looked out upon their mountain and could see no trace of the door above the heather, they asked each other whether they had really seen the little pipers or only dreamt of them.

That day they went out into the woods, and they sat beside a stream that pattered along beneath the trees, and through the leaves tossing in the breeze the sun flashed down upon the streamlet, and shadow and sunshine danced upon it. As the children watched the water sparkling where the sunlight fell, Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever see anything so bright and clear and glancing as that?"

"No," said Connla, "I never did."

"That's because you never saw the crystal hall of the fairy of the mountains," said a voice above the heads of the children.

And when they looked up, who should they see perched on a branch but the thrush.

"And where is the crystal hall of the fairy?" said Connla.

"Oh, it is where it always was, and where it always will be," said the thrush. "And you can see it if you like."

"We would like to see it," said the children.

"Well, then," said the thrush, "if you would, all you have to do is to follow the nine little pipers when they come down through the heather, and cross the meadow to-morrow evening."

And the thrush having said this, flew away.

Connla and Nora went home, and that night they fell

asleep talking of the thrush, and the fairy and the crystal hall.

All the next day they counted the minutes, until they saw the shadows thronging from the glen and scaling the mountain side. And, at last, they saw the door springing open, and the nine little pipers marching down.

They waited until the pipers had crossed the meadow and were about to enter the wood. And then they followed them, the pipers marching on before them and playing all the time. It was not long until they had passed through the wood, and then what should the children see rising up before them, but another mountain smaller than their own, but, like their own, clad more than half-way up with purple heather, and whose top was bare and sharp-pointed, and gleaming like a golden spear.

Up through the heather climbed the pipers, up through the heather the children clambered after them; and the moment the pipers passed the heather a door opened and they marched in, the children following, and the door closed behind them.

Connla and Nora were so dazzled by the light that hit their eyes when they had crossed the threshold that they had to shade them with their hands; but after a moment or two they became able to bear the splendor, and when they looked around they saw that they were in a noble hall, whose crystal roof was supported by two rows of crystal pillars rising from a crystal floor; and the walls were of crystal couches, with coverings and cushions of sapphire silk with silver tassels.

Over the crystal floor the little pipers marched, over the crystal floor the children followed; and when a door at the end of the hall was opened to let the pipers pass, a crowd of colors came rushing in, and floor, and ceiling, and stately pillars, and glancing couches, and shining walls, were stained with a thousand dazzling hues.

Out through the door the pipers marched, out through the door the children followed; and when they crossed the threshold they were treading on clouds of amber, of purple, and of gold.

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we have walked into the sunset!"

And around and about them everywhere were soft,

fleecy clouds, and over their heads was the glowing sky, and the stars were shining through it, as a lady's eyes shine through a veil of gossamer. And the sky and stars seemed so near that Connla thought he could almost touch them with his hand.

When they had gone some distance, the pipers disappeared, and when Connla and Nora came up to the spot where they had seen the last of them, they found themselves at the head of a ladder, all the steps of which were formed of purple and amber clouds that descended to what appeared to be a vast and shining plain, streaked with purple and gold. In the spaces between the streaks of gold and purple, they saw soft, milk-white stars. And the children thought that the great plain, so far below them, also belonged to cloudland.

They could not see the little pipers, but up the steps was borne by the cool sweet air, the fairy music; and lured on by it step by step they traveled down the fleecy stairway. When they were little more than half-way down there came mingled with the music a sound almost as sweet—the sound of waters toying in the still air with pebbles on a shelving beach, and with the sound came the odorous brine of the ocean. And then the children knew that what they thought was a plain in the realms of cloudland was the sleeping sea, unstirred by wind or tide, dreaming of the purple clouds and stars of the sunset sky above it.

When Connla and Nora reached the strand they saw the nine little pipers marching out towards the sea, and they wondered where they were going to. And they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw them stepping out upon the level ocean as if they were walking upon the land; and away the nine little pipers marched, treading the golden line, cast upon the waters by the setting sun. And as the music became fainter and fainter as the pipers passed into the glowing distance, the children began to wonder what was to become of themselves. Just at that very moment they saw coming towards them from the sinking sun a little white horse, with flowing mane and tail and golden hoofs. On the horse's back was a little man dressed in shining green silk. When the horse galloped on to the strand the little man doffed his hat, and said to the children:

"Would you like to follow the nine little pipers?"

The children said "Yes."

"Well then," said the little man, "come up here behind me; you, Nora, first, and Connla after."

Connla helped up Nora and then climbed on to the little steed himself; and as soon as they were properly seated, the little man said "Swish!" and away went the steed, galloping over the sea without wetting hair or hoof. But fast as he galloped the nine little pipers were always ahead of him, although they seemed to be going only at a walking pace. When at last he came up rather close to the hindmost of them the nine little pipers disappeared, but the children heard the music playing beneath the waters; the white steed pulled up suddenly and wouldn't move a step farther.

"Now," said the little man to the children, "clasp me tight, Nora, and do you, Connla, cling on to Nora, and both of you shut your eyes."

The children did as they were bidden, and the little man cried:

"Swish! Swash!"

And the steed went down and down until at last his feet struck the bottom.

"Now open you eyes," said the little man.

And when the children did so, they saw beneath the horse's feet a golden strand, and above their heads the sea like a transparent cloud between them and the sky. And once more they heard the fairy music, and marching on the strand before them were the nine little pipers.

"You must get off now," said the little man, "I can go no farther with you."

The children scrambled down, and the little man cried "Swish!" and himself and the steed shot up through the sea, and they saw him no more. Then they set out after the nine little pipers, and it wasn't long until they saw rising up from the golden strand and pushing their heads up into the sea above, a mass of dark-gray rocks. And as they were gazing at them they saw the rocks opening, and the nine little pipers disappearing through them.

The children hurried on, and when they came up close to the rocks, they saw sitting on a flat and polished stone, a mermaid combing her golden hair, and singing a strange

sweet song, that brought the tears to their eyes; and by the mermaid's side was a little sleek brown otter.

When the mermaid saw them she flung her golden tresses back over her snow-white shoulders, and she beckoned the children to her. Her large eyes were full of sadness; but there was a look so tender upon her face that the children moved towards her without any fear.

"Come to me, little one," she said to Nora; "come and kiss me!" and in a second her arms were around the child. The mermaid kissed her again and again, and as the tears rushed to her eyes, she said:

"Oh, Nora, avourneen, your breath is as sweet as the wild rose that blooms in the green fields of Erin, and happy are you, my children, who have come so lately from that pleasant land. Oh, Connla! Connla! I get the scent of the dew of the Irish grasses and of the purple heather from your feet. And you both can soon return to Erin of the Streams, but I shall not see it till three hundred years have passed away, for I am Liban the Mermaid, daughter of a line of kings. But I may not keep you here. The Fairy Queen is waiting for you in her snow-white palace and her fragrant bowers. And now, kiss me once more, Nora; and kiss me, Connla. May luck and joy go with you, and all gentleness be upon you both!"

Then the children said good-bye to the mermaid, and the rocks opened for them and they passed through, and soon they found themselves in a meadow starred with flowers, and through the meadow sped a sunlit stream. They followed the stream until it led them into a garden of roses, and beyond the garden, standing on a gentle hill, was a palace white as snow. Before the palace was a crowd of fairy maidens pelting each other with rose-leaves. But when they saw the children they gave over their play, and came trooping towards them.

"Our queen is waiting for you," they said; and then they led the children to the palace-door. The children entered, and after passing through a long corridor they found themselves in a crystal hall, so like the one they had seen in the mountain of the Golden Spear that they thought it was the same. But on all the crystal couches fairies, dressed in silken robes of many colors, were sitting, and at the end of the hall, on a crystal throne, was seated the

Fairy Queen, looking lovelier than the evening star. The queen descended from her throne to meet the children, and, taking them by the hands, she led them up the shining steps. Then sitting down, she made them sit beside her, Connla on her right hand and Nora on her left.

Then she ordered the nine little pipers to come before her, and she said to them :

“So far, you have done your duty faithfully, and now play one more sweet air and your task is done.”

And the little pipers played, and from the couches at the first sound of the music all the fairies rose, and, taking partners, they danced over the crystal floor as lightly as the young leaves dancing in the wind.

Listening to the fairy music, and watching the wavy motion of the dancing fairies, the children fell asleep. When they awoke next morning and rose from their silken beds, they were no longer children. Nora was a graceful and stately maiden, and Connla a handsome and gallant youth. They looked at each other for a moment in surprise, and then Connla said :

“Oh, Nora, how tall and beautiful you are!”

“Oh, not so tall and handsome as you are, Connla!” said Nora, as she flung her white arms round his neck and kissed her brother’s lips.

Then they drew back to get a better look of each other, and who should step between them but the Fairy Queen.

“Oh, Nora, Nora,” said she, “I am not as high as your knee! and as for you, Connla, you look as straight and as tall as one of the round towers of Erin!”

“And how did we grow so tall in one night?” said Connla.

“In one night!” said the Fairy Queen. “One night indeed! Why, you have been fast asleep, the two of you, for the last seven years!”

“And where was the little mother all that time?” said Connla and Nora together.

“Oh, the little mother was all right. She knew where you were; but she is expecting you to-day, and so you must go off to see her, although I would like to keep you if I had my way—all to myself here in the fairyland under the sea. And you will see her to-day; but before you go, here is a necklace for you, Nora; it is formed out of the drops of the

ocean spray, sparkling in the sunshine. They were caught by my fairy nymph, for you, as they skimmed the sunlit billows under the shape of sea-birds, and no queen or princess in the world can match their luster with the diamonds won with toil from the caves of the earth. As for you, Connla, see, here 's a helmet of shining gold fit for a king of Erin,—and a king of Erin you will be yet,—and here 's a spear that will pierce any shield, and here 's a shield that no spèar can pierce and no sword can cleave as long as you fasten your warrior cloak with this brooch of gold."

And as she spoke she flung round Connla's shoulders a flowing mantle of yellow silk, and pinned it at his neck with a red gold brooch.

"And now, my children, you must go away from me. You, Nora, will be a warrior's bride in Erin of the Streams. And you, Connla, will be king yet over the loveliest province in all the land of Erin; but you will have to fight for your crown, and days of battle are before you. They will not come for a long time after you have left the fairy-land under the sea, and until they come, lay aside your helmet, shield, and spear, and warrior's cloak and golden brooch. But when the time comes when you will be called to battle, enter not upon it without the golden brooch I give you fastened in your cloak, for if you do, harm will come to you. Now kiss me, children; your little mother is waiting for you at the foot of the Golden Spear; but do not forget to say good-bye to Liban the Mermaid, exiled from the land she loves, and pining in sadness beneath the sea."

Connla and Nora kissed the Fairy Queen, and Connla, wearing his golden helmet and silken cloak, and carrying his shield and spear, led Nora with him. They passed from the palace through the garden of roses, through the flowery meadow, through the dark-gray rocks, until they reached the golden strand; and there sitting, and singing the strange sweet song, was Liban the Mermaid.

"And so you are going up to Erin," she said, "up through the covering waters. Kiss me, children, once again; and when you are in Erin of the Streams, sometimes think of the exile from Erin beneath the sea."

And the children kissed the mermaid, and with sad hearts, bidding her good-bye, they walked along the golden strand. When they had gone what seemed to them a long

way, they began to feel weary, and just then they saw coming towards them a little man in a red jacket leading a coal-black steed.

When they met the little man, he said :

“ Connla, put Nora up on this steed, then jump up before her.”

Connla did as he was told, and when both of them were mounted—

“ Now, Connla,” said the little man, “ catch the bridle in your hands, and you, Nora, clasp Connla round the waist, and close your eyes.”

They did as they were bidden, and then the little man said “ Swash, swish!” and the steed shot up from the strand, like a lark from the grass, and pierced the covering sea and went bounding on over the level waters; and when his hoofs struck the hard ground, Connla and Nora opened their eyes and they saw that they were galloping towards a shady wood.

On went the steed, and soon he was galloping beneath the branches that almost touched Connla’s head. And on they went until they had passed through the wood, and then they saw rising up before them the “ Golden Spear.”

“ Oh, Connla,” said Nora, “ we are at home at last!”

“ Yes,” said Connla, “ but where is the little house under the hill? ”

And no little house was there; but in its stead was standing a lime-white mansion.

“ What can this mean? ” said Nora.

But before Connla could reply, the steed had galloped up to the door of the mansion, and in the twinkling of an eye Connla and Nora were standing on the ground outside the door, and the steed had vanished.

Before they could recover from their surprise, the little mother came rushing out to them and flung her arms around their necks, and kissed them both again and again.

“ Oh, children! children! You are welcome home to me; for though I knew it was all for the best, my heart was lonely without you!”

And Connla and Nora caught up the little mother in their arms, and they carried her into the hall and set her down on the floor.

“ Oh, Nora,” said the little mother, “ you are a head over

me! and as for you, Connla, you look almost as tall as one of the round towers of Erin!"

"That's what the Fairy Queen said, mother," said Nora.

"Blessings on the Fairy Queen!" said the little mother. "Turn round, Connla, till I look at you."

Connla turned round, and the little mother said: "Oh, Connla, with your golden helmet and your spear, and your glancing shield, and your silken cloak, you look like a king! But take them off, my boy, beautiful as they are. Your little mother would like to see you, her own brave boy, without any fairy finery."

And Connla laid aside his spear and shield, and took off his golden helmet and his silken cloak. Then he caught the little mother and kissed her, and lifted her up until she was as high as his head. And said he:

"Don't you know, little mother, I'd rather have you than all the world!"

And that night, when they were sitting down by the fire together you may be sure that in the whole world no people were half as happy as Nora, Connla, and the little mother.

A ROYAL LOVE.

I.

I loved a love—a royal love—

In the golden long ago;

And she was fair as fair could be,

The foam upon the broken sea,

The sheen of sun, or moon, or star,

The sparkle from the diamond spar,

Not half so rare and radiant are

As my own love—my royal love—

In the golden long ago.

II.

And she had stately palace halls—

In the golden long ago;

And warriors, men of stainless swords,

Were seated at her festive boards,

Fierce champions of her lightest words,

While hymned the bard the chieftains' praise,
 And sang their deeds of battle days,
 To cheer my love—my royal love—
 In the golden long ago.

III.

She wore a stately diadem—
 In the golden long ago,
 Wrought by a cunning craftsman's hand
 And fashioned from a battle brand;
 As fit for the queen of a soldier land,
 Her scepter was a saber keen,
 Her robe a robe of radiant green,
 My queenly love—my royal love—
 In the golden long ago.

IV.

Alas for my love—my royal love—
 Of the golden long ago!
 For gone are all her warrior bands,
 And rusted are her battle brands,
 And broken her saber bright and keen,
 And torn her robe of radiant green,
 A slave where she was stainless queen—
 My loyal love—my royal love—
 Of the golden long ago.

V.

But there is hope for my royal love
 Of the golden long ago;
 Beyond the broad and shining sea
 Gathers a stubborn chivalry
 That yet will come to make her free,
 And hedge her round with gleaming spears,
 And crown her queen for all the years,
 My only love—my royal love—
 Of the golden long ago.

WILLIAM E. H. LECKY.

(1838—1903.)

"MR. LECKY," says Mr. Justin McCarthy in 'A History of Our Own Times,' "has probably more of the philosophic mind than any of his contemporaries. He has treated history on a large scale and in the philosophical spirit. He has taken a wide and liberal survey of the progress of thought and morals as a whole, and then has brought the knowledge and observation thus acquired to the practical purpose of illustrating certain passages of history and periods of human development. His 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' is not more remarkable thus far for the closeness and fullness of its details than for its breadth of view and its calmness of judgment. Mr. Lecky is always the historian and never the partisan. His works grow on the reader. They do not turn upon him all at once a sudden glare like the flash of a revolving light, but they fill the mind gradually with a sense of their justice, their philosophic thought, and the clear calmness of their historical observation."

He was born at Newton Park near Dublin, March 26, 1838. He went through the usual course in Trinity College; being graduated B.A. in 1859 and M.A. in 1863. His first work, 'The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' was published anonymously in 1861. In this volume the great men who have at different times controlled Irish destinies are passed in review—Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell; and their lives, characters, and influences are discussed. The work was not acknowledged till 1871–72, when a new edition was published. In 1865 appeared the 'History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.' This work has already passed through several editions. The 'History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne' followed in 1869, and subsequently 'A History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' 'Poems,' 'Democracy and Liberty,' and others.

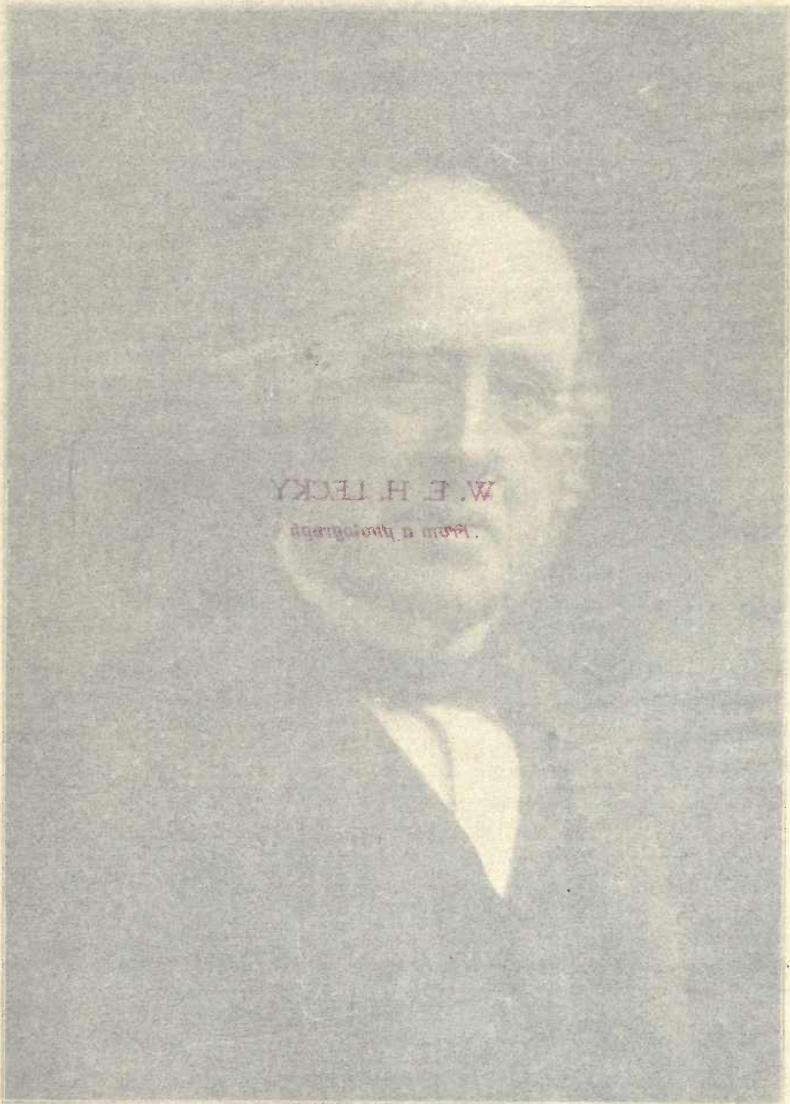
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In the division of the Liberal party in 1886 Lecky joined the Unionist branch and became an ardent opponent of Home Rule. In 1895 he took his seat in Parliament, representing the University of Dublin. In 1897 he was made a Privy Councillor.

He made little mark in Parliament. His health was feeble, his voice was weak, and he was too much of a student and philosopher to adapt himself to the hustling, practical, and sometimes unruly spirit of the House of Commons.

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From a photograph.

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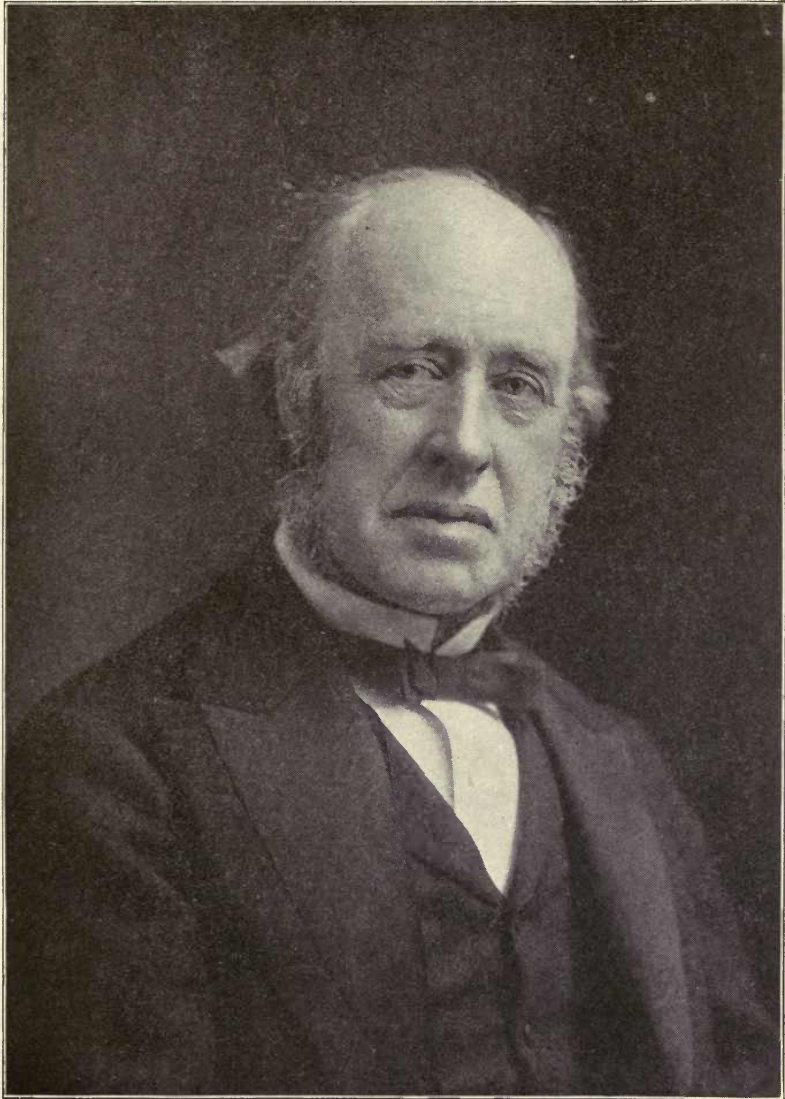
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have been translated into German, and some of them into other languages. Mr. Lecky received the honorary degree of LL.D. from his own University of Dublin and the University of St. Andrews; the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and the degree of Litt.D. from the University of Cambridge. In 1894 he was elected corresponding member to the Institute of France. He contributed, but not frequently, to periodical literature.

Mr. Lecky carried out his various researches with the patient thoroughness of the German investigator, and his immense erudition was not only thoroughly digested but was made the subject of long and exhaustive contemplation. Of his works the three that stand out most strikingly are his history of the rise of rationalism in Europe, his two volumes on the 'History of European Morals,' and his studies of 'English History during the Eighteenth Century.' Each of these books is a masterpiece and each represents the labors of at least ten of the best years of the author's life. The 'History of European Morals' has for many years been used as a text-book and standard work of reference in the German Universities.

This is not only fascinating because of its lucid style, which at times rises to a manly eloquence, but the abundant footnotes with which it is supplied make it a perfect treasure-house of curious and suggestive information. Lecky ransacked and explored every possible source available, from the literature of Greece and Rome to the most obscure records of medievalism; and when he finally sat down to write he did it with a fullness of knowledge that enabled him to make this highly philosophical exposition interesting not only to scholars but to every thoughtful man.

In his poems, written in "many years and in many moods," there are passages of grace and beauty—and traces of the spiritual conflict through which the writer passed. The following has been taken as a piece of self-revelation:

"He found his work, but far behind
Lay something that he could not find—
Deep springs of passion that can make
A life sublime for others' sake,
And led to work the living glow
That saints and bards and heroes know.
The power lay there—unfolded power—
A bud that never bloomed a flower;
For half beliefs and jaded moods
Of worldlings, critics, cynics, prudes,
Lay round his path and dimmed and chilled
Illusions past. High hopes were killed;
But duty lived. He sought not far
The "might be" in the things that are;
His ear caught no celestial strain;
He dreamt of no millennial reign.
Brave, true, unhoping, calm, austere,
He labored in a narrow sphere,
And found in work his spirit needs—
The last, if not the best, of creeds."

DUBLIN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From 'History of England.'

What I have written may be sufficient to show that Irish life in the first half of the eighteenth century was not altogether the corrupt, frivolous, grotesque, and barbarous thing that it has been represented; that among many and glaring vices some real public spirit and intellectual energy may be discerned. It may be added that great improvements were at this time made in the material aspect of Dublin.

In the middle of the eighteenth century it was in dimensions and population the second city in the empire, containing, according to the most trustworthy accounts, between 100,000 and 120,000 inhabitants. Like most things in Ireland, it presented vivid contrasts, and strangers were equally struck with the crowds of beggars, the inferiority of the inns, the squalid wretchedness of the streets of the old town, and with the noble proportions of the new quarter, and the brilliant and hospitable society that inhabited it. The Liffey was spanned by four bridges, and another on a grander scale was undertaken in 1753. St. Stephen's Green was considered the largest square in Europe.

The quays of Dublin were widely celebrated; but the chief boast of the city was the new Parliament House, which was built between 1729 and 1739 for the very moderate sum of £34,000 (\$170,000), and was justly regarded as far superior in beauty to the Parliament House of Westminster. In the reigns of Elizabeth and of the early Stuarts the Irish Parliament met in the Castle under the eyes of the chief governor. It afterwards assembled at the Tholsel, in Chichester House, and during the erection of the Parliament House in two great rooms of the Foundling Hospital. The new edifice was chiefly built by the surveyor-general, Sir Edward Pearce, who was a member of the Irish Parliament, and it entitles him to a very high place among the architects of his time.

In ecclesiastical architecture the city had nothing to boast of, for the churches, with one or two exceptions, were wholly devoid of beauty, and their monuments were clumsy, scanty, and mean; but the college, though it

wanted the venerable charm of the English universities, spread in stately squares far beyond its original limits.

The cheapness of its education and the prevailing distaste for industrial life which induced crowds of poor gentry to send their sons to the university, when they would have done far better to send them to the counter, contributed to support it, and in spite of great discouragement it appears on the whole to have escaped the torpor which had at this time fallen over the universities of England. It is said before the middle of the century to have contained about seven hundred students. A laboratory and anatomical theater had been opened in 1710 and 1711. The range of instruction had been about the same time enlarged by the introduction of lectures on chemistry, anatomy, and botany, and a few years later by the foundation of new lectureships on oratory, history, natural and experimental philosophy. The library was assisted by grants from the Irish Parliament. It was enriched by large collections of books and manuscripts bequeathed during the first half of the eighteenth century by Palliser, Archbishop of Cashel, by Gilbert, the vice-provost and professor of divinity, and by Stearn, the Bishop of Clogher, and its present noble reading-room was opened in 1732. Another library—comprising that which had once belonged to Stillingfleet—had been founded in Dublin by Bishop Marsh, and was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1707.

The traces of recent civil war and the arrogance of a dominant minority were painfully apparent. The statue of William III. stood as the most conspicuous monument opposite the Parliament of Ireland. A bust of the same sovereign, bearing an insulting distich reflecting on the adherents of James, was annually painted by the corporation. The toast of "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" was given on all public occasions by the viceroy. The walls of the House of Lords were hung with tapestry representing the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne. A standing order of the House of Commons excluded Catholics even from the gallery. The anniversaries of the battle of Aughrim, of the battle of the Boyne, of the Gunpowder Plot, and, above all, of the discovery of the rebellion of 1641, were always celebrated. On the last-named occasion the lord-lieutenant went in full state to Christ's

Church, where a sermon on the rebellion was preached. At noon the great guns of the castle were fired. The church bells were rung, and the day concluded with bonfires and illuminations.

Like London and Edinburgh, Dublin possessed many elements of disorder, and several men were killed and several others hamstrung or otherwise brutally injured in savage feuds between the Ormond and the Liberty boys, between the students of the university and the butchers around St. Patrick, between the butchers and the weavers, and between the butchers and the soldiers.

As in most English towns, bull-baiting was a very popular amusement, and many riots grew out of the determination of the populace to bait cattle that were being brought to market. Occasionally, too, in seasons of great distress there were outbreaks against foreign goods, and shops containing them were sacked.

The police of the town seems to have been very insufficient, but an important step was taken in the cause of order by the adoption in 1719 of a new system of lighting the streets after the model of London, which was extended to Cork and Limerick. Large lanterns were provided at the public expense to be lighted in the dark quarters of the moon from half an hour after sunset till two in the morning; in the other quarters of the moon, during which there had previously been no lights, whenever the moon was down or overshadowed. There was not much industrial life, but the linen trade was flourishing, a linen-hall was built in 1728, and there was also a considerable manufactory of tapestry and carpets.

Among the higher classes there are some traces of an immorality of a graver kind than the ordinary dissipation of Irish life. In the early Hanoverian period a wave of impiety broke over both islands, and great indignation and even consternation was excited in Ireland by the report that there existed in Dublin, among some men of fashion, a club called the "Blasters," or the "Hell-fire Club," resembling the Medmenham brotherhood which some years later became so celebrated in England. It was not of native growth, and is said to have derived its origin, or at least its character, from a painter named Peter Lens, who had lately come into the kingdom, and who was ac-

cused of the grossest blasphemy, of drinking the health of the devil, and of openly abjuring God.

A committee of the House of Lords inquired into the matter in 1737, and presented a report offering a reward for the apprehension of Lens, and at the same time deploring a great and growing neglect of Divine worship, of religious education, and of the observance of Sunday, as well as an increase of idleness, luxury, profanity, gaming, and drinking. The existence of the Hell-fire Club has been doubted, and the charges against its members were certainly by no means established, but there can be little question that the report of the Lords' Committee was right in its censure of the morals of many of the upper classes. The first Lord Rosse was equally famous for his profligacy and for his wit; and in 1739 Lord Santry was arraigned and found guilty of murder by the House of Lords, for having killed a man in a drunken fray.

The number of carriages in proportion to the population of the city was unusually great. It is said that as many as 300 filled with gentlemen sometimes assembled to meet the lord-lieutenant on his arrival from England. There were about 200 hackney-carriages and as many chairs, and it was noticed as a singularity of Dublin, which may be ascribed either to the wretched pavement or to the prevailing habits of ostentation, that ladies scarcely ever appeared on foot in the streets. They were famous for their grace in dancing, as the men were for their skill in swimming. The hospitality of the upper classes was notorious, and it was by no means destitute of brilliancy or grace.

No one can look over the fugitive literature of Dublin in the first half of the eighteenth century without being struck with the very large amount of admirable witty and satirical poetry that was produced. The curse of absenteeism was little felt in Dublin, where the Parliament secured the presence of most of the aristocracy and of much of the talent of the country; and during the residence of the viceroy the influence of a court, and the weekly balls in the winter time at the castle, contributed to the sparkling, showy character of Dublin society. Dorset, Devonshire, and Chesterfield were especially famous for the munificence of their hospitality, and the unnatural restriction of the spheres of political and industrial enterprise had

thrown the energies of the upper classes to an unhealthy degree into the cultivation of social habits.

On the whole, however, the difference between society in Dublin and in London was probably much less than has been supposed. Mrs. Delany, who moved much in both, and whose charming letters furnish some of the best pictures of Irish life in the first half of the eighteenth century, writing from Dublin in 1731, says: "As for the generality of people that I meet with here, they are much the same as in England—a mixture of good and bad. All that I have met with behave themselves very decently according to their rank; now and then an oddity breaks out, but never so extraordinary but that I can match them in England. There is a heartiness among them that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness."

Arthur Young, nearly half a century later, when drawing the dark picture I have already quoted of the reckless and dissipated character of the Irish squireens, took care to qualify it by adding that "there are great numbers of the principal people residing in Ireland who are as liberal in their ideas as any people in Europe," and that "a man may go into a vast variety of families which he will find actuated by no other principles than those of the most cultivated politeness and the most liberal urbanity. The ostentatious profusion of dishes and multiplication of servants at Irish entertainments which appeared so strange to English travelers, and which had undoubtedly bad moral effects, were merely the natural result of the economical condition of the country, which made both food and labor extremely cheap.

Another difference which was perhaps more significant was the greater mixture of professions and ranks; and the social position of artists and actors was perceptibly higher than in England. Handel was at once received with an enthusiastic cordiality, and Elrington, one of the best Irish actors of his day, refused an extremely advantageous offer from London in 1729, chiefly on the ground that in his own country there was not a gentleman's house to which he was not a welcome visitor.

Booksellers were numerous; and the house of Faulkner, the friend and publisher of Swift, was for many years a center of literary society. For the most part, however,

they were not occupied with native productions, but were employed in fabricating cheap editions of English books. As the act of Anne for the protection of literary property did not extend to Ireland, this proceeding was legal, the most prominent English books were usually reprinted in Dublin, and great numbers of these reprints passed to the colonies. It is an amusing fact that when Richardson endeavored to prevent the piracy by sending over for sale a large number of copies of 'Pamela' immediately on its publication, he was accused of having scandalously invaded the legitimate profits of the Dublin printers. *The Dublin News-letter*, which seems to have been the first local newspaper, was published as early as 1685. *Pue's Occurrences*, which obtained a much greater popularity, appeared in 1703, and there were several other papers before the middle of the century.

The taste for music was stronger and more general than the taste for literature. There was a public garden for musical entertainments after the model of Vauxhall; a music-hall, founded in 1741; a considerable society of amateur musicians, who cultivated the art and sang for charities; a musical academy, established in 1755, and presided over by Lord Mornington. Foreign artists were always warmly welcomed. Dubourg, the violinist, the favorite pupil of Geminiani, came to Dublin in 1728, and resided there for many years. Handel first brought out his 'Messiah' in Dublin. Roubillac, at a time when he was hardly known in England, executed busts for the university. Geminiani came to Dublin about 1763. Garrick acted 'Hamlet' in Dublin before he attempted it in England. There were two theaters, and a great, and indeed extravagant, passion for good acting. Among the dramatists of the seventeenth century Congreve and Farquhar were both Irish by education, and the second at least was Irish by birth.

Among the Irish actors and actresses who attained to great eminence on the English stage during the eighteenth century we find Wilkes, who was the contemporary and almost the equal of Betterton; Macklin, the first considerable reviver of Shakespeare; Barry, who was pronounced to be the best lover on the stage; Mrs. Woffington, the president of the Beefsteak Club; Mrs. Bellamy, whose mem-

oirs are still read; as well as Elrington, Sheridan, and Mrs. Jordan.

The Dublin theaters underwent many strange vicissitudes which it is not necessary here to record, but it may be mentioned as a curious trait of manners that when Sheridan had for a time reformed the chief theater it was warmly patronized by the Protestant clergy. "There have been sometimes," he stated, "more than thirty clergymen in the pit at a time, many of them deans or doctors of divinity, though formerly perhaps none of that order had ever entered the doors, unless a few who skulked in the gallery disguised." In 1701 the fall of a gallery in the theater during the representation of 'The Libertine,' one of the most grossly immoral of the plays of Shadwell, had produced for a time a religious panic, and the play was for twenty years banished from the stage; but in general there appears to have been little or nothing of that puritanical feeling on the subject which was general in Scotland, and which in the present century became almost equally general among the clergy of Ireland.

THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEXES.

There are few more curious subjects of inquiry than the distinctive differences between the sexes, and the manner in which those differences have affected the ideal types of different ages, nations, philosophies, and religions. Physically, men have the indisputable superiority in strength, and women in beauty. Intellectually, a certain inferiority of the female sex can hardly be denied when we remember how almost exclusively the foremost places in every department of science, literature, and art have been occupied by men, how infinitesimally small is the number of women who have shown in any form the very highest order of genius, how many of the greatest men have achieved their greatness in defiance of the most adverse circumstances, and how completely women have failed in obtaining the first position even in music or painting, for

the cultivation of which their circumstances would appear most propitious. It is as impossible to find a female Raphael or a female Handel as a female Shakespeare or Newton. Women are intellectually more desultory and volatile than men; they are more occupied with particular instances than with general principles; they judge rather by intuitive perceptions than by deliberate reasoning or past experience. They are, however, usually superior to men in nimbleness and rapidity of thought, and in the gift of tact or the power of seizing speedily and faithfully the finer inflections of feeling; and they have therefore often attained very great eminence in conversation, as letter-writers, as actresses, and as novelists.

Morally, the general superiority of women over man is, I think, unquestionable. If we take the somewhat coarse and inadequate criterion of police statistics, we find that while the male and female populations are nearly the same in number, the crimes committed by men are usually rather more than five times as numerous as those committed by women; and although it may be justly observed that men, as the stronger sex, and the sex upon whom the burden of supporting the family is thrown, have more temptations than women, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that extreme poverty which verges upon starvation is most common among women, whose means of livelihood are most restricted, and whose earnings are smallest and most precarious. Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous and religious character; and it is certainly far less common among men than among women, whose whole lives are usually spent in yielding to the will and consulting the pleasures of another. There are two great departments of virtue,—the impulsive, or that which springs spontaneously from the emotions; and the deliberative, or that which is performed in obedience to the sense of duty; and in both of these I imagine women are superior to men. Their sensibility is greater, they are more chaste both in thought and act, more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them. On the other hand, those who have traced the course of the wives of the poor, and of many who though in narrow circumstances can hardly be called poor, will probably admit that in no other class do

we so often find entire lives spent in daily persistent self-denial, in the patient endurance of countless trials, in the ceaseless and deliberate sacrifice of their own enjoyments to the well-being or the prospects of others. Women, however, though less prone than men to intemperance and brutality, are in general more addicted to the petty forms of vanity, jealousy, spitefulness, and ambition; and they are also inferior to men in active courage. In the courage of endurance they are commonly superior; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression I have already employed, women very rarely love truth; though they love passionately what they call "the truth,"—or opinions they have received from others,—and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things. They are less capable than men of perceiving qualifying circumstances, of admitting the existence of elements of good in systems to which they are opposed, of distinguishing the personal character of an opponent from the opinions he maintains.

Men lean most to justice and women to mercy. Men excel in energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and magnanimity; women in humility, gentleness, modesty, and endurance. The realizing imagination which causes us to pity and to love is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is especially more capable of dwelling on the unseen. Their religious or devotional realizations are incontestably more vivid; and it is probable that while a father is most moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land. But though more intense, the sympathies of women are commonly less wide than those of men. Their imaginations individualize more; their affections are in consequence concentrated rather on leaders than on causes; and if they care for a great cause, it is generally because it is represented by a great man, or connected with some one whom they love.

In politics their enthusiasm is more naturally loyalty than patriotism. In history, they are even more inclined than men to dwell exclusively upon biographical incidents or characteristics as distinguished from the march of general causes. In benevolence, they excel in charity, which alleviates individual suffering, rather than in philanthropy, which deals with large masses and is more frequently employed in preventing than in allaying calamity.

It was a remark of Winckelmann that "the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female;" and the justice of this remark has been amply corroborated by the greater knowledge we have of late years attained of the works of the Phidian period, in which art achieved its highest perfection, and in which, at the same time, force and freedom and masculine grandeur were its pre-eminent characteristics. A similar observation may be made of the moral ideal of which ancient art was simply the expression. In antiquity the virtues that were most admired were almost exclusively those which are distinctively masculine. Courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and, above all, patriotism, were the leading features of the ideal type; and chastity, modesty, and charity, the gentler and the domestic virtues, which are especially feminine, were greatly undervalued.

With the single exception of conjugal fidelity, none of the virtues that were very highly prized were virtues distinctively or pre-eminently feminine. With this exception, nearly all the most illustrious women of antiquity were illustrious chiefly because they overcame the natural conditions of their sex. It is a characteristic fact that the favorite female ideal of the artists appears to have been the Amazon. We may admire the Spartan mother and the mother of the Gracchi, repressing every sign of grief when their children were sacrificed upon the altar of their country; we may wonder at the majestic courage of a Porcia and an Arria: but we extol them chiefly because, being women, they emancipated themselves from the frailty of their sex, and displayed an heroic fortitude worthy of the strongest and the bravest of men. We may bestow an equal admiration upon the noble devotion and charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary or of a Mrs. Fry; but we do not admire them because they displayed these virtues, although

they were women, for we feel that their virtues were of the kind which the female nature is most fitted to produce. The change from the heroic to the saintly ideal, from the ideal of paganism to the ideal of Christianity, was a change from a type which was essentially male to one which was essentially feminine. Of all the great schools of philosophy, no other reflected so faithfully the Roman conception of moral excellence as Stoicism; and the greatest Roman exponent of Stoicism summed up its character in a single sentence when he pronounced it to be beyond all other sects the most emphatically masculine. On the other hand, an ideal type in which meekness, gentleness, patience, humility, faith, and love are the most prominent features, is not naturally male but female. A reason probably deeper than the historical ones which are commonly alleged, why sculpture has always been peculiarly pagan and painting peculiarly Christian, may be found in the fact that sculpture is especially suited to represent male beauty, or the beauty of strength, and painting female beauty, or the beauty of softness; and that pagan sentiment was chiefly a glorification of the masculine qualities of strength and courage and conscious virtue, while Christian sentiment is chiefly a glorification of the feminine qualities of gentleness, humility, and love. The painters whom the religious feeling of Christendom has recognized as the most faithful exponents of Christian sentiment have always been those who infused a large measure of feminine beauty even into their male characters; and we never, or scarcely ever, find that the same artist has been conspicuously successful in delineating both Christian and pagan types. Michael Angelo, whose genius loved to expatiate on the sublimity of strength and defiance, failed signally in his representations of the Christian ideal; and Perugino was equally unsuccessful when he sought to portray the features of the heroes of antiquity. The position that was gradually assigned to the Virgin, as the female ideal in the belief and the devotion of Christendom, was a consecration or an expression of the new value that was attached to the feminine virtues.

The general superiority of women to men in the strength of their religious emotions, and their natural attraction to a religion which made personal attachment to its Founder

its central duty, and which imparted an unprecedented dignity and afforded an unprecedented scope to their characteristic virtues, account for the very conspicuous position that female influence assumed in the great work of the conversion of the Roman Empire. In no other important movement of thought was it so powerful or so acknowledged. In the ages of persecution, female figures occupy many of the foremost places in the ranks of martyrdom; and pagan and Christian writers alike attest the alacrity with which women flocked to the Church, and the influence they exercised in its favor over the male members of their families. The mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and Theodoret, had all a leading part in the conversion of their sons. St. Helena the mother of Constantine, Flacilla the wife of Theodosius the Great, St. Pulcheria the sister of Theodosius the Younger, and Placidia the mother of Valentinian III., were among the most conspicuous defenders of the faith. In the heretical sects the same zeal was manifested; and Arius, Priscillian, and Montanus were all supported by troops of zealous female devotees.

In the career of asceticism, women took a part little if at all inferior to men; while in the organization of the great work of charity they were pre-eminent. For no other field of active labor are women so admirably suited as for this; and although we may trace from the earliest period, in many creeds and ages, individual instances of their influence in allaying the sufferings of the distressed, it may be truly said that their instinct and genius of charity had never before the dawn of Christianity obtained full scope for action. Fabiola, Paula, Melania, and a host of other noble ladies, devoted their time and fortunes mainly to founding and extending vast institutions of charity, some of them of a kind before unknown in the world. The Empress Flacilla was accustomed to tend with her own hands the sick in the hospitals; and a readiness to discharge such offices was deemed the first duty of a Christian wife. From age to age the impulse thus communicated has been felt. There has been no period however corrupt, there has been no church however superstitious, that has not been adorned by many Christian women devoting their entire lives to assuaging the sufferings of men; and the mission of charity

thus instituted has not been more efficacious in diminishing the sum of human wretchedness, than in promoting the moral dignity of those by whom it was conducted.

THE SOWER AND HIS SEED.

He planted an oak in his father's park
And a thought in the minds of men,
And he bade farewell to his native shore,
Which he never will see again.
Oh, merrily stream the tourist throng
To the glow of the Southern sky;
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow and its boughs will spread,
And many rejoice in its shade,
But none will visit the distant grave,
Where a stranger youth is laid;
And the thought will live when the oak has died,
And quicken the minds of men,
But the name of the thinker has vanished away,
And will never be heard again.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU.

(1814—1872.)

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU was a grandson of Alicia Le Fanu, the favorite sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and an authoress herself, as was nearly every member of her family. His father was the Rev. Thomas P. Le Fanu. Joseph was born in Dublin, Aug. 28, 1814. He was graduated with honors at Trinity College, and at an early age he began writing for the newspapers. Ultimately he became part proprietor of *The Dublin Evening Mail*, with its weekly issue, *The Warder*. He was also the owner of *The Dublin University Magazine*, to which he began to contribute shortly after its start. His first great success was with his poetry, two of his pieces, 'Shamus O'Brien' and 'Phaudrig Crohoore,' being excellent specimens of the half humorous, half pathetic composition which well depicts certain phases of Irish life.

Le Fanu was also the author of a considerable number of novels. His chief power was in describing scenes of a mysterious or grotesque character, and the mystery in some of his stories is kept up with considerable skill to the end. The supernatural and the weird were a fashion in fiction in his day, and in this peculiar vein his work has hardly been bettered, even by Bulwer Lytton or Mrs. Crowe. Some of the best things he wrote, however, were shorter sketches in the old numbers of *The Dublin University Magazine*. In 1850 he published 'The Cock and Anchor, a Chronicle of Old Dublin.' This was followed in 1863 by the 'House by the Churchyard.' He is also the author of 'Uncle Silas,' 'Tenants of Malory,' 'Willing to Die,' 'The Room in the Dragon Volant,' and other stories. In most of these later productions there are frequently fine scenes; but some of the stories are weakened by want of condensation.

Mr. Le Fanu, who had retired from social life several years previously, died in his house in Merrion Square, Dublin, Feb. 7, 1873.

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves edited his poems in a collected edition in 1896, and in his preface he says: "Those who possessed the rare privilege of Le Fanu's friendship, and only they, can form any idea of the true character of the man; for after the death of his wife, to whom he was most deeply devoted, he quite forsook general society, in which his fine features, distinguished bearing, and charm of conversation marked him out as the beau-ideal of an Irish wit and a scholar of the old school.

"From this society he vanished so entirely that Dublin, always ready with a nickname, dubbed him 'The Invisible Prince'; and, indeed, he was for long almost invisible, except to his family and most familiar friends, unless at odd hours of the evening, when he might occasionally be seen stealing, like the ghost of his former self, between his newspaper office and his home in Merrion Square. Sometimes too he was to be encountered in an old, out-of-the-way bookshop, poring over some rare black-letter Astrology or Demonology."

THE QUARE GANDER.

Terence Mooney was an honest boy an' well to-do, an' he rinted the biggest farm on this side iv the Galties, an' bein' mighty cute an' a sevore worker, it was small wonder he turned a good penny every harvest; but unluckily he was blessed with an iligant large family iv daughters, an' iv coorse his heart was allalmost bruck, strivin' to make up fortunes for the whole of them—an' there wasn't a conthrivance iv any soart or discription for makin' money out iv the farm but he was up to.

Well, among the other ways he had iv gettin' up in the world, he always kep a power iv turkeys, an' all soarts iv poultry; an' he was out iv all raison partial to geese—an' small blame to him for that same—for twiste a year you can pluck them as bare as my hand—an' get a fine price for the feathers, an' plenty of rale sizable eggs—an' when they are too ould to lay any more, you can kill them, an' sell them to the gintlemen for gozlings, d 'ye see,—let alone that a goose is the most manly bird that is out.

Well, it happened in the coorse iv time, that one ould gandher tuck a wonderful likin' to Terence, an' divil a place he could go serenadin' about the farm, or lookin' afther the men, but the gandher id be at his heels, an' rubbin' himself agin his legs, and lookin' up in his face just like any other Christian id do; and the likes iv it was never seen,—Terence Mooney an' the gandher wor so great. An' at last the bird was so engagin' that Terence would not allow it to be plucked any more; an' kept it from that time out, for love an' affection—just all as one like one iv his children. But happiness in perfection never lasts long; an' the neighbors begin'd to suspect the nathur' and intentions iv the gandher; an' some iv them said it was the divil, and more iv them that it was a fairy.

Well, Terence could not but hear something of what was sayin', an' you may be sure he was not altogether asy in his mind about it, an' from one day to another he was gettin' more ancomfortable in himself, until he detarmined to sind for Jer Garvan, the fairy docthor in Garryowen, an' it's he was the iligant hand at the business, an' divil a sperit id say a crass word to him, no more nor a priest. An' moreover he was very great wid ould Terence Mooney, this

man's father that was. So without more about it, he was sint for; an' sure enough the divil a long he was about it, for he kem back that very evenin' along wid the boy that was sint for him; an' as soon as he was there, an' tuck his supper, an' was done talkin' for a while, he bigined of coorse to look into the gandher. Well, he turned it this away an' that away, to the right, and to the left, an' straight-ways an' upside down, an' when he was tired handlin' it, says he to Terence Mooney—

"Terence," says he, "you must remove the bird into the next room," says he, "an' put a pettycoat," says he, "or any other convaynience round his head," says he.

"An' why so?" says Terence.

"Becase," says Jer, says he.

"Becase what?" says Terence.

"Becase," says Jer, "if it isn't done—you 'll never be asy agin," says he, "or pusilanimous in your mind," says he; "so ax no more questions, but do my biddin'," says he.

"Well," says Terence, "have your own way," says he.

An' wid that he tuck the ould gandher, and giv' it to one iv the gossoons.

"An' take care," says he, "don't smother the crathur," says he.

Well, as soon as the bird was gone, says Jer Garvan, says he, "Do you know what that ould gandher *is*, Terence Mooney?"

"Divil a taste," says Terence.

"Well, then," says Jer, "the gandher is your own father," says he.

"It's jokin' you are," says Terence, turnin' mighty pale; "how can an ould gandher be my father?" says he.

"I'm not funnin' you at all," says Jer; "it's thrue what I tell you—it's your father's wandhrin' sowl," says he, "that's naturally tuck pissession iv the ould gandher's body," says he; "I know him many ways, and I wondher," says he, "you do not know the cock iv his eye yourself," says he.

"Oh, blur an' ages!" says Terence, "what the divil will I ever do at all at all," says he; "it's all over wid me, for I plucked him twelve times at the laste," says he.

"That can't be helped now," says Jer; "it was a severe act surely," says he, "but it's too late to lamint for it

now," says he; "the only way to prevint what 's past," says he, "is to put a stop to it before it happens," says he.

"Thru for you," says Terence; "but how the divil did you come to the knowledge iv my father's sowl," says he, "bein' in the ould gandher?" says he.

"If I tould you," says Jer, "you would not undherstand me," says he, "without book-larnin' an' gasthronomy," says he; "ax me no questions," says he, "an' I 'll tell you no lies; but believe me in this much," says he, "it 's your father that 's in it," says he, "an' if I don't make him spake to-morrow mornin'," says he, "I 'll give you lave to call me a fool," says he.

"Say no more," says Terence, "that settles the business," says he; "an' oh! blur an' ages, is it not a quare thing," says he, "for a dacent, respectable man," says he, "to be walkin' about the counthry in the shape iv an ould gandher," says he; "and oh, murdher, murdher! isn't it often I plucked him," says he; "an' tundher an' ouns, might not I have ate him," says he; and wid that he fell into a could parspiration, savin' your prisence, an' was on the pint iv faintin' wid the bare notions iv it.

Well, whin he was come to himself agin, says Jerry to him quiet an' asy—"Terence," says he, "don't be aggravatin' yourself," says he, "for I have a plan composed that 'ill make him spake out," says he, "an' tell what it is in the world he 's wantin'," says he; "an' mind an' don't be comin' in wid your goster an' to say agin anything I tell you," says he, "but jist purtind, as soon as the bird is brought back," says he, "how that we 're goin' to sind him to-morrow mornin' to market," says he; "an' if he don't spake to-night," says he, "or gother himself out iv the place," says he, "put him into the hamper airly, and sind him in the cart," says he, "straight to Tipperary, to be sould for aiting," says he, "along wid the two gossoons," says he; "an' my name isn't Jer Garvan," says he, "if he doesn't spake out before he 's half-way," says he; "an' mind," says he, "as soon as ever he says the first word," says he, "that very minute bring him off to Father Crotty," says he, "an' if his raverince doesn't make him ratire, like the rest iv his parishioners, glory be to God," says he, "into the siclusion iv the flames iv purgathory, there 's no vartue in my charums," says he.

Well, wid that the ould gandher was let into the room agin, an' they all bigined to talk iv sindin' him the nixt mornin' to be sould for roastin' in Tipperary, jist as if it was a thing andoubtingly settled; but not a notice the gandher tuck, no more nor if they wor spakin' iv the Lord Liftinant; an' Terence desired the boys to get ready the kish for the poulthry, "an' to settle it out wid hay soft and shnug," says he, "for it's the last jauntin' the poor ould gandher 'ill get in this world," says he.

Well, as the night was getting late, Terence was growin' mighty sorrowful an' down-hearted in himself entirely wid the notions iv what was goin' to happen. An' as soon as the wife an' the crathurs war fairly in bed, he brought out some iligant potteen, an' himself an' Jer Garvan sot down to it, an' the more anasy Terence got, the more he dhrank, and himself and Jer Garvan finished a quart betune them: it wasn't an imparial though, an' more 's the pity, for them wasn't anvinted antil short since; but divil a much matter it signifies any longer if a pint could hould two quarts, let alone what it does, sinst Father Mathew—the Lord purloin his raverince—begin'd to give the pledge, an' wid the blessin' iv timperance to degenerate Ireland. An' begorra, I have the medle myself; an' it's proud I am iv that same, for abstamiousness is a fine thing, although it's mighty dhry.

Well, whin Terence finished his pint, he thought he might as well stop, "for enough is as good as a faste," says he, "an' I pity the vagabond," says he, "that is not able to conthroul his liquor," says he, "an' to keep constantly inside iv a pint measure," says he, an' wid that he wished Jer Garvan a good night, an' walked out iv the room. But he wint out the wrong door, being a trifle hearty in himself, an' not rightly knowin' whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, or both iv them at the same time, an' in place iv gettin' into bed, where did he thrum himself but into the poulthry hamper, that the boys had settled out ready for the gandher in the mornin'; an' sure enough he sunk down soft an' complate through the hay to the bottom; an' wid the turnin' an' roulin' about in the night, not a bit iv him but was covered up as shnug as a lumper in a pittaty furrow before mornin'. So wid the first light up gets the two boys that wor to take

the sperit, as they consaved, to Tipperary; an' they cotched the ould gandher, an' put him in the hamper and clapped a good wisp iv hay on the top iv him, and tied it down strong wid a bit iv a coard, and med the sign iv the crass over him, in dhread iv any harum, an' put the hamper up on the car, wontherin, all the while what in the world was makin' the ould bird so surprisin' heavy.

Well, they wint along quiet an' asy towards Tipperary, wishin' every minute that some iv the neighbors bound the same way id happen to fall in with them, for they didn't half like the notions iv havin' no company but the be-witched gandher, an' small blame to them for that same. But, although they wor shakin' in their shkins in dhread iv the ould bird biginin' to converse them every minute, they did not let on to one another, but kep singin' and whistlin', like mad, to keep the dhread out iv their hearts. Well, after they wor on the road betther nor half-an-hour, they kem to the bad bit close by Father Crotty's, an' there was one divil of a rest three feet deep at the laste; an' the car got sich a wondherful chuck goin' through it, that it wakened Terence within the basket.

"Oh!" says he, "my bones is bruck wid yer thricks, what the divil are ye doin' wid me?"

"Did ye hear anything quare, Thady?" says the boy that was next to the car, turnin' as white as the top iv a musharoon; "did ye hear anything quare soundin' out iv the hamper?" says he.

"No, nor you," says Thady, turnin' as pale as himself; "it's the ould gandher that 's gruntin' wid the shakin' he 's gettin'," says he.

"Where the divil have ye put me into?" says Terence, inside; "let me out, or I 'll be smothered this minute," says he.

"There's no use in purtendin'," says the boy; "the gandher 's spakin', glory be to God!" says he.

"Let me out, you murdherers," says Terence.

"In the name iv all the holy saints," says Thady, "hould yer tongue, you unnatheral gandher," says he.

"Who's that, that dar' to call me nicknames?" says Terence inside, roaring wid the fair passion; "let me out, you blasphemious infidles," says he, "or by this crass I 'll stretch ye," says he.

“In the name iv heaven,” says Thady, “who the divil are ye?”

“Who the divil would I be but Terence Mooney,” says he. “It’s myself that’s in it, you unmerciful bliggards,” says he; “let me out, or by the holy I’ll get out in spite iv yez,” says he, “an’ be jabers I’ll wallop yez in arnest,” says he.

“It’s ould Terence, sure enough,” says Thady; “isn’t it cute the fairy docthor found him out?” says he.

“I’m on the pint iv snuffication,” says Terence; “let me out I tell you, an’ wait till I get at ye,” says he, “for begorra, the divil a bone in your body but I’ll powdher,” says he; an’ wid that he bigined kickin’ and flingin’ inside in the hamper, and dhrivin’ his legs agin the sides iv it, that it was a wondher he did not knock it to pieces. Well, as soon as the boys seen that, they skelped the ould horse into a gallop as hard as he could peg towards the priest’s house, through the ruts, an’ over the stones; an’ you’d see the hamper fairly flyin’ three feet up in the air with the joultin’, glory be to God; so it was small wondher, by the time they got to his raverince’s door, the breath was fairly knocked out iv poor Terence; so that he was lyin’ speechless in the bottom iv the hamper.

Well, whin his raverince kem down, they up an’ they tould him all that happened, an’ how they put the gandher into the hamper, an’ how he bigined to spake, an’ how he confessed that he was ould Terence Mooney; and they axed his honor to advise them how to get rid iv the sperit for good an’ all. So says his raverince, says he—

“I’ll take my book,” says he, “an’ I’ll read some rale sthrong holy bits out iv it,” says he, “an’ do you get a rope and put it round the hamper,” says he, “an’ let it swing over the runnin’ wather at the bridge,” says he, “an’ it’s no matter if I don’t make the sperit come out iv it,” says he.

Well, wid that, the priest got his horse, an’ tuck his book in undher his arum, an’ the boys follied his raverince, ladin’ the horse down to the bridge, an’ divil a word out iv Terence all the way, for he seen it was no use spakin’, and he was afeared if he med any noise they might thrait him to another gallop an’ finish him intirely. Well, as soon as they war all come to the bridge, the boys tuck the rope they

had with them, an' med it fast to the top iv the hamper an' swung it fairly over the bridge; lettin' it hang in the air about twelve feet out iv the wather; an' his raverince rode down to the bank iv the river, close by, an' bigined to read mighty loud and bould intirely.

An' when he was goin' on about five minutes, all at onst the bottom iv the hamper kem out, an' down wint Terence, falling splash dash into the water, and the ould gandher a-top iv him; down they both went to the bottom wid a souse, you 'd hear half-a-mile off; an' before they had time to rise agin, his raverince, wid the fair astonishment, giv his horse one dig iv the spurs, an' before he knew where he was, in he went, horse and all, a-top iv them, an' down to the bottom. Up they all kem agin together, gaspin' an' puffin', an' off down wid the current wid them, like shot in undher the arch iv the bridge, till they kem to the shallow wather. The ould gandher was the first out, an' the priest and Terence kem next, pantin' an blowin' an' more than half dhrouned; an' his raverince was so freckened wid the dhroundin' he got, and wid the sight iv the sperit as he consaved, that he wasn't the better iv it for a month. An' as soon as Terence could spake, he said he 'd have the life iv the two gossoons; but Father Crotty would not give him his will; an' as soon as he was got quieter they all endayvored to explain it, but Terence consaved he went raly to bed the night before, an' his wife said the same to shilter him from the suspicion ov having the dhrop taken. An' his raverince said it was a mysthery, an' swore if he cotched any one laughin' at the accident, he 'd lay the horsewhip across their shouldhers; an' Terence grew fonder an' fonder iv the gandher every day, until at last he died in a wonderful ould age, lavin' the gandher afther him an' a large family iv childher.

A WANDERING MINSTREL.

From 'The House by the Church-yard.'

There was not much business doing. Three friends, Smithfield dealers, or some such folk, talking loudly over their liquor of prices and prospects; and one fat fellow, by

the fire, smoking a pipe, with a large glass of punch at his elbow.

“Ah, then, Mr. Irons, an’ is it yourself that’s in it; and where in the world woz ye all this time?” said the landlady.

“Business, ma’am—business, Mrs. Molloy.”

“An’ there’s your chair waitin’ for you beside the fire, Mr. Irons, this month an’ more—a cowld evening—and we all wondherin’ what in the wide world was gone wid ye—this I do’no how long.”

“Thank ye, ma’am—a pipe and a glass o’ punch.”

Irons was always a man of few words, and his laconics did not strike Mistress Molloy as anything very strange. So she wiped the little table at his side, and with one foot on the fender, and his elbow on his knee, he smoked leisurely into the fireplace.

The three gentlemen at the table called for more liquor, and the stout personage, sitting opposite to Irons, dropped into their talk, having smoked out his pipe, and their conversation became more general and hilarious; but Irons scarce heard it. Curiosity is an idle minx, and a soul laden like the clerk’s has no entertainment for her. But when one of the three gentlemen who sat together—an honest but sad looking person with a flaxen wig, and a fat, florid face—placing his hand in the breast of his red plush waistcoat, and throwing himself back in his chair, struck up a dismal tune, with a certain character of psalmody in it, the clerk’s ear was charmed for a moment, and he glanced on the singer, and sipped some punch; and the ballad, rude and almost rhymeless, which he chanted had an undefined and unpleasant fascination for Irons. It was thus:—

“A man there was near Ballymooney,
Was guilty of a deed o’ blood,
For traveling alongside iv ould Tim Rooney,
He kilt him in a lonesome wood.

“He took his purse, and his hat, and cravat,
And stole his buckles and his prayer-book, too;
And neck-and-heels, like a cruel savage,
His corpus through the wood he drew.

“He pult him over to a big bog-hole,
And sunk him under four foot o’ wather,
And built him down wid many a thumpin’ stone,
And slipt the bank out on the corpus after.”

Here the singer made a little pause, and took a great pull at the beer-can, and Irons looked over his shoulder at the minstrel; but his uneasy and malignant glance encountered only the bottom of the vessel; and so he listened for more which soon came thus:—

“ An’ says he, ‘ Tim Rooney, you ’re there, my boy,
Kep’ down in the bog-hole wid the force iv suction,
An’ ’t isn’t myself you ’ll throuble or annoy,
To the best o’ my opinion, to the resurrection.’ ”

“ With that, on he walks to the town o’ Drumgoole,
And sot by the fire in an inn was there;
And sittin’ beside him, says the ghost—‘ You fool!
’T is myself beside ye, Shamus, everywhere.’ ”

“ Is there much more o’ that? ” demanded Irons, rather savagely.

The thirsty gentleman in the red plush waistcoat was once more, as he termed it, “ wetting his whistle; ” but one of his comrades responded tartly enough—

“ I ’d like there was—an’ if you mislike it, neighbor, there ’s the door. ”

If he expected a quarrel, however, it did not come; and he saw by Irons’ wandering eye, fierce as it looked, that his thoughts for the moment were elsewhere. And just then the songster having wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve, started afresh in these terms:—

“ ‘ You ’ll walk the world with a dreadful knowledge,
And a heavy heart and a frowning brow;
And thinking deeper than a man in college,
Your eye will deaden, and your back will bow. ”

“ ‘ And when the pariod iv your life is over,
The frightful hour of judgment then will be;
And, Shamus Hanlon, heavy on your shoulder,
I ’ll lay my cowld hand, and you ’ll go wid me.’ ”

This awful ditty died away in the prolonged drone which still finds favor in the ears of our Irish rustic musicians, and the company now began to talk of congenial themes, murders, ghosts, and retributions, and the horrid tune went dismally booming on in Mr. Irons’ ear.

Trifling, and apparently wholly accidental, as was this occurrence, the musical and moral treat had a very permanent effect upon the fortunes of Irons and those of other

persons who figure in our story. Mr. Irons had another and another glass of punch. They made him only more malign and saturnine. He sat in his corner by the fire, silent and dismal; and no one cared what was passing in the brain behind that black and scowling mask. He paid sternly and furiously, like a villain who has lost at play; and without a "good-night," or any other leave-taking, glided ominously from the room; and the gentlemen who carried on the discourse and convivialities of the Salmon House, followed him with a jibe or two, and felt the pleasanter for the removal of that ungracious presence.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.¹

A Tale of Ninety-eight, as related by an Irish Peasant.

Just after the war, in the year Ninety-Eight,
 As soon as the boys were all scattered and bate,
 'T was the custom, whenever a peasant was caught,
 To hang him by trial—barring such as was shot.
 There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial law hangin' the lavings by night:
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
 If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a Dragoon;
 And whether the judge or the soldiers gave sentence,
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
 An' the many 's the fine Boy was then on his keeping,
 With small share of restin', or atin', or sleepin',
 An' because they loved Erin, and scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.
 An' the bravest and hardiest Boy of them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town of Glengall.
 His limbs were well set, and his body was light,

¹ W. R. Le Fanu in his 'Seventy Years of Irish Life,' 1903, says: " (It) was written in a very few days in the year 1840, and sent me day by day by my brother as he wrote it. I quickly learned it by heart, and now and then recited it. The scraps of paper on which it was written were lost, and years after, when my brother wished for a copy, I had to write it out from memory for him. One other copy I gave to Samuel Lover, who recited it in America, and notwithstanding his disclaimer of the authorship it was more than once attributed to him."

An' the keen fangèd hound hadn't teeth half so white.
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
 And, for all that, he wasn't an ugly young Boy,
 For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 So funny and so wicked, so dark and so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night.
 And he was the best mower that ever has been,
 And the illigantest hurler that ever was seen;
 In fincin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
 And in jumpin' he bate Tom Malony a foot.
 For lightness of foot there wasn't his peer,
 For, begorra, you 'd think he 'd outrun the red deer;
 And his dancin' was such that the men used to stare,
 And the women turned crazy, he had done it so quare—
 And, begorra, the whole world¹ gave in to him there.
 And it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught;
 And it's often he ran, and it's often he fought,
 And it's many's the one can remember quite well
 The quare things he done; and it's often I heard tell
 How he frightened the magistrate in Cahirbally,
 And escaped through the sojers in Aberlow valley,
 And leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
 And stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 And treachery prey on the blood of the best,
 And many a brave action of power and pride,
 And many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 And a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon;
 And take your last look at her dim lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 And one at the sheltering, far-distant wood.
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 And farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
 Farewell to the hurlin,' the pattern, and wake,
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.

¹ In Gaelic the consonant *r* is given its full value before another consonant, producing the effect of a dissyllable; e. g. *tarbh*, pronounced 'thor-ruv' (a bull); compare the French *taureau*. This practice, like many other Gaelic locutions, has been carried into English; hence 'worruld' for 'world'; 'firrum' for 'firm', etc.

Well, twelve soldiers brought him to Maryboro' jail,
And the turnkey received him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs were chained, and the strong hands were
bound,
And he laid down his length on the cold prison ground.
And the dreams of his childhood came over him there,
As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air;
And happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast the foam-flakes drift down the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
Wouldn't suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
And he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
And he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good, by the cause of the brave,
That when he was moldering in his cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,
For undaunted he'd lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,
The terrible day of the trial came on.
There was such a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
With soldiers on guard, and dragoons sword in hand;
And the court-house so full that the people was bothered,
And attorneys and criers on the point of being smothered;
And counselors almost given over for dead,
And the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
And the judge settled out, so determined and big,
With his gown on his back, and an illigant new wig.
And silence was called, and the minute it was said,
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
And they heard but the opening of one prison lock,
And Shamus O'Brien came into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
And he looked on the bars, so firm and so strong,
And he saw that he hadn't a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape nor a word to defend;
And he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone.
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
And Jim didn't understand it or mind it a taste.
And the judge took a big pinch of snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you plase?"

And they all held their breath in silence of dread ;
 And Shamus O'Brien made answer and said,
 " My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
 I thought any treason, or done any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
 Before God and the world I would answer you, ' No !'
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 And fought for old Ireland from the first to the close,
 And shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
 I answer you, ' Yes,' and I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
 In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dry,
 And that now for her sake I am ready to die."
 Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
 And the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;
 By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed old chap,
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standing by,
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :
 " Oh ! judge, darlin', don't—oh, don't say the word !
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord !
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin' ;
 You don't know him, my lord—oh, don't give him to ruin !
 He 's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted,
 Don't part us for ever, we that 's so long parted !
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him ! forgive him, my lord !
 And God will forgive you. Oh ! don't say the word !"

That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw that he wasn't quite forgot or forsaken ;
 And down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,
 The big tears were runnin' fast, one after th' other ;
 And he tried hard to hide them or wipe them away,
 But in vain, for his hands were too fast bound that day.
 And two or three times he endeavored to spake,
 But the strong, manly voice used to falter and break,
 Till at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide.
 And, says he, " Mother darlin', don't break your poor heart,
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part.
 And God knows it's better than wandering in fear
 On the bleak, trackless mountain among the wild deer,
 To lie in the grave, where the head, hand, and breast

From thought, labor, and sorrow for ever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour;
 For I wish, when my head is lyin' under the raven,
 No true man can say that I died like a craven!"

Then towards the judge Shamus bowed down his head,
 And that minute the solemn death sentence was said.

The morning was bright, and the mists rose on high,
 And the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky.
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?
 And why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
 What come they to talk of? What come they to see?
 And why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
 Now, Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast;
 May the saints take your soul! for this day is your last;
 Pray fast, and pray strong, for the moment is nigh
 When, strong, proud, and great as you are, you must die.
 And faster and faster the crowd gathered there—
 Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
 And whiskey was sellin', and cussamuck¹ too,
 And ould men and young women enjoyin' the view;
 And ould Tim Mulvaney he made the remark,
 "There wasn't such a sight since the time of Noah's ark!
 And, begorra, 't was true for him, the devil such a scruge,
 Such divarshin and crowds was known since the deluge!
 Ten thousand was gathered there, if there was one,
 All waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.
 At last they drew open the big prison gate,
 And out came the sheriffs and soldiers in state,
 And a cart in the middle, and Shamus was in it,
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
 And as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
 With prayin' and blessin' an' all the girls cryin',
 A wild wailin' sound came on by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
 On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
 And the cart and the soldiers go steadily on;
 And at every side swellin' around of the cart,
 A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
 And the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
 And the priest gives his blessing and goes down on the
 ground,
 And Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around;

¹ *Cussamuck*, leavings.

Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,
 Young faces turned sickly and warm hearts grew chill.
 And all being ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the gripe of the life-stranglin' cord to prepare;
 And the good priest had left him, having said his last prayer.
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
 And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground!
 Bang! bang! go the carbines and clash go the sabers!
 "He 's not down! he 's alive still! Now stand to him, neigh-
 bors!

Through the smoke and the horses he 's into the crowd!
 By the heavens he is free!" than thunder more loud,
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', yourself you must hang,
 For to-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aberlow glen,
 And the devil 's in the dice if you catch him again.
 The soldiers run this way the hangmen run that,
 And Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
 And the sheriffs were both of them punished severely,
 And fined liked the devil, because Jim done them fairly.

PHAUDRIG CROHOORE.

Oh! Phaudrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,
 And he stood six foot eight;
 And his arm was as round as another man's thigh—
 'T is Phaudrig was great.
 And his hair was as black as the shadows of night—
 And hung over the scars left by many a fight;
 And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud
 And his eye like the lightning from under the cloud.
 And all the girls liked him, for he could speak civil,
 And sweet when he liked it, for he was the devil.
 And there wasn't a girl from thirty-five under,
 Divil a matter how cross, but he could come round her.
 But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him but one
 Was the girl of his heart, and he loved her alone;
 For warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure,
 Was the love of the heart of Phaudrig Crohoore.
 And he'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
 For his love, like his hatred, was strong as the lion.

But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well
 As he hated Crohoore, an' that same was like hell.
 But O'Brien liked him, for they were the same parties,
 The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, and Murphys, and Cartys;
 And they all went together and hated Crohoore,
 For it's many's the batin' he gave them before;
 And O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he,
 "I'll marry your daughter, if you'll give her to me."
 And the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on,
 The company assembled three hundred, if one.
 There were all the O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Cartys,
 An' the young boys an' girls of all of them parties.
 The O'Briens, of course, gathered strong on that day,
 An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away;
 There was roarin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin', an' flingin',
 An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin',
 An' they wor all laughin'—why not to be sure?—
 How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaudrig Crohoore;
 An' they talked an' they laughed the length of the table,
 Atin' an' drinkin' all the while they were able;
 An' with pipin' an' fiddlin', and roarin' like thunder,
 Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asunder.
 An' the priest called out, "Silence, ye blackguards, agin,"
 An' he took up his prayer-book, just goin' to begin.
 An' they all held their tongues from their funnin' and baw-
 lin',

So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin',
 An' the priest was just beginnin' to read, when the door
 Sprang back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.
 Oh! Phaudrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,

And he stood six foot eight;

And his arm was as round an another man's thigh—
 'T is Phaudrig was great.

And he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
 As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky;
 And none strove to stop him, for Phaudrig was great,
 Till he stood, all alone, just opposite the sate
 Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,
 Were sittin' so illigant out side by side.
 An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke,
 An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke;
 An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,
 An' his eye shone like lightning from under the cloud.

"I didn't come here like a tame, crawlin' mouse,
 But I stand like a man in my enemies' house.

In the field, on the road, Phaudrig never knew fear
 Of his foeman, and God knows he scorns it here;
 So lave me at aise, for three minutes or four,
 To spake to the girl I'll never see more."
 And to Kathleen he turned, and his voice changed its tone,
 For he thought of the days when he called her his own,
 An' his eye blazed like lightnin' from under the cloud
 On his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud.
 An' says he, "Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear,
 That you marry of your own free choice, without threat or
 fear?
 If so, spake the word, an' I'll turn and depart,
 Cheated once and once only, by woman's false heart."

Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl dumb,
 And she tried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come;
 For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornint her,
 Went cold on her heart, as the night wind in winter;
 And the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow,
 And pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.

Then the heart of bold Phaudrig swelled high in its place,
 For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face,
 That, though strangers and foemen their pledged hands
 might sever,
 Her true heart was his, and his only, for ever.
 And he lifted his voice like the eagle's hoarse call,
 And says Phaudrig, "She's mine still, in spite of you all!"
 Then up jumped O'Hanlon—an' a tall boy was he—
 And he looked on bold Phaudrig as fierce as could be,
 An' says he, "By the holy, before you go out,
 Bold Phaudrig Crohoore, you must fight for a bout."
 Then Phaudrig made answer, "I'll do my endeavor;"
 And with one blow he stretched bold O'Hanlon for ever.
 In his arms he took Kathleen, and stepped to the door,
 And he leaped on his horse, and flung her before.
 An' they all were so bothered that not a man stirred
 Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard;
 Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm,
 An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm;
 An' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted galore;
 But Kathleen and Phaudrig they never saw more.

But them days are gone by, and he is no more,
 An' the green grass is growin' o'er Phaudrig Crohoore;
 For he couldn't be aisy or quiet at all;

As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall.
An' he took a good pike, for Phaudrig was great,
An' he fought, an' he died in the year ninety-eight;
An' the day that Crohoore in the green field was killed,
A strong boy was stretched, and a strong heart was stilled.

Mr. W. R. Le Fanu tells us in his 'Seventy Years of Irish Life' that he asked his brother for an Irish story in verse suitable for recitation, which should be an Irish 'Young Lochinvar,' and in a few days he sent him the story printed above. It later appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*, with a preface stating that it had been composed by a poor Irish minstrel, Michael Finley, who could neither read nor write, but used to recite it, with others of his songs and ballads, at fairs and markets.

"Many years afterward," he says, "one evening after I had recited it at Lord Spencer's, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the late Primate, Beresford, said to Lady Spencer, who was sitting near me, 'I can tell you a curious fact, Lady Spencer; that poem was composed by a poor Irish peasant, one Michael Finley, who could neither read nor write.' Then turning to me, 'Were you aware of that, Mr. Le Fanu?' 'I was, your Grace,' said I; 'and you may be surprised to hear that I knew the Michael Finley who wrote the ballad intimately—he was, in fact, my brother. But in one particular your Grace is mistaken; he could read and write a little.'"

ABHRAIN AN BHUIDEIL.

Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whisky.

From what dripping cell, through what fairy glen,
Where 'mid old rocks and ruins the fox makes his den,
Over what lonesome mountain,

Acuishle mo chroidhe!

Where gauger never has trod,
Sweet as the flowery sod,
Wild as the breath
Of the breeze on the heath,
And sparkling all o'er like the moon-lighted fountain,
Are you come to me—
Sorrowful me?

Dancing—inspiring—

My wild blood firin' ;

Oh! terrible glory—

Oh! beautiful siren—

Come, tell the old story—

Come, light up my fancy, and open my heart.

Oh, beautiful ruin—

My life—my undoin'—

Soft and fierce as a pantheress,

Dream of my longing, and wreck of soul,
I never knew love till I loved you, enchantress!

At first, when I knew you, 't was only flirtation,
The touch of a lip and the flash of an eye;
But 't is different now—'t is desperation!

I worship before you

I curse and adore you,

And without you I'd die.

Wirrasthrue!

I wish 't was again

The happy time when

I cared little about you,

Could do well without you,

But would just laugh and view you;

'T is little I knew you!

Oh! terrible darling,

How have you sought me,

Enchanted, and caught me?

See, now, where you've brought me—

To sleep by the roadside, and dress out in rags.
 Think how you found me;
 Dreams come around me—
 The dew of my childhood and life's morning beam;
 Now I sleep by the roadside, a wretch all in rags.
 My heart that sang merrily when I was young
 Swells up like a billow and bursts in despair;
 And the wreck of my hopes on sweet memory flung,
 And cries on the air,
 Are all that is left of the dream.

Wirrasthrue!

My father and mother,
 The priest, and my brother—
 Not a one has a good word for you.
 But I can't part you, darling; their preaching's all vain;
 You'll burn in my heart till these thin pulses stop;
 And the wild cup of life in your fragrance I'll drain—
 To the last brilliant drop.
 Then oblivion will cover
 The shame that is over,
 The brain that was mad, and the heart that was sore;
 Then, beautiful witch,
 I'll be found—in a ditch,
 With your kiss on my cold lips, and never rise more.

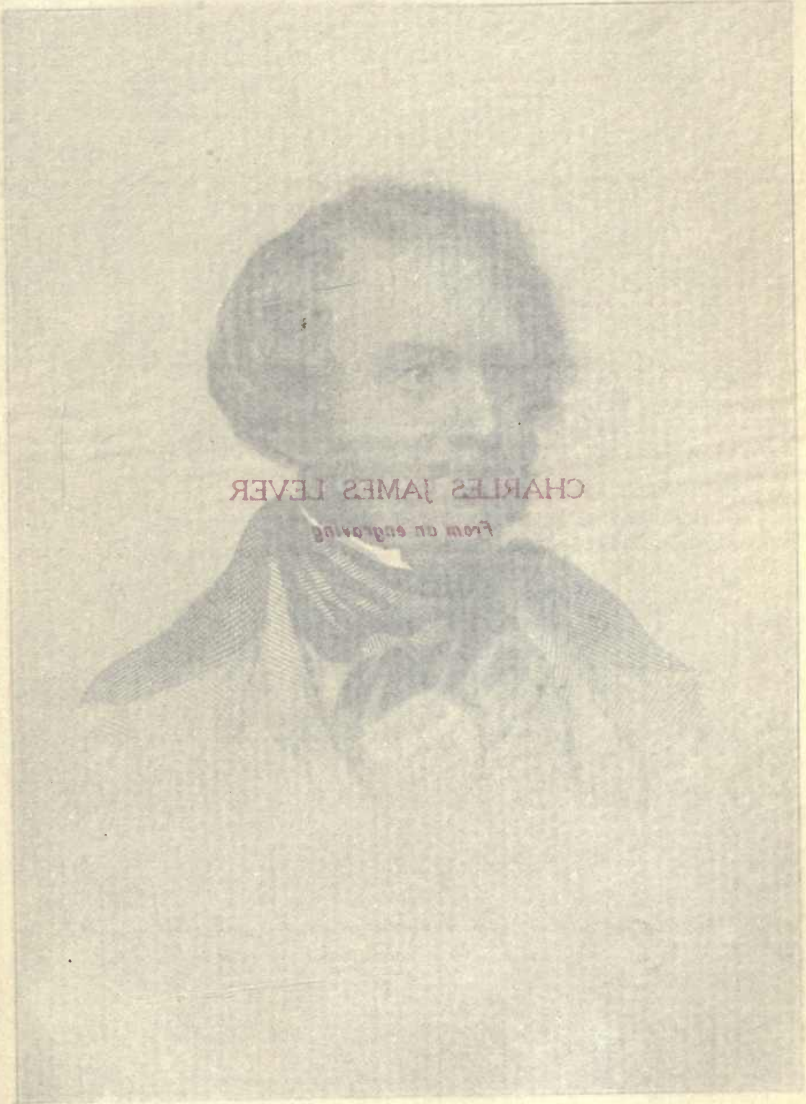
CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

(1806—1872.)

“CHARLES JAMES LEVER,” says Mr. W. B. Yeats, in his ‘Representative Irish Tales,’ “is the most popular in England of all Irish writers, but has never won a place beside Carleton and Banim, or even Griffin, in the hearts of the Irish people. It will be a long time before the world tires altogether of his gay, witty, reckless personages, though it is gradually learning that they are not the typical Irish men and women.”

He was born in Dublin, Aug. 31, 1806. His ancestry was entirely English on the paternal side, and his mother, Julia (originally Judith) Chandler, was also of English descent. Lever, who in boyhood as in manhood, according to Sir Richard Garnett in ‘The Dictionary of National Biography,’ from which we abridge, was lively, ready, and full of fun, received a rather scrambling kind of education at various private schools, and in October, 1822, entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he by no means distinguished himself as a student. He was not graduated until 1827, a delay which may be accounted for by the fact, if fact it be, that he went out to Quebec in charge of an emigrant ship in 1824; but such an interruption of his college career seems improbable, nor could he have had the requisite qualifications. It is more likely that the voyage took place in 1829, when he is known on his own authority to have visited Canada. He had already in 1828 traveled in Holland and Germany, spending considerable time at Göttingen, where he studied medicine and imbibed a taste for German student life, some of whose customs he afterward endeavored to acclimatize in Ireland. On his return to Dublin in 1830 he continued the study of medicine at Stevens’ Hospital and the Medico-Chirurgical School, but failed to pass his examination. He nevertheless obtained the degree of medicine from Trinity College at midsummer, 1831, and held appointments under the Board of Health.

In 1833 he lost both parents, and either contracted or avowed marriage with Miss Catherine Baker, an early friend of his youth. To this union his father had been strongly opposed. The lady had little or no means, and although Lever had inherited half of his father’s not inconsiderable property, and seems to have enjoyed a fair practice at Portstewart, want of economy and heavy losses at cards soon brought his affairs into a very embarrassed condition. He began to turn his attention to literature as a resource, and in February, 1837, he achieved his first, and perhaps his greatest, literary success, with the first installment in *The Dublin University Magazine* of ‘Harry Lorrequer.’ Subsequent numbers only deepened the favorable impression made by the story, but just as Lever’s position seemed assured he forsook Ireland for Brussels in 1840, on an invitation from Sir John Crampton, secretary to the British em-



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from an engraving

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bassy in Belgium. He seemed to have thought that this patronage justified his description of himself as physician to the embassy, which he never was.

He nevertheless obtained a good practice and an entry to the best society, while his pen was exceedingly active, 'Harry Lorrequer' being immediately followed by 'Charles O'Malley,' which also first appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* in 1840, and proved the most popular of all his works, and this by 'Jack Hinton the Guardsman,' in 1843. These works are artless and almost formless; the influence of Maxwell is plainly discernible in them, and they are said to have owed something of their inspiration to McGlashan, the shrewd manager of *The Dublin University Magazine*. But Lever's early novels display his qualities at their best—his animal spirits and rollicking glee, his copious and effective anecdote and power of vigorous, though by no means subtle, delineation of character within the range of his own experience.

Despite their imperfections, Lever's early writings made the fortune of *The Dublin University Magazine*, and in April, 1842, he returned to Dublin and accepted an invitation to become its editor, thus definitely abandoning medicine for literature. He greatly improved the staff of contributors to the magazine, and wrote for it one of his most characteristic novels, 'Tom Burke of Ours,' 1844. 'Arthur O'Leary,' 1844, followed. But Lever never felt very comfortable in his editorial chair. Politics could not be excluded, but they could not be introduced without serious offense to many, and from this and other causes Lever found himself exposed to a series of irritating squabbles which tried his temper more severely than they need have done. He thought it necessary on one occasion to proceed to London to challenge Samuel Carter Hall, and another time he was challenged by Dr. Kenealy, whose contributions he had been obliged to purge of much libelous matter.

His card-playing also kept him poor, although it is asserted that he could and did discharge every debt. The most powerful cause, however, to drive him from Dublin was the danger he ran of absolute literary dearth. When confined to his editorial duties, he could no longer go about observing men and storing his memory with anecdote. His next considerable work, 'The O'Donoghue,' 1845, a romance of Killarney, owed its existence to a holiday spent in that district; in the next, 'The Knight of Gwynne,' 1847, one of his best books, he fell back upon history and availed himself of contemporary memoirs of the Union.

In 1845 Lever resigned his editorship, and in May was living at Brussels, reduced, he says, to his last fifty pounds, though still driving about with a carriage and pair. After wandering for two years with his family over Germany and Italy, and doing little work except desultory writing for magazines, he settled at Florence in August, 1847. Then he produced 'The Martins of Cro' Martin,' a fine picture of West of Ireland life; 'Roland Cashel,' 1850, the materials for which were partly drawn from his Continental experience: this book especially illustrates the transit from his earlier to his later style; 'The Dodd Family Abroad,' 1863-65, a picture of English life on the Continent, in which he appears more in the

light of a reflective humorist than previously; this book he says was better liked by himself and his intimate friends, and less liked by the public, than any of his others. These works may be said to mark Lever's culmination as a novelist. To the same period belong 'Tales of the Trains, by Tilbury Tramp,' 'Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton,' 1849; 'Con Cregan,' 1849 (published anonymously and welcomed by the press as the production of a formidable competitor); 'Maurice Tierney,' 1852; 'The Daltons,' 1852; and 'Sir Jasper Carew,' 1854. 'A Day's Ride,' published in *Household Words* and separately in 1863, was so unsuccessful that Dickens adopted the unusual course of announcing beforehand the number with which it would terminate.

In 1857 Lever was appointed British consul at Spezzia, an office which compelled him to live there, but which seems to have been otherwise almost a sinecure. His principal literary performances during his residence were 'The Fortunes of Glencore,' 1857; 'Davenport Dunn,' 1859; 'One of Them,' 1861; 'Barrington,' 1862; 'Tony Butler,' 1865; 'A Campaigner at Home,' 1865; 'Luttrell of Arran,' 1865; and 'Sir Brook Fosbrooke,' 1866, his own favorite among his novels, but not remarkably popular. 'Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men, Women, and Other Things in General,' 1864, a series of essays originally appearing in *Blackwood's*, obtained considerable more success than it deserved. It shows the man of experience and observation, but is in general such table-talks as one need not go far to hear, deficient in originality, pregnancy, and point.

In 1867 he received the consulship of Trieste from Lord Derby, with the observation, "Here is six hundred a year for doing nothing, and you are just the man to do it." The increased salary scarcely atoned for the unsuitableness of the post. The climate and society of Trieste were detestable to Lever; while his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, sickened and died. He fell into confirmed bad spirits, though always able to rally under congenial circumstances—able to produce a novel of considerable merit in his last fiction, 'Lord Kilgobbin,' 1872. His other works of this period were: 'Gerald Fitzgerald's Continental Gossippings'; 'The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly,' 1868; 'That Boy of Norcott's,' 1869, and 'Paul Gosslett's Confession,' 1870.

He could not, however, shake off his depression, which was partly occasioned by incipient disease of the heart, partly by the fixed idea, which, when his relation to his great contemporaries is considered, cannot but appear groundless, that he had been unfairly treated in comparison with others and had been left behind in the race of life. He visited Ireland in 1871, and seemed alternately in very high and very low spirits; after his return to Trieste he failed gradually, and died suddenly there, June 1, 1872. He had continued to lose at cards to the last, yet his affairs were in perfect order and his family not unprovided for.

Lever's great misfortune was to be an author without sufficient literary vocation. Had his circumstances been easy, he would not have written at all. His earliest and most popular writings hardly rank high as literature, though their vigor and gayety, and the excellent anecdotes and spirited songs with which they are inter-

spersed, will always render them attractive. He is almost destitute of invention or imagination, and his personages are generally transcripts from the life and his incidents stories told at second hand. Lever's books are full of real persons ; one, " Maurice Quill," he carelessly allowed to appear in his real name, much to the disgust of the original. " Major Monsoon " was Commissary-General Mayne, whom Lever knew quite well in later life in Brussels. Mayne was quite as amusing a looter as his prototype in ' Charles O'Malley.' " Godfrey O'Malley, M. P.," was taken from Dick Martin of Connemara, a noted duelist, who actually had his own death announced in order to avoid arrest on the dissolution of Parliament, and was spirited away in a hearse till he was safe among his delighted constituents. " Baby Blake," in ' Charles O'Malley,' was Miss French of Moneyvoe, who used to follow the hounds over five-barred gates ; while " Webber," was Lever's fellow-student at Trinity, one Ottiwell. " Father Malachy Brennan," in ' Harry Lorrequer,' was taken chiefly from Father Malachy Duggan, parish priest of Carrigaholt ; while Father Comyns of Kilkee figured as " Father Tom Loftus " in ' Jack Hinton.' Neither of these respected ecclesiastics was quite reconciled to the rollicking character with which the novelist invested him. The character of " Tom Burke " was molded on the reminiscences of Lever's friend, Major Dwyer, who had spent many years in foreign service ; while " Davenport Dunn " was based on the financial career and suicide on Hampstead Heath of Sadleir, the associate of Keogh, in the ' Pope's Brass Band.'

At a later period in his career he awoke in some measure to the claims of art, and exhibited some proficiency as a writer with less damage to his character as a humorist than might have been expected. The transition is marked by ' Roland Cashel,' but in ' Glencore ' he first deliberately attempted analysis of character. His readers lamented the disappearance of his rollicking spend-thrifts and daredevil heroes. But his later works exhibit fewer traces of exhaustion and decay than are usual with veteran writers. The effervescence of animal spirits has indeed subsided, but the residue is by no means tame or spiritless, and the loss of energy is largely compensated by greater attention to finish and to the regularity of construction essential to the novel. Lever's best passages of incident and description in both his early and his late novels are very effective ; his diffuseness, which seldom amounts to tediousness, may be excused as the result of serial publication. He had so little of the artistic instinct that he could not, he tells us, write otherwise than from month to month.

As a portrayer of Irish character Lever has been greatly over-rated. His aboriginal Irishmen are generally of a low class, his heroes and heroines almost invariably English or Anglo-Norman. He has done much to perpetuate current error as to Irish character, —not that the life which he depicts is unreal, but it is far from universal or even general. He has not, however, actually misrepresented anything, and cannot be censured for confining himself to the society which he knew ; nor was his talent adapted for treatment of Irish life in its melancholy and poetical aspects, even if

these had been more familiar to him. In his own character he exhibited some admirable and many amiable traits. His failings were chiefly those incidental to the sanguine temperament, of which, alike in its merits and in its defects, he was a singularly mixed example. Lever's characteristic extravagances are cleverly parodied by Bret Harte in his tale by "a popular author," entitled 'Terence Deuville.'

The verses and songs scattered through Lever's novels are often, says 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "as brilliant and racy as his inimitable prose . . . their gay humor is irresistible and their language and rhythm are handled by a veritable master of his craft."

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

From 'Jack Hinton.'

"Thank you, my lord, thank you," said O'Grady, as he turned away. "I'll be answerable for my friend. Now, Hinton," whispered he, as he leaned his hand upon my shoulder and leant over me, "we're in luck to-night, at all events, for I have just got permission to bring you with me where I am to spend the evening—it's no small favor, if you knew but all; so finish your wine, for my friends there are moving already."

All my endeavors to ascertain where we were going, or to whose house, were in vain; the only thing I could learn was, that my admission was a prodigious favor—while, to satisfy my scruples about dress, he informed me that no change of costume was necessary.

"I perceive," said O'Grady, as he drew the curtain and looked out into the street, "the night is fine and starlight, so what say you if we walk? I must tell you, however, our place of rendezvous is somewhat distant."

Agreeing to the proposition with pleasure, I took his arm, and we sallied forth together. Our way led at first through a most crowded and frequented part of the capital. We traversed Dame Street, passed by the Castle, and ascended a steep street beyond it; after this we took a turning to the left, and entered a part of the city, to me at least, utterly unknown; for about half an hour we continued to wander on, now to the right, now to the left, the streets becoming gradually narrower, less frequented, and less lighted; the shops were all closed, and few persons stirred in the remote thoroughfares.

"I fear I must have made a mistake," said O'Grady, "endeavoring to take a short cut;—but here comes a watchman.—I say, is this Kevin Street?"

"No, sir; the second turning to your right brings you into it."

"Kevin Street!" said I, repeating the name half aloud to myself.

"Yes, Jack, so it is called; but all your ingenuity will prove too little in discovering whither you are going; so, come along—leave time to tell you, what guessing never will."

By this time we arrived at the street in question, when very soon after O'Grady called out:

"All right—here we are!"

With these words, he knocked three times in a peculiar manner at the door of a large and gloomy-looking house. An ill-trimmed lamp threw a faint and flickering light upon the old and ruined building, and I could trace here and there, through all the wreck of time, some remnants of a better day. The windows now, however, were broken in several places, those on the lower story being defended on the outside by a strong iron railing. Not a gleam of light shone through any one of them; but a darkness unrelieved, save by the yellow gleam of the street lamp, enveloped the entire building. O'Grady's summons was twice repeated ere there seemed any chance of its being replied to, when at last the step of a heavy foot descending the stairs announced the approach of some one. While I continued my survey of the house O'Grady never spoke, and, perceiving that he made a mystery of our visit, I resolved to ask no further questions, but patiently await the result; my impression, however, was that the place was the resort either of thieves or of some illegal association, of which more than one, at that time, were known to have their meetings in the capital. While I was thus occupied in my conjectures, and wondering within myself how O'Grady had become acquainted with his friends, the door opened, and a diminutive, mean-looking old man, shading the candle with his hand, stood at the entrance.

"Good evening, Mickey," cried O'Grady, as he brushed by him into the hall. "Are they come?"

"Yes, captain," said the little man, as, snuffing the long

wick with his fingers, he held the light up to O'Grady's face. "Yes, Captain, about fifteen."

"This gentleman's with me;—come along, Jack;—he is my friend, Mickey."

"Oh, I can't do it by no means, Mister Phil," said the dwarf, opposing himself as a barrier to my entrance; "you know what they said the last night; " here he strained himself on his toes, and as O'Grady stooped down whispered some words I couldn't catch, while he continued aloud: "and you know after that, captain, I daren't do it."

"I tell you, you old fool, I've arranged it all; so get along there, and show us the light up these confounded stairs. I suppose they never mended the hole on the lobby?"

"Throth, they didn't," growled the dwarf; "and it would be chaper for them nor breaking their shins every night."

I followed O'Grady up the stairs, which creaked and bent beneath us at every step; the handrail, broken in many places, swung to and fro with every motion of the stair, and the walls, covered with green and damp mold, looked the very picture of misery and decay. Still grumbling at the breach of order incurred by my admission, the old man shuffled along, wheezing, coughing, and cursing between times, till at length we reached the landing-place, where the hole of which I heard them speak permitted a view of the hall beneath. Stepping across this, we entered a large room lighted by a lamp upon the chimney-piece; around the walls were hung a variety of what appeared to be cloaks of a lightish drab color, while over each hung a small skull-cap of yellow leather.

"Don't you hear the knocking below, Mickey? There's some one at the door," said O'Grady.

The little man left the room, and as we were now alone, I expected some explanation from my friend as to the place we were in, and the people who frequented it. Not so, however; Phil merely detached one of the cloaks from its peg, and proceeded to invest himself in its folds; he placed the skull-cap on his head, after which, covering the whole with a hood, he fastened the garment around his waist with a girdle of rope, and stood before me, the perfect picture of a monk of St. Benedict, as we see them represented in old pictures; the only irregularity of costume being, that in-

stead of a rosary, the string from his girdle supported a corkscrew and a horn spoon of most portentous proportions.

"Come, my son," said he, reverently, "indue thy garment;" so saying, he proceeded to clothe me in a similar manner, after which he took a patient survey of me for a few seconds. "You'll do very well: wear the hood well forward; and mark me, Jack, I've one direction to give you—never speak a word, not a syllable, so long as you remain in the house; if spoken to, cross your arms thus upon your breast and bow your head in this manner. Try that—perfectly—you have your lesson; now, don't forget it."

O'Grady now, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, and his head bent slightly forward, walked slowly forth, with a solemn gravity well-befitting his costume. Imitating him as well as I was able, I followed him up the stairs. On reaching the second landing, he tapped twice with his knuckles at a low door, whose pointed arch and iron grating were made to represent the postern of a convent.

"*Benedicite*," said Phil, in a low tone.

"*Et tu quoque, frater*," responded some one from within, and the door was opened. Saluting a venerable-looking figure, who, with a long gray beard, bowed devoutly as we passed, we entered an apartment where, so sudden was the change from what I had hitherto seen, I could scarcely trust my eyes. A comfortable, well-carpeted room, with curtained windows, cushioned chairs, and, not least inviting of all, a blazing fire of wood upon the hearth, were objects I was little prepared for; but I had little time to note them, my attention being directed with more curiosity to the living occupants of this strange dwelling. Some fifteen or sixteen persons, costumed like ourselves, either walked up and down engaged in conversation, or sat in little groups around the fire. Card-tables there were in different parts of the room, but only one was occupied. At this a party of reverend fathers were busily occupied at whist.

In the corner next the fire, seated in a large chair of carved oak, was a figure, whose air and bearing bespoke authority; the only difference in his costume from the others being a large embroidered corkscrew, which he wore on his left shoulder.

"Holy Prior, your blessing," said Phil, bowing obsequiously before him.

"You have it, my son; much good may it do you," responded the Superior, in a voice which, somehow or other, seemed not perfectly new to me. While O'Grady engaged in a whispered conversation with the prior, I turned my eyes towards a large framed paper which hung above the chimney. It ran thus: "Rules and Regulations to be observed in the Monastery of the venerable and pious brothers, the Monks of the Screw." Conceiving it scarcely delicate in a stranger to read over the regulations of a society of which he was not a member, I was turning away, when O'Grady, seizing me by the arm, whispered, "Remember your lesson;" then added aloud, "Holy father, this is the lay brother of whom I spoke." The prior bowed formally, and extended his hands towards me with a gesture of benediction.

"Accipe benedictionem—"

"Supper, by the Lord Harry!" cried a jolly voice behind me, and at the same moment a general movement was made by the whole party.

The prior now didn't wait to conclude his oration; but, tucking up his garments, put himself at the head of the procession, which had formed two-and-two in order of march. At the same moment two fiddles from the supper-room, after a slight prelude, struck up the anthem of the Order, which was the popular melody of "The night before Larry was stretched!"

Marching in measured tread, we entered the supper-room, when, once having made the circuit of the table, at a flourish of the fiddles we assumed our places, the superior seating himself at the head in a chair of state, slightly elevated above the rest. A short Latin grace, which I was unfortunate enough not to catch, being said, the work of eating began; and certainly whatever might have been the feats of the friars of old when the bell summoned them to the refectory, their humble followers, the Monks of the Screw, did them no discredit. A profusion of dishes covered the table; and although the entire service was of wood, and the whole "equipage" of the most plain and simple description, yet the cookery was admirable and the wines perfection itself. While the supper proceeded, scarcely a

word was spoken. By the skillful exercise of signs, with which they all seemed familiar, roast ducks, lobsters, veal pies, and jellies flew from hand to hand; the decanters also paraded up and down the table with an alacrity and dispatch I had seldom seen equaled. Still the pious brethren maintained a taciturn demeanor that would have done credit to La Trappe itself. As for me, my astonishment and curiosity increased every moment. What could they be? What could they mean? There was something too farcical about it all to suppose that any political society or any dangerous association could be concealed under such a garb; and if mere conviviality and good-fellowship were meant, their unbroken silence and grave demeanor struck me as a most singular mode of promoting either.

Supper at length concluded, the dishes were removed by two humble brethren of the Order, dressed in a species of gray serge; after which, marching to a solemn tune, another monk appeared, bearing a huge earthenware bowl brimful of steaming punch; at least, so the odor and the floating lemons bespoke it. Each brother was now provided with a small, quaint-looking pipkin; after which the domestics withdrew, leaving us in silence as before. For about a second or two this continued, when suddenly the fiddles gave a loud twang, and each monk, springing to his legs, threw back his cowl, and, bowing to the superior, re-seated himself. So sudden was the action, so unexpected the effect, for a moment or two I believed it a dream.

What was my surprise, what my amazement, that this den of thieves, this hoard of burglars, this secret council of rebels, was nothing more nor less than an assemblage of nearly all the first men of the day in Ireland! And as my eye ran rapidly over the party, here I could see the Chief Baron, with a venerable dignitary of St. Patrick's on his right; there was the Attorney-General; there the Provost of Trinity College; lower down, with his skull-cap set jauntily on one side, was Wellesley Pole, the Secretary of State, Yelverton, Day, Plunket, Parsons, Toler; in a word, all those whose names were a guarantee for everything that was brilliant, witty and amusing, were there; while, conspicuous among the rest, the prior himself was no other than John Philpot Curran! Scarcely was my rapid survey of the party completed, when the superior, filling his pipkin

from the ample bowl before him, rose to give the health of the Order. Alas me! that time should have so sapped my memory: I can but give my impression of what I heard.

The speech, which lasted about ten minutes, was a kind of burlesque on speeches from the throne, describing in formal phrase the prosperous state of their institution, its amicable foreign relations, the flourishing condition of its finances—brother Yelverton having paid in the two-and-sixpence he owed for above two years; concluding all with the hope that, by a rigid economy—part of which consisted in limiting John Toler to ten pipkins—they would soon be enabled to carry into effect the proposed works on the frontier, and expend the sum of four shillings and ninepence in the repair of the lobby; winding up all with a glowing eulogium on monastic institutions in general, he concluded with recommending to their special devotion and unanimous cheers “The Monks of the Screw.” Never, certainly, did men compensate for their previous silence better than the worthy brethren in question. Cheering with an energy I never heard the like of, each man finished his pipkin with just voice enough left to call for the song of the Order.

Motioning with his hand to the fiddlers to begin, the prior cleared his throat, and, to the simple but touching melody they had marched in to supper by, sang the following chant:

GOOD LUCK TO THE FRIARS OF OLD.

“Of all trades that flourished of old,
 Before men knew reading and writing,
 The friars’ was best, I am told,
 If one wasn’t much given to fighting;
 For, rent free, you lived at your ease—
 You had neither to work nor to labor—
 You might eat of whatever you please,
 For the prog was supplied by your neighbor.
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old !

“Your dress was convenient and cheap—
 A loose robe like this I am wearing;
 It was pleasant to eat in or sleep,
 And never much given to tearing,
 Not tightened nor squeezed in the least—
 How of modern days you might shame us !

With a small bit of cord round your waist—
 With what vigor you'd chant the *Oremus!*
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old!

“What miracles then, too, you made,
 The fame to this hour is lasting;
 But the strangest of all, it is said,
 You grew mighty fat upon fasting!
 And though strictly forbid to touch wine,
 How the fact all your glory enhances!
 You well knew the taste of the vine—
 Some miraculous gift of St. Francis!
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old!

“To trace an example so meek,
 And repress all our carnal desires,
 We mount two pair stairs every week,
 And put on that garment of friars;
 And our Order itself is as old—
 The oldest between me and you, sir;
 For King David, they say, was enrolled,
 And a capital Monk of the Screw, sir!
 So, good luck to the friars of old!”

The song over, and another cheer given to the Brethren of the Screw, the pipkins were replenished, and the conversation, so long pent up, burst forth in all its plenitude. Nothing but fun, nothing but wit, nothing but merriment was heard on either side. Here were not only all the bright spirits of the day, but they were met by appointment; they came prepared for the combat, armed for the fight; and certainly never was such a joust of wit and brilliancy. Good stories rained around; jests, repartees, and epigrams flew like lightning; and one had but time to catch some sparkling gem as it glittered, ere another and another succeeded.

But even already I grow impatient with myself while I speak of these things. How poor, how vapid, and how meager is the effort to recall the wit that set the table in a roar! Not only is the memory wanting, but how can one convey the incessant roll of fun, the hailstorm of pleasantries, that rattled about our ears; each good thing that was uttered ever suggesting something still better; the brightest fancy and the most glowing imagination stimulated to the utmost; while powers of voice, of look, and of mimicry unequalled, lent all their aid to the scene.

While I sat entranced and delighted with all I saw and

all I heard, I had not remarked that O'Grady had been addressing the chair for some time previous.

"Reverend brother," replied the prior, "the prayer of thy petition is inadmissible. The fourth rule of our faith says, *de confessione*: No subject, mirthful, witty, or jocose, known to, or by, any member of the Order, shall be withheld from the brotherhood, under a penalty of the heaviest kind. And it goes on to say, that whether the jest involves your father or your mother, your wife, your sister, or the aunt from whom you expect a legacy, no exception can be made. What you then look for is clearly impossible; make a clean breast of it, and begin."

This being a question of order, a silence was soon established, when, what was my horror to find that Phil O'Grady began the whole narrative of my mother's letter on the subject of the Rooneys!—not limiting himself, however, to the meager document in question, but coloring the story with all the force of his imagination, he displayed to the brethren the ludicrous extremes of character personated by the London fine lady and the Dublin attorney's wife! Shocked as I was at first, he had not proceeded far, when I was forced to join the laughter; the whole table pounced upon the story; the Rooneys were well known to them all; and the idea of poor Paul, who dispensed his hospitalities with a princely hand, having his mansion degraded to the character of a chop-house, almost convulsed them with laughter.

"I am going over to London next week," said Parsons, "with old Lambert; and if I thought I should meet this Lady Charlotte Hinton, I'd certainly contrive to have him presented to her as Mr. Paul Rooney."

This observation created a diversion in favor of my lady-mother, to which I had the satisfaction of listening, without the power to check.

"She has," said Dawson, "most admirable and original views about Ireland; and were it only for the fact of calling on the Rooneys for their bill, deserves our gratitude. I humbly move, therefore, that we drink to the health of our worthy sister, Lady Charlotte Hinton."

The next moment found me hip, hiping in derision, to my mother's health, the only consolation being that I was escaping unnoticed and unknown.

“ Well, Barrington, the duke was delighted with your corps; nothing could be more soldier-like than their appearance as they marched past.”

“ Ah, the attorneys, isn't it?—the Devil's Own, as Curran calls them.”

“ Yes, and remarkably well they looked. I say, Parsons, you heard what poor Rooney said, when Sir Charles Asgill read aloud the general order, complimenting them. ‘ May I beg, Sir Charles,’ said he, ‘ to ask if the document in your hand be an attested copy?’ ”

“ Capital, faith! By-the-by, what's the reason, can any one tell me, Paul has never invited me to dine for the last two years?”

“ Indeed!” said Curran; “ then your chance is a bad one, for the statute of limitations is clearly against you.”

“ Ah, Kellar, the Rooneys have cut all their low acquaintances, and your prospects look very gloomy. You know what took place between Paul and Lord Manners?”

“ No, Barrington; let's hear it, by all means.”

“ Paul had met him at Kinnegad, where both had stopped to change horses. ‘ A glass of sherry, my lord?’ quoth Paul, with a most insinuating look.

“ ‘ No, sir, thank you,’ was the distant reply.

“ ‘ A bowl of gravy, then, my lord,’ rejoined he.

“ ‘ Pray excuse me,’ more coldly than before.

“ ‘ May be a chop and a crisped potato would tempt your lordship.’

“ ‘ Neither, sir, I assure you.’

“ ‘ Nor a glass of egg-flip?’ repeated Paul, in an accent bordering on despair.

“ ‘ Nor even the egg-flip,’ rejoined his lordship, in the most pompous manner.

“ ‘ Then, my lord,’ said Paul, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking him firmly in the face, ‘ I've only to say, the “ onus ” is now on you.’ With which he stalked out of the room, leaving the chancellor to his own reflections.”

“ Brethren, the saint!” cried out the prior, as he rose from the chair.

“ The saint! the saint!” re-echoed from lip to lip; and at the same moment the door opened, and a monk appeared, bearing a silver image of St. Patrick, about a foot and a

half high, which he deposited in the middle of the table, with the utmost reverence. All the monks rose, filling their pipkins, while the junior of the Order, a fat little monk, with spectacles, began the following ditty, in which all the rest joined, with every energy of voice and manner :

“ When Saint Patrick our Order created,”¹

A hip, hip, hurrah! that made the very saint totter on his legs, shook the room; and once more the reverend fathers reseated themselves to resume their labors.

Again the conversation flowed on in its broader channel, and scarcely was the laughter caused by one anecdote at an end when another succeeded; the strangest feature of all this being, that he who related the story was, in almost every instance, less the source of amusement to the party than they who, listening to the recital, threw a hundred varied lights upon it, making even the tamest imaginable adventure the origin of innumerable ludicrous situations and absurd fancies. Besides all this, there were characteristic differences in the powers of the party, which deprived the display of any trace or appearance of sameness: the epigrammatic terseness and nicety of Curran, the jovial good humor and mellow raciness of Lawrence Parsons, the happy facility of converting all before him into a pun or a repartee so eminently possessed by Toler, and, perhaps more striking than all, the caustic irony and piercing sarcasm of Yelverton's wit, relieved and displayed each other; each man's talent having only so much rivalry as to excite opposition and give interest to the combat, yet never by any accident originating a particle of animosity, or even eliciting a shade of passing irritation.

With what pleasure could I continue to recount the stories, the songs, the sayings I listened to. With what satisfaction do I yet look back upon the brilliant scene, nearly all the actors in which have since risen to high rank and eminence in the country. How often, too, in their bright career, when I have heard the warm praise of the world bestowed upon their triumphs and their successes, has my memory carried me back to that glorious night when, with hearts untrammelled by care, high in hope, and higher in ambition, these bright spirits sported in all the

¹ This song will be found among the extracts from Curran's works.

wanton exuberance of their genius, scattering with profusion the rich ore of their talent, careless of the depths to which the mine should be shafted hereafter. Yes, it is true there were giants in those days! However much one may be disposed to look upon the eulogist of the past as one whose fancy is more ardent than his memory is tenacious, yet, with respect to this, there is no denial of the fact, that great convivial gifts, great conversational power, no longer exist as they did some thirty or forty years ago. I speak more particularly of the country where I passed my youth—of Ireland; and who that remembers those names I have mentioned—who that can recall the fascination and charm which almost every dinner-party of the day could boast—who that can bring to mind the brilliancy of Curran, the impetuous power of Plunket, or the elegance of manner and classical perfection of wit that made Burke the Cicero of his nation—who, I say, with all these things before his memory, can venture to compare the society of that period with the present? No, no; the gray hairs that mingle with our brown may convict us of being a prejudiced witness, but we would call into court every one whose testimony is available, and confidently await the verdict.

“And so they ran away,” said the prior, turning towards a tall, gaunt-looking monk, who, with a hollow voice and solemn manner, was recording the singular disappearance of the militia regiment he commanded, on the morning they were to embark for England. “The story we heard,” resumed the prior, “was, that when drawn up in the Fifteen Acres, one of the light company caught sight of a hare, and flung his musket at it. The grenadiers followed the example, and that then the whole battalion broke loose, with a loud yell, and set off in pursuit——”

“No, sir,” said the gaunt man, waving his hand to suppress the laughter around him. “They were assembled on the lighthouse wall, as it might be here, and we told them off by tallies as they marched on board, not perceiving, however, that as fast as they entered the packet on one side they left it on the opposite, there being two jolly-boats in waiting to receive them, and, as it was dusk at the time, the scheme was undetected until the corporal of a flank company shouted out for them to wait for him, that being

his boat. At this time we had fifty men of our four hundred and eighty."

"Ay, ay, holy father," cried the prior, as he helped himself to a deviled bone, "your fellows were like the grilled bone before me: when they were mustered, they would not wait to be peppered."

This sally produced a roar of laughter, not the less hearty that the grim-visaged hero it was addressed to never relaxed a muscle of his face. It was now late, and what between the noise, the wine, and the laughter, my faculties were none of the clearest. Without having drunk much, I felt all the intoxication of liquor, and a whirlwind of confusion in my ideas that almost resembled madness. To this state one part of their proceedings in a great measure contributed; for every now and then, on some signal from the prior, the whole party would take hands and dance round the table to the measure of an Irish jig, wilder and even more eccentric than their own orgies. Indeed, I think this religious exercise finished me; for, after the third time of its performance, the whole scene became a confused and disturbed mass, and, amid the crash of voices, the ringing of laughter, the tramping of feet, I sank into something which, if not sleep, was at least unconsciousness; and thus is a wet sponge drawn over the immediately succeeding portion of my history.

Some faint recollection I have of terrifying old Corny by my costume; but what the circumstances, or how they happened, I cannot remember. I can only call to mind one act in vindication of my wisdom—I went to bed.

MAJOR BOB MAHON'S HOSPITALITY.

From 'Jack Hinton.'

Meanwhile the Major rolled his eyes fearfully at me, and fidgeted in his chair with impatience to be asked for his story, and, as I myself had some curiosity on the subject, I begged him to relate it.

"Tom, here, doesn't like a story at supper," said the Major, pompously, for, perceiving our attitude of atten-

tion, he resolved on being a little tyrannical before telling it.

The priest made immediate submission, and, slyly hinting that his objection only lay against stories he had been hearing for the last thirty years, said he could listen to the narration in question with much pleasure.

“You shall have it, then!” said the Major, as he squared himself in his chair, and thus began:

“You have never been in Castle Connel, Hinton? Well, there is a wide bleak line of country there, that stretches away to the westward, with nothing but large, round-backed mountains, low, boggy swamps, with here and there a miserable mud hovel, surrounded by, maybe, half an acre of lumpers, or bad oats; a few small streams struggle through this on their way to the Shannon, but they are brown and dirty as the soil they traverse; and the very fish that swim in them are brown and smutty also.

“In the very heart of this wild country, I took it into my head to build a house. A strange notion it was, for there was no neighborhood and no sporting: but, somehow, I had taken a dislike to mixed society some time before that, and I found it convenient to live somewhat in retirement; so that, if the partridges were not in abundance about me, neither were the process-servers; and the truth was, I kept a much sharper look-out for the sub-sheriff than I did for the snipe.

“Of course, as I was over head and ears in debt, my notion was to build something very considerable and imposing; and, to be sure, I had a fine portico, and a flight of steps leading up to it; and there were ten windows in front, and a grand balustrade at the top; and, faith, taking it all in all, the building was so strong, the walls so thick, the windows so narrow, and the stones so black, that my cousin, Darcy Mahon, called it Newgate—and not a bad name either—and the devil another it ever went by; and even that same had its advantages, for when the creditors used to read that at the top of my letters, they’d say, ‘Poor devil! he has enough on his hands; there’s no use troubling him any more.’ Well, big as Newgate looked from without, it had not much accommodation when you got inside. There was, it is true, a fine hall, all flagged, and out of it you entered what ought to have been the dinner-room,

thirty-eight feet by seven-and-twenty, but which was used for herding sheep in winter. On the right hand there was a cozy little breakfast-room, just about the size of this we are in. At the back of the hall, but concealed by a pair of folding-doors, there was a grand staircase of old Irish oak, that ought to have led up to a great suite of bedrooms, but it only conducted to one, a little crib I had for myself. The remainder were never plastered nor floored; and, indeed, in one of them, that was over the big drawing-room, the joists were never laid, which was all the better, for it was there we used to keep our hay and straw.

“Now, at the time I mention, the harvest was not brought in, and, instead of its being full, as it used to be, it was mighty low; so that when you opened the door above-stairs, instead of finding the hay up beside you, it was about fourteen feet down beneath you.

“I can’t help boring you with all these details, first, because they are essential to my story; and next, because, being a young man, and a foreigner to boot, it may lead you to a little better understanding of some of our national customs. Of all the partialities we Irish have, after wine and the ladies, I believe our ruling passion is to build a big house, spend every shilling we have, or that we have not, as the case may be, in getting it half finished, and then live in a corner of it, ‘just for grandeur,’ as a body may say. It’s a droll notion, after all; but show me the county in Ireland that hasn’t at least six specimens of what I mention.

“Newgate was a beautiful one; and although the sheep lived in the parlor, and the cows were kept in the blue drawing-room, Darby Whaley slept in the boudoir, and two bulldogs and a buck goat kept house in the library, faith, upon the outside, it looked very imposing, and not one that saw it from the high-road to Ennis—and you could see it for twelve miles in every direction—didn’t say, ‘That Mahon must be a snug fellow; look what a beautiful place he has of it there!’ Little they knew that it was safer to go up the ‘Reeks’ than my grand staircase, and it was like rope-dancing to pass from one room to the other.

“Well, it was about four o’clock in the afternoon of a dark, leaden day in December that I was treading home-wards in no very good humor, for, except a brace and a half

of snipe, and a gray plover, I had met with nothing the whole day. The night was falling fast, so I began to hurry on as quickly as I could, when I heard a loud shout behind me, and a voice called out,

“ ‘It’s Bob Mahon, boys! By the Hill of Scariff, we are in luck!’ ”

“ I turned about, and what should I see but a parcel of fellows in red coats; they were the Blazers. There was Dan Lambert, Tom Burke, Harry Eyre, Joe M’Mahon, and the rest of them: fourteen souls in all. They had come down to draw a cover of Stephen Blake’s, about ten miles from me, but, in the strange mountain country, they lost the dogs, they lost their way, and their temper; in truth, to all appearance, they lost everything but their appetites. Their horses were dead beat, too, and they looked as miserable a crew as ever you set eyes on.

“ ‘Isn’t it lucky, Bob, that we found you at home?’ said Lambert.

“ ‘They told us you were away,’ says Burke.

“ ‘Some said that you were grown so pious that you never went out, except on Sundays,’ added old Harry, with a grin.

“ ‘Begad,’ said I, ‘as to the luck, I won’t say much for it; for here’s all I can give you for your dinner;’ and so I pulled out the four birds and shook them at them; ‘and as to the piety, troth, maybe, you’d like to keep a fast with as devoted a son of the Church as myself.’

“ ‘But isn’t that Newgate up there?’ said one.

“ ‘That same.’

“ ‘And you don’t mean to say that such a house as that hasn’t a good larder and a fine cellar?’

“ ‘You’re right,’ said I, ‘and they’re both full at this very moment—the one with seed potatoes, and the other with Whitehaven coals.’

“ ‘Have you got any bacon?’ said Mahon.

“ ‘Oh, yes!’ said I, ‘there’s bacon.’

“ ‘And eggs?’ said another.

“ ‘For the matter of that, you might swim in batter.’

“ ‘Come, come,’ said Dan Lambert, ‘we’re not so badly off after all.’

“ ‘Is there whisky?’ cried Eyre.

“ ‘Seventy-three gallons, that never paid the King six-pence!’ ”

“ As I said this, they gave three cheers you’d have heard a mile off.

“ After about twenty minutes’ walking, we got up to the house, and when poor Darby opened the door, I thought he’d faint, for you see, the red coats made him think it was the army coming to take me away, and he was for running off to raise the country, when I caught him by the neck.

“ ‘It’s the Blazers! ye old fool,’ said I. ‘The gentlemen are come to dine here.’ ”

“ ‘Hurroo!’ said he, clapping his hands on his knees, ‘there must be great distress, entirely, down about Nenagh and them parts, or they’d never think of coming up here for a bit to eat.’ ”

“ ‘Which way lie the stables, Bob?’ said Burke.

“ ‘Leave all that to Darby,’ said I, for ye see he had only to whistle and bring up as many people as he liked—and so he did, too; and, as there was room for a cavalry regiment, the horses were soon bedded down and comfortable, and in ten minutes’ time we were all sitting pleasantly round a big fire, waiting for the rashers and eggs.

“ ‘Now, if you’d like to wash your hands before dinner, Lambert, come along with me.’ ”

“ ‘By all means,’ said he.

“ The others were standing up too; but, I observed, that as the house was large, and the ways of it unknown to them, it was better to wait till I’d come back for them.

“ ‘This was a real piece of good luck, Bob,’ said Dan, as he followed me upstairs; ‘capital quarters we’ve fallen into; and what a snug bedroom ye have here.’ ”

“ ‘Yes,’ said I carelessly; ‘it’s one of the small rooms—there are eight like this, and five large ones, plainly furnished, as you see; but for the present, you know—’ ”

“ ‘Oh, begad! I wish for nothing better. Let me sleep here—the other fellows may care for your four-posters with satin hangings.’ ”

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘if you are really not joking, I may tell you, that the room is one of the warmest in the house,’ and this was telling no lie.

“ ‘Here I’ll sleep,’ said he, rubbing his hands with satis-

faction, and giving the bed a most affectionate look. 'And now let us join the rest.'

"When I brought Dan down, I took up Burke, and after him M'Mahon, and so on to the last; but every time I entered the parlor, I found them all bestowing immense praises on my house, and each fellow ready to bet he had got the best bedroom.

"Dinner soon made its appearance; for if the cookery was not very perfect, it was at least wonderfully expeditious. There were two men cutting rashers, two more frying them in the pan, and another did nothing but break the eggs, Darby running from the parlor to the kitchen and back again, as hard as he could trot.

"Do you know now, that many a time since, when I have been giving venison, and Burgundy, and claret enough to swim a life-boat in, I often thought it was a cruel waste of money; for the fellows weren't half as pleasant as they were that evening on bacon and whisky!

"I've a theory on that subject, Hinton, I'll talk to you more about another time; I'll only observe now, that I'm sure we all overfeed our company. I've tried both plans; and my honest experience is, that as far as regards conviviality, fun, and good-fellowship, it is a great mistake to provide too well for your guests. There is something heroic in eating your mutton-chop or your leg of turkey among jolly fellows; there is a kind of reflective flattering about it that tells you you have been invited for your drollery, and not for your digestion; and that your jokes, and not your flattery, have been your recommendation. Lord bless you! I've laughed more over red-herrings and potteen than I ever expect to do again over turtle and toquay.

"My guests were, to do them justice, a good illustration of my theory. A pleasanter and a merrier party never sat down together. We had good songs, good stories, plenty of laughing, and plenty of drink; until at last, poor Darby became so overpowered, by the fumes of the hot water, I suppose, that he was obliged to be carried up to bed, and so we were compelled to boil the kettle in the parlor. This, I think, precipitated matters; for, by some mistake, they put punch into it instead of water, and the more you tried to

weaken the liquor, it was only the more tipsy you were getting.

“About two o’clock, five of the party were under the table, three more were nodding backwards and forwards like insane pendulums, and the rest were mighty noisy, and now and then rather disposed to be quarrelsome.

“‘Bob,’ said Lambert to me, in a whisper, ‘if it’s the same thing to you, I’ll slip away, and get into bed.’

“‘Of course, if you won’t take anything more. Just make yourself at home; and as you don’t know the way here, follow me!’

“‘I’m afraid,’ said he, ‘I’d not find my way alone.’

“‘I think,’ said I, ‘it’s very likely. But come along!’

“I walked upstairs before him; but instead of turning to the left, I went the other way, till I came to the door of the large room, that I have told you already was over the big drawing-room. Just as I put my hand on the lock, I contrived to blow out the candle as if it was the wind.

“‘What a draft there is here!’ said I; ‘but just step in, and I’ll go for a light.’

“He did as he was bid; but instead of finding himself on my beautiful little carpet, down he went fourteen feet into the hay at the bottom! I looked down after him for a minute or two, and then called out—

“‘As I am doing the honors of Newgate, the least I could do was to show you the drop. Good-night, Dan! but let me advise you to get a little further from the door, as there are more coming.’

“Well, sir, when they missed Dan and me out of the room, two or three more stood up, and declared for bed also. The first I took up was Ffrench, of Green Park; for, indeed, he wasn’t a cute fellow at the best of times, and if it wasn’t that the hay was so low, he’d never have guessed it was not a feather-bed till he woke in the morning. Well, down he went. Then came Eyre! Then Joe Mahon—two-and-twenty stone—no less! Lord pity them!—this was a great shock entirely! But when I opened the door for Tom Burke, upon my conscience you’d think it was a Pandemonium they had down there. They were fighting like devils, and roaring with all their might.

“‘Good-night, Tom!’ said I, pushing Burke forward. ‘It’s the cows you hear underneath.’

“‘Cows!’ said he. ‘If they’re cows, begad they must have got at that seventy-three gallons of potteen you talked of; for they’re all drunk.’

“With that, he snatched the candle out of my hand, and looked down into the pit. Never was such a sight seen before or since. Dan was pitching into poor Ffrench, who, thinking he had an enemy before him, was hitting out manfully at an old turf-creel, that rocked and creaked at every blow, as he called out,

“‘I’ll smash you! I’ll dinge your ribs for you, you infernal scoundrel!’

“Eyre was struggling in the hay, thinking he was swimming for his life; and poor Joe Mahon was patting him on the head, and saying, ‘Poor fellow! good dog!’ for he thought it was Towser, the bull-terrier, that was prowling round the calves of his legs.

“‘If they don’t get tired, there’ll not be a man of them alive by morning!’ said Tom, as he closed the door. ‘And now, if you’ll allow me to sleep on the carpet, I’ll take it as a favor.’

“By this time they were all quiet in the parlor; so I lent Tom a couple of blankets and a bolster, and having locked my door went to bed with an easy mind and a quiet conscience. To be sure, now and then a cry would burst forth, as if they were killing somebody below stairs, but I soon fell asleep, and heard no more of them.

“By daybreak next morning they made their escape; and when I was trying to awake, at half-past ten, I found Colonel M’Morris, of the Mayo, with a message from the whole four.

“‘A bad business this, Captain Mahon,’ said he; ‘my friends have been shockingly treated.’

“‘It’s mighty hard,’ said I, ‘to want to shoot me because I hadn’t fourteen feather-beds in the house.’

“‘They will be the laugh of the whole country, sir.’

“‘Troth!’ said I, ‘if the country is not in very low spirits, I think they will.’

“‘There’s not a man of them can see!—their eyes are actually closed up!’

“‘The Lord be praised!’ said I. ‘It’s not likely they’ll hit me.’

“But, to make a short story of it, out we went. Tom

Burke was my friend; I could scarce hold my pistol with laughing; for such faces no man ever looked at. But for self-preservation sake, I thought it best to hit one of them; so I just pinked Ffrench a little under the skirt of the coat.

“‘Come, Lambert!’ said the Colonel, ‘it’s your turn now.’”

“‘Wasn’t that Lambert,’ said I, ‘that I hit?’”

“‘No,’ said he, ‘that was Ffrench.’”

“‘Begad, I’m sorry for it. Ffrench, my dear fellow, excuse me; for you see you’re all so like each other about the eyes this morning—’”

“With this there was a roar of laughing from them all, in which, I assure you, Lambert took not a very prominent part; for, somehow, he didn’t fancy my polite inquiries after him; and so we all shook hands, and left the ground as good friends as ever, though to this hour the name of Newgate brings less pleasant recollections to their minds than if their fathers had been hanged at its prototype.”

A DINNER PARTY BROKEN UP.

From ‘Charles O’Malley.’

This was none of your austere “great dinners,” where a cold and chilling plateau of artificial nonsense cuts off one-half of the table from intercourse with the other—when whispered sentences constitute the conversation, and all the friendly recognition of wine-drinking, which renews acquaintance and cements an intimacy, is replaced by the ceremonious filling of your glass by a lackey—where smiles go current in lieu of kind speeches, and epigram and smartness form the substitute for the broad jest and merry story. Far from it. Here the company ate, drank, talked, laughed, did all but sing, and certainly enjoyed themselves heartily. As for me, I was little more than a listener, and such was the crash of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the clatter of voices, that fragments only of what was passing around reached me, giving to the conversation of the party a character occasionally somewhat incongruous. Thus such sentences as the following ran foul of each other every instant:

“No better land in Galway”—“where could you find such facilities”—“for shooting Mr. Jones on his way home”—“the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth”—“kiss”—“Miss Blake, she’s the girl with the foot and ankle”—“Daly has never had wool on his sheep”—“how could he”—“what does he pay for the mountain”—“four and tenpence a yard”—“not a penny less”—“all the cabbage-stalks and potato-skins”—“with some bog stuff through it”—“that’s the thing to”—“make soup, with a red herring in it instead of salt”—“and when he proposed for my niece, ma’am, says he”—“mix a strong tumbler, and I’ll make a shake-down for you on the floor”—“and may the Lord have mercy on your soul”—“and now, down the middle and up again”—“Captain Magan, my dear, he is the man”—“to shave a pig properly”—“it’s not money I’m looking for, says he, the girl of my heart”—“if she had not a wind-gall and two spavins”—“I’d have given her the rites of the Church, of coorse,” said Father Roach, bringing up the rear of this ill-assorted jargon.

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine, and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed when one of the company, seizing the bell-rope, said, “With your leave, Blake, we’ll have the ‘dew’ now.”

“Good claret—no better,” said another; “but it sits mighty cold on the stomach.”

“There’s nothing like the groceries, after all—eh, Sir George?” said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact, which he understood in a very different sense.

“Oh, punch, you are my darlin’,” hummed another, as a large square half-gallon decanter of whisky was placed on the table, the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any face save Sir George Dashwood’s, who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamor of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party was discussing the approaching contest, another was plan-

ning a steeple-chase; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effects" in a very remarkable manner, the process so styled being an exchange of property, when each party, setting an imaginary value upon some article, barter it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person, who is the umpire. Thus a gold breastpin was swapped, as the phrase is, against a horse; then a pair of boots, a Kerry bull, etc.—every imaginable species of property coming into the market. Sometimes, as matters of very dubious value turned up, great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime, a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the west, was a great proficient, and, it is said, once so completely succeeded in despoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gig, harness, etc., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card-cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterances of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was but little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight, when under the influence of whisky, than what it evinced on common occasions; and as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into something like an oration upon the peculiar excellencies of his native country, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why don't you give us a song, Miles? and maybe the general would learn more from it than all your speech-making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices together; "to be sure. Let us hear 'The Man for Galway!'"

Sir George having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chant, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began

the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song, 'Wreathe the Bowl,' etc. And although the words are well known in the west, for the information of less favored regions I here transcribe

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

“ To drink a toast,
 A proctor roast,
 Or bailiff as the case is,
 To kiss your wife,
 Or take your life
 At ten or fifteen paces;
 To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,
 To drink in punch the Solway,
 With debts galore, but fun far more;
 Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'
 Chorus—With debts, etc.

“ The King of Oude
 Is mighty proud,
 And so were onst the *Caysars*—(Cæsars)
 But ould Giles Eyre
 Would make them stare,
 Av he had them with the Blazers.
 To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,
 He's only a prince in a small way,
 And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall;
 Oh, he'd never 'do for Galway.'
 Chorus—With debts, etc,

“ Ye think the Blakes
 Are no 'great shakes';
 They're all his blood relations,
 And the Bodkins sneeze
 At the grim Chinese,
 For they came from the *Phenaycians*.
 So fill the brim, and here's to him
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
 With debts galore, but fun far more;
 Oh! that's 'the man for Galway.'
 Chorus—With debts," etc.

I much fear that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favorable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it, for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and

although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruple about my so long neglecting my uncle's cause.

"We have Scariff to a man," said Bodkin.

"And Mosey's tenantry," said another. "I swear, though there's not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the Court-house they'll leave standing on another."

"And may the Lord look to the returning officer!" said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord—more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for shouldn't they vote?" said a dry-looking little old fellow in a red waistcoat. "When I was the dead agent—"

"The dead agent!" interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half-angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, maybe, what that is," said some one.

"It is the dead agent," said Mr. Blake, "who always provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll-books of this county, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last fifty years."

"The 'Kiltopher boys' won't come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They're poor-spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings' worth of spirits; besides, if they don't vote for the county they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned towards Bodkin, who was detailing the plan of a grand attack upon the polling-booths, to be headed by himself. By this time.

all the prudence and guardedness of the party had given way—whisky was in the ascendant, and every bold stroke of election policy, every cunning artifice, every ingenious device, was detailed and applauded in a manner which proved that self-respect was not the inevitable gift of “mountain dew.”

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin, who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table, now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows:

“No, no, Phil Blake, ye needn’t be winkin’ at me that way—it’s little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent.” [Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why, I heartily joined.] “I’m going to give a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly, intrepid toast—a toast you must drink in the most universal, laborious, and awful manner—do ye see now? [Loud cheers.] If any man of you here present doesn’t drain this toast to the bottom—(here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company)—then, by the great gun of Athlone, I’ll make him eat the decanter, glass stopper and all, for the good of his digestion—d’ ye see now?”

The cheering at this mild determination prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as member for Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye at the table was turned upon me; and as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle’s health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip, hipping over, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks. But, strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise; and there we both stood amid an uproar that might well have shaken the courage of more practiced orators; while from every side came cries of “Hear, hear”—“Go on, Sir George”—“Speak out, General”—“Sit down, Charley”—“Confound the boy”—“Knock the legs from under him,” etc. Not understand-

ing why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. "In that case," said the General, "I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition; and, as the etiquette is in his favor, I yield."

Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several humane proposals as to my treatment were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbor. Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided, I began: "Gentlemen—as the adopted son of the worthy man whose health you have just drunk——" Heaven knows how I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on, too, as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed; I frowned—I looked savagely about where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and, as it chanced, not in vain; for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive perception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and assuming a look of frowning defiance that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said:

"Well, sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for, by the rock of Cashel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the sheriff."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine-glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head. So sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific; for though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake

and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle, which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily upstairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where, having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own cool and not over-agreeable reflections.

OTHELLO AT DRILL.

From 'Harry Lorrequer.'

The winter was now drawing to a close—already some little touch of spring was appearing—as our last play for the season was announced, and every effort to close with some little additional *éclat* was made; and each performer in the expected piece was nerving himself for an effort beyond his wont. The colonel had most unequivocally condemned these plays; but that mattered not—they came not within his jurisdiction—and we took no notice of his displeasure further than sending him tickets, which were immediately returned as received. From being the chief offender, I had become particularly obnoxious; and he had upon more than one occasion expressed his desire for an opportunity to visit me with his vengeance; but being aware of his kind intentions towards me, I took particular care to let no such opportunity occur.

On the morning in question, then, I had scarcely left my quarters, when one of my brother officers informed me that the colonel had made a great uproar, that one of the bills of the play had been put up on his door—which, with his avowed dislike to such representations, he considered as intended to insult him; he added, too, that the colonel attributed it to me. In this, however, he was wrong—and, to this hour, I never knew who did it. I had little time, and still less inclination, to meditate upon the colonel's wrath—the theater had all my thoughts; and indeed it was a day of no common exertion, for our amusements were to conclude with a grand supper on the stage, to which all the *élite* of Cork were invited. Wherever I went through the city—and many were my peregrinations—the great placard of the play stared me in the face; and every gate

and shuttered window in Cork proclaimed "THE PART OF OTHELLO BY MR. LORREQUER."

As evening drew near, my cares and occupations were redoubled. My Iago I had fears for—'t is true he was an admirable Lord Grizzle in 'Tom Thumb'—but then—then I had to paint the whole company, and bear all their abuse besides, for not making some of the most ill-looking wretches perfect Apollos; but, last of all, I was sent for, at a quarter to seven, to lace Desdemona's stays. Start not, gentle reader, my fair Desdemona—she "who might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks"—was no other than the senior lieutenant of the regiment, and who was as great a votary of the jolly god as honest Cassio himself. But I must hasten on; I cannot delay to recount our successes in detail. Let it suffice to say, that, by universal consent, I was preferred to Kean; and the only fault the most critical observer could find to the representative of Desdemona was a rather unladylike fondness for snuff. But whatever little demerits our acting might have displayed, were speedily forgotten in a champagne supper. There I took the head of the table; and, in the costume of the noble Moor, toasted, made speeches, returned thanks, and sang songs, till I might have exclaimed with Othello himself, "Chaos is come again;" and I believe I owe my ever reaching the barrack that night to the kind offices of Desdemona, who carried me the greater part of the way on her back.

The first waking thoughts of him who has indulged overnight are not among the most blissful of existence, and certainly the pleasure is not increased by the consciousness that he is called on to the discharge of duties to which a fevered pulse and throbbing temples are but ill-suited. My sleep was suddenly broken in upon the morning after the play by a "row-dow-dow" beat beneath my window. I jumped hastily from my bed, and looked out, and there, to my horror, perceived the regiment under arms. It was one of our confounded colonel's morning drills; and there he stood himself, with the poor adjutant, who had been up all night, shivering beside him. Some two or three of the officers had descended; and the drum was now summoning the others as it beat round the barrack-square. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and proceeded to dress

with all dispatch; but, to my misery, I discovered everywhere nothing but theatrical robes and decorations—there, lay a splendid turban, here, a pair of buskins—a spangled jacket glittered on one table, and a jeweled scimitar on the other. At last I detected my “regimental small-clothes,” most ignominiously thrust into a corner in my ardor for my Moorish robes the preceding evening.

I dressed myself with the speed of lightning; but, as I proceeded in my occupation, guess my annoyance to find that the toilet-table and glass, ay, and even the basin-stand, had been removed to the dressing-room of the theater; and my servant, I suppose, following his master’s example, was too tipsy to remember to bring them back, so that I was unable to procure the luxury of cold water—for now not a moment more remained, the drum had ceased, and the men had all fallen in. Hastily drawing on my coat, I put on my shako, and buckling on my belt as dandy-like as might be, hurried down the stairs to the barrack-yard.

By the time I got down, the men were all drawn up in line along the square, while the adjutant was proceeding to examine their accoutrements, as he passed down. The colonel and the officers were standing in a group, but not conversing. The anger of the commanding officer appeared still to continue, and there was a dead silence maintained on both sides. To reach the spot where they stood I had to pass along part of the line. In doing so, how shall I convey my amazement at the faces that met me—a general titter ran along the entire rank, which not even their fears for consequences seemed able to repress—for an effort, on the part of many, to stifle the laugh, only ended in a still louder burst of merriment. I looked to the far side of the yard for an explanation, but there was nothing there to account for it. I now crossed over to where the officers were standing, determining in my own mind to investigate the occurrence thoroughly, when free from the presence of the colonel, to whom any representation of ill-conduct always brought a punishment far exceeding the merits of the case.

Scarcely had I formed this resolve, when I reached the group of officers; but the moment I came near, one general roar of laughter saluted me, the like of which I never before heard. I looked down at my costume, expecting to discover that, in my hurry to dress, I had put on some of

the garments of Othello. No; all was perfectly correct. I waited for a moment till, the first burst of their merriment over, I should obtain a clue to the jest. But there seemed no prospect of this, for, as I stood patiently before them, their mirth appeared to increase. Indeed, poor G——, the senior major, one of the gravest men in Europe, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and such was the effect upon me, that I was induced to laugh too—as men will sometimes, from the infectious nature of that strange emotion—but, no sooner did I do this, than their fun knew no bounds, and some almost screamed aloud in the excess of their merriment. Just at this instant the colonel, who had been examining some of the men, approached our group, advancing with an air of evident displeasure, as the shouts of loud laughter continued. As he came up, I turned hastily around, and touching my cap, wished him good-morning. Never shall I forget the look he gave me. If a glance could have annihilated any man, his would have finished me. For a moment his face became purple with rage, his eye was almost hid beneath his bent brow, and he absolutely shook with passion.

“Go, sir,” said he at length, as soon as he was able to find utterance for his words—“go, sir, to your quarters; and before you leave them, a court-martial shall decide if such continued insult to your commanding officer warrants your name being in the Army List.”

“What the devil can all this mean?” I said, in a half-whisper, turning to the others. But there they stood, their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and evidently choking with suppressed laughter.

“May I beg, Colonel Carden,” said I—

“To your quarters, sir,” roared the little man, in the voice of a lion. And, with a haughty wave of his hand, prevented all further attempt on my part to seek explanation.

“They’re all mad, every man of them,” I muttered, as I betook myself slowly back to my rooms, amid the same evidences of mirth my first appearance had excited—which even the colonel’s presence, feared as he was, could not entirely subdue.

With the air of a martyr I trod heavily up the stairs, and entered my quarters, meditating within myself awful

schemes for vengeance on the now open tyranny of my colonel; upon whom, I too, in my honest rectitude of heart, vowed to have a "court-martial." I threw myself upon a chair, and endeavored to recollect what circumstance of the past evening could have possibly suggested all the mirth in which both officers and men seemed to participate equally; but nothing could I remember capable of solving the mystery: surely the cruel wrongs of the manly Othello were no laughter-moving subject.

I rang the bell hastily for my servant. The door opened.

"Stubbes," said I, "are you aware—"

I had only got so far in my question, when my servant, one of the most discreet of men, put on a broad grin, and turned away towards the door to hide his face.

"What the devil does this mean?" said I, stamping with passion; "he is as bad as the rest. Stubbes"—and this I spoke with the most grave and severe tone—"what is the meaning of this insolence?"

"Oh, sir," said the man—"oh, sir, surely you did not appear on parade with that face?" And then he burst into a fit of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Like lightning a horrid doubt shot across my mind. I sprang over to the dressing-glass, which had been replaced, and, oh! horror of horrors! there I stood as black as the King of Ashantee. The cursed dye which I had put on for Othello I had never washed off, and there, with a huge bearskin shako, and a pair of dark bushy whiskers, shone my black and polished visage, glowering at itself in the looking-glass.

My first impulse, after amazement had a little subsided, was to laugh immoderately; in this I was joined by Stubbes, who, feeling that his mirth was participated in, gave full vent to his risibility. And, indeed, as I stood before the glass, grinning from ear to ear, I felt very little surprise that my joining in the laughter of my brother-officers, a short time before, had caused an increase of their merriment. I threw myself upon a sofa, and absolutely laughed till my sides ached, when, the door opening, the adjutant made his appearance. He looked for a moment at me, then at Stubbes, and then burst out himself, as loud as either of us. When he had at length recovered himself, he wiped his face with his handkerchief, and said, with a tone of much gravity:—

"But, my dear Lorrequer, this will be a serious—a devilish serious affair. You know what kind of man Colonel Carden is; and you are aware, too, you are not one of his prime favorites. He is firmly persuaded that you intended to insult him, and nothing will convince him to the contrary. We told him how it must have occurred, but he will listen to no explanation."

I thought for one second before I replied. My mind, with the practised rapidity of an old campaigner, took in all the *pros* and *cons* of the case; I saw at a glance it were better to brave the anger of the colonel, come in what shape it might, than be the laughing-stock of the mess for life, and with a face of the greatest gravity and self-possession, said:—

"Well, adjutant, the colonel is right. It was no mistake! You know I sent him tickets yesterday for the theater. Well, he returned them; this did not annoy me, but on one account: I had made a wager with Alderman Gullable that the colonel should see me in *Othello*. What was to be done? Don't you see, now, there was only one course, and I took it, old boy, and have won my bet!"

"And lost your commission for a dozen of champagne, I suppose," said the adjutant.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," I replied; "I shall get out of this scrape, as I have done many others."

"But what do you intend doing?"

"Oh, as to that," said I, "I shall, of course, wait on the colonel immediately; pretend to him that it was a mere blunder from the inattention of my servant—hand over Stubbes to the powers that punish" (here the poor fellow winced a little), "and make my peace as well as I can. But, adjutant, mind," said I, "and give the real version to all our fellows, and tell them to make it public as much as they please."

"Never fear," said he, as he left the room still laughing, "they shall all know the true story; but I wish with all my heart you were well out of it."

I now lost no time in making my toilet, and presented myself at the colonel's quarters. It is no pleasure for me to recount these passages in my life, in which I had to bear the "proud man's contumely." I shall therefore merely observe, that after a very long interview, the colonel accepted my apologies, and we parted.

Before a week elapsed the story had gone far and near; every dinner-table in Cork had laughed at it. As for me, I attained immortal honor for my tact and courage. Poor Gullable readily agreed to favor the story, and gave us a dinner as the lost wager, and the colonel was so unmercifully quizzed on the subject, and such broad allusions to his being humbugged were given in the Cork papers, that he was obliged to negotiate a change of quarters with another regiment, to get out of the continual jesting, and in less than a month we marched to Limerick, to relieve, as it was reported, the 9th, ordered for foreign service; but, in reality, only to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Carden, quizzed beyond endurance.

However, if the colonel had seemed to forgive, he did not forget, for the very second week after our arrival in Limerick, I received one morning at my breakfast-table the following brief note from our adjutant:—

“MY DEAR LORREQUER,—The colonel has received orders to dispatch two companies to some remote part of the County Clare, and as you have ‘done the State some service,’ you are selected for the beautiful town of Kiltrush, where, to use the eulogistic language of the geography books, ‘there is a good harbor, and a market plentifully supplied with fish.’ I have just heard of the kind intention in store for you, and lose no time in letting you know.

“God give you a good deliverance from the ‘*garçons blancs*,’ as the *Moniteur* calls the Whiteboys, and believe me ever yours,
CHARLES CURZON.”

I had scarcely twice read over the adjutant’s epistle, when I received an official notification from the colonel, directing me to proceed to Kiltrush, then and there to afford all aid and assistance in suppressing illicit distillation, when called on for that purpose; and other similar duties too agreeable to recapitulate. Alas! alas! “Othello’s occupation” was indeed gone! The next morning at sunrise saw me on my march, with what appearance of gayety I could muster, but in reality very much chapfallen at my banishment, and invoking sundry things upon the devoted head of the colonel, which he would by no means consider as “blessings.”

MY FIRST DAY IN TRINITY.

From 'Tales of Trinity College.'

No sooner had I arrived in Dublin than my first care was to present myself to Dr. Mooney, by whom I was received in the most cordial manner. In fact, in my utter ignorance of such persons, I had imagined a college fellow to be a character necessarily severe and unbending; and, as the only two very great people I had ever seen in my life were the Archbishop of Tuam and the Chief Baron, when on circuit, I pictured to myself that a university fellow was, in all probability, a cross between the two, and feared him accordingly.

The doctor read over my uncle's letter attentively, invited me to partake of his breakfast, and then entered upon something like an account of the life before me, for which Sir Harry Boyle had, however, in some degree prepared me.

"Your uncle, I find, wishes you to live in college; perhaps it is better too; so that I must look out for chambers for you. Let me see; it will be rather difficult, just now, to find them." Here he fell for some moments into a musing-fit, and merely muttered a few broken sentences, as, "To be sure, if other chambers could be had,—but—then—and, after all, perhaps as he is young—besides, Frank will certainly be expelled before long, and then he will have them all to himself. I say, O'Malley, I believe I must quarter you for the present with a rather wild companion; but as your uncle says you're a prudent fellow"—here he smiled very much, as if my uncle had not said any such thing—"why, you must only take the better care of yourself, until we can make some better arrangement. My pupil, Frank Webber, is at this moment in want of a 'chum,' as the phrase is, his last three having only been domesticated with him for as many weeks; so that, until we find you a more quiet resting-place, you may take up your abode with him."

During breakfast the doctor proceeded to inform me that my destined companion was a young man of excellent family and good fortune, who, with very considerable talents and acquirements, preferred a life of rackets and careless

dissipation to prospects of great success in public life, which his connection and family might have secured for him; that he had been originally entered at Oxford, which he was obliged to leave; then tried Cambridge, from which he escaped expulsion by being rusticated—that is, having incurred a sentence of temporary banishment; and lastly, was endeavoring, with what he himself believed to be a total reformation, to stumble on to a degree in the “*Silent Sister*.”

“This is his third year,” said the doctor, “and he is only a freshman, having lost every examination, with abilities enough to sweep the university of its prizes. But come over now, and I’ll present you to him.”

I followed downstairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within. It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti in a melodrama do, with considerable more of confusion than requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the best, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigor that threatened its downfall, when, at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognizing the doctor, at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly cushioned sofas contrasted strangely with the meager and comfortless chambers of the doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing-gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most ladylike whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back

of his neck and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

“Dr. Mooney, sir,” said the servant.

“*Ton dapamey bominos, prosephe, crione Agamemnon,*” repeated the student, in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

“Dr. Mooney, sir,” repeated the servant, in a louder tone, while the doctor looked round on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

“*Be dakiovn para thina dolekoskion enkos,*” said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

“Well, Webber, hard at work I see,” said the doctor.

“Ah, doctor, I beg pardon! Have you been long here?” said the most soft and insinuating voice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought of study.

While the doctor presented me to my future companion, I could perceive, in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained and *vexata questio* in his mind.

“May I offer you a cup of coffee, Mr. O’Malley?” said the youth, with the air of almost timid bashfulness. “The doctor, I know, breakfasts at a very early hour.”

“I say, Webber,” said the doctor, who could no longer restrain his curiosity, “what an awful row I heard here as I came up to the door. I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?”

“Ah, you heard it, too, sir?” said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

“Hear it!—to be sure I did. O’Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar.”

“Yes, indeed; it is very provoking; but, then, what’s to be done? One can’t complain, under the circumstances.”

“Why, what do you mean?” said Mooney, anxiously.

“Nothing, sir, nothing. I’d much rather you’d not ask me; for, after all, I’ll change my chambers.”

“But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it.”

"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn a secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing except among your friends?"

"I do," said the doctor.

"Well, then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the dean!"

"The dean!" said Mooney, with a start. "The dean! Why, how can it be the dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was anything heard like it. As for me, as I am now become a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy dean, who albeit a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which, in color and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character; and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this except to your most intimate friends?" said Webber.

"Of course not," said the doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist——" The rest was lost in protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amidst which the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a very thorough and remarkable change in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for scarcely had the oaken panel shut out the doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentleman of five minutes before, but, dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle

that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion and blew a tremendous blast.

“Come forth, ye demons of the lower world,” said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men coiled up beneath. “Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen that ye are,” said he, unlocking a pantry, and liberating two others. “Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance Mr. O’Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O’Malley, this is Harry Nesbitt, who has been in college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautions than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O’Malley;—a dashing dragoon, as you see; aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and love-maker-general to Merriion Square West. These,” said he, pointing to the late denizens of the pantry, “are jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police office; but, with due regard to their education and morals we don’t despair.”

MY LAST NIGHT IN TRINITY.

From ‘Tales of Trinity College.’

It was to be my last night in Old Trinity, and we resolved that the farewell should be a solemn one. Mansfield, one of the wildest young fellows in the regiment, had vowed that the leave-taking should be commemorated by some very decisive and open expression of our feelings, and had already made some progress in arrangements for blowing up the great bell, which had more than once obtruded upon our morning convivialities; but he was overruled by his more discreet associates, and we at length assumed our places at table, in the midst of which stood a *hecatomb* of all my college equipments—cap, gown, bands, etc. A funeral pile of classics was arrayed upon the hearth, surmounted by my ‘Book on the Cellar,’ and a punishment roll waved its length, like a banner over the doomed heroes of Greece and Rome.

It is seldom that any very determined attempt to be gay *par excellence* has a perfect success, but certainly, upon this evening ours had. Songs, good stories, speeches, toasts, bright visions of the campaign before us, the wild excitement which such a meeting cannot be free from, gradually, as the wine passed from hand to hand, seized upon all, and about four in the morning, such was the uproar we caused, and so terrific the noise of our proceedings, that the accumulated force of porters, sent one by one to demand admission, was now a formidable body at the door; and Mike at last came in to assure us that the Bursar, the most dread official of all collegians, was without, and insisted, with a threat of his heaviest displeasure, in case of refusal, that the door should be opened.

A committee of the whole house immediately sat upon the question, and it was at length resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the request should be complied with. A fresh bowl of punch, in honor of our expected guest, was immediately concocted, a new broil put on the gridiron, and, having seated ourselves with as great a semblance of decorum as four bottles a man admits of, Curtis, the junior captain, being most drunk, was deputed to receive the Bursar at the door, and introduce him to our august presence.

Mike's instructions were that, immediately on Dr. Stone, the Bursar's, entering, the door was to be slammed to, and none of his followers admitted. This done, the doctor was to be ushered in, and left to our own polite attentions.

A fresh thundering from without scarcely left time for any further deliberation; and at last Curtis moved towards the door, in execution of his mission.

"Is there any one there?" said Mike in a tone of most unsophisticated innocence, to a rapping that, having lasted three quarters of an hour, threatened now to break in the panel. "Is there any one there?"

"Open the door this instant—the Senior Bursar desires you—this instant."

"Sure it's night, and we're all in bed," said Mike.

"Mr. Webber—Mr. O'Malley," said the Bursar, now boiling with indignation, "I summon you in the name of the Board, to admit me."

"Let the gemman in," hiccupped Curtis; and, at the same instant, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door

opened, but so sparingly as with difficulty to permit the passage of the burly figure of the Bursar.

Forcing his way through, and regardless of what became of the rest, he pushed on vigorously through the ante-chamber, and before Curtis could perform his functions of usher, stood in the midst of us. What were his feelings at the scene before him, heaven knows. The number of figures in uniform at once betrayed how little his jurisdiction extended to the great mass of the company, and he immediately turned towards me.

“Mr. Webber——”

“O'Malley, if you please, Mr. Bursar,” said I, bowing with most ceremonious politeness.

“No matter, sir; *arcades ambo*, I believe.”

“Both archdeacons,” said Melville, translating, with a look of withering contempt upon the speaker.

The doctor continued, addressing me: “May I ask, sir, if you believe yourself possessed of any privilege for converting this university into a common tavern?”

“I wish to heaven he did,” said Curtis; “capital tap your old Commons would make.”

“Really, Mr. Bursar,” replied I, modestly, “I had begun to flatter myself that our little innocent gayety had inspired you with the idea of joining our party.”

“I humbly move that the old cove in the gown do take the chair,” sang out one. “All who are of this opinion say ‘Aye.’” A perfect yell of ayes followed this. “All who are of the contrary say ‘No.’ The ayes have it.”

Before the luckless doctor had a moment for thought, his legs were lifted from under him, and he was jerked, rather than placed, upon a chair, and put sitting upon the table.

“Mr. O'Malley, your expulsion within twenty-four hours——”

“Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra,” drowned the rest; while Power, taking off the doctor's cap, replaced it by a foraging cap, very much to the amusement of the party.

“There is no penalty the law permits of that I shall not——”

“Help the doctor,” said Melville, placing a glass of punch in his unconscious hand.

“Now for a ‘Viva la Compagnie!’” said Telford, seat-

"Perhaps not," lisped Melville, tightening his belt; "but it's devilish convivial—eh, doctor?"

"Is that like him?" said Moreton, producing a caricature, which he had just sketched.

"Capital—very good—perfect. McCleary shall have it in his window by noon to-day," said Power.

At this instant some of the combustibles disposed among the rejected habiliments of my late vocation caught fire, and squibs, crackers, and detonating shots went off on all sides. The Bursar, who had not been deaf to several hints and friendly suggestions about setting fire to him, blowing him up, etc., with one vigorous spring burst from his antagonists, and, clearing the table at a bound, reached the floor. Before he could be seized, he had gained the door, opened it, and was away. We gave chase, yelling like so many devils; but wine and punch, songs and speeches, had done their work, and more than one among the pursuers measured his length upon the pavement; while the terrified Bursar, with the speed of terror, held on his way, and gained his chambers, by about twenty yards in advance of Power and Melville, whose pursuit only ended when the oaken panel of the door shut them out from their victim. One loud cheer beneath his window served for our farewell to our friend, and we returned to my rooms. By this time a regiment of those classic functionaries, yclept porters, had assembled around the door, and seemed bent upon giving battle in honor of their maltreated ruler; but Power explained to them, in a neat speech, replete with Latin quotations, that their cause was a weak one, and that we were more than their match, and finally proposed to them to finish the punch-bowl—to which we were really incompetent—a motion that met immediate acceptance; and old Duncan, with his helmet in one hand, and a goblet in the other, wished me many happy days, and every luck in this life, as I stepped from the massive archway, and took my last farewell of Old Trinity.

Should any kind reader feel interested as to the ulterior course assumed by the Bursar, I have only to say that the terrors of the "Board" were never fulminated against me, harmless and innocent as I should have esteemed them. The threat of giving publicity to the entire proceedings by the papers, and the dread of figuring in a caricature, were

too much for the worthy doctor, and he took the wiser course, under the circumstances, and held his peace about the matter.

THE HUNT.

From 'Charles O'Malley.'

"There they go," said Matthew, as five or six dogs, with their heads up, ran yelping along a furrow, then stopped, howled again, and once more set off together. In an instant all was commotion in the little valley below us. The huntsman, with his hand to his mouth, was calling off the stragglers, and the whipper-in following up the leading dogs with the rest of the pack. "They've found!—they're away!" said Matthew; and as he spoke, a great yell burst from the valley, and in an instant the whole pack were off at full speed. Rather more intent at that moment upon showing off my horsemanship than anything else, I dashed spurs into Badger's sides, and turned him towards a rasping ditch before me. Over we went, hurling down behind us a rotten bank of clay and small stones, showing how little safety there had been in topping instead of clearing it at a bound. Before I was well seated again, the Captain was beside me. "Now for it, then," said I; and away we went. What might be the nature of his feelings I cannot pretend to state, but my own were a strange *mélange* of wild, boyish enthusiasm, revenge, and recklessness. For my own neck I cared little—nothing; and as I led the way by half a length, I muttered to myself, "Let him follow me fairly this day, and I ask no more."

The dogs had got somewhat the start of us, and as they were in full cry, and going fast, we were a little behind. A thought therefore struck me that, by appearing to take a short cut upon the hounds, I should come down upon the river where its breadth was greatest, and thus, at one *coup*, might try my friend's mettle and his horse's performance at the same time. On we went, our speed increasing, till the roar of the river we were now approaching was plainly audible. I looked half around, and now perceived the Captain was standing in his stirrups, as if to obtain

a view of what was before him; otherwise his countenance was calm and unmoved, and not a muscle betrayed that he was not cantering on a parade. I fixed myself firm in my seat, shook my horse a little together, and with a shout whose import every Galway hunter well knows, rushed him at the river. I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over, but so narrowly, that the bank had yielded beneath his hind legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain his footing. Scarcely was he once more firm, when Hammersley flew by me, taking the lead, and sitting quietly in his saddle, as if racing. I know of little in all my after-life like the agony of that moment; for although I was far, very far, from wishing real ill to him, yet I would gladly have broken my leg or my arm if he could not have been able to follow me.

And now, there he was, actually a length and a half in advance! Worse than all, Miss Dashwood must have witnessed the whole, and doubtless his leap over the river was better and bolder than mine. One consolation yet remained, and while I whispered it to myself I felt comforted again. "His is an English mare—they understand these leaps, but what can he make of a Galway wall?" The question was soon to be solved. Before us, about three fields, were the hounds still in full cry; a large stone wall lay between, and to it we both directed our course together. "Ha!" thought I, "he is floored at last," as I perceived that the Captain held his horse rather more in hand, and suffered me to lead. "Now, then, for it!" So saying, I rode at the largest part I could find, well knowing that Badger's powers were here in their element. One spring, one plunge, and away we were, galloping along at the other side. Not so the Captain; his horse had refused the fence, and he was now taking a circuit of the field for another trial of it.

"Pounded, by Jove!" said I, as I turned round in my saddle to observe him. Once more she came at it, and once more balked, rearing up at the same time, almost so as to fall backward.

My triumph was complete, and I again was about to follow the hounds, when, throwing a look back, I saw Hammersley clearing the wall in a most splendid manner, and

taking a stretch of at least thirteen feet beyond it. Once more he was on my flanks, and the contest renewed. Whatever might be the sentiments of the riders (mine I confess to), between the horses it now became a tremendous struggle. The English mare, though evidently superior in stride and strength, was slightly overweighted, and had not, besides, that cat-like activity an Irish horse possesses; so that the advantages and disadvantages on either side were about equalized. For about half an hour now the pace was awful. We rode side by side, taking our leaps exactly at the same instant, and not four feet apart. The hounds were still considerably in advance, and were heading towards the Shannon, when suddenly the fox doubled, took the hillside, and made for Dangan. "Now, then, comes the trial of strength," I said, half-aloud, as I threw my eye up a steep and rugged mountain, covered with wild furze and tall heath, around the crest of which ran, in a zig-zag direction, a broken and dilapidated wall, once the enclosure of a deer-park. This wall, which varied from four to six feet in height, was of solid masonry, and would in the most favorable ground have been a bold leap. Here, at the summit of a mountain, with not a yard of footing, it was absolutely desperation.

By the time that we reached the foot of the hill, the fox, followed closely by the hounds, had passed through a breach in the wall, while Matthew Blake, with the huntsman and whippers-in, was riding along in search of a gap to lead the horses through. Before I put spurs to Badger, to face the hill, I turned one look towards Hammersley. There was a slight curl, half-smile, half-sneer, upon his lip, that actually maddened me, and had a precipice yawned beneath my feet, I should have dashed at it after that. The ascent was so steep that I was obliged to take the hill in a slanting direction, and even thus, the loose footing rendered it dangerous in the extreme.

At length I reached the crest, where the wall, more than five feet in height, stood frowning above and seeming to defy me. I turned my horse full round, so that his very chest almost touched the stones, and, with a bold cut of the whip and a loud halloo, the gallant animal rose, as if rearing, pawed for an instant to regain his balance, and then, with a frightful struggle, fell backwards, and rolled

from top to bottom of the hill, carrying me along with him. The last object that crossed my sight, as I lay bruised and motionless, was the Captain, as he took the wall in a flying leap, and disappeared at the other side. After a few scrambling efforts to rise, Badger regained his legs and stood beside me; but such was the shock and concussion of my fall, that all the objects around seemed wavering and floating before me, while showers of bright sparks fell in myriads before my eyes. I tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Cold perspiration broke over my forehead, and I fainted. From that moment I can remember nothing, till I felt myself galloping along at full speed upon a level table-land, with the hounds about three fields in advance, Hammersley riding foremost, and taking all his leaps coolly as ever. As I swayed to either side upon my saddle, from weakness, I was lost to all thought or recollection, save a flickering memory of some plan of vengeance, which still urged me forward. The chase had now lasted above an hour, and both hounds and horses began to feel the pace at which they were going. As for me, I rode mechanically; I neither knew nor cared for the dangers before me. My eye rested on but one object; my whole being was concentrated upon one vague and undefined sense of revenge. At this instant the huntsman came alongside of me.

“Are you hurted, Misther Charles? Did you fall? Your cheek is all blood, and your coat is torn in two; and, Mother o’ God, his boot is ground to powder; he does not hear me. Oh, pull up—pull up, for the love of the Virgin; there’s the clover-field, and the sunk fence before you, and you’ll be killed on the spot.”

“Where?” cried I, with the cry of a madman; “where’s the clover-field?—where’s the sunk fence? Ha! I see it—I see it now.”

So saying, I dashed the rowels into my horse’s flanks, and in an instant was beyond the reach of the poor fellow’s remonstrances. Another moment, I was beside the Captain. He turned round as I came up; the same smile was upon his mouth. I could have struck him. About three hundred yards before us lay the sunk fence; its breadth was about twenty feet, and a wall of close brickwork formed its face. Over this the hounds were now clamber-

ing; some succeeded in crossing, but by far the greater number fell back howling into the ditch.

I turned towards Hammersley. He was standing high in his stirrups, and, as he looked towards the yawning fence, down which the dogs were tumbling in masses, I thought (perhaps it was but a thought) that his cheek was paler. I looked again; he was pulling at his horse; ha! it was true, then—he would not face it. I turned round in my saddle, looked him full in the face, and, as I pointed with my whip to the leap, called out in a voice hoarse with passion, “Come on!” I saw no more. All objects were lost to me from that moment. When next my senses cleared, I was standing amid the dogs, where they had just killed. Badger stood blown and trembling beside me, his head drooping, and his flanks gored with spur marks. I looked about, but all consciousness of the past had fled; the concussion of my fall had shaken my intellect, and I was like one but half awake. One glimpse, short and fleeting, of what was taking place, shot through my brain, as old Brackely whispered to me, “By my soul, ye did for the Captain there.” I turned a vague look upon him, and my eyes fell upon the figure of a man that lay stretched and bleeding upon a door before me. His pale face was crossed with a purple stream of blood, that trickled from a wound beside his eyebrows; his arms lay motionless and heavily at either side. I knew him not. A loud report of a pistol aroused me from my stupor; I looked back. I saw a crowd that broke suddenly asunder, and fled right and left. I heard a heavy crash upon the ground; I pointed with my finger, for I could not utter a word.

“It is the English mare, yer honor; she was a beauty this morning, but she’s broke her shoulder-bone, and both her legs, and it was best to put her out of pain.”

THE WIDOW MALONE.

Did ye hear of the widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 Who lived in the town of Athlone,
 Alone?
 Oh! she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts—

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

From the German.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares nor marriage strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet not happy in his life—
He loves no maid or wedded wife,
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He leads a life of jollity
Has wives as many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But yet he's not a happy man—
He must obey the Alcoran :
And dares not taste one drop of wine—
I would not that his lot were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land;
I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me
I'll fancy I the Sultan be;
And when my cheering glass I tope
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST

'T' snow an' d'ew. But here it is—
'The dawn on the hills of Ireland
O Ireland, isn't it grand you look
Like a bride in her rich wedding
And with all the best-up-love of my heart
I bid you the top of the mornin'!

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

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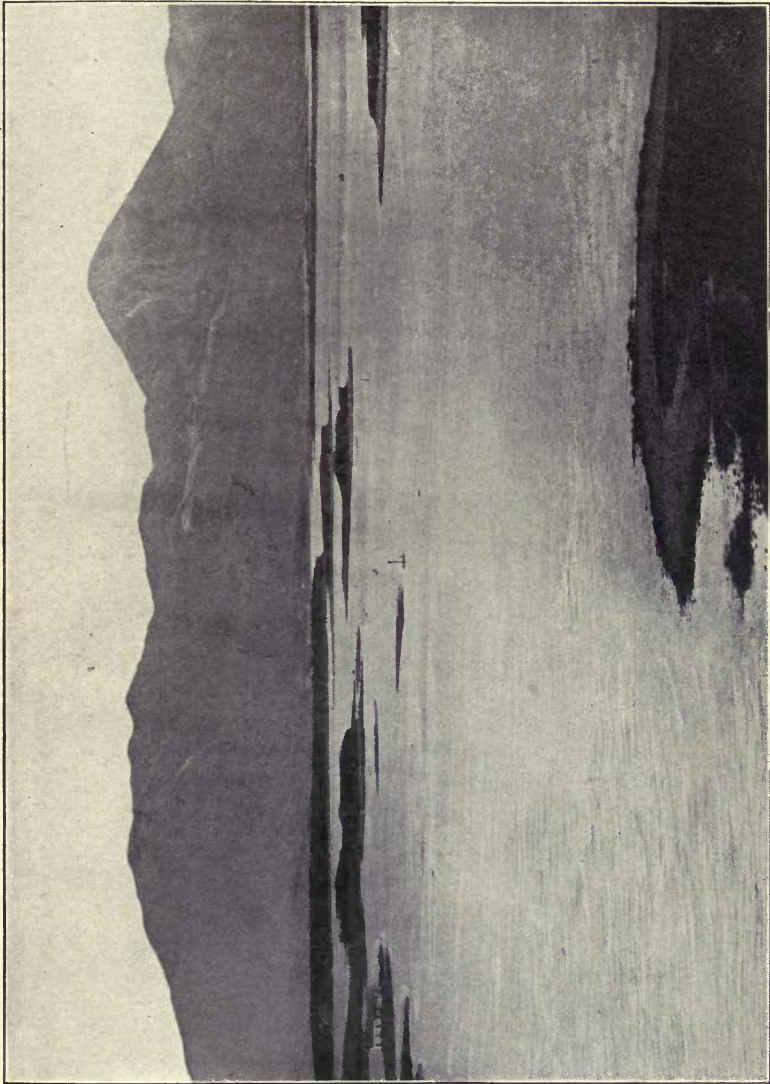
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 O Ireland, isn't it grand you look
 Like a bride in her rich adornin'?
 And with all the pent-up love of my heart
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JOHN LOCKE

(1847—1889.)

JOHN LOCKE will probably be best remembered for his poem 'The Exile's Return, or Morning on the Irish Coast.' He was born in Callan, County Kilkenny, in 1847.

While yet a boy he became a member of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. In 1863, when *The Irish People* was started in Dublin by James Stephens as the organ of the National movement, Locke contributed poems to it, though he was then only in his sixteenth year. He wrote over the signature of "Vis et Armis," and his poems breathed the National spirit of Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy. Later on, when he was imprisoned in Kilkenny jail, he wrote poems for *The Dublin Irishman* under the pen name of the "Southern Gael."

In 1868 he came to New York, banished by the British Government, and, after filling some mercantile positions, became a contributor to *The Emerald*, an Irish literary weekly which was at that time published by Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, who was also proprietor of the *New York Irish People*, the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood.

He also edited *The Celtic Weekly* during its short existence. He married in 1881 Miss Mary Cooney, the poetess, and in 1889 he died.

THE EXILE'S RETURN, OR MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

*Th' anám an Dhia.*¹ But there it is—
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
O Ireland isn't it grand you look—
Like a bride in her rich adornin'?
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin':
O Ireland! don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

¹ *Th' anám an Dhia*, my soul to God.

Ho, ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand
 The surges are grandly beating,
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting;
 In to the shore the seabirds fly
 On pinions that know no drooping,
 And out of the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
 A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous, Irish land
 So leal and fair and loving!
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving.
 The alien home may have gems and gold
 Shadows may never have gloomed it;
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land
 Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
 Watching the wild waves' motion,
 Leaning her back up against the hills,
 And the tip of her toes in the ocean?
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
 Ah! maybe their chiming's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on
 Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
 Over memory's dim horizon.
 E'en so, 't was grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me;
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
 To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Oh! often upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
 And around this coast-line hover;
 And the prayer would rise that some future day—
 All danger and doubting scornin'—
 I'd help to win for my native land
 The light of Young Liberty's mornin'!

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid!
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze;
Thank God that my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in—
O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

SAMUEL LOVER.

(1797—1868.)

SAMUEL LOVER, one of the most versatile of Irishmen—a gifted and genial artist, song-writer, musical composer, novelist, and dramatist, the arch-humorist of Ireland's poets, was born in Dublin in 1797. His father wished him to follow in his own business, that of a stock-broker,—but the boy had other leanings; at seventeen he determined to become an artist, and, unaided, with only the few pounds in his pocket which he had saved, he left the paternal roof.

In 1818, after three years of work and study, he came before the Dublin public as a marine and miniature painter. In that year, too, at a banquet given to Moore, he sang a song which he had composed for the occasion. His position as an artist was now established, and about the same period his legends and stories, appearing from time to time in various Dublin magazines, gained him considerable literary reputation. In 1827 he married Miss Berrel, the daughter of a Dublin architect.

He once had the chance of painting a portrait of the young Princess Victoria; but domestic circumstances prevented him from then leaving Ireland, and it did not again occur. Of this opportunity, which might have been the means of promoting him to the honor of being "miniature-painter-in-ordinary" to her late gracious Majesty, a Dublin wit quaintly remarked, that in such a case "the Court chronicler would have had to announce a Lover instead of a *Hayter*¹ as possessor of the office."

In 1834 he issued a second series of 'Tales and Legends,' illustrated with his own characteristic etchings. In 1835 he furnished Madame Vestris with a dramatic burlesque called the 'Olympic Picnic.' Soon after the drama of 'The White Horse of Peppers' and the farce of 'The Happy Man' were produced at the Haymarket. The operetta of 'The Greek Boy,' both words and music of which were composed by him, was brought out at Covent Garden. He was also the author of the words and music of 'Il Paddy Whack in Italia.'

A suggestion made by Lady Morgan that Lover should endeavor to present genuine Irish character in song instead of by means of the coarse caricatures previously current resulted in the production of 'Rory O'More' and other inimitable songs of the same kind. The great success of this song suggested the three-volume novel entitled 'Rory O'More, a National Romance,' published in 1836.

For twelve years he continued to exhibit on the walls of the Royal Academy, and his miniature portraits of Brougham and the Indian Moulvie quite sustained his reputation. He mingled with the best society of the metropolis, producing songs and pictures in profusion. For Madame Vestris he wrote some of the most popular. This year (1837) he adapted 'Rory O'More' for the Adelphi Theater, Tyrone

¹ The late Sir George Hayter.



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From an engraving

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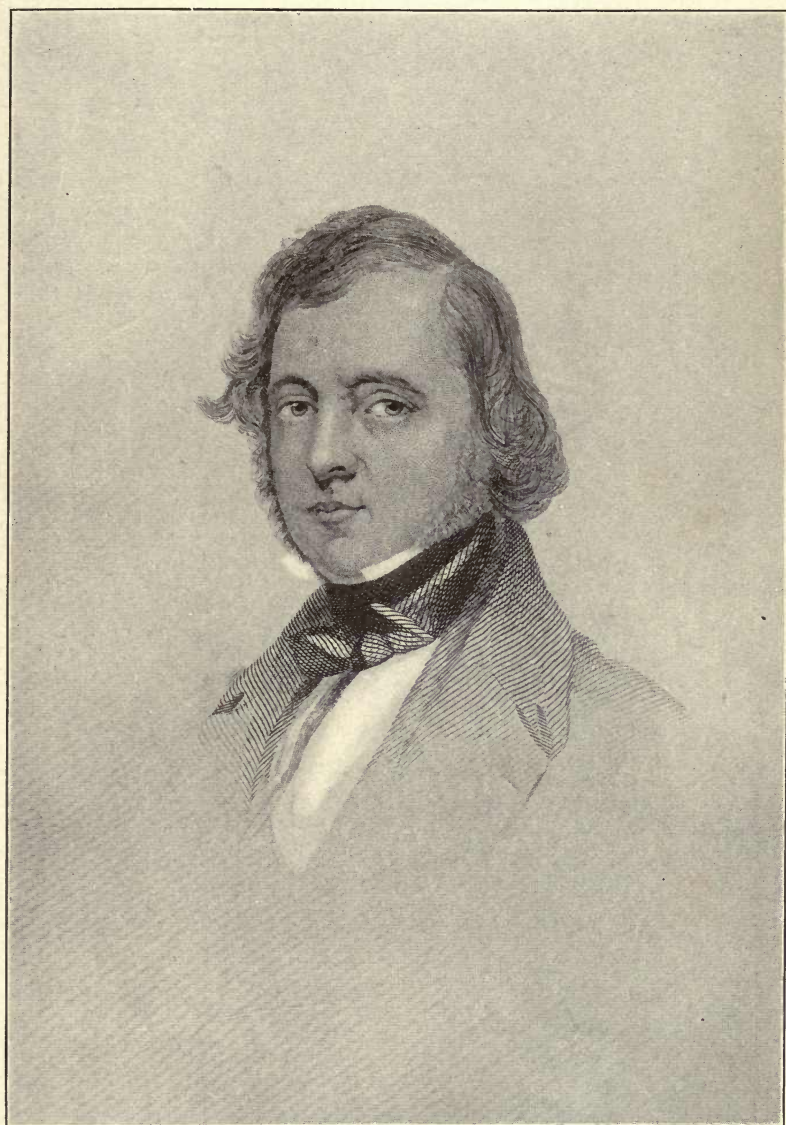
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Power acting the part of the hero. He also assisted in launching *Bentley's Miscellany* and *The Dublin University Magazine*.

In 1839 appeared his 'Songs and Ballads.' In 1842 he published 'Handy Andy,' and in 1844 'Treasure Trove, or He Would Be a Gentleman.' Both these novels were issued in monthly parts and illustrated by his own etchings.

His eyesight, overstrained by his miniature painting and etching labors, began to fail about 1844, and he was forced to abandon the easel for a time. This was a serious matter for him, and he got up an entertainment called "Irish Evenings," literary and musical, which proved so successful in London and Dublin that he arranged to visit this country, intending to make sketches and collect material for a book, as well as to give entertainments. He set sail in the autumn of 1846, and remained here for two years, visiting the Northern and Southern States and Canada. His reception was highly flattering. At Washington his room was so full of senators that, to use his own words, "it looked like an adjourned meeting of the Chambers."

He returned to England in 1848, and, after a short rest, in 1849 he utilized his American experiences by introducing them into a new series of entertainments, which he successfully conducted in London and the provinces for about two years. At the end of this time he suffered a terrible blow in the death of a daughter, an interesting girl of twenty years. Her younger sister had lately married abroad and his wife had died in 1848, so that Lover was left alone. He married a second time, in 1852, and then retired into private life. He now first took to working up his American and English sketches in oil colors; he wrote songs, furnished magazine articles, and corresponded pleasantly with a numerous circle of friends. He also composed the words and music for two entertainments, one for Mr. Hime and the other for Miss Williams. He also returned for a time to the drama, writing 'The Sentinel of the Alma' for the Haymarket, 'Maccarthy More' for the Lyceum, and the *libretti* of two operas for his friend Michael Balfe.

In 1856 a pension was granted to him "in recognition of his various services to literature and art." In 1858 he edited the 'Lyrics of Ireland' and published 'Metrical Tales and other Poems.' In 1859 he spoke at the Burns Centenary Festival, in Glasgow, to which he had been invited as the representative of the poets of Ireland.

About this time he wrote a number of very clever imitations, which rival the celebrated 'Rejected Addresses.' Those of Campbell, Prout, Longfellow, Macaulay, Thackeray, Hood, and Brougham are particularly good; in that after Hood, speaking of the different names by which poets are called in different countries, he writes:—

" In France they called them *Troubadours*,
Or *Menestrels*, by turns;
The Scandinavians called them *Scalds*,
The Scotchmen call theirs *Burns*."

He wrote several songs to aid the Volunteer movement, which he joined in 1859, and two of these, 'Defense Not Defiance' and 'Two

Barrels,' were immensely popular. Leading a quiet, happy country life, at Ealing, Barnes, and Sevenoaks in succession, he enjoyed excellent health from the period of his second marriage down to 1864, when he broke down and his medical adviser at once ordered him to a milder climate. He went first to the Isle of Wight, and thence to St. Heliers, in Jersey, where he remained, a semi-invalid till his death, four years afterward, in 1868. His remains were interred at Kensal Green, London, with Volunteer honors, and a tablet has been erected to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, writing on Lover in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' is "inclined to think that it is as a humorous poet that he ranks highest. He has many competitors in other branches of intellectual activity, but there are few indeed who can be placed on the same level as a humorist in verse."

If Samuel Lover was not the first in the hearts of his countrymen, it is certain that he occupied a very prominent position there. His songs—of which he wrote over two hundred and sixty, composing the music for two hundred—full of love, pathos, and humor, won their way to all hearts and are known wherever the English language is spoken. Many of his shorter stories are racy, irresistibly droll, and grotesquely original.

He was in the habit of giving copies of his verses to his friends and admirers, and the present writer well remembers, when his *Life* by Bayle Bernard was announced to appear in 1874, the announcement brought a number of letters offering copies of his verses, and many callers to the publishing office on the same errand. Elderly ladies and ladies in middle age were among the most frequent of these latter, and often with tearful eyes and trembling hands they produced their precious and jealously guarded relics, offering them for inclusion in the forthcoming volume. C. W.

BARNY O'REIRDON, THE NAVIGATOR.

OUTWARD BOUND.

A very striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity, but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result; and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ of the love of approbation to predominate in our Irish craniums, and it may be so; but as I am not in the least a metaphysician, and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz., the un-

willingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead men into ridiculous positions, but it is equally probable that the desire of surpassing one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions, and some of the most valuable inventions; let us, therefore, not fall out with it.

Now having vindicated the *motive* of my countrymen, I will prove the total absence of national prejudice in so doing, by giving an illustration of the ridiculous consequences attendant upon this Hibernian peculiarity.

Barny O'Reirdon was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into deep water; indeed, Barney, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whisky, was rather looked up to, by his brother fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and in short, in his own little community, Barny was what was commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous person the oracle of oyster-dredgers and cockle-women must be! Such was Barny O'Reirdon.

Seated one night in a public-house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects; at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming: “Ah, tare-an-ouns, lave off your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon; by the powdhers o' war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' an as if you wor Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphiz Wran, whin ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters.”

“Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?” rejoined Barny: “what the dickens do you know about say-

farin', farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl wid your grandmother?"

"Oh, baithershin," says the stranger.

"And who made you so bowld with my name?" demanded O'Reirdon.

"No matter for that," says the stranger; "but if you'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin, Molly Mullins, knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"By my sowl, thin, you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want o' a better, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Troth, thin, you might know better manners to your eldher, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravelin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Troth, I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard o' thrac-thericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but, unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

The state of the crops, county cess, road jobs, etc., became topics, and various strictures as to the utility of the latter were indulged in, while the merits of the neighboring farmers were canvassed.

"Why, thin," said one, "that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortal eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes iv it myself ever seen far or near."

"Throth, thin, sure enough," said another, "it promises to be a fine crap, anyhow; and myself can't help thinkin' it quare that Mickee Coghlan, that's a plain-spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple-like, should have finer craps than Pether Kelly o' the big farm beyant, that knows all about the great saycrets o' the airth, and is knowledgeable to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his fingers' ends."

"Faith, he has a power o' *blasthogue*¹ about him, sure enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to hould a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'."

"Why, blur an ages," rejoined the upholder of science, "sure he met the Scotch steward that the lord beyant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a patthorn;—well, Peter Kelly met him one day, and, by gor, he discoarsed him to that degree that the Scotch chap hadn't a word left in his jaw."

"Well, and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scotchman?" asked the other.

"Why," answered Kelly's friend, "I think it stands to rayson that the man that done out the Scotch steward ought to know somethin' more about farmin' than Mickee Coghlan."

"Augh! don't talk to me about knowing," said the other rather contemptuously. "Sure I gev in to you that he has the power o' prate, and the gift o' the gab, and all to that. I own to you that he has *the-o-ry* and the *che-mis-tery*, but he hasn't the *craps*. Now, the man that has the craps is the man for my money."

"You're right, my boy," said O'Reirdon, with an approving thump of his brawny fist on the table; "it's a little talk goes far—*doin'* is the thing."

¹ *Blasthogue*, persuasive speech.

“Ah, yiz may run down larnin’ if yiz like,” said the undismayed stickler for theory versus practice; “but larnin’ is a fine thing, and sure where would the world be at all only for it; sure where would the staymers (steamboats) be, only for larnin’?”

“Well,” said O’Reirdon, “and the divil may care if we never seen them; I’d rather dipind an wind and canvas any day than the likes o’ them. What are they good for but to turn good sailors into kitchen-maids, all as one bilin’ a big pot o’ wather and oilin’ their fire-irons, and throwin’ coals an the fire? Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they’re for all the world like owld fogies, smokin’ from mornin’ till night, and doin’ no good.”

“Do you call it doin’ no good to go faster nor ships ivir wint before?”

“Pooh; sure Solomon, queen o’ Sheba, said there was time enough for all things.”

“Thru for you,” said O’Sullivan, “*fair and aisy goes far in a day*, is a good owld sayin’.”

“Well, maybe you’ll own to the improvemint they’re makin’ in the harbor o’ Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good?”

“We’ll see whether it’ll be an improvemint first,” said the obdurate O’Reirdon.

“Why, man alive, sure you’ll own it’s the greatest o’ good it is, takin’ up the big rocks out o’ the harbor.”

“Well, and where’s the wondher of that?—sure we done the same here.”

“Oh, yis, but it was whin the tide was out and the rocks was bare; but up in Howth they cut away the big rocks from under the say intirely.”

“Oh, be aisy; why, how could they do that?”

“Ay, there’s the matther, that’s what larnin’ can do; and wondherful it is intirely! and the way it is is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but hard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden, where I was helping the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the ingineer goes down undher the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as he plazes.”

“Whoo! and what o’ that? Sure I heerd the long sailor say, that come from the Aysthern Ingees, that the Ingineers there can a’most live undher wather; and goes down lookin’

for dimonds, and has a sledge-hammer in their hand, brakein' the dimonds when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakein' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that; but the way the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm can't come to him."

"Arrah, be aisy."

"Divil a lie in it."

"Maybe it's a blessed bell." said O'Reirdon, crossing himself.

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why, thin, now do you think me sitch a born nath'ral as to give in to that?—as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's impossible."

"Ah, nothin' 's unpossible to God."

"Sure I wasn't denyin' that; but I say the bell is unpossible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the mashine; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but—"

"But what?" broke in O'Reirdon, impatiently. "Do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all, at all?"

"Yes, I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Ay," said O'Sullivan, "but it is not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done, then?" said the other with a half-offended, half-supercilious air.

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look with interest, "it is done entirely be jommethry."

"Oh! I undherstan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh!—"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doing the like is beyant the beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God!"

"And so you tell me, sir, it is jommethry?" said the twice-discomfited man of science.

"Yes, sir," said O'Sullivan, with an air of triumph, which rose in proportion as he saw he carried the listeners along with him—"jommethry."

“Well, have it your own way. There ’s them that won’t hear rayson sometimes, nor have belief in larnin’; and you may say it ’s jommethry if you plaze: but I heerd them that knows bettther than iver you knew say—”

“Whisht, whisht! and bad cess to you both,” said O’Reirdon; “what the dickens are yiz goin’ to fight about now, and sitch good liquor before yiz? Hillo! there, Mrs. Quigley, bring uz another quart, i’ you plaze; ay, that ’s the chat, another quart. Augh! yiz may talk till you ’re black in the face about your invintions, and your staymers, and bell-ringin’, and gash, and railroads; but here ’s long life and success to the man that invinted the impairil (imperial) quart; that was the rail beautiful invintion,” and he took a long pull at the replenished vessel, which strongly indicated that the increase of its dimensions was a very agreeable *measure* to such as Barny.

After the introduction of this and *other* quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O’Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a headache, however; whether it was that Barny was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley’s boast was a just one, namely, “that of all the drink in her house there wasn’t a headache in a hogshead of it,” is hard to determine, but I rather incline to the strength of Barny’s head.

The above-quoted declaration of Mrs. Quigley is the favorite inducement held out by every boon companion in Ireland at the head of his own table: “Don’t be afraid of it, my boys! it ’s the right sort. There ’s not a headache in a hogshead of it.”

Barny sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed, bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see “what time o’ day” it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighboring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, and began “to chew the cud of sweet

and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago a brat iv a boy, and to think of his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 't was too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But at the same time he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "Couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny; that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above; and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous

route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strode along the shore; and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honor of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was I will not dilate on, but keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself, and content myself with saying that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. Instead of wearing his hat slouched, and casting his eyes on the ground, he walked about with his usual unconcern, and gave his nod and passing word of "*civiltude*" to every friend he met; he rolled his quid of tobacco about in his jaw with an air of superior enjoyment, and if disturbed in his narcotic amusement by a question, he took his own good time to eject "the leperous distillment" before he answered the querist, with a happy composure, that bespoke a man quite at ease with himself. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the "big farm beyant," before alluded to, in order to put into practice a plan he had formed for the fulfillment of his determination of rivaling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighborhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec," as he called it (a favorite abbreviation of his for the word speculation), and, accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house," he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you."

"God save you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly; "an' what is it brings you here, Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?"

"Oh, I'll be in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be out in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?"

"Throth, an' I don't, Mr. Kelly. You are a knowledgeable man on land, but I'm afeard it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why, you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be behouldin' to you, and maybe you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you."

"An' welkim, Barny," said Peter Kelly.

When Barny and Peter were in the "praty field," Barny opened the trenches (I do not mean the potato trenches), but, in the military parlance, he opened the trenches and laid siege to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various "specs" that had been made by his neighbors in exporting potatoes. "And sure," said Barny, "why shouldn't *you* do the same, and they here ready to your hand? as much as to say, *why don't you profit by me, Peter Kelly?* And the boat is below there in the harbor, and, I'll say this much, the devil a better boat is betune this and herself."

"Indeed, I b'lieve so, Barny," said Peter; "for considhering where we stand at this present, there's no boat at all at all betune us;" and Peter laughed with infinite pleasure at his own hit.

"Oh! well, you know what I mane, anyhow, an', as I said before, the boat is a darlint boat, and as for him that commands her—I b'lieve I need say nothin' about that," and Barny gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment on himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export; but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them

already where he was going, and rejoined: "Praties were so good in themselves there never could be too much o' thim anywhere." But Peter, being a knowledgeable man, and up to all the "saycrets o' the airth, and undherstanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel) as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But in many similar mistakes the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honor and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen at last said to him: "Why, thin, Barny O'Reirdon, what the divil is come over you at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready, and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh! never you mind; I believe I know my own business, anyhow; an' it's hard, so it is, if a man can't ordher his own boat to sail when he plazes."

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more be-token, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and—"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you, an' don't be out of her on your apperl, by no manner o' manes, for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboard an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you betther not say that agin, or in throth, I'll give you a leatherin' that won't be for the good o' your health—throth, for three sthraws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother

wouldn't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation?—maybe you think it's as easy for to sail an a voyage as to go start a fishin'?" and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame (glory be to God), and that it was given him to understand (under heaven) that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it, on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came, running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why, thin, you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope it's plazin' to you at last," said Barny; "throth, one 'ud think you were never at say before, you wor in such a hurry to be off; as newfangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, maybe, now, if we sailed three days agon."

"Don't believe it," said Barny, emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch if we start an an unlooky day; and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to undherstan' that it was looky to sail, and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon; for, if you

don't start, with good look before you, faix, maybe it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well, there's no use in talkin' about it now anyhow; but when do you expect to be there?"

"Why, you see we must wait antil I can tell you how the wind is like to hould on, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run?"

"See now, lay me alone, and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare an ouns, do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go to shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coors you wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there; and so I bid you agin lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Shure I'm here at the helm, and a waight on my mind, and it's fittier for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you, there, and be handy; haul taüt that foresheet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbor before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render it peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which it is applied—namely, pilot and fishing-boats.

We have said that a ship left the harbor before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbor, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because *visible* guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the *unseen* agency of nature, depending

on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barny O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship, that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

But Barny, like many a great man before, seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the commonplace manner, and had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 't would look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny, with the ship, and kept a sharp lookout that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've bein' goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time, or maybe it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson, God bless it, that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year; and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great

plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept ahead of him showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought; and, sure enough, she did; and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

"Faith, thin, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure, an it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship! Why, thin, blur an agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thavel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't, but there's a great difference between a ship of seven hundred tons and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high-road sarves a coach-and-four and a low-back car, the thavelin' tinker an' a lord a horseback."

"That's very true," said the captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what the devil brings *you* here."

"And who axed you to consayve anything about it?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

"D—n me if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the captain, "and my own notion is that you don't know where the devil you're going yourself."

"O *baithershin*," said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

"Why, then, do you object to tell?" said the captain.

"Arrah, sure, captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail *saycret ordher!*" said Barny, endeavoring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders—for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was

crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

“ Oh, it ’s a thrifle makes fools laugh,” said Barny.

“ Take care, my fine fellow, that you don’t be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I ’ve a notion that you ’re cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. D—n your stupid head, can’t you tell what brings you here? ”

“ Why, thin, begor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you ’re so mighty bould in axin’ questions an it. Why, tare an ouns, sure I ’ve as much right here as you, though I haven’t as big a ship nor so fine a coat; but maybe I can take as good sailin’ out o’ the one, and has as bowld a heart under th’ other.”

“ Very well,” said the captain; “ I see there ’s no use in talking to you, so go to the devil your own way.” And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation and his companions in wonder.

“ And why wouldn’t you tell him? ” said they to Barny.

“ Why, don’t you see,” said Barny, whose object was now to blind them, “ don’t you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin’ to the same place himself, and maybe he has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as us, and wants to get before us there? ”

“ Thru for you, Barny,” said they. “ Bedad you ’re right.” And, their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed, as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the likely greater length for anything he could see to the contrary; and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the “ hardy hooker,” as she got christened, was under his lee came on deck, and, as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out:

“ Why, then, blur an agers, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon? ”

“ Where? ” said the captain.

"Oh you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honor," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain, jewel?"

"I daresay in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! arrah, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell God's thruth, I heard you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'t is to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all at all?"

HOMeward BOUND.

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question and more puzzling answer followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically:—

"Oh, my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor; it's a purty scrape yiv led me into. Begor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation; why did I meddle or make with you at all at all! And my curse light on you, Teddy O'Sullivan; why did I iver come across you, you on-

looky vagabone, to put sitch thoughts in my head! An' so it 's *Bingal*, and not *F'ingal*, you 're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

"An' might I be bowld to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *F'ingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how 'll I iver get there at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you 've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? O Queen iv Heaven! an' how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it illigant, as long as your honor was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass!—by my sowl, an' it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* a compasses I have, that my brother the carpinthir left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim I can't say much, for the childhren spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"What the plague are you talking about?"

"Wasn't your honor discoorsin' me about the points o' the compasses?"

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life! Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinal!—faix, an' it's a great respect I have for them, your honor. Sure, aren't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain, in a rage; "'t would take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep

one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"By my sowl I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"Bedad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, anyhow. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. Begor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed, I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze; and I see by the same that you don't know about the pig, with all your edication, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh, thin, he does; and for that rayson, who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't for one, I dare say, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste, you honor, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but it's maybe your honor never seen a pig tossin' up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, sir, that is when they see the wind a-comin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy; but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavoring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I dare say, will be useful hands, with some teaching; but, at all events I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why, thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honor; and it's the hoighth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and it's nothin' else but a gintleman you are, every inch o' you; but I hope it's not so bad wid us yet as to do the likes o' that."

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of your

course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

"An' how many miles would that be, captain?"

"Three times as many."

"I never larned the rule o' three, captain, and may be your honor id tell me yourself."

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

"Five hundred miles!" shouted Barny. "Oh, the Lord look down on us!—how 'ill we iver get back?"

"That 's what I say," said the captain; "and therefore I recommend you to come aboard with me."

"And where 'ud the hooker be all the time?" said Barny.

"Let her go adrift," was the answer.

"Is it the darlint boat? Oh, bedad, I 'll never hear o' that at all."

"Well, then, stay in her and be lost. Decide upon the matter at once; either come on board, or cast off;" and the captain was turning away as he spoke, when Barny called after him: "Arrah, thin, your honor, don't go just for one minit antil I ax you one word more. If I wint wid you, whin would I be home agin?"

"In about seven months."

"Oh, thin, that puts the wig an it at wanst. I darn't go at all."

"Why, seven months are not long passing."

"Thru for you, in throth," said Barny, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Faix, it 's myself knows, to my sorrow, the half year comes round mighty suddint, and the lord's agint comes for the thrifle o' rint; and faix, I know by Molly, that nine months is not long in goin' over either," added Barny, with a grin.

"Then what 's your objection as to the time?" asked the captain.

"Arrah, sure, sir, what would the woman that owns me do while I was away?—and maybe it 's break her heart the craythur would, thinkin' I was lost intirely; and who 'd be at home to take care o' the childher, and airn thim the bit and the sup, whin I 'd be away?—and who knows but that it 's all dead they 'd be afore I got back? Och, hone! sure the heart id fairly break in my body, if hurt or harm kem to them through me. So say no more, captain dear; only

give me a thrifle o' directions how I'm to make an offer at gettin' home, and it's myself that will pray for you night, noon, and mornin' for that same."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me well while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind—north, south, east, and west."

"Yis, sir."

"How do you know them?—for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to rayson; and when you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst you, as you say, is the east on your right or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honor."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a northeast course, and you will make some land near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honor!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the hoight o' distress; for exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra a taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh, you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration. "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor!—and *I'd like to drink the health* of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy;—you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heaven shower blessin's an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh, never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it,

bedad, wid a heart and a half. And sure, your honor, God is good, an' will mind dissolute craythurs like uz, on the wild ocean as well as ashore."

While some of the ship's crew were putting the captain's benevolent intentions to Barny and his companions into practice, by transferring some provisions to the hooker, the commander entertained himself by further conversation with Barny, who was the greatest original he had ever met. In the course of their colloquy, Barny drove many hard queries at the captain, respecting the wonders of the nautical profession, and at last put the question to him plump.

"Oh, thin, captain dear, and how is it at all at all, that you make your way over the wide says intirely to them furrin' parts?"

"You would not understand, Paddy, if I attempted to explain to you."

"Sure enough, indeed, your honor, and I ask your pardon, only I was curious to know, and sure no wonder."

"It requires various branches of knowledge to make a navigator."

"Branches," said Barny, "begor, I think it id take the *whole three o' knowledge* to make it out. And that place you are going to, sir, that *Bingal* (oh, bad luck to it for a *Bingal*, it's the sore *Bingal* to me), is it so far off as you say?"

"Yes, Paddy, half round the world."

"Is it round in airnest, captain dear? Round about?"

"Ay, indeed."

"Oh, thin, aren't you afeard that whin you come to the top and that you're obleeged to go down, that you'd go sliddherin' away intirely, and never be able to stop, maybe? It's bad enough, so it is, goin' down-hill by land, but it must be the dickens all out by wather."

"But there is no hill, Paddy; don't you know that water is always level?"

"Bedad, it's very *flat*, anyhow; and by the same token, it's seldom I throuble it; but sure, your honor, if the wather is level, how do you make out that it is *round* you go?"

"That is part of the knowledge I was speaking to you about," said the captain.

"Musha, bad luck to you, knowledge, but you're a quare

thing! And where is it Bingal, bad cess to it, would be at all at all?"

"In the East Indies."

"Oh, that is where they make the *tay*, isn't it, sir?"

"No; where the tea grows is farther still."

"Farther!—why, that must be ind of the world intirely. And they don't make it, then, sir, but it grows, you tell me."

"Yes, Paddy."

"Is it like hay, your honor?"

"Not exactly, Paddy; what puts hay in your head?"

"Oh, only because I hear them call it *Bohay*."

"A most logical deduction, Paddy."

"And is it a great deal farther, your honor, the *tay* country is?"

"Yes, Paddy, China it is called."

"That's I suppose, what we call Chaynee, sir?"

"Exactly, Paddy."

"Bedad, I never could come at it rightly before; why, it was nath'ral to dhrink tay out o' chaynee. I ax your honor's pardon for bein' troublesome, but I hard tell from the long sailor iv the place they call Japan in them furrin' parts, and is it there, your honor?"

"Quite true, Paddy."

"And I suppose it's there the blackin' comes from?"

"No, Paddy, you're out there."

"Oh, well, I thought it stood to rayson, as I heerd of Japan blackin', sir, that it would be there it kem from; besides, as the blacks themselves—the naygurs, I mane—is in thim parts."

"The negroes are in Africa, Paddy, much nearer to us."

"God betune uz and harm; I hope I would not be too near thim," said Barny.

"Why, what's your objection?"

"Arrah, sure, sir, they're hardly mortials at all, but has the mark o' the bastes an thim."

"How do you make out that, Paddy?"

"Why, sure, sir, and didn't nature make thim wid wool on their heads, plainly makin' it undherstood to Chrish-thans that they wur little more nor cattle?"

"I think your wur head is a wool-gathering now, Paddy," said the captain, laughing.

"Faix, maybe so, indeed," answered Barny, good-humoredly; "but it's seldom I ever went out to look for wool and kem home shorn, anyhow," said he, with a look of triumph.

"Well, you won't have that to say for the future, Paddy," said the captain, laughing again.

"My name's not Paddy, your honor," said Barny, returning the laugh, but seizing the opportunity to turn the joke aside that was going against him; "my name isn't Paddy, sir, but Barny."

"Oh, if it was Solomon, you'll be bare enough when you go home this time: you have not gathered much this trip, Barny."

"Sure, I've been gathering knowledge, anyhow, your honor," said Barny, with a significant look at the captain, and a complimentary tip of his hand to his caubeen, "and God bless you for being so good to me."

"And what's your name besides Barny?" asked the captain.

"O'Reirdon, your honor;—Barny O'Reirdon's my name."

"Well, Barny O'Reirdon, I won't forget your name nor yourself in a hurry, for you are certainly the most original navigator I ever had the honor of being acquainted with."

"Well," said Barny, with a triumphant toss of his head, "I have done out Terry O'Sullivan, at any rate; the divil a half so far he ever was, and that's a comfort. I have muzzled his clack for the rest iv his life, and he won't be comin' over us wid the pride iv his *Fingal*, while I'm to the fore, that was a'most at *Bingal*."

"Terry O'Sullivan—who is he, pray?" said the captain.

"Oh, he's a scut iv a chap that's not worth your axin' for—he's not worth your honor's notice—a braggin' poor craythur. Oh, wait till I get home, and the divil a more braggin' they'll hear out of his jaw."

"Indeed, then, Barney, the sooner you turn your face towards home the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time."

"Thru for you, your honor; and sure it's well for me had the luck to meet wid the likes o' your honor, that explained the ins and outs iv it to me, and laid it all down as plain as prent."

“Are you sure you remember my directions?” said the captain.

“Throth, an’ I’ll niver forget them to the day o’ my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours.”

“Don’t mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?”

“The *nor-aist coorse*, your honor; that’s the coorse agin the world.”

“Remember that! never alter that course till you see land; let nothing make you turn out of a northeast course.”

“Throth, an’ that id be the dirty turn, seein’ that it was yourself that ordhered it. Oh, no, I’ll depend my life an the *nor-aist coorse*; and God help any one that comes betune me an’ it—I’d run him down if he was my father.”

“Well, good-bye, Barny.”

“Good-bye, and God bless you, your honor, and send you safe.”

“That’s a wish you want more for yourself, Barny; never fear for me, but mind yourself well.”

“Oh, sure, I’m as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin’ the wind is conthrary; sure, the *nor-aist coorse* ’ill do the business complate. Good-bye, your honor, and long life to you, and more power to your elbow, and a light heart and a heavy purse to you evermore, I pray the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, amin!” and so saying, Barny descended the ship’s side, and once more assumed the helm of the “hardy hooker.”

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvas, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers; the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the “fickle wind” the only *chance*

of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power; by the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless," to the other it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship, at parting, was answered as gayly from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her; and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits. How kindly have they been fortified by Nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into dangers, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of them.

But each hurrah became less audible; by degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and finally were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The first feeling of loneliness that poor Barny experienced was when he could no longer hear the exhilarating sound. The splash of the surge, as it broke on the bows of his little boat, was uninterrupted by the kindred sound of human voice; and as it fell upon his ear it smote upon his heart. But he rallied, waved his hat, and the silent signal was answered from the ship.

"Well, Barny," said Jemmy, "what was the captain sayin' to you all the time you wor wid him?"

"Lay me alone," said Barny; "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look afther him, the rale gintleman that he is, while there's a topsail o' his ship to be seen, and thin I'll send my blessin' after him, and pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barny kept his word, and when his straining eyes could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent mental outpouring of prayer resigned himself to the care of his Creator. With an admirable fortitude, too, he assumed a composure to his companions that was a stranger to his heart; and

we all know how the burden of anxiety is increased when we have none with whom to sympathize. And this was not all. He had to affect ease and confidence, for Barny not only had no dependence on the firmness of his companions to go through the undertaking before them, but dreaded to betray to them how he had imposed on them in the affair. Barny was equal to all this. He had a stout heart, and was an admirable actor; yet, for the first hour after the ship was out of sight, he could not quite recover himself, and every now and then, unconsciously, he would look back with a wistful eye to the point where last he saw her. Poor Barny had lost his leader.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered if any change in the wind occurred that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The divil a taste," said Barny; "I'll not quit my *nor-aist coorse* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed.

"Oh! bad luck to the toe I'll go to you."

Another hail.

"Spake loudher, you'd betther," said Barny, jeeringly, still holding on his course.

A gun was fired ahead of him.

"By my sowl, you spoke loudher that time, sure enough," said Barny.

"Take care, Barny!" cried Jemmy and Peter together. "Blur an' agers, man, we'll be kilt if you don't go to them!"

"Well, and we'll be lost if we turn out iv our *nor-aist*

course, and that's as broad as it's long. Let them hit iz if they like; sure it 'ud be a pleasanther death nor starvin' at say. I tell you again, I 'll turn out o' my *nor-aist* course for no man."

A shotted gun was fired. The shot hopped on the water as it passed before the hooker.

"Phew! you missed it, like your mammy's blessin'," said Barny.

"Oh, murther!" said Jemmy, "didn't you see the ball hop aff the wather forninst you? Oh, murther! what 'ud we ha' done if we wor there at all at all?"

"Why, we 'd have taken the ball at the hop," said Barny, laughing, "accordin' to the owld sayin'."

Another shot was ineffectually fired.

"I'm thinkin' that 's a Connaughtman that 's shootin',"¹ said Barny, with a sneer. The allusion was so relished by Jemmy and Peter, that it excited a smile in the midst of their fears from the cannonade.

Again the report of the gun was followed by no damage.

"Augh! never heed them!" said Barny, contemptuously. "It's a barkin' dog that never bites, as the owld sayin' says;" and the hooker was soon out of reach of further annoyance.

"Now, what a pity it was, to be sure," said Barny, "that I wouldn't go aboard to plaze them. Now, who's right? Ah, lave me alone always, Jemmy. Did you ivir know me wrong yet?"

"Oh, you may hillow now that you 're out o' the woods," said Jemmy; "but, accordin' to my idays, it was runnin' a grate risk to be contrary wid them at all, and they shootin' balls afther us."

"Well, what matther?" said Barny, "since they wor only blind gunners, *an' I knew it*; besides, as I said afore, I won't turn out o' my *nor-aist* course for no man."

"That's a new turn you tuk lately," said Peter. "What's the rayson you 're runnin' a *nor-aist* course now, an' we never hear'd iv it afore at all, till afther you quitted the big ship?"

"Why, then, are you sitch an ignoramus all out," said Barny, "as not for to know that in navigation you must

¹This is an allusion of Barny's to a prevalent saying in Ireland, addressed to a sportsman who returns home unsuccessful. "So you've killed what the Connaughtman shot at."

lie an a great many different tacks before you can make the port you steer for?"

"Only I think," said Jemmy, "that it's back intirely we're goin' now, and I can't make out the rights o' that at all."

"Why," said Barny, who saw the necessity of mystifying his companions a little, "you see, the captain towld me that I kum around, an' rekiminded me to go th' other way."

"Faix, it's the first I ever heard o' goin' around by say," said Jemmy.

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the saycrets o' navigation, and the various branches o' knowledge that is requizit for a navigathor; an' that's what the captain, God bless him, and myself was discoorsin' an' aboard; and, like a rale gntleman as he is, 'Barny,' says he; 'Sir,' says I; 'You're come the round,' says he. 'I know that,' says I, 'bekase I like to keep a good bowld offin',' says I, 'in conthrary places.' 'Spoke like a good sayman,' says he. 'That's my prenciples,' says I. 'They're the right sort,' says he. 'But,' says he, '(no offince), I think you were wrong,' says he, 'to pass the short turn in the ladieshooes,'¹ says he. 'I know,' says I, 'you mane beside the threespike headlan?.' 'That's the spot,' says he, 'I see you know it.' 'As well as I know my father,' says I."

"Why, Barny," said Jemmy, interrupting him, "we seen no headlan' at all."

"Whisht, whisht!" said Barny; "bad cess to you, don't thwart me. We passed it in the night, and you couldn't see it. Well, as I was saying, 'I know it as well as I know my father,' says I, 'but I gev the preferince to go the round,' says I. 'You're a good sayman for that same,' says he, 'an' it would be right at any other time than this present,' says he, 'but it's onpossible now, teetotally, on account o' the war,' says he. 'Tare alive,' says I, 'what war?.' 'An' didn't you hear of the war?' says he. 'Divil a word,' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'the naygurs has made war on the king o' Chaynee,' says he, 'bekase he refused them any more tay; an' with that, what did they do,' says he, 'but they put a lumbaago on all the vessels, that sails the round, an' that's the rayson,' says he, 'I carry guns, as you may see; and I'd rekimmind you,' says he, 'to go back, for you're

¹ Some attempt Barny is making at "latitudes."

not able for thim, an' that 's jist the way iv it.' An' now, wasn't it looky that I kem across him at all, or maybe we might be cotched by the naygurs, and ate up alive?"

"Oh, thin, indeed, and that 's throe," said Jemmy and Peter; "an' when will we come to the short turn?"

"Oh, niver mind," said Barny; "you 'll see it when we get there;—but wait till I tell you more about the captain and the big ship. He said, you know, that he carried guns afeard o' the naygurs, an' in throth it 's the hoight o' care he takes o' them same guns;—and small blame to him, sure they might be the salvation of him. 'Pon my conscience, they 're taken betther care of than any poor man's child. I heer'd him cautionin' the sailors about thim and given thim ordhers about their clothes."

"Their clothes!" said his two companions at once, in surprise; "is it clothes upon cannons?"

"It 's truth I 'm tellin' you," said Barney. "Bad luck to the lie in it, he was talkin' about their aprons and their breeches."

"Oh, think o' that!" said Jemmy and Peter, in surprise.

"An' 't was all iv a piece," said Barny; "that an' the rest o' the ship all out. She was as nate as a new pin. Throth, I was a'most ashamed to put my fut an the deck, it was so clane, and she painted every color in the rainbow; and all sorts o' curiosities about her; and instead iv a tiller to steer her, like this darlin' craythur iv ours, she goes wid a wheel, like a coach all as one; and there 's the quarest thing you iver seen, to show the way, as the captain gev me to understan', a little round rowly-powly thing in a bowl, that goes waddlin' about as if it didn't know its own way much more nor show anybody theirs. Throth, myself thought that if that 's the way they 're obliged to go, that it 's with a great deal of *fear and thrimblin'* they find it out."

Thus it was that Barny continued most marvelous accounts of the ship and the captain to his companions, and by keeping their attention so engaged prevented their being too inquisitive as to their own immediate concerns, and for two days more Barny and the hooker held on their respective course undeviatingly.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a large brig hove in sight, and

the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny; "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that way? Brig, ahoy, there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig, ahoy, there!—bad luck to you, go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh, look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yez, and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for evermore;—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's *nor-aist coorse*!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer. "For the tendher marcy o' heavin, lave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my *nor-aist coorse*! May angels make your bed in heavin, and don't ruienate me this away." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophizing the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse*."

"Ahoy, there!" shouted a voice from the brig, "put down your helm, or you'll be aboard of us. I say, let go you jib and foresheet;—what are you about, you lubbers?"

'T was true that the brig lay so fair in Barny's course that he would have been aboard, but that instantly the maneuver above alluded to was put in practice on board the hooker, as she swept to destruction towards the heavy hull of the brig, and she luffed up into the wind alongside her. A very pale and somewhat emaciated face appeared at the side, and addressed Barny:

"What brings you here?" was the question.

"Throth, thin, and I think I might betther ax what brings *you* here, right in the way o' my *nor-aist coorse*."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Kinsale; and you didn't come from a betther place, I go bail."

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Fingal."

"Fingal—where 's Fingal?"

"Why, thin, ain't you ashamed o' yourself an' not to know where Fingal is?"

"It is not in these seas."

"Oh, that 's all you know about it," says Barny.

"You 're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provisions on board?"

"To be sure we have;—throth, if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why, you 're mighty ignorant, intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackerel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of everything eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, which unfavorable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succor to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and plowed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was a great godsend to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and consequently being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away

upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favor; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions: "Why, thin, boys, 'pon my conscience, but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythurs this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure, an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry;—and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heavin', and that's a comfort, anyhow. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may jist as well go home."

"Faix, I'm sorry myself," said Jemmy, "for Terry O'Sullivan said it was an iligant place intirely, an' I wanted to see it."

"To the divil with Terry O'Sullivan," said Barny; "how does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail, he never was half as far a navigatin' as we;—he wint the short cut, I go bail, and never daar'd for to vinture the round, as I did."

"Bedad we wor a great dale longer, anyhow, than he towld me he was."

"To be sure we wor," said Barny; "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you; and was afeard to keep a bowld offin' like me. But come, boys, let uz take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. Begor it 's well ye got some bottles iv it; for I wouldn't much like to meddle wid that darlint little kag iv it antil we get home." The rum was put on its trial by Barny and his companions, and in their critical judgment was pronounced quite as good as the captain of the ship had bestowed upon them, but that neither of those specimens of spirit was to be compared to whisky. "Bedad," says Barny, "they may rack their brains a long time before they'll make out a purtier invintion than *potteen*;—that rum may do very well for thim that has the misforthin' not to know betther; but the whisky is a more nath'ral sper't, accordin' to my idays." In this, as in most other of Barny's opinions, Peter and Jemmy coincided.

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-*

aist coorse; but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered in the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerable certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say that he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build; nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a maneuver, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat.

Moreau's highest fame rests upon his celebrated retrograde movement through the Black Forest.

Xenophon's greatest glory is derived from the deliverance of his ten thousand Greeks from impending ruin by his renowned retreat.

Let the ancient and the modern hero "repose under the shadow of their laurels," as the French have it, while Barny O'Reirdon's historian, with a pardonable jealousy for the honor of his country, cuts down a goodly bough of the classic tree, beneath which our Hibernian hero may enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*."

Barny calculated the American was bound for Ireland; and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his *nor-aist coorse* as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke to her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix, an' it's glad I am to see your honor again," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so.

"Oh, throth, I couldn't forget a gintleman so easy as that," said Barny.

"You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess," said the American.

"Divil a taste," said Barny, with inimitable composure and pertinacity.

"Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name?" The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barny now.

“Your name, is it?” said Barny, gaining time by repeating the question, “why, what a fool you are not to know your own name.”

The oddity of the answer posed the American, and Barny took advantage of the diversion in his favor, and changed the conversation.

“Bedad, I ’ve been waitin’ here these four or five days, expectin’ some of you would be wantin’ me.”

“Some of us! How do you mean?”

“Sure an’ aren’t you from Amerikay?”

“Yes;—and what then?”

“Well, I say I was waitin’ for some ship or other from Amerikay, that ud be wantin’ me. It’s to Ireland you ’re goin’ I daresay.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I suppose you ’ll be wantin’ a pilot?” said Barny.

“Yes, when we get in shore, but not yet.”

“Oh, I don’t want to hurry you,” said Barny.

“What port are you a pilot of?”

“Why, indeed, as for the matther o’ that,” said Barny, “they ’re all aiquat to me a’most.”

“All?” said the American. “Why, I calculate you couldn’t pilot a ship into all the ports of Ireland.”

“Not all at wanst (once),” said Barny, with a laugh, in which the American could not help joining.

“Well, I say, what ports do you know best?”

“Why, thin, indeed,” said Barny, “it would be hard for me to tell; but wherever you want to go, I ’m the man that ’ll do the job for you complate. Where’s your honor goin’?”

“I won’t tell you that;—but do you tell me what ports you know best?”

“Why, there’s Watherford, and there’s Youghal, an’ Fingal.”

“Fingal! Where’s that?”

“So you don’t know where Fingal is. Oh, I see you ’re a sthranger, sir;—an’ then there’s Cork.”

“You know Cove, then?”

“Is it the Cove of Cork, why?”

“Yes.”

“I was bred an’ born there, an’ pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min *out* o’ it.”

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind off the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that 's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 't was from the nor'east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith, you're right enough, 't was the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an, sure enough; but no matther, now that we've met wid you;—sure we'll have a job home, anyhow."

"Well, get aboard, then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why, sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barney, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether. You don't undherstan' navigashin and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to folly the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through a "power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep; "for, in throth, it's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honor 'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me antil I'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there's no use for me in life; an', throth, I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at that, after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were

still a little hazy, "whiniver *I* go to sleep *I* pay attintion to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first landmark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoo," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though I flatter myself it is not to those who do Barny the favor of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint owld head!—an' where's the head like you? Throth, it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin. But God's good!"

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophize each well-known point of his native shore, and when opposite the harbor of Kinsale he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could, after piloting the ship into Cove. "But, an your apperl, don't tell Pether Kelly o' the big farm; nor, indeed, don't mintion to man nor mortial about the navigashin we done antil I come home myself and make them sensible of it, bekase, Jemmy and Pether, neither o' yiz is aqual to it, and doesn't undherstan' the branches o' knowledge requizit for discoorsin' o' navigashin."

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befell his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skillful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good-bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

All the fishermen in the world may throw their caps at this feat—none but an Irishman, I fearlessly assert, could have executed so splendid a *coup de finesse*.

And now, sweet readers (the ladies I mean), did you ever think Barny would get home? I would give a hundred

of pens to hear all the guesses that have been made as to the probable termination of Barny's adventure. They would furnish good material, I doubt not, for another voyage. But Barny did make other voyages, I can assure you, and perhaps he may appear in his character of navigator once more, if his daring exploits be not held valueless by an ungrateful world, as in the case of his great predecessor, Columbus.

As some *curious* persons (I *don't* mean the ladies) may wish to know what became of some of the characters who have figured in this tale, I beg to inform them that Molly continued a faithful wife and timekeeper, as already alluded to, for many years. That Peter Kelly was so pleased with his share in the profits arising from the trip, in the ample return of rum and sugar, that he freighted a large brig with scalpeens to the West Indies, and went supercargo himself.

All he got in return was the yellow fever.

Barny profited better by his share: he was enabled to open a public-house, which had more custom than any ten within miles of it. Molly managed the bar very efficiently, and Barny "discoarsed" the customers most seductively; in short, Barny, at all times given to the *marvelous*, became a greater romancer than ever, and for years attracted even the gentlemen of the neighborhood who loved fun to his house, for the sake of his magnanimous mendacity.

As for the hitherto triumphant Terry O'Sullivan, from the moment Barny's *Bingal* adventure became known, he was obliged to fly the country, and was never heard of more, while the hero of the hooker became a greater man than before, and never was addressed by any other title afterwards than that of The Commodore.

KING O'TOOLE AND SAINT KEVIN.

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

“By that lake, whose gloomy shore
 Skylark never warbles o'er,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.”

—MOORE.

Who has not read of Saint Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the skylark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad, the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the “unholy blue” eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine by the saint’s being “unused to the melting mood,” are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious *finale* of the legend, in the spectral appearance of the love-lorn maiden:—

“And her ghost was seen to glide
 Gently o'er the fatal tide.”

Thus has Moore given, within the limits of a ballad, the spirit of two legends of Glendalough, which otherwise the reader might have been put to the trouble of reaching after a more roundabout fashion. But luckily for those coming after him, one legend he has left to be

“—touched by a hand more unworthy”—

and instead of a lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim*, as it was furnished to me by that celebrated guide and bore Joe Irwin, who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that “there’s a power of them spalpeens sthravaigin’ about, sthrivin’ to put their *comether* upon the quol’ty (quality),¹ and callin’ themselves Irwin (knowin’, the thieves o’ the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide), for to deceave dacent people; but never to b’lieve the likes—for it was only mul-

¹ The Irish peasantry very generally call the higher orders “quality.”

vatherin' people they wor." For my part, I promised never to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogue's self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough.

On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square doorway, whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date; a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such remains in Ireland.

"This, sir," said my guide, putting himself in an attitude, "is the chapel of King O'Toole:—av coorse y'iv often heerd o' King O'Toole—your honor?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so?" said he; "by gor I thought all the world, far and near, heerd o' King O'Toole—well! well! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible. Well, sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the churches in the airly days."

"Surely," said I, "the churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, by no manes, your honor—throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built *afther* by Saint Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and, therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king owned the Churches—and why not, sir, seein' 't was his birthright, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort—he was the *rale* boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer: and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, aye throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast.

"In this counthry, sir," added he, speaking parenthetically in an undertone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin's God's own bird."

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch, he proceeded:—

“Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse o’ time, the king grewn ould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthriken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o’ divarshin, bekase he couldn’t go a huntin’ no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last to get a goose to divart him.”

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation, “the royal game of goose.”

“Oh, you may laugh, if you like,” said he, half affronted, “but it’s thruth I’m tellin’ you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim across the lake, and go down divin’ for trout (and not finer throut in all Ireland, than the same throut), and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin’ the poor king, that you’d think he’d break his sides laughin’ at the frolicksome tricks av his goose, so, in coorse o’ time, the goose was the greatest pet in the counthry, and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that’s the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthriken in years, as well as the king, and grew stiff in the limb like her masther, and couldn’t divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complete, and didn’t know what in the wide world to do, seein’ he was gone out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

“Well, the king was nigh hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin’ one mornin’ by the edge of the lake, lamentin’ his cruel fate, an thinkin’ o’ drownin’ himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin’ round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin’ up to him.

“‘God save you,’ says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gentleman, by all accounts), ‘God save you,’ says he to the young man.

“‘God save you kindly,’ says the young man to him back again; ‘God save you,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole.’

“‘Thru for you,’ says the king, ‘I am King O’Toole,’

says he, 'prince and plennypennyntinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he.

"Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kavin.

"For you see," said old Joe, in his under-tone again, and looking very knowingly, "it *was* Saint Kavin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

"'And who are you?' said the king, 'that makes so bowld—who are you, at all at all?'

"'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kavin, 'who I am; you 'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

"'I 'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

"'Throth, you may say that,' says Saint Kavin. 'And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

"'Blur-an-agers, how kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

"'Oh, no matther; I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kavin.

"'Oh, that 's a folly to talk,' says the king; 'bekase myself and my goose is private frinds,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

"'Oh thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kavin; 'for I 'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

"'You might do worse then, my gay fellow,' says the king; 'for it 's *they* could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that 's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

"'Maybe I 've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

"'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you 're a coiner,' says he, 'that 's impossible!'

"'I 'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says Saint Kavin, mighty high; 'I 'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

"'Then, what are you?' says the king, 'that makes money so aisy, by your own account?'

"'I 'm an honest man,' says Saint Kavin.

“‘Well, honest man,’ says the king, ‘and how is it you make your money so aisy?’

“‘By makin’ ould things as good as new,’ says Saint Kavin.

“‘Is it a tinker you are?’ says the king.

“‘No,’ says the saint; ‘I’m no tinker by thrade, King O’Toole; I’ve a betther thrade than a tinker,’ says he;—‘what would you say,’ says he, ‘if I made your ould goose as good as new?’

“‘My dear, at the word o’ making his goose as good as new, you’d think the poor ould king’s eyes was ready to jump out iv his head; ‘and,’ says he,—‘throth thin I’d give you more money nor you could count,’ says he, ‘if you did the like; and I’d be behouliden to you into the bargain.’

“‘I scorn your dirty money,’ says Saint Kavin.

“‘Faith, then, I’m thinkin’ a thrifle o’ change would do you no harm,’ says the king, lookin’ up sly at the old *caubeen* that Saint Kavin had on him.

“‘I have a vow agin it,’ says the saint; ‘and I am book-sworn,’ says he, ‘never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.’

“‘Barrin’ the thrifle you can’t help,’ says the king, mighty ‘cute, and looking him straight in the face.

“‘You just hot it,’ says Saint Kavin; ‘but though I can’t take money,’ says he, ‘I could take a few acres o’ land, if you’d give them to me.’

“‘With all the veins o’ my heart,’ says the king, ‘if you can do what you say.’

“‘Thry me!’ says Saint Kavin. ‘Call down your goose here,’ says he, ‘and I’ll see what I can do for her.’

“‘With that, the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin’ up to the poor ould cripple, her masther, and as like him as two *pays*. The minute the saint clapt his eyes an the goose, ‘I’ll do the job for you,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole!’

“‘By *Jaminee*,’ says King O’Toole, ‘if you do, bud I’ll say you’re the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.’

“‘Oh, by dad,’ says Saint Kavin, ‘you must say more nor that—my horn’s not so soft all out,’ says he, ‘as to repair your ould goose for nothin’; what’ll you gi’ me, if I do the job for you?—that’s the chat,’ says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘I’ll give you whatever you ax,’ says the king; ‘isn’t that fair?’ ”

“ ‘Divil a fairer,’ says the saint; ‘that’s the way to do business. Now,’ says he, ‘this is the bargain I’ll make with you, King O’Toole: will you gi’ me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer,¹ afther I make her as good as new?’ ”

“ ‘I will,’ says the king.

“ ‘You won’t go back o’ your word?’ says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘Honor bright!’ says King O’Toole, howldin’ out his fist.”

Here old Joe, after applying his hand to his mouth, and making a sharp, blowing sound (something like “*thp*”), extended it to illustrate the action.²

“ ‘Honor bright,’ says Saint Kavin, back agin; ‘it’s a bargain,’ says he. ‘Come here!’ says he to the poor ould goose—‘come here, you unfort’nate ould cripple,’ says he, ‘and it’s *I* that’ll make you the sportin’ bird.’ ”

“ With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings. ‘Criss o’ my crass an you,’ says he, markin’ her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin’ her up in the air; ‘whew!’ says he, jist givin’ her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels, flyin’ like one o’ the aigles themselves, and cuttin’ as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain. Away she wint down there, right forninst you, along the side o’ the clift, and flew over Saint Kavin’s bed (that is, where Saint Kavin’s bed is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison it wasn’t made, but was conthived afther by Saint Kavin himself, that the women might lave him alone), and on with her undher Lugduff, and round the ind av the lake there, far beyant where you see the watherfall (though indeed it’s no watherfall at all now, but only a poor dhribble iv a thing; but if you seen it in the winther, it id do your heart good, and it roarin’ like mad, and as white as

¹ *Offer*, effort or attempt.

² This royal mode of concluding a bargain has descended in its original purity from the days of King O’Toole to the present time, and is constantly practiced by the Irish peasantry. We believe something of *luck* is attributed to this same sharp blowing we have noticed, and which, for the sake of “ears polite,” we have not ventured to call by its right name; for, to speak truly, a slight escapement of saliva takes place at the time. It is thus *hansel* is given and received; and many are the virtues attributed by the lower order of the Irish to “fasting spittle.”—*Author*.

the dhriven snow, and rowlin' down the big rocks before it, all as one as childher playin' marbles)—and on with her thin right over the lead mines o' Luganure (that is, where the lead mines is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they worn't discovered, *but was all goold in Saint Kavin's time*).

Well, over the ind o' Luganure she flew, stout and studdy, and round the other ind av the *little* lake, by the Churches (that is, *av coorse*, where the Churches is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they wor not built, but aftherwards by Saint Kavin), and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift—(and that clift in the mountain was made by *Fionn Ma Cool*, where he cut it acrass with a big sword, that he got made a purpose by a blacksmith out o' Rathdrum, a cousin av his own, for to fight a joyant [giant] that darr'ed him at the Kurragh o' Kildare; and he thried the sword first an the mountain, and cut it down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and faith, sure enough, it's the same sauce he sarv'd the joyant, soon and suddent, and chopped him in two like a pratie, for the glory of his sowl and ould Ireland)—well, down she flew, over the clift, and fluttherin' over the wood there at Poulanass (where I showed you the purty watherfall—and by the same token, last Thursday was a twelvemonth sence a young lady, Miss Rafferty by name, fell into the same watherfall, and was nigh hand drowned—and indeed would be to this day, but for a young man that jumped in afther her; indeed a smart slip iv a young man he was—he was out o' Francis-street, I hear, and coorted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to undherstand—and indeed a purty couple they wor). Well—as I said—afther fluttherin' over the wood a little bit, to *plaze* herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flying roun' his dominions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch.

“Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was: and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an the head, and '*ma vourneen*,' says he, 'but you are the *darlint* o' the world.'

“‘And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?'

“ ‘By gor,’ says the king, ‘I say nothin’ bates the art o’ man, barrin’ the bees.’

“ ‘And do you say no more nor that?’ says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘And that I’m behoulden to you,’ says the king.

“ ‘But will you gi’e me all the ground the goose flew over?’ says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘I will,’ says King O’Toole, ‘and you’re welkim to it,’ says he, ‘though it’s the last acre I have to give.’

“ ‘But you’ll keep your word thrue?’ says the saint.

“ ‘As thrue as the sun,’ says the king.

“ ‘It’s well for you,’ says Saint Kavin, mighty sharp— ‘it’s well for you, King O’Toole, that you said that word,’ says he; ‘for if you didn’t say that word, *the devil receive the bit o’ your goose id ever fly agin,*’ says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘Oh, you needn’t laugh,’ said old Joe, half offended at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile; ‘you needn’t laugh, for it’s thruth I’m telling you.’

“ ‘Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was *plazed* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. ‘And,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole, you’re a dacent man,’ says he, ‘for I only kem here to *thry you*. You don’t know me,’ says he; ‘bekase I’m disguised.’

“ ‘Throth, then, you’re right enough,’ says the king. ‘I didn’t perceave it,’ says he; ‘for indeed I never seen the sign o’ sper’ts an you.’

“ ‘Oh! that’s not what I mane,’ says Saint Kavin; ‘I mane I’m deceavin’ you all out, and that I’m not myself at all.’

“ ‘Musha! thin,’ says the king, ‘if you’re not yourself, who are you?’

“ ‘I’m Saint Kavin,’ said the saint, blessin’ himself.

“ ‘Oh, queen iv heaven!’ says the king, makin’ the sign o’ the crass betune his eyes and fallin’ down on his knees before the saint. ‘Is it the great Saint Kavin,’ says he, ‘that I’ve been discoorsin’ all this time without knowin’ it,’ says he, ‘all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoon*?—and so you’re a saint?’ says the king.

“ ‘I am,’ says Saint Kavin.

“ ‘By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,’ says the king.

“ ‘ Well, you know the differ now,’ says the saint. ‘ I ’m Saint Kavin,’ says he, ‘ the greatest of all the saints.’ ”

“ For Saint Kavin, you must know, sir,” added Joe, treating me to another parenthesis, “ Saint Kavin is counted the greatest of all the saints, bekase he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah.

“ Well, my dear, that ’s the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of Saint Kavin; for the goose flew round every individyial acre o’ King O’Toole’s property, you see, *bein’ let into the saycret* by Saint Kavin, who was mighty ’cute; and so, when he *done* the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was *plazed* with him, and he and the king was the best o’ frinds iver more afther (for the poor ould king was *doatin’*, you see) and the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived; and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, antil the day iv his death—and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin’ a throuth one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of a throuth, it was a thievin’ horse-eel;¹ and, by gor, instead iv the goose killin’ a throuth for the king’s supper, by dod, the eel killed the king’s goose—and small blame to him; but he didn’t ate her, bekase he darn’t ate what Saint Kavin laid his blessed hands on.

“ Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed (I don’t mane stuffed with prates and inyans, but as a curiosity), and presarved in a glass case for his own divarshin; and the poor king died on the next Michaelmas-day, which was remarkable.—*Throth, it’s throth I ’m tellin’ you*;—and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gev him an illigant wake and a beautiful berrin’; and more betoken, he said *mass for his sowl and tuk care av his goose*.”

¹ *Horse-eel*, eels of uncommon size, are said to exist in the upper lake of Glendalough: the guides invariably tell marvelous stories of them: they describe them of forbidding aspect, with a mane as large as a horse’s. One of these “slippery rogues” is said to have amused himself by entering a pasture on the borders of the lake, and eating a *cow*—maybe it was a *bull*.—*Author*.

PADDY THE PIPER.

“*Dogberry*.—Marry, sir, they have committed false reports, moreover they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixthly and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.”—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

The only introduction I shall attempt to the following “*extravaganza*” is to request the reader to suppose it to be delivered by a frolicking Irish peasant, in the richest brogue and most dramatic manner.

“I tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it’s as thrue as I’m standin’ here, and that’s no lie:—

“It was in the time of the *ruction*,¹ whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow’s precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law—that wouldn’t let a dacent boy be out in the evenin’, good or bad; for whin the day’s work was over, divil a one of uz dar go to meet a friend over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult, antil the morning kem agin.

“Well, to come to my story:—’T was afther nightfall, and we wor sittin’ round the fire, and the praties wor bilin’, and the noggins of butthermilk was standin’ ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

“‘Whisht!’ says my father, ‘here’s the sojers come upon us now,’ says he; ‘bad luck to thim, the villains, I’m afeared they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,’ says he.

“‘No,’ says my mother, ‘for I’m afther hangin’ an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.’

“‘Well, whisht, anyhow,’ says my father, ‘for there’s a knock agin;’ and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

“‘Oh, it’s a folly to purtind any more,’ says my father—‘they’re too cute to be put off that-a-way,’ says he. ‘Go, Shamus,’ says he to me, ‘and see who’s in it.’

“‘How can I see who’s in it in the dark?’ says I.

“‘Well,’ says he, ‘light the candle thin, and see who’s in it, but don’t open the door, for your life, barrin’ they brake it in,’ says he, ‘exceptin’ to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it’s thim.’

¹ *Ruction*, insurrection.

“ So with that I went to the door, and there was another knock.

“ ‘ Who ’s there? ’ says I.

“ ‘ It ’s me, ’ says he.

“ ‘ Who are you? ’ says I.

“ ‘ A friend, ’ says he.

“ ‘ *Baithershin,* ’ says I,—‘ who are you at all? ’

“ ‘ Arrah! don’t you know me? ’ says he.

“ ‘ Divil a taste, ’ says I.

“ ‘ Sure I ’m Paddy the Piper, ’ says he.

“ ‘ Oh thunder an’ turf, ’ says I, ‘ is it you, Paddy, that ’s in it? ’

“ ‘ Sorra one else, ’ says he.

“ ‘ And what brought you at this hour? ’ says I.

“ ‘ By gar, ’ says he, ‘ I didn’t like goin’ the roun’ by the road, ’ says he, ‘ and so I kem the short cut, and that ’s what delayed me, ’ says he.

“ ‘ Oh, murther! ’ says I—‘ Paddy, I wouldn’t be in your shoes for the king’s ransom, ’ says I; ‘ for you know yourself it ’s a hangin’ matter to be cotched out these times, ’ says I.

“ ‘ Sure I know that, ’ says he, ‘ and that ’s what I kem to you for, ’ says he; ‘ so let me in for ould acquaintance’s sake, ’ says poor Paddy.

“ ‘ Oh, by this and that, ’ says I, ‘ I darn’t open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth, if the Husshians or the Yeos¹ ketches you, ’ says I, ‘ they ’ll murder you, as sure as your name ’s Paddy. ’

“ ‘ Many thanks to you, ’ says he, ‘ for your good intin-tions; but plaze the pigs, I hope it ’s not the likes o’ that is in store for me, anyhow. ’

“ ‘ Faix then, ’ says I, ‘ you had betther lose no time in hidin’ yourself, ’ says I; ‘ for, throth I tell you, it ’s a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin’ you—for they ’ve no justice, and less marcy, the villians! ’”

“ ‘ Faith, thin, more ’s the raison you should let me in, Shamus, ’ says poor Paddy.

“ ‘ It ’s a folly to talk, ’ says I, ‘ I darn’t open the door. ’

“ ‘ Oh, then, millia murther! ’ says Paddy, ‘ what ’ll become of me at all at all? ’ says he.

“ ‘ Go aff into the shed, ’ says I, ‘ behin’ the house, where the cow is, and there there ’s an iligant lock o’ straw, that

¹ Yeos, yeomen.

you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

"So aff Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more by token when the praties was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveler. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—

"You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that desaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was goin' aff to the town hard by, it bein' fair day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the counthry round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy that he was iligant an the pipes, and played 'Jinny banged the Weaver' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far antil, climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t' other side his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful to uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three.

"'Oh, the top o' the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you tuk a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 't was thru for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Chrishtan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Now, 't was the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase ye see the corpse had good clothes an him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels—by raison that the Hussians and the Orangemen never hanged anybody wid *good* clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyein' the corpse, 'by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o' boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you

won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame for the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *thraneens*, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.'

"So with that, Paddy lay houl't of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by raison of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the three a jiggin' up an down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, an' not lettin' Paddy cotch any right houl't o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he giv it up, and was goin' away, whin lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the iligant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, detarmined to have the boots anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this a-way; 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and, more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of frinds before; and sure 't was the wondher of every one, that two knowledgeable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in frindship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts aff the legs of the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, he tucked the legs undher his arms, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap—and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceaved him, and that it wasn't the early dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' freken'd for fear himself might be cotched and thrated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do

you think? Paddy was not long there until the sojers came in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

“ Well, whin the mornin' kem, my father says to me, ‘ Go, Shamus,’ says he, ‘ to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the praties, for, I go bail, he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow.’

“ Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out ‘ Paddy!’ and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and dickins an answer I got still. ‘ Tattther-an-agers!’ says I, ‘ Paddy, where are you at all at all?’ and so, castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o' sthraw. —‘ Musha! thin,’ says I, ‘ bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin',’ says I, and with that I laid houl't of his heels (as I thought, God help me), and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

“ Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands like a pair o' Husshian's horse-pist'ls—and I thought the sight id lave my eyes, when I seen they wor two mortal legs.

“ My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. ‘ Oh, you murtherin villian,’ says I, shakin' my fist at the cow—‘ Oh, you unnath'ral *baste*,’ says I, ‘ you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' canible, you're worse than a neygar,’ says I; ‘ and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' id sarve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland. *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnath'ral murther? and you lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and atin' your hay as quite as if nothin' happened.’ With that, I run out—for, throth, I didn't like to be near her and, goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

“ ‘ Arrah! be aisy,’ says my father.

“ ‘ Bad luck to the lie I tell you,’ says I.

“‘Is it ate Paddy?’ says they.

“‘Divil a doubt of it,’ says I.

“‘Are you sure, Shamus?’ says my mother.

“‘I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues,’ says I.
‘Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs.’

“‘And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?’ says my father.

“‘By gor, I b’lieve so,’ says I.

“‘Oh, the divil fly away wid her,’ says he, ‘what a cruel taste she has for music!’

“‘Arrah!’ says my mother, ‘don’t be cursin’ the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.’

“‘Yis I will,’ says my father, ‘why shouldn’t I curse sich an unnath’ral baste?’

“‘You oughtn’t to curse any livin’ thing that’s undher your roof,’ says my mother.

“‘By my sowl, thin,’ says my father, ‘she shan’t be undher my roof any more; for I’ll sind her to the fair this minit,’ says he, ‘and sell her for whatever she’ll bring. Go aff,’ says he, ‘Shamus, the minit you’ve ate your break-quest, and dhrive her to the fair.’

“‘Throth I don’t like to dhrive her,’ says I.

“‘Arrah, don’t be makin’ a gommoch of yourself,’ says he.

“‘Faith, I don’t,’ says I.

“‘Well, like or no like,’ says he, ‘you must dhrive her.’

“‘Sure, father,’ says I, ‘you could take more care iv her yourself.’

“‘That’s mighty good,’ says he, ‘to keep a dog, and bark myself; and, faith, I rec’llected the sayin’ from that hour;—let me have no more words about it,’ says he, ‘but be aff wid you.’

“‘So, aff I wint—and it’s no lie I’m tellin’, whin I say it was sore agin my will I had anything to do with sich a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ater iv a thief, as she was, without bein’ near her, at all at all.

“‘Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it was wid the boys and the girls—and, in short all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin’ to the fair.

“‘God save you,’ said one to me.

“‘God save you kindly,’ says I.

“‘That’s a fine baste you’re dhrivin,’ says he.

“‘Throth she is,’ says I; though it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her.

“‘It’s to the fair, you’re goin’, I suppose,’ says he, ‘with the baste?’ (He was a snug-lookin’ farmer, ridin’ a purty little gray hack.)

“‘Faith, thin, you’re right enough,’ says I, ‘it is to the fair I’m goin’.’”

“‘What do you expect for her?’ says he.

“‘Faith, thin, mysel doesn’t know,’ says I—and that was throe enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like about the baste entirely.

“‘That’s a quare way to be goin’ to market,’ says he, ‘and not to know what you expect for your baste.’

“‘Och,’ says I—not likin’ to let him suspect there was anything wrong wid her—‘Och,’ says I, in a careless sort of a way, ‘sure no one can tell what a baste ’ill bring antil they come to the fair,’ says I, ‘and see what price is goin’.’

“‘Indeed, that’s nath’ral enough,’ says he. ‘But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,’ says he.

“‘Oh, I’ve no objection in life,’ says I.

“‘Well, thin, what ’ll you ax for her?’ says he.

“‘Why, thin, I wouldn’t like to be onraysonable,’ says I —(for the thruth was, you know I wanted to get rid of her) —‘and so I’ll take four pounds for her,’ says I, ‘and no less.’

“‘No less?’ says he.

“‘Why, sure that’s chape enough,’ says I.

“‘Throth it is,’ says he; ‘and I’m thinking it’s too chape it is,’ says he; ‘for if there wasn’t somethin’ the matter, it’s not for that you’d be sellin’ the fine milch cow, as she is to all appearance.’

“‘Indeed thin,’ says I, ‘upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow.’

“‘Maybe,’ says he, ‘she’s gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn’t feed well?’

“‘Och, by this and that,’ says I, ‘in regard of feedin’ there’s not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy—and if you like her for the money, you may have her.’

“‘Why, indeed, I’m not in a hurry,’ says he, ‘and I’ll wait to see how they go in the fair.’

“ ‘With all my heart,’ says I, purtendin’ to be no ways consarned—but in throth I began to be afeared that the people was seein’ somethin’ unnath’ral about her, and that we ’d never get rid of her, at all at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o’ people was in it—troth, you ’d think the whole world was there, let alone the standin’s o’ gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makin’s o’ beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-roun’s, and tints with the best av dhrink in thim, and the fiddles playin’ up t’ incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded thim at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin’ rogue av a cow afore I ’d mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhrive her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av ‘Tather-Jack-Welsh,’ and my jew’l, in a minit the cow cock’d her ears, and was makin’ a dart at the tint.

“ ‘Oh, murther!’ says I, to the boys standin’ by, ‘hould her,’ says I, ‘hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.’

“ ‘Is it a cow for to ate a piper?’ says one o’ thim.

“ ‘Not a word o’ a lie in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin’ left but the two legs,’ says I; ‘and it ’s folly to be sthrivin’ to hide it for I see she ’ll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him.’

“ ‘Who ’s that takin’ my name in vain?’ says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin’ the throng a one side, who should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance!

“ ‘Oh, hould him too,’ says I; ‘keep him av me, for it ’s not himself at all, but his ghost,’ says I, ‘for he was kilt last night to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.’

“ ‘Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin,’ that you ’d think his sides ’ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant tellin’, for wrongfully misdoubtin’ the poor cow, and layin’ the blame iv atin’ a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o’ sper’ts t’ explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin’,

and many a one said the likes was never heerd before nor sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandhered cow was druv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches make out iv her hide, and it's in the family to this day: and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thru as I'm here, that from that day out, any one that has thim breeches an the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes are playin'—and there," said he, slapping the garment in question that covered his sinewy limbs, with a spank of his brawny hand that might have startled nerves more tender than mine—"there, them is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

The foregoing story I heard related by a gentleman, who said he was not aware to whom the original authorship was attributable.—*Author.*

THE GRIDIRON.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equaled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, exceedingly fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and, perhaps more than all, long and faithful services had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth ye won't, sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject-matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former services—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and children," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I

have alluded to, the master after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plase your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues mine host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoined the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 't was when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic"—a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you 'd think the Colleen Dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choked (divil choke them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and, throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it; and, faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever. Accordingly we pre-

pared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits and a cask o' pork and a kag o' wather and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for, my darlint, the Colleen Dhas went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

“ Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the end av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed ilegant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

“ Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth, they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together; and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bish-kits and the wather and the rum—throth, *that* was gone first of all—God help uz!—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. ‘ O murther, murther, Captain darlint,’ says I, ‘ I wish we could land anywhere,’ says I.

“ ‘ More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,’ says he, ‘ for sitch a good wish, and, throth, it's myself wishes the same.’

“ ‘ Och,’ says I, ‘ that it may plase you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,’ says I, ‘ inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Chrishtans as to refuse us a bit and a sup.’

“ ‘ Whisht, whisht, Paddy,’ says the captain, ‘ don't be talking bad of any one,’ says he; ‘ you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddint,’ says he.

“ ‘ Thru for you, Captain darlint,’ says I—I called him darlint, and made free with him, you see, bekase disthress

makes us all equal—‘thru for you, Captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite’—and, throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and, by gor, the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the brake o’ day the sun riz most beautifully out o’ the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrystal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin’ to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land. By gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and ‘Thunder an’ turf, Captain,’ says I, ‘look to leeward,’ says I.

“‘What for?’ says he.

“‘I think I see the land,’ says I.

“So he ups with his bring-’em-near (that’s what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

“‘Hurrah!’ says he, ‘we’re all right now; pull away, my boys,’ says he.

“‘Take care you’re not mistaken,’ says I; ‘maybe it’s only a fog-bank, Captain darlint,’ says I.

“‘Oh no,’ says he; ‘it’s the land in airnest.’

“‘Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we Captain?’ says I; ‘maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garmant Oceant,’ says I.

“‘Tut, you fool,’ says he, for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin’ himself cleverer nor any one else—‘tut, you fool,’ says he, ‘that’s *France*,’ says he.

“‘Tare an ouns,’ says I, ‘do you tell me so? and how do you know it’s France it is, Captain dear?’ says I.

“‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

“‘Throth, I was thinkin’ so myself,’ says I, ‘by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same; and throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help of God, never will.’

“Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, ‘Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.’

“‘Why, then,’ says he, ‘thunder an’ turf,’ says he, ‘what puts a gridiron into your head?’

“ ‘Bekase I ’m starvin’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“ ‘And, sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t eat a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you were a *pelican o’ the wildherness*,’ says he.

“ ‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I. ‘Och, in throth, I ’m not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But, sure, if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,’ says I.

“ ‘Arrah! but where ’s the beefsteak?’ says he.

“ ‘Sure, couldn’t we cut a slice aff the pork?’ says I.

“ ‘By gor, I never thought o’ that,’ says the captain. ‘You ’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says he, laughin’.

“ ‘Oh, there ’s many a throe word said in joke,’ says I.

“ ‘Throe for you, Paddy,’ says he.

“ ‘Well, then,’ says I, ‘if you put me ashore there be-yant’ (for we were nearin’ the land all the time), ‘and sure, I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, by gor, the butther ’s comin’ out o’ the stirabout in airnest now,’ says he; ‘you gommoch,’ says he, ‘sure I told you before that ’s France—and, sure, they ’re all furriners there,’ says the captain.

“ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘and how do you know but I ’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim?’

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says he.

“ ‘I mane,’ says I, ‘what I towld you, that I ’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim.’

“ ‘Make me sinsible,’ says he.

“ ‘By dad, maybe that ’s more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,’ says I; and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I would pay him off for his bit o’ consait about the Garmant Oceant.

“ ‘Lave aff your humbuggin’,’ says he, ‘I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.’

“ ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, your humble sarvant,’ says he; ‘why, by gor, you ’re a scholar, Paddy.’

“ ‘Troth, you may say that,’ says I.

“ ‘Why, you ’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says the captain, jeerin’ like.

“ ‘You ’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘wether you joke or no.’

“ ‘Oh, but I’m in airnest,’ says the captain; ‘and do you tell me, Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’ ”

“ ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“ ‘By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he. ‘Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won’t get a good bellyfull before long.’ ”

“ ‘So with that, it wos no sooner said nor done. They pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand—an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got; and it’s stiff enough in the limbs I was, affther bein’ cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthived to scramble on, one way or t’ other, tow’rd a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin’ out iv it, quite timptin’ like.

“ ‘By the powdhers o’ war, I’m all right,’ says I; ‘there’s a house there.’ And, sure enough, there was, and a parcel of men, and women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convanient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I’d be very civil to them, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p’lite intirely, and I thought I’d show them I knew what good manners was.

“ ‘So I took aff my hat, and, making a low bow, says I, ‘God save all here,’ says I.

“ ‘Well, to be sure, they all stapt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me, and, faith, they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself, it was not good manners at all, more betoken from furriners which they call so mighty p’lite. But I never minded that, in regard o’ wantin’ the gridiron; and so says I, ‘I beg your pardon,’ says I, ‘for the liberty I take, but it’s only bein’ in disthress in regard of ating,’ says I, ‘that I made bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘I’d be intirely obleeged to ye.’ ”

“ ‘By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), ‘Indeed, it’s thrue for you,’ says I. ‘I’m tattered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it’s by raison of the storm,’ says I, ‘which dhruv us ashore here below, and we’re all starvin’,’ says I.

“So then they began to look at each other again; and myself seeing at once dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar coming to crave charity, with that says I, ‘Oh, not at all,’ says I, ‘by no manes—we have plenty of mate ourselves there below, and we’ll dhress it,’ says I, ‘if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, makin’ a low bow.

“Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and, faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, ‘I beg pardon, sir,’ says I to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver; ‘maybe I’m under a mistake,’ says I, ‘but I thought I was in France, sir; arn’t you furriners?’ says I. ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’

“‘We, munseer,’ says he.

“‘Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘if you plase?’

“Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flushed like and onaisy; and so says I, makin’ a bow and scrape ag’in, ‘I know it’s a liberty I take, sir,’ says I, ‘but it’s only in the regard of bein’ cast away; and if you plase, sir,’ says I, ‘*parly voo frongsay?*’

“‘We, munseer,’ says he, mighty sharp.

“‘Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?’ says I, ‘and you’ll obleege me.’

“Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he’d gi’ me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and, throth, my blood begun to rise, and says I, ‘By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,’ says I, ‘and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it’s not only the gridiron they’d give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it, too, and the dhrop o’ dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.’

“Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I’d give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, ‘*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?’

“‘We, munseer,’ says he.

“ ‘Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and bad scram to you.’

“ ‘Well, bad win to the bit of it he ’d gi’ me, and the ould chap begins bowin’ and scrapin’, and said something or other about a long tongs.¹

“ ‘Phoo!—the divil swape yourself and your tongs,’ says I; ‘I don’t want a tongs at all at all; but can’t you listen to raison?’ says I. ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’

“ ‘We munseer.’

“ ‘Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and howld your prate.’

“ ‘Well, what would you think, but he shook his old noddle as much as to say he wouldn’t; and so says I, ‘Bad cess to the likes o’ that I ever seen! Throth, if you wor in my counthry, it’s not that a way they ’d use you. The curse of the crows an you, you ould sinner,’ says I; ‘the divil a longer I ’ll darken your door.’

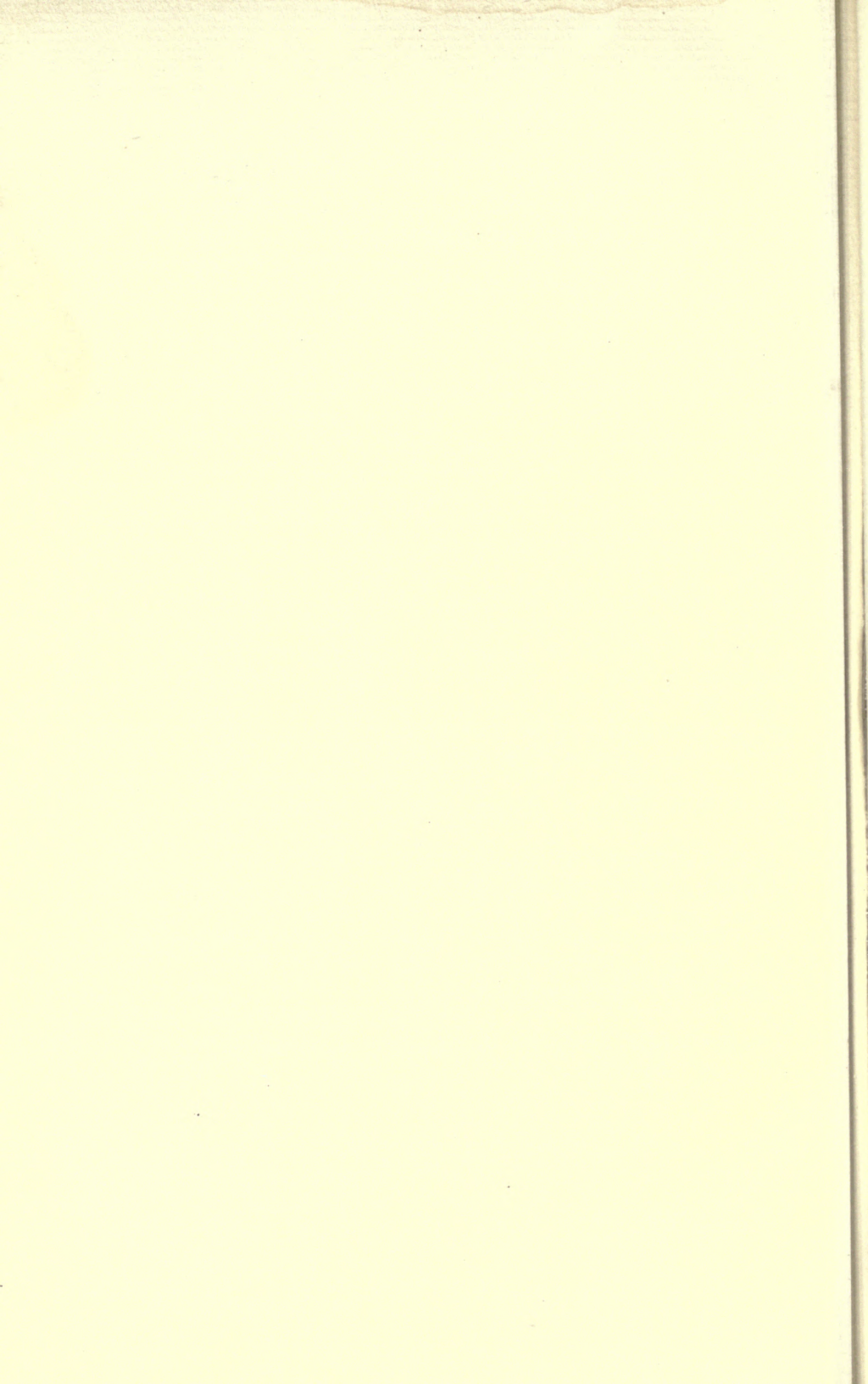
“ ‘So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turnin’ away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin’ back, ‘Well, I ’ll give you one chance more, you ould thief. Are you a Chrishtan at all? Are you a furriner,’ says I, ‘that all the world calls so p’lite? Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? *Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

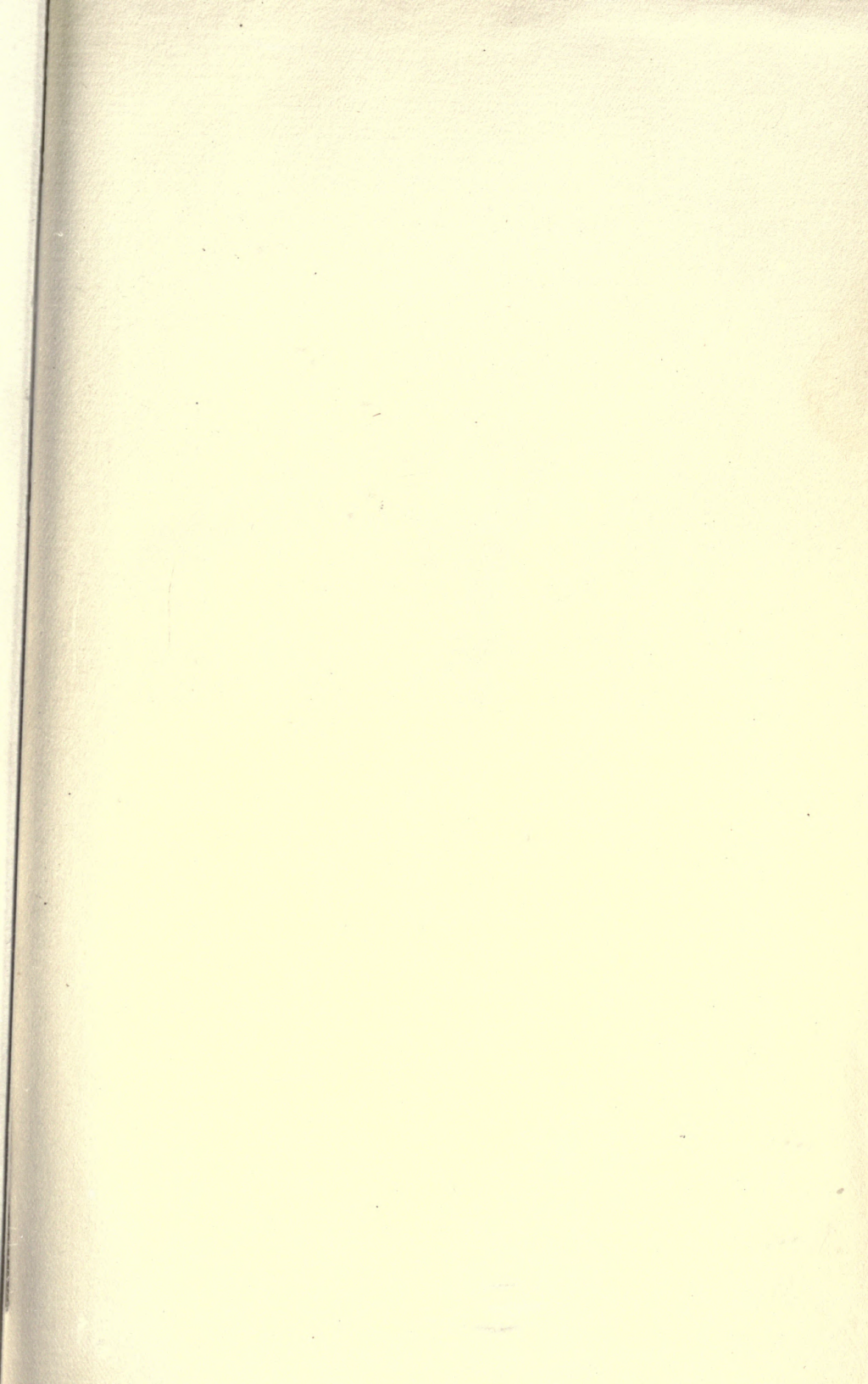
“ ‘We, munseer,’ says he.

“ ‘Then, thunder an’ turf,’ says I, ‘will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?’

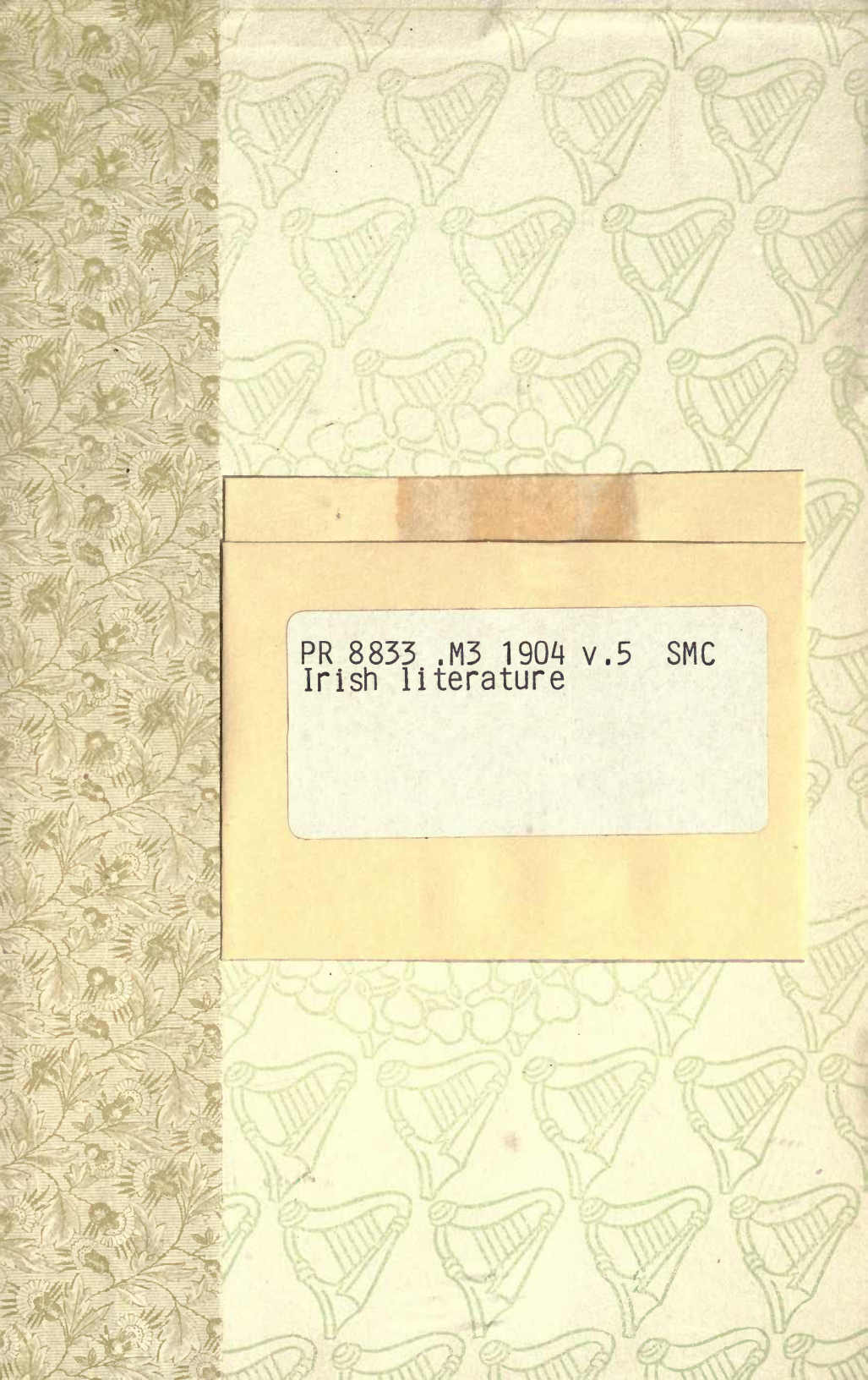
“ ‘Well, sir, the divil resa’ve the bit of it he ’d gi’ me; and so, with that, ‘The curse o’ the hungry an you, you ould neygarly villian,’ says I; ‘the back o’ my hand and the sowl o’ my foot to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,’ says I. And with that I left them there, sir, and kem away; and, in throth, it’s often sense that I thought that it was remarkable.”

¹Some mystification of Paddy’s touching the French *n’entend*.
—*Author*.







The book cover features a repeating pattern of harps and floral motifs. A vertical strip on the left side has a dense floral pattern, while the rest of the cover has a repeating harp pattern. A yellow rectangular label is pasted in the center, containing a call number and the title.

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